

Monologues for the gentlemen:

Monologue for Lenny (impersonating Charlie):

Okay... the story... as it happened... oh, God... Well... At exactly six o'clock tonight I came home from work. My wife, Myra, was in her dressing room getting dressed for the party. I got a bottle of champagne from the refrigerator and headed upstairs. Rosita, the Spanish cook, was in the kitchen with Ramona, her Spanish sister and Romero, her Spanish son. They were preparing an Italian dinner. As I climbed the stairs, I said to myself, "It's my tenth wedding anniversary and I can't believe I still love my wife so much." Myra was putting on the perfume I bought her for Christmas. I purposely buy it because it drives me crazy... I tapped on her door. She opens it. I hand her a glass of champagne. I make a toast. "To the most beautiful wife a man ever had for ten years." She says, "To the best man and the best ten years a beautiful wife ever had"... We drink. We kiss. We toast ... We drink. We kiss. We toast again... By seven o'clock the bottle is finished, my wife is sloshed and I'm completely toast... And then I smell the perfume. The perfume I could never resist... I loved her in that moment with as much passion and ardor as the night we were first newlyweds. It's now eight o'clock and outside it's grown dark. Suddenly, a gentle knock on the door. The door opens and a strange young man looks down at us with a knife in his hands. Myra screams. (He begins to act out story.) I jump up and run for the gun in my drawer. Myra grabs a towel and shields herself. I rush back in with the pistol, ready to save my wife's life. The strange young man says in Spanish, "Yo quito se dablo enchilada por quesada in quinto minuto." But I don't speak Spanish and I never saw our maid Rosita's son, Romero before, and I didn't know the knife was to cut up the salad and he was asking should they heat up dinner now? So I aimed my gun at him, Myra screams and pulls my arm. The gun goes off and shoots me in the earlobe.

Monologue for Officer Welch:

I'm going to say something now that isn't a part of my official capacity. But I don't believe one God damn thing I've heard in this room. I think there were gunshots here tonight. I think someone or *everyone* is trying to cover up something. A man gets hit in the nose, another man stabs himself with a fork, someone's BMW gets smashed up, the host takes a short-legged dog for a walk and then goes to sleep, the hostess takes her father to a hospital in California with a broken hip, and nobody hears two gunshots because everybody is dancing, including a woman named Cookie who's been cooking all night who can't stand or walk!

You people have to deal with me. I'm a real cop, you understand? I'm not somebody named Elmer that your kids watch on the Disney Channel... Now, I want some real answers, intelligent answers, believable answers, and answers that don't make me laugh. But first, I want to see Mr. Charley Brock and find out what the hell's going on here – including the possibility of him having two bullet holes in him. Now, I'll give you five seconds to get him down here, or I'll take two seconds and go upstairs and find him... Don't mess with me now. I'm so close to a

promotion, I can smell it. And I'm not going to screw it up with this case...Do I start counting or do I start climbing up steps? It's up to you.

Short monologue for Ernie:

(Quickly) Cookie dropped her ice bag and slipped against the stove. The hot platter was about to fall on her, so I lifted it up. Then I dropped it on the table and it broke the water pitcher and the glass shattered on her arm and she's bleeding like hell. I got a dish towel on her wrist and I propped her up against a cabinet. But I need some bandages for her arm and some ointment for my fingers. I never saw anything happen so fast.

Short monologue for Glenn:

Okay, just wait, will you? Wait a second. Okay? The truth is, Officer, we were trying to protect Mr. Brock because he's a dear friend of ours. But we know we're all in jeopardy if we hold back the truth. *(Crossing away from Welch)* There *were* two gunshots here tonight. I, personally, did not hear them, but I share equal blame with those who *did* hear the shots and did not come forth with that information...despite the fact that I didn't hear them. Nevertheless, Mr. Brock is willing to tell us the full and complete story, the details of which none of us has heard yet. About the missing help, about the disappearance of his wife, Myra, and about the two gunshots, which I didn't hear.