

MURDER VI

NARRATOR:

Growing up in a big city, next to a bigger city gives a person a cosmic look at life. Not as experienced as one from within the fish bowl but as one who views from the rim. A person that understands it's not always good when the cat comes to call. Winfred (Fred) Carmichael the forth, is one of these individuals who knows when to avoid the cat. Fred, an only child, named after his daddy, grew up in Pontiac Michigan, when American cars were the only real cars in the world and factory smoke stacks blocked the sun from 7:30 AM to sundown. ^^ Fred, in his early forties, ^^ a lawyer, ^^ who like his daddy represents General Motors Corporate, otherwise known as The Company, big wigs, and I may add very discretely. Married to Martha Curry, his high school sweetheart, Fred has kept an inner circle of friends from primary school through college. Martha and Fred live very busy lives. Fred with his family's law practice and Martha with her Pontiac Arts Counsel and numerous other charitable and uncharitable endeavors. Children, for this couple would be an impediment, consequently, none exist. Its 3:AM Tuesday morning during the last week of August, new General Motors model year, production hitting the line, Fred's pals, all General Motors executives., distastefully unwinding as usual.

Prop Telephone Rings 4 times

NARRATOR: Message machine kicks in;

Fred:

You have reached the office of Carmichael and Carmichael Attorney's at Law. This is Fred Carmichael I am not able to take your call at this time, if you would like to transmit a confidential message after the resonance of the tone, I will return your call at the earliest moment, my schedule will permit.

Paul Norstad: *Prop: beep ^^ beep*
Direction: In a panicky mode

Fred, Fred, you got to come up to the lake something terrible is happening to Jake, his body, it's turning gray. His head, it's swelling, his eyes are turning black, his hair is coming out. The lights, they're ignited, came too close. They should have left them alone. Jake! bring Jake back.

Prop: phone goes dead

NARRATOR:

The Company Store

By

ROBERT G. BORELLI

THE CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Fred Carmichael
Senator Paul Norstad
Martha Curry
Doctor Sandra Tonement
Lydia Norstad
Jake Fishman

NARRATOR:

9:15AM Tuesday, Fred arrives a little late at his office, ^ could not find his favorite tie for the new blue suite. Never does well when Martha's out of town. ^ Looks at the computer message machine, ^^ call screening tells him its from the phone up at the lake, just knows ^^ it's trouble. Probably Paulie who, can't keep his private life separate from his public life. ^^ Fred Sighs, ^^ hits the play button.

Paul Norstad:

Direction: In a panicky mode

Fred, Fred, you got to come up to the lake something terrible is happening to Jake, his body, it's turning gray. His head, it's swelling, his eyes are turning black, his hair is coming out. The lights, they're ignited, came too close. They should have left them alone. Jake! bring Jake back.

Prop: phone goes dead

NARRATOR:

Recognizing Paulie's voice, Fred tries to call up the family house on the lake, no answer. He hasn't been to the lake in years and thoughts about the summers on the lake with his cousin Paulie, now a United States Senator and his best friend Jake, who heads up the design teams for all of General Motors. The fun they used to have pulling practical jokes on each other, not unlike this latest. Fred remembers the mysterious lights, when there was a new moon, over the lake. How the guys told the girls that the lights were from an Alien Spacecraft and that if the girls didn't do what the guys wanted they would be turned over to the Aliens.

No one never really knew what the lights were. The military said that the lights were actually glows from the city as they skimmed the atmosphere

Fred calls again and After several more failed attempts, he decides he'll drive up to the lake after work.

NARRATOR:

8:45PM The family house on the Lake: Fred gets the key from behind the porch light and lets himself in.

Fred:

Hello, ^^ hello, ^^ is anyone here? ^^ Paulie are you here?

NARRATOR:

Fred stumbles around until he finds the light. ^^ As the light comes on, he scans the room. ^^ It's been years since Fred has been here. ^^ Immediately memories of all the great times this house possesses flashes by his eyes. Suddenly a thump sound comes from one of the upstairs rooms. ^^ Fred follows the sound to a locked bedroom, ^^ uses his master key enters the room, flips the light switch. ^^ There, on the floor, ^^ naked, ^^ sits Senator Paul Norstad. ^^ Fred thinks Here! ^^ sits the powerful Chairman of the committee investigating Auto Safety. Fred imagines, that if Paul did this on the floor of the senate, the whole committee would have to vote with him on the General Motors recall just for the pleasure of seeing him naked.

Fred:

Paul, what's going on? Your call didn't make any sense., the lights, Jake's head swelling. Hey! where's your damn clothes?

Paul: *Direction: in a drugged manner*

The lights, the lights, They're dangerous. Jake, he's with them, other people, turning gray.

Narrator:

Just then Martha walks in.

Martha: *Direction: in a calm voice*

Fred! I thought I heard your voice. What are you doing here? Why aren't you in town?

Fred:

Direction: In an excitable manner

Me? what are ^^ You! ^^ doing here? I thought you were out of town with your Arts Counsel. ^^ What's happened to Paulie? ^^ How can you be so calm? God the mans naked. ^^ Something's wrong. He's not making any sense.

Martha:

Don't get excited. The Art Counsel is meeting here. You know how Paulie is. ^^ He took some kind of hallucination drug last night and started acting weird. ^^ We had to lock him in this room for his own safety. Look at him, ^^ tell me he's not weird, ^^ he's even taken off his clothes.

Narrator:

Fred takes the blanket off the bed and covers Paul

Fred:

No I don't know how ^^ Paulie is. ^^ Please! Tell me, ^^ and Who! else is here?

Martha:

Why! the whole Arts Counsel. I just told you, ^^ we were meeting here.

Paul:

Direction: Still, in a drugged manner

The lights they blaze. Jake, tell Jake?

Narrator:

Just then Doctor Sandra Tonement walks in the room.

Sandra:

Is everything all right? How are you feeling Paul? Oh! Fred, how are you? What brings you up here on this dark night?

Fred:

I didn't know you were part of the Art Counsel Sandra. Who else is here?

Sandra: *Direction: ignoring Fred, Sandra goes over to Paul*

Paulie, I'm going to give you something to make you feel better.

Narrator;

Sandra pulls out a syringe from her pocket.

Fred:

Don't you dare give him anymore drugs. I want him to be able to talk.

Martha:

You're over reacting, as usual, Fred. I don't know what your problem is. And you never said why you came up here?

Fred:

Where's Jake? Isn't Jake on your Art Counsel as well?

Martha:

Jake was here but he had to leave. He had some pressing business at the plant.

Fred:

What kind of pressing business?

Martha:

Really pressing business, ^^ something like ^^ stopping a re-design of a complete General Motors line. ^^ You know Fred, ^^ some of us have real jobs ^^ with The Company.

Narrator:

Lydia Norstad walks in the room. Going over to Paul

Lydia:

How's my sweetie dumpling feeling? I don't why you always put our friends through our little problem.

Lydia:

Direction: turning to Fred.

Oh Great! now even our Winfred is here. ^^ You didn't beckon him?
^^ Did you Paulie?

Fred:

No one beckoned me. And what's with this sweetie dumpling crap? ^^
I know you're a professional actress but this performance is truly unbelievable. You know Paulie and I talk, ^^ I'm not only his cousin, ^^ I'm his lawyer and financial adviser.

Lydia:

Just for your information, Fred! ^^ Paulie and I have worked all our marital problems out. Obviously, ^^ you don't know everything ^^ about your cousin.

Fred:

Why don't I just ask Paulie.

Sandra:

I don't think you're going to ask Paulie anything. He's taken so much of that drug that he's incoherent. ^^ He keeps going in and out of consciousness that minutes elapse ^^ without him knowing it. ^^ Fred! ^^ I just got to give him something to stabilize him otherwise I can't predict what can happen.

Fred:

Why don't we just get him to a hospital?

Lydia:

Right! Boy it wouldn't take long for a story to leak out. This is an election year and he's running unopposed , ^^ I can just see it now ^^ "Dateline Pontiac Michigan ^^ " Powerful Committee Chairman ^^ out of his mind on Drugs, ^^ Re-elect Paul Norstad". Sandra, your the doctor, give him whatever you think will help. I am Paul's wife ^^ I'll make the decisions concerning my husband.

Narrator:

Sandra injects Paulie in his arm. A few seconds latter, Paulie starts to mumble

Paulie: *Direction; still in a drugged mode*

Jake, Jake,? Don't leave. Take me with you ^^ Take me to the lights.

Narrator :

Paul starts trembling inhumanly, and he slumps over.

Sandra:

Oh my God! he's gone into cardiac arrest.

Narrator:

Sandra gets on top of Paul and starts giving him CPR.

Sandra:

Someone call 911! Get an ambulance out here!

Narrator:

Lydia calls 911. ^^ After several attempts to get Paul's heart pumping, without success, ^^ Sandra stops CPR.

Sandra:

I can't revive him, ^^ he's dead.

Fred:

What the hell did you do? ^^ You killed him!

Narrator:

Fred goes over to Paulie and starts shaking him

Fred:

Direction very upset

Paulie! Paulie! Wake up! Wake up! ^^ What have they done to you?
I swear I'll get them. ^^ All of them.

Lydia:

What did you give him Sandra? ^^ What the hell kind of Doctor
are you?

Sandra:

I gave him a mild sedative. ^^ That's all. ^^ Just something to
put him to sleep. It should not had that kind of reaction.

Narrator:

Jake walks into the room.

Jake:

What's going on here? What's happened to Paulie?

Fred:

Direction: turning to Jake

I thought you had to go into town.

Jake:

I saw your car on 75, ^^ can't miss your red convertible, ^^
figured you were coming up here. ^^ So I turned back. ^^ Really!
What's wrong with Paulie?

Sandra:

Paul is dead.

Jake:

He was fine when I left. Fine except for that incident with the drugs. How did it happen?

Fred:

Jake, what do you know about the lights? Paulie kept talking about the lights.

Martha:

For God sakes Fred! the man was hallucinating. ^^ What the hell difference does it make. ^^ He's dead ^^ and It's his own fault.

Fred:

What do you mean his fault? The man is, ^^ was ^^ a United States Senator, not a drug addict. Paulie hasn't taken any drugs since college. If anyone is to blame it's Doctor Sandra or.

Lydia: *Direction: turning to Fred crying*

You don't know what your talking about. It says a lot on how much you know, especially about your cousin. Paul has been under a great degree of pressure. This committee position pitted him directly against The Company. And Sandra!, ^^ Sandra is our family doctor. ^^ Remember, ^^ she saved Paulie's life when we got into that car accident.

Narrator:

So Audience ^^ what's going on here? ^^ Did Fred die from an overdose of Drugs? ^^ Did Doctor Sandra kill him? ^^ Did he die of boredom from this well written, lousy acted play?
What's going on?

You have 15 minutes to render a guess. ^^ The play will resume after all have had a chance to guess.

Note: Narrator, wait 15 or more minutes. Resume the play at your convenience

Narrator:

The Play resumes. We set the clock back to Monday Evening. The Art Counsel is up at the Lake.

Martha:

How about if we go into town for dinner?

Jake:

I think I'll pass. Paulie why don't you stay with me, I want to talk to you about something.

Paulie:

Sure Jake as long as it's not about the safety recall. You know I can't talk about that.

Lydia:

Absolutely not, ^^ no discussions about the Recall. ^^ It's been bothering Paul so much he's having difficulty sleeping at night. It may even be driving him to some old bad habits.

Sandra:

You should have said something about Paul's problems. ^^ I can give him something for sleeping but about the other thing, ^^ we're going to have to talk.

Narrator:

The girls leave to go to dinner Jake and Paul stay behind.

Paul:

Direction: turning to Jake

What did you want to talk about?

Jake:

It's this latest high. I got from my Detroit connection. It puts you in other space, ^^ really relaxes you.^^ Pop a couple of these ^^ and it's heaven on earth.

Paulie:

Jake I can't, ^^ I promised Lydia

Jake:

She'll never know. By the time they get back, the high will be gone. ^^ Besides I'm going to be here ^^ and I'll cover for you until you come down.

Narrator:

Fifteen minutes goes by and ^^ the drug starts working on Paulie.

Paulie:

Direction: in a drugged mode

What did you give me? I have trouble seeing you. The lights over the Lake. ^^ Spacecraft, the girls, Aliens.

Jake:

Let's talk. How are you going to vote on the Safety Recall? I know the committee will follow your lead. ^^ Really! Paulie, ^^ the head lights are not too close. They can't cause a fire.

Paulie:

Direction: still in a drugged mode

The head lights can burn and people, the engine compartment gets on fire. No! no! Jake ^^ You have changed. You're not of this world anymore. I'm voting I'm voting for the Recall.

Jake:

Unfortunately for you Paulie, ^^ that's what I thought you were going to do. I can't have The Company go through the redesign your recall would force. ^^ The cost would kill our recovery. So long Pal! You were never a Company man.

Narrator:

Jake goes downstairs, ^^ finds Doctor Sandra's medical satchel ^^ and ^^ knowing full well that Sandra will administer a sedative, ^^ replaces the sedative, drug, ^^ with a deadly powder he got from his Detroit connection.

Jake comes back to the Lake when he spot's Fred's convertible on Route 75 ^^ fearing that Fred ^^ would kill his plans.

Not to Worry , Paul's Dead ^^ Score another one for the Company Store.

That's it ^^ Plays over.