

THE ONE-ACT PLAY THAT GOES WRONG

The stage is set with a low-budget (but not terrible) depiction of the private rooms of a young wealthy man of the time. The back wall consists of three set flats: one stage left with a door in it, one stage right with a fireplace half-painted onto it, and one in the centre with a window in it, with curtains drawn in front of it.

A clock and barometer hang either side of the door. A chaise longue stands in the centre of the stage, a drinks trolley (not quite of the period) stands stage left, and a small table with a telephone and a vase on it downstage right. A coal scuttle sits beside the fireplace and other various set dressings from different periods of history fill the space.

As the audience enter, Annie (the stage manager) kneels by the bottom of the flat, trying to affix the mantelpiece onto the fireplace with no success.

House music drops to a lower level as Trevor (the lighting and sound operator) moves to the front of the stage.

TREVOR. Good evening ladies and gentlemen. A couple of announcements; Number one; turn your phones off. Secondly, if anyone finds a Duran Duran* CD box set in the auditorium, I need that back, please hand it to me at the end of the performance. Enjoy the show.

Trevor exits to the lighting box.

Clearance.

Trevor cues the lights to fade to black. Annie still hasn't finished the mantelpiece. Chris enters from around the back of the flats in the darkness.

* If music by a different band is used on pages 33 and 46, change "Duran Duran" appropriately.