



## ANNND SCENE (OF THE CRIME)

by John Busser

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Cast of Characters

DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT MILCH: Male or Female, 30's-50's  
DETECTIVE SERGEANT RAYE: Male, 30's  
EDDIE SUMNER: Male, 20's-30's

Place

Setting: A Police Interrogation Room

Time

Late evening

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*At lights up, DETECTIVE MILCH is seated across from a young man. His partner, DET. RAYE stands off to the side, leaning against the wall holding a brown paper bag.*

**DETECTIVE MILCH**

All right, let's go through this again. Just so I know I've got this straight.

**EDDIE**

I've gone over this four times now.

**MILCH**

Five's my lucky number, Mr. Sumner. I just want to make sure I've got all the facts.

**EDDIE**

*(Impatiently)* Look, I went to work at the club, like I told you. I did my show in front of a full house, like I told you...

**MILCH**

And what kind of show is this again?

**EDDIE**

*(Sighing)* We do improv and sketch comedy.

**MILCH**

Improv. That's where you make up funny jokes on the spot, right?

**EDDIE**

Not exactly, improv is more than making up funny jokes. You get suggestions from the audience and come up with situations based on those suggestions. You never know what you're going to get so it's different every time. Sometimes it's funny. Sometimes it's not. But it's always different.

**MILCH**

Okay, so you were doing your show...

**EDDIE**

*(Impatiently)* Tony was out there with me, along with the other 5 people in the group, and I was the last one *onstage*, Tony having taken his bow and left with the others. I always do a closing speech and thank the crowd. I took my bow, walked off stage and bam! there he was, lying there in a pool of blood, and a broken stage light next to him. I assumed it hit him. I immediately called you guys... *LIKE I TOLD YOU*. Next thing I know, I'm the number one suspect. And here we are. Why won't you believe me?

**DETECTIVE RAYE**

*(Steps up, slams his hand on the table)* Cuz your story stinks like last night's fish, Eddie!

**MILCH**

Detective Raye's right, Ed. Your story has a number of holes in it. Sure you don't want to change any details now, before we start asking some really tough questions?

**EDDIE**

I'm telling you guys, I didn't do anything wrong. I don't know who dropped that light on him. And I'm not changing my story. (*He crosses his arms and sits defiantly*)

**MILCH**

Okay, Mr. Sumner. Have it your way. (*Turning to RAYE*) Charlie, can I have the bag, please?

**RAYE**

Sure thing, Lieutenant. (*RAYE hands it over*)

**EDDIE**

What's that?

**MILCH**

Why don't you tell me. (*He opens the bag and produces a small silver call bell, like the type a hotel desk would have on it to summon an attendant*) You recognize this?

**EDDIE**

(*Looking at the bell, puzzled*) Yeah. It's a call bell. We use one in the show.

**MILCH**

What do you do with it?

**EDDIE**

Why does that matter?

**MILCH**

I just want to know what you use it for.

**EDDIE**

Does this have anything to do with Tony's death?

**RAYE**

(*Angrily*) Just answer the question, Fish!

**EDDIE**

My name is Edward.

**RAYE**

Until you start telling us something that doesn't stink, your name is "Fish"!

**EDDIE**

(*Exasperated*) Fine! We use it during some of the improv games. The game is called "Ding!" Whenever a scene is going on, the person with the bell can change the scene whenever he rings the bell. The people in the scene have to change it to something else until the bell person stops ringing it and then the scene proceeds from that point. It's one of the more popular--- (*MILCH dings the bell. Without missing a beat, EDDIE continues with another choice*)

**EDDIE**

It's one of the more fast-paced--- (*DING!*)

**EDDIE**

One of the more confusing--- (*DING!*)

**EDDIE**

It's a fucking pain-in-my-ass of a game! Jesus, that's annoying. And doesn't it figure, that was Tony's favorite game.

**MILCH**

Really?

**EDDIE**

(*Irritated*) Yeah, I used to get pissed when he was the bell holder! He never sto... (*Calming down*) None of us liked that game very much, not just me. Eric, one of the founding members, wanted to get rid of that bell--- (*MILCH dings the bell*)

**EDDIE**

Tom wanted to throw that bell off a cliff--- (*DING!*)

**EDDIE**

Jess wanted to crush it under a car--- (*DING!*)

**EDDIE**

Missy wanted to shove it up Tony's ass--- (*DING!*)

**EDDIE**

I wanted to shove it up Tony's ass!

*There is a slight pause.*

**MILCH**

You guys really hated the bell, huh?

**EDDIE**

I sure— WE sure did. And why are you so concerned about a bell? A bell didn't kill Tony.

**MILCH**

Just trying to get the facts straight. So I'd like to go over it again.

**EDDIE**

Oh for God's sake---

*DING!*

**MILCH**

But this time, tell me the story in a film noir style.

**EDDIE**

(*Confused*) What?

*DING!*