

AUDITION INFORMATION



DEATHTRAP

Written by Ira Levin
Directed by Matt Watson

Audition Dates: April 24 & 25, 2022
Performance Dates: June 9 -26, 2022

WELCOME

Thank you for your interest in auditioning for a Theatre Tallahassee production!

If you've auditioned for us before, welcome back!

If this is your first time auditioning at Theatre Tallahassee, we're thrilled to have you! We've been around now for 70 years, and we wouldn't have lasted so long without new people, new talent, and new voices.

Whether you're a veteran performer who just moved to town or you've never been on stage before but really want to try, we'd like to encourage you to audition for shows at Theatre Tallahassee.

We're aware that auditioning can be an overwhelming experience, even if you've done it a hundred times before. We've put this information booklet together for you to help you learn a little more about the play, the characters you will be reading for, and to give you some idea of what to expect during auditions.

Please read over the character list and director's comments, and pay attention to any specific audition requirements for this show. Then review any script sides provided. You will also need to fill out and submit an audition form.

Break a leg!

MAINSTAGE SEASON

This production is part of our Mainstage Season of shows. Theatre Tallahassee's Mainstage auditorium seats up to 271 audience members a night. Shows run for three weekends, with opening night on a Thursday, and the following weekends running Friday through Sunday. The second Saturday is a double show day, with both a matinee and evening performance. Additional shows may be added depending on ticket sales, or benefit performances.

ABOUT OUR AUDITIONS

Theatre Tallahassee auditions are open, and we want to encourage diversity – we try our best to discourage directors from pre-casting roles. And unless specified in the character list, most roles are open to all races and ethnicities.

Know what you're auditioning for. Do a little research on the play and characters. Audition sides are included in this packet, as well as a character breakdown to give you some idea of which roles you'd like to audition for.

Audition requirements and formats may vary from show to show. Some directors prefer "closed" auditions where actors wait in a separate room until called. Some like to have every actor in the room. Some prefer monologues, or cold readings, or need you to sing. This audition packet should give you an idea of what you can expect.

We know that it can be disappointing not to get a part. We always have more people audition than we have roles for, and there are many factors that directors have to weigh when casting. We encourage you to audition often. Just because you weren't right for one role, doesn't mean that you won't be perfect for another.

We look forward to seeing you on stage. Break a leg!

COVID CHANGES

At this time, Theatre Tallahassee is following the current CDC guidelines for COVID safety as much as we are able. Distanced seating and masking for audience members may be required, depending on the current COVID risk in our area.

Theatre Tallahassee requires all actors, crew, and staff to be fully vaccinated at least 14 days prior to the first in-person rehearsal. Other precautions such as temperature checks, and mask-wearing plus testing are possible, pending the environment at the time that rehearsal commences.

A reminder: as a non-profit, community theatre, we are unable to provide payment for actors, and we understand that the risks of an unmasked performance at this time may be too high for some volunteer actors, despite all the precautions we will be taking to minimize that risk. Please consider this before auditioning.

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THE PLAY

In Ira Levin's classic comedic thriller, *Deathtrap*, a washed-up playwright finds a chance to rise to the top once more, a shot he'd be willing to kill for. Sidney Bruhl hasn't written a hit play for 18 years when he receives a script from a former student, Clifford Anderson, that's a guaranteed success. His wife, Myra, suggests the two men could collaborate; Sidney jokes that it'd be just as easy to murder the young man and steal the script for his own. When Clifford arrives later that evening, no one--not even the visiting psychic--could predict where the dark events of the night will go.

ABOUT THE DIRECTOR

MATTHEW WATSON

Matthew is thrilled to be returning to Theatre Tallahassee for the first time in two years. He moved to Tallahassee in 2004 and since then he's been hooked, performing in productions such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Oklahoma*, *All My Sons*, and *The Grapes of Wrath*. A graduate of the Jacksonville University BFA Theatre Program, as he moved through college he started finding his calling behind the scenes Assistant Directing *Dancing at Lughnasa*, *Chess*, and *Ragtime*; and directing the Alpha Psi Omega production of *Jack & Jill*. Since moving back to Tallahassee, his directing credits include *Red*, *The Crucible*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Nighttime*, *Company*, *Dancing Lessons*, *It's a Wonderful Life*, and *The Pajama Game*.

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IMPORTANT
DATES

○ AUDITIONS

Sun, April 24 at 7pm

Mon, April 25 at 7pm

Please see next page for Audition info

Tues, April 26

Call backs, by director invitation only

■ REHEARSAL PERIOD

Rehearsals are currently scheduled Mon-Fri (7pm-10pm). Final schedule and times may vary depending on schedules.

No rehearsals May 2

■ TECH WEEK/DRESS
MAY 30-JUN 8

Tech runs & dress rehearsals.

○ PERFORMANCES*

JUN 9-26

JUN 17-19

JUN 24-26

Thurs (opening week only), Fri, Sat shows at 8pm. Sun matinees at 2pm. Second Saturday (June 18) is a double show day with a 2pm matinee, and 8pm show. Call times are usually 1.5 hours before curtain.

APRIL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

JUNE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

Actors must be able to commit to all performance dates & tech/dress rehearsals.

Actors must also be able to do virtual rehearsals via Zoom or similar app, and be willing and able to wear masks for in-person rehearsals, and take COVID tests as required.

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CHARACTERS

SIDNEY BRUHL – (*Male Presenting. Mid 40s-60s*) A once acclaimed author fallen victim to a recent creative drought. He's usually the smartest and most charming one in the room and wants to make sure everyone else in the room knows it. Sidney is extremely ambitious and will do almost anything to get what he wants, no matter who might be in his way.

CLIFFORD ANDERSON – (*Male Presenting. 20s-30s*) An attractive and talented young writer with a bright future ahead of him. He's usually the smartest and most charming one in the room but is fine with biding his time to let people find that out. He is extremely clever and can easily slip on fronts of innocence and naivete that belies some of his darker ambitions.

MYRA BRUHL – (*Female Presenting. Mid 40s to 60s*) Sidney's loving and supportive wife. She is a kind and calming presence during some of Sidney's stormier moods. Her soft exterior will give way to a much firmer attitude when she needs to get Sidney off of some of his more unhealthy notions.

HELGA TEN DORP (*Female Presenting. 30+. Has a Dutch accent.**) Celebrity Psychic who loves every minute of her fame. She is free spirited, and not easily intimidated.

*Actors auditioning for Helga are encouraged to attempt her accent in their audition, but are not required to if not comfortable.

PORTER MILGRIM (*Male Presenting. 30+.*) Sidney's friend and attorney. Very sharp and observant of his surroundings. Isn't sure he trusts Clifford.

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AUDITION INSTRUCTIONS

Auditions will consist of readings from the sides provided in this audition packet. Sides should NOT be memorized.

If you need special accommodations for auditions (i.e. uncomfortable with in-person auditions due to Covid, unable to attend audition dates, disability accommodations, etc.), please contact the director, Matthew Watson at mwatson2711@gmail.com

Download and fill out an Audition Form ahead of time:

[Audition Form \(Word Format\)](#)

[Audition Form \(PDF Format\)](#)

Forms can also be accessed by visiting TheatreTallahassee.org/Auditions

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SIDE 1

Myra
Sidney

MYRA. Is it really that good? His first play?

SIDNEY. It can't miss. A gifted director couldn't even hurt it. (*Fixing something on the rocks.*) It'll run for years. The stock and amateur rights will feed and clothe generations of Andersons. It can easily be opened up for a movie. George C. Scott – or Michael Caine.

MYRA. Oh, I love him.

SIDNEY. The damn thing is perfect.

MYRA. I should think you'd be proud that one of your students has written a salable play.

SIDNEY. (*Considers her.*) For the first time in eleven years of marriage, darling drop dead.

MYRA. My goodness... (*She puts things right at the buffet as SIDNEY moves away with his drink.*)

SIDNEY. I'm green with envy. I'd like to beat the wretch over the head with the mace there, bury him in a four-hundred-pound hole somewhere, and send the thing off under my own name. To ... David Merrick. Or Hal Prince ... (*Thinks a bit, looks at MYRA.*) Now there's the best idea I've had in ages.

MYRA. (*Going to him.*) Ah, my poor Sidney... (*Hugs him, kisses his cheek.*)

SIDNEY. I mean, what's the point in owning a mace if you don't use it once in a while?

MYRA. Ah... You'll get an idea of your own, any day now, and it'll turn into a better play than that one.

SIDNEY. Don't bet on it. Not that you have any money to bet with.

MYRA. Were doing very nicely in that department: not one creditor beating at the door.

SIDNEY. But for how long? I've just about cleaned you out now, haven't I?

MYRA. We've cleaned me out, and it's been joy and delight every bit of the way. (*Kisses him.*) Your next play will simply have to be a terrific smash.

SIDNEY. (*Moving away.*) Thanks, that's what I need, an easing of the pressure. (*Moves to the desk, toys with the manuscript.*)

MYRA. Why don't you call it to Merrick's attention? Maybe you could get—a commission of some kind.

SIDNEY. A finder's fee, you mean?

MYRA. If that's what it's called.

SIDNEY. A great and glorious one percent. Maybe one and a half.

MYRA. Or better yet, why don't you produce it yourself? You've been involved in enough productions to know how to do it. And it might be a beneficial change of pace.

SIDNEY. Darling, I may be devious and underhanded enough to be a successful

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murderer, but not, I think, a Broadway producer. One mustn't overestimate one's talents.

MYRA. Collaborate with him. Isn't there room for improvement in the play, good as it is? The professional touch, a little reshaping and sharpening?

SIDNEY. That's a possibility.

MYRA. I'm sure he'd be thrilled at the chance to work with you.

SIDNEY. We'd split fifty-fifty.

MYRA. And you'd get top billing.

SIDNEY. Naturally. "Reverse alphabetical order, dear boy; it's done all the time."

MYRA. On the basis of who you are.

SIDNEY. Sidney Four-Flops Bruhl.

MYRA. Sidney Author-of-The-Murder-Game Bruhl.

SIDNEY. *(A doddering ancient.)* "Oh yes, The Murder Game! I remember that one. Back in the time of King Arthur, wasn't it?"

MYRA. Not quite that long ago.

SIDNEY. Eighteen years, love. Eighteen years, each one flying faster than the one before. Nothing recedes like success. Mmm, that is a good one, isn't it. *(Taking up a memo pad and pen.)* Maybe I can work it in someplace. There's a has-been actor who could say it. "Recedes" is E-D-E, right?

MYRA. Yes. You see, you *would* improve it.

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SIDE 2

Myra
Sidney
Clifford

SIDNEY. You don't have another carbon?

CLIFFORD. I only made the one. I thought I'd be Xeroxing the original as soon as I was through.

SIDNEY. Of course. There's no need for two or three any more in the age of Xerox. *(His eyes meet MYRA's and glance away. CLIFFORD gestures with his manuscript toward MYRA.)*

CLIFFORD. She could read this one, and we could pass the pages back and forth. Or I could sit next to you.

SIDNEY. Wait, let me think. I want to think for a moment.

(SIDNEY thinks—hard. MYRA tries to contain her growing anxiety but can't.)

MYRA. Mr. Anderson, Sidney is bursting with creative ideas about your play! I've never seen him so enthusiastic! He gets plays in the mail very often, finished plays that are ready for production supposedly; from his agent, from producers, from aspiring playwrights; and usually he just laughs and sneers and says the most disparaging things you could possibly imagine! I know he could improve your play tremendously! He could turn it into a hit that would run for years and years and make more than enough money for everyone concerned! *(She stops; CLIFFORD stares. SIDNEY studies her.)*

SIDNEY. Is that what you meant by "I'll be quiet"?

MYRA. *(Putting her needlework aside.)* I won't be quiet. I'm going to say something that's been on my mind ever since your phone conversation. *(Rising, advancing on CLIFFORD.)* It's very wrong of you to expect Sidney to give you the fruit of his years of experience, his hard-won knowledge, without any quid pro quo, as if the seminar were still in session!

CLIFFORD. He offered to give me—

MYRA. *(Turning on SIDNEY.)* And it's very wrong of you to have offered to give it to him! I am the one in this household whose feet are on the ground, and whose eye is on the checkbook! Now, I'm going to make a suggestion to you, Sidney. It's going to come as a shock to you, but I want you to give it your grave and thoughtful and earnest consideration. Will you do that? Will you promise to do that for me? *(SIDNEY, staring, nods.)* Put aside the play you're working on. Yes, put aside the play about Helga ten Dorp and how she finds murderers, and keys under clothes dryers; put it aside, Sidney, and help Mr. Anderson with his play. Collaborate with him. That's what I'm suggesting. That's what I think is the fair and sensible and rational thing to do in this situation. *Deathtrap*, by Clifford Anderson and Sidney Bruhl. Unless Mr. Anderson feels that, in deference to your age and reputation, it should be the other way around.

SIDNEY. Hm. That is a shocker. Put aside *The Drowning Wife*?

CLIFFORD. I thought it was "frowning."

SIDNEY. Frowning? No. What kind of title would that be? *The Drowning Wife* is what I'm calling it, at the moment. It has these Women's Lib overtones, plus the ESP *(Looking doubtfully at MYRA.)* It's such a timely play ...

Sides do NOT need to
be memorized.

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MYRA. It will keep, Sidney. People are always interested in psychics who can point at someone (*Points to him.*) and say. (*Swings her finger to CLIFFORD.*) “This man—murdered that man.” (*Pointing at SIDNEY again. She lowers her hand.*) Put it aside. Please. Do for Mr. Anderson—what George S. Kaufman did for you.

SIDNEY. (*Gives her a look, then thinks.*) That’s awfully persuasive, Myra . . . (*To CLIFFORD.*) How does it grab you?

CLIFFORD. Oh wow. I suddenly feel as if I’m on the spot.

SIDNEY. You are, really. Myra’s put you there, put us both there.

MYRA. I felt it should be brought up now, before anything was done.

SIDNEY. Yes, yes, you were quite right. Quite right. (*CLIFFORD is thinking.*) What’s your reaction, Clifford?

CLIFFORD. (*Rises.*) Well, first of all, I’m overwhelmed, really honored and staggered, that Sidney Bruhl would even consider the idea of putting aside one of his own plays to work with me on mine. I mean, there I was, sitting in that theater when I was twelve years old, and who would think that some day I’d be standing here, weighing the chance to—

SIDNEY. (*Interrupting him.*) We get the gist of this passage.

CLIFFORD. It’s a golden opportunity that I’m sure I ought to seize with both hands.

MYRA. You should. Yes.

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SIDE 3

Helga
Sidney
Myra

HELGA. I apologize for so late I come but you will forgive when I make the explaining. *(She comes D. into the study. SIDNEY closes the door.)* Ja, ja, is room I see. Beams, and window like so ... *(Holds her forehead, wincing.)* And the pain! Such pain!

(Sees MYRA and recognizes her as the source of it; approaches her.) Pain. Pain. Pain. Pain... *(Moves her hands about MYRA as if wanting to touch and comfort her but unable to.)* Pain. Pain. Pain!

SIDNEY. *(Coming nervously D.)* We're neither of us up to snuff today.

HELGA. *(Turns, sees the weapons.)* Ei! Just as I see them! Uuuch! Why keep you such pain-covered things?

SIDNEY. They're antiques, and souvenirs from plays. I'm a playwright.

HELGA. Ja, Sidney Bruhl; Paul Wyman tells me. We make together book.

SIDNEY. My wife Myra.

MYRA. How do you do.

HELGA. What gives you such pain, dear lady?

MYRA. Nothing. I'm fine, really.

HELGA. No, no; something you see pains you. *(To both of them.)* Paul tells you of me? I am Helga ten Dorp. I am psychic.

SIDNEY. Yes, he did. In fact we were going to ask-

HELGA. *(Interrupting him.)* For hours now I feel the pain from here. And more than pain. Since eight-thirty, when begins the Merv Griffin Show. I am on it next week; you will watch?

SIDNEY. Yes, yes, certainly. Make a note of that, Myra.

HELGA. Thursday night. The Amazing Kreskin also. What they want him for, I do not know. I call the information but the lady will tell me not your number. I call Paul but he is not at home; he is in place with red walls, eating with chopsticks. I call the information again. I say, "Is urgent, you must tell me number; I am Helga ten Dorp, I am psychic." She say, "Guess number." I try, but only I see the two-two-six, which is everybody, ja? So I come here now. *(Looking sympathetically at MYRA.)* Because pain gets worse. And more than pain ... *(She moves away and wanders the room, a hand to her forehead. SIDNEY and MYRA look anxiously at each other)*

MYRA. More than pain?

HELGA. Ja, is something else here, something frightening. No, it will interfere.

SIDNEY. What will?

HELGA. The drink you would give me. Must keep unclouded the head. Never drink. Only when images become too many. Then I get drunk. *(She goes close to the weapons, one hand to her forehead, the other hand passing back and forth. SIDNEY and MYRA stand motionless as HELGA's hand passes over the garrotte. She takes up she dagger, turns with it, closes her eyes.)* Was used many times by

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beautiful dark-haired woman. But only pretending.

SIDNEY. That's amazing! It's from my play *The Murder Game* and it was used every night by a beautiful dark-haired actress!

HELGA. Will be used again. By another woman. Not in play. But . . . because of play ... (*Opens her eyes.*) Because of play, another woman uses this knife. (*SIDNEY and MYRA stare at her. She replaces the dagger.*) You should put away these things.

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SIDE 4

Sidney
Porter
Clifford

SIDNEY. This is Clifford Anderson. And this is my friend Porter Milgrim.

PORTER. (*Shaking hands with CLIFFORD.*) How do you do.

CLIFFORD. How do you do, sir.

SIDNEY. I would say “my attorney,” but then he would bill me.

PORTER. I’m going to anyway; this is a business call. Partly, at least.

SIDNEY. Clifford was at the seminar I conducted last July. He asked me them about a secretarial position, and--when Myra passed on--I realized I would need someone to lend a hand, so I called him. The next day, here he was.

CLIFFORD. Have typewriter, will travel.

PORTER. That was very good of you.

CLIFFORD. It’s a privilege to be of help to someone like Mr. Bruhl.

PORTER. (*Noticing the desk.*) Oh, look at that. Isn’t this a beauty!

SIDNEY. Partners’ desk.

PORTER. Mmmm! Where did you find it?

SIDNEY. In Wilton. Just happened on it last week. Makes more sense than cluttering the room with two single ones.

PORTER. Cost a pretty penny, I’ll bet.

SIDNEY. Well, it’s deductible.

PORTER. Yes, they can’t very well quibble about a writer’s desk, can they? Wait till Elizabeth sees this.

SIDNEY. How is she?

PORTER. Fine.

SIDNEY. And the girls?

PORTER. Couldn’t be better. Cathy loves Vassar.

SIDNEY. And Vassar versa, I’m sure. Sit down.

CLIFFORD. Shall I go get the groceries now? Then you and Mr. Milgrim can call in private. (*SIDNEY looks to PORTER, who nods infinitesimally.*)

SIDNEY. Would you mind?

CLIFFORD. I have to do it sometime before dinner; might as well.

SIDNEY. All right. (*Heading for the foyer.*) Be with you in a second, Porter,

PORTER. Take your time. I haven’t started the clock yet! (*SIDNEY is out and on his way upstairs. CLIFFORD smiles as he rolls the paper from his typewriter. PORTER sits D.R. and puts his briefcase down.*) I love this room.

CLIFFORD. Isn’t it nice? It’s a pleasure working here. (*Puts the paper and the page he finished earlier into the folder, behind other sheets in it.*)

PORTER. He’s looking well.

CLIFFORD. Yes, he’s picked up quite a bit in the past few days. (*Putting the folder into the desk.*) It was pretty bad the first week. He cried every night; I could hear

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him plainly. And he was drinking heavily.

PORTER. Ah.

CLIFFORD. *(Standing against the desk.)* But he'll pull through. His work is a great solace to him.

PORTER. I'm sure it must be. I've always envied my writer clients on that account. I tried a play once.

CLIFFORD. Oh?

PORTER. About the Supreme Court justice I most admire. But even the title was a problem. Frankfurter. . . *(He shakes his head ruefully. CLIFFORD moves toward the doorway as SIDNEY comes in, wallet in hand.)*

SIDNEY. Twenty enough?

CLIFFORD. Too much; we only need salad things and milk. I'm going to Gibson's. *(Goes into the foyer.)*

SIDNEY. *(Pocketing his wallet.)* Pick up some yogurt too. Anything but prune.

CLIFFORD. *(Taking a jacket from the rack.)* Okay. *(Getting into it; to PORTER.)* You aren't in the driveway, are you?

PORTER. No, I pulled over on the side.

CLIFFORD. See you later or nice meeting you, whichever it turns out to be. *(Takes car keys from his pocket.)*

PORTER. I'm sure we'll be seeing each other again. *(CLIFFORD nods to SIDNEY and goes out, closing the door behind him.)* Pleasant young fellow. Good-looking too.

SIDNEY. Yes. *(Turns to PORTER.)* Do you think he's gay? Homosexual?

PORTER. I know what "gay" means, Sidney. Elizabeth told me long ago. No, he didn't strike me that way.

SIDNEY. I have a sneaking suspicion he might be. But, as long as he does his job well I suppose it's none of my business, is it?

PORTER. Well, in essence he's a domestic employee, and I think that in such circumstance his sexual preference could be a legitimate matter of concern.

SIDNEY. I wasn't asking for a legal opinion; I was just saying that it's really not my business.

PORTER. Oh, in that case, no it isn't.

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SIDE 5

Sidney
Clifford

SIDNEY. So you've lost your interest in thrillers, eh?

CLIFFORD. Mm.

SIDNEY. *(Another sip.)* No taste for the intricate plotting and the glib superficial characters.

CLIFFORD. Mm-mmm.

SIDNEY. Want to do something real and meaningful, socially relevant.

CLIFFORD. *(Turning, smiling understandingly.)* Hey, cut it out, will you? Your idea'll start coming.

SIDNEY. Possibly.

CLIFFORD. Just relax, and don't try to bug me. It'll come. *(He returns to his revising. SIDNEY puts the glass down and picks up the folder; puts it on his lap, opens it, reads.)*

SIDNEY. "Deathtrap, A Thriller in Two Acts"

(CLIFFORD looks up, wide-eyed, He turns; SIDNEY smiles at him and turns to the next page.) "Characters. Julian Crane. Doris Crane. Willard Peterson. Inga Van Bronk." *(CLIFFORD whips his folder open; and closes it.)* "The action takes place in Julian Crane's study, in the Crane home in Westport, Connecticut." *(Turns the page.)*

CLIFFORD. You have one hell of a nerve stealing—

SIDNEY. *(Casting him off fortissimo.)* "SETTING! Julian Crane's study is a handsomely converted stable grafted onto an authentic Colonial house! Sliding doors upstage center *(Pointing at them.)* open on a foyer in which are the house's front door, entrances to the living room and kitchen, and the stairway to the second floor! French doors upstage right *(Pointing.)* open out to a shrubbery-flanked patio! Downstage left, *(And pointing again.)* is a fieldstone fireplace, practical to the extent that PAPER CAN BE BURNED IN IT! *(He rises. CLIFFORD is resignedly riding out the storm. SIDNEY gives a guided tour of the room, folder in hand.)* "The room's furnishings are tastfully chosen antiques: a few chairs and occasional pieces, a buffet downstage right, with liquor decanters, and—the focus of the room—Julian's desk." You remember Julian's desk, don't you? The one he worked at before he took Crazy Willard Peterson into his home? "Patterned draperies hang at the French doors. The room is decorated with framed theatrical posters" unlike these, which are window cards, not posters! — "and a collection of guns, handcuffs, maces, broadswords, and battle-axes" — several of which I'm going to make use of any minute now. *(Closes the folder, stands glaring at CLIFFORD.)*

CLIFFORD. That's it? You're not going to act out the eleven pages? Would you like me to explain?

SIDNEY. What's to explain? You're a lunatic with a death wish; Freud covered it thoroughly.

CLIFFORD. I have exactly the same wish you have: a success wish.

SIDNEY. This—is going to bring you success?

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CLIFFORD. It hit me that night. Remember, I put in that extra speech when you were looking for the key? It can be a terrific thriller.

SIDNEY. In which someone like me and someone like you give someone like Myra a fatal heart attack?

CLIFFORD. Yes. At the end of Act One.

SIDNEY. What, pray tell, is your definition of success? Being gang-banged in the shower room at the state penitentiary?

CLIFFORD. I knew you would have reservations about it; that's why my first instinct was to say it wasn't even a thriller. I haven't enjoyed putting you on, Sidney. I'm glad it's out in the open.

SIDNEY. You knew I would have reservations ...

CLIFFORD. Well you do, don't you?

SIDNEY. The house madman is writing a play that'll send both of us to prison—

CLIFFORD. It won't!

CREDITS

DEATHTRAP

Written by Ira Levin

Produced by special arrangement with Dramatists Play Service Inc.

Director: Matthew Watson

Stage Manager: Connor Mock

THE THEATRE

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