

AIDEN

DR **Aiden:** Okay, listen up. Today's rehearsal went well, couple of lines fluffed in places - mentioning no names but overall it went really well. Remember to get selling those tickets. Anything anyone would like to mention?

Phillips: No I thought it went well today.

DR **Aiden:** Good. I think we're getting the hang of it. In fact I'd go as far to say that an audience would truly believe for a moment that *[Rosie's actor's name]* had actually killed *[Daniel's actor's name]*. They'll be sucked right into what's going on and temporarily forget we are just amateur actors.

Gregson: A bold statement. We'll find out what the audience think when it goes on next week.

Morgan: I don't know about the rest of you, but I really could do with a drink.

Daniel: That's the most sensible thing you've said all day.

Rosie: I could do with a wash.

Lucas: It was a little bit of ketchup. It had to look like you stabbed me.

Rosie: A little bit? It was half the bottle.

Lucas: No it wasn't.

(All except Aiden exit through the audience entrance, talking as they exit. Aiden sits at the side of the stage. His legs are dangling off the edge. He smiles and addresses the audience.)

DR **Aiden:** It's sometimes hard to know what is real and what isn't when you put a drama on in front of an audience. I guess you're wondering what all this means? Is there a moral to the story? Probably not. It's just been an evening of entertainment. Don't overthink it. That's the beauty of amateur dramatics. Everyone gets so entertained. The actors get their buzz, the crew and hopefully all going well, the audience do. The lights go down and for an hour or two everyone forgets who they really are. The audience believe in the painted bookcase and they believe that their friend or relative on stage is a victim or a murderer or a pantomime horse, or whatever it is that they pretending to be. Imagination can take us anywhere.

Aiden: We pretend that we are someone we are not and that is a wonderful thing. It can make you smile, it can make you shed a tear. It can even leave you lost in a brave new world but you always have the safety of knowing that when the curtains close, you're back in your own skin. Nobody died and the bookcase is painted again and we continue with our normal lives. We all escaped for a little while the normal hustle and bustle and learnt the tragedy of Rosie Thompson and Daniel Healy. But it's alright. Don't feel bad for them. They aren't here. They're just words on a script that hopefully made you feel something for a while. Remember, it's just a play.

Daniel: **(Poking his head around the audience entrance.)**
[Aiden's actors name] are you coming?

DR **Aiden:** Yeah. I could murder a pint.

(Daniel exits. Aiden smiles once more at the audience.)

DR **Aiden:** It's just a play. **(Exits)**

(Blackout)

(Curtain)