

Excerpt from...
SEVEN KEYS
by Kitt Lavoie & Graeme Gillis

CAPTAIN KENNEDY appears outside door and pounds on it three times. All on stage stop abruptly and look toward door, holding the picture for a repeat of the pounding.

CARGAN

(Loudly.) Who's there?

KENNEDY

(Yells through door from outside.) Z. Miles Kennedy. Asquewan Detection Technologies! Open the door!

MAX

Who?

KENNEDY

We had an alarm reported at this address.

HAYDEN

(Quickly to MAX) Keep quiet! *(Gets behind desk.)*

BLAND

(To CARGAN.) You'd better let them in, Cargan.

CARGAN

Just keep quiet, they'll go away. They have no right to enter.

Suddenly, the front door bursts open. KENNEDY, in an old suit, wearing a security badge around his neck, strides in followed by three OFFICERS in sports jackets bearing the Asquewan Detection Technologies logo. BLAND goes for his gun. KENNEDY is immediately in his face, faster on the drawer.

KENNEDY

Hold it! I'll take that.

BLAND

Second Amendment. I've got a carry permit. *(Reaches into pocket.)*

KENNEDY

Don't move

CARGAN

It's all right, Mr. Kennedy; he's all right.



KENNEDY

Johanson, get the lights.

MAGEE

The switch is by the stairs.

Johanson turns on the lights. KENNEDY looks at CARGAN.

KENNEDY

Hey, I know you from somewhere!

CARGAN

Yes, you do. I'm Senator Thomas J. Cargan.

KENNEDY

No, that's not it. You're that guy from TV.

CARGAN

No—

KENNEDY

Yeah, the weather guy, who always talks to the kids.

CARGAN

No—

KENNEDY

God damn I hate you. You shouldn't treat kids that way. They're not monkeys you know.

MAGEE

Sir?

KENNEDY

Kennedy. You a perp?

MAGEE

No.

KENNEDY

You a cop?

MAGEE

No.

KENNEDY

What do you want?

MAGEE

Mr. Kennedy, two of these men have are carrying weapons and (*Offering his key.*) three have keys to that door.

KENNEDY leaps to alertness, seemingly keeping everyone in the room at once at the end of his gun.

KENNEDY

Search them.

The three officers pat the group down, getting guns from CARGAN and MAX and keys from BLAND and CARGAN.

KENNEDY

Who's got the other key? He said there were three.

BLAND

(*Points to HAYDEN.*) Him.

KENNEDY goes to HAYDEN and looks him over. Suddenly, he grabs HAYDEN's face and pries his mouth open. A key falls to the floor.

KENNEDY

Oh, yeah. That's what I'm talking about. Some old fashioned crime-fightin'.

KENNEDY goes to one of the officers and retrieves BLAND's gun, then goes to BLAND, offers it to him.

KENNEDY

Take it.

BLAND

What?

KENNEDY

No, seriously, take it. Get out of here.

BLAND takes the gun. Immediately, KENNEDY decks him and snatched the gun back.

KENNEDY

You were going to use this on me? (*kicks him.*) Who do you think you're dealing with, scumbag? (*KENNEDY takes a lap around the group, on fire with excitement.*) Oh, yeah.



KENNEDY (cont'd)

I don't get enough chances to give a skell a good tune-up on this job. (*To the group.*)
Alright, what are the bunch of you doing up here?

CARGAN

I can explain all that.

KENNEDY

Didn't ask the weather man. (*To MAGEE*) Who are you?

MAGEE

My name is Bill Magee. Please, Mr. Kennedy, call the police.

KENNEDY

Captain Kennedy. I'm all the police you need.

MAGEE

Captain Kennedy, we need to have everyone held and arrested. There has been a murder committed here tonight.

KENNEDY

Holy mother fucker—you are kidding me.

MAGEE

No, sir.

KENNEDY

(*Near dancing.*) Alright, boys—I caught this one. I'm the primary. Everyone outside—I got myself a murderer investigation.

JOHANSON

Sir—

KENNEDY

I'M THE PRIMARY! Outside! (*The OFFICERS leave. KENNEDY looks over the group.*) A murder, huh.

MAGEE

(*Indicating MAX.*) That man killed young lady, then they all helped him dispose of the body. They have to be arrested on charges of conspiracy and murder.

CARGAN

He's gone crazy. He killed a woman a few minutes ago—just shot her—and he's been railing at everyone in the room, accusing all of us of killing her.



BLAND

Of *murder*.

HAYDEN

Yes, *his* cold-blooded murder.

KENNEDY

(*To MAGEE.*) Who was she?

MAGEE

It wasn't me, Captain. I can prove it. (*Pointing to MAX.*) He killed her, and now they are all protecting him to protect their conspiracy to illegally give maintenance contracts for the Asquewan-Reuton to Mr. Hayden's company, which Senator Cargan, incidentally, has no right to grant, in any case.

KENNEDY

This all sound incredibly boring.

MAGEE

Ask them. Ask them why they are here. I can prove why I'm here.

CARGAN

He's been raving like that for the last ten minutes, Chief.

KENNEDY

(*To MAGEE.*) What are you doing up here?

MAGEE

I'm the executive producer of several prime-time, *network* television shows. I'm up here to write a screenplay overnight on a bet from James Bentley.

KENNEDY

James Bentley?

MAGEE

That's right.

KENNEDY

Why would James Bentley care about you.

MAGEE

I am a nine-time Emmy award winner.

KENNEDY

(*To MAGEE*) Don't make me tune you up! You may think you're in some little hick town by the sea, but you commit a crime, baby and you're in the jungle -- YOU'RE IN

KENNEDY (cont'd)

THE JUNGLE, BABY!...the jungle by the sea. And Emmys don't mean shit in the jungle by the sea! You know what's won Emmys? *L.A. Law*'s won Emmys. *The Thorn Birds* won Emmys Fuckin' *Benson*'s won Emmys --

MAX

Hey what's wrong with *Benson*?

BLAND

Yeah, everyone loves *Benson*.

KENNEDY

Alright, I take back the part about *Benson*. Were you on *Benson*?

MAGEE

I created and write *City Beat*, *Copwatch*, *Dingleb*—

KENNEDY

You write *Copwatch*?

MAGEE

Yeah.

KENNEDY

I fucking *love* that show! I can't even fucking tell you how much I fucking love that show. Huh—I guess I never thought anybody actually *wrote* it.

MAGEE

Arrrrgh!

KENNEDY

You ever thought about making a *Copwatch* movie? Not like a TV movie—like a real movie?

MAGEE

(*Charges KENNEDY. MAX grabs him before he gets there.*) I am going to kill you, you son-of-a-bitch!

CARGAN

I told you, he's crazy.

KENNEDY

(*To MAGEE.*) Don't make me tune you up! I like you for the shooter, you understand? Your friends are going to turn on you and then you're going upstate for a hitch—and you *know* what they do to TV writers upstate. (*To CARGAN.*) Where is the body?



CARGAN

In one of the rooms upstairs.

KENNEDY

Was there anybody else here besides you people?

MAGEE

Peters was here.

KENNEDY

Peters?

MAGEE

The hermit.

KENNEDY

What are you, from 1913? When was the last time anyone called anybody a hermit? Where is he?

Peters appears in the security monitor covering MAGEE's room. He picks up Myra's body and drugs it through a secret door in the wall.

BLAND

He's disappeared.

KENNEDY

He won't go far. All *three* of my men are outside. The place is surrounded. Except, you know, on one side. What room is she in?

CARGAN

I'll show you.

CARGAN heads upstairs, followed by HAYDEN, BLAND and MAX. All look back at MAGEE as they go upstairs.

KENNEDY

Anybody walks through that door—(To MAGEE.) especially *you*—they'll be dropped before they hit the steps.

MAGEE

Don't worry. I'm not going anywhere—and I'm going to make sure none of these men go anywhere until we're all taken into custody.

HAYDEN

It's a sad case, Captain.

KENNEDY

Shooting another human being can drive a man out of his mind. ...Trust me.

