

**FLORENCE PALMER** - Female, early 50's. British

**PERSON:** Florence's wit and charm masks her ruthless inner core; she is ambitious and determined, always relying on herself to get the job done (mostly due to her frequent impatience with others). Florence often fools herself with her own salesmanship; despite believing she is good, she is as immoral as any of the villains in her highly successful murder mystery series'.

**BACKGROUND:** Continually inspired by the murders of Bloody Bay, Florence has moved there so that she can write her best novel yet. However, Florence's problems are not limited to a lack of inspiration. As her divorce is taking longer in litigation than the marriage enjoyed connubial bliss, it is threatening to litigate her into the poorhouse. She needs to write a new book and fast.

Audition Side

What? An entire year? No murders in this town? At all? None? .Seriously. Then what the hell did I come all this way for? Bloody Bay is my—what ? Inspiration? Source? Laboratory? –Never you mind where I've been all this time. The question is, what has this community been doing to keep up the culling of the human race? To support the amazing PR efforts on my part to create an unique, a theme-driven tourist destination. Of course the only theme this rock-bound harbor could provide was, unfortunately, murder. Of other people. . . NO! Didn't I say that you don't need to know where I've been. Ha! Certainly not the Riviera. So many tourists! So crowded nobody goes there anymore. So let's get down to business. Don't tell me about cancer and heart attacks and sloppy auto maintenance. All actuarial data for the simple-minded bean counters at the insurance companies. No! I want to—I NEED to—know about the unaccounted-for allergy to a wild mushroom, the trip down the staircase when the carpet had been examined only the day before (and the insurance policy had been taken out on the same day), the kindly old mare that threw her rider and –oops!— a strange and foreign cactus was soon discovered under the poor beast's saddle. Those are the kind of horrors I expect to find in your lovely village. Those are the incidents that have made your fame and my fortune. You kill 'em—I'll write 'em. This town had better come up with a murder —or I'll provide one on my own.