

## Lights, Camera. Murder!

Sage McCall looked around the television production set and tried to focus her attention anywhere except at the dead man lying at her feet.

Long after midnight, the familiar shapes of television cameras, sound booms and dollies were obscured in the darkness. Their outlines took on strange silhouettes in the half-lit room.

Overhead lights hung from the dark shadows and the studio cameras pointed toward the empty set, which sat obscured in complete darkness. No actors, no contestants, no cheery host to startle the contestants with new surprises.

To her left, an empty director's chair sat surrounded by dark monitors. To her right, an odd assortment of heavy crates and boxes were stacked high.

It was all so quiet, too quiet.

Sage took a long breath and looked down at the lifeless body of the gaffer.

"He's dead," Double K said staring down at the corpse.

"I can see that," Sage replied in a voice void of emotion. She bent down and pressed her index and middle finger to the dead man's neck. No pulse, confirming what she already knew was true.

"He was shot with an arrow," Double K said as if she didn't notice the two-foot arrow protruding out of the man's chest.

"Thanks," Sage said without humor, "I can see that too."

Ken Kendrick, 'Double K,' stood looking twice his 6'5" height. If he fashioned his hair into a Mohawk style, he could have easily passed for a younger Mr. T. He slowly folded his arms across his massive chest. "What are we going to do now?"

Sage slowly rose to her feet and took a backward step away from the corpse. A real-life murder was not in the script of this latest reality television show.

"First, we are going to call the Police Chief," she said with a groan. She had already had two run-ins with him. Despite his movie star good looks, he had made it very clear that the film crew and cast of Murder in Florida were not welcome in his quiet resort town. She was still seething from their last encounter. What had he called her, Malibu Barbie? He was the last man she wanted to call; she punched in the numbers and braced herself for his reaction.

Just seventy miles north of Tampa, on Florida's Gulf Coast, St. Gabrielle offered McMasters Studio the perfect locale for this third in a series of reality "whodunits". Isolated and surrounded by dark foreboding cypress swamps stand, the location scout assured the Studio it's the perfect place for MURDER!