

HOW TO GET AWAY WITH A MURDER MYSTERY

**A MURDER MYSTERY SPOOF
BY DON ZOLIDIS**



Playscripts



Entertain.

Educate.

Easy.

www.broadwaylicensing.com

BROADWAY

LICENSING GLOBAL

MAKE EVERYONE A THEATRE PERSON

DPS
DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE

BROADWAY
————— LICENSING

 **Playscripts**

HOW TO GET AWAY WITH A MURDER MYSTERY

BY DON ZOLIDIS

A PLAYSCRIPTS ACTING EDITION PUBLISHED BY

BROADWAY
LICENSING GLOBAL

HOW TO GET AWAY WITH A MURDER MYSTERY
Copyright © 2024, Don Zolidis

All Rights Reserved

HOW TO GET AWAY WITH A MURDER MYSTERY is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise), or stored in any retrieval system in any way (electronic or mechanical) without written permission of the publisher.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights throughout the world for HOW TO GET AWAY WITH A MURDER MYSTERY are controlled exclusively by Broadway Licensing, www.BroadwayLicensing.com. **No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of Broadway Licensing and paying the requisite fee.**

All other rights, including without limitation motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to the author c/o Broadway Licensing.

NOTE ON BILLING

Anyone receiving permission to produce HOW TO GET AWAY WITH A MURDER MYSTERY is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears, including printed or digital materials for advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. Please see your production license for font size and typeface requirements.

Be advised that there may be additional credits required in all programs and promotional material. Such language will be listed under the "Additional Billing" section of production licenses. It is the licensee's responsibility to ensure any and all required billing is included in the requisite places, per the terms of the license.

SPECIAL NOTE ON SONGS/RECORDINGS

Broadway Licensing neither holds the rights to nor grants permission to use any songs or recordings mentioned in the Play. Permission for performances of copyrighted songs, arrangements or recordings mentioned in this Play is not included in our license agreement. The permission of the copyright owner(s) must be obtained for any such use. For any songs and/or recordings mentioned in the Play, other songs, arrangements, or recordings may be substituted provided permission from the copyright owner(s) of such songs, arrangements or recordings is obtained; or songs, arrangements or recordings in the public domain may be substituted.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

HOW TO GET AWAY WITH A MURDER MYSTERY was commissioned by Hanford High School in Richland, Washington.

CHARACTERS

The Narrators

NARRATOR 1

NARRATOR 2

The Suspects

LADY INDIGO, a mysterious lady in blue.

MR. BURGUNDY, a not-so-mysterious gentleman with a fantastic mustache.

AGENT ORANGE, a nerdy professor-type (later Senator Orange).

OFF-WHITE, a very proper person.

SOYLENT GREEN, a teenager who is over this (later Sara Green or Scott Green).

The Detectives

AN ELDERLY WOMAN

A BRITISH DETECTIVE, heck let's just call him Sherlock, he's in public domain after all.

A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN, very odd accent, but fabulously dressed.

A FRAZZLED LADY, a human lie detector who sleeps in her car.

A BUTLER, a very energetic and spry person.

The Victim

VICK TIM, a victim.

NOTES

Gender of the characters: Almost all of the characters could be any gender. (The exception is probably Mr. Burgundy, who should be at least played as male, even if the actor doesn't need to identify as male.) The detectives should probably be played as their gender, with the exception of the British Detective (since Sherlock has been both male and female over time). I have selected pronouns throughout for characters, but feel free to change them if you are casting a different gender in the role.

For a larger cast: You may switch out the suspects in every scene. Every group of five suspects should contain the same color groups and basic personalities.

For a smaller cast: You may have one actor play all of the detectives. They should assume different characters in each scene, but one talented actor could do it all. Probably with ridiculous wigs.

For a shorter play: You may eliminate one or two methods as needed. Keep in mind that each of the suspects gets a chance to shine in one of the methods, so you will be shrinking one or two roles that way.

HOW TO GET AWAY WITH A MURDER MYSTERY

Lights up.

A drawing room that looks quite a bit like the set of a murder mystery.

All five of the suspects are present, standing over the body of Vick Tim, who is dead on the ground, perhaps with a gigantic knife or sword sticking up from her body.

A shocking gasp.

ORANGE. She's dead!

Yet another shocking gasp.

LADY INDIGO. And one of us, amongst this group of mysteriously connected strangers, is the killer!

Another gasp.

They freeze as Narrator 1, all business and ready for a TED talk, enters.

NARRATOR 1. If you're like me, this exact same scenario has already happened to you two or three times. You're minding your own business, perhaps being blackmailed, and a mysterious host has invited you to a mansion on an island, promontory, or isthmus. Before you know it, the host is dead, a thunderstorm slash blizzard slash airborne toxic event has closed off access to the outside world, and you are one of the suspects. What to do?

Narrator 1 walks over to the frozen tableau, who are striving mightily to remain frozen.

Walk with me.

Narrator 1 notices the audience is not walking along.

Or sit there I guess if you can't follow simple directions. No, stay seated, you ruined it.

Join me, from your seats, on a helpful guide to Getting Away With It. If you remember these easy steps, you too can successfully murder the blackmailer or philandering husband or wealthy relative of your choice.

Narrator 2 enters, dressed a little more informally.

NARRATOR 2. You're going to stand there and explain how to kill people?

NARRATOR 1. Are you even listening?! I'm *walking* and explaining at the same time! And this has nothing to do with how to kill people, it's how to get away after the people are dead.

NARRATOR 2. Well, in the interest of fairness and legal requirements, I feel the need to provide a counterpoint. If you're the detective in a murder mystery, how do you solve the murder?

NARRATOR 1. Very well.

NARRATOR 1 and NARRATOR 2. Welcome to *How to get Away with a Murder Mystery!*

Vick gets up.

VICK. Hey um can I talk to you guys for a second?

NARRATOR 1. Sure, what's up?

VICK. I play the victim in the show. My name is Vick Tim.

NARRATOR 1. Short for Vicki.

VICK. Yeah. And I'm basically just dead the whole play?

NARRATOR 2. Right.

VICK. My grandparents came to see this. They're in the audience. They flew in. From Florida. My grandpa has like high blood pressure and he doesn't like to fly, but they like made this huge effort to be here...and they're just gonna watch me be a corpse.

NARRATOR 2. You have so much stage time.

NARRATOR 1. There are people out there dying to be the dead body.

VICK. Fine.

NARRATOR 2. Divas.

NARRATOR 1. All right, you introduce the suspects while I get everything ready.

Narrator 1 dashes off and starts setting up the first scene, which involves tacking a sign to a wall that says "Office of the Senator."

NARRATOR 2. Let's meet our suspects, who are helpfully color-coded so you can remember them.

Lady Indigo raises her hand and curtsies.

LADY INDIGO. Lady Indigo, a mysterious lady in blue.

Mr. Burgundy swaggers forward.

MR. BURGUNDY. Mr. Burgundy. Oh yeah.

NARRATOR 2. Mr. Burgundy?

MR. BURGUNDY. Can't copyright a color.

NARRATOR 2. Fine.

OFF-WHITE. Madame Off-White.

NARRATOR 2. A little weird, but okay.

ORANGE. *(Like a secret agent.)* Agent Orange.

NARRATOR 2. No—

GREEN. *(Proudly.)* Soylent Green.

NARRATOR 2. Guys—no—Soylent isn't even a word!

GREEN. It's *people*.

NARRATOR 2. Your name is Sara Green.

GREEN. Boo.

NARRATOR 2. All right, places.

The suspects rush back and assume their spots.

Scenario 1—The Senator's Office

NARRATOR 1. Let's begin! Scenario 1. The senator's office.

A timer dings.

A gasp—

Vick is dead on the ground. Everyone is standing around her.

ORANGE. She's dead!

LADY INDIGO. And one of us, amongst this group of mysteriously related strangers in this senator's office, is the killer!

OFF-WHITE. Why are you looking at me! I am as shocked as anyone!

MR. BURGUNDY. She's on a better place now. The floor. Anyone want gum?

OFF-WHITE. Mr. Burgundy, there is a person dead!

MR. BURGUNDY. I have needs! They don't get put on hold just because there's been an accident! Maybe you, in your ivory tower with your face made of crystal ivory, can ignore our bodily processes, but not me. I am a *man* and I have a man's thirst for gum! And by Zeus I will take it.

Mr. Burgundy has some gum.

Oh yeah. This is *delightful*. I can feel my jaw relaxing.

ORANGE. Please, everyone, this is my office because I am a senator, which you can tell by my tie, and I'm going to need everyone to stay right here while we figure this out.

GREEN. Whatever.

ORANGE. Whatever?!

GREEN. You're not the boss of me. You don't know me.

LADY INDIGO. But I know you.

GREEN. Do you?

A moment passes between them.

LADY INDIGO. You'd like to forget, wouldn't you? But I remember. Lady Indigo always remembers.

GREEN. I didn't have anything to do with this.

LADY INDIGO. Green, is that your name now? You see I—

She's interrupted by a knock at the door as an Elderly Woman enters.

ELDERLY WOMAN. Hello? Is this the senator's office?

ORANGE. We're a little busy right now. With the...

ELDERLY WOMAN. Oh my goodness, a murder?!

ORANGE. We're calling it an unfortunate event—

MR. BURGUNDY. She is dead all right. Dead as a bowling bowl. Sleek and round. Curves like a sphere.

OFF-WHITE. You are a problem.

MR. BURGUNDY. I am a *solution*.

ELDERLY WOMAN. Maybe I can help. I always seem to find myself in these situations back in Cabot Cove.

ORANGE. Cabot Cove, Maine?

ELDERLY WOMAN. Oh yes. Ironically, there seem to be a series of murders there, and I'm a mystery writer so I—

ORANGE. Excuse me.

Orange runs away.

NARRATOR 1. Method one: run away.

Orange keeps running.

They can't convict you if they can't catch you. The problem most suspects make is remaining at the scene, but if you are confronted with an elderly detective, you are undoubtedly faster than them.

Orange yells out from somewhere in the audience.

ORANGE. You'll never catch me, ha ha ha!

MR. BURGUNDY. He runs like a gazelle. Magnificent.

LADY INDIGO. Oh look there's a sudden thunderstorm slash blizzard slash airborne toxic event.

ORANGE. What?

OFF-WHITE. Everyone is supposed to take shelter. Especially if you have asthma.

ORANGE. Seriously?

Orange searches himself for his inhaler—he doesn't have it.

GREEN. So we're just supposed to sit here and wait?

LADY INDIGO. You're good at that, aren't you? Waiting.

GREEN. Do you have a problem with me, Lady?

LADY INDIGO. Shouldn't you know that?

Orange stumbles back in.

ORANGE. Forgot that my inhaler was in my office.

He retrieves it.

ELDERLY WOMAN. I'm so glad you're back, senator. I just have a few questions.

ORANGE. I'm sure I don't have anything to hide.

ELDERLY WOMAN. I'm sure you don't. Why would a senator have something to hide? But there's one thing...

NARRATOR 2. Tactic one: beast mode.

Sound effect. The Elderly Woman changes completely. Maybe she puts on a bandana. Maybe she flexes.

ELDERLY WOMAN. Sit down and shut up.

ORANGE. What?

ELDERLY WOMAN. Do you have a hearing problem? Is there asthma in your ears? Sit down. Shut your mouth.

He sits down.

ORANGE. Yes, ma'am.

ELDERLY WOMAN. We can do this the easy way or we can do this the hard way. Don't look at them. Look at me. I said don't look at them.

ORANGE. I'm not looking at—

She slaps him.

Ah!

ELDERLY WOMAN. Eyes on me. You did it, didn't you?

ORANGE. What I—?

ELDERLY WOMAN. Are you having difficulty understanding the words coming out of my mouth? You did it.

ORANGE. I don't know what you're talking about!

ELDERLY WOMAN. You think I'm stupid? I WILL END YOU.

ORANGE. I'm a senator!

ELDERLY WOMAN. AND I AM YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE.

ORANGE. You can't talk to me this way!

ELDERLY WOMAN. You think you scare me, you quivering pile of Jell-O?! I've got fingernails older than you! I dine exclusively on wolverine meat! I sleep on a pile of orcas! My only friends are a boa constrictor and a guy named Todd! ADMIT YOUR CRIME or you will experience a new universe of never-ending pain!

ORANGE. Dear lord!

ELDERLY WOMAN. I AM YOUR LORD NOW. TELL US WHAT YOU DID.

ORANGE. AAAAAAAH!

ELDERLY WOMAN. AAAAAAAAAAAHH!

ORANGE. Okay I did it I admit it! She learned that I had taken illegal campaign contributions from a series of foreign dignitaries! She was blackmailing me! I put the poison in her coffee I'm so sorry I'm a murderer please just get the little old lady away from me!

ELDERLY WOMAN. Was that so hard?

MR. BURGUNDY. Sweet Freya's house cats what a woman.

GREEN. Can you be my new grandma?

ELDERLY WOMAN. Oh did your grandmother die, sweetie?

GREEN. No. I just want to take you to fight some gangs near my turf.

ELDERLY WOMAN. Well, mystery solved. I've got to be going.

OFF-WHITE. How did you learn to be like that?

ELDERLY WOMAN. You would not believe how many murderers there are in a small town in Maine. I ride along with the police sometimes, and to patrol those streets, you need to look death in the face and laugh.

She looks at Vick Tim.

Ha ha. Ha.

A timer dings.

NARRATOR 1. I'm pretty sure she broke most of the laws there.

NARRATOR 2. A private citizen can't be held accountable for their actions.

NARRATOR 1. That's not true.

NARRATOR 2. All right next scenario!

Narrator 2 changes the scene slightly.

Vick gets up—

VICK. Hey um in this next scene can I play one of the—

NARRATOR 2. You are the dead body, [actresses' name].

NARRATOR 1. And honestly, I was a little disappointed in your performance in that scene. I could see you breathing.

VICK. Because I was breathing!

NARRATOR 1. Yeah. Stop it. Scenario 2!

Scenario 2—Ocean World

NARRATOR 1. Sea World.

Narrator 2 puts up a sign that says "Sea World."

VICK. You can't say that, it's trademarked.

NARRATOR 1. *(Without missing a beat.)* Ocean World.

Narrator 2 switches out the sign immediately.

All the suspects get back in their places.

The timer dings.

A gasp.

Vick falls over. Dead.

LADY INDIGO. She's dead!

OFF-WHITE. And one of us, amongst this group of mysteriously connected visitors at this Ocean World, is the killer!

Another gasp.

GREEN. I didn't do it. But honestly—this place is a nightmare and I'm not surprised.

LADY INDIGO. That sounds like an admission of guilt.

MR. BURGUNDY. I don't know about anyone else, but I am *hungry*. Who is up for a protein shake and pecans?

ORANGE. Maybe we should call the authorities? I can't bear to look!

MR. BURGUNDY. Why.

ORANGE. The sight of blood, it's so disturbing!

MR. BURGUNDY. What manner of man are you? We are descended from killers. Our primordial ancestors fought with stones and sticks and now we have conquered the sea and train its fish to do our bidding.

GREEN. This place is gross.

MR. BURGUNDY. I swam with a sea lion once. Two thousand pounds of fat-nosed majesty. We slapped our chests together like beasts and wrestled in the surf. When I clutched him I drank in his odor. Sweet Hercules the stench of that sea monster was strong. Luckily I was able to emit my own musky scent—I don't believe in gaseous deodorants—

OFF-WHITE. Oh now that smell makes sense.

LADY INDIGO. Are you through, Mr. Burgundy?

MR. BURGUNDY. I am only in the first chapter of my tale.

LADY INDIGO. We don't have time for this! A dolphin whisperer is dead. And I know who did it.

NARRATOR 1. Method two: accuse someone else.

LADY INDIGO. It was Soylent Green!

NARRATOR 2. I thought we were going with Sara Green—

GREEN. (*To Lady Indigo.*) What are you talking about, Lady?!

LADY INDIGO. You just couldn't bear to see these fish in captivity, could you?

ORANGE. They're mammals, actually.

MR. BURGUNDY. They nurse their young with their nectar. I myself have often partaken of—

LADY INDIGO. You are derailing my accusation. (*To Green.*) It ate you up inside, didn't it? The way the dolphins got all the applause

for jumping through hoops? You were jealous. Why didn't people clap for you when you jumped through a hula hoop or bounced a beach ball on your nose? They just called you a weirdo and left the Walmart. So you hatched a plan just like dolphins hatch their young: murder.

ORANGE. Live birth. Again, mammals.

GREEN. You are the worst old person I know.

LADY INDIGO. Old?!

GREEN. I just think this place is gross because it smells like fish.

ORANGE. Mammals.

GREEN. It smells like fish too!

MR. BURGUNDY. That's me.

GREEN. I actually love Sea World!

OFF-WHITE. (*Very quickly.*) Ocean World.

GREEN. (*Without missing a beat.*) Ocean World! You know what I like to do? I like to taunt the sharks by tapping on the glass and making faces at them! I think these sea monsters should be imprisoned and trained for our amusement!

MR. BURGUNDY. Yes! Somebody is finally saying it.

LADY INDIGO. So why did you kill this innocent person?

She grabs Vick by the arm and drags her body toward Green.

Look at her! She wasn't doing anything wrong! Look at this sweet face!

Green takes Vick's arm and drags her back to the original spot.

GREEN. I didn't kill her!

LADY INDIGO. Well someone here did!

A British Detective enters, wearing a tweed hat and perhaps carrying a pipe in his hand.

BRITISH DETECTIVE. I believe I may be of some assistance.

LADY INDIGO. Aw dang it.

NARRATOR 2. Tactic two: logic.

LADY INDIGO. It was the teenager! She's sullen and emotional!

GREEN. (*Sullen and emotional.*) You're sullen and emotional!

BRITISH DETECTIVE. A careful examination of the evidence will lead us to the only logical conclusion. Has the body been moved in any way?

LADY INDIGO. No.

GREEN. You just dragged her toward me!

LADY INDIGO. And you dragged her back so that cancels out!

OFF-WHITE. Actually, she's a little to the left of where she initially was. Let me just drag her back to—

Vick rolls over to the spot where she started.

This dead body is unusually spry.

The British Detective inspects Vick.

BRITISH DETECTIVE. Let us see what we can determine from inspection and inference. Two words that begin with the letter I.

LADY INDIGO. Why are you looking at me?

BRITISH DETECTIVE. No reason, Lady...Indigo.

British Detective takes out an old-timey magnifying glass.

Mmm. Hmm. Mmmm. Note here the fraying at the edge of this hem could be caused by a low-grade detergent in an industrial washing machine. Hmm.

OFF-WHITE. What does that tell you?

BRITISH DETECTIVE. And notice: a mustard stain from a hot dog.

ORANGE. How do you know it's from a hot dog?

BRITISH DETECTIVE. No one eats dogs cold. It's the only conclusion possible.

OFF-WHITE. But—

BRITISH DETECTIVE. And also this note, which I have retrieved from her pocket:

He unfolds a very small piece of paper.

"You won't get away with this. I will kill you with blowfish venom and blame it on the nearest young person because no one would believe that I would kill you, since I appear to be an upstanding citizen but am secretly running a—

He flips the note over.

“Brothel” out of the concession stand near the stuffed orcas that caters to the wealthy and powerful visitors to Sea World.”

OFF-WHITE. Ocean World.

BRITISH DETECTIVE. (*Without missing a beat.*) “Ocean World who I have been secretly blackmailing—

He flips it over again.

“In order to execute my dream of opening a chain of dolphin-themed restaurants featuring dolphin burgers and seal steaks.”

LADY INDIGO. That could be anyone!

BRITISH DETECTIVE. It’s signed “Lady Indigo.”

ORANGE. You put your name on it!?

LADY INDIGO. I wanted her to know it was me. Oh shoot.

The timer dings.

Everyone moves. Vick gets up.

VICK. Y’all. Can we not pull on the body please? I have very sensitive joints.

Narrator 2 starts setting up the next scenario.

NARRATOR 1. Did you know that Jackie Chan does all his own stunts? He jumps out of airplanes and things.

VICK. So?

NARRATOR 1. So this could be much worse for you. And if I was your grandparents in the audience right now, I would be very disappointed that you seem to be talking and moving, since *dead bodies don’t do that!*

VICK. Fine.

Vick heads offstage.

NARRATOR 1. Ready?

Vick returns, putting on a bike helmet.

Scenario 3. The rock star’s house.

* This can be switched out for “Japanese fighting fish gambling parlor.”

Scenario 3—The Rock Star's House

All the suspects get back in their places.

Vick falls over. Carefully.

The timer dings.

A gasp.

OFF-WHITE. She's dead!

GREEN. And one of us, amongst this group of mysteriously connected strangers in this rock star's house, is the killer!

Another gasp.

MR. BURGUNDY. Why is everyone looking at me?! You know who killed this...

Can't think of who the person is.

ORANGE. Groupie—

MR. BURGUNDY. Groupie? The world did! The world killed her!

LADY INDIGO. Did the world use a ceremonial hunting dagger? 'Cause that's what seems to be sticking out of her back.

Vick puts a knife in her own back.

MR. BURGUNDY. That is an authentic recreation! I'll ask you not to touch it!

LADY INDIGO. I don't want to touch it! I don't want to get my fingerprints on it.

MR. BURGUNDY. Perhaps you should touch it then. Maybe we should all touch it just to be fair.

ORANGE. Maybe it's your fingerprints that are on it.

MR. BURGUNDY. Of course my fingerprints are on it! I own it! I am a *rock star*! My fingerprints are everywhere and they are glorious. But you know what, if I did kill her, I did it...for love.

NARRATOR 1. Method three: make it all about you.

OFF-WHITE. Love?

MR. BURGUNDY. That's right. I need to tell you something, Madame Off-White. I have denied the heat between us for too long.

OFF-WHITE. Mr. Burgundy, I am your agent!

MR. BURGUNDY. You are the agent of my heart! You are beautiful—like an Amazonian tree frog.

OFF-WHITE. Oh!

MR. BURGUNDY. I want to make a sculpture out of mashed potatoes of your face and freeze it in an industrial freezer so it hardens into a mold that I can take everywhere.

OFF-WHITE. Wow.

ORANGE. Is anyone else feeling uncomfortable?

GREEN. Yes.

LADY INDIGO. I've heard worse.

OFF-WHITE. Mr. Burgundy, I have to remind you there's a dead body in your living room—

MR. BURGUNDY. When I look at you that all falls away. Go ahead, Madame Off-White, try to deny the passion that rages in your heart.

Off-White tries for a second.

OFF-WHITE. I...can't.

MR. BURGUNDY. Yes!

OFF-WHITE. Mr. Burgundy...

Off-White takes her hair out of her bun (if she has long hair, if not, she can do some kind of shimmy).

I find your mustache fascinating.

MR. BURGUNDY. I knew it!

OFF-WHITE. My head screams out that this is wrong—

GREEN. So does mine! As your estranged daughter from a previous marriage, this is emotionally and spiritually scarring!

MR. BURGUNDY. You need to witness it! This how a man and a woman express their love!

OFF-WHITE. You love me?

MR. BURGUNDY. Almost as much as I love my dog. My dog is pretty great.

ORANGE. Most of them are. I have a husky-schnauzer mix at home.

LADY INDIGO. This isn't about you. You've had your scene.

ORANGE. Barely. Why am I even in this rock star's house?

GREEN. You're probably a groupie.

ORANGE. Seriously?

VICK. I'm laying here thinking that if I was a groupie of this guy, I'm glad that I'm dead now.

NARRATOR 2. Can we focus please?!

MR. BURGUNDY. Madame Off-White, I'd like to ask you to dance.

OFF-WHITE. I'd be honored.

GREEN. Do you want me to move the dead body out of the way so you can dance?

MR. BURGUNDY. That would be fantastic, thank you.

GREEN. I was being sarcastic!

*A genteel Southern Gentleman, dressed fashionably, enters.
He has a bizarre Kentucky accent.*

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN. Excuse me, I hate to interrupt, but I do believe there has been a murder. It is in my nature to investigate such things.

GREEN. Oh thank goodness a famous detective is here. They were about to dance and I was gonna throw up.

MR. BURGUNDY. You should be happy for me! I am giddy like a schoolboy!

LADY INDIGO. Detective, there is a woman dead.

The Southern Gentleman crouches over Vick.

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN. Mm-hm. Mmm...I suspect foul play.

MR. BURGUNDY. What?! Why?

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN. Mr. Burgundy, this is your home, is it not?

MR. BURGUNDY. I'm not answering any questions without a lawyer. I demand a lawyer. A mean one with a face like a bulldog.

ORANGE. Yes, it's his house. You can tell because all the paintings are of himself.

MR. BURGUNDY. I appreciate the perfect male form. Thank you.

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN. Mm-hm. Your cooperation is

appreciated but not required. If y'all might indulge me for a moment. Sometimes I like to muse out loud. It helps with my clarity of thought. Please excuse the peregrinations of my logic, but I hope that my wandering speech might lead us out of the forest of darkness and into the sunny field of truth.

GREEN. I'm...not sure what he just said.

NARRATOR 2. Tactic three: excessively long monologue with complicated vocabulary until the murderer cracks like an egg!

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN. Let us return to the facts of the case. This is a particularly thorny conundrum, and its mysteries are a knot I have not even begun to untangle. But untangle it I will. I have eliminated no suspects. I have drawn no conclusions.

MR. BURGUNDY. Did I mention I am in love?

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN. You have. And I congratulate you. But I believe the fact of your passion is irrelevant to the case at hand. To wit: who was this woman, why is she dead, and who amongst you perpetrated the crime? You see, my philosophy is one of gentle observation of the facts, by which I will tease and unravel the web of lies and mistruths that has been so carefully spun about us. One of you appears to be a human being, but is in fact a spider, an eight-legged arachnid which injects its victims with venom, and wraps them in a cocoon of silk for later consumption.

People are trying to say things, but the Southern Gentleman barrels forward—

The energy the spider receives from its prey enables it to process the calories needed to spin more webs and catch more unsuspecting prey, and it is a well-known fact that a female spider might lay ten to twelve thousand eggs in—

It's agonizing to listen to him—people try to say something, but he keeps going—

One clutch, which will then hatch, catch upon the wind, and disperse into neighboring fields—quite a great many tiny spiders die in this process, but it is the web of death and life which most intrigues me, as does the—

MR. BURGUNDY. I did it! I can't stand it anymore! I did it! I killed her! It's hard to listen to other people talk!

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN. Case closed.

The timer dings.

Vick gets up.

Narrator 2 starts setting up the next scene.

NARRATOR 1. That was better. You're improving. I hope you have your lines memorized for the next scene.

VICK. I have no lines. I am a dead body.

NARRATOR 1. See, you're getting it!

Vick puts on more protective gear as Narrator 1 introduces the next scene. Shin guards, knee pads, elbow pads, anything she doesn't already have on.

NARRATOR 2. All right. Scenario 4: a scientist inventor's lab with scientist inventor people.

All the suspects put on glasses.

If possible, one or two put on a lab coat as well.

Scenario 4—A Scientist Inventor's Lab

Vick takes her place.

The timer dings.

A gasp.

GREEN. She's dead!

MR. BURGUNDY. And one of us, amongst this group of mysteriously connected stranger scientist inventors, is the killer!

GREEN. It wasn't me.

LADY INDIGO. Oh okay, I guess we'll just take your word for it.

GREEN. I don't care about anyone enough here to want to kill anyone. I just want to do my science things.

LADY INDIGO. What science things?

GREEN. The science things I am doing in this science inventor lab. Since I am a scientist or whatever.

MR. BURGUNDY. Lady science things.

GREEN. They are not lady science things!

MR. BURGUNDY. I think I understand science a little more than a girl. It's in my DNA as a man.

LADY INDIGO. You are a Neanderthal, that's what you are.

MR. BURGUNDY. I am a noble beast! I am—

ORANGE. Can you shut up, Mr. Burgundy?

MR. BURGUNDY. Doctor Burgundy. I have a PhD in the school of *life*. With additional education from my two assistants, Jack Johnson and Bobby Terwilliger.

He shows his fists.

ORANGE. I know who the killer is.

OFF-WHITE. How can you possibly know that?

ORANGE. Because I've been paying attention, Dr. Off-White. And I know why you killed this lab assistant.

He walks over to Vick and takes her by the arms.

And I know why you moved her to this spot, when she was originally killed over here.

He drags her body to another part of the stage.

OFF-WHITE. You've got nothing, Dr. Orange.

ORANGE. It's not Doctor Orange. It's Agent Orange. FBI.

He shows a badge. Maybe he takes off his glasses dramatically.

NARRATOR 1. Method four: the perfect alibi.

OFF-WHITE. I couldn't possibly have killed her. And besides, she was over here at the time.

Off-White grabs Vick's legs and drags her to a different part of the stage.

ORANGE. That's what you want us to believe, but the truth—

He grabs Vick's arms.

Vick whimpers.

Orange stops for a second. Then continues dragging her to another spot.

The truth is she had come up with a brilliant science invention idea and you wanted to steal it and take it for yourself!

GREEN. What was the brilliant science invention idea?

ORANGE. It was a science thing. Like a revolutionary science thing.

LADY INDIGO. I hear those are nice this time of year.

OFF-WHITE. You're forgetting one thing, Agent Orange. My alibi. We know from the broken clock on the wall that the time of death was exactly 4:12 P.M.

MR. BURGUNDY. By Jupiter's beard she's right! Behold the broken clock!

ORANGE. Yes I already know this.

MR. BURGUNDY. Sometimes I make exclamations. Like you all wish you could. But you are small, timid little people and I pity you.

OFF-WHITE. She died at 4:12. And I wasn't here and I can prove it. I was in a different lab at that time, a lab that was hermetically sealed and locked. In fact, I was on camera the entire time. And, by the angle of the sun, you can tell that I was there at the exact same time that this lab assistant died, who died over here by the way, and I actually got up and faced the camera so you could see my face, and then got close enough so that you could do a retina scan on me to confirm my identity—Also, if you will note the video, you will see that I was in the lab with a priest and a golden retriever who can both swear to my presence under oath.

LADY INDIGO. She's got you there.

GREEN. You got to do an experiment with a dog?

OFF-WHITE. You can write grants for anything and the government will give you money.

GREEN. Sweet.

OFF-WHITE. You've got nothing, Agent Orange. Give up.

A Frazzled Woman stumbles in. She knocks on the door.

FRAZZLED WOMAN. Um...excuse me, I just happened to be bumbling through the country on the run from a shadowy group of casino operatives and I was wondering if I could use your bathroom?

OFF-WHITE. We don't have one.

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!



**In order to protect our associated
authors against copyright
infringement, this free sample is not
complete.**

TO PURCHASE THE FULL TEXT, AND TO OBTAIN
PERFORMANCE RIGHTS, GO TO

www.playscripts.com