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How to Get Away With a Murder Mystery

A Murder Mystery Spoof

By Don Zolidis

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Told in a style similar to 10 Ways To Survive The Zombie Apocalypse, this show hilariously skewers the tropes of the murder mystery: an airtight alibi, a long-winded monologue by a detective with an accent and even an impossibly complicated Rube Goldberg murder device.

One-Act Comedy
Cast Size: 9+

Cast of 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 Victims:
VICK TIM, a victim.

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 5 suspects should contain the same color groups and basic personalities.

For a Smaller Cast: You may have 1 actor play all of the detectives – they should assume different characters in each scene, but 1 talented actor could do it all. Probably with ridiculous wigs.

For a Shorter Play: You may eliminate 1 or 2 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 1 or 2 roles that way.

Total Cast Size: 9-33.

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.

BOTH NARRATORS

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 mysterious 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 your 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 1: 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 - ?

Skipping Forward

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 unveils 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 2: Accuse someone else.

LADY INDGIO

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 beachball on your nose? They just called you a weirdo and left the Wal-Mart. 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 tries to drag her body towards 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 towards 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 short note
"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
**This can be switched out for "Japanese Fighting Fish Gambling Parlor"*

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 off-stage.

NARRATOR 1
Ready?
Vick returns, putting on a bike helmet.
Scenario 3. The Rock Star's House.

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 3: 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!

Skipping Forward

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 3: 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 whit: 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 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 them – 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 puts 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 4: 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 strange.

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.

The Frazzled Woman stops.

FRAZZLED WOMAN

Now why would you lie about that?

OFF-WHITE

Excuse me?

FRAZZLED WOMAN

Um… I shouldn't say anything, but I have this strange ability and I can't help telling everyone I meet about it.

NARRATOR 2

Tactic 4: A supernatural mutant ability to tell when someone is lying!

FRAZZLED WOMAN

You see, I know when something is a lie. You have a bathroom.

OFF-WHITE

You're right. I'm just very possessive of it.

LADY INDIGO
We have a bathroom? You've been telling me we didn't have one for months!

OFF-WHITE
I like my privacy!

LADY INDIGO
I've been driving five miles to the McDonald's down the highway!

OFF-WHITE
I'm sorry.

FRAZZLED WOMAN
You're not sorry.

OFF-WHITE
There's only one stall –

FRAZZLED WOMAN
That's also a lie.

MR. BURGUNDY
I just go outside.

FRAZZLED WOMAN
That's the truth.

MR. BURGUNDY
I like to mark my territory.

FRAZZLED WOMAN
Also true.

LADY INDIGO
Ew.

ORANGE
This is a pleasant diversion, but we're trying to solve a murder.

FRAZZLED WOMAN
Oh look a dead body.

GREEN
I bet you don't see that every day.

FRAZZLED WOMAN

Eh.

OFF-WHITE

I was locked in another lab at the exact time of the murder.

FRAZZLED WOMAN

True.

OFF-WHITE

So I couldn't possibly have been responsible for the death of this intern that I wanted dead.

FRAZZLED WOMAN

Now that is a lie.

OFF-WHITE

Which part?

FRAZZLED WOMAN

Say it again.

OFF-WHITE

So I couldn't possibly have been responsible for the death of this intern –

FRAZZLED WOMAN

Lie –

OFF-WHITE

That I wanted dead.

FRAZZLED WOMAN

True.

OFF-WHITE

That's insane! How could I have possibly been responsible? I would've needed to create some kind of incredibly complicated Rube Goldberg murder machine that I could operate by remote control that would set a rolling ball into motion which would hit a lever over there, which would then set a small stick of dynamite on fire, which would prompt that trained monkey over there to fire an arrow at that target, which would then flip over and break a vial of poisonous gas.

FRAZZLED WOMAN

Yeah that's all true.

OFF-WHITE

Dang it!

LADY INDIGO

That seemed unnecessarily complicated.

OFF-WHITE

I'm a scientist I do science things!

FRAZZLED WOMAN

Lie.

ORANGE

You're under arrest.

FRAZZLED WOMAN

True.

ORANGE

You can stop any time.

FRAZZLED WOMAN

I can't, honestly.

The timer dings.
The actors go to change costumes.
Vick gets up.

VICK

Can we stop dragging me around?!

NARRATOR 1

We need to – for realism.

VICK

I don't think people drag dead bodies around that much.

NARRATOR 2

You'd be surprised if you ever went to a family reunion.

VICK

What happens at your family reunions?!

NARRATOR 2

Nothing.
Moving on!

NARRATOR 1

Our final scenario!

The suspects return with strange masks on their faces.

NARRATOR 2

Cirque du soleil!

Flips over a sign that says "Cirque du Soleil"

VICK

Isn't that also trademarked?

NARRATOR 2

Yeah but they're way more chill than Sea World –

NARRATOR 1 *(without missing a beat)*

Ocean World

NARRATOR 2

Ocean World.

Scenario 5: Cirque Du Soleil

The timer dings.

VICK

Aaaaaaahhhhhh… splat.

Vick takes her place.

A gasp.

MR. BURGUNDY

She's dead!

ORANGE

And one of us, amongst this group of mysteriously connected cirque du soleil clown juggler gymnasts, is the killer!

They all gasp dramatically. Perhaps rotate their bodies artistically.

End of Excerpt. This play is not over.
To purchase this play, please visit www.concordtheatricals.com