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At the end of each script is a list of what is included in the Production Packet for that show. A Production Order form is also included.

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MURDER IN 3-D

An Audience-Participation Murder Mystery
by
Eileen Moushey

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INTRODUCTION

MURDER IN 3-D is an audience participation murder-mystery which centers around a “famous” 3-D movie classic, and the suspicious death of its director.

It's 1969 and Alex Chapman, genius filmmaker, had almost completed shooting the movie that was destined to become his unfinished masterpiece, In Your Face. But filming had to be halted as Chapman hadn't written the final scene. The cast was dismissed until the next day, when Chapman promised the scripts' ending. But instead of providing that last scene, Alex Chapman gave show business one of its most puzzling mysteries. For, on that night, after he had written the ending, Alex Chapman was murdered and his house set afire. The case has never been solved despite exhaustive efforts by the police

As part of its series of classic films, your group is screening the incomplete In Your Face, complete with 3-D effects. But preceding the showing there will be a panel discussion of the movie, and the mystery surrounding it.

Moderating the discussion is noted critic and film expert, S.D. Kramer, who will be joined by a group of people who had intimate knowledge of Alex Chapman and were associated with In Your Face. These include Chapman's step-daughter, Amy Pernell; a bit player in the film who has gone on to stardom, Molly Considine; the star of the film, Wanda Gavin; and the Steve McCarthy, the son of the policeman who investigated the murder.

Those in the audience will attempt to solve this twenty-year-old mystery as well as any new ones that will crop up during the evening. Working in teams, they will view the panel discussion (which includes a few surprises), search the facility for clues, offer their solutions, and witness the conclusion of the event.

NOTE: For one production, we substituted a 3D film with an “art film”

called “The Vegetable Cart”. If you are unable to get 3D glasses for your audience, you may wish to go this route.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

S.D. KRAMER - late 40's, erudite, soft-spoken but a wit that can kill. Sophisticated, very cosmopolitan.

AMY PERNELL - thirties twenties, very sweet, pretty. Very naive, believes the best of people. Very clumsy, klutzy.

WANDA GAVIN - fifties, the star on the wane, but fighting it every step of the way.

MOLLY CONSIDINE - early forties, flamboyant and temperamental, very much the "star."

STEVE McCARTHY - late twenties, a "Californian," a "regular" guy

JACK TREMAINE - fifties, was a singer/actor. Tremendous ego. Capable of charm, but he doesn't show much tonight.... A decided alcoholic.

PROLOGUE

Publicity surrounding the evening should center around the famous 3-D classic, In Your Face. Photos of the late Alex Chapman, S.D. Kramer, and even an old movie poster can be used as part of the marketing strategy. Participants are told they will have a chance to solve a twenty-year old murder.

TIMETABLE

MURDER IN 3-D can be presented with or without dinner. The Production Manual describes how to adapt the mystery to your time frame and facility. For clarity purposes, we will assume that there is a

hot and cold buffet served during the clue hunt. If you opt to eliminate a physical clue hunt, the Production Manual can, once again, provide guidance. A possible timetable follows.

7:30 - Participants arrive, register, and are placed on teams (if teams are use) Prominently displayed is a sign advertising the event and the film. This can possibly include photos of Alex Chapman at his desk, and publicity shots of MOLLY, WANDA, and S.D. KRAMER. This is a good time for guests to have a drink, and a good look around. JACK will hang around the bar, obviously drunk. If there is no bar, he will have his own flask. After a bit, he can lay down on a bench and take "a nap." WANDA will attempt to make an entrance. She is dressed in a flamboyant manner and greets people as if they should know her etc., etc. In contrast, MOLLY will arrive dressed with casual chic, sunglasses etc. (with an "entourage" of young men, if possible). She will make quite an impression. AMY and S.D. will arrive unnoticed and, after circulating once, will proceed onstage (as will STEVE McCARTHY). They will be joined by MOLLY and WANDA who will greet each other effusively, with kiss-kiss etc. All will be seated in a semi-circle around a coffee table, with S.D. occupying the center chair. On the coffee table is a pitcher of ice water and five glasses. JACK will wake and sit in the back of the house.

8:30 - The HOSTESS will welcome everyone, explain the purpose of the evening, and give the ground rules. She will introduce S.D. who will take over and the play section of the mystery will begin. This is the scripted section which follows.

9:30 - OPTIONAL Clue hunt throughout the facility. Regardless how the clue hunt is structured, the detectives will end up with the physical evidence, in this case, a floor plan of Chapman's office the night of the murder (See inset.) Participants write out solutions on the last page of the clue packet..

10:30 - Solution scene. This is also scripted and occurs onstage. The cast is introduced and prizes are awarded.

THE PLAY

HOSTESS: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to MURDER IN 3-D, an opportunity for you to solve a twenty-year old mystery case. As the evening progresses, you will receive further instructions but for right now, sit back and enjoy.

Alex Chapman died twenty years ago tonight. With him died the final scene of the classic 3-D film, In Your Face, which we will show tonight following a panel discussion. This discussion will center not only on the film but also on the man, Alex Chapman. Our moderator this evening is the noted movie critic, S.D. Kramer, whose reviews are published by L.A. World. Mr. Kramer, would you like to introduce the rest of the panel?

S.D.: Certainly. But first, if you don't mind, I will introduce myself. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. My name is S.D. Kramer. I am a writer, an observer, a commentator on the art of film. I write about the cinema. (To *HOSTESS*) I am not a "movie critic." Hopefully, the more literate of you will be able to grasp the distinction.

HOSTESS: Oh..I see....I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

S.D.: No, it won't. (*He waves her offstage.*) I am here tonight among this distinguished....somewhat distinguished company to take a fresh look at the 3-D classic, In Your Face, as well as to talk about its director, the creative genius, Alex Chapman. Chapman was murdered the night before the film was to be finished, and with him died the final scene. His murderer was never apprehended and the case has never been closed.

Joining me tonight is a group of people who were intimately involved with the movie and Alex Chapman. To my far left is the instantly recognizable Molly Considine. Most of you will know Miss Considine from her work in films including Woman in Amber, The Glassblock Tile, and the musical, Widow's Weeds. And, of course, the Western comedy, Jasper and Queenie. Who can forget that rather odd little film?

MOLLY: You can't, evidently.

S.D.: Sorry, my dear, couldn't resist.

MOLLY: But wait till you see my latest, S.D., even you will forgive me for

Jasper and Queenie. It's called The Twisted Sundial and my co-star is Alan Thicke and it's about this young Amish woman who dreams of becoming an astronaut.....

S.D.: Save it for Leno, will you, hon? Molly is with us tonight because she was discovered by Alex Chapman, and played a small but pivotal role in In Your Face when she was only eighteen.

MOLLY: Sixteen.

S.D.: Eighteen. Next to Molly, to my immediate left is Amy Pernell, Alex Chapman's step-daughter. Amy's mother, actress Julie Pernell, died shortly after they were married. Amy was only five during the filming of In Your Face, but she's here tonight to give us the untarnished, child's eye view of the events surrounding the making of that cinematic classic.

To my right is the star of the film in question. Wanda Gavin, Queen of the B-movies, known as the best screamer in the business. She's here tonight, coming out of retirement, to talk about the movie that was the pinnacle of her career, such as it was. How are you, Wanda?

WANDA: Just fine, S.D., only I'm not.

S.D.: Not what?

WANDA: I'm not retired. I had a recurring role on Silver Spoons, and several years ago I did a cameo on Growing Pains....

MOLLY: Isn't Alan Thicke just an absolute doll? When we were working on my last picture together I was so impressed by his dedication to his craft and the way....

S.D.: (*ignoring her*) Wanda, is also known for her work as an animal rights activist. Notice how I said that with a straight face. Understand you've even got a rally coming up soon, eh, Wanda?

WANDA: That's right, S.D. it's called Kitty Relief and Brigitte Bardot and I are the sponsors. Brigitte is going to strip and I'm going to do a few screams. I was hoping I could persuade Molly to join us.

MOLLY: I'd rather have pink eye. I hate cats, Wanda, you know that.

S.D.: Next to Wanda is Steve McCarthy, a police officer with the Los Angeles Police Department. Steve's father, Jake, was the Chief of Police in 1969 and was the detective in charge of the murder investigation. The Chapman murder became more than just another case to Jake McCarthy. It became his life's work and, I understand, the only case he never solved, isn't that so, Steve?

STEVE: Well, he never did find Jimmy Hoffa, though that wasn't really his case so I guess it doesn't count.

S.D.: Nooo, I guess it doesn't. Finally, I am here tonight not just to add my particular brand of wit and insight although, I shall indeed do that very thing. But, also because I too had first hand knowledge of Alex Chapman and the making of In Your Face. I was twenty at the time, completely penniless, and forced to get a job at Chapman Studios, as an errand boy, a go-for, a flunkie. But despite the humiliation of being at the beck and call of some of the biggest no-talents in the business, it was an experience and an education that no school could teach. To be a part, in any way, of what I consider to be the finest film ever made, was an honor and privilege.

WANDA: You're kidding, right? In Your Face was lots of fun and had some pretty good moments, but art it wasn't.

MOLLY: C'mon, S.D.. The finest film ever made? How about Citizen Kane?

S.D.: Pedestrian, self indulgent, and most unforgivable of all, BORING. Not Rosebud but Stinkweed.

WANDA: Gone With The Wind?

S.D.: Please. That overlong, sentimental, saccharine piece.....With God as my witness I'll never sit through it again....

STEVE: How about Valley of the Dolls?

S.D.: Beg pardon?...

AMY: Oh, I loved that one. It's probably my favorite Patti Duke movie. Though she was really good in the one where she played Helen Keller

even though it wasn't in color and she really only had one line which you couldn't understand anyway. (To S.D.) Oh, oh, what was the name of that one, sweetie?

WANDA: Sweetie?

S.D.: I'm afraid I don't know, Amy. I make it a rule never to attend any film that features a food fight.

STEVE: Oh wow, then you musta missed Animal House! Now that was funny.

AMY: Wasn't it though? I really miss John Belushi. I mean, Jim Belushi is o.k., but.....S.D., we'll just have to rent that video so you can see it..

S.D.: Right.....Now, to get back to Alex Chapma.....

STEVE: Ya really missed out, man. Don'tcha think your "no food fight" rule kinda limits what you can see? I mean, like, suppose someone like that Swedish guy, what's his name, Ingrid Bergman?

MOLLY: Ingmar Bergman...

STEVE: Whatever.

S.D.: Mr. McCarthy, can we discuss this at some other time? Tonight, we are here to talk about In Your Face and how it changed the way....

STEVE: No, wait, I'm trying to make a point here. Suppose this Bergman dude, suppose he like made this really arty movie.....like maybe about Picasso or a painter like that. And he gets some really primo actor like Dustin Hoffman or Robert de Niro...

AMY: Or Keanu Reeves. . .

STEVE: Yeah, one of those guys, to star in it. And it's all in subtitles and there's a bunch of classical music playing in the background and then, right in the middle of the movie, there's this food fight....

S.D.: Oh, for pity's sake...

WANDA: Why would there be a food fight in the middle of a movie about Picasso?

STEVE: Gee, I dunno.....Unless.....Wait a minute...Try this out.... See, Picasso, he's sittin' around, all bummed 'cause he doesn't have any good ideas for paintings....And he's really depressed...

AMY: (*joining in*) and his wife brings him his lunch.....somebody like Melanie Griffith or Nicole Kidman.....and Picasso gets mad because she interrupted him, so he throws something at her...like a hard roll.

WANDA: This is getting good.

AMY: Oh, wait a minute! How about Patti Duke as the wife?

MOLLY: I don't think he'd throw a hard roll. More like a....a Danish. Then it could be a visual motif, a recurring symbol. Don't you see - because Bergman is Scandinavian, he has Picasso throw a Danish. God, Bergman's films are just like that. Visual motifs coming out the.....

S.D.: Don't finish it, Molly. Now this is fun but...

WANDA: Shhhh. Let the kid go on. I love it. So Picasso gets angry and then.....

STEVE:Yeah, he gets pissed off and throws some pastry at her, but, ol' Mrs. Picasso, she's pretty hot-headed herself so she lobbs some cottage cheese back at him, and before you know it there's fruits and veggies flyin' thick and fast. And, get this, when it's all over, Picasso looks at the wall, all covered with ketchup and gunk, and right then and there, he invents ABSTRACT ART.....

AMY: I've got goosebumps.

STEVE: But, ya see, my point, Mr Kramer. You're gonna miss out on a terrific movie like that just 'cause of some dumb rule you made up for yourself. And then how would you feel?

S.D.: Giddy with joy. Young man, I have a proposition for you this evening. How does this sound? I won't lecture you on police brutality, search and seizure laws, the Miranda rule, overcrowded jails, crooked

cops, paroled mass murderers, or speed traps if you will promise to never again describe Pablo Picasso as either "bummed" or "pissed." And pray do not presume to advise me on the cinema. Fair enough?

STEVE: Hey, I'm cool.

AMY: Gosh, S.D., I thought he had a point. And I think it sounds like a really neat movie....

S.D.: (*losing it*) That's because you're a sweet girl and you have absolutely no taste!! (*On seeing her face.*) Oh, oh, look...I'm sorry, Amy, but I seem to have lost control of this discussion, which, after all, I am supposed to lead. (*He has a whispered conversation with AMY during which she goes from pouty to giggly and coy.*) Later...yes, yes.....I said maybe, didn't I...

WANDA: What is it with those two...

S.D.: We'll see, Amy, later, back at the hotel. What? Yes, yes, of course I do....alright....bunches and bunches ...(*noticing others looking*) Yes, well, let's start over, shall we. That is, if everyone is finished with the scenerio for Pablo the Pig.....

WANDA: Actually, S.D., that's not a bad title,....

S.D.: ENOUGH!!! (*using notes.*) Alex Chapman, - remember him? - was the head of Chapman Studios. It was under his guidance that the studio was able, over a period of ten years, to churn out a string of Grade B movies that were as forgettable as they were profitable.

WANDA: Hey, they weren't all that forgettable. I was in most of them.

S.D.: Yes, you were, weren't you? Alex Chapman married Julie Pernel in 1966 but their union ended in tragedy one year later when she was killed in an airline accident, leaving Alex to raise his step-daughter, Amy. In 1969 work was begun on the movie that would be the last but easily the most remarkable of the Chapman films. In Your Face was not only directed and produced by Alex Chapman but written by him as well. On Oct. 13, 1969 the film was complete except for the final, vital scene. Alex promised he would write the scene that night so that the film could be completed the next day. Sadly, this was not to be. But we will get to that

fateful night a little later. First, I'd like to find out a little about how all of you became involved with In Your Face. Let's start with you, Wanda. Maybe you could tell us little about making films at Chapman Studios, how you started there, and your involvement with Alex Chapman.

WANDA: Of course, S.D., I'd be happy to. Originally, I'd been a stage actress, you know,

S.D.: No! Really?

WANDA: Yes. And I was quite successful. Though my name wasn't exactly up in lights. Anyway, I'd just done a supporting role in a musical with Jack Tremaine and Alex saw it and came backstage and offered us both jobs in his next movie.

S.D.: Jack Tremaine started out at Chapman the same time as you?

WANDA: Yes, in fact, I was wondering why he wasn't here tonight. He had a major role in In Your Face as well as being Alex's best friend.

S.D.: We tried to locate him, but no one seems to know what happened to him. He may be dead. Lord knows his career died years ago.

MOLLY: Which is a real shame. He was a very talented actor, you know, S.D., as well as having that beautiful voice. Even when he was totally smashed he would sing in Italian and..... well, I would venture to say that half the women in the movie were in love with him.....

S.D.: The ones who weren't in love with Alex, that is.

MOLLY: (*sotto voce*) And just what is that supposed to mean?

S.D.: So, Wanda, you and Jack started out in films at the same time....

WANDA: Yes, although I was in more of them than Jack. But we were both cast in In Your Face. And I think everyone connected with the movie knew right from the onset that it was going to be BIG.

S.D.: What made you feel that way?

WANDA: Oh, S.D., the script....or what there was of it at the beginning,

was just wonderful. The dialogue was so crisp and witty and the plot was, as you all know, fiendishly clever. It was far and away the best script I'd had for a film...

MOLLY: And we never knew Alex had it in him. I mean, he knew how to put a picture together and all, but no one ever suspected he could write like that.....

S.D.: I want to go back to what you said a minute ago, Wanda, "the script or what there was of it at the beginning?"

WANDA: Yes, see, In Your Face, was unusual in that not only were we shooting it in sequence, we got it piecemeal. Alex was writing it as we went along. You remember, S.D., a couple of times I think you were even the one who delivered it. We'd usually get a scene maybe only a day or two before he shot it.

MOLLY: It was tough doing it that way, and we all had to be able to memorize quickly, but I think it added a certain excitement to the filming.

WANDA: Although, Jack really hated working that way and made no bones about it with Alex.....And he told him that right off.....

MOLLY: Oh, Wanda, do you remember, how Jack told him?....

S.D.: I do remember and I don't think this is the time or the place....

WANDA: Oh, God, yes, that Jack was such a rascal.....

S.D.: Suffice it to say, that Jack Tremaine was not pleased....

MOLLY: Oh, c'mon, S.D. it's not that bad....

S.D.: One thing you haven't mentioned about Tremaine was how unspeakably crude he could be and how his idea of "funny" didn't always gel with what the rest of the world thought and.....

WANDA: It was funny, and only Jack could get away with it..... *(She and MOLLY are really getting "the giggles")*

S.D.: DROP IT, alright. Now to get back to Alex and the making of...

AMY: Was Jack the man who used to send the Crappo-grams?

S.D.: Oh, for God's sake, Amy.

WANDA: Give up, S.D. Yes, Amy, that was Jack Tremaine's way of voicing his displeasure. He would have a lump of dog....er....doo-doo delivered, gift-wrapped, of course, along with an appropriately worded note.....

MOLLY: The only thing worse than receiving a Crappo-gram was being the poor sucker he conned into delivering it.....(sees S.D.'s face) Oh, sorry..

S.D.: Can we please move on? Molly, you were just a teen-ager during the filming of In Your Face. And Alex did "discover" you. What can you tell us about that?

MOLLY: Well, I was just a skinny, awkward sixteen year old, and I'd just gotten my first job at the Beverly Hills Country Club. And one day Alex came in and we started chatting and he asked if I'd ever done any acting and would I like to and, really, before I knew what happened, I was playing Sister Velma in the movie.

S.D.: Just like that, huh?

MOLLY: Yes, S.D., just like that. And, of course, it was all terribly thrilling, even if I only had a few lines.

S.D.: But it was the close-up that did it, wouldn't you say? The way the camera just kinda zoomed up on your navel and lingered there, with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir singing in the background. I guess you could say your career was launched from your belly-button.

MOLLY: You could say that. I prefer to think I launched my career by watching and listening to great actors, like Jack Tremaine.....

S.D.: And Wanda Gavin, here?

MOLLY: (*Hastily*) Of course, of course, Wanda, too.

S.D.: And, of course, you learned a lot from Alex, too.

MOLLY: Yes, I did.

S.D.: So I heard. Amy, my dear, you were only five at the time of the filming of In Your Face. Do you have any memories of that movie? As I recall, you were given free rein at the studio.

AMY: Gee, S.D., I told you. I can't remember much at all before the fire.

I remember Uncle Jack and the Crappo-grams, and I remember Miss Gavin because of her cat, Floppy.

WANDA: Fluffy.

AMY: And I remember Molly 'cause she always used to come up and talk to me on the set...and sometimes she'd come over to the house.....(to S.D.) and you know I remember you, honey. You used to bring things over to the house for Alex....

WANDA: You were a funny little thing, Amy. Always dressed like a cowgirl, weren't you?

MOLLY: And interested in everything. You drove the props people crazy, getting into things.....

AMY: Gee, I musta been a real pest. Oh, that cowgirl outfit! I guess I was going through a phase or something. I think maybe I wanted to be Annie Oakley after seeing Annie Get Your Gun.... You know my Mom once played in that....Anyway, everything that happened before the fire is all kinda fuzzy-like. Do you remember me, S.D.?

S.D.: Vaguely. As a rule, I tend to avoid children, especially clumsy, awkward ones.....

MOLLY: What do you remember, S.D.?

S.D.: I recall Wanda using throat spray so she wouldn't lose any volume on her screaming. And Jack Tremaine getting plastered by the middle of the day and singing arias in between the little "naps" he took. And I remember you following Alex around with a puppy dog look and your tongue hanging out.

WANDA: Oh, my yes, Molly, you weren't exactly subtle...

AMY: Boy, that was the truth! You really liked my stepdad, didn't you, Miss Considine? Alex used to say that you were really hot to....

MOLLY: Enough, okay! Look, S.D., I don't have to take this from you and the gang here! My agent turned down a spot on Conan O'Brian so I could attend this little soiree. One more crack and....

S.D.: Oh, c'mon, Molly, as you said, it was twenty years ago you made a complete fool of yourself. No one is intimating that it was any more than a schoolgirl crush. It was perfectly natural. Alex wanted to play

Pygmalion and found a talented, beautiful girl to be his Galatea. It would have been impossible for you to resist the pull of his charm and, of course, his incredible genius.

WANDA: You know, S.D., it always bothers me when people call Alex a genius. Talented, yes, but genius is stretching it a bit.

MOLLY: Yeah, I think so, too.

S.D.: Well, I guess that settles it then. But I think you all will agree that, had he lived, Alex would be considered a brilliant film director.....Certainly, had In Your Face been completed it would have been the first film, not to mention the first 3-D film, to be considered for a Pulitzer Prize....

WANDA: Are you on medication, S.D?.. We already went through this...

S.D.: You're right, you're right, Wanda....Let us now move on to the death of Alex Chapman and the events leading up to it....Molly, about the last day of filming?

MOLLY: God, it was awful...You know how you have one of those days where nothing turns out right. First, we got started late, because Jack wasn't on time and when he finally showed, he was hung over. Then Wanda's cat got loose and wrecked the bowling scene. Alex was furious and went to grab it and it scratched him so badly that he had to go and get five stitches in his hand. When he got back we somehow managed to finish the shot but it was too late to do anything else.

WANDA: Don't blame Fluffy for that. We couldn't have done any more, anyway, 'cause Alex hadn't written the last scene yet. So we just broke for the day and everyone went home. And then someone from the studio called in the middle of the night and said that Alex's house had burned down and that he'd died in the fire.

STEVE: That's what they thought at first....'cause the fire had like destroyed everything. The whole house would of burnt down if the fire guys hadn't gotten an anonymous call.

S.D.: But everything in the office was destroyed?

STEVE: Totally, man. The heat musta been something else. I mean, Dad said it looked like the whole place had just melted. So everybody just kinda assumed that Chapman had been smoking or something and the place caught on fire.

WANDA: Only Alex didn't smoke.

STEVE: Yeah, and then when the Pathology guys were checking to make sure that it was really Chapman, which it was, they also found out that the dude had been shot. In the back of the head. And that he was dead before he got barbecued. My old man always figured that whoever shot Alex started the fire, so that all the evidence in the room would be fried. Kinda tough finding clues in about a ton of ashes, huh? Anyway, all Dad and the other police guys had to go on, was the fact that somebody bumped him off between 9:30 when he was last seen alive, and 10:30 when the call came.

S.D.: And, of course, since I was the last person to see him alive, I was number one suspect for quite a while.

STEVE: Well, not really that long, Mr. Kramer. Dad just couldn't see you having the ba....nerve to kill anybody. Plus you had no motive, that anyone could figure out. So finally, the police figured you were telling all you knew about seeing Chapman that night.

S.D.: Yes, I'd gone to the house to drop off some contracts and promotional material for the movie's release.

HOSTESS: (*Appearing onstage*) Excuse me, but there was a package delivered for Mr. Kramer with a note attached saying it contained important evidence in the murder of Alex Chapman. (*She gives it to S.D. and exits.*)

STEVE: Careful, man! Fingerprints, y'know? (*S.D. drops it on the coffee table. All sit and look at it.*)

AMY: (*Breathlessly*) Now what?

STEVE: Mr. Kramer, very carefully, touching it as little as possible, I want you to open the package.

WANDA: It might be a bomb, S.D... I mean, let's face it, you wouldn't make it on the ten most admired list. There's gotta be at least twenty or fifty people who'd love to see you dead.

MOLLY: Hell, I can come up with more than that. The cast and crew of Jasper and Queenie still have reunions.....

S.D.: Um, Steve, y'know, they're right. I don't want act like a big coward, but a bomb isn't really out of the question... especially since I have used

that particular word in a number of my reviews....

STEVE: It's too small for a bomb, Mr. Kramer.

S.D.: How about plastic explosives?

STEVE: You see too many movies, Mr. Kramer.

WANDA: Ain't that the truth, though.

MOLLY: Oh, S.D., open it for God's sake.

AMY: No matter what happens, S.D., I love you.

WANDA and MOLLY: What!!!!!!

AMY: *(Dramatically)* It's true. S.D. and I are in love and we're gonna get married. We were gonna keep it a secret but now it doesn't matter. All that matters is for S.D. to know how I feel--just in case he opens that package and it blows his face off....

S.D.: Actually, I'd envisioned sending out tasteful engraved announcements, but I guess we needn't bother now.....*(eyeing package)* Well, here goes....*(Slowly, he opens the wrapping on the package. It reveals a small box.)*

AMY: My God! It's a box. Open it, honey, but do it real slow, okay. *(Everybody stands and moves away from S.D.. He opens the box, very slowly and everyone looks inside.)*

WANDA: Jack Tremaine, you old scoundrel, where are you? Jack, Jack, I know you're here!

S.D.: I'm going to kill.....get this out of here! *(HOSTESS takes it gingerly offstage.)*

AMY: Uncle Jack!

JACK: *(From back of house. He moves toward the stage during this next section.)* Hello, gang....how'd you know it was me? I figured that Kramer was getting Crappo-grams on a regular basis from someone....S.D., I can't believe you fell for it.....a bomb! *(To audience as he walks by)* Is that guy a jerk or what?

S.D.: Oh, just so funny, Tremaine. Tres amusement. Very droll....You

always had such a sophisticated sense of humor.....

JACK: *(As he is kissing ladies, shaking hands with STEVE, etc.)* S.D., God, you've changed! You were such a pompous little ass before. *(To audience)* Now he's a pompous big ass. Amy, you're gorgeous! Tell me I didn't hear you say a minute ago that you're actually gonna marry this boob? *(The HOSTESS has brought him a chair.)*

AMY: Now, Uncle Jack, I'm happy to see you and all, but you can't talk about S.D. like that. He's been teaching me all this really complicated stuff about culture and all....

WANDA: Yeah, honey, but that doesn't mean you gotta marry him. I mean, your mother was an actress. Marry a critic? *(She shudders)*

MOLLY: I just hope you're not planning on having children. Some people should not reproduce.

S.D.: *(Pointedly)* When did you say your next movie is coming out, Molly?

JACK: I love it! I love it! The gloves are off now, young man. This is show biz....Just sit back and enjoy.

S.D.: Don't be ridiculous, Tremaine. I'm not at all concerned by anyone's opinion of our upcoming nuptials. Which is neither here nor there. I'm much more interested in why you decided to grace us with your presence this evening?

JACK: I live here.

S.D.: You live in _____ *(insert name of town)*? Why am I not surprised?

JACK: And what the hell is that supposed to mean? *(To audience.)* Aren't you getting just a little sick of being the butt of every smarmy comedian in the world. I mean, I love Akron. Tell me why everyone feels obliged to dump on it? Okay, sure, maybe Akron isn't exactly Beverly Hills, but it happens to be a really nice place to live. It may not have glamour and glitz of California but at least you don't have to worry about earthquakes re-arranging the furniture every month or so. Akron's got a heart. Akron's got a soul.

S.D.: I'm sorry, Jack, you're abso.....

JACK: It's also got some great bars. Actually, folks, I kinda landed here by accident. I was on my way to Pittsburgh to sing at a bar mitzvah and

they threw me off the train for singing Gilbert and Sullivan. So here I am and here I've been, for the past eighteen years.

WANDA: (*Sympathetically*) But, what do you do, Jack, for a living?

JACK: (*Sounding more and more pathetic as he speaks.*) Well, Wanda, I do odd jobs whenever I can get them. You know, yard work, painting, cleaning out septic systems, that kind of thing....I used to sing a little, at bars, but I can't anymore.....since the operation. And I rent a nice little room in Kenmore. I get by. I'm happy. I have all my memories of you and of being onstage and in films. And memories, well, sometimes they can be enough....

WANDA: Oh, Jack! Your voice, your beautiful voice....gone?

JACK: 'Fraid so, Wanda.....Oh, sometimes, at the Rehab Center I'll manage to croak out "Happy Birthday" for one of the guys but for the most part.... Wanda, are you crying? (*She nods.*) For me? (*She nods. Sings loudly and beautifully to the tune of "Don't Cry For Me, Argentina."*) "Don't cry for me, Wanda Gavin." You're as gullible as ever, kiddo. Geesh, what a dumb old broad. I came here in '72, invested in real estate and last year I cleared three mil. And that, dear friends of my youth, is a lot of bourbon. (*He pulls out a flask and has a drink, one of many he will take during the remainder of the scene.*)

MOLLY: Well, Jack, I think that's just marvelous. I mean, if this were a movie, you'd be in a gutter or something, a hopeless alcoholic. But instead, here you are, a successful businessman. Is this a great country or what?

JACK: Tell me, Molly, you still giving it away for free?

MOLLY: Er....beg pardon....

JACK: (*To STEVE*) What a bunch of phonies, huh? S.D. Kramer, famous critic.... oooh, sorry, literary commentator. You know what the "S" and "D" stand for, don'tcha, Stevie boy? Slice and Dice. He hasn't liked a movie in fifteen years....what was the last one....oh, yes, the French film that nobody saw --La Plume da ma Tante or some such drek. And (*gesturing to WANDA*) do you believe Miss Kitty Litter here actually believes she can act? A set of lungs does not a talent make. And as for li'l ol' Molly here, I'll tell you a secret.....she didn't really launch her career from her belly button. Think further south....

S.D.: I am never leaving California again. Now, before this gets really

ugly....

MOLLY: What do you call this, S.D.? (To JACK) Look, you overgrown juvenile delinquent, I know what your problem is. You're jealous. Even if you do make millions you still aren't making it where it counts. In show business. Me and Wanda - and even S.D., in a strange and perverted way,-- are still entertainers. People come up and ask for my autograph, Jack, and I love it....I love it I love it I love it. (Sticks out her tongue.) Nyah.

WANDA: She's right, isn't she, Jack?

JACK: What do you think? How do you think I feel every time I see Robert Goulet and I think, that could have been me? I could have been a star. I had the voice, the talent, the looks. I was the best and I should've had it all. And I could have, too, if Alex hadn't been killed.

AMY: What did Alex have to do with it?

JACK: Didn't you ever wonder why I appeared in all those crappy Chapman films?

WANDA: They weren't that bad...

JACK: Oh, yes, they were. Until In Your Face, that is. At least the script was half-decent for a change...

S.D.: It was more than just half-decent, Tremaine....

JACK: Yeah, yeah, yeah, it was like Tolstoy....Anyway, the only reason I did those movies for Alex was 'cause he promised me that the next one after In Your Face was gonna have just one star.....ME!!!

WANDA: What were you going to do, Jack? Sing, drink and belch?

JACK: It was gonna make me a star, once and for all. We were gonna call it just simply Tremaine.....Three hours of Jack Tremaine - singing, dancing.....

MOLLY: Passing out. I didn't know it was possible to dance in a horizontal position.

JACK: I don't know, Molly, you do okay.

S.D.: So, Jack, what you're saying is that, Alex was going to give you a

shot at stardom after In Your Face was finished. So, of course you had no motive to murder him.

JACK: Right. But the fact remains that Alex was murdered. And I think Mr. California Cop here oughta conduct his own little investigation tonight. I mean, isn't that why my fellow Akronites have braved the night and the Main Street Mess to come here? So tell us, Steve, did the police find out what Alex was up to that last night....before he bought the farm, that is?

MOLLY: We know what he did. He went home to write the last scene.

STEVE: Well, actually, Miss Considine, he didn't. At least not right away. My dad was able to trace Chapman's movements that evening. (*Consults notebook.*) He took his step-daughter, Amy, out for pizza - the waitress remembered him. Then they went to the Beverly Hills Putt-Putt where Amy played three rounds and he chatted with the ball girl. They left there at 8:30 which would get them home at about 9:00. Amy....Miss Pernell, you don't remember any of that?

AMY: No, and I always felt real bad about it. I mean, Alex and I didn't do that much together....most of the time he just kinda ignored me. So it's real weird and...what's the word, S.D.?

S.D.: Ironic.

AMY: Yeah, ironic. It was real ironic, that the one time we did something together, I can't even remember. (*She sniffs.*)

WANDA: Now, Amy, before you get all sad, remember a time or two when Alex was less than kind to you.

AMY: Like when I got my glasses. (*WANDA nods. To STEVE.*) He said that stock in Coke bottling went up fifty points. I've got real bad eyes, but I wear contacts now.

STEVE: (*Gazing intently into her eyes.*) Yeah, I can see. I was wonderin' if your eyes were really that blue or if it was contacts.....Um, anyway, so my dad and the rest of the investigative guys figured that Chapman came home, sent Amy to bed, and worked in his office until Kramer arrived at 9:30 and then he kept workin' until he got bumped off at 10:30. So what were you doin' during that time, Miss Considine?

MOLLY: Um....mostly I was just getting caught up on things--shampooed my hair, plucked my eyebrows, washed out some pantihose.....

JACK: shaved your legs, buffed your thighs...

MOLLY: Anyway, I was home all evening. I didn't really have an alibi, but then, I didn't have a motive to kill Alex, either. As all of you have pointed out repeatedly this evening, I had a crush on Alex so it's unlikely I would have killed him.

JACK: Crush, I like that, Molly, really I do. And, of course, you told the police about the little scene outside Alex' trailer that last day.

MOLLY: *(Through clenched teeth.)* I wouldn't call that a scene, Jack....Oh, you! You always did exaggerate, you big lug....*(to STEVE)* It wasn't anything, Steve, just a little playful sparring...Alex and I did that all the time...

JACK: During which I believe the phrase "easy piece" was used, and Alex told you that it was fun but it was just one of those things...My goodness, it must have been humiliating for an eighteen-year old.

MOLLY: Sixteen. Now, it wasn't as bad as he's making it sound...

JACK: Hey, Wanda, save old Molly's cute little butt here and distract us with what you were doing during the critical time...

WANDA: Who do you think you are, Jack? Columbo? Oh, all right. As I told the police at the time, I had a dreadful headache and went to bed terribly early....

JACK: After Fluffy's funeral.

WANDA: How did you know about that?

JACK: Remember Wanda's cat?.....The one that scratched Alex and spoiled the bowling scene? Well, it disappeared soon after and was somehow accidently run over in the parking lot.

WANDA: It was no accident....I always kept Fluffy in my trailer....someone let her out....and whoever hit her just kept going....and it wasn't a funeral, exactly, Steve....all right, a few hymns maybe, and then I buried her....*(sniffs)* I was going to find out who did it but after Alex was killed no one really cared about a kitty killing. So that was what I was doing....

JACK: But is that all you were doin', Wanda, old bean....

STEVE: Hey, how 'bout telling us what you were doin', Mr Tremaine?

JACK: Moi?

MOLLY: Yeah, just what were you doing, old bean?

JACK: Let's see, now.... it's kinda blurry 'cause I spent the early part of the evening supervising the bartending personnel at various watering holesuntil they were closed and I decided to pay my good ol' friend and buddy, Alex, a visit.....and maybe have a little drink or two or twenty with him.....

WANDA: And why didn't you?

JACK: Well, mostly cause he was dead when I got there.
(Excitement. Ad-libs.)

STEVE: I think you better tell us all about it, Mr. Tremaine.

JACK: Well, now I fully intend to do that, Mr. Officer of the Law. I've been waiting twenty years to do just that. See, the door was open when I got there so being as I'm a casual kinda guy, I just walked on in and went to Alex's office. I called out but nobody answered. Which I guess that was perfectly natural, considerin' ol' Alex was stretched out on the couch in his office with a neat little hole smack dab in the middle of his bald spot. *(Touches a place on the crown of his head.)* I was considerably shook as you can imagine, and I would venture to say that I never sobered up quite so fast before....Or since, come to think of it...But anyway, it was obvious that Mr. Chapman would not be offering cocktails, so I exited, stage left.

WANDA: Why the hell didn't you tell anyone, Jack?

JACK: Now, Wanda, even you can't be dumb enough not to figure it out. If I had called the police I'd have been number one suspect, 'specially as in an unthinking moment I had picked this up. *(He produces a gun. General excitement, ad-libs etc.)*

MOLLY: That's Alex's gun!

JACK: Righto, little Molly. Whoever plugged our good buddy used Alex's own gun. The one he never, ever took off. See, Steve, Alex liked to pretend he was Ernest Hemingway. Mr. Macho. Walked around with this pistol in a holster under his armpit and swore he never took it off....well, maybe he took it off to make love, but I wouldn't know about that....*(Everyone looks pointedly at MOLLY)*

MOLLY: Alright, alright.....YES, he took it off to.....you know.....and to sleep.....but that's the only times I know of.....

JACK: So here I am standing with the murder weapon in my hot little hand, and even then I contemplated bein' the good citizen and calling the cops but something else happened that made me change my mind...

STEVE: Like what?

JACK: Well, I had a cigarette which I dropped when I spotted Alex and it fell on the neatly typed final scene of In Your Face and caught fire and before you knew it the place was going up....so instead of the police, I called the "fire guys" and got the hell out...

S.D.: (*Rises.*) You mean, you caused the fire.....It was because of your drunken stupidity that the final scene of In Your.....

JACK: But y'know, I quit smoking that night, and haven't lit up since...

AMY: Well, see, sometimes good things can come out of bad.

JACK: Isn't that the truth, honey. But besides breaking me of that filthy habit, it also makes me the only person who saw the murder scene....

WANDA: My God, that's right...What did you see, Jack?

JACK: Now you don't think I'm gonna come right out and tell you, do you? Jack Tremaine, who loves games and puzzles? No, folks, I'm afraid all of you are going to have to work at it....But one thing I will tell you, (*He is now very drunk but also deadly serious*) I know, for a certainty, who killed Alex Chapman.

STEVE: Yeah, well, you may play games, Mr Tremaine, but the L.A.P.D. doesn't. Cut this crap and tell me what you know, after ya put that gun down.

JACK: This? Am I making you nervous? Well, since it's still loaded, I guess it would. (*He puts it on the coffee table and sits down in S.D.'s vacated chair.*)

STEVE: Okay, so now, let's talk. I got a lot of questions. Like what time did you get there, and did ya see anyone leave, and like was the wound bleeding and stuff or was the blood all dried up, and did you see any signs of a struggle and how was the body arranged on the couch, and.....Mr. Tremaine,.....Mr. Tremaine.....(*JACK is sitting immobile.*)

AMY: Oh, my God, is he?? Is he dead?? (*JACK emits a loud snore.*)

MOLLY: He's not dead, the bastard. Just passed out.

STEVE: *(Attempting to wake him up.)* Mr. Tremaine, Yo, Mr. Tremaine....

WANDA: You might as well give up, Steve. This used to happen all the time on the set. Once he's passed out, that's it. Nothing will wake him for at least an hour.

STEVE: Yeah, so what do we do now? Should we move him?

MOLLY: Be my guest.

STEVE: Okay, so he stays there. *(to S.D.)* Now what?

S.D.: Huh? Oh, you're asking me? I'm sure I don't know. This ceased to be a panel discussion ten minutes ago. Ever since Mr. Arson here hoisted his alcoholic self onstage. Frankly, Steve, I'd say the ball's in your court. I have lost total interest in the proceedings.

AMY: Now don't pout, S.D. I hate it when he pouts.

STEVE: Well, then I guess we'll just sit here until Mr. Tremaine wakes up. *(Long pause. HOSTESS enters.)*

HOSTESS: Um....s'cuse me.....but you're all not planning on just sitting here are you? *(They all nod.)* Well, uh, you can't do that. These people paid for a mystery and all so.....you know.....*(They all sit and look at her. She goes over and has a hurried conversation with S.D.)* Okay, so. Well, everybody over there says that they've said all they're going to say. Golly, um, this isn't really going very well. *(Looks at watch.)* Is the food ready yet? No, huh? Sooo.....*(An aide or someone else comes out and talks briefly to her. She is obviously relieved.)* That's super. Okay, so what we're gonna do now is show the movie. And by the time it's over Mr. Tremaine should be awake and ready to spill his guts. *(To "projectionist")* All set up there? *(To audience)* Does everyone have their 3-D glasses? Put 'em on. *(She does too. To the panel.)* Okay, look, we're gonna show In Your Face now so you'd better get a seat.

STEVE: If Mr. Tremaine stays here, so do I...

MOLLY: Me too.

WANDA: Same here.

S.D.: Sit down, Amy, if they are sticking with Jack, so are we. Show the

movie.

HOSTESS: Suit yourselves. Do the lights when you're ready, Mr. Projectionist, and roll 'em. I've always wanted to say that.

(She exits. The stage and house go completely dark. A moment passes and then the beginning of a movie is seen on the screen. It is, however, the wrong movie.)

HOSTESS: *(Yelling from offstage.)* That's not it. Lights, lights! *(House and stage lights come back on.)* Okay, okay, do you see the reel marked IYF....yes, that's it....*(To audience.)* Sorry about that. *(She exits again. Once again the lights go out, leaving the theatre in total darkness. A film begins only to die and leave everyone again in darkness. A single gunshot is heard, followed by much ad-lib yelling by all except S.D. The cue for lights to come back on is S.D.'s line.)*

S.D.: What the hell? *(The lights come back on to reveal the following: Everyone is in a line DS of the coffee table. S.D. is in the center, holding the gun and staring dazedly at it. STEVE moves in and relieves him of it.)*

STEVE: Is everyone O.K.? Why'd you shoot the gun off, Mr. Kramer?

S.D.: I....I....didn't. *(AMY glances around behind her and shrieks. All turn and part to reveal JACK with a bloodied chest. STEVE runs and checks for a heartbeat....)*

WANDA: Is he.....

STEVE: Yep, he's outta here.

AMY: Omigod! Oh S.D., how could you? Just because he sent you the Crappo-gram and called you a big pompous ass....

MOLLY: You're in it good this time, S.D...

S.D.: *(Recovering)* Just a minute, just a minute....I know what this looks like...

STEVE: It looks like I caught myself a murderer, that's what it looks like. If I were you, Kramer, I wouldn't say another word without a lawyer present.

AMY: Oh, S.D., why'd ya do it? Why? We coulda been so happy, you and me. We had our whole lives ahead of us. But, don't worry, honey,

'cause I'm gonna stand by you. You're my man, Sunny Day Kramer, and I'm gonna get you the best darned lawyer that money can buy!!

S.D.: Look, I didn't kill anyone. Someone shoved the gun in my hand. Amy, I have asked you not to call me that.

MOLLY: Sunny Day? S.D. stands for Sunny Day?

S.D.: My mother was a weather girl, alright.

AMY: Isn't that just the cutest....

WANDA: I am going to have such fun with this...

STEVE: Okay, Sunny, so like the lights went off....

S.D.: And there was a shot and someone, I couldn't tell who, handed me the gun, which I took without thinking....look, what possible motive would I have for killing Tremaine?....

MOLLY: Well, he did say that he knew who had killed Alex....

WANDA: So, S.D., maybe there's something you want to tell us....

AMY: Um.....do you suppose we could like get the body outta here?....I mean this is real uncomfortable.....with him.....

STEVE: Yeah,.....Gee, Miss Pernell, I'm sorry. *(calling offstage)* Yo! Could we maybe move the stiff? Ya got something we can use? *(HOSTESS enters, shrugs shoulders helplessly, exits, returns with men and appliance dolly. With the help of the male actors, they strap JACK onto it and wheel him offstage. Ad-libs during this etc.)*

STEVE: Now that's out of the way, let me tell you what I think.

S.D.: That won't take long.

AMY: S.D.!

STEVE: Look, Mr. Kramer, you may think I'm just some dumb cop but if I were you, I'd watch my mouth. 'Cause, y'know, I've just about had it with your supercilious, snooty attitude. And, just for the record, I gotta tell you, I think you're a pompous ass, too.....So sit down, try and look innocent, and, most of all, keep your damn mouth shut!

AMY: Wow! I guess he told you, Sunny.

S.D.: Amy....never mind....

HOSTESS: *(Coming back onstage with a clue packet.)* Oh, Mr. McCarthy, we found this in Mr. Tremaine's pocket. *(She gives it to him.)* Evidently, he meant us all to participate in a game of some sort. He's hidden clues throughout the theater. He says if you follow directions, you will discover what he saw at the murder scene. I think maybe you should take all these people into custody while we work on these. *(He motions for actors to exit. All do.)* The ushers will be passing out copies of the clue packets. There is one clue packet per team. *(She gives instructions for the clue search.)*

THE CLUE HUNT

The clue packet for MURDER IN 3D includes a diagram of Alex's office with 8 numbers on it and 8 blanks to "fill in.". During the clue hunt, participants will discover the corresponding 8 "clues" - items Jack saw in the office before the fire. NOTE: The clue hunt is optional. The Production Manual explains how to eliminate it.

The Production Manual also provides directions for designing and staging a clue hunt. This can be as involved as you like with a physical search, or limited within the room. The event and facility determine the extent. Regardless the type, however, teams will ultimately end up with a **completed** diagram of Alex's office with 8 items identified, as shown at the back of the script.

Besides these 8 clues, Clue #9 is a riddle from Jack:

This kitty had one life,
Instead of the nine.
And the answer is in
"What killed the feline?"

During the clue search, the actors will circulate. AMY and STEVE will be together, as will MOLLY and WANDA. S.D. will be looking for AMY. The Production Manual provides suggestions for how to handle the improvisational questioning that goes on at this time. It will be observed by one and all that WANDA does not have pierced ears.

The last page of clue packet is a solution sheet. After examining the layout of the office and talking with the suspects, participants will complete the solution sheet and turn it in at a designated location. These are “graded” and then the solution scene is played.

THE VERY BRIEF SOLUTION SCENE IS NOT INCLUDED IN REVIEW SCRIPTS. IF YOU ABSOLUTELY MUST HAVE THE ENTIRE ACTING COPY BEFORE MAKING A DECISION ABOUT PRODUCING, PLEASE CONTACT US: 330-678-3893 info@mysteriesbymoushey.com

PROPS/SET DRESSING

Five chairs

Coffee table

Water pitcher & glasses

A clipboard for S.D.

Small package for “crappo-gram”

3D glasses for audience

A screen, film projector, reels marked ‘IYF’ (Optional. Because a movie is never actually shown, its not necessary to have working equipment.

Another chair for JACK

A flask for JACK

JACK’S instructions

A stage gun or starter pistol.

Something for body removal - a stretcher, hotel luggage rolling rack, wheelchair, furniture dollie. Or simply drag the corpse offstage!

Clue packets and clue materials, including floor plan.

JACK’s shirt with stage blood packet in a baggie, set up so in the blackout JACK, can puncture or squeeze it.

SENT WITH PRODUCTION PACKET

Sample clue packets, with answer key and flow chart

As part of sample clue packet, there is the floor plan, which can be copied.

Blank flow chart so you can design your own.

JACK’S poem, suitable for photocopying

* Production Manual

OPTIONAL

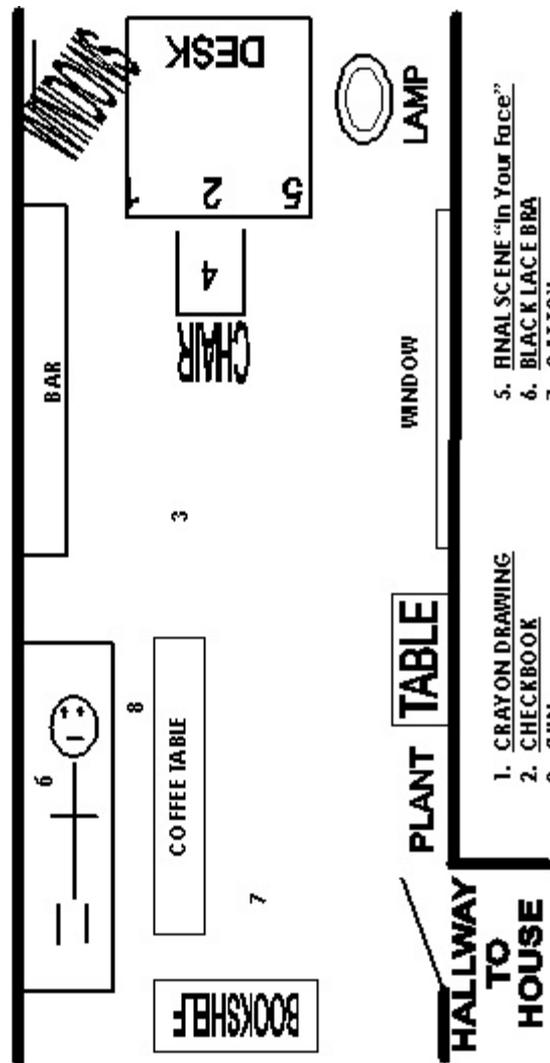
* Replacement Production Manual

\$10.00

* The Production Manual is the same for all shows. It is sent free with the first Production Packet. If you need another, there is a charge for the replacement.

So you think you're some kind of detectives, huh? Well, we'll see about that!!! Here's the way Alex's office looked that night, before the fire. The numbers correspond with a few little things I noticed around the room.

Love, Jack



1. CRAYON DRAWING
2. CHECKBOOK
3. GUN
4. HOISTER

5. FINAL SCENE "In Your Face"
6. BLACK LACE BRA
7. CATTOY
8. PIERCED EARRING

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MURDER IN 3-D

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