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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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The Last Dance of Dr. Disco

An Audience-Participation Murder Mystery

by

Eileen Moushey

CONTAINS TWO VERSIONS

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ABOUT THE TWO VERSIONS

THE FULL VERSION

is the one we did at the Akron Civic Theatre and most other performances. For this version, the audience is usually divided into teams/tables. It is comprised of the following sections:

1. Pre-show. This is the segment during which the characters circulate, introducing themselves, relationships, and lay the groundwork for what is going to be unfolding. We gave out a premise sheet that also gave background. (Our premise sheet is included in the Production Packet for DISCO for you to adapt.)
2. The Play. Running time for this scripted segment is about an hour.
3. The Clue Hunt. This can be as long or as short as you want and can even be eliminated. The Production Manual and the DISCO Production Packet provide directions for designing your own clue hunt. We send you our clue hunt, answer key, and flow chart to assist you in developing your own clue hunt. The object of the clue hunt is a spy device called the Cardano Grille, which is needed to discover a hidden message within a letter. (Trust me - this is all explained within the script.) We also send you master copies of letter and Cardano Grille as part of the DISCO Production Packet. At the end of the Clue Hunt, tables/teams turn in the last page of the clue hunt - the solution sheet. Again, all this is explained and samples are included with the DISCO Production Packet.
4. The Solution Scene. Running time for this scripted segment is about 7 minutes.

THE MINI-VERSION

of THE LAST DANCE OF DR. DISCO is condensed. This version came about as a result of doing shows on the Cuyahoga Valley Railroad. We had limited time to do the play before boarding the train. While the Mini-Version is usually done as an individual/couple event, it can also be done as a table/team activity, ala the Full Version.

1. Pre-Show. As with the Full Version, the characters circulate but a lot more background is provided. For that, we gave out "The Disco Dish." Our version - for you to adapt - is sent with the DISCO Production Packet.
2. The Play. Running time on this scripted section is about 15 minutes.
3. Circulating and Improv. This can be as long or as short as you want. Basically, this segment is used to impart information that is left out of the shortened script. We gave the audience members a police report which included suggested questions for the audience to ask. A master copy of the police report is provided with the DISCO Production Packet. There is no Cardano Grille - the message is given - in CODE. The audience gets the SAME message as in the Full Version, but in a different way. Also, rather than a solution sheet, the audience casts ballots for who they think "dunit." (A master copy of the ballots is provided in the DISCO Production Packet.)
4. Solution Scene. Running time on this scripted section is about 7 minutes.

All that being said, it IS POSSIBLE TO COMBINE ELEMENTS FROM EACH VERSION. It is certainly possible to use the Mini-Version script with the Clue Hunt from the Full Version, for example.

Should you decide to produce DISCO, production materials will be sent for BOTH VERSIONS of the script. This includes supplemental printed materials that can be used for both or that are specific to one version.

Finally, there ARE some plot point differences between the versions. But, rather than describing the differences here, we suggest you read both and treat each as a standalone.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ADDRIAN KRANK AKA DR. DISCO - The owner/manager of Studio 182. DR. DISCO is an arch-villain in the Blofield, Goldfinger tradition. In a wheelchair, Dr. Disco holds a cat (stuffed) which he constantly strokes. He wears an eyepatch, as does the cat. He is wearing a satin dressing gown, or tux. His hair is spiked, giving him a mad scientist appearance. Speaks in high, odd voice. Any age over 30.

ILSA HUMP - DR. DISCO'S nurse/companion. ILSA almost never leaves DISCO'S side. Besides being madly in love with him, she is a partner in his nefarious doings. She is well-built, with a prominent bosom her most obvious feature. Wearing a white nurse's uniform, cap, and 'sensible' white shoes. She is German and seems capable of breaking a man in two. Any age over 40.

MARGIE KRANK - DR. DISCO'S spoiled daughter. Despite years in a finishing school in Switzerland, Margie remains...er, unfinished. She's man crazy and has currently targeted TONY for her affections. She realizes that the way to his affections is through disco dancing, but she is, unfortunately, a total klutz. 20's. Wearing go-go boots and hot pants or a fussy disco dress.

TONY MENUDO - The dancing star of Studio 182. TONY is very "New York" and vain about his looks and especially about his dancing ability. He longs for a better life, and sees DR. DISCO and the Club as his way out. 30's, dressed in all-white suit ala John Travolta in "Saturday Night Fever."

ANGIE PORTABELLO - TONY'S dance partner. Fiery temper and very jealous. 30's or younger. Dressed in wraparound skirt with handkerchief hem, worn with a leotard or any 70's disco dance wear.

DYLAN WANKER AKA AGENT 'X' - Suave and sophisticated, WANKER is a secret agent for the British government. He wears a dinner jacket and carries a martini shaker and glass with a bottle of olives in his pocket. 40's or older.

LYNDA NEWARK - An audience 'plant.' Attractive, able to dance. 30's or older. Carrying a purse containing lipstick, comb, compact, gum, \$20 bill, book of anagrams, letter to her 'mother.' NOTE: In the Mini-Version, LYNDA is already dead by the time the event begins.

RICHARD - This is an offstage person, rather than an actual character. He (or she) is never seen, but heard only as the operator of DR. DISCO'S machine. Can also be the stage manager. NOTE: This character is not in the Mini-Version.

HOST/HOUSTESS - This is the person used to explain the clue hunt. At our events, this is something that I always do. Your director could do this, or someone who is completely familiar with the show and clue hunt. For clarity's sake, the script refers to HOUSTESS.

THE FULL VERSION

PART ONE - PRELUDE TO MURDER

NOTE: The script is written for the location where we first performed THE LAST DANCE OF DR. DISCO - the Akron Civic Theatre. Since it is located at 182 S. Main St. in Akron, we called it Studio 182. The name of the club can be changed to reflect your event. Likewise, technical references may need to be changed, depending on your venue. This includes references to the curtain, offstage areas, etc.. Exits, entrances, body removal and the ending "explosion" will need to be done differently than described if a regular stage with curtain and wings is not available. Using folding screens to create wings is one option, as is using "pipe & drape" as a portable curtain.

As the audience arrives and registers, they are given premise sheets that set up what will happen during the mystery. At the Civic we used:

Welcome to the Club 182, home of the best disco dancing this side of NYC! We're always on the lookout for great dancers to join the Club 182 Disco Dancers. Be sure to meet our star couple, Tony Menudo and his partner Angie Portobello. Tonight is very special to me. You will share with me a great experience that could change your life forever.

Dr. Disco

DR. DISCO is wheeled throughout the place by ILSA. He charms the ladies, kisses hands, etc. This will not go over well with ILSA. She will warn them. "Pay nu ettenshun tu heem. He is deed frum der vaist down." To the men who accompany the ladies - "Vut iss wrong mit you? You cannot control your voman?"

TONY and ANGIE recruit people to be disco dancers. They also get into shouting matches when one or the other flirts with audience members. (NOTE: 15 minutes before curtain, they bring recruited dancers backstage to teach them the disco number. Obviously, this needs to be very simple. We used a variation of The Hustle.)

MARGIE is desperately trying to get TONY'S attention. She finds a central area, yells for him and says she's been working on her dancing. She uses a boom box to play music and demonstrates. She is awful. She will find a new partner so that she can show TONY her real stuff. She tries to get the sympathy of the women there, telling them that she's sure TONY would love her, if it weren't for her father. He's afraid that by letting her be TONY'S partner, he's showing favoritism. That has got to be the reason that TONY won't give her a second glance. She begs women to plead her case with TONY. She also has a temper tantrum with her father after he tells her he won't fire ANGIE.

DYLAN is circulating with martini glass and shaker. He asks people to hold the glass while he pours and removes a jar of olives from his pocket. Also in his pockets are various other common objects that are supposedly sophisticated spying tools and weapons. A dried up pen is, according to DYLAN, really writing, but in invisible ink. A pocket comb, wrapped in a special paper, emits a humming noise that serves as a homing device. Like DR. DISCO, DYLAN is charming the ladies. Every remark can be turned into a double entendre. "Do you dance? Yes? So do I although I'm told I'm better at the horizontal than the vertical."

LYNDA has joined her team. She will share how she comes to the club all the time and is a close personal friend of TONY and DR. DISCO. Both TONY and DR. DISCO will make a big fuss over her, she's back again, almost lives there, etc. ANGIE is suspicious of her, as is MARGIE.

THE FULL VERSION PART TWO - THE PLAY

The audience enters. The dancing couples have been taken backstage prior to this and taught the dance routine. They wait backstage center, under the watchful eye of a stage manager.

The stage is decorated to look like a dance floor and there's a mirror ball and

rotating colored disco lights, if possible.

The center curtain opens and DR. DISCO wheels himself onstage and down center. *(NOTE: throughout the show, DR. DISCO interacts with Pussy Cat and makes her dance and move. We had a great deal of fun with this.)*

DR. DISCO: Good evening, boys and girls, and welcome to Studio 182. Are you ready to join us and celebrate the best disco music in Akron? *(Waits for a response. Holds up Pussy Cat.)* Pussy Cat can't hear you! *(They respond louder.)* Good, good. *(Has coughing fit.)* Whoops, sorry. Hair ball. Later this evening, I have another surprise for you. You will get to be the first ones to experience a little project of mine, heh, heh, heh. But for now, let's just dance to the music! *(He has Pussy Cat "dance" while he says it.)* Don't want to waste a minute of disco! Tony, Angie, are you ready to start us off?

(From offstage we hear the sound of an argument. It is MARGIE pleading to be TONY'S partner. She enters, followed by ILSA.)

MARGIE: Daddy, Daddy, Daddy. Margie is not happy. Margie is getting very, very mad.

DR. DISCO: What is it now? Daddy needs to start the show.

MARGIE: Tony said Margie wasn't going to dance with him. You promised, Daddy, you promised.

ILSA: I tell you, Marchee, do not bodder de Doktore now.

DR. DISCO: He'll dance with you later, Margie. After everyone has gone home. You still need a little practice, Disco Duck.

MARGIE: Margie wants to dance with Tony! Margie's going to cry.

ILSA: Marchee needs a goot whump, dat's vut Marchee needs.

DR. DISCO: Not now, Margie. This is a very big evening for me. . .

ILSA: Yes. Is beeg night for us, yes, mein Doktor?

DR. DISCO: Oh, yes, mein Ilsa!!! *(They laugh.)*

MARGIE: *(Close to DR. DISCO'S ear.)* WAAAAA!

DR. DISCO: TONY!!

ILSA: Mein gott, Addrian, do not giv in to de child. If she vas mine, I vould. . .

(TONY enters.)

TONY: Yo, Dr. D, whazzup?

DR. DISCO: Tony, for your second number Pussy Cat wants you to use Margie as your partner.

ILSA: Ach, Tony, Ach.

TONY: Whoaa, whoaa, whoaa. I don' tink dat's such a good idea, y'know. Cuz, hey, jus' 'tween you an me, Dr. D. - your daughtah stinks. I don' mean she smells like old cheese or nuttin'. She smells okay ta like hang out wid and stuff. But when she's tryin' ta dance she really stinks up da joint.

MARGIE: It's okay, Tony, you don't have to keep up the act. Margie knows all about it.

TONY: Whud act? Hey, I don' act, I'm a dancer and stuff. *(Thinking)* Betcha I could be an actor, tho. I could do dat.

ILSA: Ho, yess, a regular Richard Burton, dat's vut you'd be.

MARGIE: Margie doesn't mean that kind of act, Tony. Margie knows that Daddy told you to pretend that you didn't want to be Margie's partner 'cause Margie wasn't a good dancer. But it's really because he doesn't want to look like he's playing favorites.

DR. DISCO: Remember, Tony, our little secret *(Trying to give TONY the right idea.)* Okay, that's settled. I have a little agenda here.

TONY: Uh, whud??? *(Getting it.)* Oh, yeah, sure, man. Gottit. So's maybe I'll dance widya later, okay, Margie?

(ANGIE enters from offstage in time to hear this last remark. NOTE: There are a lot of "whaddyamean" type exchanges between TONY and ANGIE. These are rapid fire and over-lapping, etc.)

ANGIE: Okay, dat's it! Whuz wid dis 'later' crap? I ain't puttin' up wid dis stuff no more, Tony. Ya's either decide ya's my partner or ya's dance wid her. You ain't gonna jerk me round no more.

TONY: WhudItell you, Angie? WhudI tellyou? You gonna keep you nose out of my bizness or what?

ANGIE: Just whodahell you tink you talkin' too here, huh? Whudyousay?

TONY: Whudyamean whudisay? We're talking bout whudyousay.

ANGIE: WhudIsay is my own business, Tony. Whudyousay 'bout dat?

DR. DISCO: Alright, that's enough, all of you! We are on a very tight timetable and. . .

TONY: WhudIsay? Whud I say is - I'm talkin to you, Angie, I'm talkin' to you. WhudYOUsay?

ILSA: Ve must stop thiss at vonce! Listen to Herr Doktor. . .

ANGIE: Hey, I axed you first, Tony. Whudyousay?

TONY: I just tole' you whudIsay.

MARGIE: Margie wouldn't treat you like this, Tony. Margie would listen to everything you say.

TONY: *(To MARGIE)* Hey, den listen to dis, okay? I'm not gonna dance wid you cuz you're a lousy stinko dancer, y'know. Ya suck, capisce? *(To ANGIE)* And as fer you, Angie, maybe if ya's keep dat big mout of yours shut yud know who I wuz talkin' to.

MARGIE: Margie thinks the act is wearing thin, Tony.

ILSA: Ach de lieber. She has spaetzle for brains.

DR. DISCO: *(He stands, quickly sits down again.)* STOP IT, ALL OF YOU!!! *(General yelling, shouting match. ILSA pulls out gun and fires into the air. All are shocked into silence.)*

ILSA: Goot. Now, Addrian, you talk. Ve listen.

MARGIE: *(Whining)* Dadddddddyyyyy. ...??

ILSA: Ve ALL listen. Der Doktore is ze boss man. Der Doktore is numper von. Der Doktore must be opeyed.

DR. DISCO: Thank you, Ilsa.

ILSA: You're velcome, Addrian.

DR. DISCO: Now. ...

ILSA: You vant to gif Ilsa little kiss now, no?

DR. DISCO: Uh, no.

ILSA: Littlve vun, right on der cheek. *(She sticks her face down close to DR. DISCO'S.)*

DR. DISCO: *(He looks, then has Pussy Cat give her a kiss.)* Here, Pussy Cat will kiss you. The agenda is as follows. Tony and Angie do the intro, we'll bring in the dancers and THEN it's time for my surprise.

MARGIE: What is it, Daddy? Margie hopes it isn't something stupid.

ILSA: Iss not stoopeet. You are stoopeet. Ach mein, vot a schnitzel head.

DR. DISCO: It's a record, Margie. A brand new disco tune.

MARGIE: Is that all? Margie was hoping for a present.

TONY: Gett outta heah. A record, huh. Hope ya can dance to it, y'know. Cuz, man, it jus' ain't disco if yuh can't dance to it and stuff.

DR. DISCO: Well, actually, Tony, it's more a record that you listen to. See, the lyrics are what's important.

ILSA: Yessss, you lissen, Tonee. You listen goot to vords. *(ILSA and DR. DISCO laugh heartily.)*

ANGIE: I dunno, Doc, I don't usually listen to no lyrics.

TONY: Yeah, ya just feel it, y'know. The rhythm and beat and stuff

like dat. Da words, hey, dey don't do nuthin' for me.

DR. DISCO: Oh, you'll listen, Tony, I guarantee it or your money back.

ILSA: HAHHAHAHAHA! Money back. Oh, Doktor, you are the weisenheimer, no?

DR. DISCO: I am the weisenheimer, yes!!! *(They both laugh again.)*

MARGIE: But Dadddddddyyyyy. When is Tony gonna dance with Margie?

ANGIE: When Margie gets past Angie, dat's when. And I ain't just talking about dancing, toots. Keep your mitts off my man.

DR. DISCO: Don't start up again, I mean it.

ILSA: Yess. Euff mit da mitts.

TONY: Hey, I'm sorry Doc. Women just can't, y'know, get enough of me. It's like a, y'know, curse or somthin'.

ILSA: It is ze same mit der Doctor. But, euff of zis. Now, ve dance.

TONY: Uh, Doc, I don' hafta dance wid Ilsa, do I?

DR. DISCO: Maybe later. Come, Ilsa, come, Margie.

MARGIE: But, DADDY. .. *(she whispers to him.)*

DR. DISCO: Alright, alright. Tony, Angie, Margie is gonna dance with the group from the audience. Any problem with that?

TONY: Don't bother me none.

ANGIE: As long as his initials ain't "T.M." I don't give a rat's ass.

DR. DISCO: *(Sharing this with Pussy Cat.)* Oooh, rat's ass.

ILSA: Goot! Ve begin. You have persons who vill come und dance, Tony?

TONY: Yeah, me n' Ang got some real good `uns.

ILSA: Goot. Come, Addrian. Ve go off. I push you und make mit da vroom-vroom. You come too, Margie. Vait your turn. *(ILSA starts to wheel DR. DISCO offstage.)*

MARGIE: *(Following)* But Daaaddddddy.

(They exit as TONY starts bringing people onstage, introducing each in turn and asking each about themselves. ANGIE can join in on this. Among the questions that can be asked: 1) Where ya from? 2) Where d'ya learn ta dance? 3) Whatcha do for a job and stuff?. As each are introduced, they are sent backstage. LYNDA is the last one up. NOTE: Lynda, before coming onstage, will ask the team member next to her to hold her purse.)

TONY: Hey, yo, it's Lynda with-a-y. See here, Ang, Lynda's here. It's Lynda with-a-y Newark, ya's guys. She's like a regular here. Nice ta see ya, Lynda. Uh, ya can just go backstage wid da others.

ANGIE: You must think I'm stupid or somepin', Tony. Like it's a big surprise her bein' here.

TONY: Whaddyumean?

ANGIE: You know whuddimean.

TONY: No, I don'. Whaddyumean? Why doncha jus' spit it out, Angie?

ANGIE: I ain't spittin nuffin, Tony. And you know whuddimean.

TONY: Oh, I'm like a physic or sumpin? I can read your mind and stuff? You nuts or whud?

ANGIE: No, I'm not nuts. I just wanna know whuddyoumean.

TONY: I dunno whuddyoumean, how the hell do I know whuddimean until I know whudyoumean?

ANGIE: Ya's been hangin' round wid dis Newark broad fer two weeks.

TONY: Nutjob. Dat's whut you are, Angie. A nutjob. She's nuffin to me. She jus' likes hangin out and stuff wid me, y'know. She likes ta dance. Ya's outta get some help.

ANGIE: How'dya like I give you some help up the side of you head, Tony. *(They start to yell and argue.)*

DR. DISCO: *(From offstage)* HEY! BACKSTAGE. NOW.

(They exit, still arguing. The lights go down.)

DR. DISCO: *(Again, from offstage)* Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Studio 182. And, now, the one, the only Tony Menudo!!

(The music starts, any famous disco tune will work. A single special/spot comes up revealing TONY in the center curtain split in the classic John Travolta Saturday Night Fever pose. He does a few struts and then the curtain opens again and ANGIE enters. They dance - with her doing most of the 'work' around a strutting, posing TONY. As that song ends and another begins, the other dancers come out, including MARGIE and LYNDA. TONY and ANGIE are in front, but at a certain point MARGIE will try to come between them, only to be shoved by ANGIE. They will get into a shouting match, while still dancing. TONY will use that opportunity to make his way to LYNDA. ANGIE and MARGIE will finally notice and both will come after him. By this time it will have turned into a major shouting match and any semblance of trying to dance will be over. DR. DISCO and ILSA enter. Again, ILSA fires the gun. It shocks them into silence, holding their ears.)

TONY: Sheesh. You really like doin' dat, dontcha, Ilsa.?

MARGIE: Ooooh, Margie can't hear. Margie may be deaf, Daddy.

ANGIE: Yeah, but your mout is still workin'.

TONY: Youse is a fine one to talk.

ANGIE: An' whuddat's s'posed to mean?

TONY: Oh, like you don't know whuddat means?

ANGIE: It mean whudItink it means?

ILSA: SHUT UP OR I MAKE MIT DA BOOM-BOOM AGAIN!

DR. DISCO: I think that's enough of the old disco music, don't you, Ilsa? Don't you think it's time to introduce my new little machine and

my new record? The one with the special lyrics?? *(He nods and ILSA 'catches on' and begins to nod with him.)*

ILSA: Ya. You are right, Herr Doktor. It iss time. Da reckord mit de special vords. *(They both laugh.)*

MARGIE: Is this where Margie gets to dance with Tony, Daddy?

ANGIE: No, dis is da one where's I dance on you face, howzabout it?

DR. DISCO: Children, children, please. We must all go offstage now and all these lovely people will go back to their seats. *(To audience)* And when the next song is played, I want you to close your eyes and listen carefully. Let the music and words flow over you. I promise you will never be the same.

ILSA: Never der same. *(They laugh again.)*

DR. DISCO: Shoo-shoo.

(All exit, with TONY lingering last to get people offstage. LYNDA is the last to leave. She doesn't go back to her seat, but rather hangs around nearby. The stage goes dark and the opening strains of a different disco tune is heard. In the dark, LYNDA returns to the stage. We can see her, in the semi-darkness, moving stealthily about. Suddenly, we see her stiffen, grab her neck, stagger, then collapse to the floor. At this point the music seems to distort - as if a tape were stuck - and then stop. The characters are heard talking, etc., as the DR. DISCO yells for lights and everyone returns onstage as the lights return.)

DR. DISCO: Ilsa, I thought you'd checked the machine.

ILSA: I did, Doktor. I did. It vorked perfectly. .. *(Everyone notices LYNDA and crowds around ad-libbing. It's MARGIE who breaks through the talking.)*

MARGIE: Uh-oh. Daddy, Margie thinks Lynda with-a-y is dead.

TONY: Man, this is freakin' nuts.

ANGIE: Tony, mebbe you an' me oughtta get outta here.

MARGIE: Margie doesn't like dead people, Daddy. Margie may be sick.

ILSA: You make mit da voopsie, you clean up. Addrian, she iss deat. Deat as a door knop. Deat as a fish. Deat as a broom. Deat as soap. Deat as a spatula.

DR. DISCO: I get the picture, Ilsa.

ILSA: Vat do ve do now, Addrian? This iss not goot.

TONY: Geez, mebbe, y'know, we outta like call somebody or somepin.

MARGIE: Margie is going to get hysterical, Daddy.

ANGIE: Dibs on slappin' her.

DR. DISCO: Well, the experiment must go on. Everything is in place. Let's move her out and then Ilsa, you can get rid of the body later.

ILSA: Yes, mein, Doktor.

DR. DISCO: Alright, we will proceed. Are you ready everyone? (*ILSA and TONY drag the body upstage and behind/under the curtain.*)

DYLAN: (entering) Oh, Doctor. Perhaps you should hold up there a bit. (*There is consternation and ad-libbing.*) Allow me to introduce myself. Wanker. Dylan Wanker, British Secret Service. Better known to you, Dr. Disco, Addrian Krank, as Agent X.

ILSA: Oh, mein Got - Agent HEX!!

MARGIE: British Secret Service? Do you like protect the Queen and all? Margie thinks you outta mention how dumb those big purses look.

DR. DISCO: Well, well, well. The famous Dylan Wanker. So we finally meet. Funny, you don't look at all the I pictured you. For some reason I thought you were a woman.

DYLAN: As you can see, Doctor, I am all man.

ANGIE: Ya sure are. Love the jacket. Whatcha got ta drink there?

TONY: Hey, Angie, don' you start!

DR. DISCO: Let me guess, Wanker - a martini. . .

DYLAN: Yes, shaken not stirred.

MARGIE: Oooh, but you need an olive, Mr. Wanker. Margie could go find one for you.

DYLAN: Don't trouble yourself, Ms. Krank.

MARGIE: Margie. Just call Margie. . . Margie.

DYLAN: Ah, Margie, Margie, Margie. No need to fetch an olive, Margie. Always carry my own. *(To TONY) Would you be so kind? (He holds out his drink to him to hold.)*

TONY: So kind to whud?

ANGIE: He wants ya to hold his drink, ya doof.

TONY: Do I look like a waiter or sumpin'?

DYLAN: Well, in that outfit I would have guessed something to do with ice cream, ha-ha. *(TONY reluctantly takes drink and sniffs it suspiciously. DYLAN takes out a jar of olives from one pocket, removes one and puts it in his drink and reclaims it.)* My special brand. Imported from a little town in Spain outside of Majorca. Beautiful little grove, tended by cloistered nuns who spend their days in contemplation, prayer and pimento stuffing. Devilishly difficult to find so I usually keep a reserve stock.

TONY: I thinks ya was right da first time, Doc. Dis guy is a woman. Sheesh. Special olives.

ANGIE: Shaddup, Tony.

MARGIE: *(To DYLAN)* Margie really loves the way you talk.

DR. DISCO: So what do we owe the pleasure of this visit, Agent X?

ILSA: Yesss, to vut do ve owe da pleashure of dis visit?

DR. DISCO: I just asked him that, Ilsa. How many times have I told you, I hate it when you repeat what I say?

ILSA: You hate it ven I repeat vhut you say??

DYLAN: Ah, the infamous Ilsa Hump. I see you have donned nursing apparel, Hump - though if the files on you are correct, you are not an Angel of Mercy, but an Angel of Death. I'm not surprised the two of you have found each other.

DR. DISCO: Do you begrudge me my Hump, Agent X?

DYLAN: Oh, never that.

DR. DISCO: She helps tend my needs. My specific needs. And she's an excellent bodyguard.

ILSA: Ya. Excellent botyguard.

DR. DISCO: I said that Ilsa. You see, Agent Wanker, there are those who wish me dead. You, first and foremost, I imagine. But, there are others.

DYLAN: I do not wish you dead, Dr. Disco. But if that is the only way to stop your plot to take over the world, then c'est la vie.

ANGIE: Geez, I love French. Whut's that mean?

TONY: It means 'I'm a big woman.'

ILSA: No, Tony. I am a beeg voman, you are a pffft man.

MARGIE: Mr. Wanker, did Margie hear something about a plot to take over the world? Daddddddy? Didn't we talk about this? No wonder Margie can't get dates.

DYLAN: Your father, Margie, is one of the world's most evil arch-villains. He's invented a machine for inserting subliminal messages into disco music that will turn anyone who listens to it into his slave. Gradually, he will conquer the world and reign as the supreme ruler. He was going to unveil it tonight, and begin with this crowd.

MARGIE: Uh-oh. Has Margie's Daddy been very, very bad?

ILSA: Oh, shuttup you stoopid noodle. Hahahahahahaha! You are so wrong, Agent Hex. Ve vere not going to do any such ting. Hahahahhahahaha. Vot a silly man you are! Ve are joost a couple in luf, aren't ve, Addrian?? Show him he iss wrong, Addrian. Give Ilsa a little kiss and show him.

DR. DISCO: *(Looks at her. A pause then looks back to DYLAN and speaks)* So. . . you are on to my plan. You know that I have invented the world's first subliminal message machine?

DYLAN: Yes, thanks to the brilliant undercover work of the woman who just died.

TONY: Ya mean Lynda? Lynda-with-a-y Newark?

DYLAN: Yes.

ANGIE: I just figgered she like had a heart attack or was drunk or somepin and danced and that was it.

MARGIE: Margie thought . . .Margie thought. .. Margie thought. . .Margie doesn't know what Margie thought.

ILSA: Da girl just died, Vanker. Sometimes people just die.

DYLAN: People around you die, don't they, Hump? *(He moves upstage to the area where the body was stashed and exits. From there we hear an 'AHA'.)*

ILSA: ILSA, mein name is Ilsa. And for vut do you make mit der 'AHA?'

DYLAN: *(Returning, holding a tiny dart.)* This was imbedded in Lynda-with-a-y's neck. I'm guessing it lodged in either the posterior auricular artery or the occipital temporal artery.

TONY: Dat don't sound too good.

DYLAN: It is not Mr. Menudo, it is not.

ANGIE: So she wuz killed by that little teeny thing. It don't look so

bad to me.

DYLAN: Ordinarily it would not. However, if the tip was treated, as I suspect. . .(He licks the tip of the dart.)

MARGIE: Oh, don't do that!

DYLAN: It's perfectly safe, Margie. The poison is only fatal if injected.

MARGIE: No, Margie meant . . .like that thing was stuck in her neck. Ewwwww.

DYLAN: Lynda was standing out here and someone, using a blow gun, or perhaps even a simple straw, blew the dart into her neck. The poison is a rare one - extracted from a scorpion indigenous to the Absoron Yusagligi peninsula in Aizerbaijan on the Caspian Sea. The Medusa Stinger, to be exact, Latin name Pandineous Medesurator. Instantly fatal in the bloodstream, it tastes similar to cranberries to the palate. Quite tasty, actually.

ANGIE: Ain't you sumpin'!! Ain't he sumpin', Tony?

TONY: Oh, yeah, he's sumpin' alright.

DR. DISCO: How tragic. Cut off in her youth.

ILSA: Yessss. Mein heart bleeds.

DYLAN: I find that difficult to imagine, Hump, just as I do not believe your grief is real, Doctor. Lynda Newark was an undercover agent for the British government. *(A reaction of surprise, shock from all.)* She had been preparing a dossier on both of you and your nefarious plot to rule the world. The last time we spoke, it was only for a few minutes but she said she was sending me a letter.

ANGIE: Doss-ee-ay. I'm am lovin' all dis French.

DYLAN: Lynda Newark was really Agent Y of the British Secret Service?

ILSA: Lynda mit-a-y Newark vas Agent VY?

DYLAN: Why? To serve her Queen and country, that's why. And to save the world from megalomaniacs like yourselves.

MARGIE: What Margie doesn't understand is why the FBI isn't here instead of you. This isn't England.

ILSA: Ya, da strudel head is right.

DYLAN: Oh, we work closely with the FBI, the CIA, and Interpol. But as you know, when it comes to maniacs with incredibly complicated plots to take over the world, the British Secret Service is top-drawer. Virtually all earth conquest plans land on my desk sooner or later. World domination conspiracies are my bailiwick.

TONY: Hey, dere's ladies here. We don' wanna hear bout your wick, no matter whut ya call it.

ANGIE: Tony, you is so dumb. A bailiwick is like a candle, right, Mr. Wanker?

DR. DISCO: I suppose I should be flattered, eh Wanker?

DYLAN: Please, call me X.

DR. DISCO: But I was not even aware the girl was an agent.

ILSA: Yess, ve vere not even avare zis girl vus and agent.

DR. DISCO: Ilsa. Stop it.

ILSA:: Stop vhut, darling? I mean, Doktor.

DYLAN: We have only your word for that, Doctor. And I personally do not put much stock in the word of a psychopath, his homicidal sidekick. (*DR. DISCO holds up Pussy Cat.*) or, yes, his pussy cat. Especially one with delusions of grandeur and an overinflated sense of his own worth.

MARGIE: Margie is pretty sure he doesn't like you, Daddy, but doesn't he talk pretty?

DR. DISCO: Assuming I even knew the girl was an agent, X, I would not have eliminated her. She couldn't stop my plan. But she may have provided some protection from other arch-villains who want to steal my secret device. Dr. Disco is not the only megalomaniac in the world.

ILSA: Although he isss ze most brilliant.

DR. DISCO: Thank you, Ilsa.

ILSA: Und ze cutest.

DR. DISCO: Well. . .

ILSA: Oh, und ze sexiast.

DR. DISCO: Back off, Ilsa.

TONY: Geez, you mean to say, Doc, dat dere's some other nutballs out dere who wanna whack ya's? Hey, we's could all be in danger heah.

DR. DISCO: That's a definite possibility, Tony. Especially since I did not whack Lynda-with-a-y.

ANGIE: Yeah, sure.

MARGIE: Don't be silly. Daddy is the only nutball here.

TONY: No, hey, I mean it. Whoever bumped off Lynda-with-a-y is probably still here.

DYLAN: Unless you have some other reason to fear Doctor Disco, I think you are all perfectly safe. Your 'other megalomaniac theory,' while intriguing, is poppycock, and you know it, Krank.

ILSA: Iss not poopycock!

ANGIE: Well, I'm ain't hanging 'round here no more. C'mon, Tony, there's other clubs. *(She pulls at TONY, to drag him off stage.)*

TONY: Hey, ya's owes me money, Doc. I ain't leavin' till I get it.

ANGIE: Hey, money won' do ya no good if ya's dead.

TONY: He owes me money and I ain't leavin' *(TONY and ANGIE start to argue.)*

DR. DISCO: Calm down. There's no reason for anyone to leave. And now that Agent X has joined us, we can proceed with the trial run of my

little experiment.

MARGIE: What! You can't think of going thru with this, Daddy.

ILSA: Vy not? Mr. Vanker here vill just make da party more fun.

DYLAN: (*Laughing*) And what would make you believe I would even be susceptible to your little recording, Dr. Disco. You with your fake eye patch and stuffed pussy cat. You're pathetic.

DR. DISCO: Leave Pussy Cat out of this.

ILSA: I told you, Addrian. Pussy Cat is not goot for your image.

ANGIE: I've always kinda wondered about the pussy cat thing.

DYLAN: And if, by chance, your subliminal message does indeed affect the rest of the world, I shall be impervious to it. I've been trained to resist brain washing.

ILSA: Oh, your brain vill be vashed all right. It vill be scrubbed clean and sqveaky. Und you vill haf a new master.

TONY: Uh, y'know Angie, you are right - 'bout the other clubs and stuff. Let's get the hell outta here. (*TONY and ANGIE start to leave.*)

ILSA: Stop!! (*She pulls out her gun.*) You stay.

MARGIE: Well, Margie doesn't have to stay. Margie already listens to her Daddy. (*She starts to leave.*)

ILSA: Hoh, no, schnitzel-noggin. You need it more than anyvun!

DR. DISCO: Yes, Margie. You were actually my inspiration. I've been trying to get you to obey since the day you were born. It's catch-up time.

MARGIE: Oh, DADDDDDDDY.

TONY: Why doncha try it out on just her then? Me n'Angie, we gotta be goin' here and. . .

ILSA: Enuff! All of you. Sit! (*They all protest, but comply.*)

DYLAN: On the floor? Really, Hump, this is too far-fetched to be believable. I'll crease my pants. And they're tailormade for me in Hong Kong, from a fabric blend of wool from New Zealand and cotton.

ILSA: Sit! I vill join you even. I am not afraid to be unter ze spell of ze Doktor. I am already unter his spell. Oh, mein Addrian.

DR. DISCO: Down, Ilsa. *(The group sits down, clustered around DR. DISCO in his chair.)* Play the recording.

(The music starts again, then there is a the same 'unwinding,' distorted tape sound, followed by a boom, then a blackout. Consternation, ad-libbing and confusion abound. Figures are seen getting up, the wheel chair is moved around, etc. It is ILSA who shouts for quiet and fires her gun. The music stops, there is a pause, and the lights return. DR. DISCO is facing upstage.)

ILSA: Whoo is der bumbling cloddinknocker who is running da machine??

RICHARD VO: Uh, I would be that cloddinknocker, Ms. Hump. Richard.

ILSA: Vat iss wrong?

RICHARD VO: Overload on the circuits, I think. Those eight tracks are a bitch.

DYLAN: Well, it would appear that this particular experiment is a bust, Hump.

ILSA: Vat iss dis bust Hump? Richard, fix it!

TONY: Well, I don't feel no different.

MARGIE: Margie doesn't either.

ANGIE: I'm kinda hungry, but that's all.

ILSA: No matter. Richard der knucklefitzer vill fixen der machine or vill be verrrrry sorry. Don't vorry, mein darlink Doktor, all vill be vell.

DYLAN: *(Who has gone upstage to examine DR. DISCO.)* Alas, Hump,

I believe all will not be well. At least for your darling doctor. *(He holds up another dart and turns the chair around and we see DR. DISCO is slumped in it.)* This was in his neck. *(ILSA screams and rushes to embrace the doctor, followed by MARGIE, with cries of "Daddy, Daddy!")*

TONY: Geez, now the old megolmaniac.

ANGIE: Whydintya listen to me when I said to go, Tony?

TONY: Whattayamean whydintI listen to ya? Whydintya listen to me?

ANGIE: WhydintI listen ta you? Cuz you ain't got a brain, dat's why.

TONY: Zat, so?

ANGIE: Yeah, zat's so.

TONY: Mebbe if ya's said somepin made sense sometime I'd listen to ya better, ever tink o' dat?

ANGIE: Evertinka what? Whaddyumean.

TONY: You know whuddimean. I jus' tole ya.

ILSA: He is dead!! He is dead!! Mein darlink Doktor. I tink I'm gonna faint. . .*(She collapses and it is all TONY, ANGIE, and MARGIE can do to hold her up. During the next few exchanges they shift positions trying to keep her from falling.)*

MARGIE: What's she fainting about? He was Margie's daddy.

DYLAN: *(Examining the body, and discovering the dart. This can be preset and stuck inside the collar of whatever DR. DISCO is wearing.)* Aha.

TONY: Geez, again widda 'Aha'.

ANGIE: Shutta you face, Tony. Whaddy find, Wanker?

DYLAN: *(Holding up the dart.)* Ah, yes. The same kind of dart and poison that was used on Agent Y. He was killed instantly. By one of you. *(Denial, denial)* OR he killed Agent Y and was attempting to murder me in the dark. Perhaps he stuck himself, which could be the

height of irony.

MARGIE: Poor Daddy. Margie hopes he didn't suffer.

ANGIE: So's can we put down da Hump?

DYLAN: Poetic justice, really.

TONY: Yeah, Like Dr. Suess. Canya give us a hand over here, huh?

DYLAN: Certainly, let's lay her down. (*They do.*)

ANGIE: She's out cold.

TONY: Still hangin' on to da gun, tho. Hey, where's your piece, Wanker?

DYLAN: Don't need one, dear boy. I'm trained to kill with my bare hands. HYYYYAHHHH!! (*He demonstrates some karate moves.*)

ANGIE: Oooh, dat looks sooo cool.

DYLAN: Thank you.

MARGIE: (*Standing by DR. DISCO*) Poor Daddy. Margie is kinda wondering what she will do now. Though Margie will still have the club.

TONY: Uh-oh.

MARGIE: Yes, Margie will have the club and Margie will be making some changes around here.

ANGIE: Hey, ya's can stuff those changes.

TONY: Hey, y'know whud I'm tinkin'?

ANGIE: No whuddayou tinkin'?

TONY: Whuddya mean, whuddamI tinkin' Whudzat s'posed ta mean?

ANGIE: Youse go, "Whuddya tinkin'?" and I go, "No, whudAREya tinkin'?"

TONY: I suppose you gonna tell me whuddI'm tinkin'?

ANGIE: No, I don't know whaddyou tinkin so how can I tell you whudyou tinkin'? (*Yell*) I'm axing you to tell me whudyoutinkin'?

TONY: Uh, I fuhget.

MARGIE: Well, Margie thinks we should wheel Daddy out of here, and Mr. Wanker and Margie can talk about what to do with Ilsa.

DYLAN: I'm sure there are a lot of people looking for Hump.

MARGIE: And then Margie is gonna start work on the new Studio 182, starring Tony Menudo and his NEW partner.

ANGIE: Oh, yeah, I wanna see dat, all right.

DYLAN: Yes, well, and there is Lynda Newark, the poor, dear, brave thing.

TONY: Dat's whud it was. WhudIwas tinkin'.

ANGIE: Whudwereya tinkin', Tony?

TONY: Whud's it to you, whudI'm tinkin'?

ANGIE: It's nuthin to me if ya's never do no tinkin' ever again, Tony. I don' care if ya's never get anodder. . .

ILSA: (*Sitting up and screaming.*) TELL US VAT YOU VERE TINKING, YOU SAUERKRAUT NOODLE MUESLI HEAD.

MARGIE: Ilsa's awake.

DYLAN: The Hump is back.

TONY: Okay, whud I was tinkin' is dat I betcha Lynda-wid-a-y had somepin on her dat might tell ya more whud da Doc wuz up to. Ya know, like if dere wuz somepin else he was plannin.

MARGIE: Margie doesn't think so.

ANGIE: Dat's pretty smart, Tony.

DYLAN: Well, if she did, it wasn't on her. I searched quickly but didn't find anything.

TONY: Hey, where's her purse? She hadda purse. I saw her widdit in da lobby.

MARGIE: Where's her team? Anybody on her team know where Lynda-with-a-y's purse is?

(Ad-libbing till team member says they have it and it is retrieved and brought onstage. DYLAN takes it and opens it and removes the contents one by one. They are passed from one character to another, as the characters are lined up - ANGIE, MARGIE, ILSA, with TONY being last.)

DYLAN: A comb, lipstick, compact, gum, \$20. . . .

ANGIE: And some book. *(Taking it, passing it to MARGIE.)*

MARGIE: Auntie-grams? A book of auntie-grams? Margie is puzzled. *(Passes it to ILSA.)*

ILSA: Auntie-grams. Is dis how you sent message to auntie?

DYLAN: Not auntie-gram. Anagram. An anagram is a word that's formed by rearranging the letters in another word. Like the letters in your name could be rearranged to spell Lisa.

ILSA: But iss no H in Lisa.

MARGIE: What else is in there? Margie sees a piece of paper.

(They cluster around DYLAN.)

DYLAN: *(Removing it from the purse.)* Aha. Yes. T'would appear to be a letter.

ANGIE: Maybe dats da letta Lynda wid-a-y wuz gonna send ta you.

DYLAN: You may be right. . *(They look over his shoulder at the letter.)*

ILSA: No, no, it iss a letter to her mutter.

DYLAN: Yes. At least it's addressed to her mutter. . . I mean "mother."
(He scans it.) Seems Lynda-with-a-y was trying to find a place to live. . . looking for a house. . . worried about her mother's health. . . something about hospital tests. . . not much else that's helpful, I'm afraid.

ANGIE: Whud's this part down atta bottom.

DYLAN: Oh, yes, the P.S.

ILSA: PPSSSS???

DYLAN: *(Looks at her and then reads)* "I did buy something new today. A Cardano Grille."

MARGIE: What's a Cardano Grille? Margie has a Weber.

ANGIE: Geez, that wuz a big nuffin. Big man wid da ideas, dat's whud you are, Tony.

TONY: Whud you know? You don' know nuttin'.

ANGIE: Yeah, I know somepin.

TONY: Whuddyouknow?

ANGIE: Whuddiknow? You wanna know whudIknow?

TONY: I'm talking to you, ain't I? Whudyouknow?

ILSA: And vut does letter have to do mit my poor dead Doktor? Ohhhh, Addrian, how I vill miss you und your little eye patch and your pussy cat. *(She cries.)*

DYLAN: A Cardano Grille. That does ring a bell.

HOSTESS: It rings a bell for me too, Agent X.

TONY: Who're you?

ANGIE: Oh, like ya don' know.

TONY: Hey, I don' know her.

FIGURE 1

Dear Mom,

Things are going well here except my living situation has become more complicated. You know I'd rather rent a house than an apartment and my first thought was to check the ads. But a new friend, Dr Disco, told me that's not the best way to find the biggest place. And I do need space! So much to do! Time is my villain. So, how are you? Will you get the results of your tests soon? I really need to know how you are and if I can help please let me know. I don't want to hurry you but I've been worried. Did they find anything on your X - rays?

FIGURE 2

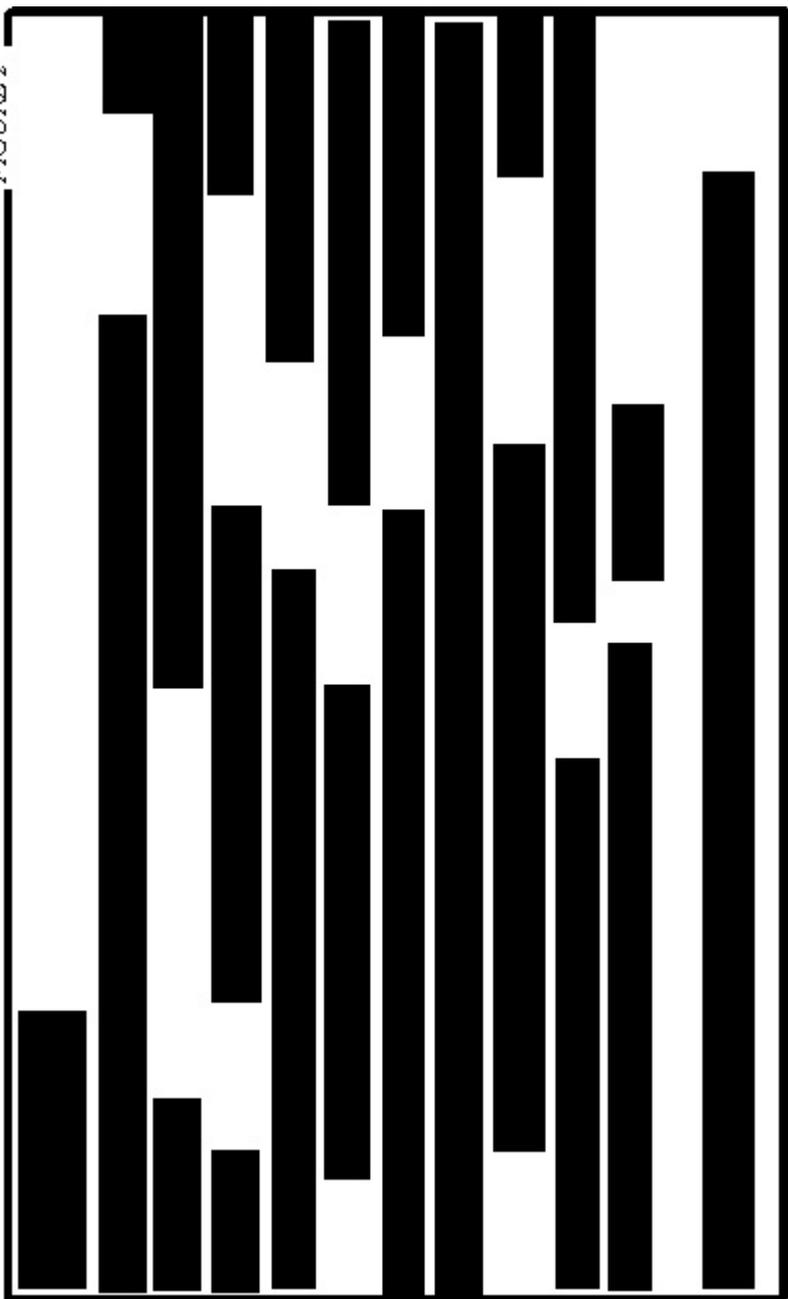


FIGURE 3

[REDACTED] situation
[REDACTED] more complicated.
[REDACTED] than [REDACTED] first thought [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Dr Disco, [REDACTED]
not [REDACTED] biggest [REDACTED] villain.
[REDACTED]
need [REDACTED] help please [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] hurry [REDACTED] X [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

ANGIE: Whuddyatink I am, Tony, stupid or somepin?

TONY: You don't want I should answer dat, Angie.

ANGIE: Whuddyamean? You mean I am stupid or somepin, zat whudyamean?

HOSTESS: Cut it out.

MARGIE: (*Waving hand*) Margie knows! Margie knows! You're (*insert name of director/stage manager/whatever*) who runs the mystery events here at Studio 182. Do you know what a Cardano Grille is?

HOSTESS: Yes, Margie, and what's more I know where to find one. Why don't all of you go offstage while I explain to the audience how to solve the little mystery we have this evening.

ANGIE: So, Tony, how'd ya know her?

TONY: I don't know her. Whuddmakesya tink I know her?

ANGIE: Whaddya tink makes me tink?

TONY: I don't know whuddyoutink. I'm asking. . .(*this continues as all exit.*)

HOSTESS: Welcome to THE LAST DANCE OF DR. DISCO. In order to discover who killed Lynda Newark and Dr. Disco, you will need to discover the message hidden within Lynda's letter to her mother, copies of which will be provided to you. You will find this message when you find the Cardano Grille. In a moment, clue helpers will be passing out clue packets and a copy of Lynda-with-a-y's letter to each team. The clue packets are pretty much self explanatory so it is of the utmost importance that you read carefully and follow directions. You will not save time by jumping right in and running off in all directions. Take a moment right after I am finished to go over the top page of your clue packet. It will tell you where to start - which clue to do first - and then you will do them in order after that. This prevents all of you from heading to one location at the same time. But besides reading the opening instructions carefully, read the directions for each clue. During the clue hunt, you will also be able to personally interrogate the suspects. The characters will do their best not to lie. But, of course, one or more has things to hide and will do their best not to be trapped

by your questions. It would be a short mystery indeed, if guilty parties just came right out and admitted their guilt upon being questioned. **THIS IS NOT A RACE.** Winners will be drawn at random from the correct solutions. Prizes will also be awarded for the most confused, most creative, and most outrageous solutions.

That's about it, Happy Detecting!

THE FULL VERSION

PART THREE - THE CLUE HUNT

The Mysteries by Moushey PRODUCTION MANUAL provides instructions for designing clue hunts and options for adapting or eliminating it (although if you can do it, the clue hunt is always VERY popular with audiences!).

For THE LAST DANCE OF DR. DISCO, each team will receive a copy of Lynda Newark's letter and a clue packet (we put ours on clipboards). The clue packet includes trivia, decoding, fill-in-the-blank, puzzles, etc. Putting them all together will lead the teams to the object of the clue hunt - the Cardano Grille. Using the Cardano Grille, they will be able to find the hidden message in Lynda's letter.

To see the letter, Cardano Grille, and the message revealed by it see insert in the middle of this script.

FIGURE 1 - Lynda's letter as found in her purse and given to all teams with their clue packets.

FIGURE 2 - The Cardano Grille. This is the object of the clue hunt and is printed on a transparency. When you order production materials for THE LAST DANCE OF DR. DISCO, you will be sent a master to use to copy the Grille onto a transparency.

FIGURE 3 - When the Cardano Grille transparency is placed over Lynda's letter, the secret message is revealed.

The Cardano Grille is actually a very, old method for sending secret messages. Originally, it consisted of a sheet of stiff material, such as cardboard, parchment or metal, into which rectangular holes, the height of a line of writing and of

various lengths, are cut at irregular intervals. The encipherer laid this mask over a sheet of writing paper and wrote the secret message through the perforations, some of which would remove a whole word, others a single letter, others a syllable. He then removed the Grille and filled in the remaining spaces with an innocuous-sounding cover message. The decipherer simply placed his Grille on the message he received and read the hidden text through the "windows."

Our variation of this method for THE LAST DANCE OF DR. DISCO is to use a transparency with some words blacked out, revealing the hidden message. The transparency is laid over Lynda's letter to her mom and the following message appears. The letter is included in the clue packet and there is also a brief explanation of the Cardano Grille. The clue packet also provides a list of the characters and the items found in LYNDA'S purse. Once the Cardano Grille is placed over Lynda's letter, the following secret message can be read.

**SITUATION MORE COMPLICATED THAN FIRST THOUGHT DR DISCO
NOT BIGGEST VILLAIN NEED HELP PLEASE HURRY X**

The last page of the clue packet is the solution sheet. Once each team has found the Cardano Grille, discovered the message hidden in the letter, interrogated the suspects, and reviewed the case, they can complete and submit their solution.

If you order production materials for THE LAST DANCE OF DR. DISCO you will receive sample clue hunts and a flow chart. Production materials also include a master for making your own transparencies of the Cardano Grille.

**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

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The Last Dance of Dr. Disco
 MINI-MYSTERY VERSION
 An Audience-Participation Murder-Mystery
 by
 Eileen Moushey

THE MINI-VERSION
PART ONE - PRELUDE TO MURDER

NOTE: Even if your group chooses to perform the Mini-Version of DR. DISCO, the Full Version is chock-full of fun lines and “bits” you can use during interactive segments.

Also , you will see that the script refers to The Disco Train. Merely substitute the name of “your” Disco Club for these references.

As the audience arrives and is seated, they are given the “Disco Dish” tabloid, dated the day before your event. Our version for you to adapt will be sent with DISCO Production Materials.) The newsletter will either be placed on seats or passed out. Contained in this are several stories about the Disco scene, with accompanying photos.

The stories include:

- rumors that Dr. Disco, with help from his nurse, Ilsa Hump, plans to take over the world by putting subliminal messages in disco music. It is said that Dr. Disco has invented a machine for this purpose. If true, not only will the world be dominated by the evil genius, but all other music, except disco, will disappear from the face of the earth.

- Tony Menudo, star dancer on The Disco Train, will be getting a new partner, according to a “knowledgeable” source. (Within the story, the “knowledgeable source” is alternately described as curly-haired, dressed in red disco dress, and whining. That is - obviously, Margie.)

- The death of a young woman aboard The Disco Train. Evidently, she

broke into The Disco Train and was murdered. The body was found by Angie Portabello, one of the Disco Train Dancers. The cause of death is yet to be determined. The victim was tentatively identified as Lynda Newark, who had been a regular on The Disco Train, as well as being linked romantically to Tony Menudo, star dancer.

During pre-show the following can happen.

DR. DISCO is in front of the stage in his wheel chair, holding Pussy Cat. ILSA stands sentinel with him, although she will at some points be forced to referee between TONY-ANGIE-MARGIE. DR. DISCO will greet people as they assemble. He charms the ladies, kisses hands, etc. This will not go over well with ILSA. After he flirts with each, she'll take them aside and warn them off. "Pay nu ettenshun tu heem. He is deed frum zee vaist doon." To the men who accompany the ladies, "Vut iss wrong mit you? You cannot control zis beetch."

TONY and ANGIE are circulating, and will get in jealous shouting matches whenever one or the other pays attention to audience members of the opposite sex. These jealous confrontations will also involve TONY'S supposed flirtation with LYNDA-WITH-A-Y and MARGIE. There is a LOT of the "whuddya means," etc. ANGIE will also no doubt be questioned about finding the body. She'll say that she found it next to this big locked trunk thingie on the train and didn't even realize it was LYNDA-WITH-A-Y.

MARGIE is desperately trying to get TONY'S attention. She finds a central area, yells for him and says she's been working on her dancing. She demonstrates. She is awful. She will find a new partner so that she can show TONY her real stuff. She tries to get the sympathy of the women there, telling them that she's sure TONY would love her, if it weren't for her father. He's afraid that by letting her be TONY'S partner, he's showing favoritism. That has got to be the only reason that TONY won't give her a second glance. She begs women to plead her case with TONY. She also has a temper tantrum with her father after he tells her he won't fire ANGIE.

DYLAN is circulating, in disguise, asking for spare change.

THE MINI-VERSION PART TWO - THE PLAY

DR. DISCO, using a cane, goes on stage. ILSA schleps the wheelchair on stage. The lights dim and we hear DR. DISCO'S voice.

DR. DISCO: Good evening, boys and girls. In a few minutes we'll board my DISCO TRAIN, but first, give a warm welcome to the DISCO TRAIN dancers - Tony Menudo and his partner, Angie Portabello!

The lights change (disco lights) ANGIE & TONY come in and do about two minutes worth of their. ..er. . dancing to "Stayin' Alive.") It is interrupted by MARGIE.

MARGIE: Daddy, Daddy, Daddy. Margie isn't happy. Margie is getting very, very mad.

DR DISCO: What is it now? Can it wait? Daddy needs to get everyone on board. . . .

MARGIE: I want to dance with Tony! You promised, Daddy, you promised.

ILSA: I tell you, Marchee, do not bodder de Doktore now. Ach, you haf spaetzle for brains!

TONY: Whoaa, whoaa, whoaa. I don' tink dat's such a good idea, y'know.

ANGIE: (*entering*) Okay, thazzit. I ain't puttin' up wid this stuff no more, Tony. You's either decide youse my partner or youse dance wid her. You ain't gonna jerk me round no more.

TONY: Whud I tell you, Angie? Whud I tell you? You gonna keep you nose out of my bizness or what?

ANGIE: Just who da hell you tink you talkin' too here, huh?

TONY: I'm talkin to you, Angie, I'm talkin' to you. Whud you think 'bout that?

ANGIE: I'm gonna tell you whud I think. ..

TONY: Oh, dis outta be good *(They go at it, with MARGIE joining in.)*

DR DISCO: STOP IT, ALL OF YOU!!! *(Yelling gets louder.)*

(ILSA pulls out gun and fires into the air. All are shocked into silence.)

DR DISCO: Thank you, Ilsa.

ILSA: You're welcome, Addrian.

DR DISCO: Now. . . .

ILSA: You want to gif Ilsa little kiss now, no?

DR DISCO: Uh, no, maybe later. Look, everyone. We have enough trouble with the death of that girl. . .

ANGIE: You tellin' me, Doc. I found the damn body. But I dint do it! Maybe I wouldda though - if I'd known who it wuz. Hey, Tony, let's talk 'bout her, too. Youse was hangin' round wid her!

TONY: Nutjob. Dat's whut you are, Angie, a nutjob. She wuz nuffin to me. She jus' liked hangin out and stuff wid me, y'know. She likes ta dance. Youse outta get some help.

ANGIE: Howsabout I give you some help up the side of you head, Tony?

DR DISCO: ENOUGH. *(To MARGIE who has been nudging and poking at him.)* Look, Disco Duck, when we get on the train, I'll find you a partner, Margie. That okay with you, Angie? Come on. . . *(ILSA starts to push him off stage)*

ANGIE: As long as his initials ain't TM I don't give a rat's ass.

DR DISCO: *(Sharing this information with Pussy Cat.)* Ooooh, rat's ass, Pussy Cat.

DYLAN: *(entering from audience)* Oh, Doctor. Perhaps you should hold up there a bit.

MARGIE: Margie already told you she doesn't have spare change.

DYLAN: Allow me to introduce myself. *(He removes disguise)* Dylan Wanker, British Secret Service.

ALL: British Secret Service!!

DYLAN: Better known to you, Dr. Disco, **Addrian** Krank, as Agent X.

ILSA: Oh, my Got - Agent HEX!!

ALL: Agent HEX?

DYLAN: X. X. As in X, Y, Z?

DR DISCO: Well, well, well. The famous Dylan Wanker. So we finally meet. Funny - you don't look anything the way I pictured you. For some reason I thought you were a woman.

DYLAN: As you can see, Dr., I am all man.

ANGIE: *(Immediately smitten)* Ya sure are. Love the jacket. Whatcha got ta drink there?

TONY: Hey, Angie, don' you start!

DR DISCO: Let me guess, Wanker - a martini. . .

DYLAN: Yes, shaken not stirred.

MARGIE: Oooh, but you need an olive, Mr. Wanker. Margie could go find one for you.

DYLAN: Don't trouble yourself, Ms. Krank.

MARGIE: Margie. Just call Margie, Margie.

DYLAN: Ah, Margie-Margie. No need to fetch an olive, dear girl. Always carry my own. *(To TONY)* Would you be so kind? *(He holds out his drink to him to hold.)*

TONY: So kind to whud?

ANGIE: He wants ya to hold his drink, ya doof.

TONY: Do I look like a waiter or sumpin'?

DYLAN: Well, in that outfit I would have guessed something to do with ice cream, ha-ha. *(TONY reluctantly takes drink and sniffs it suspiciously. DYLAN takes out a jar of olives from one pocket, removes one and puts it in his drink and reclaims it from TONY.)* My special brand. Imported from a little town in Spain outside of Majorca. Beautiful little grove, tended by cloistered nuns who spend their days in contemplation, prayer and pimento stuffing. Devilishly difficult to find so I usually keep a reserve stock.

TONY: I thinks ya was right da first time, Doc. Dis guy is a woman. Sheesh. Special olives.

DR DISCO: So what do we owe the pleasure of this visit, Agent X?

ILSA: Yesss, to vut do ve owe da pleashure?

DR DISCO: I just asked him that, Ilsa. How many times have I told you, I hate it when you repeat what I say?

ILSA: You hate it ven I repeat vhut you say??

DYLAN: Ah, Ilsa Hump. I see you have donned nursing apparel, Hump - though if the files on you are correct you are not so much an Angel of Mercy, as an Angel of Death. I'm not surprised the two of you have found each other.

DR DISCO: Do you begrudge me my Hump, Agent X?

DYLAN: Oh, never that.

DR DISCO: She helps tend my needs. My special needs. And she's an excellent bodyguard.

ILSA: Ya. Excellent botyguard.

DR DISCO: I just said that, Ilsa. You see, Agent Wanker, there are those who would wish me dead. Perhaps you are one?

DYLAN: I do not want you dead, Dr. Disco. But if that is the only way to stop your plot to take over the world, then c'est la vie.

ANGIE: Geez, I love French. Whut's that mean?

TONY: It means 'I'm a big woman.'

ILSA: No, Tony. I am a beeg voman, you are a pffft man.

MARGIE: Mr. Wanker, did Margie hear something about a plot to take over the world? Daddy? Didn't we talk about this? No wonder Margie can't get dates.

DYLAN: Your father, Margie, is one of the world's most evil arch-villains. He's invented a machine for inserting subliminal messages into disco music that will turn anyone who listens to it into his slave. Gradually, he will conquer the world and reign as the supreme ruler.

ILSA: Hahahahahahaha! You are so wrong, Agent Hex. Ve do not haff a machine. Hahahahhahahaha. Vot a silly man you are! Ve are joost a couple in luf, aren't ve, Addrian?? Give Ilsa a little kiss and show him.

DR DISCO: *(A pause.)* So. . . you are on to my plan. *(wheels over to ILSA, they go down stage.)* Which reminds me. Ilsa, is the machine secure?

ILSA: Ya, ya, Doktor. *(Showing each key on the cord around her neck as she describes each).* After zat dead girl almost get it, I haf taken steps. Your vunderful machine iss locked up but goot. First, you need zees 3 keys to unlock der compartment on ze train. Den, dis vun vill open ze trunk inside der compartment. Inside dat trunk iss der code dat vill turn off zee alarm for der first safe. After zee alarm iss off, zis key vill open der second safe vich hass der combination to der turd safe. It is the turd safe mitt has der machine. Sooo, any vun who vants der machine vill have to go here first. *(Indicating bosom).* So, don't vorry your shiny little head, mein Doktor. HAHAHAHAHA. *(DR. DISCO joins in the laughter.)*

DYLAN: You may laugh now, Doctor. But we know about your machine - thanks to the brilliant undercover work of the woman who died on the train.

DR DISCO: Ah, yes, the dead girl on the train. That was so How tragic. Cut off in her youth.

ILSA: Yessss. Mein heart bleeds.

DYLAN: I find that difficult to imagine, Hump, just as I do not believe your grief is real, Doctor. Lynda Newark was actually an undercover British agent. She had been preparing a dossier on both of you and your nefarious plot to rule the world. The last time we spoke, it was only for a few minutes but she said she was sending me a coded message.

ANGIE: Doss-ee-ay. I am lovin' all dis French.

DYLAN: Lynda Newark was really Agent Y of the British Secret Service.

ILSA: Lynda Newark vas Agent VY?

DYLAN: To serve her Queen and country, that's why. And to save the world from megalomaniacs like yourselves. And that's why I'm here. We work closely with the FBI, the CIA, and Interpol. But when it comes to maniacs with incredibly complicated plots to take over the world, the British Secret Service is top-drawer.

DR DISCO: I suppose I should be flattered, eh Wanker?

DYLAN: Please, call me X.

DR DISCO: But I was not even aware the girl was an agent.

ILSA: Yess, ve vere not even avare zis girl vus and agent.

DR DISCO: Ilsa. Stop it.

ILSA: Stop vhut, darling? I mean, Doktor.

DYLAN: We have only your word for that, Doctor. And I personally do not put much stock in the word of a psychopath with delusions of grandeur and an overinflated sense of his own worth.

MARGIE: Margie is pretty sure he doesn't like you Daddy, but doesn't he talk pretty?

DR DISCO: Assuming I even knew the girl was an agent, X, I would not have eliminated her. She couldn't stop my plan. But she may have provided some protection from other arch-villains who want to steal my secret device. Dr. Disco is not the only megalomaniac in the world.

ILSA: Although he issz ze most brilliant.

DR DISCO: Thank you, Ilsa.

ILSA: Und ze cutest.

DR. DISCO: Well. . .

ILSA: Oh, und ze sexiast.

DR DISCO: Back off, Ilsa.

TONY: Geez, you mean to say, Doc, dat dere's some other nutballs out dere who wanna whack youse? Hey, we's could all be in danger heah.

MARGIE: Don't be silly. Daddy is the only nutball here.

TONY: No, hey, I mean it. Whoever bumped off Lynda could still be around here.

DYLAN: Unless you have some other reason to fear Doctor Disco, I think you are all quite safe. Your 'other megalomaniac theory,' while intriguing, is poppycock, and you know it, Krank.

ILSA: Iss not poopycock!

ANGIE: Well, I'm not hanging 'round here no more. C'mon, Tony. . . there's other disco trains.

TONY: Hey, youse owes me money, Doc. I ain't leavin' till I get it.

DR DISCO: Calm down. There's no reason for anyone to leave. And now that Agent X has joined us, perhaps we can all board the train.

DYLAN: Why not? Not that I fear you, Dr. Disco. You with your stuffed pussy cat and fake eye patch. You're pathetic.

DR DISCO: (*clutching stuffed cat to himself*) Leave Pussy Cat out of this.

ILSA: I told you, Addrian. Pussy Cat is not goot for your image.

ANGIE: I've always kinda wondered about the Pussy Cat thing.

TONY: Hey, y'know whud I'm tinkin'?

ANGIE: No whuddayou tinkin'?

TONY: Whuddya mean, whuddamI tinkin? Whudzat s'posed ta mean?

ANGIE: You said, Whuddya tinkin' and I go, "No, whudAREEya tinkin?"

TONY: I suppose you gonna tell me whuddI'm tinkin?

ANGIE: No, I don't know whaddyou tinkin so how can I tell you whudyou tinkin'? I'm axing you to tell me whudyoutinkin? (*Shouting and confusion.*)

(ILSA fires gun. All are shocked into silence. DYLAN manages to disarm ILSA and takes the gun.)

DYLAN: That will be enough of that, Hump.

ILSA: Bah! You keep. Vut do I care?

TONY: Hey! I wuz tinkin' we should get dat (HOSTESS NAME) who does the mysteries on The Disco Train to like tell everyone whut's gonna happen next.

ALL: Yeah, yeah.

DYLAN: Splendid idea.

HOSTESS:: (*coming onstage.*) Alright, all of you. . .head on over and board the train. We'll all be there in a minute.

ANGIE: (*as they're leaving*) So, Tony, how'd ya know her?

TONY: I don't know her. Whuddmakesya tink I know her.

ANGIE: Whaddya tink makes me tink?

TONY: I don't know whuddyoutink. I'm asking. . .(*this continues as all exit and head for the train.*)

HOSTESS: Welcome to The Night Disco Derailed. We'll board the train in a moment. At your seats you will find a clipboard. Attached to the clipboard is a recently released police report concerning Lynda-With-A-Y Newark, including a coded message that was found in her purse. The police also listed very particular questions for the suspects. In order

to discover who killed Lynda Newark you will need to decode Lynda Newark's message and question the suspects - you can use the ones from the police report and add your own. Keep in mind, during this interrogation, the characters will do their best not to lie. But, of course, one or more has things to hide and will do their best not to be trapped by your questions. It would be a short mystery indeed, if guilty parties just came right out and admitted their guilt upon being questioned. Finally, on your clipboard is a ballot. As the train returns to this site, you will cast this ballot for the suspect you think is guilty. Prize winners will be drawn from the correct solutions.

That's about it, Happy Detecting and ALL ABOARD!

THE MINI-VERSION PART THREE - CIRCULATING/IMPROV

Audience members will be given clipboards. On each:

1. A message in code. Decoded it reads:

***SITUATION MORE COMPLICATED THAN FIRST THOUGHT
DR DISCO NOT BIGGEST VILLAIN NEED HELP PLEASE
HURRY X***

2. The police report. Includes:

- particulars about where/when the body was found
- what was found at the scene of the crime: comb, cash, lipstick, and most importantly, book of anagrams
- questions that the police want to ask the suspects. (These will give the audience ideas of what to ask.) These (with answers) are as follows:

TONY - was there anything going on between him and Lynda? (No, they used to just dance and have drinks and talk and stuff. Oh, and she used to always want tours of the train. But it was all innocent cuz he loves Angie and stuff.)

ANGIE - how did she happen upon Lynda's body (She was following her because she suspected Tony of meeting up with her.)

MARGIE - what about this subliminal message machine thing. (Her Daddy and Hump have been working on it for years. Supposedly, Daddy will then be able to take over the world, blah-blah-blah. He's promised Margie that if it works, that after he takes over the world he'll let her use it to program Tony.)

DR. DISCO - what's this about other villains? Does the machine really work? (Even before Lynda Newark's break-in there have been other attempts which is why he keeps moving it, and it is now totally secure. And the machine DOES work. He tested it on Hump. Unfortunately, he programmed it to make her love him. That was a mistake.)

HUMP - do you love Dr. Disco? (She will answer in a programmed, robotic voice. "Yes, I lufze Doktor. He iss so handsum und sexy und he makes me melt like sviss cheese on pumpernickel.)

DYLAN - Just why did he show up? (Well, he got a message from Lynda - Agent Y - he has it here somewhere. Checks pockets. Must have misplaced it, "Oh, here's my olives." Eats one.)

3. A ballot. The audience uses this to vote for who they think "dunit."

PLEASE REMEMBER: It is possible to do a mix-and-match between elements of BOTH Versions.

AGAIN, 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 & TECHNICAL REQUIREMENTS

Wheelchair

Eye patch

2 identical stuffed cats, preferably white. One needs to be blackened.

We used black spray paint.

Martini glass & shaker

Slim bottle of olives (that will fit easily in Dylan's pocket)

Subliminal message machine. We used an old reel-to-reel 8 track machine and added dials, antenna, etc. Small and light enough to fit into a gym-type bag.

Effects & Musical Tapes: disco music & disco music scrambled; explosion

Boom box for Margie during pre-show

Fake 'spy' stuff for Dylan during pre-show

Rotating disco lights & mirror ball (for atmosphere; optional)

Stage gun with blanks

Two 'darts'. These can be made by glueing feathers to pins. (Full Version)

Gym-type bag

Lynda's purse with: comb, lipstick, compact, gum, \$20 bill, book of anagrams, letter to 'mother',

INCLUDED WITH PRODUCTION PACKAGE

Lynda's letter to her 'mother', suitable for photocopying (Full Version)

Cardano Grille, to photocopy onto transparency (Full Version)

Sample Clue Packet with Answer Key and Flow Chart

Blank Flow Chart to use in designing your Clue Hunt

Solution Sheet and ballots

Message in code (Mini-Version)

Sample police report (Mini-Version)

Sample disco Newsletter (Mini-Version)

Premise sheets (Full Version; sample to re-create)

*Production Manual

OPTIONAL

* Replacement Production Manual

\$10.00

* The Production Manual is the same for all shows. It is included in the FIRST PRODUCTION PACKAGE only.

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LAST DANCE OF DR. DISCO

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