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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 PAJAMA PARTY MURDERS

An Audience-Participation Murder-Mystery

by

Eileen Moushey

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

ATTORNEY HARVEY T. PETTIBONE - Any age. Smooth. In charge. Fast-talker. Dressed in three-piece suit. Glasses.

COUSIN DEXTER COSMO - Forties or Fifties. Erudite, sophisticated. Dressed in smoking jacket, silk pajamas, ascot.

COUSIN EDDIE COSMO - Twenties. Dexter's half-brother and ward. Eddie has some....er....emotional problems. Inappropriate behavior is putting it mildly. Eddie is real intense about some things. Dressed in jammies.

COUSIN MELANIE COSMO - Twenties. Very pretty and overly sweet. Southern. Also, extremely determined with a will of iron. Dressed in a very feminine robe and nightgown.

COUSIN BERTHA COSMO - Forties or fifties. A spinster. A tough cookie. Dressed in flannel p.j.'s and robe, hair in curlers, etc.

COUSIN MYRTLE COSMO - Thirties. Dressed in a non-descript manner. She's the first victim so you don't really know anything about her except through Uncle Cosmo's description. However, she is wearing a large corsage.

LOLA MCMARTIN - The housekeeper and villainess of the piece. Roughly the same age as MYRTLE. She impersonates MYRTLE, after killing her. In reality, Lola is selfish, greedy, and conniving. Dressed in flannel nightdress and robe. Wearing glasses.

HOST/HOSTESS - Co-ordinator of the event.

STAGEHAND

VOICE OF BARTHOLOMEW T COSMO - on tape

PLEASE NOTE that this script refers to a particular order of performing with food, clue hunts etc. There are a number of timetables and logistical variations that can be used when doing our shows. The Production Manual covers these. For clarity's sake we present one within this script, but you may adapt your event.

PART ONE - PRELUDE TO MURDER

As participants enter they will see a sign:

As you walk through these doors, you are entering Cosmo House, home of the recently deceased Bartholomew T. Cosmo. Mr. Cosmo was an eccentric billionaire and tonight we will discover just who will inherit his vast fortune. Who knows, it could be you!

...and be given a copy of a letter written by Mr. Cosmo to his attorney:

Dear Attorney Pettibone,

On (date) I want you to gather my heirs at Cosmo House. Because of the size of my fortune there may be others who will attempt to impersonate them. Below is a list of family members who are due to inherit and descriptions to help identify them. My loyal housekeeper, Lola, will help.

THE HEIRS

DEXTER COSMO, my nephew. DEXTER is 47 and a bit of a playboy. EDDIE COSMO, my nephew and Dexter's half-brother. EDDIE should be in his 20's now. The poor boy has had some emotional problems. MYRTLE COSMO, my niece. MYRTLE is in her 30's and has spent the last 10 years as a missionary in Canada. She's very innocent and naïve.

MELANIE COSMO, my niece. MELANIE is from the Southern branch of the family. She's in her 20's. She is NOT innocent and naïve.

BERTHA COSMO, my niece, is 50 and blames me for a broken romance thirty years ago. She's an assistant warden at a school for wayward girls.

In order to inherit, my heirs must be prepared to spend the night at Cosmo House. You will receive further instructions at 8:00 in the theatre by asking the stagehand, to play TAPE ONE.

Sincerely,

Bartholomew T. Cosmo

During registration, etc., the COSMO heirs, except MYRTLE, will be circulating. They tell one and all that THEY are the real heirs and they can prove it, etc. In actuality, they will reveal things about themselves that participants can use with PETTIBONE.

DEXTER and EDDIE move around together. DEXTER attempts to be suave and charming to the ladies. This effort is hampered by the fact that EDDIE keeps getting away and IN the way. He also likes the ladies, but usually takes a more direct approach. DEXTER admits to being thrown out of Princeton for rotten grades, is working now as a car salesman at a Mercedes dealership in Cincinnati. EDDIE is his half-brother, the result of a brief second marriage by his father, JASPER. DEXTER gets a small stipend from his father's estate, as long as he looks after EDDIE.

EDDIE is currently working as a buff-boy at a Cincinnati car wash. He idolizes DEXTER and tries to be just like him. He's been arrested numerous times for small crimes: staging a panty raid at a convent, graffiti, public lewdness, etc. EDDIE never graduated from high school, having been expelled following the incident in the home-ec room. Several faculty members at his old high school are still undergoing therapy.

MELANIE is a receptionist at a landscaping firm in Beaufort, North Carolina. She tried, unsuccessfully, to get into airline school, as being a "stew" was her ultimate dream. Unfortunately, the arrests for shoplifting put an end to that. Now, she just works all day and hits the bars all night, hoping to find Mr. Right.

BERTHA is an assistant warden at a school for wayward girls. She has never married, but still has hope. She has been estranged from Bartholomew for twenty years, following an argument about her then-fiancee, Bob. Bob wanted to buy a Hardees franchise and Bartholomew wouldn't lend him the money. Bob dumped Bertha and she never forgave her uncle.

MYRTLE has spent ten years in the Canadian wilderness as a missionary. She is extremely good and always willing to help people.

She was "Uncle Bart's" favorite and knew it. He was always sending her a little money to help in her cause - the conversion of heathen babies. She is unmarried, but has a beau - Martin, the Mountie. (It is really LOLA, impersonating MYRTLE, who is doing this. Obviously, she will be more likely to fabricate and make mistakes. But, conversely, she will also know more about the others, as Bartholomew has confided in her about all of them.)

The HOST/HOSTESS will also circulate, encouraging participants to try and impersonate the heirs. She tells them that when MR. PETTIBONE asks for the heirs to identify themselves, they should speak right up.

None of the "heirs" have seen each other for twenty years. They've visited "Uncle Bart" individually, up until last year, when he hired Lola.

All of the "heirs" may feel free to elaborate on their backgrounds, character, memories, etc. The purpose here is to spread as much as they can throughout the crowd.

HARVEY T. PETTIBONE enters and circulates throughout the crowd, keeping an eye out for "heirs", but mainly looking for Mr. Cosmo's housekeeper, the elusive LOLA. Potential heirs may accost him and he can question them. At a predetermined time he will call for everyone's attention.

HARVEY: Good evening, one and all. My name is Harvey T. Pettibone and I am the attorney and EXecutor....I mean, exECutor for the late Bartholomew Cosmo. It is common knowledge that Mr. Cosmo leaves an immense fortune behind, as well as all rights to his invention, the Cosmo Inflatable Neck Pillow. The fortune, in the neighborhood of ten million dollars, minus my fee, will be divided among the heirs outlined in the letter you received. I am, however, on the horns of a dilemma - not a comfortable place. Who are all you people? *(Many will call out claiming to be DEXTER, or EDDY, etc. with HOST/HOSTESS urging.)* I see. Well, it will all come out in the wash. Mr. Cosmo had an inkling of this. Forewarned is forearmed. For the next half-hour I will wend my way amongst you with the assistance of Mr. Cosmo's housekeeper, LOLA, if I can find her. And I will be narrowing down the possibilities. At exactly eight o'clock we will move into the

theatre, vis a vis, MR. COSMO'S instructions.

After that, PETTIBONE, with HOSTESS assistance, will interrogate possible "heirs" and give his "card" to those most "like" the real thing. He will select two "per heir" - writing down which one they resemble - including the "real" heirs, (and LOLA who is impersonating MYRTLE.) And so, as the crowd adjourns to the theatre, there will be three "DEXTERS, three EDDIES, etc. And the mysterious Lola-the-loyal-housekeeper is STILL missing.

PART TWO - THE PLAY (& DASTARDLY DEEDS!)

Onstage is a jumble of objects and furniture. Cosmo was evidently not only an eccentric, but a "pack rat" as well. There is at least one couch and several chairs. Stage right is a bar, or some piece of furniture that could pass for a bar. On it is an ice bucket, glasses and a large vase of flowers. There is supposedly a small "frig" below it. PETTIBONE comes onstage.

PETTIBONE: Will you take a look at all this junk. (*Clears throat*). Ladies and gentlemen, I must confess that I am at a disadvantage. It is now past the appointed hour and time to seize the bull by the horns. But, alas, the burning question remains, just where is Lola, the housekeeper? I feel it behooves us to forge ahead. And so, I call upon (*STAGEHAND's name*), loyal stagehand!

STAGEHAND: (*From offstage.*) Yo, what?

PETTIBONE: Play Tape One, if you would, my good man.

STAGEHAND: What...oh, right. (*A recorded voice is heard. It is the late BARTHOLOMEW T. COSMO.*)

COSMO: Good evening, Pettibone. And, welcome, my dear family. Yes, it is I, Bartholomew T. Cosmo, speaking to you from the grave. I assume that all my heirs are now gathered. Along with a boatload of imposters, no doubt. Well, Pettibone, we can take care of them, can't we?

PETTIBONE: We can?

COSMO: Of course we can! And we must, before I reveal the exact details of the disposition of my earthly goods. Pettibone, go to the couch

and lift the cushion. There should be five envelopes. One for each of my heirs. Each contains information that will help you identify them. Once you have done so, whistle for the Stagehand and ask him to play Tape Two. And if you need anything, rely on Lola. She knows all, well, almost all, ha-ha.

PETTIBONE: (*Goes to the sofa and finds the envelopes.*) Even as he speaks, they are there. One for each heir. But where is the mysterious Lola? One might think that she is conspicuous by her absence. And we cannot wait all evening. We must keep the ball rolling and go, once more, into the breach. There are those of you, in the audience, who are currently in possession of my card. I have diminished the field, as it were, and narrowed the search for the bona fide Cosmo heirs. Please approach the bench. Or rather, the stage. The rest of you, what can I say, many were called but few were chosen. (*When they are onstage.*) Well, well, the finalists in the Cosmo Inheritance Derby. Let the games begin! (*DEXTER will protest.*)

DEXTER: See here, Counselor. This is too much. It is simple matter to determine which of us are real Cosmos. (*He takes out his wallet.*) See - my driver's license, Diner's Club card, Mensa membership card...

BERTHA: He's right, Pettibone. You can can this whole routine. I've got plenty of I.D. to prove that I am Bertha Cosmo. I'd like someone to try and prove I'm not.

PETTIBONE: I understand what you are saying, of course. But lest we not forget what is at stake, I shall jog your memories. TEN MILLION dollars. Minus, of course, my fee. And the patent rights to the Cosmo Inflatable Pillow which is worth ten times that. No small potatoes, I'd say. Certainly worth cooking up a couple of fake I.D.'s!

EDDIE: I've had some of those fake ideas before.

DEXTER: Of course you have.

MYRTLE: But I'm Cousin Myrtle! I visited Uncle Cosmo every year on my vacation from the mission. Until last year. When he hired that, that...Anyway, I'm Cousin Myrtle.

BERTHA: Sure you are. And I'm Michele P-Ffeiffer. I met Myrtle when I was little and you aren't anything like her. And I should know. I'm Cousin Bertha. And I visited Uncle Cosmo every year till this one, too. (*Choruses of "I'm Dexter", "I'm Eddie", etc., including encouraging the audience participants.*)

PETTIBONE: Please, please, we are going to proceed per Mr. Cosmo's instructions and let the chips fall where they may. That's it! End of discussion! You must rise to the occasion, answer Mr. Cosmo's questions, and I will determine who is the real McCoy.

EDDIE: But our name's not McCoy. It's Cosmo, ain't it, Dex? Why doncha tell 'im, Dex? He's got the name all screwed up. Think he'll screw up the money too? Want my money, Dex, want my money.

PETTIBONE: It is time to separate the wheat from the chaff.

EDDIE: What's he talkin' 'bout, Dex? Don't want no cereal. I'm here to get my money 'cause that's how Dex says you get babes, right, Dex? Ain't that what you said, Dex?

DEXTER: That's right, Edward, now calm down and let the nice man ask his questions. I'm not afraid of that, you know. The real DEXTER Cosmo has nothing to fear from questions.

PETTIBONE: Time to "put up or shut up", eh? And it begins. Ladies first. Ah, let us begin with the fair, young Melanies. Are you ready to test your mettle, little ladies?

(During the "Quiz Show" segment, actors can ad-lib with the others as much as is appropriate. A lot of the action and comments will rely on PETTIBONE. He can improvise freely and ask for audience votes, etc. The quiz questions are standard to each "heir" and in this order:

- 1.) general knowledge to imposter #1, PETTIBONE gives hints.
- 2.) performance to imposter #2, anything good enough to keep them up there.
- 3.) personal experience to real heir.
- 4.) multiple-choice, tie-breaker, requires elaboration.

PETTIBONE: *(To MELANIE #1)* Think carefully before you answer. "Melanie Cosmo is from North Carolina. What is the capital of North Carolina?

EDDIE: Hot damn! Dex, nobody said nothin' 'bout a quiz!

MELANIE: *(Raising her hand.)* I know! I know! Why, that's as easy as pie!

PETTIBONE: *(To MELANIE #1)* And your answer is.....? *(Hints: it starts with an R, there's a cigarette named after it, Sir Walter _____,*

rhymes with collie. Hopefully, she will by then know the answer is "Raleigh", if not she DESERVES to be eliminated!)

PETTIBONE: That's correct "Raleigh."

MELANIE: Oooh, this is kinda fun. Like a real personal Trivial Pursuit!

PETTIBONE: *(To MELANIE #2)* "Melanie Cosmo took 12 years of ballet. Show us some steps, Melanie #2." *(No matter how bad, she stays. In the background the real Melanie is dancing.)*

PETTIBONE: *(To the real MELANIE)* Melanie #3. Your question is: "Melanie Cosmo had a best friend in the first grade. Name her, Melanie."

MELANIE: Oh, hells bells, what was her name? That Uncle Bart just had all sorts of little tricks up his little sleeve? Oh, it was Jan,...no.....Janie....

PETTIBONE: Time's a-wastin, lamb-chop.

MELANIE: You gave twinkletoes time to get it together. Just a second, here, darlin', it's on the tip of my tongue. I've almost got it. She borrowed my crayola's 'bout every day - why you'd have thought I was simple MADE of crayons...It's Janie, NO, Jenny. JENNY BEEMUS.

PETTIBONE: Correct-a-mundo, mam'selle.

MELANIE: Lordie, I haven't thought of that little bitch in years. Best friend, hah! As far as I am concerned, best friends do NOT go 'round tellin' tales on you. I never touched her damn milk money.

PETTIBONE: And now, for the tie-breaker. You will all have an opportunity to answer. It is a question that only the real Melanie could answer and it is multiple choice. However, and here's the kicker - you must be able to elaborate. "Melanie Cosmo lost her virginity:

- a.) in a laundromat
- b.) in the back seat of an 89 Ford Galaxy
- c.) at Sears and Roebuck.."

(The fake MELANIEs will answer, aided and abetted by PETTIBONE who asks questions: How old were you? Who was it? Did he respect you the next day? ETC. The first one will be dismissed following her story, likewise the second.)

PETTIBONE: *(cont.)* I'm sorry, while extremely interesting, that is the wrong answer. You may sit down.

MELANIE: You big faker, you. So I'm it, hey, Harvey? I win, I win!

PETTIBONE: Perhaps, if you can answer the question.

MELANIE: Oh, now, honey! I'm the only one left!

PETTIBONE: That cuts no ice with me, I'm afraid, Miss Mellie. Need an answer.

MELANIE: Sir! No gentlemen would ask a lady a question such as the one...

PETTIBONE: The buzzer stands poised.

MELANIE: How much money did you say we're talkin' about here?
(*PETTIBONE holds up ten fingers.*)

PETTIBONE: Plus the patent rights. Minus my fee. So, your answer, little lady?

MELANIE: Sears. It was Sears.

PETTIBONE: What department?

MELANIE: WHAT?? The automotive section, okay. Buster Douglas worked there weekends and I went in to see if he could get me a discount on tires for my Camaro and it was all over in about three minutes 'cause evidently Buster didn't know the meaning of the word "foreplay" or else he thought it was a golfin' term. OKAY??? You happy now?

PETTIBONE: We've got ourselves a winner, here! And if Sears is smart they'll get their advertising department busy.

EDDIE: I want her, Dex. I decided. Can I have her, Dex, huh, huh?

DEXTER: Now, shush, Edward, she's your cousin. Remember, we went over this. Not if they're related.

EDDIE: Well, how come you have all those aunts who stay over, Dex, huh?

DEXTER: That's different, Edward....I'll explain later.

PETTIBONE: One down, four to go. Next! BERTHA COSMO. (*The BERTHAs line up.*)

BERTHA: Oh, for Pete's sake, let's get this over with.

PETTIBONE: Bertha #1. "Bertha Cosmo was a spelling champ. Spell "ambidextrous," Bertha.

EDDIE: Ah, gee, Dex, first geology, now spelling. My ass is fried, Dex. *(PETTIBONE will let her start over, holds up letters, with his fingers, etc.....)*

PETTIBONE: That's right! I guess this means you can think with your left OR your right brain, ha-ha. And now, Bertha #2. "Bertha Cosmo works as a warden at a school for troubled girls. She doesn't wear a gun because she has a black belt in karate. Show us some moves, Bertha." *(Whatever she does is good enough, PETTIBONE can urge the audience to applaud, etc. He can also ask for yells, etc. Behind her, the real BERTHA is doing her moves.)*

PETTIBONE: And last, but not least, Bertha #3. "When she was little, Bertha had an invisible playmate. For a chance to stay in the game, who was that playmate?"

BERTHA: That's ridiculous! I most certainly did NOT have an invisible anything! Bart must have gone off in the head in the end.

PETTIBONE: He was playing with the proverbial full deck, Bertha. Play or pay.

BERTHA: I can't! It's completely ridiculous!

PETTIBONE: What's that noise? Could it be the sound of ten million buckeroos and a patent flying out the window?

BERTHA: Alright, alright. It was Dundles. Mr. Pudgy Dundles.

PETTIBONE: And what was Mr. Pudgy Dundles?

BERTHA: What do you mean, what WAS he? He was imaginary.

PETTIBONE: Not good enough. *(Makes "wings" with his hands.)*

BERTHA: HE WAS A SHEEP, OKAY. MR. DUNDLES WAS MY IMAGINARY SHEEP!

EDDIE: Wow, Dex. And they say I'm sick. At least I ain't got no pretend sheep wandering around in here. *(Points to his head.)*

MELANIE: Honey, I don't think you've got much of anything wanderin' around in there...

PETTIBONE: And now let's cut to the chase, shall we, Berthas? Your final question, - the tie breaker. The question that only the real Bertha could answer. Again, you will all have the opportunity to answer and you must explain in detail. "Even though Bertha is now involved in law enforcement, it wasn't always that way. When she was seventeen, she was arrested:

- a.) at the Prom
- b.) at the drive-in
- c.) at K-Mart"

BERTHA: (*Laughing*) That Cosmo! He always loved that story!

PETTIBONE: Please, no comments. Well... (*He leads the impersonators through their stories, giving leading questions, What did you do? Were you alone? Did you do time? ETC, dismissing each in turn.*) Diabolical, yet incorrect. Sorry. (*The last impersonater will return to their seats, accompanied by the buzzing and boo-ing of MELANIE & EDDIE.*)

PETTIBONE: (*To BERTHA*) Well?

BERTHA: It was the Prom. See, I didn't have a date, and this friend of mine - Jason Carpentino - we called him "Reptile" - didn't have a date either. So we got a couple of cans of oil, real heavy viscosity stuff, and we opened 'em. Then we went screamin' into the dance on Reptile's Harley and threw 'em all over the Prom Queen and her court. It was so much fun.

MYRTLE: Why, I think that sounds just awful! (*She doesn't really.*)

BERTHA: What! What! Hey, somebody had called me just one too many names. Teenagers can be real cruel, y'know.

MELANIE: Kinda sounds like the Hell's Angel's meet "Carrie."

EDDIE: I don't know why everybody thinks it's so awful! I did a whole lot worse stuff than that every day I was in high school.

MYRTLE: What happened next?

BERTHA: Well, Reptile and I did a few wheelies around the punch bowl and I was gettin' all set to throw a match on Queen Betsy and the court, but the guidance counselor threw himself in front of the Harley and Reptile

had the option of sending her to Hog Heaven or swervin'. He hung a left past the pumpkin coach, dodged the glass slipper centerpiece and finally crashed the bike into the crepe paper and chicken wire rainbow.

PETTIBONE: Do go on.

DEXTER: Don't be taking notes, Edward.

BERTHA: Well, by then the cops were there, in force, and they hauled Reptile and me to jail. Brother Cosmo bailed me out and since Reptile's father was the mayor, he got off pretty light, too. But it scared me enough not to ever do anything like that again and to live a straight and narrow life. Turned me around, you might say. And since I had first hand knowledge about the mind of a troubled teenage girl, I made it my career. Scarin' the livin' daylights out of kids like me.

DEXTER: I hesitate to ask, but, whatever happened to....

BERTHA: Reptile? He's a monk or brother somewhere. Just had a hit recording. You know the Gregorian chant - the tenor that hits all those real high notes? That's Reptile. One too many crashes astride the bike, if you know what I mean.

PETTIBONE: We're cookin' now. And just to keep everything nice and neat, I propose to finish off the ladies, as it were. Cousin Myrtles, if you please. (*They line up, the real one last, as before.*) "Myrtle Cosmo has been a missionary in Canada for the past ten years. Who is the current Prime Minister of Canada?" (*As before, he gives "hints". Charades. First name sounds like ____. Last name - __ syllables.*) The correct answer is, of course, _____. Myrtle #2, here is your question. "My niece Myrtle is an expert bird-whistler. Whistle the call of the red and yellow crested blue-footed booby." (*Whatever she comes up with is fine. The real MYRTLE is NOT whistling.*) My, oh, my, watch out for those flocks of boobies. And now, just as all good things come to those who wait - Myrtle #3. "Myrtle Cosmo had a very important role in the Christmas pageant when she was six. Name that role.

MYRTLE: Oh, dear, dear, Uncle Cosmo. To think he remembered that!

PETTIBONE: Your answer?

MYRTLE: I was the straw. I was shy as a kid, and they knew I couldn't say any lines or anything. And the only other non-speaking role was the star from the East, and that involved walking, so Sister Maria Theresa Angelica Magnificat made up a role just for me. I was the straw in the

manger.

EDDIE: It's better than gettin stuck playin' the cow. I always had to play some damned animal or another. I got pretty sick of it, too. Nuns were always picking on me. OOOH, nuns, remember, Dex? (*getting really "worked up"*) I really don't think much of NUNS, do I, Dex? But I took care of 'em, didn't I, Dex. They paid, alright. They paid Big Time.

DEXTER: Let's just not think about the nuns, okay, Edward? Hey, Myrtle, or whoever you are, ixnay on the unsnay.

MYRTLE: Beg pardon?

MELANIE: Drop the "sister" talk, okay. Eddie here is gettin' restless.

BERTHA: Hey, Dexter, how's about I teach you a thing or two about pressure points. Could help with the kid.

PETTIBONE: But, seriously, folks, STRAW is the correct answer! And so, it's do-or-die time once again, as your favorite lawyer brings you - the tie-breaker and a chance at millions of dollars: "Cousin Myrtle decided to become a missionary following a vision which came to her in a dream. This dream involved:

- a.) Soap on a rope and Kathie Lee Gifford.
- b.) Niagara Falls and floppy disks.
- c.) Meryl Streep and Taco Bell.

(The imposters will spin a tale, encouraged and abetted by PETTIBONE. When each is finished, she is dismissed by PETTIBONE, who turns to the real "MYRTLE.")

PETTIBONE: (*cont.*) Well, I am on tenterhooks, dear lady. Your turn.

MYRTLE: Uncle Cosmo, Uncle Cosmo....you did enjoy this story, didn't you? May he rest in peace. Yes, it was a dream. I was at Niagara Falls. And I was naked, except for about six floppy disks. The five and a quarter size. And I had on stereo headphones. And I kept running into little souvenir shops, looking for my cookie sheets. And all of a sudden, there was Elvis and Boutrous Boutrous-Gali and Geraldo, or maybe it was Tony Orlando. And they put me on this giant cupcake and my feet kept sinking into the icing and then through the headphones I heard a voice that sounded an awful lot like Leonard Nimoy, saying, "Go to the Horseshoe Falls, Go to the Horseshoe Falls." And then there was Charlton Heston, riding down the Niagara River on my missing cookie sheet, like it was a surf board, laughin' and goin' over the Falls. And I knew it was true. The best view of the Falls IS from the Canadian side. And that's what decided

me - I'd become a Canadian missionary.

EDDIE: Wow, that musta been some really great grass.

PETTIBONE: Thank you, and welcome, Cousin Myrtle.

MYRTLE: It's wonderful to see all of you again. Although Eddie and Melanie were just babies.

DEXTER: And you aren't at all the way I remembered at all, Cousin Myrtle.

PETTIBONE: And now it is time, sports fans, to separate the men from the boys. Eddie and Dexter.

DEXTER: Just a moment, here. I had a thought. Dexter and Eddie should be able to vouch for each other. I mean, we ARE half-brothers. And so, in order to speed things along, let me tell you. HE is Eddie, and I am Dexter. Tell the gentleman your name, Edward, and mine.

EDDIE: Yeah, he's Dex, and I'm me. Honest. I swear.

DEXTER: I do not see any of these other gentlemen "paired up."

MELANIE: Well, that doesn't mean they couldn't. Maybe the two of you met outside and decided to PRETEND to be brothers.

DEXTER: That's half-brothers.

BERTHA: Yeah, I'll bet if we asked, these "Dexters" are matched up with these "Eddies."

MYRTLE: *(To the other DEXTER/EDDIEs)* Are you? There's an awful lot of money involved, you know. *(Hopefully, they will by now have "gotten the hint" and paired up.)*

PETTIBONE: Well, now this is serendipitous, isn't it.

EDDIE: I don't know about the "seren" stuff, but you're "dippity" enough for all of us.

PETTIBONE: No, dear fellow, it's wonderful that all my little Dexters and Eddies have paired up, because the questions are for both of you.

DEXTER: Oh, peachy.

EDDIE: Terrific, right Dex. So, look, you take all current events and astronomy and if it's anything about professional wrestling, I'll handle it.

PETTIBONE: *(To #1 DEXTER/EDDIE combo)* Question number one. "Dexter and Eddie live in a condo in downtown Cincinnati. It's on the tenth floor. If it takes the elevator 1.5 seconds to go one floor and it stops at every other floor for 60 seconds, how many seconds will it take Dexter and Eddie to get to the underground parking garage." You may confer with each other.

EDDIE: Wow, man, I'm glad that wasn't us. Though, I've got my calculator. *(DEXTER/EDDIE one get more than one chance, EDDIE may even let them borrow his calculator, PETTIBONE can repeat the question and remind them that if the parking garage was underground it would add another floor to the calculations.)*

PETTIBONE: That is correct. 315. Dexter/Eddie #2, are you ready? "When Eddie was a child he often had tantrums. The only way that Dexter could distract him was to do the "Hokey Pokey" with him. Demonstrate." *(While they do, DEXTER/EDDIE are doing a killer version behind them. PETTIBONE can coach, encourage, etc.)* Very nicely done. And now, Dexter/Eddie #3, here is your question. "Only the real Dexter/Eddie would know the three things that they have in common."

DEXTER: Our last names, of course.

PETTIBONE: What else?

DEXTER: Well, we had the same father...

PETTIBONE: That's two. One more, boys....

DEXTER: That's it. Outside of that Edward and I come from different planets.....no, make that galaxies.

PETTIBONE: That's a shame, because if you don't come up with one more shared thing, you can kiss your share good-bye.

EDDIE: DEXTER! Want my money...you said I was gonna get my money!

DEXTER: Be quiet, I'm thinking....

PETTIBONE: Time's almost up.

EDDIE: Keep your shorts on, my brother's thinking, c'mon, Dex!

DEXTER: I am drawing a blank here. *(He looks panicked.)*

PETTIBONE: Too bad, boys...

EDDIE: I got it!

DEXTER: Edward.....

PETTIBONE: What is it, Eddie.

EDDIE: It's....it's.....operas.

PETTIBONE: Operas? That is your answer - operas?

EDDIE: Yeah, that's what we got in common. We both love op-er-a's.

DEXTER: *(Puzzled.)* Edward? It's true. I love Mozart, and Wagner, and Puccini...

EDDIE: And I like "All My Children". Although I do like that Puccini dude's name. I like to say it....PUCCINI. PUCCINI. PUCCINI. If I ever have a kid, I'm gonna name him Puccini. But, anyhow, mister, that's the other thing we got in common, me an' Dex. Like we're opera buffs.

PETTIBONE: *(Dejectedly.)* Gee, fellas, I'm really sorry, I really wanted you to win. We were all really pulling for you, weren't we? But, really, that answer was so-o-o lame. Operas. In fact, it is such a lame answer that.... it's....it's.....*(jubilant)* IT'S CORRECT! Operas is correct! Sorry, I couldn't resist. I was just being a kidder, being a tease, pulling your legs.

EDDIE: *(menacing)* I can do that for real, y'know. Pull your legs. Done it before. Last one didn't like it much.

PETTIBONE: Yes, well, and now, for the tie-breaker. Again, both teams will have an opportunity to answer. "Dexter and Eddie took a Carribean cruise for their last vacation, but were forced to cut it short because of:

- a.) a misplaced passport and lost medication.
- b.) a fellow passenger named Sondra and an incident involving a Water Pik.
- c.) a shuffleboard tournament that turned nasty.

(PETTIBONE will listen to the impersonators' tale, eliciting details, etc., before dismissing them one by one.) Very creative, but, alas, incorrect.

(To DEXTER/EDDIE) And your answer? And remember, your inheritance hangs in the balance. Is it a,b, or c?

EDDIE: It's a trick question, man! It was all of them.

PETTIBONE: That's absolutely right! The answer is all of the above. But you do know I'm going to need a little more of the story, because that's the kind of guy I am. *(If by some fluke, the impersonators answer "all of the above," PETTIBONE will ask for one further incident that occurred aboard ship and the Captain's dinner is the correct answer.)*

EDDIE: We had a wild time that trip, didn't we, Dex? Before they kicked us off the boat, I mean.

DEXTER: Ship, Edward, it was a ship. A boat is what you take in the bath tub. Yes, all of those things happened on our last fun-filled vacation. The only thing that not included was the evening we dined with the Captain, or "Skipper" as Edward insisted we call him.

EDDIE: And everybody had to call me "Little Buddy" and Dexter was the Professor and we had this millionaire....

DEXTER: And his wife. Yes, Eddie, we all know. Well, Pettibone, are you satisfied? You have your real, true Cosmo heirs now.

PETTIBONE: Quite satisfied. No one else but you and your Uncle Cosmo could be privy to the tales you have told. I would have preferred to have the ubiquitous Lola corroborate but she still is a-missing.

MELANIE: Well, I am just so glad that was all cleared up. I was a bit nervous, I must say, and I knew I was me....if you know what I mean.

BERTHA: Well, so now let's get it over with.

DEXTER: Yes, I could use a drink. There used to be a bar around here somewhere. If you could find it. My God, this place is a mess. It's worse than when we saw it the last time, isn't it, Edward? Whatever he was paying that Lola to do, I don't think it was housekeeping.

MYRTLE: You're right, Cousin Dexter, I believe there is bar. *(She finds it)* Why, yes. *(To BERTHA who moves to help.)* No, no, you just sit and tell me what you want. There's a little fridge here and ice and everything. Oh, and a big pitcher of what looks like iced tea. *(She sniffs)* Well, Lola may not be much of housekeeper, but she keeps the bar well stocked. *(She sniffs and sneezes.)*

DEXTER: Bless you. I'll have a whiskey, straight up. No ice.

EDDIE: Me, too.

DEXTER: Edward, we only brought one pair of pajamas. Give him a glass of milk.

BERTHA: That iced tea sounds good.

PETTIBONE: Me too.

MELANIE: A large whot whan. (The Southern pronunciation of "white wine".).

ALL: What?

MELANIE: A WHOT WHAN. (*repeating as above*)

MYRTLE: And a beer for me. (*She pops the can and drinks immediately. She also sniffs - because of the flowers on the bar.*)

MELANIE: Are you all right, honey? You want some help?

MYRTLE: (*As her allergic symptoms increase.*) It's not that. It's just so sad, that's all. Not one of us really grieves for Uncle Cosmo. We're just circling, like vultures! Did any of us really care about him as a person? Even this Lola woman isn't here. (*She blows her nose, sneezes again, and will sniff occasionally - as long as she's near the flowers on the bar. This continues as she fixes and serves drinks, beginning with the iced teas for PETTIBONE and BERTHA. And, from now on, BERTHA holds onto her glass, finishing the tea and sucking and chewing on the ice.*)

BERTHA: Get a grip, Myrtle. But she's right. That Lola person should be here.

DEXTER: Ah, yes, the infamous Lola. Actually, I'm curious about this whole setup, Pettibone. How did you meet Uncle Cosmo and why did he talk you into this crazy arrangement?

MELANIE: Yes, I kept in touch with Uncle, I think we all did (*general agreement*) but I never knew he was gettin' this crazy.

EDDIE: Hey, crazy is as crazy does.

BERTHA: Thank you, Eddie Gump. So, go on, Pettibone, what was he

like at the end?

PETTIBONE: Actually, I can't say. I never met the man. (*General surprise. "You never met him; etc."*) We handled everything by Fax and phone. He was a total recluse with the housekeeper.

DEXTER: And what was she like?

EDDIE: Yeah? Was she hot? Did Uncle Cosmo and her do a little horizontal pillow testing?

PETTIBONE: A definite possibility, though I wouldn't know for sure - I never met her either. (*By now he has his iced tea.*) Thank you, Cousin Myrtle. (*He chugs it.*) That certainly hit the spot.

EDDIE: Man, you musta been thirsty. Talk about a chug-a-lug!

BERTHA: Well, this whole thing smells to me. Uncle Cosmo and I weren't close at all, seein' as he wrecked my chance at happiness by not lending my fiancee money twenty years ago. I'd visit once a year, but that was it.

DEXTER: And he certainly could have helped take care of you-know-who. The only money I've inherited so far is contingent upon baby-sitting services. I just hope he leaves me enough so that, maybe, just maybe, I can get a life. (*By now DEXTER has gotten his drink, realized it has ice, and has moved over to the bar and "strained" it into another glass.*)

EDDIE: Gosh, Dex, how much you figure one of them'll cost? A life, I mean. 'Cause I'd like to get me one too.

MYRTLE: (*To DEXTER*) Is something wrong, Cousin Dexter, can I get something else for you?

DEXTER: I take it neat, that's all, no ice. Thank you, Cousin Myrtle.

MELANIE: Well, I just hope I get enough to pay off a few credit cards and join the spa. I'm not the greedy sort at all. I want very little for myself. I have very simple needs.

MYRTLE: Well, I will be thrilled with anything that Uncle Cosmo sees fit to leave to me. Whether it's cash or the patent, my little mission can certainly use the funds.

DEXTER: So what now, Pettibone? Do we wait for Lola, or not? What do you think? Should we go looking for her? Or call the police?

PETTIBONE: Now we don't want to go off half-cocked. Who knows? It could be another of your Uncle's little tricks. My instructions were to gather you here at Cosmo Manor. The exact distribution of the fortune will be revealed at the appropriate time. And, of course, each heir must spend the night here in order to claim their share. *(The sound of thunder, a flash of lightning, and the lights flicker.)*

MYRTLE: Hot damn! that sounds rather ominous.

PETTIBONE: Yes, I think maybe we should go for the gold, as it were. Let's see, once the true heirs are assembled I am to summon the Stagehand. Or, as Mr. Cosmo so succinctly put it, give him a whistle. *(There is a particularly loud thunderclap. Everyone EXCEPT Myrtle gives a whistle. She tries but can't.)*

STAGEHAND: *(From off)* You whistled?

PETTIBONE: Yes, _____, my good man. We've ascertained the true heirs. I believe the "ball is in your court!"

STAGEHAND: Tape Number Two. You got it. *(Another flash of lightning and a thunder clap.)*

COSMO: Ah, my dear family and heirs! Together at last. Hopefully, Pettibone and my loyal Lola have made you feel at home and comfortable. But let us get to the business at hand. As you know, I leave a fortune of about ten million dollars. Ten million, two hundred thousand, to be exact. Mr. Pettibone's fee, will be approximately one hundred thousand, I'm leaving one hundred thousand to Lola, and the rest is to be divided EQUALLY among you. Or rather, it will divided EQUALLY among all that survive the night here at Cosmo Manor. The key word, of course, is survive. *(Maniacal laughter.)*

DEXTER: That's it?

MELANIE: *(To STAGEHAND)* Honey, how 'bout the rest of dear Uncle Cosmo's wordly goods. Sure you ain't got a tape or two you're forgetting.

MYRTLE: How about the patent rights?

BERTHA: Sounds to me like Brother Cosmo was a few meatballs short of a spaghetti dinner.

EDDIE: He sounds cool. Hey, I can live with cash. You guys can have his patent leather shoes for all I care!

MELANIE: Why, you are right, dear li'l Cousin Eddie. No need to be greedy. Cash is always, always in good taste, I understand. And....and well, somethin' ELSE just occurred to me this very minute. How 'bout I just run it by y'all to see if I'm readin' it right. Dear, dear, Uncle Cosmo said that all that lovely money was gonna be divided EQUALLY among us. So, there's ten million, divided by (*she counts heirs*) the five of us. That's two million apiece. But like suppose somethin' happens to one or more of us tonight. And, tragically, suppose that one or more of us does not make it through the night. I mean, like that storm that's comin' in....(*As if on cue, lightning, thunder, and the lights flicker again.*)

DEXTER: You mean, suppose lightning hits that big tree outside and it crashes down on that side of the room, crushing all beneath it beyond recognition.... (*Lightning, thunder as everyone moves from that side of the room.*)

EDDIE: There's trees all over outside, Dex. I hate trees, I've always hated trees. Always. Trees are bad, Dex, trees are BAD.

MYRTLE: Or if the river overflows and floods the mansion....yeah, a flood. (*All get on furniture. Lightning, thunder.*)

EDDIE: Oh, I can't swim, Dex! 'Member, they kicked me outta the "Y" after I dropped my Speedo at the ladies in "Swim 'n' Trim."

BERTHA: And then the electrical wires snap and fall into the water, electrocuting anyone unlucky enough not to be wearing rubber boots. (*Lightning, thunder, lights flicker.*)

EDDIE: I ain't got rubber boots, Dex....But I got my RUBBER SHEET, Dex, suppose I just wrap in that, will that work, will it, Dex, huh, Dex, huh?

MELANIE: Now I'm not a math whiz, but I can see...if one - or more - of us do not survive tonight, and the ten million is divided equally.... (*There's immediately a chorus of "That can't happen, two million is plenty for me, etc. It ceases as EDDIE takes out his calculator.*)

EDDIE: Ten million divided by four equals two million, five hundred thousand. Ten million divided by three equals three million, three hundred and thirty-three thousand, three hundred thirty-three. Ten million divided by two equals five million....

DEXTER: I'd stop there if I were you, Edward.

EDDIE: Oh, right, Dex.

PETTIBONE: Now cease and desist! All of you! Two million apiece is a lot of money. Now, come on, you guys! *(They all look at each other, agree, laugh, etc. There is sudden lightning, thunder, the lights flicker and go out. In the blackout, the real MYRTLE enters and positions herself in the center of the sofa. She has been stabbed in the chest and is holding a purse in her lap. The others scream and move about for a few seconds. Then MELANIE and BERTHA sit on either side of the real MYRTLE.)*

BERTHA: For God's sake everyone calm down!

MELANIE: She's right. It's just a little old blackout due to the storm. We get them all the time in Beaufort.

EDDIE: The water's risin' I know it is! DEX!

PETTIBONE: Keep your powder dry! Don't panic!

MYRTLE: It's easy for you to say! You don't have a price on your ass!

DEXTER: Quiet, all of you! And don't move. As soon as our eyes adjust to the dark we'll be able to see each other.

MELANIE: Well, I can feel Cousin Bertha.

BERTHA: Oh, is that you, Melanie?

EDDIE: I want my rubber sheet, Dex, I want my rubber sheet! I don't wanna fry!

DEXTER: Calm down Edward.

EDDIE: *(Panicked)* I can't, Dex, I DON'T WANNA DIE.

DEXTER: C'mon Eddie, *(sings)* You put your left hand in, you put your left hand out, you put your left hand in, and you shake it all about. EVERYBODY *(They all sing while PETTIBONE lights the candles.)* You do the hokey pokey and you turn yourself about, that's what it's all about... *(Slowly we can see everyone, including the recently deceased. Everyone screams, reacts, etc. As expected, PETTIBONE is the first to take charge of the situation.)*

MELANIE: Is she?.....

PETTIBONE: As a doornail.

DEXTER: Oh, my God!

BERTHA: Oh, no!

MYRTLE: DAMN!! (*PETTIBONE has taken the purse and is examining the contents.*)

PETTIBONE: (*Looking at a small prescription bottle.*) Well, that's one mystery solved. This, Cosmo Cousins, is the mysterious Lola, the loyal housekeeper. (*Reactions of disbelief, etc.*) This is a prescription for Seldane, an allergy medicine prescribed to Lola McMartin. (*He removes the items, one at a time.*) We also have make-up, an empty glasses case, and....an empty bottle of arsenic. (*Even more reaction, "arsenic!", etc.*)

PETTIBONE: Everybody, please, let us cool our jets and hang loose. I have no idea what this all means, except for one thing. There is a murderer among us.

EDDIE: Yeah, and I know one more thing.

DEXTER: I can't believe I'm saying this, but, Edward, what else do you know?

EDDIE: (*Getting his calculator out.*) We get to split her share. One hundred thousand divided by five. Hey, another twenty thou.

MYRTLE: Oh, let's cover the poor thing up! (*They do with a sheet that's handy.*) And, Cousin Eddie, I am ashamed of you! Poor Lola only got a pittance compared to us and yet she didn't even live to enjoy it! And already you're dividing up the spoils. Tsk, tsk, Eddie, tsk, tsk. And tsk one more time!

EDDIE: Didn't mean no harm, Dex, why she talkin' to me like that? Huh, Dex. Reminds me of somethin'.....can't remember what.

MELANIE: Well, I don't think she was "poor Lola" considerin' she had a bottle of poison in her bag.

BERTHA: (*Chewing on ice.*) She didn't have a bottle of poison...

DEXTER: No, you're right, Cousin Bertha, it was an empty bottle!

EDDIE: Nuns. That's what it reminds me of, NUNS. They always told me I should be 'shamed of myself.

MYRTLE: Empty? But that means....

PETTIBONE: You've hit the nail on the head, Myrtle. We should tread carefully. And, above all, be very wary of what we eat and drink.....

MELANIE: Oh, my God, the white wine! ("*whot whan*")

DEXTER: The whiskey!

EDDIE: I hate milk, anyway, Dex, I told you I did!

BERTHA: I think I feel it working already...

MYRTLE: My beer!

PETTIBONE: Two words. Iced Tea.

BERTHA: I MEAN IT, I FEEL LIKE...

MELANIE: Oh, for pity's sake, Cousin Bertha, do not become melodramatic.

EDDIE: No, no, I can feel it workin' too!

MYRTLE: Actually, I'm not feeling all that well.

STAGEHAND: (*From offstage.*) Yo, cousins. Mr. Pettibone!

PETTIBONE: What is it? We have a bit of a crisis on our hands!

STAGEHAND: I thought maybe you wanted to whistle for me. Like maybe you wanted me to play Tape Number Three?

PETTIBONE: Tape Number Three? Well, why not? We can roll with the punches, no? (*He looks around.*) Yes, play it, play it!

MELANIE: I'll bet you it's about the patent.

ALL: Play it!

STAGEHAND: Right. (*The tape begins.*)

COSMO: Oh, Nieces and Nephews, I forgot... You probably also want to know about the patent. After all, it's worth more than everything else I own. And I'm leaving it to just one person. I'm leaving it to the Cosmo Heir who is clever enough to find where I've hidden it! That's right, a treasure hunt. No one knows where it is, NO ONE - not even Lola. Because the name of the patent owner is blank! That's right. First one to find it can just write in their name! Will it be Myrtle, my sweet innocent, teetotaling, non-swearing little missionary? Or Melanie, whose sticky fingers have gotten her banned from all the major malls in North Carolina? Or Cousin Bertha, who still blames me because her deadbeat fiancée couldn't cut the mustard? Or, perhaps, it will be the "boys"? Weird Eddie and his devoted mercenary half-brother, Dexter. I'm leaving instructions with (*HOST/HOSTESS*). She'll organize the clue hunt.

EDDIE: Wow, does that mean even MORE cash-o-rama, Dex?

DEXTER: Yes, indeedy, Edward. The Cosmo Patent is the Brass Ring. But, I thought you weren't feeling well, brother.

EDDIE: Me, I feel great, really primo. I don't think I got poisoned, after all.

PETTIBONE: No, actually, unless it really works very slowly, I believe I'm absolutely healthy as well.

MELANIE: It's amazing how much restorative powers are in just the mention of incredible wealth. I know that I certainly feel up to a little treasure hunt. We Southern gals are strength and fiber underneath our sweet, soft li'l exterior portions.

MYRTLE: I'm glad you feel alright because... (*They notice BERTHA, who has died on the couch.*)

MELANIE: Bertha, honey, you okay?

PETTIBONE: Cousin Bertha?

DEXTER: Cousin Bertha? Cousin Bertha? Uh-oh. I think, maybe, she's dead. (*They give her a little shake. She falls over.*)

PETTIBONE: Well, it never rains but it pours. I'm not a doctor, folks, but I'd say that if this ISN'T a case of cyanide poisoning, I'd eat my hat.

EDDIE: Man, they are droppin' like flies, aren't they, Dex?

MYRTLE: Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear....Perhaps we should call the

police.

PETTIBONE: I suspect you are right.

EDDIE: Hey, Dex, I just thought of something...

DEXTER: Edward, I do not want to see that calculator come out of your pocket.

EDDIE: No, gee, although, that's a thought. No, I was just thinkin' that old Pettibone here will probably drop next.

PETTIBONE: Me!! And why, pray tell?

EDDIE: Yeah, 'cause you had the super delicious iced tea, too. If I were you, Pettibone, I'd do some serious hurling. Pronto.

PETTIBONE: My God, he's right! Antidote! Find me an antidote! Out of my way, Out of my way! I must offer sacrifice at the altar of the porcelain god. I need to.....Wait a minute...I feel perfectly A-OK. Right as rain. Top drawer. And I drank my iced tea before Bertha had barely touched hers.

MYRTLE: Somebody here must have slipped it in later.

PETTIBONE: Well, six of one, half dozen of another, this is definitely a matter for the police.

MELANIE: I don't know, Mr. Pettibone, darling. Maybe we could just cover Bertha here, for a little while. Like poor li'l ol' Lola. (*They do.*) And maybe we could also just wait a tiny bit before calling in the authorities.

DEXTER: Whatever for, Cousin Melanie?

MELANIE: Well, so that we would have sufficient time to honor our dear, dear Uncle Cosmo's last wish. Namely, find the patent that is worth absolutely millions...or was it billions? Because I know, from personal experience, which I would rather not detail here, that the police are very likely to tromp all around this place lookin' for clues to these pesky li'l murders. And it is possible that a little piece of paper could get lost.

MYRTLE: Good thinking, Melanie.

DEXTER: I see your point, Melanie.

EDDIE: I'm proud to know you, Cuz.

MELANIE: So where is that (She names HOST/HOSTESS)?

HOST/HOSTESS: I'm here, Cosmo cousins, I'm here. (*She whistles to STAGEHAND*) Be a dear and close the curtain, will you, please?

STAGEHAND: I love to be asked nicely.

HOST/HOSTESS: And all of you - offstage. This area is officially out of bounds until I'm done. (*They exit, complaining, who does she think she is, etc.*) Welcome to the Pajama Party Murders. Bartholomew Cosmo left more of a mystery than he intended. First - he has left a poem that describes where he has hidden the patent. In order to get that poem, you must follow the instructions in the clue packets which will be passed out momentarily. But I think Cosmo would also want justice to be done. So you have to figure out just who is behind the dastardly deeds you witnessed tonight. Some ground rules: certain areas are out of bounds, the stage being a primary one. Second, read directions! Please, take time to do this. Three, begin with the clue marked with a red star. This will prevent everyone from heading to the same clue at the same time. Next, do not remove any posted clues! This is grounds for instant disqualification! The last page of your clue packet is your solution sheet. These are the questions you must answer in order to solve The Pajama Party Murders. Now, before I send you off with a "Happy Detecting" I need to tell you where to go to pick up your clue packet, your pizza and your pj party survival kit. I suggest each team pick a central meeting point, and that you then delegate one or two from your team to go get it and return with it - to avoid bottlenecks. This is not a race. Winners are drawn from correct solutions. Suspects will be available for questioning throughout the clue hunt.

PART THREE - THE CLUE HUNT

The clue hunt, if used (*see Production Manual*), will culminate in all participants receiving Cosmo's poem, which reads:

There's something dead at Cosmo House
Besides your loving kin
It rests in peace on the prize you seek,
Though you must look within.

Cut down in the prime of life
Not a drop of blood was shed
Who'd believe anything quite so nice
Could also be quite dead.

It's said a dead man tells no tales
I know I can't tell mine.
And 'til you figure out this poem
That arrangement suits me fine.

**THE ANSWER IS THAT THE PATENT IS IN THE LARGE VASE
HOLDING THE ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.**

The solution sheet asks the following questions:

1. Who killed the loyal housekeeper Lola and why?
2. Who poisoned Cousin Bertha and how was the poison administered?
3. Where is the Cosmo Patent? (DO NOT GO THERE - YOU CAN'T INHERIT ANYWAY - JUST LIST THE LOCATION)

During the clue hunt the suspects will circulate. Pettibone is carrying "Lola's purse" and will show its contents, etc. All characters will reiterate what they drank, etc. When the teams have turned in their solution sheets and the Hostess has "graded" them, she will signal for the solution scene to be 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

Letter

Ice Bucket

Glasses

Vase

Tape recorded voice

Envelopes

Wallet

Calculator

Beer

Iced Tea

Gun

Purse

Knife effect - This is a knife whose blade is broken/sawed off about 4" from the handle. Half inch of the remaining blade is hammered and glued into a thin piece of wood. This is duct taped to the t-shirt of the real MYRTLE. The handle and 1-2" of the blade protrudes from a bloody gash in the outside blouse.

Candles

Prescription bottle

Glasses case

Patent

Small bottle marked "Arsenic"

SENT WITH PRODUCTION PACKET

Production Notes

Sample Clue Hunt with Answer Key and Flow Chart

Blank Flow Chart to help you design your own

Clean copy of Cosmo's letter, suitable for photocopying

The Cosmo Poem, suitable for photocopying and cutting

* Production Manual

OPTIONAL

CD - includes Cosmo's messages	\$5.00
* Replacement Production Manual	10.00

* Production Manual is the same for all shows. It is sent free as part of the FIRST Production Packet only.

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