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# MURDER AT THE COMPANY PARTY

an audience-participation MURDER MYSTERY by EILEEN MOUSHEY

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

**Roy "Takeover" Tackett - Fifties, overbearing, arrogant. Dressed in Santa Suit (or something appropriate to another holiday or simply "in disguise.)**

**Bobbie Barron Tackett - Takeover's wife. Twenties, sweet, not overly bright. Dressed in short skirt, 1 high heel, 1 slipper.**

**Skippy Tackett - Son of Takeover and his first wife. Teenager, raging hormones. Dressed in suit and tie.**

**Helen Tackett - The first Mrs. Tackett. Now employed as a cleaning woman at the location of the event. Dressed in appropriate cleaning clothes. Fifties, long-suffering, "martyr."**

**Robbie Ringer - Twenties. Formerly one-half of the ice dancing duo, "Robbie and Bobbie", he is now employed in the mail room at the company. He is a nerd, except when talking about his passion - his life on ice - when he becomes Mr. Smooth. Like Bobbie, NOT rocket scientist. Dressed in bow tie, glasses, etc.**

**Marshall Monroe - Fifties or older. A visiting VIP from the "Chicago" office. Distinguished, dignified. Dressed in suit, tie. Has a habit of laughing (even when inappropriate) - a "heh-heh"**

**Lucille Monroe - Late forties. Attractive, charming and pleasant. Must be able to play drunk. Dressed appropriate to the occasion.**

**Nick Hardy - Any age. He's a private eye, a gumshoe, a hired dick. He looks trouble square in the eye and doesn't flinch. Dressed conservatively with narrow tie, sunglasses, etc.**

## THE SET-UP

MURDER AT THE COMPANY PARTY is written to be performed at a business-related function, but can be adapted for other events (*see below.*) *The script describes an evening that includes cocktails, dinner, and sometimes a short program. This script is divided using those time frames. It is possible to adapt (See Production Manual) to alternate event timetables.*

While the script is written as a Christmas event, it can be performed at any other time as well. Takeover can either wear something related to the time of year (*another holiday*), *the sponsoring group, or be simply “in disguise.”*

Also, MURDER AT THE COMPANY PARTY can be performed at organization/association meetings/conventions, or even private social affairs. Takeover Tackett’s reason for being there is simply altered. Instead of being a company raider, he is a real estate tycoon intent on buying up local property (*including the home of the host*) or a *power-hungry spoiler who collects organizations for the attention and glory it brings. It is important to get as much background information as possible about the sponsoring group to tailor Takeover’s motive and to inject “in” references.*

## THE SCENARIO

The company Christmas party turns “ugly” when Roy “Takeover” Tackett arrives with his young wife, Bobbie, and his son (*by a former marriage*), Skippy. *Skippy is surprised and not pleased to see his mother at the location, working as a cleaning lady. Takeover told him that he’d taken care of Helen, when the truth is he that he threw her out without a thought or a dime before he married Bobbie. But Helen doesn’t blame him and she wants*

Skippy to forgive his father and certainly not blame that sweet little bimbo he married. Skippy won't blame HER, although there's a lot of other things he'd like to do with her. She is, after all, closer to his age than his "Pops". Bobbie is limping slightly and wears one shoe and one slipper. She was an ice dancer until a tragic accident - her foot was run over by a Zamboni machine and she had to have her little toe amputated - ended her career. The accident also ended the career of her partner, Robbie, who now works as a mailroom clerk/office boy at the company. They had more in common than their art - they were in love. But Bobbie wanted Robbie to find another partner so she left him to marry Takeover. Robbie searched for another partner - in fact, he will continue that search at the party - but his heart isn't in it, now that Bobbie's gone.

Visiting is a company "trouble-shooter" from "the Chicago office", Marshall Monroe, who is there with his wife, Lucille (Both of them refer to each other as "Mr. Monroe" and "Mrs. Monroe".) Mr. Monroe, rather naively, thinks that if Takeover will only get to know the folks who run the company, he will cancel his plans to acquire it. That's why he's invited Takeover. Mrs. Monroe is a lot more realistic than her husband and tries to convince him that direct action is needed, rather than his limp attempts at appeasement. Mrs. Monroe will proceed to become inebriated during the evening, carrying her ever-present lemonade and gin.

Also present is Takeover's bodyguard, the private eye, Nick Hardy. Nick will survey the surroundings behind his mirrored sunglasses and closely follow Takeover, sometimes to Takeover's irritation.

Confrontations establishing the above will take place during cocktails. As the group moves to dinner, Takeover will insist that all the major characters join his table. Dinner will be

interrupted 3 times, each time with a little speech/toast from Takeover.

The first toast is to the *(Ghost of Christmas) Past*. Takeover will tell the story of how he began, by acquiring the enterprise of a little girl who lived in his neighborhood. Lemonade Lucy, they called her, for the sweet little lemonade stand that she built and ran every day that summer before Takeover came in the picture. It was then that he first had the thrill of power. And look where he is today.

The second toast is to the *(Ghosts of Christmas) Present*. What a great country this is when a guy like him could dump his wife and marry a little cutie like Bobbie. Of course he knew she wouldn't have looked at him twice if she was a skating star. It was a lucky accident for him that ended her career. The fact that it was his Zamboni - he owns a fleet of them - makes the whole thing especially ironic. Life can be funny alright.

The final toast is to the *(Ghost of Christmas) Future* - when he takes over the company and separates the "wheat from the chaff". He still hasn't decided whether he should ruin it after it's his - could be a great tax write off. Or maybe he should just play with it a while. And if he did that he'd for sure need Marshall Monroe to help him. Good flunkies are hard to find. (NOTE: especially during this speech, work in references and individuals about the real company.) As Takeover finishes this speech, and starts to talk about his son Skippy who will someday fill his shoes, he collapses and dies dramatically. He's been poisoned.

Nick Hardy takes charge, has the body removed and interrogates the suspects. They then circulate for individual questioning. Finally, solution sheets or ballots are distributed and each table arrives at a solution deliberations and dessert.



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BOBBIE and SKIPPY

BOBBIE and SKIPPY arrive together.

**SKIPPY:** Ah, c'mon, Bobbie. Admit it. You do feel something for me. And I really, really love you.

**BOBBIE:** Get away from me, Skippy. And if you touch me again, you're voice is gonna change back.


SKIPPY circulates recruits allies in his quest for BOBBIE. He refers to her as “the broad with the bod and the slipper”. He doesn’t care if she’s only got nine toes. It ain’t her toes he’s interested in. He persuades people to approach BOBBIE and say what a handsome young man he is and aren’t younger men interesting and she should give him a chance, etc. SKIPPY promises people that if they help him, he’ll put in a good word for them when his Pops takes over the company.


NICK HARDY

NICK HARDY arrives to check out the place before TAKEOVER enters. He introduces himself as security for Mr. Tackett. He looks under tables, behind curtains, under plants. He quizzes people, frisks men, checks ladies handbags, etc. He does this in the terse style that is his trademark. “Didn’t ask to come to this party, see, but sometimes you don’t get the chance to RSVP. Sometimes someone does the “R” for ya, and you’re left holding the “SVP” with egg on your mug.





MR. & MRS.. MONROE

MARSHAL MONROE and MRS.. MONROE arrive. They will circulate, introducing themselves. (**IMPORTANT NOTE:** *At the beginning of the evening, MR. MONROE will refer to his wife as MRS. MONROE, rather than using her first name, LUCILLE. During circulating, after dinner, hopefully, some audience members will ask what it is. If they do NOT, however, MR. MONROE can start slipping it in and calling her Lucille.*) MR.

*MONROE will explain that he's from the "Chicago office" and he's been sent especially because of the takeover rumors. Have they heard anything, etc.. MRS.. MONROE will ask people to get her a drink - she always drinks lemonade and vodka, with a twist. (NOTE: Arrange with the bartender beforehand that the MONROE'S will have a tab. Anytime anyone comes up to the bar and asks for a MRS.. MONROE "special" they'll be given her drink. Straight lemonade can be used.) It is obvious, even during cocktails, that MRS.. MONROE likes to imbibe.*

**MRS.. MONROE:** I don't know why you don't want to fight this guy, Mr. Monroe. You're just too damn nice.

**MR. MONROE:** We've been over this, Mrs. Monroe. You take care of the house and I take care of business.

She continues urging her husband to fight the takeover, why even talk to this Tackett, just grind him into the dust, etc.. MR. MONROE is always trying to placate the wife and says she doesn't know anything about business, etc. Which really infuriates her and she harangues him even more. But MONROE is convinced that this Tackett fellow is probably very decent deep down and extremely insecure.


SKIPPY AND HELEN

SKIPPY will spot HELEN.

**SKIPPY:** Mom? Mom? Is that you? What are you doing here? Were you invited to the party? Why are you dressed like that?

**HELEN:** Now, Skippy, this is my job. I work here. And I'm proud to be a cleaning lady. There's nothing wrong with that.

SKIPPY is appalled that she is working as a cleaning lady. She assures him it's alright. Why, it's not much different than the twenty years she was married. She cleans and cooks and slaves away, but now she gets paid! And with the increase in the minimum wage she thinks that next year she'll be able to afford a little black and white television. She really needs a diversion so she won't worry so much about all the gunfire and shouting and screaming that she hears every night in the trailer park. SKIPPY cannot believe it! His Pops said that he settled a lot of money on her, bought her a condo, etc. HELEN is very forgiving and begs SKIPPY not to pester his father about her. He's a very busy man, she reminds him. What with the new, young wife and all his

investments and the constant search for new companies to acquire and destroy.


**BOBBIE & ROBBIE**

BOBBIE and ROBBIE meet and are thrilled to see each other.

**ROBBIE:** Bobbie?.

**BOBBIE:** Robbie?

**ROBBIE:** Bobbie, baby.

**BOBBIE:** Robbie, Pookie! *(They rush to each other and embrace and kiss passionately. A VERY BIG deal must be made of this encounter. They should start from across the room and practically scream to each other - in order to get everyone's attention.)*

After the clinch BOBBIE pulls away to tell him that she's married - to ROY TACKETT. Robbie is appalled - she's married to "TAKEOVER" TACKETT? He can't believe she's forgotten HIM that fast. She is obviously hiding her real feelings, and covers up by flirting with the men there. ROBBIE, furious with her, steps up his efforts to charm the ladies. When they see each other they hurl invectives. *"No talent." "I carried you,*

Buster.” “You couldn’t skate on double blades.”)


The climax of the cocktail hour occurs with the arrival of TAKEOVER as Santa Claus, accompanied by the NICK HARDY. MR. MONROE gets everyone’s attention. “Why, look, it’s good ol’ St. Nick” “Not really,” says Santa, “It’s good ol’ St. Roy.”

**TAKEOVER:** *(Removing beard and wig.)* Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. In case you don’t recognize me, the name’s Tackett, Roy Tackett. Affectionately known in the business world as “Takeover Tackett.” I just had to stop by and visit with all you nice people and reassure you that when I own your company, I’ll remember all of you by the way I’m treated tonight.

**MR. MONROE:** Why, Roy, it’s good to see you! I’m glad you took me up on my invitation to join us. But, tsk, tsk, tsk, heh-heh. There’s not going to be any talk of a takeover tonight. It’s Christmas. This is a party. We’re all here for a good time.

**TAKEOVER:** Well, well, well. Marshall Monroe. I can’t believe that you’re the best that *(name of company)* could do. They sent a wimp to do a man’s job. Why, my son, Skippy, could hold off

a takeover better than you. That reminds me, where is he? He's supposed to be taking care of his stepmother.

**SKIPPY:** Here I am, Pops. (*Dragging BOBBIE with him.*) Here we are. Hey, Pops, I gotta ask you somethin' about Mom. You told me you'd set her up in a condo in the Bahamas and she's here, workin' as a cleanin' lady and livin' in a trailer park and. . . Mom, Mom, come here. Tell him.

**HELEN:** (*Coming forward*) Hellooo, Hello, Roy. My, my, you look fit as ever. Oh, my goodness but it's wonderful to see you, Roy.

**TAKEOVER:** Yeah, yeah. Look, Skippy, she seems happy.

**HELEN:** Oh, I am. I told him, Roy. I'm fine. Just fine. I get a little lonely sometimes, but. . .

**TAKEOVER:** You oughtta get a dog, Helen. We'll talk about all this later, son. Right now I wanta introduce the new Mrs. Takeover. Have all of you met my bride, Bobbie?

**BOBBIE:** I've met 'em, Roy. They're real nice.

**TAKEOVER:** Damn straight, they're nice. They know who they'll be working for next month when (*name of company*) becomes Tackett \_\_\_\_\_. This company's your Christmas present, baby. You let me know which ones I should pink slip and which ones look like keepers.

**BOBBIE:** Gee, Ray, all I really wanted was an Ab Master for Christmas. But, well, anything you say is fine by me. Pookie. (*This is obviously said for ROBBIE'S benefit.*)

**TAKEOVER:** Geez, Bobbie, baby. I told you. Cut the Pookie crap.

**ROBBIE:** (*Indignant. Appalled.*) WHAT! You call him

Pookie! I was Pookie!

**SKIPPY:** I could be a Pookie. I am definitely Pookie material.

**MR. MONROE:** Well, Roy-Pookie, heh-heh, I just want you to know that we intend to fight your takeover bid for (*name of company*) with all the money and resources that are at our disposal. Why, even now. . .

**MRS.. MONROE:** (*Interrupting*) And we'll match you, dirty trick for dirty trick. There isn't a slimy, underhanded, lowdown thing you can do that we won't be ready for it.

**MR. MONROE:** Mrs. Monroe, I told you to let me handle it. This is my job.

**MRS.. MONROE:** Then for God's sake do it, Mr. Monroe! This is our life at stake, not a golf game. This is survival. You can't let this guy and his bimbo walk into your company party and humiliate you! Kick him where it hurts. Fight dirty.

**TAKEOVER:** Well, well, well. I guess we know who's got the landing gear in your family. Mrs. Monroe, you I like. I'm gonna crush your husband like a bug, but it's nothin' personal, y'know. Hey, hey, isn't it time to eat? Corporate raiding always gives me such an appetite.

**MR. MONROE:** Well, I guess we could sit down, heh-heh. Please join us at our table. How many are in your party?

**TAKEOVER:** Besides me and the wife and kid, I got a bodyguard. This here's Hardy. Nick Hardy. C'mon, Nick, time to tie on the old feedbag.

**NICK:** No can do, Mr. Tackett. I don't eat on the job. Nick Hardy just isn't made that way.

**TAKEOVER:** I say eat, you eat. With this crowd, maybe I need  
a food taster. *(He laughs.)*

**NICK:** Okay. But just so's you know. I don't do mushrooms.

**SKIPPY:** Pops, Pops, can Mom eat with us? Her shift's about over and she has to wait about an hour for the bus and she said she didn't have anything to eat at the trailer except a Budget Gourmet.

**TAKEOVER:** Sure, what the hell, it's Christmas. *(“What can I say, I am old softie.”)*

## **Part Two - Dinner**

All the characters:MR. MONROE, MRS.. MONROE, TAKEOVER, BOBBIE, ROBBIE, SKIPPY, HELEN and NICK are seated together. Where they sit initially isn't crucial, but during dinner they have confrontations with each other, leave for a while “in a huff”, switch places with someone else, etc. There will be a lot of passing dishes “try some of this”, etc., so that, ostensibly, anyone would have been able to poison TAKEOVER'S water.

There are three interruptions to dinner, all by TAKEOVER. These should be evenly spaced throughout the dinner. The third one begins when dinner is over and most dishes are cleared.

### **Interruption #1**

**TAKEOVER:** Hey, can I have your attention. I wanna make a little toast. Raise your glasses with me. To the *(Ghost of Christmas Past)*. There. Just keep eating and I'll tell you why the past is important. That's where you're shaped, that's where you find out what you're made of. Lemme tell you a little story. I started out in business with a lemonade stand. No lie. Me. Selling lemonade. Course, that wasn't the main thing. The main thing is that I took that lemonade stand from the kid down the street. I saw she had a sweet little setup - called it Lemonade

Lucy's - so I simply bought up all the lemons at the grocery store and she had to come to me to stay in her little business. Which soon became my little business. And then a bigger business and then. . .ah, hell, anyway, that's how it began. So Takeover's lesson to all of you is that when life hands you lemons - don't make lemonade - TAKE THE WHOLE DAMN LEMONADE STAND! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA! Oh, go ahead, eat. I'll be back later with a few other toasts. Eat, eat!

## Interruption #2

**TAKEOVER:** Hey, everybody, another toast. Raise your glasses to the *(Ghost of Christmas)* Present. Yeah. The present. Drink. I'm tellin' you, folks, right now old Roy Takeover is havin' the time of his life. Did you see the sweet little thing I'm married to. Had to dump the old wife to do it, but, hey, life goes on. Hard to believe a guy like me could get a classy broad like her. She never would've looked at me twice when she was a big ice dancing star. But after the accident, hey, she was mine for the takin'. The real irony is - don't you love irony *(laughs)* it was one of my companies that owned the Zamboni that ran over her foot. I don't kid myself that she loves me. Love is for jerks. Hell, if I'd wanted love I'd have stayed with the old wife. Ironic though, ain't it? My Zamboni? *(He laughs again, loudly and long)* Irony, hell, luck, that's what it was. So, eat, enjoy.

## Interruption #3

As soon as dinner is over and plates have been cleared, there will be a reason for everyone to leave the table. Loudly. ROBBIE and BOBBIE will fight with BOBBIE limping out of the room, followed by ROBBIE who "didn't mean it, etc." SKIPPY will start to follow "I can skate, Bobbie!" but HELEN stops him by announcing she is leaving, she doesn't want to impose, says goodbye. SKIPPY follows her out, trying to get her to change

her mind. MRS.. MONROE stands and rather unsteadily announces she is going to the ladies room, if she can find it. MONROE helps her. All but TAKEOVER and NICK HARDY are gone.

**TAKEOVER:** Geez, they give me heartburn. Okay, okay, one more then I won't be botherin' you any more. A toast to the (*Ghost of Christmas*) Future. Drink. The future. The next Christmas party. Look around your table. Wonder who won't be here next year? For one thing, I think I'll keep Monroe. Good flunkies are hard to find. And, hell, I'm in the Christmas mood. Let me tell you who I know is staying. (*At this point use the inside references, jokes, etc. about individuals at the company.*) The future of this company is gonna be in my hands. And the hands of my son, Skippy. Be nice to Skippy. When I go, everything goes to him. He's just a kid now, but by the time I buy the farm, I'll have turned him into. . .into. . (*The poison is taking effect*) Wh at was I saying? Yeah, Skippy, he's a good kid, but I'll change that. Is anybody else warm? Hell, I'm hot. .. I'm. . .Damn. . .I'm feeling kinda. . . . (*He collapses and dies. NICK runs to him.*)

### Part Three - Interrogation

**NICK:** Mr. Tackett? Roy? (*He slaps him, pumps on his chest, may start to give mouth to mouth, then think better of it with a "nah"*) Roy!!! Takeover. Damn I hate when this happens. This is not gonna look good on my resume. Ladies and gentlemen, we've got a homicide on our hands. Remain calm. As Alexander Haig said, - and wasn't he given a raw deal - I am in charge. First things first. Let's cover up the body and get him outta here. I know some dames who'd blow their dinner over the sight of a stiff. And Nick Hardy and sick broads do not go together. (*The body removal team goes into action. He continues throughout the removal.*) And I'm going to need some of you to go and find the people who were sitting at our table. I may not be the brightest guy in the cosmos, but I'd say they're the

closest things to suspects we've got. I'll need some volunteers to find Mr. Tackett's wives. No.1 and No. 2 and his kid, Skippy. And the Monroes. Yeah, and don't forget Robbie - the guy who works in your mail room. Seems to me he had some connection to this case. Go ahead and tell 'em what happened and don't let 'em give you any lip. The only good lip is a zipped lip. Unless its a dame. Then the only good lip is one that waitin' for yours.. *(The volunteers go off in search of the suspects.)* The name's Hardy. Nick Hardy. I'm a gumshoe, a P.I., . . . a private dick. I've seen murder before. Plenty of times. And let me tell you - up close, it ain't any prettier. This is the way I see it. The guy was snuffed. Poisoned. Iced. Somebody mixed Tackett a homicide cocktail - straight up, no soda, no water, no ice. And it coulda been any of them sittin' at that table. Nick Hardy intends to find out which one. And I don't trust any of 'em. Last time I trusted someone I woke up three days later in a fleabag hotel in Tijuana with a lump on my head and a pair of women's panties in my wallet where the money should be. Nick Hardy learned his lesson. Don't trust anyone. And look trouble square in the eye and don't be afraid to blink. *(By now they should be back. They ad-lib reaction to TACKETT'S murder until all are there. SKIPPY ends the ad-libbing.)*

**SKIPPY:** Geez, Hardy, some bodyguard you turned out to be.

**NICK:** Your right, kid. But see, Nick Hardy isn't really a bodyguard. He's more than that. I'm a gumshoe, a P.I., a private dick.

**MR. MONROE:** Well, this is horrible. Just terrible.

**HELEN:** *(Sniffing)* I always told Roy to be careful. He made enemies - so many enemies. Lord, hundreds, no, make that thousands, of people who wanted him dead. *(Crying.)* Oh, my poor Roy!

**NICK:** You can stop with the waterfall. Nick Hardy's not



impressed.

**BOBBIE:** Are you sure he was murdered, Mr. Hardy?

**ROBBIE:** Yeah. Maybe it was food poisoning. *(To audience)* Though then everybody here would be. . . Check your tables everybody. Any other dead people? No? I think everyone's okay.

**NICK:** It was murder all right. Tackett was poisoned. Nick Hardy knows two things - broads and murder. Sometimes there ain't much difference between the two.

**SKIPPY:** Gee, the old guy is dead. I can't believe it. I thought he'd never die. He was like the Terminator. I mean, he just seemed so indestructible.

**MRS.. MONROE:** Oh, come off it, all of you. Everybody is glad he's dead.

**MR. MONROE:** Mrs. Monroe!

**ROBBIE:** Gee, do you think we should call the police?

**NICK:** The coppers, hah! What do you think they'll do? Come in with their little kits and dust for fingerprints and ask a lot of sticky questions? You don't need coppers. You don't need Sherlock Holmes, Columbo, or Frank Furillo of Hill Street Blues. You've got Nick Hardy. I'm a gumshoe, a P.I..

**SKIPPY:** Yeah, yeah, we know. You're a dick.

**NICK:** That's right, kid, a dick. Something no copper can touch. I work the street. I eat crime for breakfast and it don't go snap, crackle, pop. Once I get the smell of murder up my nose it stays there till I blow it out. Who you gonna get here to lead this investigation? *(Names a member of the audience, any inside jokes.)*

**BOBBIE:** Well, if we aren't gonna call the cops, Nick, what are we gonna do?

**NICK:** I'll tell ya what we're gonna do, lady, we're gonna let these folks take a crack at solvin' the case. I want you all to circulate and talk to each table. Let 'em ask you questions. I've got some assistants that will be passing out detective notebooks for you. And in a little while, we're gonna let you vote who you think iced Takeover. We'll have an election. Yeah, a detection election. I'm counting on the *(name of company)* people to give me some ideas. Nick Hardy has ideas, but most of them involve getting rough, and I hate to do that with dames. Unless they ask for it.

As the characters circulate they answer questions, but also have certain things to impart. The following should not be delivered as monologues, but rather each actor should feel free to "make it there own" embellish, etc. IMPORTANT NOTE: If no one asks Mrs. Monroe about her first name, Mr. Monroe must be sure to use it, at least once, at each table.

**BOBBIE:** Geez, I can't believe he's dead. I just have the rottenest luck. See, I used to be an ice dancer. In fact, Robbie *(she points to him)* over there was my partner. And, well, not just on the ice, if you get what I mean - actually, Robbie and me did the Reclining Rhumba on a regular basis. But then an ice-scraping machine - they're called Zambonis, ran over my foot and I lost my little toe and I couldn't dance any more and I could tell things would never be the same again with us. Instead of being "Robbie and Bobbie" we'd be Robbie Who-Was-Still-Young and Could-Have-A Career if he wasn't stuck with Bobbie Nine-Toes. So I told him to go find a "whole" woman which, judging from tonight, is something he can do. And I met Roy who was real nice to me and didn't care about the fact that I can never wear high heels again. Well, I can wear one high heel but it's kinda awkward plus a real waste of money. Not that money was a problem with Roy. He was loaded. And I don't get any of it,

now that he's dead. It all goes to Skippy. So, see, like I didn't have any reason to kill him.

**ROBBIE:** *(Gesturing to Bobbie)* I couldn't have killed him. Look - I was only really good at one thing - skating. And, Bobbie and me - we were good together. Even when she was in the hospital - after the accident - I told her I'd stick with her. I told her we'd find a doctor who did prosthetic toes, but she sent me away. I think she was already foolin' around with Tackett. He was there - at the hospital - brought her flowers. Considering it was his Zamboni that cost her that toe, he shoulda done more than flowers. Yeah, I think even then she was playin' footsie with - okay, well maybe not footsie - but I can see I'm outta the picture with her. So I leave. And I try to forget her. And forget the rink. But I can't. It's the ice. It gets in your blood. I think I'm not really alive, you know, till I put on tights and the gypsy king costume and tie on my blades. But after her, I couldn't find anyone to dance with. She was always there coming between me and a new partner. I think that's why I kept dropping them. So I gave up professional ice and came to work at *(name of company)*. Though, as you may have noticed, I wasn't the greatest mail boy in the world. Cause, like I said before, I was only good at one thing. Ask Bobbie. Uh, okay, maybe TWO things. At least that's what she always said.

**SKIPPY:** Okay, before you start asking me stuff, I know it looks like I had a real good motive for killing my Pops. 'Cause I get everything. Everything. All the companies, insurance policies, real estate, all of it. And it does open up a whole new world for me. I mean, I can seriously hit on Bobbie now. Balance twelve mill against a few years and hey, even I would go for me. And, yeah, I suppose now you're thinkin' I could take care of Mom. Cause it really sucked the way Pops dumped her and all. But she's great. Not bitter or anything. So, yeah, I'm gonna take care of her. She's my Mom. And, see that's why I didn't kill Pops. Cause, gee whiz, he was my Pops. And he gave me just about anything I wanted - outside of Bobbie, I mean

**HELEN:** *(Sniffing)* You know, I think I'm the only one that's really sad about Roy. I know all of you hated and feared him. But I saw another side. The younger Roy. The Roy that took real pleasure in simple things. Like watching our Skippy play hockey, or sitting in front of a fire with the prospectus of a company he was thinking of ruining, or the Christmas that he gave me a string of pearls. I didn't care if he got them as part of some kickback scheme. It was the thought that counted. And, yes, he did dump me and I suppose some women would have hated him for that. But I didn't. Well, maybe a little. But not enough to kill him. I wouldn't have killed Roy. I figured that sooner or later the little bitch he married would do it for me.

**MR. MONROE:** This is just awful, heh-heh. First of all, on behalf of the Chicago office and Mrs. Monroe and myself, I want to apologize for the terrible things which are happening at your party. I guess all of us here tonight, if we're very, very honest, are secretly relieved that Tackett is no longer a threat to *(name of company)*. I've run into him before and I know how ruthless he can be. And that's why I invited him here tonight. I thought if he just got to know all of you, he'd realize what a swell company we have and, and well, he'd have a change of heart about taking us over and destroying our lives. And, you know what? I personally think it was working. People say that Roy "Takeover" Tackett was a vicious animal. But we all have hearts. We all have good in us. Sometimes it's just hidden real, real, deep. That was Tackett. But I didn't kill him. He was a challenge to me. Try and find a scrape of humanity in him. That was my plan for tonight. Not murder.

**MRS. MONROE:** *(Is obviously very inebriated. She is always carrying a drink - which, if asked, she will identify as a "Mrs. Monroe Special. If further pressed, she will name its ingredients - a little bit of lemonade and a hell of a lot of vodka. She has lemon slices on the glass and at each table will squeeze one into her drink before disposing of it at the table. OR, since the glass*

*should be mostly ice, she'll ask a table member to get her a "Mrs. Monroe Special" at the bar. If she runs into MR. MONROE, he may attempt to get her to lighten up on her alcoholic intake, but of course this will not work. Also, if asked, she will give her first name, LUCILLE. But only if asked.)* Well, fa-la-la-la-la and ho-hoho. Is this a Christmas party or what. A little holly, a little mistletoe, a little murder. *(Laughs wildly)*. OOOH, I better keep my voice down. Mr. Monroe will get upset if I get too loud. Or drunk. He's liable TO cut me off. 'Course then I'll jus' cut him off. *(Another laugh)* He's a funny guy. He's funny a lot of ways, if you catch my drift. But mostly he's nice. Real, real, REAL nice. It's tough bein' married to a saint, lemme tell ya. Even tonight. He was in a life an' death struggle with that bastard and he invites him to dinner. *(Sniffing,*

*she's getting maudlin, almost on the verge of tears.)* Is that a class act or what? (*Abrupt change of mood.*)  
Me, hey, I'm not gonna pretend. I'm glad the son of a bitch is dead. But I'll tell ya a little secret - shhhh - I  
dint kill him. Uh-uh, not li'l ol Mrs.Monroe.

NICK will also circulate, not with any particular information but to provide the others with someone to "play  
off of."

**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**

**[mysteriesbymoushey@gmail.com](mailto:mysteriesbymoushey@gmail.com)**

## **PROPS**

Cleaning supplies for HELEN

Smallish glass for MRS. MONROE

LOTS of sliced lemons for MRS. MONROE

Pitcher marked "Mrs. Monroe Special" (for bartender)

Premise sheets for tables (????I have to do yet.)

Clue packets, clip boards, pencils, take one envelopes

Threatening letter (optional)

Something for body removal - We've used a stretcher, a hotel luggage rack, a wheelchair, a furniture dollie, and we've simply dragged offstage. If you can get local paramedics to come in with a real gurney, etc., it's a nice realistic touch.

## **INCLUDED WITH PRODUCTION MATERIALS**

The following is sent electronically:

Clue Packets with Answer key and flow chart for optional hunt

Blank flow chart to help in making your own clue hunt

Threatening letter

Solution page

2 different ballots if you want to omit Clue Hunt and full solution.

Production Manual it's the same for all shows.

## **OPTIONAL**

Printed copies of all of the above is available in printed format for a small fee.