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THE HAUNTING

by

Eileen Moushey

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THE HAUNTING

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ALBERTO THE GREAT - real name Gary Dobbins. A flashy, flamboyant, "showman". Purports to be a "psychic" and "seer" but is actually a con man. Any age. Wearing something suitably extravagant.

JANE BRYANT - Alberto's assistant. Fairly ordinary. Overworked, a bit frazzled. Close in age to Alberto. Wearing secretary-business type attire. JANE becomes FLORA PERKINS, a saucy maid in the Worthington household.

MARTIN WORTHINGTON - A ghost. The Master of the House. A distinguished gentlemen in his late forties, early fifties. Wearing a dressing gown.

CHARLOTTE WORTHINGTON - His daughter and also a ghost. A "spunky" girl of about eighteen to twenty. Petite. Dressed in a long, flowing, lacy white nightgown.

MRS. ALICE CAMDEN - The Worthington's housekeeper and a ghost. A kindly (yet very determined woman) Organized and business-like. Early to late forties. Dressed in white high-necked blouse with ball-type shank buttons. One is obviously missing.

DOC RAWSON - A friend of the Worthington family and, therefore, a ghost. Fifties or older. Dressed in vest and shirtsleeves as if just finished working on a patient.

HENRY RAWSON - The doctor's son, and a you-know-what. A suitor for Charlotte's hand. HENRY is a bit of a "loser" and a whiner. In his early to mid twenties. Wearing a nightshirt and cap.

DIAMOND JACK - also a ghost. A Southerner and riverboat gambler. Very good-looking and a real charmer. Late twenties to late thirties. Wearing a white gambler shirt with ruffles, etc. The look, however, is somewhat marred by the knife protruding from his chest. And the blood.

JAKE THE HANDYMAN - Optional, can be done by HOST/HOSTESS

THE HAUNTING - THE SET-UP

Prior to the event, a big build-up is given to MASTER ALBERTO, psychic and seer. This can include: a poster of him as a "next attraction", teasers in newsletters and newspapers and pre-show guest appearances.

The actual event is described as taking place in a mansion or house with a suitably spooky atmosphere and ambiance, but if this is not possible, a notice can be posted or placed on tables that "sets up" the mystery. (See APPENDIX)

As the audience enters, (and during cocktails, if they are served) they are greeted by the GREAT ALBERTO who is able to psychically "read" certain people. (From information supplied prior to the event by the sponsoring organization.) JANE can be feeding him these bits of information. There can also, depending on your location, be sightings of one or more of the ghosts. (For example: In one production we had CHARLOTTE and JACK dancing in a courtyard overlooked by guests.) If time permits, there can be ghostly voices heard. (See APPENDIX)

While we usually have performed HAUNTING in conjunction with dinner, and the script is written that way, it

is not necessary. The Production Manual describes how to adapt the script to your time frame and event - dinner or not.

THE HAUNTING -ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

ALBERTO: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to _____ a very beautiful and historic mansion that has been lovingly and carefully preserved. Unfortunately, this house was not always the site of love and care. Exactly one hundred years ago, as the story goes, this house was the scene of a murder. Yes, a very brutal and ugly murder, which was never solved. That is one of the reasons that _____ has asked me to join you tonight. As I've told many of you, I am the Great Alberto. I am a psychic, a seer, and able to look into the future. It is not something I asked for. No, no, ladies and gentlemen, I did not ask for this gift. It was thrust upon me by powers unseen. But just as I was able to predict the future for some of you, I can also look back. Back, back, back. Put my gift "in reverse" , as it were, and go back in time. See things through the eyes of someone long dead. I am a channeler, a guide, a "facilitator for the morbidly challenged." Tonight, with your help, we will attempt to reach the spirits that were in this house 150 years ago. Please join me now, by putting your head back. Back, back, back. And hum. Hum, hum, hum. Hum like your life depended on it! Like this. (He hums, encourages others to join, etc. When all are participating...) Very good. I feel....I feel....something, someone is about to join us. (JANE screams, and screams again. She whirls about the room, eyes wild, calling out about "the blood, the blood". ALBERTO is more surprised than anyone and attempts to get her to calm down, she ruining everything, etc. She ends by collapsing on the floor.)

ALBERTO: Jane! Jane! Snap out of it. Come on, Jane, this isn't funny.

PERKINS: (Sitting up suddenly, and rising as she talks.) Oh, let's talk about funny, sir. No t'weren't a bit funny that night. Horrible, that's what it was. Horrible. Never was so scared in my whole life. No, never. All that blood!

ALBERTO: Jane, what are you talking about? (To audience) I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen. Sometime the strain of working with the Great Alberto gets to Miss Bryant. Jane, cut the act, right now!

PERKINS: Wha...?? You talkin' to me, sir? The name's not Jane, sir. It's Perkins. Flora Perkins. Who are you? Who are all of these people? Mrs. Camden won't like it, sir, she won't like it a bit!

ALBERTO: JANE! Look, folks, obviously there is something seriously wrong with my assistant. Try to remain calm, Jane, I'll see if there's a doctor....Is there a doctor in the house. Please, we have someone in need of medical assistance. A doctor, please! (With that, and accompanying lighting, fog, spooky music, etc., the ghosts of DOC RAWSON and MRS. CAMDEN enter. All other ghostly entrances - and the final exit, the same effects should be used.)

SCENE TWO

DOC: Calm down, young man, calm down. I am a doctor.

ALBERTO: Thank goodness! Look, my assistant, Jane is acting really weird.

DOC: Actually, Alberto, or - may I call you Gary? That's your real name isn't it, son? Gary? Anyway, Gary, my boy, your assistant is no longer here. She told you who she is. Flora Perkins, maid to the Worthingtons. This is Mrs. Camden, the Worthington's housekeeper. And I am Doctor Rawson, neighbor and long-time friend of the Worthingtons.

ALBERTO: Worthingtons? Who the hell are the Worthing.... What do you mean she's no longer...and how the hell did you know my real name? There is something really strange going on here.

MRS. CAMDEN: Sir, did you or did you not tell these good folk about a murder that happened in this house?

ALBERTO: Yes, but...

MRS. CAMDEN: But, nothing, sir. You wanted to meet the spirits of this house, the ones who were here at the time of the murder.

PERKINS: That's what you said, sir. So now you got your wish, see. Seems like you could show a bit of gratitude. Seein' how we all showed up for you.

MRS. CAMDEN: No impertinence, Perkins, if you please.

PERKINS: Sorry, Mrs. Camden.

DOC: You see, young man, the spirits of this house have been waiting. Waiting for someone to be able to bring us back...

ALBERTO: Spirits....Spirits??? You don't mean...

PERKINS: That's right, sir. Spirits. As in "GHOSTS".

DOC: Gary, dear boy, don't be afraid. It was bound to happen sooner or later. We were always destined to come back. As long as the murder went unsolved. It just took the presence of someone with a great deal of psychic and supernatural power to do it.

ALBERTO: (Regaining composure and "control".) I did it! I mean, ladies and gentlemen, I did it! The Great Alberto has summoned ghosts from the past! I did it! YES!!

DOC: Actually, Gary, it was little Janie that did the trick. The girl is a veritable bundle of psychic energy. Didn't know, that, did you?

ALBERTO: Jane? Psychic. No, I mean, I knew she was good, and all but...hey, wait a minute! She isn't gone for good, is she? (He waves his hand in front of Perkins eyes.) Yoo-hoo, Jane? You in there, Jane?

DOC: If we can solve the murder, your Jane can come back. If she wants to.

ALBERTO: Well, of course, she'll want to - that girl has got a future in the psychic bus....What do you mean, "solve the murder"...We're supposed to figure out a mystery that's one-hundred and fifty years old. Pretty tall order.

DOC: Well, take a stab at it anyway. (To audience.) Get it, "take a stab at it" - oh, I haven't lost my wit. That's what I was known for, you know. More than my doctorin' abilities. "Old Doc Rawson - he's a card alright" - that's what they'd say. Everyone except Mrs. Worthington. That woman didn't have a soft bone in her body. Never knew why Martin - that's Martin Worthington - married her. Cold as ice, she was. Between you 'n me, I never could imagine her in bed.

MRS. CAMDEN: Doctor Rawson! Please! Remember the sensibilities of the ladies present. I do apologize for the Doctor. And, Doctor, you will remember that I also knew Mrs. Worthington before her untimely death. You are correct in saying that she was not a warm person. But that was just her nature, that's all. And because she was always so sickly. And, as for "the other" - well, she did have Charlotte, after all.

PERKINS: I never could figure it, either, Doctor. I remember the Missus a little bit. She didn't take any notice of Charlotte, hardly at all.

DOC: I always thought the warm climate had something to do with it. You see, Gary, after the Worthingtons had been married for a while, they moved down South - to North Carolina for a few years.

MRS. CAMDEN: In the hopes of improving Mrs. Worthington's health.

PERKINS: And it must have done the trick because that's where...

DOC: That's where Charlotte was conceived and born.

PERKINS: Didn't they name her after the city where she was born? Weren't you with them then, Mrs. Camden? Weren't you in Charlotte?

MRS. CAMDEN: That's right, Perkins. I was Mrs. Worthington's maid then. I've been with Charlotte since the day she was born. And a sweeter baby you never saw.

PERKINS: (To the audience.) Mr. Worthington would have been lost without her. We all would. She nursed the Mistress til the day she died and she's held the household together ever since. And you know - she's perfect. Perfect. Never a hair out of place. A very formidable lady, Mrs. Camden, very formidable.

DOC: (To ALBERTO) So, this is what it's all about, Gary. The murder that involved the entire Worthington family. I was connected as their friend and neighbor. And I examined the body that night. And, of course, there was my son, Henry, and, well never mind, they'll be along shortly. All of them.

ALBERTO: All of them? You mean there's more ghosts to come?

DOC: Of course, dear boy. You can't expect to solve the murder without meeting the suspects! Not to mention the victim! We'll stick around in case any of these folks want to question us. But we only know part of the story. There will be others. More ghosts.

ALBERTO: Why do I feel like Ebenezer Scrooge?

SCENE THREE

(At the given signal, HENRY and MARTIN enter.)

ALBERTO: Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen, it looks like round two. More ghosts, more ghosts. Okay, guys, who are you and which one of you did it?

MARTIN: I beg your pardon, sir, but as a guest in my home, I would expect a more gracious hello.

HENRY: What do you expect, Mr. Worthington? They're from the future. If you ask me, civilization took a wrong turn after your generation.

MARTIN: Thanks, Henry.

HENRY: No, really, Mr. Worthington. It's men like you that made this country great. You're the backbone of America! Without your leadership and guidance this nation would go to hell in a hand basket!

MARTIN: Thank you, Henry.

HENRY: Men of honor! Men of integrity! Men of boundless courage who took this wild land and tamed it and forged it and worked it and shaped it and...

MARTIN: You make me sound like Abraham Lincoln. Henry....

HENRY: Why if it weren't for the Martin Worthington's of this country...

MARTIN: Enough! Henry, that's enough! I said you could marry her. Considering your prospects it would be a very good match. Certainly better than the fellow she's set her sights on. He was a rake and, I suspected, a bounder. But I wouldn't force her into a match with you, either. Perhaps she will grow to love you.

ALBERTO: Oh, okay, I get it. (To MR. WORTHINGTON) You must be Worthington, the guy owns this place. You were married to a real cold-hearted mama, had a daughter named Charlotte, and then your wife croaked. Your housekeeper is Mrs. Camden and you've got a maid named Perkins who is really my assistant, Janie. Jane. Miss Bryant. (To HENRY) And you must be Henry, Doc Rawson's kid, who's got the hots for Charlotte. Only from what you (MARTIN) are saying, ol' Char had another guy on the string.

HENRY: She'd have married me in a flash. If it weren't for that damned gambler.

ALBERTO: And somehow you must have been a suspect in the murder, 'cause the Doc's been goin' around making a point that you didn't have a thing to do with it! Ah-hah. Doth he protest too much, Hank?

HENRY: Hank? Me, a suspect? Ridiculous. I am a physician's son with excellent prospects and a beautiful fiancée'.....All right, not exactly a fiancée'....but why should I risk all that by committing murder! Not that I am without passion. I mean I'm capable of a murderous rage. Really. But there was really no evidence to connect me to the crime.

MARTIN: The fact that you were found next to the body does to lead one to wonder.

HENRY: The purest accident, Mr. Worthington. I give you my word. (To the audience and ALBERTO) As you know, we are neighbors of this fine gentlemen and his exquisite daughter. On the night of the murder I was ready for bed when I glanced out the window and observed, in the darkness, a figure entering the Worthington house. Not even bothering to dress, I raced over here and into the house.

MARTIN: That's what was so odd. Usually, Mrs. Camden is extremely careful about locking up.

HENRY: Perhaps the bounder broke in. In any case, I entered and saw a shadowy figure on the floor, right about here...(He denotes an area on the floor, and "acts out" the remainder of this description.) I stepped forward to get a closer look and my foot slipped on something and I crashed to the floor.

MARTIN: Evidently he was knocked out cold.

HENRY: When I came to, Charlotte was standing over me screaming, with blood all over her hands. MARTIN: And there was the gambler, Diamond Jack, lying in a pool of blood.

ALBERTO: A-HA!! So it was the gambler, #2 on the Charlotte Hit Parade who was snuffed. (To their confused looks.) Done in. Bought the farm. Went to the Poker Game in the Sky. MURDERED.

MARTIN: (Nodding.) He was stabbed. With the knife still protruding from his chest. One of our knives. From our kitchen.

PERKINS: (Wailing. Coming forward from the audience.) But I didn't do it! I didn't take the knife! I didn't stab him!

MRS. CAMDEN: Hush up, Perkins. No one ever said you did! (Coming forward) Good evening, sir. Mr. Henry. So glad you could join us.

DOC RAWSON: Hello, Martin. Henry, son. (To ALBERTO) There's still more to come, Gary. There's still more to come.

SCENE FOUR

(At the given signal, CHARLOTTE, with bloodied hands, enters. She is accompanied by JACK who bleeds from the knife sticking from his chest.)

ALBERTO: No, no, let me guess. You are the infamous Charlotte Worthington, and the guy in the gore suit has got to be Diamond Jack.

CHARLOTTE: The love of my life.

JACK: Just as you are the love of mine.

CHARLOTTE: Forever.

JACK: Eternity. (Embrace) Ow, ooh, the knife, darling.

ALBERTO: Okay, okay, we get the picture. Undying...well, not exactly, undying, eh, Jack, love. (To audience) Hey, folks, we could wrap it up here pretty quick and I could get my Janie back. So, Jack, who dunit?

JACK: Sorry, sir, that I cannot oblige you with that information, for I truly do not know.

ALBERTO: Why am I not surprised?

CHARLOTTE: You see, Gary,...

ALBERTO: ALBERTO. It's ALBERTO.

CHARLOTTE: All right, Alberto. We were eloping that night. It wasn't the first time we'd tried. We ran away before, but somehow Papa (CHARLOTTE uses the French pronunciation - accenting the second syllable) found out and dragged me home. But on this night, I'd changed for bed, so that no one would suspect what we were doing. I was in my room, packing, when I heard a thumping noise from downstairs. I knew it was Jack and I wanted to warn him to keep quiet. I came down the stairs....and....he was there (she points to an area on the floor.) He was...he was...dead. All that blood. All my darling's blood. Spilled out from the knife. Onto the floor. I cradled him in my arms, (she attempts to, but the knife gets in the way, so they "adjust") and swore I would love him forever. And I screamed and screamed.

ALBERTO: Not enough to wake the dead, though, eh, Jack? What do you remember?

JACK: I remember entering the house - the door was open... It was dark as pitch inside with only the moonlight coming through the windows for illumination. I walked as far as this hallway when I sensed that I was not alone. Now I didn't hear anything in particular. At least not at first. But I knew - I knew I was not alone. Someone was in this hallway with me. Then I hear something. A rustling. Then a tiny sound, like something...a little "ping." (with JACK'S southern accent this comes out "paing.")

ALBERTO: A "paing"?

JACK: That's what I said, ping. P - I - N - G. Ping. A little, tiny, itty bitty "ping." And the next thing I knew I was

deceased. And my poor, darlin' was screaming and crying...

ALBERTO: Ping, then you're dead? How 'bout Henry? Wasn't he there, too? My money's on the Rawson kid

CHARLOTTE: Oh, he was there, all right. Unconscious next to my Jack. Did he do it, my darling? (Baby talk) Did that nasty old Henry kill you? Did he? You're such a big, brave boy, aren't you, my darling? (end baby talk) I always thought that Henry had something to do with it! He is such a weasel.

JACK: I truly do not know, my sweet one, if it was Mr. Weasel or not. Though as we both are aware, that does sound like something Henry would do - attack in the dark.

PERKINS: (From the audience.) Stop talking about him like that! Mr. Henry wouldn't do any such thing!

MRS. CAMDEN: (Also from the audience.) Perkins! Stop that screeching at once!

CHARLOTTE: Why, Perkins, what do you know about it?

PERKINS: I don't know anything. Anything. I just don't think there's any cause to go blamin' Mr. Henry. Mr. Henry couldn't have killed the blasted gambler, that's all. And I'm tired of everyone talking so bad about him. He's a wonderful man, wonderful, he is. No one understands him and appreciates him, that's all.

HENRY: (Also from audience) Perkins....Flora....be quiet. You aren't helping.

DOC: (Also from audience) Son, do you have some explaining to do?

MARTIN: (Also from audience) Henry?

HENRY: Look, everyone, it's just Perkins. She's got it in her head that I'm some sort of hero. It's embarrassing. She.... well....she thinks I'm wonderful. I guess she's...in love with me. I did nothing to encourage it. She is just a maid, after all, and I have promised myself to Charlotte. Can I help it if I have this fatal charm? Look, Perkins, you're a very nice girl and all that, but I'm not the perfect man you think I am.

JACK: You will not get an argument from this quarter, Henry.

ALBERTO: Is this everyone? Are there any more characters in this little drama, that are due to arrive.

DOC: No Gary, this is the full complement of spirits of the Worthington Murder. What do you propose to do?

ALBERTO: I'm not sure, exactly. Seems like something is missing. (To the ghosts) You sure you've told me everything you remember?

JAKE: (Entering) I'm surprised at you, Master Alberto. Trustin' a murder investigation to 150 year old memories. Don't suppose you heard the legend of the letter, did ya? (ALBERTO looks to others for guidance, they shrug, etc.) Didn't think so. Seems little Missy here wrote to her boyfriend on the day they were to elope. JACK: That's right! Remember, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE: Vaguely. Yes, yes, I did write you a letter. What happened to it?

JAKE: I'll tell ya, little lady. It wasn't found for years and years. Then somebody, SOMEBODY with sharp eyes and an even sharper sense of humor found it. (It is easy to tell who he means.) Yessirree, I found the letter that Charlotte wrote to Diamond Jack. Even made copies. And I'll tell ya all. It's real interesting, REAL interesting. You want to see it, maybe?

HENRY: Of course, you....you....bumpkin! Of course we want to see it!

JAKE: Calm down, Henry. Say, gotta tell you - love the nightcap. Well, anyway, you're gonna get the letter, all of you. If you can find it, hah-hah! And in order to do that you have to use the clue packets being passed out right now by some friends of mine. Follow the directions and you'll know how to get a hold of Charlotte's letter.

And after that, you should be able to write your answers on the solution sheet. Have fun, folks. (He laughs....
)

THE HAUNTING - ACT TWO

THE CLUE HUNT

The Production Manual provides directions for designing and staging a clue hunt. This can be as involved as you like, can be an actual physical search, or can be contained within the room. The type of event and facility will determine the nature of the clue hunt. Again, this is all spelled out in the Production Manual. But regardless how the clue hunt is done, at the end, each team will end up with a copy of CHARLOTTE'S letter to JACK (See APPENDIX)

During the clue hunt, the characters remain in circulation. The following describes the content of their conversations with the audience. In this part it is very important for the actors to realize that they will need to initiate most conversations. Also, any questions asked of them can be answered truthfully if in the context of their character's involvement. They can, however, avoid answering directly.

ALBERTO can join in on any and all of these conversations, helping to guide and lead it if necessary. The characters can circulate singly, or in pairs, whatever suits the nature of the characters and the crowd. If working in groups, the monologues can become dialogues, with others interjecting, responding, etc. Most important is that it seem not rehearsed.)

After the suspects have circulated, the letter is found, and teams have had an opportunity to formulate solutions, these will be collected and "graded". The solution scene is played.

DOC RAWSON: Yes, that Mrs. Worthington was one straitlaced woman. You want to hear a story about her? I shouldn't....the Hippocratic oath and all that, but...any way, see they'd been married about six months, and Mrs. Worthington comes to me because she's wondering why she can't get pregnant. And I examine her... which was a trick in itself, she was beyond modest. And afterward I sit her down. "Miranda," I say, "I've discovered the problem." She stares at me with her big blue eyes and says, "Tell me, Doctor, I need to know. Am I barren?" "No," I tell her, "But you ARE a virgin, which complicates the entire conception process. Not to mention making childbirth a trifle tricky." She didn't like hearing about that, at all. I tried talkin' to her about men and women, but she just stormed out. Never could figure out why Martin married her. Thought maybe he had a soft spot for blondes. Think he got a whole lot less than he bargained for. Except for Charlotte. What a girl! No wonder my son, Henry, fell for her. But, still, I don't want any of you to think that because he was sweet on her that he had anything to do with the murder.... 'cause that just isn't so! Henry is a fine boy, a very, very fine boy.

You know sometimes I wonder where Henry gets it. Oh, he's really a good boy, but sometimes even I will admit that he's a bit of a stuffed shirt. Or well, tonight it's a night shirt, ha-ha! But it still wasn't right the way that girl treated him! He was just perfect for her till she met the gambler. And Henry was no match for Diamond Jack. Personally, I think entirely too much was made of the murder. People die. As a doctor, I see it every day. Folks get to worked up about death. It can be a blessing.

I'm flummoxed, that's what I am. I look at Martin and think "do I really know my old friend?" How else can we explain Charlotte, with her fiery determination. She didn't get that from her mother, that's for certain. So, I wonder, what lies under Martin's amiable exterior. I'm a doctor and a student of human nature, yet I freely admit. I am flummoxed.

MRS. CAMDEN: (Fondly) Charlotte used to try our patience. When she wanted something, she just went and got it. Now her father, Mr. Worthington, well, he would try to discipline her. He'd TRY to say "no" but she did have a way. She'd wheedle, and charm, and plead and before you knew it, he was giving her what ever she wanted and more. I would stick to my guns with her. I loved her too, but that meant watching out for her best interests. She knew she couldn't get around me. Now don't be judging Mr. Henry Rawson on just this one meeting. When he's not under this kind of pressure, and dressed, he can be quite an impressive young man.

Not exactly as handsome and charming as that Diamond Jack, but certainly more stable, and reliable, and respectable. Everyone knew about Jack. His wild ways. He's broken hearts from here to New Orleans. And left the girls behind, with their reputations in tatters. Well, he wasn't going to do it to Charlotte. That's why I encouraged Henry Rawson. He's good enough for Charlotte. Deserving of her. Not that I would want to see her forced into anything. That's one thing that Mr. Worthington and I agree upon - Charlotte's happiness is uppermost.

I was torn, that's the only way to describe it. Torn between knowing what was best for Charlotte and watching how happy she was over that damned gambler. As far as the murder went, I certainly had my suspicions about Perkins. The way she followed Henry Rawson was shameful. And she was lazy. Never trust a lazy servant.

PERKINS: Oooh, don't let that Mrs. Camden near me. She can be a dragon, that one. Just between you and me, the whole household revolved around that girl. That Charlotte. Spoiled brat, that's what she was. Why, do you know she had the best suitor in the world, livin' right next door. Mr. Henry Rawson, the doctor's son. Any girl would be thrilled to have that one. Such a fine gentlemen! And what'd she do, the ungrateful girl? Why, she spurned him, that's what! Maybe the murder was some sort of punishment for that! Or maybe it was justified in some way. Like if someone stood in the way of your happiness? We all have the right to be happy.

You see how the mister is? All nice and easy-going, like. That's the way he was about everything. We all said it was just a matter of time before Charlotte had him inviting Diamond Jack to tea. She was like that with her Papa. She always got everything she wanted. It weren't fair. Everything she wanted.

I can tell you, can't I? Don't tell the others. It's true. I loved that Henry Rawson. Loved him somethin' fierce, I did. I loved him so much I even tried to help him by spying on the brat. That's what she was - a brat! There was times I could have pulled her hair out by the roots when I saw what she did to him. If it weren't for her, maybe, just maybe....Oh, I know it's useless takin' on like this but what can I do! I mean, look at him! Who couldn't help but love that man!

MARTIN: In a way, I must blame myself - on several scores. I spoil Charlotte, I know. I try to deny her, but she is very persuasive. And, indirectly, I was the one who introduced the two of them. (Confidentially) I indulge in an infrequent game of chance. Poker. A weakness of mine, I'm afraid. Which is where I first met Diamond Jack. An excellent card player, and basically a good fellow. When we met on the street, I presented Charlotte to him. She was immediately taken with him, to my dismay. I should have put my foot down, then and there. And yes, he seems a good fellow - but as Mrs. Camden and others have pointed out - no prospects and a very wild reputation. And although Henry Rawson can be well...., you've seen, he is from a good family. And he cares for Charlotte. Mrs. Camden and I were very worried about the entire situation. I'm very grateful I have her to rely upon.

In a way I must admit that the murder solved my dilemma. You see, I know myself quite well. And, yes, I knew it was only a matter of time before I accepted Jack. Which would have been disastrous for my daughter. So, I would be lying if I don't tell you I was relieved when he was dead.

HENRY: Just between you and me, all Charlotte needs is a strong man to calm her down. Her father, Mrs. Camden, and the whole household have spoiled her for years. Yesirreee, a strong man to guide her, shape her. Show her who's boss, that sort of thing. And I'd keep her in the style she's accustomed to as well. And she WAS fond of me - until that....scoundrel came on the scene. A gambler. And certainly no gentleman. Now, you may hear we came to blows, he and I. And that's true. I do not want to go into particulars - let's just say it was a matter of honor. But I thrashed him thoroughly. Yes, I beat him to a pulp. But that doesn't mean I murdered him. Because I didn't. On my word as a gentleman, I didn't kill him.

I never did a thing to encourage the maid. In fact, she knew better than anyone how determined I was to win Charlotte. She was helping me, for God's sake. You know, keeping her eyes and ears open around Charlotte. Bringing me little bits of information about what was going on in the household. It wasn't spying. Not really. But someone had to protect Charlotte. Mr. Worthington is an exemplary gentleman, but putty in the hands of his daughter. Why, even, Mrs. Camden was taken in by the gambler's schemes. Charlotte would simply have to realize that she needs the guidance of a wise, sensible man. Namely, me.

CHARLOTTE AND JACK

CHARLOTTE: Isn't he beautiful?

JACK: Isn't she beautiful? I can't really blame old weasel, for loving you.

CHARLOTTE: Yes, darling, but did you really need to fight with him. Yes, I heard about that, my dearest.

JACK: What could I do, my precious. Henry. Now there's a piece of work. Henry, besides being a weasel, is also a voyeur. A peeper. I caught him one day, up a tree, peering through your bedroom window and set about teaching him a lesson. Not that it was much of a battle. I bloodied his nose with the first punch and he went crying to Mrs. Camden.

CHARLOTTE: Dear Mrs. Camden. She's the only one who sympathizes with us, darling. I know she worries about me, but she realizes that I can't be happy without you. That's why she helps us. She even left the door unlocked for you that night. Although, I wish now she'd locked and bolted it. Papa would have come around, whether or not we eloped. Oh, it was just so pointless!

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

THE HAUNTING - APPENDIX

Posted and/or placed on tables. . .

Welcome to the _____, only tonight it is not _____.

Tonight _____ becomes Worthington Manor.

Your host for the evening is Master Alberto, internationally known psychic and seer. He will attempt to contact the spirits that haunt Worthington Manor. Spirits that cannot rest because of a murder that happened here, on (exactly one hundred years before your date). A murder that was never solved. Cooperate fully with Master Alberto and together we can solve

(Your Title)

The following "mini-monologue" can be used to set the mood - as the audience enters or during dinner, if dinner is served. These are spoken from another room, using a microphone and suitably spooky background music.

HENRY: Perkins. Flora. My, my but you are looking fine, today. Yes, indeedy, you are. So, Flora, what's Miss Charlotte up to today? Hmm, Flora? Hmm? Hmm? Hmm?

DOC: Hello, little Flora! It's me. Doc Rawson. You remember your old neighbor, don't you, Flora?
Doc Rawson. Your old neighbor? Henry's father.

MRS. CAMDEN: There you are! Miss Charlotte needs her coat and gloves, Perkins. Now, if you please.
Perkins, Perkins! I see you! Don't think you can hide from me, Perkins!

MARTIN: Perkins, I believe I heard Mrs. Camden calling you! Better get hopping before you get in hot water!
You know Mrs. C. doesn't like to be kept waiting. Doesn't like to be kept waiting

CHARLOTTE: I should have known you'd be here, Flora Perkins! Even now, you're still spying on me and
carrying tales to that weasel, Henry. What's going on with you two, Perkins? Perkins!

JACK: Well, now, Perkins. Where'd you get that knife? Seems like it's too big for a little lady like you. Did
you sharpen it, Perkins? That big, sharp, knife.

This is the physical evidence which is written on parchment-type paper.

CHARLOTTE'S LETTER TO JACK

My darling Jack,

*Just think! Tomorrow we will be together forever. I do hope Papa will relent. (Perhaps he
is opposed to our marriage because of his gambling debt to you. He is so proud!) since your fight
with Henry, the weasel has made himself scarce - although his father has been here almost every
evening. Oh, and it seems that every time I turn around, I bump into Perkins. She is alwa
ys watching me! Mrs. Camden, bless her, has said she will help us, although I'm sure she is
doing so reluctantly. It must be difficult to be so very correct and respectable! But she has
agreed to leave the door open for you tonight - thank goodness for Perkins' night blindness, or it would
have been her doing the locking up!*

Until we meet again, my darling. . .

All my love,

Charlotte

PROPS/SET DRESSING

Microphone, speakers, if using 'voices' during dinner

Spooky background music - tape

Fog machine (optional, but a neat touch)

Signs to post or put on tables

"Cheat sheet" with information on guests - for JANE

Blood for JACK'S wound

Knife effect - this is made using a large knife which has been broken/sawed off about 4 inches from the handle. One-half
inch of the remaining blade is then hammered and glued into a thin 6x6 piece of wood. We use the ubiquitous gaffer's
tape - also known as duct tape - and wrap it several times around his body (onto a t-shirt or major pain will result!) securin
g the knife effect. The handle and an inch or two of the blade should stick out of the bloodied chest wound.

WHAT IS INCLUDED WITH PRODUCTION PACKET – all is sent electronically.

Charlotte's letter

The Production Manual – which is the same for all our shows.

Sample clue packet with answer key and flow chart

Blank flow chart to use in designing your own clue hunt

Sample 'teasers' to promote the event

A sample premise sheet used to give background to guests

Jack's letter to Charlotte

OPTIONAL

Everything in the Production Packet is available in print format, including the Production Manual.