

PLEASE REMEMBER as you read the script that we WILL ALLOW CHANGES. This includes the title, line changes, and adding or combining characters. You must contact us for permission in advance, however.

This review script DOES NOT INCLUDE THE SOLUTION SCENE. There also may be minor text changes, and a difference in formatting and pagination. If you feel you cannot make an informed decision about producing without the solution scene, please call us at 330-678-3893 or send us an email at: [mysteriesbymoushey@gmail.com](mailto:mysteriesbymoushey@gmail.com)

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

Accessing this review script does NOT confer permission to produce, however you may print it for others to review and you may use any portion for audition purposes.

## HONEYMOON FROM HELL!

An Audience-Participation Murder-Mystery

by  
Eileen Moushey

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that HONEYMOON FROM HELL is subject to a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all the countries covered by the International Copyright Union.

The stock and amateur rights in HONEYMOON FROM HELL are controlled exclusively by the author. No stock or amateur performance of the work may be given without obtaining, in advance, written permission of Eileen Moushey and paying the requisite fee.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN GIOVANNI DE LA ROBBIA - Italian. Mid forties or older. Handsome, charming. Carefree and irresponsible, he takes nothing seriously. Also a drinker. In "dress whites".

GINA TUTTIMENTO - American, of Italian descent. Forties. The Cruise Director on the S.S. AMORE. Frazzled to the point of desperation, GINA is trying to hold the whole honeymoon cruise thing together, single-handedly. In a naval uniform.

JOEY CARMINE - Italian. Forties. JOEY gives the appearance of being with the Mob, but is actually the owner of a shoe store in New York. He's GINA'S ex-boyfriend. Dressed in shorts, cruise wear.

BAMBI CARMINE - American. Twenties to thirties. Very attractive and not nearly as dumb as she first appears. Wearing shorts and halter top.

FREDO GAMBONI - Italian. Thirties or older. Crazy. The AMORE chef. Dressed in chef jacket, hat.

AL GILLESPIE - American. Sixties. A sweet old guy with an edge. Cruise wear-wild short.

TILLIE GILLESPIE - American or English. Sixties. A sweet old girl. Also, quite deaf. Draped with scarves, wearing flowing blouse, skirt.

THE HOST and/or HOSTESS

#### PART I - THE SETUP

In all publicity/promotion for the event, the following is included:

- the facility, for the evening, will become the SS AMORE, a not-so-luxurious cruise ship that specializes in honeymoon cruises.
- it is the last evening before docking - which is traditionally "Talent (or Karaoke) Night" aboard ship. The CAPTAIN and CRUISE DIRECTOR will be auditioning acts. Finalists will win prizes and have a chance to compete before the entire audience.

As audience members enter they will see a sign welcoming them to Talent Night on the AMORE. As they register, those with acts will be directed to the places designated for these. (For practical purposes, it would be best to then have GIOVANNI, GINA and the HOST each choose an act. Ultimately, THREE actual acts from the audience members is needed.)

The CAPTAIN likes all the acts, thinks they should all win and will get very depressed that he can only choose one. His indecisiveness stems partly from his basic personality and partly from the Chianti he's already consumed.

GINA is very diplomatic and sweetly complimentary with each auditioner. She is determined not to let that bum, JOEY CARMINE, her former fiancée, ruin this evening the way he ruined the whole cruise. And she warns one and all to steer clear of FREDO, the chef. He's on a particularly nasty rampage tonight because of the cheese sculptures.

At the same time the acts are auditioning, BAMBI and JOEY are circulating. BAMBI is trying to decide which song to sing for the CAPTAIN. She tries out several using other guests as audience and asking for critiques, opinions, etc.

AL and TILLIE are also circulating. TILLIE is practicing her interpretive dance, complete with scarves - she studied with Isadora Duncan. AL is looking for anyone who might have a spare hearing aid. TILLIE can't hear a thing - in fact - she keeps mishearing comments, etc.

FREDO is fussing around the food table, screaming at the "help", shouting orders in incomprehensible Italian, etc. He may interrupt auditions and launch into tirades with GINA or the CAPTAIN.

At the pre-arranged time, a chime will sound. The voice of GINA will invite everyone to come into the theatre for the show.

## PART II - THE PLAY

Onstage are items reminiscent of a cruise liner - deck chairs, lifesavers, tiny flags strung across stage, etc. GINA and the CAPTAIN are onstage.

GINA: Good evening and welcome to Talent Night on the SS AMORE. Before we announce the finalists, I would like to take this opportunity to personally apologize for some of the little problems we've had this trip. Some of them, the typhoon for example, was really beyond our control. And the entire incident with the sharks probably won't happen again in a million years. Okay, the seasick pill mixup, yes, that was our fault. And I want to assure you that the Captain has spoken very seriously to the pharmacist. As of yesterday, all laxatives will be stored on a different shelf. The drop schedule for additional toilet tissue is 12 midnight, so please be in your cabins by then. I have an update regarding the unfortunate shuffleboard episode. As you know, we've all been concerned about Emily Chester and her daughter, Tiffany. You'll be happy to know that Emily's X-rays show no signs of permanent damage and I just received word that little Tiffany has regained consciousness. Mr. & Mrs. Chester have signed a release completely exonerating the AMORE so those of you circulating the petition can just relax and enjoy the rest of the cruise. (Consults paper again.) That's about it for now. At this time I'd like to turn our talent night proceedings over to Captain De La Robbia.

CAPTAIN: Thanka you so much, leetle Gina. She's-a such a wonnerful girl. She makes-a da trip so mucha fun no? Hokay, where's-a my list? (Gina supplies it.) Thanka you, leetle cutie. Did I tell you whatta nice girl she is? I did? (He giggles) She's-a more than nice. She's a hotta stuff. SSHHH. I dint say that. Hokay, so here's-a the leest offa da finalists inna big, BIGGA, talent contest. We gotta (He names the audience members and) da Gillespies, and da Joey and Bambi - wasn' that a leetle deer that los' her mama - wassa so sad, make me cry. Anyway, come onna up here, you too, Carmine's. Nice Italian name, thatta one.

GINA: Oh, hell, Giovanni, not them.

CAPTAIN: Anna why not, leetle, Gina-Weena.

GINA: It's my ex, Captain. Remember, I told you.

CAPTAIN: Wait a minut'. Thatta Joey - he's-a the one who leava you, make-a you so sad that you run away and come onna cruise with-a Giovanni, and make Giovanni the whoopie and the wonkitti-wonk all night-a long? Is thatta Joey-guy?

GINA: That's him.

CAPTAIN: Hey, I wanna shake-a his hand. Hey, come onna up here. Say, Gina, theesa here is one-a good I ookin' and big talented group, y'know.

(By now the group should be making its way onstage. CAPTAIN and GINA will ad-lib until all are

onstage. The CAPTAIN using a list, introduces the first one tells what it will do. The first act goes on, gets applause, and is sent to their seat. Before he goes onto the next act, he "notices" the GILLESPIE'S. During the next section, the remaining real "contestants" are included in the action as much as possible.)

CAPTAIN: That wassa a wonderful. Hey, you old peoples gonna do something? Thattsa so cute. Hey, I gotta tell you(Indicating AL and TILLIE) your-a kinda old to be onna honeymoon, you know....Musta been one helluv a long party after da weddin, huh?

AL: Actually, Captain, we've been married for forty years. This is our second honeymoon. And while I've got the chance, there's something the Mrs. and I really need to discuss with you.

CAPTAIN: We donna keep no kinky stuff onna ship. At home, I've gotta beeg a gym and all, eh, the li'l Gina W eena, here, she likes-a da trapeze...

GINA: Giovanni!

CAPTAIN: Shhh...Imma make-a sure that Joe know what he'sa missin'.

AL: We don't need anything like that. We need..

CAPTAIN: You don't? You one lucky guy, eh? The little missus, she's gotta da hot pants, eh?

TILLIE: What's he sayin' Al, what's he sayin'?

AL: (shouting) HE SAYS HE LIKES A LOT OF DANCE. Now see hear, Captain, we've got a problem...

JOE: So, Gina...looks like you won' be avoidin' me no more.

GINA: I haven't been avoiding you! This is a big ship, buster. Let's just say we haven't wound up on the same deck. Kinda the story of our entire relationship, if that's what you'd call it, Mr. Carmine. (noticing BAMBI) So, this must be the new Mrs. Carmine.

JOE: Yeah, this here's Bambi.

CAPTAIN: Bambi. I love-a dat movie, it make-a me cry so much.

AL: Now look, I'm not the sort of man to get all upset and mad over little things but this isn't really such a little thing. My poor wife has been without her hearing aids because...

CAPTAIN: Uh-oh. I tinka maybe you shoulda be tellin' this to-a Gina. I don' do problems. I'mma da happy guy.

AL: Ok, so you see, Gina....

GINA: Bambi. How nice to meet you, Mrs. Carmine. I hope you and the bum - I mean - MR. BUM will be very happy together.

JOEY: Hey, you hadda your chance with me, baby. You could-a had it all. A nice job, and-a nice li'l apartment. But, oh no, that's not enough for Little Missy Gina. Had to be married too. Eh, you know what I say to you - I say PFFFT to you.

AL: S'cuse me....Y'see, Gina, the second day out - remember the life boat drill? There was a mixup over which life raft we were supposed to use, and somehow Tillie wound up in the one with the entertainers and....

GINA: (Not even looking at him, still focused on BAMBI) That's too bad. So, Bambi, do tell how you managed to persuade Mr. Bum...

JOEY: Don' call me that. You know it makes-a me so mad.

AL: So she's in the raft with Mimi and her Pedigreed Poodles.

CAPTAIN: Hey, issa that one great act or what? You tella me. I love it when the bigga one jumps up through the bigga ring of fire. OOPS, I gussa I shouldn' bring it up. It wassa your wife, no? Wassa sittin' jus ta sittin a little too close thatta night. Her head, she go up inna flames. Wenta WHOOSH. Musta been one-a cheap wig.

TILLIE: What's he sayin, Al, what's he saying?

AL: HE SAYS HE LIKES YOUR HAIR.

CAPTAIN: Hey, guys, whatta you say? Let's see some more-a talent! Hokay witta you? (He introduces another real act. They do their thing, to applause, etc.)

CAPTAIN: At was terrific. Magnifico. One great act. Whatta you say, eh, Gina?

GINA: Yeah. Magnifico. So, I'm waiting on an answer here, Bambi. Just how did you persuade the BUM to give up his freedom?

JOEY: Now, I remember howwa crazy you made me, Gina. You're a one big time crazy person, do you know that? My leetle Bambi, here, she's a so good to me. Justa like she wassa so nice to her li'l mama. She take care-a dat old lady like-she was her own mother.

BAMBI: She was my mother, Joey.

JOEY: Yeah, but you're adopted, little Bambi, so itsa not like blood, you know. And still you such-a good girl. Not like you, Gina. Eh, whatta you ever do for your-a mama, eh? eh?

GINA: My mother's been dead for ten years, Joey. Hey, don't go bringin' my mother into this.

JOEY: Thatsa justa my point. My Bambi. She cared aboutta her mama. She was lika nurse to that old widow woman. My Bambi. She'sa so sweet. So nice.

BAMBI: Don't leave out young, Joey.

AL: So Tillie's in the life raft with the Mimi and eight poodles and evidently your crew didn't know it was a drill, because they started lowering the raft. The poodles went crazy and were jumping all over Mimi and Tillie.

CAPTAIN: I saw that. Wassa big time funny. We're up there in thatta place, what's it called?

GINA: The bridge.

CAPTAIN: Yeah, the bridge. Anna we look out and see thissa raft fulluva pooches goin' nuts. It wassa so funny.

GINA: Did she just say young?

BAMBI: Yeah. Evidently there ain't nothin wrong with your hearin', honey. The reason Joey wasn't afraid to get married to me - even after we'd only known each other for two weeks, is because I'm young. I've always been young. And . . . I'll tell ya somethin' else .... I'm gonna stay that way, right, Joey?

JOEY: Sure, baby, anythin' you say is okey-dokey by me.

AL: PLEASE...I'm sure this reunion is very important for all of you...

GINA: What? No, Mr. Gillespie, it is NOT important. It is not a reunion. I'm completely uninterested in anything that either of these people have to say. I care about you, and your wife, Mr. Gillespie, and I truly want to hear your story. I'm all ears.

BAMBI: That's not what Joey says.

JOEY: Hey, Bambi, maybe you should shutta your mouth..

GINA: WHAT DID JOEY SAY? Never mind, I don't want to know. Mr. Gillespie. Please tell me your problem. I'm listening.

AL: (Not completely convinced.) Oh, dear, where was I?

BAMBI: The poodles and Mimi and the old broad were in the raft. Is this gonna take long? I gotta pee before I sing.

TILLIE: What's she saying, Al, what's she saying?

AL: SHE WANTS TO SEE YOUR RING. (TILLIE holds out her hand helpfully.) ANYWAY, she's in the raft and the dogs were scared and jumping all over her. You should see the bruises on her legs.

CAPTAIN: That's okay, maybe later.

AL: And the biggest of them starts licking her all over.

CAPTAIN: I betcha she liked that.

AL: HE LICKED HER IN THE EAR AND THEN ATE HER HEARING AID.

CAPTAIN: Ooh, that'ssa not good, is it, Gina? Hey, I'll tella you what. I think itsa time to do another act, hey. Thattsa one great idea. (He introduces the third act and they do their thing, get applauded, etc.) I tella you what, peoples. Itsa gon' be a real tough pickin' a winner, eh, Gina, baby.

GINA: The bum says I'm not all ears, eh Bambi? Somehow I think that means I was ALL somethin' else. But what? Hmm? Come on, Bambi. Spill it.

BAMBI: He said you had big....(Sees JOEY'S warnin' look.) Joey told me to shut up, so I'm shut. I believe ya should obey your husband, don't I, Joey? Another big difference between you and me, lady. Right, Joey?

AL: Did anyone hear me before? I said the poodle ate my wife's hearing aid!

JOEY: Calm down, mister. She gotta two ears, no? I mean I don' wanna to get into you face and that'ssa one really sad story. But it still don' tell why she can't hear at all. Whatsa wrong witha other ear? Hey, one ear, th attsa not so bad.

AL: She lost the other hearing aid when the raft overturned.

CAPTAIN: That Mimi, she panicked. Not good.

JOEY: You know, Al, eh, thattsa you name? Al, I think maybe next time, eh, if it wassa me, I'd keep some extra hearing aids, you know. Jus' in case.

AL: We did have extra hearing aids. In the luggage that got lost overboard the FIRST day out.

CAPTAIN: That was yours? Ho dammit. I tol' em over and over. Don' putta da bags near the edge-a of da boat. Causa one little tippity-tip and the next thinga you know....thissa kinda thing, she's gonna happen.

GINA: I don't think he'd say I was all boobs.

CAPTAIN: No, I don't think he'd say dat, either.

AL: What I want to know, Captain, is what you intend to do. This entire cruise has been a total, complete, unmitigated disaster and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if every single person aboard this ship doesn't sue you and...

CAPTAIN: Whatta you sayin? Justa because we have a safety drill that goes a leetle bit wrong, we shouldn' DO a safety drill, eh?

AL: No, I didn't say you shouldn't have safety drills...

CAPTAIN: (Starting to cry) That'ssa JUS' what you say, Mr. Big-Shot Gillespie. Lemme tell you somethin'...I was onna leetle boat once and we don' do no drills. Imma da Captain and I don' do da practice. And-a you know whatta happened? She's go down. The Stella, she sink and everybody drowned but me and dat cook. Don' you think I care about you? I'va gotta big heart, everybody says so.

AL: I never said you didn't, it's just that as Captain, I think you should do something about my poor Tillie.

CAPTAIN: Okay, howsa this? From now on, I maka da rule. Everybody has to talka real loud. (shouts) LIKKA DIS.

GINA: Maybe he said I've got big eyes.

TILLIE: Big thighs? Whose got big thighs?

BAMBI: She does, according to Joey.

AL: This is hopeless, really, Come on, Tillie. I think we should just go back to our cabin, pull the smelly blankets over our heads and not emerge until we dock tomorrow. Although I suppose there is really absolutely nothing else that can go wrong.

(From the back of the theatre.)

FREDO: (As he approaches the stage, brandishing a large butcher knife.) I'MMA GONNA KILL SOMEBODY!! (He ad-libs a string of unintelligible Italian until he reaches the stage.)

CAPTAIN: Hey, everybody, itsa our chef, Mr. Fredo. Hey, Meester Fredo, you don' look so happy. Uh-oh, you know what thatta means - you gotta talk-a to Gina.

GINA: Big thighs, huh, Joey. Hey, Fredo, can I borrow your knife?

FREDO: (Dramatically.) Imma not talk to you, Missy Gina. You stay outta my way. Imma just come to tell you I quit. Finito. Imma one ex-chef. Itsa too much. Itsa all too much.

GINA: I know I'm going to regret asking this, but what's too much?

FREDO: Firs' you tella me what to cook. Me! The great Fredo.

GINA: Now, Fredo, we settled all that. The Cajun breakfast theme was not going to work. Nobody wanted blackened pancakes.

FREDO: But Imma da artist. How can you taka away my, how you say, inspiration. You want just a plain ol' everyday pancakes. I spit on those pancakes!

TILLIE: What's he sayin', Al, what's he sayin'?

AL: HE SAYS HE MAKES SHITTY PANCAKES.

TILLIE: Well, I knew that.

BAMBI: Is this the guy responsible for us eatin the dolphin?

GINA: That's nothin'. We came this close to havin' Poodle Night.

FREDO: Anda then, when I've gotta real nice midnight supper planned witha the ice sculpture of da whale and all that, she's so beautiful. She (pointing to GINA) goes, SHE makes da time change. So now we gotta da midnight buffet at nine o'clock. And the ice sculpture she won't be done and Imma gonna kill myself, thas what I'm gonna do. Killa myself. Don't try to stop me.

BAMBI: Trust me, guy, we won't.

TILLIE: Truss? Has somebody found your truss, Al?

AL: NO, DEAR, BUS. OUR FUTURE FORM OF TRAVEL. Come on, Tillie, let's leave the nuts and the squirrels.

TILLIE: How 'bout my dance, Al? Wanna dance. Danced with Isadora Duncan, you know.

FREDO: How about my supper? Maka choice, eh, Giovanni. Maka decision. You-da boss of da whole ship. Thissa Gina, or me. She's notta da boss. You are da boss. Tell her, Giovanni.

GINA: Sure, Captain. Tell me. Display some of that leadership ability we've been dazzled with this trip.

JOEY: See, Gina. You haven't changed. (To BAMBI.) Whenna she worked inna shoe store, she wassa jus' like that. Show the nice lady the brown shoes witha da wedgie heel and the big buckle. Does she? No, she's gotta make with the argument, alla time. A big headache, thatsa whatta you were. A bigga headache w alkin' around onna bigga thighs.

GINA: I don't have a bigga thighs! (To CAPTAIN) Do I?

CAPTAIN: You know what I think? I think we should get on with the talent show. Who'sa next.

BAMBI: I gotta pee first.

TILLIE: Why should she be first?

AL: Come on, Tillie, we're going to pack.

TILLIE: Who's got a six-pack? I thought you gave up beer, Al. (They exit SL)

CAPTAIN: (Calling after them) I'll tella you whatta I'mma gonna do. Beeg surprise. I'mma gonna do an act. Imma gonna sing. Sing you one beautiful song, hokay? Maka you cry, ittsa so sad. Then you dance likka D uncan Hines, hokay. Uh-oh, they gonna make a trouble for me, I'm thinkin'. (To GINA) Maybe you should go and make-a nice wit him. Be a how-you-say, suck-up. Hey, itsa part of you job. (GINA exits SL) And I sing a beautiful song inna meantime. (To BAMBI) and then you singa you song, hokay, little deer. So, go pee, hokay.

BAMBI: Okay. Come on, Joey.

JOEY: Hey, I don' gotta pee.

BAMBI: I'm not sure where the bathroom is.



CAPTAIN: (Gesturing offstage RIGHT.) Itsa down that way, right past sick bay. Thattsa the place witha the big line. (She exits.)

FREDO: Imma not got time to stand around while you sing a stupid song anda maka like Mr. Bojangles.

CAPTAIN: Oh, come onna, Mr. Chef Fredo. Itsa not so bad. The little Gina, she's a just doin' her job. She's a good girl.

FREDO: She's a no understand art! She makes Fredo want to cry! She says I got make-a da fajitas. Fredo d on' do Mexican! I tella you straight off, da first day onna board-a STELLA. I don' do no lousy tacos, no stinkin burritos. An' Fredo, he don' fry ice cream! Issa not natural. Issa like a sin! And you remember wha' happened. Bigga fire. It wassa da sign - DON FRY NO ICE CREAM. (He notices the time.) Oh, what amma I do? I gotta go and work on my whale. Da blowhole, she's a tricky to do. (He exits through center curtain.)

CAPTAIN: (To audience and JOEY) Eh, whatta you say? Just us. (This speech can reflect what sort of "talent show" or karaoke you do) So, Mr. Man atta organ, you wanna play my favorite song, anna I'll do a little soft shoe anna sing. Whatta you say? An, hey, how about a special light for one special Captain. (The lights change.) Thattsa so nice. Thank you.

JOEY: Hey, Captain, don' take it personal, but I'mma gonna go look for da li'l lady, hokay.

CAPTAIN: Hey, itsa too late for you, Meester Shoe-man. Little Gina-Weena, she's gotta real man now. Won' do you no good to try and make-a da sweet talk.

JOEY: Hey, I wassa talkin' bout my wife. Cheez...you gotta some nerve. (JOEY exits.)

CAPTAIN: Hokay, now Imma ready.

(The CAPTAIN sings and dances - we used "Me and My Shadow." ) A shot rings out, fired from offstage. The gun is dropped there as well. The CAPTAIN staggers offstage where he quickly exchanges his jacket for a bloodied one. Crying the entire time, he enters again, with his wound is clearly visible. From offstage cries and screaming are heard. As soon as the CAPTAIN collapses, all return onstage from different directions than when they left. Excitement and exclamations continue until AL calls for order and lights. The stage lights return to full. The alternative to this is to have the Captain start the song and then remember that he needs his other shoes, "witha da taps." He exits, a shot is heard and he re-enters bloody, etc. The important point is to have utter confusion, yet logically anyone could have been the murderer.)

AL: Alright everybody, calm down. Don't touch anything.

(GINA and FREDO have hurried to the body and are kneeling beside it, examining it.)

BAMBI: Is he okay? Maybe we should get a doctor. Is there a doctor on the ship?

JOEY: The only doctor onna the boat is downstairs witha all the people who went onna today's little side trip. He's gotta do da stitches on everybody. I go get him.

AL: Don't bother, Mr. Carmine. It looks like the Captain....is dead.

FREDO: (crying) Oh, Giovanni.

GINA: This is awful. Horrible. (She starts to cry.)

JOEY: Gina, don' cry. Cheez...I hate it whenna she cry... (seeing BAMBI'S look) I mean I hate it whenna wom an cry.

FREDO: (Crying.) Ooooooh.

JOEY: Men cryin don' do too much to me.

TILLIE: Is it time for me to dance yet? I've got my scarves.

AL: NO, TILLIE. THE CAPTAIN HAS BEEN SHOT. HE'S DEAD.

TILLIE: I know he's RED. He's covered in blood. You gonna take the case, Al?

BAMBI: (Crying) Geez-oh-man. I just thought....HE'S BEEN MURDERED. Joey, I don't like this. I wanna go home.

JOEY: Bambi, baby, don' cry', okay?

GINA: He was a great guy. A great guy. A lousy Captain, but a great guy. Any of you folks got a clue what we should do?

FREDO: Well we can' put him inna freezer 'causa my whale, she's a takin' up too much room.

JOEY: Cheez...don' you think itsa little more important to keep the Captain on ice instead a Moby Dick.

FREDO: You justa like all the rest!

GINA: Wait a minute! Mr. Gillespie, didn't your wife just ask if you were gonna take the case?

TILLIE: That's right, I did.

AL: Now, she can hear perfectly. Alright, everyone, I'm a cop. Or rather a retired cop. A retired homicide cop. And, unfortunately, it appears that this is a case of homicide - no question about it. Not only that, but it seems obvious that one of you is the killer. (Denials, etc.)

JOEY: Whadda ya mean, one of us? Seems like you and you wife, Mrs. Dizzy Gillespie, hadda just as much chance to hit the Captain as us.

(General agreement.)

BAMBI: Yeah, you tell 'em, Joey. See my Joey - 'cause of his FAMILY CONNECTIONS - knows a little bit about this kinda thing, too.

GINA: What do you mean? His family owns a string of shoe stores. What kinda bullshit you been feedin' her, Mr. Bum?

JOEY: What'd I tell you 'bout that? You askin' for it, Gina, you askin for it BIG TIME.

AL: (Making a decision.) Okay, first thing. Let's get him out of here. Gentlemen, your assistance, please.

(The men remove the body from the stage via a stretcher, a body cart, a furniture dolly, ?????)

GINA: So....Bambi. Joey told you he was in the MOB? And you believed it? One thing 'bout Joey ain't change d. He still likes dumb women. I believed his stories, too. Like how he was gonna marry me one day, and we'd have babies and have a little shoe store all our own. Lies. All of it. Big, fat, lies.

TILLIE: Dancing can help with those big, fat, thighs, dear.

GINA: Shut up, Tillie.

(The men return.)

FREDO: I just hope-a he don' mind. There wasn' much room inna freezer. We hadda tie him onto my whale. Likea this. (He mimics the classic Captain Ahab-on-Moby-Dick ending.)

AL: For some reason I keep thinking about Gregory Peck.

JOEY: So now what? You a cop. Tell us whatta to do.

AL: Well, first of all, I'm going to collect this. (He picks up the gun.) And then I think you should all describe your relationship with the Captain.

(They all protest, don't want to co-operate, etc.)

TILLIE: I thought he was cute.

AL: Tillie!

TILLIE: Even if he wouldn't let me dance.

FREDO: He wassa my friend. For twenty years. We were poison. We were lika this. (He holds up two crossed fingers.) Goombas. We were onna same ships together. He would be-a da Captain. I would be-a da chef. He wassa one helluva guy. (He starts to wail.) He even would eata my food.

BAMBI: He was a friend. I never saw the guy before Joey booked us on this ship.

JOEY: Never saw thissa man before thissa trip. He's like-a complete mystery to me. And, hey, outside-a this b ein' a lousy, stinkin' cruise, I dint have a thing against him. I'mma nice guy. I'mma sweetheart. Aska these two! (Gesturing to GINA and BAMBI.) Okay, maybe not her. But the Captain...I din't have no reason to kill.

TILLIE: What'd he say, Al? What'd he say?

AL: HE SAID HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY REASON TO KILL THE CAPTAIN.

TILLIE: Except that the Captain was playin' "hide the Bocci ball" with our cute li'l cruise director with the chubby thighs.

FREDO: Anna maybe ol' Joey wassa still hot for Gina - and he getta the crazies with jealousy and ....

GINA: Okay, okay, calm down. Look, Giovanni was a lot like you, Joey.

JOEY: Oh, yeah? One-a fantastico lover, eh?

GINA: No, he liked to talk about it more than do it.

TILLIE: Sounds like you, Al.

AL: You know, Tillie, I think the hearing aids are a waste of money. You hear what you want to hear.

TILLIE: Forty years it took him to figure that.

GINA: But, anyway, Giovanni and I were....we were....there was a lot LESS there than you might think. Another thing you two had in common, Joey.

FREDO: (Looking on the floor.) Hey, looka everybody. Itsa little piece offa newspaper. Maybe itsa clue. Eh, whatta you say, Mr. Coppa Person?

AL: You could be right, Chef. It was in the same vicinity as the gun that killed the Captain.

GINA: You think it could be important, Mr. Gillespie?

AL: Yes. If only we could organize a search of the ship. To find the rest of the newspaper.

FREDO: Hey, you knowwa who else is aboard? Thatta mystery lady.

GINA: That's right. (HOSTESS name) who was talkin' about doin' one of those audience-participation murder mysteries. Maybe she could put together a clue hunt to find the newspaper.

HOSTESS: (From the audience.) I suppose I could. My name is \_\_\_\_\_. And murder's my game. I think if we can find the newspaper clue, we can discover who killed the Captain. What we need are search parties. Teams of detectives. Which is what each table will become. My mystery assistants will be distributing clue packets on clip boards. Following these will lead you to the newspaper. But that's not all. Each team should talk to each suspect. Ground rules include: Do not go into areas that are out of bounds: the kitchen, offices, etc., Read instructions carefully before you begin. Begin with the clue marked with a red star and take them in order after that. You have approximately one hour to finish this. Good luck and "Happy Detecting."

### PART III - THE CLUE HUNT

The Clue Hunt, if used (see Production Manual), will yield a scrap of newspaper. (See center pages for example. "Clean" copies of both sides are included in the Production Packet. Or you may design your own.) Some of the articles are innocent:

- 1) an ad for THIN-THIGHS-IN-THIRTY-DAYS
- 2) an ad for Carmine Shoe Emporium
- 3) a story about dognapped poodles
- 4) a partial headline about a retired policeman answering questions about the mob
- 5) a "want" ad for a cruise director
- 6) various death notices

Some are the actual clues.

- 7)"Mob" Captain Comes Aboard Amore
- 8)A death notice for STELLA BAMBINI

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)

### PART V - PRODUCTION NOTES

It is very important to include the information about the talent contest in all advance publicity and promotion. This will help to insure an adequate "pool" from which to choose. It is also possible to make it "Karaoke Night" which simplifies the logistics - just use a machine.

Cocktails/dinner can be served before the play. In that case, the characters circulate and "improv" scenes occur. JOEY, BAMBI, TILLIE, and AL should eat with the rest of the "passengers". FREDO, of course, would be "supervising", etc. GINA also would be

checking to make sure everything was going smoothly. GIOVANNI would circulate, sit down with audience, etc. ("Hey, onna my boat, every table, she'ssa da Captain's table. Oooh, thatta look good. Imma taste, hokay?)

It is also possible to serve a buffet of finger type foods, during the clue hunt. If so, indicate on the clue packet when each team should eat. Since all will begin at different points (the red-starred clue) this will further distribute your crowd and help avoid a long food line. Instead, there will be a steady stream.

When awarding prizes, you can include talent contestants, to be chosen by audience vote. Participants can be given a certificate or something. Always strive to have as many people as possible feeling as if they've won something - even if it is simply recognition!

## PROPS

Something for body removal - stretcher, dolly, cart  
Karaoke CD's, song books, lists of titles  
Karaoke machine or CD player  
Fredo's knife  
Scarves for Tillie  
Captain's bloody shirt or jacket  
Gun that doesn't have to fire (doesn't have to fire)  
Gun that DOES have to fire, w/blanks – a stage gun or starter pistol  
Clipboard and talent sign-up sheet for Gina  
Clue Hunt stuff (optional)  
Signs for door

WHAT IS INCLUDED in the PRODUCTION PACKET sent electronically.

Sample clue hunt with answer key and flow chart  
Blank flow chart for designing your own clue hunt Sample  
sign for door as they enter, suitable for photocopying.  
Talent Competition winner 'certificate', suitable for photocopying.  
Newspaper clue, suitable for photocopying back-to-back.  
Production Manual (the same for all our shows.)

## OPTIONAL

Everything in the Production Packet is available in printed format, for a small fee.