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Wake The Dead
An Audience-Participation Murder-Mystery
by
Eileen Moushey

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

BRIDGET ROSE PATRICK - The matriarch of the Irish Patricks. Sixties, or able to "play" it. "Biddy" is exactly that - only another "b" word will no doubt come to mind. Dressed in full black mourning.

SEAMUS RIORDAN PATRICK - The eldest of the Patrick boys, and a bit of a rogue. Forties. A smuggler by trade, Seamus also likes to "tip a little". Dressed in suit with black armband.

DANIEL MICHAEL PATRICK - "Danny boy" is an overgrown kid - mentally and emotionally. Revered by thousands as a musician and singer, Danny's number one fan remains his mother. His public image as the romantic troubadour is the direct opposite of his real nature. Thirties. The only one of the boys not to "dress up" for the wake, Daniel is in his obligatory Aran Isle sweater and cap. Black armband.

MAUREEN ROSE PATRICK - Danny's long-suffering wife and sometime singing partner. Maureen realized almost immediately what a big mistake she'd made in marrying Daniel. Twenties or thirties. Maureen's image and dress is the stereotypical Irish spitfire - long, red hair. In reality she's a very disappointed woman.

DONALD FRANCIS PATRICK - Danny's identical twin and alter-ego. Where Danny is slow and cruel, Donald is smart and shy. His one act of rebellion was to marry Maggie - an "American" he met when she vacationed in Ireland. Danny runs a pub in Ireland, although he hasn't done well with it. Which is kind of the story of his life.

MAGGIE PATRICK - Donald's wife and incurable flirt. Maggie appears to take nothing seriously - including her marriage. Twenties, very attractive. Dressed in a way which shows off her figure.

MARTIN THOMAS PATRICK - The "baby", Martin has just been accepted in the seminary as a result of Biddy's lobbying. Dressed in Roman collar, etc., Martin is in his twenties and is definitely angelic looking. This is at odds with his raging hormones.

SCOTT WYSZINSKI - The Security Guard. Any age. A regular guy.

HOST/HOSTESS - the American cousin the Patricks have come to visit. .

PATRICK PATRICK - Paddy is the reason for the wake - the deceased. If an actor is used in publicity prior to the event, Paddy is a sweet old guy, of the Barry Fitzgerald mode. And no match for Bridget.

PART I - THE PLAY

As participants arrive, register, get drinks, etc., all the PATRICKS, except DONALD, are in evidence. BRIDGET is in widow's weeds and is grieving, noisily, all the while hanging onto her dear DANIEL'S arm - mostly to see that he doesn't drink. He shouldn't as he's only got one kidney. She is also bemoaning the fact that DONALD couldn't show up on time to his own father's funeral.

DANIEL is solicitous of his mother, although he does slip away to get a drink or two and then loudly complains about her smothering. MAUREEN is trying to avoid him and attempts to shake him off coldly when she meets him. He doesn't like being ignored and will threaten to get tough with her again, etc. An argument ensues which is only broken up by SEAMUS and MARTIN.

SEAMUS does not stray too far from the bar and will entertain his fellow drinkers with his rendition of show tunes until BRIDGET comes and stops him, telling him that there's only one singer in the family and it isn't him.

MARTIN is desperately trying to pick up girls and/or women. This is difficult because of the Roman collar. He always hastens to add that he's not a priest yet, he's only been accepted by the seminary, so he can still date, and what are they doing after the wake, etc.

MAGGIE arrives breathless. She's been everywhere, looking for DONALD. BRIDGET barely tolerates her - after all she isn't really Irish. MAGGIE is sincerely mourning old PATRICK who was always nice to her. But mostly she's glad to be

home. Living in Ireland can be rough when you're as outgoing as she. She's certainly not above a little flirting - PATRICK would have been the first to say that life goes on. And if DONALD'S away, little mice will play. This includes an intimate little scene with DANIEL - laughing etc.

SCOTT will be in evidence. He will "check out" people as they enter.

At a pre-arranged time, BRIDGET will declare that they will wait no longer for DONALD. The wake will begin. The pallbearers - DANIEL, SEAMUS, MARTIN, HOSTESS, and two other men recruited for the purpose - (one being SCOTT) will carry the coffin into the ballroom and place it on the waiting stand. A piper precedes them and will play as all are seated onstage with the coffin. The stage will be set as follows: Seated SR is BRIDGET, SEAMUS, empty chair for DONALD and MAGGIE. The coffin is SC. Seated SL, is an empty chair for MATT, MAUREEN and DANIEL.

HOSTESS will begin, speaking from in front of the coffin.

HOSTESS: Ladies and gentlemen, my name is _____ and I WAS to be your hostess at a murder mystery here this evening. But as you discovered when you arrived, there has been a death in my family. My extended family. My Irish cousins, the Patricks, were visiting this past week. And just today my uncle Paddy dropped dead of a heart attack. And so the murder-mystery has been postponed so that we may hold his wake this evening. I know I can count on your understanding and support and thank you for joining in our mourning.

BRIDGET: Oh, my darlin' Paddy! Oh, Daniel, come here and sit next to your poor grievin' mother! Move over Seamus, and let your brother sit here next to me. There. Oh, what would I do without me Danny boy?

MAUREEN: I know what I'd do without him. I dream about what I'd do without him. And this past six months while he was on tour and away from me has been a like little slice of Paradise.

BRIDGET: A fine wife you've got yourself, Daniel! Talkin' about her husband like that. On the day his poor father's beening shown! You should be ashamed of yourself, Maureen Rose Patrick! Ashamed!

MARTIN: Now, Mother, don't go upsettin' yourself over them. It's just the way of the two of them. Now, Danny. Now, Maureen.

DANIEL: "Now Danny," nothin'. I ain't done nothin' so just sit your priestly little behind back in that chair and shut your gob!

MAGGIE: Now, Danny, don't start pickin'on Martin.

BRIDGET: And you can just mind your own business, Maggie! No one was askin' your opinion of anything! Martin, act like a priest, for God's sake!

SEAMUS: Just another typical day in the Patrick family.

MARTIN: But I'm not a priest yet. I'm not even in the seminary yet! (A general shouting match ensues which ends suddenly when HOSTESS speaks.)

HOSTESS: Shut up, shut up! The whole damn bunch of you! I am so sick of your fighting I'd like to knock your heads tog... (Notices the audience.) Ooh, sorry.

SEAMUS: Don't be worryin' about it, (HOSTESS' name) me girl. Only shows you're one of the family.

HOSTESS: What I wanted to do is introduce each of you. I've been told that at wakes in Ireland members of the family get up and talk about their memories of the dear, departed. So, for once, could you just try and get along long enough to pay tribute to Uncle Patrick.

BRIDGET: Oh, you're right, _____. We were behavin' badly. And we'd be happy to talk about my dear Paddy. Won't we, boys?

MAUREEN: BOYS? There some of us girls who might like to share thoughts about Patrick, too, you know, Mother Bridget.

BRIDGET: (Standing and controlling herself.) We'd all like to talk about Patrick. Okay, little Miss....Oh, I mean Ms. Feminist.

DANIEL: Sit down and shut your mouth, Maureen.

MAUREEN: And what if I don't want to, Daniel? What are ya going to do? Hit me? Like you haven't already.

MAGGIE: (Standing.) Okay, all or you, look, I know I'm not exactly a member of this family, but I'd like to get my two cents in....

MARTIN: What do you mean, you're not a family member? You're married to our Donald. You're a Patrick, girl, whether you like it or not.

SEAMUS: Oh, and I'm sure that's something to be proud about.

MAGGIE: For the love of God and St. Patrick - hell, I'm startin' to talk like all of you - now y'all just sit down, shut up, and let _____ talk. Go ahead, _____.

HOSTESS: You sure? (They all nod.) What I wanted to do is introduce each of you and ask you to say a few words about Uncle Patrick.

MAUREEN: I loved that old man like he was me own father. I'll go first.

BRIDGET: You'll go first, over my dead body.

MAUREEN: It can be arranged, old woman, IT CAN BE ARRANGED.

MARTIN: I'll go first. I'm almost clergy. Clergy always goes first.

MAGGIE: Seems to me that since Seamus is the oldest, he should go first. (An argument erupts over who is to go first.)

HOSTESS: Damn it! Is there no way to keep you all from going at each other? (A mystery helper appears with a tray with mugs of beer and/or whiskey for everyone and a Coke for MARTIN.)

ALL: AAAHHH. (MAUREEN puts hers down untouched.)

BRIDGET: Not drinkin' tonight, Maureen? OOH, this IS a red letter day.

MAUREEN: I figured Daniel does enough drinking for the both of us, Bidy.

HOSTESS: (Attempting to regain control.) First to speak will be the youngest of the boys. Martin. Come up here, boy.

MARTIN: Why can't I have a pint?

HOSTESS: You have to be twenty-one to drink here, Martin.

SEAMUS: And they say this is a great country. (MARTIN takes center stage, but before he can talk, MAUREEN interrupts.)

MAUREEN: I think we should wait for Donald.

BRIDGET: If Donald can't make it in time for his own father's funeral, he'll just have to miss. If my Danny can be here, out of his sick bed,...

DANIEL: I ain't sick, Mother..

BRIDGET: You're in delicate health, Daniel, you shouldn't be drinkin' what with only havin' one kidney...

DANIEL: Donald only has one kidney as well, Mother, and he drinks all the time. You don't go badgering him about it.

BRIDGET: Ooh, that Donald, he's strong as a horse!

MARTIN: Do ya mind? I'm talkin' here. Dear friends. I'm happy to be sharin' thoughts on me dear Dad. Me father was a good, good man. Bein' the youngest was tough, and Dad always knew. Spent time with me. Taught me things. I shall miss him a lot. Thank you. I can't think of nothin' else to say.

BRIDGET: Why don't you be givin' us your blessing, Father Martin.

MARTIN: Ah, gee, Mother, I'm no priest yet. Don't think I should go around blessin' people.

BRIDGET: Martin Patrick, I won't have that talk. You've been as good as a priest ever since you were in the womb. (Disgustedly) Oh, sit down, boy. (He does) Daniel, you're next in line. Show your brothers how to speak of the dead. Pay attention, all of you. My Danny boy's gonna talk. (She can admonish audience members as well.)

SEAMUS: St. Daniel speaks. Oh, what I wouldn't give for a lion or two.

DANIEL: Thank you, Mother. (He goes into his performance mode. The following seems rehearsed, because it is.) Usually, when I'm in front of crowd like this, it isn't to speak it's to sing. And, if you don't mind, that's what I'd like to do now. Get my guitar, Martin. (MARTIN does.) I'd like to sing my father's favorite song.

SEAMUS: Do you really think "Whiskey, You're the Devil" is an appropriate song for a wake?

DANIEL: (Ignoring him) Aye, me father's favorite song. The one he used to sing me to sleep with when I was just a wee boy. (He begins to strum.) I was a poor, sickly little boy. Almost died. Had a disease that left me needin' a kidney transplant. I remember it all. Me mother, nine months pregnant with Martin, over there, praying and prayin' for God to save me. Me brother, Seamus, bringing me the Chutes and Ladders game that the American cousins had sent. But I was too, too weak to move my little red token up the ladders, too frail to slide down the chutes. And my twin brother, Donald, always by my side, sayin' "You can have one of my kidneys, Danny. I've got one to spare." And give me one, he did. But mostly at the hospital, I can remember himself, me father, singin' this song to me. Oh, but wait. There's a green-eyed girl I need by my side. My own green-eyed girl, me wife, Maureen. Me darlin wife, who I haven't seen these six months while on tour. Maureen, darlin,' won't you be singin' with me, just like in the old days.

MAUREEN: Ah, Danny, can't you be singin' it by yourself? Don't make me.

DANIEL: Please, Maureen, for Patrick. He'd want the green-eyed girl to sing for him. (MAUREEN reluctantly joins him and together they sing "Danny Boy".)

MAGGIE: Gee, that was pretty. Hey, was that story true, Danny?

SEAMUS: Well, he left out the parts about the little people and the pot of gold.

BRIDGET: Ooh, shut up. Oh, but that was beautiful, Danny. You are me best boy, aren't you, Danny?

DANIEL: Sure that I am, Ma, sure that I am.

BRIDGET: And that story's true. There I was, carryin' Martin, when we almost lost our Danny. And I promised God, then and there, that I'd give the baby to Him for His service, if he'd spare me little boy. That's why Martin's going to be a priest. And Donald, wherever the hell he is now, was for once able to make himself useful by givin' up his extra kidney.

SEAMUS: She makes it sound like Donald just had a spare one lyin' around. Look, I'd like to say a few words about the old man. (He goes center) Patrick Joseph Patrick was a fine old gent with a heart as big as the great outdoors and a capacity for grabbin' onto life to match. He was generous, he was tolerant, he knew good whiskey from bad. You can't be askin' for a better epitaph than that.

MAGGIE: (Joining him.) That's how I remember him, too, Seamus. (To the audience.) I'm Donald's wife, Maggie. Donald's not here yet, though he'll show up soon - but, hell, I can speak for both of us. Now, y'all may 've guessed that I'm not Irish. (BRIDGET snorts in derision.) I mean, I'm not Irish born. My roots are Irish, though.

BRIDGET: She's a fine one to be talkin' about roots. We can see hers clear enough.

MAGGIE: (Ignoring her.) I'm from Texas. An American girl, through and through. I met Donald last year when I was visiting Cork. It all happened real fast and sure as shootin' it ain't been easy livin' over there. But Paddy always made me feel at home. The old guy was a regular sweetheart. It's hard as hell to imagine goin' home on the boat without him.

BRIDGET: But we won't be goin' home without him, Maggie. He's coming home with us. He's bein' laid to rest in Irish soil.

SEAMUS: Well, now, Mother, that may be a bit difficult. You'll remember I told you that on the trip back, I'll be carrying cargo so it'll be a bit cramped.

DANIEL: You'll just have to leave a little of the cargo here, Seamus, because the old man goes back with us.

MAUREEN: Well, now it's Captain Daniel, is it? Seems to me, Daniel Patrick, that Seamus ought to decide who and what goes on his boat.

BRIDGET: Someone could fly home to make room for dear Paddy.

MAUREEN: Oh, and did you bring your broomstick with you, Bidy dear?

MAGGIE: Seamus, can't you ship your cargo later?

DANIEL: Of course he can! If Mother wants to take Dad back in the boat, he goes back in the boat. That's all there is to it.

MAUREEN: Oh, and who appointed you head of the family now?

MAGGIE: Damn! Would the two of you put a sock in it! Seamus, is it really important to take your cargo now?

BRIDGET: Of course not. It's horse feed, or something.

MAGGIE: Well, hell, Seamus, the horses of Ireland won't starve waitin' on your little shipment.

MARTIN: Horses? Since when did you start importing...

DANIEL: He doesn't import anything, do you, Seamus? Import my sweet Irish ass.

MAUREEN: Now if you said export your sweet Irish ass, I'd be a customer.

DANIEL: Just wait till I get you alone, ya little whore. Go on, Seamus, why don't you tell us what you're doin'? Ooh, all of a sudden he's gone quiet. No wonder. He's no more an importer than I am. Let's be callin' it what it is, eh, Seamus? Smuggling. That's what he is, a dirty smuggler.

BRIDGET: A smuggler! One of my boys! Ooh, you're father is turning in his grave!

MARTIN: But, Ma, he ain't in his grave yet.

BRIDGET: Bringin' in illegal contraband into Ireland. What is it in those crates, Seamus? Whiskey?

SEAMUS: Now, Mother, does it make a whole lot of sense smuggling whiskey into Ireland? I mean, have you ever noticed a shortage of spirits in the neighborhood? And it's nobody's business but me own what I'm bringin' into Ireland.

BRIDGET: Saints preserve us, is it drugs?

DANIEL: No mother, not drugs. Worse, much worse.

BRIDGET: Help me sit down, Daniel. Now, tell me.

DANIEL: It's....it's condoms, Mother. You know....rubbers.

BRIDGET: (Wailing) Oh, Lord, what have I done to deserve a son like this! Bringing filthy birth control to Ireland!

MARTIN: But, Mother, it's not that bad. Lots of people use....those things.

BRIDGET: Not that bad?? Is that my son, the priest, sayin' that?

MAGGIE: Now, Bridget, he's not a priest yet...

BRIDGET: What would you know, you....you....TEXAN. You'll do anything and everything! I read all the papers about that Orange Juice person!

MAGGIE: O.J. Simpson isn't from Texas!

BRIDGET: And didn't he try to outrun the posse on horseback? On the highway as well! Disgraceful that's what it was! So, you just shut your mouth. Oh, my son, a rubber monger! And me a former President of the Needle Brigade!

MAGGIE: What the hell is the Needle Brigade?

MAUREEN: It's a group of old biddies like herself who go into stores and poke needles through the packages of condoms.

SEAMUS: Actually, they're the ones who keep me in business. Black market rubbers are guaranteed safe.

Look, Ma, it's not like I wanted to be a smuggler.

BRIDGET: Oh, and I suppose it's my fault, all of it! My fault that you're a filthy criminal, and Donald's a failure. You were in the same family with Martin, who's been called to God's service..

MARTIN: Actually, Mother, I've been meanin' to speak to you about that...

BRIDGET: Shut up, Martin. And Daniel, my glorious boy, grew up in the same family as you. But just because you couldn't get your way, just because I stopped you from makin' a complete fool of yourself and the family, you go out and shame me like this. Do you know what this idiot brother of yours wanted to be? Oh, do be tellin' them, Seamus? Tell them what you were prepared to be.

SEAMUS: A mime. I wanted to be a mime.

MAUREEN: A mime?

MAGGIE: As in "walking against the wind", Marcel Marceau, and all that?

SEAMUS: Yes. And I think I'd have been a hit! You don't see many mimes in Ireland.

DANIEL: Aye, with good reason. They've probably been hung. Seamus, you are an ass.

SEAMUS: Better than being a spoiled little mama's boy.

DANIEL: That's it! I'm leavin', Ma. No disrespect to Dad and all that, but I'm not sittin' here with a dirty crook and be called names.

BRIDGET: Ooh, but Danny, don't be leavin' me, I need you now in my grief.

DANIEL: (He starts out of the room.) Sorry, Mother, I need some fresh air and some old whiskey. Come on, Maureen.

MAUREEN: What? Whither thou goest? I'm comfortable here, Danny, you can go to the bar, or your room, or straight to hell for all I care.

DANIEL: (At the door.) If I go there, woman, I'm taking you with me.

BRIDGET: Danny!

MARTIN: Let him go, Mother. We're here for you.

BRIDGET: I don't want any of you, I want my Danny. Maureen, go get him, make him come back.

MAUREEN: Bidy, I long ago stopped tryin' to get Daniel to do anything.

MAGGIE: (Stands, starts to exit.) Oh, I'll go! Danny listens to me sometimes. Come with me, Martin. Use your priestly influence.

MARTIN: (Going with her.) I'm not a priest yet, y'know, Maggie. Not even in the seminary.

BRIDGET: You behave yourself, Martin. Remember, God and I are watchin. (Turns to SEAMUS and

MAUREEN.) And as for the two of you....well, you both have to answer to God for your behavior today. And I'm thinkin' that my Danny's right! I won't be spendin' another second with the likes of you, either! (She exits.)

SEAMUS: Ahh, now, Mother...

MAUREEN: Let her go, Seamus. A few minutes without her is like a blessin'. Can't imagine why the Good Lord took Paddy and left her to us.

SEAMUS: A punishment for our sins, I'm thinkin'.

MAUREEN: And Seamus, I'm puzzled about something. Why did the old biddy think you were shippin' horse supplies?

SEAMUS: Oh, that. Y'see, darlin', she saw the "cargo". All them crates. All of 'em labeled with the brand name. Clear as day. Trojans.

MAUREEN: (Laughing.) You're a funny man, Seamus Patrick. I'm not sure any of us really know what you're about. Well, folks, as far as Irish wakes go, this is pretty much the norm. Not quite what you expected, eh?

HOSTESS: Not quite is right! Look, do me a favor, will you? Go find the others and bring them back. Let's get it over with.

MAUREEN: (Starting to exit, with SEAMUS.) Oh, all right, _____. For you. I suppose we owe Paddy that much. Plus, I'm startin' to worry 'bout Donald. It's not like him to stay away.

SEAMUS: No, it's not. Alright, _____, me girl, hold down the fort here and we'll go collect the rest of our lovely family. (They exit.)

HOSTESS: Thanks. I appreciate it. (To the audience.) The wake will resume in about 10 minutes. In the meantime.....(She announces what will happen during a short intermission. If a costume contest is part of your event (see Production Manual) this can be a good time to do judging and award prizes. Or the piper can play a tune or two. If done in a facility with a bar, it can just be a short break to refill drinks etc. About ten minutes is needed, total. After five minutes, DONALD will enter and circulate around the room, looking for the family. He will be spotted by HOSTESS and join her onstage.)

HOSTESS: Where have you been? All hell's been breakin' loose! Ladies and gentlemen, this is Donald, Daniel's twin.

DONALD: Don't be introducin' me, _____. (He looks around shyly.) Where are they, me family?

HOSTESS: God knows. They kept arguing and finally stormed out.

DONALD: Then I better go find 'em. Me mother relies on me, y'know. See ya later, _____. (He exits hurriedly and the HOSTESS continues the intermission activity. At the end of that, we hear screaming coming from one of the exits. It's BRIDGET, who enters screaming through the audiences. SCOTT is in position to "guard" the door through which she entered and prevent audience members from leaving.)

BRIDGET: (As she runs to the stage.) MURDER!! THEY'VE MURDERED HIM! (Pointing) DEAD! HE'S DEAD! (She adlibs exclamations of this type until she reaches the stage. The other family members will enter from various doors. They join in the general confusion, questions, etc.)

HOSTESS: Aunt Bridget, calm down. Who's dead? Who's been murdered?

BRIDGET: (Wailing.) My boy. My Danny. He's been murdered! Stabbed to death (pointing to the door) out there! Oh, my boy, my little boy!! (More confusion, exclamations, etc. as all but SEAMUS move to the stage. SEAMUS goes to the door and attempts to go exit.)

SEAMUS: Let me out there!

SCOTT: You can't do anything, buddy. He's dead. She's right. He's been stabbed.

DONALD: He can't be!

BRIDGET: What do you know? I saw him. My Danny. Murdered in cold blood. (To SCOTT who is arriving onstage with SEAMUS.) You there! What are you going to do? Arrest them, all of them. They killed him! They were all jealous of him. You'll be punished, all of you!

MARTIN: Mother!

MAUREEN: Now Bridget, he was my husband.

BRIDGET: But you hated him! Arrest her. And all of them. You're going to pay all of you for what you've done to my Danny. I'll testify against all you and make sure you hang!

SEAMUS: Somehow, I don't think Mother's Day will be very festive this year, do you, boys?

SCOTT: Look, folks, I'm Security around here. The name's Scott Wyszinski. And though murder isn't usually on my list, I know what to do. First, the scene of the crime is secured. Second, the meat wagon will be here momentarily to remove the body. Third, I'll need you (HOST/HOUSTESS) to assist in the search for clues. After all, you're the one that organized this murder mystery thing. So come up here and get us started!

HOST/HOUSTESS: Well, it's true. I WAS going to stage a murder-mystery here....I suppose I could....oh, why not?! Ladies and gentlemen, in a few moments, my clue helpers will distribute clue packets to each team. These are pretty much self-explanatory, but I will stress several points:

- 1) Read directions carefully before starting.
- 2) Begin with the clue marked with a red star.
- 3) Work together as a team, pick a central meeting place.
- 4) Some clues are posted. Do NOT remove them. This is grounds for instant disqualification.
- 5) The clues will lead you to questions - important questions that you will need to ask the Patrick family. They will be available to answer these questions.
- 6) At a certain point in the clue hunt, you will be directed to go and view the scene of the crime. Please do not go before being instructed to.

PART II - THE CLUE HUNT

The clue hunt will take participants throughout the facility. Ultimately, there are SEVEN clues, or rather SEVENQUESTIONS which need to be posed to our suspects. Upon being asked these questions the characters will give the monologues below. (NOTE: SEE PRODUCTION MANUAL FOR DESIGNING YOUR CLUE HUNT. IF YOU DECIDE TO OMIT A PHYSICAL CLUE SEARCH, THE SUSPECTS CAN SIMPLY CIRCULATE AND VOLUNTEER THE INFORMATION IN THEIR MONOLOGUES. ALSO, YOU CAN OMIT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME AND CIRCULATE A "POLICE PHOTO" WITH THE PERTINENT EVIDENCE. IN COLOR, OF COURSE. THIS PART OF THE EVENT IS MOST ADAPTABLE TO YOUR EVENT TIMEFRAME, AUDIENCE, AND LOCATION.)

Q. WHAT WAS DANIEL'S DEEP, DARK SECRET?

BRIDGET: Daniel? He didn't have any secrets. He was the light of my life, my Danny Boy. But I know what you're probably talking about. Y'see, my Daniel was a sickly little thing when he was a wee lad. So I kept him home from school. Didn't want him to get any filthy germs from the trash that was goin' to that school. And as a result, well, he never learned to read or write very well - though he knew his letters and sounds, he did. Just couldn't put it all together. But he didn't need to read and write - I took care of everything for him. Oh, but he could draw though - beautiful pictures - with his crayons. Yes, he never went anywhere without his little box of Crayolas and his pad of paper to color on. Oh, my darlin' boy, how will I live without you!

Q. WHAT WERE MAGGIE AND DONALD FIGHTIN' ABOUT?

SEAMUS: I don't like to be talkin' about them behind their backs, now. And I don't know what it has to do with Daniel's murder, but, oh well since you asked....It was awful, it was. Maggie was confessin' to Donald that she'd had an affair. Wouldn't tell him who it was with, or anythin' and claimed it was all over. Poor Donald, he's got enough trouble what with his pub doin' so badly and all. But that Maggie's from Texas so maybe it was to be expected. For God's sake, don't tell Bridget! She's not overly fond of Maggie as it is.

Q. WHAT WERE SEAMUS AND DANIEL FIGHTING ABOUT?

MARTIN: Nothin'. It was just brothers goin' at each other as they do. And it was easy goin' at Daniel. He could be downright mean and nasty. Y'see, well...it's Seamus. He's different. No one else in the family knew it but Daniel and me that Seamus....Seamus likes...Seamus is. Ah, hell. Seamus is a gay one. And I'm not talkin' about bein' happy. Don't understand it in slightest meself, but that's the way he is and he's my brother and so it's okay by me. For him, that is. Not for me. And whatever you do, don't tell Mother! Trust me, you don't want her to know!

Q. HOW DID YOU MEET DANIEL?

MAUREEN: Well, actually, it was Donald I met first. We were singing together, Donald and I in this little club. And we were, as you Americans say, an "item." But that was before I met Danny. He swept me off my feet, did Danny, and afore you could say Molly Malone we were married. Biggest mistake of me life. The man is dead and all, but I don't mind tellin' you he was the devil's own. Nasty piece of work, Daniel, and I'd be lying if I didn't say I'm glad he's dead, concerning the difficulties of divorce and the Church and all. But for God's sake, don't tell that to Bridget. She makes my life tough as it is.

Q. HOW DID YOU FEEL ABOUT DANIEL?

MAGGIE: Well, unlike everyone else in the family, I liked old Daniel. Sure he could be a real son-of-a-bitch, but I kinda like a mean streak in a guy. Don't get me wrong, I wouldn't put up with the way he treated Maureen, not by a long shot. But I do like naughty boys. They're a weakness with me. And we had another thing in common - we both wanted to live in America. Me, I'm just plain homesick and Donald spends all his time down at his pub so it gets pretty lonely. Fact is, Daniel said he was just about ready to pull up stakes and move over here. Don't tell Bridget, though. She'd spit if she knew Danny was cuttin' out on her.

Q. WHAT IS MARTIN'S BIG SECRET?

DONALD: Ah, now, I don't want to go talkin' about that. The poor boy has enough on his plate right now. You don't really need to know that do ya? Oh, all right, then. Y'see Martin never wanted to be a priest. It was all me mother's idea. Marty's a good boy but he needs to have a wild time. A time to sow his wild oats and all. So he was plannin' on runnin' away first chance he got once he started the seminary. Daniel said he'd help him and all, but then Daniel was always blowin' off 'bout helpin' one or the other of us. Like with me pub. Said he'd float me loan to cover a slow time last year. Then he turns around and charges interest of 20%. So whether or not he'd really have helped Martin I don't know. But whatever you do, don't be tellin' Mother of Martin's little plan. It could kill her - seein' how religious she is.

Q. WHAT HAPPENED THIS MORNING?

HOSTESS: Oh, that! I gotta tell you, this family is one for the books. I pick them up to go to breakfast, and they're arguing as usual. They get in the car and Maureen looks really green and begs Daniel to just let her stay at the hotel. But then Bridget gets on her about being weak and all. So we're driving along and two minutes later Maureen has her head out the window upchucking all over the side of my car. Just the way I want to start my day.

THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

There are TWO options for viewing the scene of the crime:

- 1) At some point during the clue hunt, teams will be directed to go to the scene of the crime. SCOTT is directing this, keeping the line moving etc. The scene consists of a chalk and/or taped outline of DANIEL'S "body" and next to it, a piece of paper and box of spilled crayons. On the piece of paper is a single eye, clearly and largely drawn in green. Next to it is a large, scrawled "M".
- 2) You can stage the scene of the crime and take a digital photo. This photo is reproduced and then given to each team. Once the teams of detectives have found all the questions and asked them of the appropriate suspects, and have viewed the scene of the crime, they will be ready to answer the questions found on the solution sheet, which is the last page of the clue packet. These questions are:

- 1) Who killed Daniel Patrick and why?
- 2) How did you know?

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

PROPS/COSTUME LIST

Coffin surrounded by candles, flowers, etc.

Priest shirt, collar - MARTIN

Security guard getup - SCOTT

Wig (?) - MAUREEN

Flask - SEAMUS

Tray with 2 shot glasses of "whiskey" (for SEAMUS and BRIDGET), 1 glass of Coke for MARTIN, and 4 mugs of beer (one for DANIEL, MAGGIE, MAUREEN & HOSTESS.)

Guitar for DANIEL

Black armbands

Handkerchiefs

Duct tape if using that for ending

Clue packets and clue materials needed for your event.

Scene of crime:

Tape for body outline (or can be done in chalk)

Box of colored markers

Pad of Paper with green eye and scrawled "M"

Bloody knife

PRODUCTION PACKET sent electronically

Sample clue packets, with answer key and flow chart

As part of sample clue packet, there is the floor plan, which can be copied.

Blank flow chart so you can design your own.

Ticket to view scene of crime, suitable for photocopying

Questions, suitable for photocopying

sample press release and 'teasers'

program copy to adapt

Production Manual (it's the same for all the shows).

OPTIONAL

All the material in the Production Packet is available in printed format for a small fee. As is the Production Manual.