



The second in a series of Sam Club, Private Eye, mysteries

An Audience-Participation Murder Mystery-Comedy

By Tony Schwartz & Marylou Ambrose

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Thanks for buying a Tonylou Productions original murder mystery package. On this CD you'll find:

- FAQ's about our audience-participation murder mysteries
- One complete murder mystery script that may be printed and photocopied for cast members
- Suggested script for master of ceremonies
- Production Notes (properties, costumes, music, helpful hints)
- Any graphics and sound effects we have available for this show
- Sample news release and synopsis for program

Whether you're a seasoned actor/director or a rookie, this package contains everything you need to stage the perfect crime! Happy sleuthing!

Tony & Marylou

Sam Club, Private Eye,

in

The Case of the Motorcoach murder

By Tony Schwartz & Marylou Ambrose

Cast of Characters:

Sam Club: Bumbling private eye; talks like Humphrey Bogart

Wilimena (“Billy”) Club: Sam’s mother, a senior citizen; passenger on tour bus

Cornelia Bellweather: Billy’s friend, another senior citizen and fellow passenger

Mini Cooper: Bus driver, originally from England; Harry’s young wife

Dr. Charles Ovary: Medical Examiner (played by audience member)

Penelope Periwinkle: Inspector from Scotland Yard (played by audience member)

Harry Cooper: Deceased group leader and tour bus owner (body under a sheet; suggest using fake body & hand instead of a real actor)

Setting

TIME: The present

PLACE: The entire play takes place in the dining room of a resort in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania, where the tour bus has stopped for the night. (*See **Production Notes** for details on properties and set décor.*)

NOTE: This play was written to be performed in a variety of venues, but not all of them will have a real backstage area. Consequently, the script usually only designates *when* the actors enter and exit, not whether they enter and exit stage right, left, or center. That’s up to the director and depends on the venue. In our shows, we hang a curtain upstage center as a backdrop, so the actors often enter and exit upstage, from either side of the curtain. However, they may also enter and exit downstage stage right and left.

Sam Club, Private Eye,
in
The Case of the Motorcoach murder

Master of Ceremonies: Welcome to the *(Insert your company's name)* production of *Sam Club, Private Eye, and The Case of the Motorcoach Murder*. Tonight, you're part of the action. So keep your eyes and ears open for clues, because someone has been ruthlessly murdered, and it's up to you to guess "whodunit" and why.

How many of you have been to a murder mystery before? Well, this show is a little different. We won't ask you to take a part, or get up on stage, or do anything but watch if you don't want to. So you shy people can come out from under your tables now and just relax and enjoy the show. Your main job is to pay attention and play detective—and then to vote at the end. The first *(Insert how many prizes you have)* people to correctly guess the murderer and the motive will win a prize. I'll explain the voting process to you in more detail after the show.

And now—on with the show!

Scene One

Opening music: A few bars of "On the Road Again." Sam Club is onstage, standing in front of Harry's body, which is covered by a sheet. Music ends, and then "Harlem Nocturne" plays softly during Sam's monologue:

I had just wrapped up the Case of the Malted Falcon, a chocolate sculpture of a bird, worth millions. You probably read about it. Anyway, my mother decided I needed some R & R, so she dragged me -- I mean, she *invited* me to come along on this motorcoach trip with her gourmet senior group. We were on our way home from beautiful Roadkill Falls, PA, famous for its scenic waterfall and annual barbeque. As we were boarding the bus to leave, our group leader, Harry Cooper, began to feel ill. At first, we didn't worry much. After all, Harry is 90 years old, and he ate a lot of barbeque. But he got worse on the bus. We thought maybe it was food poisoning, but no one else was sick. So we stopped here for dinner and to spend the night. By this time, Harry was pretty sick. We brought him inside, but before we could get a doctor, Harry kicked the bucket.

Minnie walks onstage and stands behind the body.

Minnie: *(sobbing dramatically)* Why, why, why!

Sam: Try to relax, Mrs. Cooper.

Minnie: Why, why, why!

Sam: Because you're upsetting the other guests.

Minnie: No! I mean why did poor Harry have to die? Just the other day his doctor gave him a clean bill of health. Was it his heart? All those years working on the back of a garbage truck obviously took their toll.

Sam: We don't know what it was just yet, ma'am. But I have a hunch it wasn't his heart.

Wilimena and Cornelia enter.

Wilimena: He was 90 years old, for crying out loud. Of course it was his heart! When you're married to a 30-year-old, how long do you think your heart is going to last?

Sam: Ma, can you let me handle this?

Wilimena: Sure, son. You're the chewing gum.

Sam: Gumshoe, Mom. **Gumshoe.**

Wilimena: I told you to wipe your feet before coming inside. This is a classy place. They got carpeting on the floor.

Sam looks at the bottom of his shoes. Catches himself and gets annoyed.

Sam: No, Ma, **gumshoe.** It's just a figure of speech. It's . . . never mind.

Cornelia: Are we going to have to look at this body all day? It's unnerving.

Sam: He is covered, ma'am

The body's arm falls out from under the sheet.

Sam: (*noticing*) Sort of.

Minnie looks horrified.

Minnie: Cover him back up, please! Oh, Cornelia is right. When will they come to pick him up?

Sam: (*puts arm back under sheet, but first he examines it a bit.*) The medical examiner is on his way. He should be here any minute.

Cornelia: Well, I hate to bring this up at a time like this, but since Harry is . . . you know . . . and he was the group leader, now we have no leader. So someone has to take charge. Obviously Minnie, you're too distraught.

Wilimena: It shouldn't be her anyway. She's the bus driver. It should be someone from our group, someone our own age.

Cornelia: That would be me.

Wilimena: Why you? Why not me?

Cornelia: You? What qualifications do you have?

Wilimena: I'm a senior. What other qualifications do I need?

Cornelia: It should be me. Harry promised to make me the group leader.

Wilimena: When?

Cornelia: At the No-Tell Motel.

Minnie: (*shocked*) What?

Wilimena: (*equally shocked*) Where? We never stay there! On overnight trips, we always stay at the Holiday Inn.

Cornelia: (*back peddling*) Oh, uh, right! Anyway, I accept.

Wilimena: Accept what? No one offered you anything. We have to take a vote.

Cornelia: I already took a vote. They (*pointing to audience*) agreed unanimously to make me the new group leader.

Wilimena: Where was I?

Cornelia: In the buffet line for the third time in a row, stuffing rolls in your purse.

Wilimena: I was not! How dare you accuse me!

Sam: Ladies, ladies, we have more important fish to fry.

Wilimena: They got fried fish? How did I miss that? (*she starts to wander offstage*)

Sam: (*grabbing her arm*) Ma, forget the fish.

Minnie: How can you even talk about food at a time like this? I may never eat again.

Sam: If you'll excuse me, I'm going out to see if the medical examiner has arrived.

Sam exits.

Minnie: I'm so upset. I don't know if I'll be able to drive the bus.

Cornelia: Who said you could drive the bus before?

Minnie: What are you complaining about? I got us here in one piece, didn't I? Well, except for poor Harry.

Wilimena: What are you talking about? You were driving on the wrong side of the road most of the time!

Minnie: In England, where I come from, it's not the wrong side of the road.

Cornelia: Well, you're not in England anymore.

Minnie: Thanks to Harry. I owe everything to him.

(Cue music: "Harlem Nocturne." It plays softly during the following section, fading out before the section is over.)

Minnie: I was over here on a work visa, serving drinks at the Wooden Nickel Casino when I met Harry. He was on a bus trip with this group, playing the nickel slots, when I served him his favorite drink . . .

Wilimena: *(wistfully)* Metamucil with a beer chaser . . .

Minnie: Yes, metamu . . . Hey, wait a minute. How did you know?

Wilimena: Uh . . . I saw him drinking it once. Finish your story, dearie.

Minnie: Now, where was I? I had just served him his favorite drink, Metamucil with a beer chaser, when he hit the jackpot! The largest in the casino's history! Millions! He went from being a retired garbage man to a millionaire in an instant! It was love at first sight --.for both of us! Harry proposed on the spot, and we went right down to the chapel and got married. *(begins weeping)* We were going to grow old together.

Cornelia: Grow old together? He was already 90, for Pete's sake.

Minnie: But he was a young ninety. A real tiger in bed.

Wilimena & Cornelia: He sure was!

Minnie, Wilimena & Cornelia: What????!!!

Cornelia: At least that's what I heard.

Wilimena: Yeah, me too.

After a brief stare down among the three, Minnie continues.

Minnie: Anyway, to continue. Harry loved this senior group almost as much as he loved me. So, he bought the bus so the group could travel together. Unfortunately, he couldn't drive anymore, so I learned to drive the bus.

Cornelia: Is that what you call it? Now if you could just learn your left from your right, we'd all feel a lot better.

Sam enters with Dr. Charles Ovary, an audience member who was selected before the show and who agreed to come onstage. Dr. Ovary is wearing a stethoscope around his neck and any other doctor paraphernalia you want to add. The man playing the doctor has been informed that whenever Sam pats him on the back, the Doctor says "Absolutely!"

Sam: Excuse me ladies, for intruding on your mourning.

Wiliimena: No son, it's the afternoon.

Sam: No ma . . . never mind. The medical examiner is here. This is Dr. Charles Ovary.

Cornelia: *(to Doctor)* Do you know anything about bunions? *(Sam pats Doctor on back to cue his line and keeps doing this before every line.)*

Dr. Ovary: Absolutely!

Sam: *(to Cornelia)* That's not what he's here for. Doctor, this is the widow, Minnie Cooper.

Minnie: Dr. Ovary, do you think you can determine the cause of my husband's death? *(sniffle, sniffle)*

Dr. Ovary: Absolutely!

Sam: Then let me show you the body, Doctor. If you would come this way.

Dr. Ovary: Absolutely!

Sam takes Dr. Ovary to the body. He lifts the sheet but keeps the body concealed from the audience (so they don't know there actually isn't a body). Both Sam and the Doctor look at Harry's "face."

Sam: Have you ever seen anything like this before, doctor?

Dr. Ovary: Absolutely!

Sam: I'm no doctor, Doctor, but I noticed a strange residue around the mouth. Do you see it?

Dr. Ovary: Absolutely!

Sam: I recently saw an episode of CSI where a combination of arsenic and old lace caused a fatal asphyxiation. Did you see that episode?

Dr. Ovary: Absolutely!

Sam: Why doctor, look!

Sam slowly pulls a piece of lace from Harry's "mouth."

Sam: Doctor, could this be the cause of death?

Dr. Ovary: Absolutely!

Sam: Then he was murdered!!!

Dr. Ovary: Absolutely!

Sam: Thank you, Doctor. Will there be a bill?

Dr. Ovary: Absolutely!

Sam: I'll show you out. *(Sam takes Doctor Ovary back to his table and also takes doctor's paraphernalia back.)*

The three women begin to react to the fact Harry's death was no accident.

Minnie: Why, why, why?

Cornelia: Oh, don't start that again.

Minnie: Why would anyone murder Harry? Everyone loved him. And he loved everyone.

Wilimena & Cornelia: *(eying each other suspiciously)* That's for sure.

Minnie: What?

Cornelia: Never mind. Look, we need to call the authorities. Has anyone notified the police?

Minnie: Yes, Sam did. That's how the coroner knew to come. But where are the police?

Wilimena: Do they even have any police around here? This place is like Mayberry.

Cornelia: Great. Just what we need -- Barney Fyfe.

Minnie: Forget Barney . . . who?

Sam enters. He's still holding the lace.

Wilimena: Son, where are the police?

Sam: The coroner just told me the entire police force, all three of them, are tied up with an emergency. It could be hours before they get here.

Minnie: Oh no! Was there another murder? A bomb scare? A kidnapping?

Sam: More like a cow napping.

All three women: What?

Sam: Well, from what I could gather, the entire police force, all three of them, are combing the countryside for a missing . . .

Wilimena: Person? Oh my God, a missing person?

Sam: No, bull.

Wilimena: Son, watch your mouth.

Sam: What? No, Ma, a bull. A *real* bull. A farmer's prize bull mysteriously disappeared from its pen this morning.

Cornelia: So you're saying a stolen steer takes precedence over a poisoned person?

Sam: It does in Roadkill County.

Cornelia: What a bunch of bull!

Wilimena: Well, there's only one thing to do. Son, you're going to have to take over the investigation.

Sam: Me? Why me?

Wilimena: Because you're the bubble gum.

Sam: Gumshoe! Gumshoe! (*whining*) Look, Ma, I'm on vacation. You said yourself I needed a rest.

Minnie: (*seductively*) Oh, Mr. Club . . .

Sam: Call me Sam.

Minnie: Okay, *Sam*. It would be such a comfort to me to know a man of your . . . reputation. . .

Sam: Now hold on, don't believe everything you hear.

Minnie: But I've only heard great things about you. Your mother says you're brilliant. She brags about you all the time.

Sam: Yeah, but you see I'm on vaca . . .

Minnie: (*even more seductively*) Please, Mr. Club, I mean, *Sam*, won't you help me?

Sam: Since you put it that way, Ma'am, how can I say no?

Wilimena: You're a good boy, Sammy.

Sam: Yeah, right, Ma. Okay, I better get going on the investigation.

Wilimena: Right, son, where do we start?

Sam: What do you mean, *we*?

Cornelia: You can't help him.

Wilimena: Why not?

Cornelia: Because you're a suspect!

Sam: You can't suspect my mother of murder!

Wilimena: (*to Cornelia*) Right! And what about you? You're a suspect, too!

Sam: As a matter of fact, everyone on this bus trip is a suspect.

Minnie: (*sweetly*) Including *me*, Sam?

Sam: I'm afraid so, ma'am.

Cornelia: That would make you a suspect too, Mr. Club.

Sam: Me?

Cornelia: Yeah, you. I guess we're going to find out just how good you are, Mr. Club. Because *you're* a suspect too, until you solve the case!

Sam: And I will. For now, no one is allowed to leave this room! So far, the only clue we have is this murder weapon, a piece of lace, laced with arsenic. (*Sam holds up lace.*)

Wilimena: Laced lace!

Sam: Say, Ma, where would someone get a piece of lace like this? Especially on a bus trip.

Wilimena: *(rolls her eyes)* No wonder you never had a girlfriend. Give me that thing. *(grabs lace and examines it briefly)*. Looks like it came from a piece of fancy underwear. You know, like the hookers wear.

Cornelia: Like just about everyone wears these days. You can get that stuff right out of the Victoria's Secret Catalog.

Minnie: I order from there all the time. Harry loved me in that stuff.

Wilimena & Cornelia: Me, too!

Minnie: What? Anyway, it's a great catalog.

Sam: *(totally confused)* What catalog? Is it like the Sears catalog?

Cornelia: No, there's no lawn mowers in this catalog. *(walks over to man in audience; catalog was planted under table before play started.)* Excuse me, sir, can I borrow your Victoria's Secret catalog? I saw you reading it on the bus. *(brings catalog to Sam)*

Cornelia: Here you go, Sonny, investigate. *(She hands Sam the catalog and his eyes pop out of his head. He pulls a magnifying glass out of his coat and examines the catalog further.)*

Sam: Wow! *(stammering)* Uh, I need to take a closer look at this. I mean., I need to get abreast of the situation. I mean , uh, get a leg up on the . . . You'll have to excuse me! *(rushes offstage with catalog)*

Minnie: *(running after Sam)* I can be of great help. I know that catalog like the back of my hand. In fact, I'm wearing page 93 right now! *(Minnie exits)*

Cornelia and Wilimena are left alone onstage, glaring at each other.

Cornelia: I thought they'd never leave.

Wilimena: Me neither. Obviously, we have something in common. The dearly departed *(gesturing toward the dead body)*.

Cornelia: There wasn't much dear about him.

Wilimena: You must have found something dear about him. Enough to shack up at the No-Tell Motel with him.

Cornelia: I heard you slip, too, deary. It seems we *both* frequented the No-Tell Motel with Harry. I know why I was there. What's your excuse?

Wilimena: I'm not spilling my guts first. You go; then I'll talk.

Cornelia: Okay. Well, it goes back 20 years. In those days, I had a real problem with gambling. You name it, I bet on it -- sports, the ponies, the numbers . . .

Wilimena: Gee, I didn't know.

Cornelia: No one knew. Not even my husband, God rest his soul (*makes sign of the cross*). It started out innocent enough; the state lottery, that sort of thing. But before I knew it, I was paying daily visits to a local bookie.

Wilimena: Oh my God!

Cornelia: It didn't take long before I was into them for a lot of dough. Thousands . . .

Wilimena: Geez, couldn't you just stay home and watch *The Price Is Right* like the rest of us?

Cornelia: You wanted a confession. You want to hear the rest of it?

Wilimena: There's more?

Cornelia: Yeah, so shut up and let me finish. They got tired of waiting for me to pay up. There was talk of cement shoes and a trip to the East River. I was desperate!

Wilimena: So, what did you do?

Cornelia: I'm getting to that! Remember years ago, when you'd walk into any store in the neighborhood and see those donation jars next to the cash register? The ones to support that organization raising funds to supply seeing eye people for blind dogs?

Wilimena: Yeah, I remember that. The Blind Leading the Blind Foundation. I put five bucks in one of those jars myself. But I never once saw a seeing eye person leading a blind dog anywhere. I wonder why? They must have raised thousands.

Cornelia: Tens of thousands. And the reason you never saw anything is because I put the jars there, collected the money, and used it to pay off my gambling debts.

Wilimena: It was a scam?

Cornelia: I'm afraid so.

Wilimena: Give me back my five bucks!

Cornelia: Oh will you shut up!

Wilimena: What does this have to do with Harry?

Cornelia: He was our garbage man, remember?

Wilimena: So?

Cornelia: So I'm an idiot. I threw all the empty money jars in the garbage with the labels still on them. Harry found them and put two and two together. He threatened to call the police.

Wilimena: But he didn't. Why?

Cornelia: Because I agreed to take up sort of semi-permanent residence with him at the No-Tell Motel. Once a week, every week, ever since.

Wilimena: All these years?

Cornelia: Yup. Only lately, he'd been drinking a lot, and talking a lot. Loud. In front of people. About the past. About the seeing eye people scam. I was starting to get scared. If the wrong person heard, I'd be spending my golden years in a prison cell! I guess I don't have to worry about *that* anymore.

Wilimena: (*suspiciously*) How convenient.

Cornelia: (*defensively*) What are you trying to say?

Wilimena: Never mind.

Cornelia: Fair is fair. I told my story about Harry. So what's yours?

Wilimena: Well, okay. I guess need to tell someone after all these years. But if you tell on me, I'll tell on you. So we have one up on each other.

Cornelia: Not yet. You still didn't spill your guts.

Wilimena: (*cautiously, looking around to see who's listening*) Okay, okay. Remember 15 years ago, when my church had the Mega Jackpot Bingorama?

Cornelia: Yeah, that was at St. Rocky Balboa's Roman Catholic Church, wasn't it?

Wilimena: That's the one. I was calling the numbers that day. My mother and I had it all figured out. If she could signal me what number she needed to win, she would. And she did. She put her face in her hands, but she hid her pinky. (*demonstrate this*) She was only showing nine fingers. She was telling me she needed B9!

Cornelia: So what?

Wilimena: The next number that came up was B6. So I turned it upside down, made it a nine, and my mother won the 50 grand mega jackpot!

Cornelia: Wow! Fifty grand!

Wilimena: Yeah, after they checked her numbers, the newspapers swarmed the church to interview her and take pictures. There was a lot of commotion, and that's when I quickly put the balls back in the machine before anyone thought to check them.

Cornelia: I can't believe you got away with that!

Wilimena: There was just one problem. The next day, my mother and I were sitting in the kitchen talking about how we were going to spend all that money. It was really hot that day, and the window was open right next to the table. Guess who was outside getting the garbage cans?

Cornelia: Harry!

Wilimena: That's right. He heard everything. He *knew* everything. He threatened to tell the police. Not only would Mother and I have gone to jail, but it would have ruined Sam's budding private eye practice. Even worse, we would've been excommunicated from St. Rocky Balboa's! Mother fainted. When she came to, she was never right in the head again. St. Rocky Balboa's placed her in their mission home, St. Adrian Balboa's Home for Wacky Mothers.

Cornelia: Let me guess. As long as you went to the No-Tell Motel once a week with Harry, he wouldn't tell the police, and your mother got to stay at St. Adrian Balboa's, right?

Wilimena: You got it.

Cornelia: No, Harry got it, at least twice a week. So, Missy, you had a good reason to kill him!

Wilimena: So did you! And if Harry was blackmailing us, how many other people in our senior group could he possibly have been blackmailing, too? Anyone here could have been going once a week to the No-ell Motel with Harry. (*pointing at various people in the audience*) That lady, that lady, that lady, that guy

Cornelia: We better pipe down. We don't want your son to find out what we just confessed to each other. Uh, oh -- here he comes!

Sam walks onstage still looking at the Victoria's Secret Catalog. Minnie is with him.

Minnie: (*pointing to page in catalog*) Yes, Sam, and I have that little outfit, too!

Wilimena: Have you found out anything, son?

Sam: (*eyes glued to catalog*) Yeah, there's a lot you can learn from this catalog.

Cornelia: Not in there. Have you found out anything about the case?

Sam: What? Oh! Uh, no. Every lead is a rear end. I mean *dead* end! But don't worry. I'll wrap this case up before the afternoon is out. (*gazing at catalog again*) I know there's an important clue right under my nose.

Wilimena: I'm not worried, son. You're the greatest Gummie Bear there ever was!

Sam: What? Oh, gumshoe, Ma, gumshoe!

Cornelia: Yeah, whatever. Come on, Billy, let's see what's left in the buffet line.

Cornelia and Wilimena exit

Minnie: Your mother's name is Billy?

Sam: It's short for Wilimena.

Minnie: That makes your mother's name "Billy Club."

Sam: Yeah, catchy, ain't it?

Minnie: Oh Sam, do you really think you'll solve the case? I want my husband's murderer brought to justice!

Sam: Even if it turns out to be you?

Minnie: What are you saying? Why would I kill Harry?

Sam: Why not? You'd inherit all his money and find someone else. Maybe someone a bit closer to your own age.

Minnie: (*seductively*) Like you, Sam?

Sam: Flattering, Miss Cooper . . .

Minnie: Call me Minnie.

Sam: Fine, *Minnie*, but I have to stay focused here. I need to ask you a few questions.

Minnie: Shoot.

Sam pulls out his gun and points it at audience.

Sam: Who?! Who?!

Minnie: No! Not shoot somebody. Put that away. Ask me any questions you want.

Sam puts gun away.

Sam: All right. Just how does a dame like you end up married to a guy like Harry? I mean, he was 60 years older than you.

Minnie: He was a wonderful man.

Sam: He was a garbage man.

Minnie: Not when I met him.

Sam: Right. I heard the whole story. Love at first sight -- right after he hit the jackpot. Very romantic. Very suspicious, too.

Minnie: Happens all the time.

Sam: (*sarcastically*) Sure it does. With that accent of yours, you're obviously not from this country.

Minnie: That's correct.

Sam: That would make you a foreigner.

Minnie: Sharp as a tack, you are.

Sam: Judging by your accent, I'd say you're . . . Polish? German?

Minnie: English!

Sam: Yes, ma'am, I'm speaking English. Yours isn't so bad either, considering your accent and all.

Minnie: I'm from England!

Sam: What? Uh, right! I knew that . . . And, uh, if I may ask, what brought you to the good ole U.S. of A?

Minnie: (*caught off guard*) Uh . . . vacation. Yeah, that's it -- vacation. I always wanted to see the Pinocchio's.

Sam: So -- you're a Disney fan.

Minnie: Come again?

Sam: Thanks, but I didn't leave yet.

Minnie: What?

Sam: What? Let's start again – carefully . . .

Minnie: I came on vacation to the Pinocchio Mountains.

Sam: Ooooh, you mean the *Pocono* Mountains. Must be your accent.

Minnie: Anyway, I came on vacation. I was staying at the Wooden Nickel Casino. I lost all my savings at the blackjack table.

Sam: Everything?

Minnie: Everything! I had no money to get home.

Sam: And just where was home?

Minnie: ENGLAND!

Sam: Right! Go on . . .

Minnie. The casino gave me a job as a cocktail waitress. They helped me get a work visa and said I could stay on until I had enough money to get home.

Sam: That would be . . . England.

Minnie: (*sarcastically*) You're a brilliant man, Mr. Club. Anyway, it wasn't long after that when Harry came in and won the jackpot.

Sam: And it was shortly after that when you two got married. I believe it was love at first sight you said.

Minnie: Yes, it was.

Sam: Love at first sight with Harry, or Harry's winnings?

Minnie: Harry, of course.

Sam: So, you've never been married before Harry?

Minnie: (*caught off guard*) Why ... uh

Cornelia and Wilimena return with Inspector Penelope Periwinkle, an audience member who was selected before the show and who agreed to come onstage. The inspector is wearing Groucho Marx glasses with nose and moustache as a disguise. She has been informed that whenever Sam pats her on the back, she says "Precisely!" (There's one exception, which is explained in a few pages.)

Minnie: *(sees Inspector and looks nervous)* Uh, gee Sam, I have to run to the ladies' room. Be right back. *(Minnie glances nervously at Inspector on her way out.)*

Wilimena, Cornelia, and Inspector approach Sam.

Wilimena: *(to Inspector)* This is my son, Sam Club. He's a gumball.

Sam: Gumshoe, Ma, gumshoe!

Cornelia: Yeah, whatever. Look, this is Penelope Periwinkle, of Scotland Yard.

Sam: How do you do . . . Ma'am? Sir?

Wilimena: *(stage whispering)* He's a she! She's in disguise.

Sam: Are you undercover? *(pats Inspector on back to cue her line and keeps doing this before each line.)*

Penelope: Precisely!

Cornelia: She's here in the States on a case!

Wilimena: And you'll never guess who she's been tailing!

Sam: Who?

Wilimena & Cornelia: Minnie!

Sam: Mouse?

Cornelia: Thank God he's *your* son.

Sam: Would this have anything to do with the murder?

Penelope: Precisely!

Sam: Okay, what's the scoop?

Wilimena: Okay, son, Inspector Penelope told us she was *trailing* Minnie across Europe for the last two years. Then she *tailed* her to the United States.

Sam: So, Inspector, you trailed Minnie's tail?

Penelope: Precisely!

Sam: But why?

Cornelia: Because she's the Weeping Widow!

Sam: She is?

Penelope: Precisely!

Sam: My God! I can't believe it! The Weeping Widow! *(pause)* Who's the Weeping Widow?

Cornelia: Don't you ever watch the BBC Channel? Didn't you ever see "Scotland Yard's Most Wanted?"

Sam: No.

Wilimena: He mostly watches the Cartoon Network.

Sam: Ma!

Cornelia: Minnie Cooper -- aka the Weeping Widow -- had a string of rich elderly husbands. They all died mysteriously shortly after the wedding. Afterwards, she heads to the roulette tables in Monte Carlo. When the money runs out, she finds another rich old man to marry.

Sam: You mean like Harry the Garbage Man?

Penelope: Precisely!

Sam: Wow! And let me guess, you were closing in on her in Europe. You had what you needed to put her away for a long time, but she found out and went on the run to the States!

Penelope: Precisely!

Sam: Is that all you ever say? "Precisely?"

Penelope: Precisely!

Sam: Well, I guess you better get back to work. By the way, great disguise!

Penelope: What disguise? *(This is the only line that differs. Tell the audience member beforehand that she must say this and what her cue line is.)*

Sam, Cornelia, & Wilimena look at each other in disbelief.

This is the actual script minus the last six pages revealing the ending.