

The Irish Eyes Murders!

A Dinner Theatre Murder Mystery in Three Acts

By
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Preview

This is a partial script to provide an idea of what the play is about, prior to licensing.

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Irish Eyes Murders Characters

Deirdre Divine (AKA Stan Bolander): A pseudo diva. Big eyes. A temperamental artist. She/he loves to be loved, as well as being the center of attention. Insincerely portrays herself as everyone's best friend. Impatient and insincere. Phony laugh, which becomes increasingly annoying. A well known regular on the karaoke circuit. Totally buys into the fake glitz of karaoke. Undercover FBI agent.

Kathleen Kelly: The local KJ. Loves to sing show tunes. A nice gal. Attracted to and attracted by Tex.

Dick Ritchardt- Hunky local guy. Quite an ego. He was a football hero in high school, but has struggled since then; a one semester wonder, two failed marriages, and difficulty holding a job. Looking for the proverbial golden goose. Involved with Lulu, but is lured by Eileen's recent good fortune.

Eileen MacNamara - Sweet barmaid at the Blue Shamrock Inn who grew up taking care of her father. She's a hard worker, and a very nice person. She dreams of being a singer, but is very shy. She loves karaoke night, but only as an observer, not as a participant. She's a bit naive and sometimes too nice for her own good. She's recently shared a winning lottery ticket with her father, Liam, worth five million dollars. Still, she's quite unpretentious. When she gets nervous, she tends to snort.

Liam MacNamara- Eileen's father, he is the proprietor of the Blue Shamrock Inn. He has just won the lottery on a ticket he shares with Eileen. Their combined payoff is five million dollars. Widowed of Eileen's mother and divorced from his second wife, he still feels the pain, and secretly still longs for his ex-wife's return. He's a hard worker, and incredibly proud of his Irish heritage. Knows lots of Irish sayings.

Lulu O'Laye- Hostess at the Blue Shamrock Inn. Flirty and sexy. A conniver. Would like to snare Liam (and his money) Comes-on to the customers and everyone else to "promote business" (or so she says)

Michael Murphy- Dishwasher at the Blue Shamrock Inn. Quiet, he tends to keep to himself. Kind of unexciting. Secretly yearns for Eileen's attention. So far, no dice.

Fiona MacNamara- Liams ex-wife. She hasn't been around for seven years and has had some tough times. Portrays ignorance about the lottery. She just came by " because she yearned for her family on St. Patrick's Day."

Tex Cassidy- Cowboy type. Chews tobacco and spits. Man of mostly action, rather than words. Saw Fiona hitchhiking on the highway and gave her a lift (at least).

During the cocktail hour, characters engage in table talk with the audience.

Host: Good evening and welcome. You are about to embark on a journey that will take to the St. Patrick's Day festivities at the Blue Shamrock Inn in Curtainsville, Pennsylvania. It's been advertised as a night of glorious celebration, but if you've spoken to the staff during cocktail hour, you may be aware that all is not as it seems. What you may have sensed is an air of greed, jealousy, and conspiracy. Take notice of your resolution sheet, make notes if you wish. Later on you'll have the chance to get involved in the investigation. But for now, take heed, ladies and gentlemen, for you are in for an evening of mystery, mayhem, and maybe even murder. And now on with the show.

Scene 1

Kathleen - (Always so, so happy) Good evening, Ladies and gentlemen. Happy St. Patrick's Day and welcome to karaoke night at the Blue Shamrock Inn. And to get the ball rolling lets all put our hands together and give a big Blue Shamrock welcome to tonight's first singer, Miss Deirdre Divine! (Kathleen starts applause.)

Deirdre - (Enters beaming, she greets audience over intro.) Hi...Hello..... Oh, you're all just wonderful (She sings "It's A Great Day For The Irish", or any public domain Irish song. She's good, but overplays. Early in the song:) Kathleen ...Kathleen..... the music is too loud. I'm not going to screech. Would you turn it down, *PLEASE!* (She rolls her big eyes and continues. The song ends. She bows repeatedly.) Thank you. Thank you . Oh, you're so kind. Thank you.

Kathleen - OK, nicely done Deirdre. Especially for it being that time of the month. (Laughs. Deirdre scowls.) Just kidding. You're a beautiful person.

Deirdre - Oh, thank you ! I really am, aren't I?

Kathleen : Right....well,.....lots of great karaoke ahead and some simply wonderful Irish songs, but before we go any further, I want to bring out our host , Liam MacNamara. Now just, in case you've been living under a rock for the past two weeks, Liam has recently enjoyed a true dose of Irish luck. He and his lovely daughter Eileen, held a winning lottery ticket worth.....oh not much...only FIVE MILLION DOLLARS! (Leads applause) But let me tell you folks. It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. Ladies and gents....the owner and operator of the Blue Shamrock Inn, Mr. Liam MacNamara!!!!!! (Applause)

Liam: (Always swigging from a pocket flask) Thank you. Thank you Kathleen. And Happy St. Patrick's Day everyone. Yes, Kathleen's right. The man upstairs has been smiling down on me lately, and I'm so grateful I'm a lucky man. It makes me so proud of my heritage. But let me tell you my friends, my life has been guided by a simple

philosophy, taught to me by my old grandmother. In life, there are only two things to worry about — (each swig causes a little less control)

Either you are well or you are sick.
If you are well, there is nothing to worry about (swig)

But if you are sick, there are only two things to worry about—
Either you will get well or you will die.
If you get well, there is nothing to worry
about,(swig)

But if you die, there are only two things to worry about—
Either you will go to heaven or hell.
If you go to heaven, there is nothing to worry
about.(swig)

And if you go to hell, you'll be so busy shaking
hands with all
your friends
You won't have time to worry! (Laughs Out Loud...really)

Everyone here at the Blue Shamrock hopes you have a great time at our karaoke night. I'm looking forward to hearing lots of wonderful singers. Now in one minute I'm going to shut up so we can get on with the party. But first, please say hello to my truest good fortune, my lovely daughter...Eileen. (He looks toward kitchen..nothing) Eileen get out here. (To audience) She's a bit shy. Lulu, would you be so kind as to give her a tad of encouragement. (Lulu leads out Eileen) Here she is. Say hello to all the nice people.

Eileen: Hello! (Nervous laugh and snort. Liam and Eileen hug)

Liam: (swig) Ah folks...as my grandfather used to say, "No man ever wore a scarf as warm as his daughter's arm around his neck. (Lulu nudges Liam) Oh, and of course, this is our wonderful hostess, Lulu O'Laye.

Lulu : Hiya everybody (She gooses Liam. He jumps)

Liam: Ok, Kathleen on with the show.

Kathleen: Sure thing boss, right away. Uh, could you come up here a minute. I have to ask you something. (Kathleen, Eileen, and Lulu move up to bandstand.)

(Fiona & Tex enter from another part of the room. Fiona does all the talking. Tex just nods and chews.)

Fiona: Well, will ya' look at that! It doesn't look like bein' a millionaire has changed him one bit. He's still a sentimental old fool. Ehhhh! Just bein' in here gives me the creeps. I

can't believe I was married to that man for seven long years. I actually waited tables right here in this room. And that brat Eileen looks more obnoxious than ever. I wonder how he'll react to seeing me? (She moves to Tex) What do ya think baby. Do I still I still have what it takes. (Sexy embrace)

Tex: Uh huh!

Fiona: I guess that's a "yes". Liam...Liam, honey...you look fabulous!

FX and blackout

Scene 2

(Lulu, Eileen, and Michael enter)

Lulu: Ok, it looks like this is going to be a big night. Are we all set?

Eileen: I think so Lulu, the bar is stocked, and there's plenty of ice. I checked the kegs this afternoon. (Snort) Everything seems ok.

Lulu: Good, this is usually our biggest night of the year. These Irishmen feel they have to live up to their reputations. How about the kitchen, Michael? Are we all set?

Michael: Uh, yeah, I think so.

Lulu: (Nasty) Well, you'd better know so. I want--- (Calming) I mean, *Liam* wants everything to run like clockwork tonight. Got it?

Michael: Uh, yeah, I think so.

Lulu: Michael, you do have a pulse don't you?

Michael: Huh, Oh, yeah, I think so. (Lulu joins him in saying his phrase)

Lulu: Never mind, just get back to the kitchen.

Michael: See you later Eileen.

Eileen: Ok, Michael see you later.

(Michael exits repeatedly glancing back at Eileen)

Lulu: I think he has a case on you.

Eileen: Michael's sweet. Well (Snort) I'd better get back out to the bar. Dick is due any time.

Lulu: Lucky you!

Eileen: Lulu, you have one-track mind.

Lulu: Usually, yeah. But, hey, he's really cute. So, seriously, are things heating up between you two?

Eileen: Oh, I don't know. He's so nice, and very attractive. I've known Dick since grade school, but until recently, I didn't think he knew I was alive.

Lulu: Sweetie, you're young and single, and overdue to mingle. So if I were you, I'd start making up for lost time.

Eileen: Lulu, I don't know about you. (She exits one door, while Dick enters another. She doesn't see him)

Lulu: Well, speaking of the devil. Are your ears burning, Dicky?

Dick: That's Dick to you. (He kisses her)

Lulu: Mm, you know you prick, you've got Miss Eileen pretty well smitten.

Dick: Is that so? I guess I've still got it, huh!

Lulu: Oh, baby, you sure have. And with a little Irish luck, you'll soon have half of a five million dollar fortune.

Dick: How sweet it is? How's it going with Liam? After all, why should we settle for half?

Lulu: Well, honestly, Liam is a little sluggish, so far. But I haven't gone all out yet. Give me little more time, baby. I'll get him.

Dick: I'm sure you will. Well, I'd better get out to the bar. My beloved is waiting.

Lulu: Good luck, baby.

Dick: You too. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.
(Exits)

Lulu: Who me? (Laugh) So tall, so dark, and so *dumb*!
(SFX)

Scene 3

Liam: Fiona, its so good to see you. You look wonderful.

Fiona: I've missed ya, baby doll. . You're lookin' pretty good, too.

Liam: Really?

Fiona: Business sure does seem to be boomin'.

Liam: Well, it's St. Patrick's Day after all. Even so, I can't complain. But don't forget (swig): "An Irishman has an abiding sense of tragedy which restrains him.....(laugh) which sustains him through extemporany periods of joy." (laugh/swig)

Fiona: Oh, Liam. You and your sayin's. How's that sweet little Eileen?

Liam: Well, she's all grown up.....and beautiful. She's a smart one, she is. And...she seems to have a new boyfriend.

Fiona: Well, ain't that nice. Liam, anything else....new, I mean?

Liam: What do you mean?

Fiona: Well, I don't know....anything excitin' happened lately?

Liam: No, not really.....oh, Fiona, you don't know do you?!

Fiona: Know what?

Liam: Fiona, the saints be praised. I hit the lottery. Eileen and I hit the lottery .

Fiona: What? You're kidding?

(Lulu enters and watches)

Liam: No, I'm serious for five million dollars

Fiona: (Hugging and kissing him) Oh, Liam congratulations. You so deserve it, darlin'. What are you going to do with all that money?

Liam: Well, of course half of it is Eileen's. (swig) We haven't really had time to think much about....

Lulu: Liam, excuse me, but you're needed in the kitchen right away.

Liam: Oh, O.K., excuse me Fiona. I'll catch up with you later. (She plants a big one on him as he exits)

Lulu: Who the hell are you?

Fiona: Who the hell are you?

Lulu: Lulu O'Laye's the name. I'm the "hostess with the mostest" around here. And you need to understand that I aim to protect Liam from gold digging bitches like you.

Fiona: Well, Ms. O'Laye, there's an old Irish sayin' that goes, "It takes one to know one" Oh, by the way, Fiona MacNamara is my name, as in the former *Mrs. Liam MacNamara*. We've remained ...close. So you be careful honey. It might not be too long before you'll be takin' your orders from me! (She exits)

Lulu: We'll see about that!

SFX out

Scene 4

(Eileen enters, picks up champagne case and struggles. Michael enters to help her.)

Michael: Eileen, let me help you with that.

Eileen: Oh, thank you Michael. Either these cases are getting heavier, or I need to get into weight training. (Giggle/snort . *She starts out*)

Michael: Uhm.... Eileen?

Eileen: Yes, Michael

Michael: Uh...I wanted to tell you...you look very nice tonight.

Eileen: Why thank you Michael. It's sweet of you to say so. (*She starts out*)

Michael: Eileen, I never had the chance to congratulate you on the lottery. It's great. And it's nice that something nice happened to someone nice...like you.

Eileen: Thank you.

Michael: Really nice.

Eileen: Thank you.

Michael: What are you going to do with the money.

Eileen: Well, I really haven't given it much thought. But I'm sure I'll find some very good uses for it.

Michael: I know what I'd do. I'd go to Ireland. When I was little, my grandmother used to tell me about how nice it was. So green and fresh...the beautiful countryside...and the slow, quiet way of life. I'd love to go, wouldn't you.

Eileen: I know my father would, in a heartbeat. As for me, I just don't know.

Michael: Well you should think about it...you really should. Are you singing tonight?

Eileen: Who me? (Giggle/snort) Not a chance

Michael: Why not? I've heard you sing back in the kitchen, when you thought you were alone. I think you have a beautiful voice.

Eileen: Really?

Michael: (*He takes her hand*) Yes..yes.. I really do. In fact I really think you are wonderful, Eileen. Really!

Eileen: (Giggle/snort)

Michael: Eileen I've been thinking about something for a long time. I know I'm just a cook. But I'm a hard worker, and I think we could have great life together. And I promise you, I would always be good to you and take care of you and---

Eileen: Michael.....I'm seeing someone else....

Michael: Oh?

Eileen: Yes...Dick Richardt....remember? He went to school with us.

Michael: Dick Richardt? The football player?

Eileen: Yes. Right. He was a big sports guy in high school. Michael....I think I might be in love with him.

Michael: (hurt) Oh.....I didn't know. (*tries to regroup*) Well, I still think you should sing tonight.

(Dick enters)

Eileen: Oh, no. I could never do it in front of people.

Dick: Oh, baby “doing it” in front of people makes it more fun. (*He grabs her*)

Eileen: Dick!

Dick: (*to Michael*) Scram shit-head. We want to be alone.

Eileen: Dick!

Dick: What? Get to work, asshole!

Michael: (*Approaches Dick as if to retaliate, but backs off*) I’ll see you Eileen.

Eileen: See you, Michael

Dick: Why do you even talk to that loser?

Eileen: He’s worked here for a long time. He’s a good employee, and he’s very loyal.

Dick: I remember him from high school. No friends...really a loner. We made his life a living hell. (*Laughs*) What a hoot!

Eileen: He’s very sweet.

Dick: Hey...he’s not really trying to make it with *my woman* is he?

Eileen: Your woman? (*Giggle/snort*) Is that me?

Dick: (*Trying not to show his annoyance at the affectation*) You bet baby (*He gets her into a clinch, as he repeatedly kisses her neck*)

Eileen: Dick, take it easy.

Dick: I’ll take it anyway I can get it baby. (*He continues to maul her*)

Eileen: Dick, stop it. (*She breaks away and exits*)

Dick: She wants me. I can tell.

(*Blackout*)

Scene 5

Kathleen: OK folks, who’s next to karaoke?

Deirdre: Oh! Oh! I will. I’d love to

Kathleen: C'mon Deirdre, you've already been up here. Let somebody else have a chance.

Deirdre: Nobody else wants a chance. Besides they think I'm wonderful, right folks? Don't you all think I'm wonderful? (Reaction) and I think you're wonderful too. We're all wonderful, except Kathleen. I think she's a b-i-t-c-h (laughs.)

Kathleen: All right. All right. Take it easy. I still think someone else should sing.

Deirdre: (Whining) Oh, c'monnnn. Don't be like this!!!

Kathleen: Oh, all right. Tell you what folks. Here's a song from BIG "D." (Deirdre sings a public domain song.

(Dick and Eileen dance as Dick continues to be physical with her. Michael burns at this. Lulu dances with Liam, but they are cut in on by Fiona There are a few re-cuts before the inevitable "cat fight" breaks out. Improvised mayhem. When it's over:)

Deirdre: (crying) Nobody was paying attention. (cries) Kathleen, I should get another turn.

Blackout

Scene 6

Fiona: (Enters steaming) Who the hell does that bitch think she is. Liam is my ex. If anyone is goin' to seduce him out of his money it's gonna be me. What's scary isI think Liam is actually falling for that slut. I mean how could he be so shallow after bein' married to me for seven years..... (She grabs Tex.) Right, baby?

Tex: Uh-huh.

(voices off stage)

Fiona: Somebody's comin'. C'mon. Shh. (They hide)

(Lulu enters followed by Dick several paces back)

Lulu: Here Dicky, Dicky, Dicky

Dick: Lulu, we'd better be careful. We can't blow our cover now. Did that woman hurt you?

Lulu: Are you kidding. I coulda' kicked her butt big time.....but I wanted Liam to think I needed "protecting."

Dick: Is that old geezer falling into place for us?

Lulu: Oh, yeah. Just wait until tonight after closing. I'm gonna send him into orbit. How about Eileen? Are you sweeping her off her feet?

Dick: No problem. She keeps telling me to slow down. But I can tell. She can't resist me. I mean really, can you blame her?

Lulu: You are so vain, you bastard.

Dick: Hey,..."you prob'ly think this song is about you....etc. (They exit singing)

Fiona: Holy crap! Those two lowlifes are in cahoots.

Tex: Uh-huh

Fiona: Sonofabitch. They're goin' for the whole five mil.

Tex: Uh-huh

Fiona: What the hell are we gonna do?

Tex: Huh?

Fiona: Tex...what the hell are we gonna do?

Tex: Hmmm. The question is, what can you do with..... Dick?

Fiona: Huh?...Oh, you know you don't say much, but when you do it's absolutely brilliant! (They exit)

Scene 7

(Liam enters, carrying a bottle of champagne, heading toward the bandstand. Eileen follows:)

Eileen: Daddy, wait a minuite...Daddy-

Liam: Oh--sorry darlin'. What a busy night...we can't seem to keep up with it all.

Eileen: I know.... it's great I guess...(Giggle/snort) for the business I mean.

Liam: Oh, for sure. Thank God for that. What is it dear?

Eileen: Daddy. I think Dick is going to propose to memaybe even tonight.

Liam: He is, is he? (Swig) Rather sudden isn't it?

Eileen: Well, I suppose. But Daddy, I've known Dick for a long time.... since high school.

Liam: Oh, sure. I remember he was a fine half-back. What the hell is he doing these days?

Eileen: Well, Dick is sort of between jobs right now. But he's got some really good prospects.

Liam: What is he qualified to do?

Eileen: Well, he's had lots of different job experiences, but none of them have exactly worked out. Dick says there are a lot of incompetent bosses out there.

Liam: Indeed. (Swig) How about college?

Eileen: He went....for a semester. He said it was boring. He said he knew more than the professors. (Giggle/snort)

Liam: I see..... and hasn't he been married before?

Eileen: Uh....yeah....twice. But he says neither of his ex's ever understood himlike *I* do.

Liam: Mm... Darlin'. (Strong) Have you considered that your sudden good fortune might have somethin' to do with his new found interest in you?

Eileen: Daddy....that's a terrible thing to say.....(She grabs Liam's flask and swigs) Well, Yes, Of course I've thought about that...but he rarely even mentions the lottery. (Sobs) Do you think being rich is the only thing appealing about me?

Liam: My dear Eileen, of course not. I want you to be happy more than anything in the world. You know that, right? (She nods) And you're far too old for me to be tellin' you what to do. But, I'd tread slowly with this Dick...if I were you.

Eileen: Ok. Daddy I will. But, if I really want this...you'll walk me down the aisle, won't you?

Lulu: (off) Liam....

Liam:(pause) Sure....sure. (Kisses Eileen....goes to take a swig. Empty flask. Pulls a pint bottle out of his coat. Swigs.)

(Lulu enters)

Lulu: Liam! Oh, there you are. I've been looking all over for you.

Liam: Oh, sorry Lulu. I was talkin' to Eileen.

Lulu: How sweet. Come on, lover. I've got something for you.

Liam: You do, do you. And what might that be?

Lulu: It's a surprise. (She kisses him) C'mon fella...you're gonna like it. (She drags him off)

Liam: (Calling back) I'll talk to you later Eileen

Eileen: Ok, Daddy.

Dick: (Mimicking as he enters) "OK, Daddy." You must get so tired of having him around every waking minute.

Eileen: Actually, I've always gotten along fine with my Da.

Dick: But, Eileen, you're almost 30. Time to cut the strings. Oh, who cares. C'mere. (He approaches her)

Eileen: Dick, I'm working!

Dick: So am I, baby. Listen. I've been giving "you and me" a lot of thought. And I think we should get hitched. I've been single for a while and I'm ready to settle down again. And you would be perfect for me. So.... whataya' say?

Eileen: Dick...I don't know. I mean....I'm flattered of course...and I really do like you...but....

Dick: C'mon...don't be a tease, *you know you want it*. And I'm perfectly willing to give it you on a regular basis. It's a win-win situation, baby! (He grabs her, she struggles a bit)

Michael: Let go of her you big bully. Why do you always have to maul her? She's a nice girl, and she deserves to be treated with respect. What she sees in a gorilla like you, I'll never know...but you'd better not hurt her. You understand?

Dick: Listen pal, just in case you haven't figured it out yet, nice guys finish last. (He punches Michael, who falls to the floor)

Eileen: (Stepping to Dick) Dick stop it. (Dick slaps her, she stands aside.)

Dick: Respect that! Both of you. And as for you dorkbrain, if she wanted to be treated with respect, she'd be down on the floor with you instead of standin' here with me.

Michael: You, bastard.

Eileen: Dick! (Pulls away from Dick, goes to Michael) Michael, are you all right? C'mon, let me help you (She helps Michael out) Dick, I care for you..... but I don't know. (Exit)

Dick: Oh, *you* know Eileen....you're just like all the rest. Yeah, I know I'm bad, but that's part of the attraction (To audience) Don't you think? I mean really. (He struts his stuff) Not bad huh?

(Fiona stands in doorway)

Fiona: No...not bad at all.

Dick: Thanks.....oh...who *are* you?

Fiona: My name is Fiona. Fiona MacNamara. I'm Liam's ex.

Dick: Oh...(realizing) Oh!

Fiona: Yes...exactly...Listen sugar, you are adorable....but I know what you're up to, you and that Lulu O'Whore. But let me set you straight on somethin', you're not gonna get away with it!

Dick: Hey, you must be crazy. I don't know what you're talking about

Fiona: (Laughs) You really are a cute kid...but you lack experience in these kinds of sordid affairs. (She moves toward him) And I do mean affairs. What you need is a mentor. (She kisses him) Someone who is more mature and experienced in these kinds of things. (Another kiss)

Dick: (weakly) I think you may be right.

Fiona: Good boy. (And another. Then she slams him against the wall and plants a big one))

(*Lulu enters*)

Blackout

So, there you have the significant interaction of the main characters during the first act.

Here is a summary of what takes place in the remainder of the first act:

Dierdre sings "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

Dick announces that he and Eileen are engaged.

There is a brief power blackout .

Liam pours champagne and toasts the couple.

Deirdre sings again .

Dick falls dead .

Deirdre rips off her wig and reveals her/himself as Detective Stan Bolander.

He will be investigating Richardt's murder .

Dinner --

Sometime during dinner we should see an animated engagement between Lulu and Michael. It should appear confrontational. Kathleen should be present for this.

As dinner winds down cast members return to engage in table-talk with the audience.

Bolander announces he will be interrogating the following suspects: Liam MacNamara, Lulu O'Laye, Michael Murphy, Kathleen Kelly, Eileen MacNamara, Tex Cassidy, and Fiona MacNamara. Bolander begins the questioning of the suspects.

Here ^{is} how a typical interrogation looks:

Bolander: Eileen MacNamara, would you please come forward. (Eileen is seated on the interrogation stool.) Now, Miss MacNamara, how long had you known Mr. Richardt.

Eileen: I guess about ten years. We went to high school together.

Bolander: And have you always been “close”?

Eileen: No...not really. Dick was very popular in school. I was always working at the restaurant. We really traveled in different circles then.

Bolander: Well then, how do you explain his sudden romantic interest in you now?

Eileen: People change. He changed.....a lot. I suddenly found him to be very sweet. I guess he found me to be appealing too.

Bolander: Isn't it true, Miss MacNamara, that Mr. Richardt often forced his attentions on you physically?

Eileen: What? No.

Bolander: He never mauled you?

Eileen: (Indignant) No...he was always very gentle.

Bolander: What happened to your eye?

Eileen: Huh? Oh, nothing..... I tripped while I was walking my dog. It's just a little bruise.

Bolander: How did your father feel about your intended engagement?

Eileen: Well, he had some concerns at first, but he wanted me to be happy.

Bolander: What kind of concerns?

Eileen: He thought that Dick was only interested in me because of my lottery winnings.

Bolander: Anything to that idea?

Eileen: No, (cry/snort/giggle) Dick was interested in me for me!

Bolander: Are there any questions from the audience for Miss MacNamara?
(Audience questions Eileen.) Thank you Miss MacNamara, you are excused.

After being questioned by Bolander, the audience may question each of the suspects. This is where the improvisational skills of your actors will come into play. I recommend that during the

rehearsal period, you suggest possible audience questions to provide practice for your cast. I also suggest you have Bolander repeat each question from the audience, so all can hear.

After suspects have all been questioned, Bolander announces that he will return shortly with his resolution of the crime.

Following this section of the play, the “Host” instructs the audience regarding the resolution form. We suggest you ask audience members to suggest the murderer(s) – motive, method and opportunity. A “Winner” chosen from all correct solutions. It’s also fun to provide a prize for the most creative solution. You’ll usually get some additional good laughs from this.

Dessert is then served as the the audience members fill out their forms. Have someone collect the forms as they are completed. They should be delivered to whomever will determine the winners. (We have the cast decide the winners)

Intermission--dessert

After dessert:

Act III- The Resolution

Act three is the resolution of the play and the crime. The detective (Bolander) eliminates each suspect, until the murderer is finally revealed. Here’s an example of how this goes.

Bolander: Ladies and gentleman, after an extensive investigation, I believe I now know exactly who is responsible for the cold-blooded murder of Dick Richardt. It was a heinous act of greed, conspiracy, and ultimately...jealousy. Now, ladies and gentleman, there’s little doubt that Dick Richardt gave people plenty of reason to dislike him. I doubt that anyone would refer to him as a “people person.” He was, in fact, quite abusive, wasn’t he Miss MacNamara!

Eileen: What! Why.....what on earth do you mean?

Bolander: Well, for example, that shiner.

Eileen: What about it?

Bolander: Your black eye was provided by Mr. Richardt

Eileen: Yes...but.....

Bolander: And because he was constantly abusing you, you finally got up the courage to strike back.....and you killed him.

Eileen: No, I didn't. I didn't. I loved him. At least I thought I did. You see, I've never had much in the way of self-confidence. My Mom died when I was very young, and my Da was great to me, but I was always afraid. Dick seemed to really care about me, and if I made him angry, I figured I deserved getting hit. I would never hurt him, because I really loved him.

Bolander: I believe you thought you did, Miss MacNamara. But your worth as a person is far greater than you think.

As the Bolander completes his/her resolution, the murderer(s) is/are revealed.

Following Act Three and your curtain call, your director, or perhaps a cast member, announces the winners and awards.