

# ***Murder At The Bingo Hall***

*A Dinner Theatre Murder Mystery in Three Acts*

By  
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Belinda Brezhnefski - A very intense individual. Hails from the former Soviet Union. She insists on dominating the situation...every situation. We also suspect that she dominates her current boyfriend, Craig. Belinda is quite attractive but a bit heavy in the make-up department.

Heidi Harmony- Sweet Jersey girl, looking for love. Quite flirty. None of her former boyfriends have lived up to her expectations. Hoping to find her knight in shining armor at bingo night...!

Queenie Dramameeney- Purchases her wardrobe at garage sales. Not much of a color sense. Enjoys the dramatic life. Lives to gossip. She loves to fan the flames of personal conflict among the bingo crowd. Has been on a few dates with Kenny.

Granny Gravelgrit- Has been playing bingo for forty years. Quite bitter about the fact that she *never* wins. Accuses the game of being rigged. Has been a very heavy smoker her whole life, to which her voice is testimony. The universal smoking ban has made her even more cranky than usual. She often exits the room to smoke.

Rocky Von Primpleman- The bingo caller. Quite a celebrity among the bingo crowd. In fact, a crush of some of the bingo ladies. Quite taken with himself. Often checking himself out in any and all reflective surfaces. But...there may be more to him than meets the eye.

Craig Wimplefurter- Do-gooder in charge of the bingo hall. He thinks the bingo mission is his ticket to heaven. Repairs stereos by day. Is currently dating Belinda with whom he is totally devoted. Fudd-like speech impediment.

Kenny Itchabutt - A regular at the bingo hall. Usually arrives directly from his job at the sanitary landfill, where he is employed as a sanitation engineer/supervisor. Yes, he renders a distinctive odor. He also tends to scratch himself anywhere and everywhere. He's frustrated by his unsuccessful search for a soulmate.

Francesco (Franky) Fuhghettaboutit- Jersey wise guy. He's tough and intimidating, but speaks in a shrill falsetto. He also gets very confused at the game and tends to "Bingo" prematurely. He is enamored with and devoted to Heidi.

Larry LaForz- Security guard for St. Augustines. Big on rules and procedures. Likes everything in neat piles...a control freak really. As things fall apart at Bingo night, so does he.

Henry and Myrtle Schwartz-—Sickeningly sweet married couple. They are barfingly complementary to each other. They tend to coordinate their appearance and complete

each others's sentences. Their lives are driven by bingo. They have recently graduated together from a detective correspondence school.

Sister Daniel Patricia- St. Auggie nun who thinks she's Vanna White. Very demonstrative and gesture rich. She carries a ruler to keep the players in line.

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*Prior to the show, the company members should engage in "table-talk" with the audience members. They may introduce themselves, discuss the personality conflicts that exist in the characters and endeavor to create a rapport. It is suggested that character descriptions be included in the program in order to complement this process.*

Sister Daniel: Good Evening, my brothers and sisters Welcome to the St. Augustine of Hippo Bingo Hall. It is with the greatest of pleasure that St. Auggie's plays host to this weekly gathering of good times and fellowship. And, at the same time, our Bingo ministry raises much needed funds for so many parish projects, such as our youth basketball program, our community food pantry and our 12-step Recovery Program. So while you're having a good time here tonight, you're also helping some very good causes. (Larry approaches Sister Daniel and whispers in her ear) Oh, I see. Well folks... before the fun begins, our parish security director, Larry LaForz, would like to have a word with you. Larry—

Larry: (Self-important air) Thank you Sister. Ladies and gentlemen, during the early bird session, you may have had the opportunity to meet some of the regular members of the bingo crowd here at the hall. Now, I don't want you to panic, but I do feel obligated to warn you about a particular situation that has come to my attention. Oh yes, on the surface, they may seem like quite a jovial group. But, perhaps you noticed a bit of discord among the crowd. Ladies and gentlemen, I smell trouble. And I'm afraid something very bad is about to happen. If you have not already done so, please refer to your resolution form for a clue and note space. Later, you will have the opportunity to question these players and demonstrate your investigative skills. In this celebratory setting, all is not as it would appear. Pay close attention, for we may, indeed, be in for a night of mystery, mayhem, and maybe even... *murder*. (SFX) Sister....

Sister Daniel: Ah, thank you Larry.... I think. (As Larry steps aside) You know folks. Larry tends to be a bit of an alarmist. Even back when he was an alter boy...he was a bit overzealous. In any event, we wish you all very good luck tonight and hope you enjoy your evening. Before we begin, though, let us all bow our heads as I reflect on (She dramatically gestures):

#### THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF BINGO

Please respond with "Amen"

1. Thou shalt not stare at thy neighbor's Bingo card! (Amen)
2. Thou shalt not yell false "Bingo"! (Amen)
3. Thou shalt not wish bad luck on thy neighbor! (Amen)

Remember brothers and sisters, it's just a little game. Have a wonderful night!

Larry, and Sister exit

Granny: (Entering) Where in blazes are all the hotshots. I didn't come here to socialize because, believe me, I hate *everyone*! And since this stupid state put on a smoking ban in public places, I can barely stand it. Now, I came here to play bingo...and that's what I wanna do. The morons! Nothing would surprise me about these idiots. They're probably somewhere figuring out how they're gonna rig the game tonight. Morons.!!!

Queenie: (entering) Well, hello Granny. It's so good to see you. How are you this wonderful night?

Granny: Cram it, Queenie! You know you don't give a crap about me, and I sure a shootin' don't give a crap about you. Now why the devil aren't we playin' bingo?

Queenie: Oh, there's some hold-up in the back room. Belinda is yelling at Craig. (Excited and conspiratorially) I think Belinda may be cheating on Craig. (Waits for a reaction from Granny that doesn't come) Don't you wanna know who with? C'mon Granny, you wanna know, don't you?

Granny: Do I have a choice?!

Queenie: With Kenny, Granny! Kenny Itchabutt ! Isn't that wild?

Granny: (unenthused) Wild. Yeaugh! That man is disgusting. What could Belinda see in him? I'd better save my seat before he gets here. That man looks like he's slept in his clothes since the new millennium. Besides that, he stinks! When he sits near me I feel like *I* need to take a bath.

Queenie: Well, I know for a fact that Kenny is looking for a soul-mate. Believe me...I know all too well! And lately, he's always giving Belinda the eye, and I've noticed she's been looking back at him.

Granny: She's *looking* at him?! And because of that, you think they're having an affair?

Fanny: Well, it's possible.

Granny: I need a smoke (She exits shaking her head).

Kenny enters. He sprays deodorant under each arm and around his butt. He smells each area and concludes:

Kenny: Yeah, that should do for now. I'll take a bath tomorrow...maybe...if I get time. (To an audience member) I'm really busy at the sanitary landfill. This is our busy time.

Queenie: Well, hello Kenny. How've you been? Ready for bingo?

Kenny: (As he approaches Queenie, she circumvents him) Well, sure, that's why I came right from work...I didn't wanna miss anything. (Moving in on her) How've *you* been? Miss me? I miss you!

Queenie: Kenny, I told you. It's over! And I really don't want anyone to know it ever happened.

Kenny: Oh all right, suit yourself. Where is everybody? I actually thought things would have gotten started by now. Where is everybody?

Queenie: In the back room. There's some disagreement or other. Belinda is giving Craig a big-time "*what for*".

Kenny: (Smiling) She is?

Queenie: She's really yelling at him. Those two are just not getting along at all.

Kenny: (Obvious sarcasm. He close-talks to Queenie) Oh...gee..that's too bad. (Fishing for more) So Craig and Belinda are fighting huh?

Queenie: Uh, well, of course it's not for me to say. I mean, I don't like to see anyone fighting.(She extends her thumb and forefinger from the center of Kenny's eyebrow to the tip of his nose.) Life's too short, don't you think, Kenny.

Kenny: Oh, yes, I totally agree with you. Life is too short. (Building anger) ...to go through it alone! Everyone needs a soul mate. **Everyone!** (Calms) What do you think Queenie? Do you think Belinda finds me (belch or scratch) appealing?

Queenie: Oh, I'm sure I don't know Kenny.

Kenny: (Approaching) How about you Queenie? Do you find me appealing?

Queenie: (Backing) Uh....why...sure, Kenny. Of course, Kenny.

Kenny: You do?

Queenie: Certainly, you're a fine man. You're a hard worker... But Belinda....now there's a girl for you Kenny. I've seen you looking at her.

Kenny: You have?

Queenie: Yes, I have. And she's been looking right back at you.

Kenny: (Excited...starts scratching) She has! ?

Queenie: Yes she has. You're the man, Kenny!

Kenny: (Building confidence) Yes..that's right. I'm the man. (Again approaches) Queenie, as much as I'm attracted to Belinda..I'm still quite taken with you. You and I *and* Belinda could have a great time together. (He embraces her) What do you think? Wouldn't that be fun?

Queenie: Oooh! er...I...I think I'm needed in the back room!

Kenny:: (Following) Queenie...Queenie...wait! (steps to perimeter)

(Queenie start off, passing Rocky on the way out. She turns and starts after him)

Queenie: Hey...

Rocky stops and turns to her.

Queenie: Oh...Rocky...sorry I thought you were someone else. (She exits)

Rocky enters. He primps in someone's beer glass. He probably asks the owner of the glass how he looks.

Heidi: (entering...on a mission) Oh, Rocky! Hi Rocky. I've been looking all over for you.

Rocky: (He likes the sound of his voice.) Well, hello there Heidi. I just got here. How do I look?

Heidi: Oh, wonderful, Rocky! You look wonderful!

Rocky: Yes. I do don't I? How are you, Heidi?

Heidi: I'm fine Rocky. I'm fine. I hope you call out my numbers tonight. You're such a fabulous Bingo caller Rocky (staring into his eyes.) My God, Rocky...your eyes are absolutely mesmerizing.

Rocky: Really?

Heidi: Oh, yes. Do you like my eyes Rocky? (She poses)

Rocky: (He removes Heidi's glasses) My God...Heidi!

Heidi: Yes?

Rocky: (Seeing his own reflection in her glasses) You're right. My eyes are so totally mesmerizing! It's amazing!

Heidi: Oh, (giggle). Hey Rocky. Would you do me a big favor...to help me win tonight.

Rocky: Now, Heidi, you know that, as the caller, I can't show any favoritism.

Heidi: I know, but Rocky...just blow on my bingo card for good luck. Please?

Rocky: Oh, all right. Hold it up.

He blows lightly on the card. Heidi holds it high and does a fancy dance step with it. Rocky becomes distracted in another reflective surface. But Kenny zeroes in on Heidi's dance.

Kenny:: Wow! Humahnah! Humahnah! Humahnah! Holy cow !!!! (Heidi ends her dance quickly) Hey Heidi how are you! (He approaches her) Long time... no see. You know I've been meaning to call you.

Heidi: Really?

Kenny: Yeah! I wanted to invite you out to my cousin Earl's on Sunday. He has rooster fights out at his place every Sunday. It's real fun! Lotsa pecking action! Hilarious! We'd have a swell time. Whatya say, Heidi?

Heidi: Oh...gee, Kenny...I don't know.

Kenny: Oh, c'mon Heidi. We've known each other since we were kids. (He embraces her) It'd be a great chance to get caught up. What do you say?

Heidi: (Breaking away) Gee, I think I'm busy.

Kenny: (He pursues her) Oh, c'mon! (He embraces her again) Don't think I forgot about junior high...huh? We were kind of a thing! Remember? Remember?

Heidi: No, Kenny, I don't remember...not at all. We're here to play bingo. Please take your hands off of me! (She removes his hands)

Kenny: (He grabs her arms again) Heidi! I'm a nice guy. Give me a chance, please —

Heidi: (She shrieks and backs away) Kenny, go away!

FX: Dark music

Francesco enters in the shadows and is not seen by Kenny.

Kenny: (Once more he takes her arms) Oh, c'mon Heidi. I just got a big promotion at work. I'll spend a lot of money on you!

Heidi: Kenny ...for the last time.... let me go!

Francesco moves into the scene. He pulls Kenny away from Heidi, and pushes him to the floor. He then brandishes what appears to be a weapon through his coat pocket. Kenny backs off and moves to Queenie like a hurt puppy.

Heidi: Oh, Mr. Fuhghettaboutit...thank you. I'm so grateful you came along. Thank goodness *somebody* helped me. (She gives Rocky, still primping, a nasty look)

Francesco: (Falsetto) It is my unrecycleated pleasure, m'lady. A beautiful tomato such as yourself, should not never need be in whatchyacall distress.

Heidi: Well, I certainly appreciate it. It's nice to run into a real gentleman for a change. (Another disparaging look to Rocky)

Francesco: Is there anything else with which I might possibly assist you wit' at this particular time, m'lady?

Heidi: Well ...are you sitting with anybody for bingo tonight.

Francesco: As a matter of coincidence, *I* am the only individual wit' whom I am sittin'!

Heidi: Well, Mr. Fuhghettaboutit, might you pay me the honor of sitting with me tonight?

Francesco: Miss, the honor would be completely onto I...to be seated on the side of your lovely self...on one whatayacaall condition.

Heidi: Anything!

Francesco: Call me *Franky*!

Heidi: Okeedokee *Franky*! And you call me Heidi. (She moves to her seat. Francesco follows totally smitten. )

Belinda enters with Craig. Queenie follows— moves to Kenny.

Belinda: (Russian accent) Idiot! You are stupid man. How you are so stupid! How you can do such things I do not know. You will be sorry.

Craig: (Speech impediment with "r"s and "l"s. ) I apologize Belinda. Please don't be angry with me. I promise everything will be perfect. Now, we have patrons here who have been waiting forever to play bingo. I've gotta get the game going.



Belinda: Okay. Let dimwit game start. Clearly, you care more for these stupid people than care for me.

Craig: Now, Belinda...you know that's not true. But it's bingo night, right?

Belinda: Were you born idiot? .... Or you have just evolved over years? You will be very sorry...*idiot!*

Craig: Belinda?!

Belinda: All right, play stupid game. But you and I are through! Done! Caput!!!! Understand?

Queenie: How about that Kenny? It looks like she means business.

Kenny: Yeah, it sure does!

Queenie: Gee Kenny, looks like this might be your lucky day.

Kenny: Queenie, you just might be right about that!

Belinda: (To Craig) I said...*Idiot*...you understand?! We are through!

Craig: No, Belinda. I... couldn't stand it.

Belinda: Right! Well, too bad!

Craig: Please, Belinda.. Please. Give me another chance. Please!

Belinda: Hmm! What is worth to you?

Craig: Huh?

Belinda: What is worth to you... another chance?

Craig: Anything! Belinda...I can't live without you!

Belinda: Is that so?! Now, you listen close, Comrade! (Grabs him by the ear and circles him around the space) Get this and get good. Play silly bingo game...but when through, you confess what you did to me. And you beg forgiveness. And be prepared to be punished. *Understand, pig vomit?*

Craig: (Low) Uh-huh

Belinda: Can not hear you!

Craig: Yes!

Belinda: *Still not hear????!!*

Craig: (loud) Yes!

Belinda: What you are?

Craig: Huh?

Belinda: *What you are?!*

Craig: ( softly) Pig vomit.

Belinda: *What ?!*

Craig: (loudly) *Pig vomit!*

Belinda: More like it! (She releases him and he reels in pain.)

(Undeterred he again approaches her.)

Craig: Belinda, please...

Belinda: Talk to hand *pig vomit!* (Craig finally backs off)

Kenny: Hello Belinda!

Belinda: Kenny...did not see you come in.

Kenny: Oh, I've been here for quite awhile. (Belch or scratch) I've been watching you.

Belinda: Yes?

Kenny: Yes, indeed! You and Craig seem to be having a spat. (Craig moans in pain)

Belinda: Kenny....you have flair for obvious.

Kenny: (taking it as a compliment) Oh, thank you Belinda...thank you very much!  
(Moving in to embrace her. Belinda keeps her distance.) You know, Belinda...I'm here for you...if you need me. (He pursues her outside the playing space. She keeps her distance)

Henry and Myrtle Schwartz enter. They're singing (or chanting) with glee.  
(you can make up any tune)

“It’s Bingo night  
And I’m so glad.  
To wear our outfits  
All in plaid  
We play to win  
But if we lose  
It’s all in fun  
And we’re not mad

Bingo, Bingo, Yes Sir!”

Myrtle: Hello everyone. We made it.

Henry: That’s right. We made it. We thought we might be late...

Myrtle: But here we are.

Both: Hooray! (They do some kind of secret handshake)

Myrtle: How many...

Henry:....games have we missed?

Queenie: Oh, none. We’re still waiting to get the games started. There seems to be a little problem between Craig and Belinda.

Myrtle: Oh...

Henry: ...no! What kind....

Myrtle: ....of a problem.

Queenie: Well, it’s not like me to pass something like this on....but (Aside: She whispers with animation to Henry and Myrtle)

Belinda: (Stepping away from Kenny) Yes...well...thank you, Kenny. But is not necessary.

Kenny: Just keep me in mind, Belinda. I’m always here, if you need me. *Always!*

Belinda: Yes....well..... (Takes front mic) Okay peoples, it is time for what you wait for!. *Bingo!* And here is host...Craig (She grabs his ear. He yells) Wimplefurter.

(Applause Sign)

Craig: (Struggles hurt but persevering) Good evening ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to the St. Augustine Bingo Hall, celebrating 15 years of bingo for the good of our parish and a personal expressway to that big kitty in the sky. I'm sure we're all in for some good clean fun and fellowship tonight.

Granny re-enters

Granny: Ditzzy, Dithering, Dickweeds! Aren't we ever gonna play bingo?

Craig: Right away, Granny. Ladies and gentleman, here's our caller for the night. Rocky Von Pimpleman.

(Applause Sign)

Rocky: Thank you. Thank you all very much. It's my pleasure to introduce the first competition of the evening. Regular lapboard bingo with a prize of \$10. And the first number is.....

Rocky calls 3 numbers. Sister repeats each number emphatically and dramatically.

Francesco: BINGO!!!!!!

Heidi: Yay! Franky won! (Heidi stands and applauds vigorously)

Rocky: Wow!....We've got a winner! .....Already? (Many ad libs) Mr. La Forz?

Larry: I'm sorry Sir, but you can't possibly have bingo yet. He's only called three numbers.

Francesco: To what are you implyin' you frimp?! (He stands and again brandishes the gun) Others react.) ...That I'm cheatin'?

Larry: No, Sir, no. nothing like that. I'm just saying that Rocky hasn't called enough numbers yet, for anyone to have bingo. Let's just continue with the game. I'm sure, you'll have a good chance to win...Okay?

(Heidi walks him back)

Francsco: Whateveh!

Larry: Please continue, Rocky.

Rocky: Okay, boss. Whew! That was a close one. (Rocky continues calling until someone [an audience member] calls "Bingo")

(Sister goes to the winner and calls his/her numbers back to Larry who confirms that each was called)

Larry: Yes... it's a bingo.

Applause Sign

Craig & Rocky: Congratulations! Music FX (For he's a jolly good fellow or she's a jolly good lady)

Granny: I tell you this game is *fixed*. How in-blazes can I come and play here week after week and never win...*anything!* I'm tellin' ya' — the game is *fixed!*

Craig: Now, Granny.... That's a very harsh accusation. What would Sister Daniel say if she heard you talking like that.

Granny: How the heck would I know. The last time a stepped into a church they handed me a map.

Sister Daniel: Granny, it hurts me to hear you say that. And to think that the game could be rigged....that is just ridiculous.

Granny: Sorry Sister...I'm just cranky, because I never seem to win. Can we please just get on with the game?

Rocky: Okay, folks...another session of regular lap board bingo. This time the prize is for 20 dollars.

Francesco: *Bingo!*

All principals: Noooo!

Francesco: Sorry.

Heidi: That's all right Franky. You're just excited.

Rocky: Okay, folks the first number is.....

(Rocky starts calling the game. After about three or four numbers, the lights go out. The cast is moving about, each saying a line.)

Rocky: Huh?

Granny: Oh hells-bells, now what?

Queenie: Ooo, how dramatic!

Sister: Let there be light!

Francesco: *Bingo!*

All: Shut up!

Heidi: Hey, somebody just pinched my butt! ...

Henry: Oooh, isn't this...

Myrtle: Exciting!

Belinda: Craig! Turn on lights, you moron!

Craig: I'm trying, Belinda. I'm trying!

Belinda: Well, try harder!!!!

*Gunshot! FX*

(Lights come back on. General ad libs. "Finally" Well it's about time" Queenie is the first to notice Kenny sprawled out on the floor. She screams!)

Francesco: (Checking out the body) Croaked!

Queenie: (Through her wailing) Oh, he was such a wonderful man. I was just talking to him tonight.

Heidi: (sarcastic) Hmm. Too bad.

Belinda: Poor fellow!

Craig: Yes

Rocky: Does anybody have any styling gel I could borrow?

Sister: Aww.. somebody killed Kenny! We'll book the funeral for Thursday? Larry, call the caterer.

Granny: Are we gonna play another game?

Queenie: (Still wailing) No! We are not going to play another game. I can't believe you are so insensitive. I mean really.... It's nearly \_\_\_\_\_(time) Some of us are starving.

(General ad libs build to a frenzy)

Myrtle: Uh...Everyone?...Hello?...*(supersonic) SHUT-UP!*

Henry: Thank you.

Myrtle: It will be unnecessary....

Henry:...to call the police. The fact of the matter is....

Myrtle:...that Henry and I have just graduated....

Henry: ...from the Hoboken Detective Correspondence School. We took the course...

Myrtle:...together. And we're fully....

Henry:...certified by the New Jersey State Police Homicide Unit to conduct this....

Myrtle: ...investigation. Now, did anybody....

Henry:...see anything?.....No? Well, then we must respectfully ask....

Myrtle:...that nobody leave the premises. We will....

Henry:...be conducting a thorough inquiry. But first we must get the body to the ...

Myrtle: ...medical examiner. We will return....

Henry:...shortly. Trust...

Myrtle:...*no one*. For there is.....

Henry :... *a murderer among us*.. Now let's get this...

Myrtle:... Itchabutt outta here.

*Various cast remove Kenny on a stretcher*

Both: And, oh yes...please... enjoy your dinner.

Dinner is served.

*As dinner winds down, principles return to engage in table-talk with the audience.*

After dinner

Henry: Ladies...

Myrtle: ..and gentlemen. We hope all have enjoyed.....

Henry: ... their dinners. I know I did.

Myrtle: Henry? .... You ate already?

Henry: Well, of course darling. I didn't want it to get cold. Didn't you eat?

Myrtle: No, Henry I didn't. You told me to go to the medical examiner's office and wait for the results, while you went to search the rectory.

Henry: Well, uh..yes...that's true. But Father Angelo wasn't at the rectory. He's on retreat in Acapulco. Strange, though,— his office was totally unkempt...as if someone had been ravaging through it. (Shrugs) In any event, I had no choice but to return here to the Bingo Hall.

Myrtle: So what did you do when you got here?

Henry: Uhh...the dinner looked so good, I decided to eat instead. Mmmm. Quite tasty.

Myrtle: Let me get this straight!

Myrtle: I sat outside that creepy morgue for over an hour, starving to death...while you were here feeding your face?

Henry: Uh, huh. Yeah! (Big smile) That's about right. So...what did you find out?

Myrtle: (Sotto Voce) Idiot?

Henry: What's that?

Myrtle: Never mind. According to the preliminary report of the medical examiner, Kenneth Itchabutt was killed, by shock, initiated by a single .38 caliber shell lodged in his right buttock.

Henry: Wow! (to Kenny, sitting onstage wearing the "Dead" sign.) Must be uncomfortable, right? (He laughs. Myrtle smacks him in the head) Now let's get on with our .....



Myrtle:...investigation. Will the following people prepare for interrogation:

(Each suspect reacts when his or her name is called)

Myrtle: Heidi Harmony

Henry: Queenie Dramameeney

Myrtle: Granny Gravelgrit

Henry: Sister Daniel Patrica

Myrtle: Larry LaForz

Henry: Craig Wimplefurter

Myrtle: Rocky Von Pimpleman

Henry: Belinda Brezhnefski

Myrtle: And Francesco Fuhghettaboutit

Henry: Now friends.... Please be aware....these are not our only suspects,....

Myrtle: .....but they are those we consider major at this time.

Henry: After we have questioned each suspect,.....

Myrtle: .....you will be given an opportunity to ask questions of your own.

Henry: I'm sure we will discover and root out this crime's body of evidence.... (pig-like)  
Speaking of bodies, Heidi Harmony....will you please come forward for questioning...  
(Giggles)

Myrtle: "*Speaking of bodies?*" What kind of remark was that, you sleez....

Myrtle smacks him in the head.

Myrtle: Ms. Harmony...please forgive my idiot husband. Will you be kind enough to come forward, please?

Music— Heidi moves to witness stool.

Henry: Now, Ms. Harmony, how long have you been acquainted .....

Myrtle: .... with the deceased?

Heidi: Kenny? Oh, I've known Kenny since grade school...long time.

Henry: So you were a ...

Myrtle:...good friend of his?

Heidi: I didn't say that. He was always following me around...staring at me, with his hands in his pockets. (Beat. Heidi and Myrtle look at Henry, who realizes his hands are in his pockets. He quickly removes them) He used to give me the creeps if you want to know the truth.

Henry: Now, Ms. Harmony...isn't it true the Mr. Itchabutt was harassing you earlier this very.....

Myrtle: .....evening?

Heidi: Well, yes...he was very rude, crude and lewd.

Myrtle: Really? What did he...

Henry:...do?

Heidi: He grabbed a hold of me and refused to let me go. If Mr. Fuhghettaboutit hadn't (swooning) come to my rescue. Who knows what might have happened?

Myrtle: I.....

Henry:....see. Did anyone, other than Mr. Fuhghettaboutit, witness this behavior?

Heidi: Yes, Rocky, the caller, was there at the time, but he was so busy primping himself, I doubt he would have noticed. (glares at Rocky) But Mr. Fuhghettaboutit was a real gentleman. He knows how to treat a lady. (She winks at him. He blows her a kiss.)

Myrtle: Are there any questions from the audience for Heidi...

Myrtle:...Harmony. (Audience members question Heidi) Thank you Ms. Harmony....

Henry: ...you may step down.

Henry: Granny Gravelgrit....will you come forward...

Myrtle:...please.

(Music- Granny takes the hot seat)

Henry: Now, Ms. Gravelgrit...where were you at the time of the murder?

Granny: I was right there at my regular seat. Pretty boy, there, had just started callin' the stupid numbers, *none of which were mine by the way*....

Myrtle: Were you being sarcastic when you called him a pretty boy...(kind of flirty toward Rocky, laying it on for Henry, ) ...or do you think he really *is* a pretty boy. (She waves to Rocky. Henry glares)

Granny: Not bad. I've seen better and I've seen worse.

Henry: Can we get on with this? What happened ...

Myrtle:....next.

Granny: The lights went out...a gun went off...and stinky-boy was a'layin' there dead.

Myrtle: "Stinky-boy" annoyed you. Didn't he Granny?

Granny: Everyone annoys me. People are repulsive in general...but especially Kenny.

Henry: Not only did he annoy you but he delayed the game, and that bugged you even more.....so you *killed* him. Didn't you Granny?! You murdered him!

Granny: You're bonkers. I thought he was a disgusting idiot, but that's no reason to kill him. It *should* be, but it *isn't*!

Myrtle: Are there any questions from the audience for Granny Gravelgrit? (Audience questions Granny)

Henry: Thank you Granny. You may step down. Sister Daniel Patricia,.....will you come forward please. (Music- Sister approaches and sits) Now again, Sister, please understand we mean no disrespect...we simply need to question everyone involved at the Bingo Hall.

Sister: Yeah, yeah! You're just getting back at me for all the times I rapped you across the knuckles with my ruler back when you were in school! You little weasel!

Henry: *Little Weasel?* Sister I'm an upstanding member of the community. Please don't call me a "little weasel."

Sister: All right, all right, Mr. Big Shot! What do you want to know?

Henry: Did you notice anything unusual at the bingo hall tonight prior to the murder?

Sister: Yes, our Bingo Chairman, was highly distractible and derelict of his bingo duties.

Myrtle: Can you point this man out to us, Sister.

Sister: Okay, Perry Mason. Right there! (pointing to Craig) Craig Wimplefurter! He's been our Bingo Chairman for some time. He was involved in an argument with Belinda Brezhnefski and was totally despondent to bingo protocol.

Henry: Do you know why they were arguing?

Sister: Not really. Belinda kept saying "You'll be sorry ....." and she kept pulling his ear. I was envious. It reminded me of what I used to do to you... (sotto voce) *you weasel!*

Myrtle: Who deposits the Bingo funds in the bank.

Sister: Craig does. I sign the deposit slip, record it in my book, and he makes the deposit.

Henry: Has there been anything unusual about any of the bingo finances.

Sister: Well..... (3 beat pause. She shows that she's in thought) I guess not.

Myrtle: Are there any questions from the audience for Sister Daniel Patricia. (Audience questions Sister) Thank you Sister you may step down.

Myrtle: Mr. Larry LaForz.....

Henry: .... will you step forward, please.

Music- Larry approaches and sits.

Myrtle: Mr. LaForz would you please state your position and duties here at St. Augustine of Hippo.

Larry: I am the head of resource personnel for the parish. I'm in charge of all security issues at the church, the rectory, the school, and of course..here at the bingo hall.

Henry: How well did you know the deceased?

Larry: Kenny? Pretty well. We went to school together here at St. Auggies. He was always getting into trouble. Sister smacked him around almost as much as she did you....Henry,....*you little weasel!* (laughs)

Myrtle: (Joins the laughter) Yeah, *ya' little weasel*. (Soon all the cast members join in the laughter)

Henry: Thank you so much for sharing, Larry Limpwad!

Larry: Hey, you watch yourself...I'm in charge here.

Henry: Exactly....and as a person in authority, you have important responsibilities, correct?

Larry: I should say I do.

Myrtle: And would such responsibilities be easily abused?

Larry: What are you getting at?

Henry: According to Kenny Itchabutt's bank, he wrote you a check to you one week ago for \$200.

Larry: Uh...uh...uh....

Myrtle: Here's the cancelled check Larry. I believe that's your signature on the back, right?

Larry: Uhh. Yes it is. Okay. Yes, he wrote me that check.

Henry: And what did you give him in return.

Larry: (Hesitates, then finally gives it up) All right. He wanted access to Father Angelo's office in the rectory. I let him in there for five minutes. He looked around, and left.

Myrtle: Did he take anything?

Larry: No....not that I'm aware of.

Henry: Did he say, what he was looking for?

Larry: No.

Myrtle: Are there any questions from the audience for Larry LaForz. (Audience questions Larry) Thank you Larry you may step down. (As Larry is leaving, Sister smacks him several times with her ruler.)

Henry: Mr. Craig Wimplefurter, will you come forward please.

Myrtle: Mr. Wimplefurter, how long have you been the bingo chairmen at St. Augustine's?

Craig: About five years. I took over after Sheila Shackumup left town with Willie, the window washer .

Henry: Oh, yeah, ....dear Sheila. I hope she's improved with age (He laughs. Myrtle glares)

Myrtle: Mr. Wimplefurter, please share with us exactly what your duties are in the role of “bingo chairman.”

Craig: Well, I arrange all the details for bingo night. I organize the volunteers to sell the cards, daubers, and other supplies. I hire the caller. I oversee the refreshments... and I take care of the money.

Henry: Yes, now...about the money. Sister told us that she signs the deposit slips following each bingo night, and that you actually deposit the funds. Is that correct?

Craig: Why....uh...yes....that’s ....that’s it ....exactly.

Myrtle: Now, Mr. Wimplefurter, can you explain why Sister Daniel’s records indicated deposits of 2300 dollars last month, yet the bank records show a balance of only 75 dollars and 32 cents.

Henry: Yes, how do you explain that Wimplefurter?

Craig: Well, I’m...not really sure. Perhaps monies were withdrawn to support the food pantry or one of the other ministries.

Myrtle: I see. What was your relationship with Mr. Itchabutt.

Craig: I knew him, but I wasn’t friendly with him. Not at all. He was quite an intimidating person.

Henry: How so?

Craig: Well, to tell you the truth. He had his eye on my Belinda. He followed her everywhere. When I spoke to him about it he threatened me. He said I should back off and give Belinda to him.

Myrtle: And how did you react to that?

Craig: I told him Belinda was not a piece of property and she was free to go with whomever she wished. Well, he got all mad and said he was gonna kick my ass if I didn’t break up with Belinda.

Henry: Are there any questions from the audience for Mr. Wimplefurter? (Audience questions Craig)

Myrtle: Thank you Mr. Wimplefurter, you are excused.

Henry: Ms. Belinda Brezhnefski, will you come forward please?

Myrtle: Ms. Brezhnefski, what is your occupation.

Belinda : I sell cosmetics at JC Nickels'.

Henry: And how long have you been with the company?

Belinda : Oh, I guess ...two months about. Before that I work at Bigtime Burger.

Myrtle: And how long were you there?

Belinda : One month. I get sick on fries, so quit.

Henry: How long have you lived here Curtainsville?

Belinda : Since 1990. My family migrate to U-S- of A, shortly after Wall come down. Of course... now my time split between here and LBI.

Myrtle: LBI?

Belinda : Yes, I love Jersey shore. I just bought house in Harvey Cedars...on island.

Henry: Wow...that's a pretty ritzy area. How could you afford to buy a house in Harvey Cedars?

Belinda : I am good saver.

Myrtle: Ms. Brezhnefski, you heard Mr. Wimplefurter say that the deceased had been, more or less, stalking you.

Belinda : There is no "more or less" about. Every time I turn around there he is.....staring to me....with hands in pockets.

Henry again pulls his hands out of his pockets. Myrtle smacks him.

Myrtle: Why didn't you call the police?

Belinda : Oh, I know Kenny long time. I don't want make trouble for him. I thought he would give up.

Myrtle: Did he?

Belinda : No. Then Craig got *brilliant* idea!..... *Not!*

Henry: And what was that?

Belinda : He arrange for Kenny take me out on date. Craig thought if I go out with him... and I am big obnoxious.... he will stop chasing me.

Myrtle: How did that work out.

Belinda : *Terrible*...totally terrible! .....He take me to see movie. Before movie start he introduce me to his friend who he say is director of movie. This guy...Ronnie...is big creep. I do not like. When movie start I am in shock...it is dirty movie.....disgusting... I leave in huff...and that is *all* I will say about *that*.

Henry: Are there any questions from the audience for Belinda Brezhnefski? (Audience questions Belinda)

Myrtle: Thank you Ms. Brezhnefski, you may step down.

Henry: Queenie Dramameeney will you come forward please.

Myrtle: Hello Queenie. What's new.

Queenie: Well, it's all very exciting, isn't it? I mean have you been paying attention? Embezzlement, harassment, murder!!!! My gosh. I feel like I've died and gone to heaven.

Henry: You like all this drama don't you Queenie?

Queenie: Well, sure, Henry. It's what I live for. I mean a bingo game is a bingo game is a bingo game. But with all this intrigue tonight, bingo will never be the same again.

Myrtle: Queenie, what was your relationship with the deceased?

Queenie: Well, uhm...uhm...I only really knew him from Bingo. He seemed okay. Sure he had some disgusting habits and his personal hygiene left something to be desired, but I sure didn't think he deserved to be murdered.

Myrtle: So...Queenie...lets back-up a step. According to my investigation you had been seeing Kenny Itchabutt....socially!

Queenie: Oh, no, I don't think so. I think you have bad information, Myrtle.

Myrtle: Well, according to my new friend, (audience member's name) you told her you had gone out with Kenny on several different occasions.

Queenie: Oh!... (awkward giggle. Glare at audience member.) Well, uhm...(shaking off then... deep breath.) Hmm...all right. Yes. I guess that's true. I didn't tell anybody because...well...it was Kenny. He asked me out a few times. It wasn't terrible.



Henry: How long ago did your relationship with Kenny end?

Queenie: You know Henry...I wouldn't really call it a relationship. We went out a few times. That's all.

Henry: Had you and he become...(clears his thought) intimate?

Queenie: What kind of disgusting question is that? I won't dignify it with an answer.

Myrtle: Sorry Queenie. You have to answer the question.

Henry: Yes, you must.

Queenie: (Overly stating. Bigger emphasis on each phrase) Absolutely not. I, at no time, have had anything whatsoever resembling an intimate relationship with Kenny Itchabutt. Never! *Absolutely* never!

Henry: (Sotto Voce) That's a yes.

Myrtle: Sure is!

Queenie: Now, wait a minute! Just a dog-gone minute!

Myrtle: Now Queenie...do you have any familiarity with a man named who's first name is Ronnie?

Queenie: Ronnie? Hmm...Ronnie...Ronnie....gee I don't think so.

Henry: Queenie!!!

Queenie: Oh..wait... *Ronnie*. All right. Yes. He was a friend of Kenny's. The 3 of us got together for a drink one night.

Granny: The three of you, huh? Gee...you really get around don't you Queenie?

Queenie: Oh, shut up Granny!

Granny: Bite me, Queenie!

Queenie: You'd like that, wouldn't you!

They ad lib insults back and forth.

Myrtle: STOP IT! *BOTH OF YOU!* Now, Queenie...do you know Ronnie's last name?

Queenie: No. I don't think so. I only met him that one time. Kenny said he was a photographer and film maker. That's all I know about him...and frankly that's all I wanted to know about him.

Henry: Why was that?

Queenie: Well, to tell you the truth...I found him to be quite the weirdo.

Myrtle: I weirdo? What kind of weirdo?

Queenie: Uhm...well...he uhh...asked me...to... model for some pictures.

Henry: (Very excited) What kind of pictures?

(Myrtle smacks him)

Queenie: Well, they weren't nude pictures or anything like that. Well, maybe slightly.

Myrtle: Slightly nude?! What else?

Queenie: Well...He wanted me to pose doing disgusting things with fruits and vegetables.

Henry: (Intrigued) Oh!

Myrtle: And how did you respond?

Henry: Yes, how?

Queenie: I said absolutely not. (Beat) *No vegetables!* So I got up and went home.

Myrtle: And you haven't heard from this Ronnie since?

Queenie: No...I have not.

Henry: All right...let's get back to the deceased. Did you have any interaction with Kenny tonight, Queenie?

Queenie: Well, yes. He was kind of hitting on me. He actually proposed I join him and Belinda in a ménage a trios.

Francesco: Hey, there's no need to use that kind of language in a church hall. Besides, there's a lady present. (Heidi coos)

Myrtle: How did you react to that idea?

Queenie: Well, of course I wasn't interested at all. I have far too much class for that sort of thing. Anyway, I encouraged him to pursue Belinda. I knew he wanted a soul-mate. But I also knew it would *never* be me.

Henry: And why was that?

Queenie: Do I have to say?

Myrtle: Yes, you do, Queenie. This a murder case.

Queenie: Well, okay, if you must know. Kenny was plagued with a sma----... Kenny was not very well endow---. (loudly) The poor loser had a... *micro-member*...

Henry: And you knew this from personal experience?

Queenie: Oh, no. Absolutely not! What kind of a girl do you think I am?

Myrtle: Then how do you know?

Queenie: It's simple. I invented surefire test. Just estimate the distance between the middle of a man's eyebrows to the tip of his nose, and you have a sharper image indication of the size of his ...you know—

Henry: Really! And you don't think Mr. Itchabutt measured up?

Queenie: Are you kidding? Does that look like he measured up? (She indicates with her thumb and forefinger)

Myrtle: Huh, I never heard of that (She measures Henry. Shows tiny) Hmm, I guess it works all right. Are there any questions from the audience for Queenie Dramameeny? (Audience members question Queenie)

Henry: Thank you Queenie. You may step down.

Myrtle: Mr. Francesco Fuhghettaboutit, will you step forward please. Mr. Fuhghettaboutit, can you confirm Ms. Harmony's groping allegations?

Francesco: I absolutely affirmate Ms. Harmony's whatcha call testimonial. That sleezy so- and-so had his grimy hands all over her beyuteeefulness.

Henry: And how did you respond to the situation?

Francesco: I respondicated by tossing the worm to the floor.

Myrtle: What happened next?

Francesco: He went runnin' off like a scared Fido. I then saw to the comfortation of the lovely female woman wit' whom I was replenatating.

Henry: Ms. Harmony?

Francesco: That is correct.

Myrtle: You're quite fond of Ms. Harmony, aren't you Mr. Fuhghettaboutit?

Francesco: That would be affirmitated. I mean, look at her. Can you blame me?

Henry: Why, no...I couldn't. She seems to have a lovely personality.

Francesco: She certainly does.

Myrtle: In fact, Mr. Fuhghettaboutit, I think you were so fond of her, that you murdered her attacker. Didn't you. Admit it Fuhghettaboutit. You murdered Kenny Itchabutt .....

Henry: ...to protect the honor of your ...lady. Admit it!

Francesco: I will admit to no such hypothesication. Yes, I found him to be quite disentainiable. And I was prepared to defendicate Ms. Harmony's honor. But after he ran away, I never came into contact with the slime-bucket again for the rest of the whatayacall evening.

Myrtle: Are there any questions from the audience for Mr. Fuhghettaboutit. (audience questions Francesco)

Henry: Thank you Mr. Fuhghettaboutit, you may step down. Rocky Von Primpleman, will you come forward please.

Myrtle: Mr. Von Primpleman, we tried to do a criminal background check on you, and found that you basically do not exist. Can you explain that?

Rocky: Oh...well...surely.

Henry: Please, sir, ....do not call me Shirley.

Rocky: Sorry. In actuality, I must confess that Rocky Von Primpleman is not my birth name. It is merely my stage name.

Myrtle: Your stage name? As a bingo caller, you need a stage name?

Rocky: Well, now this bingo-calling thing is just a sideline. My roots go deep into show biz.

Henry: Really, what kind of show biz?

Rocky: Well, I have my finger in lots of pies....so to speak. Primarily, I manage talent....models mostly.... for film and print media.

Myrtle: So if Rocky Von Primpleman is not your real name, what is it?

Rocky: Well, uh legally my name is Ronald Effinger III.

Henry: Ronald Effinger III? Hmm...and may I ask, sir? is that your real hair?

Rocky: Well, uh..no..not really.

Myrtle: Please reveal yourself.

Rocky: (Rocky removes his wig...which prompts audible gasps from Queenie and Belinda)

Queenie: Ronnie?...Ronnie?... is that you? Ronnie, you're Rocky?

Belinda: *Otva`li*

Rocky: Yes, ladies...it's true. I'm so sorry. I had to conceal my identity, because I didn't think the church would hire me, given my full time profession.

Henry: That's right. Ronald Effinger III...alias Ronnie Effer...alias Rocky Von Primpleman. Noted pornographer.

Rocky: Hey...it's a living.

Myrtle: And you were recently engaged in some business dealings with the deceased?

Rocky: Yes, that's right. Poor old "Stinky" Itchabutt. He deserved a better finale.

Henry: Mr. Effinger, isn't it true that Mr. Itchabutt had recently sought your advise?

Rocky: Yes, that's right. He was interested in shaking somebody down. He said he had some explosive information that would lead to financial gain and sexual favors.

Myrtle: Did he tell you who this "somebody" was?

Rocky: Uhh, unfortunately, no he did not. When I told him how much my help would cost him, he decided to go it on his own.

Henry: Are there any questions from the audience for Rocky Von Primpleman etc.  
(Audience questions Rocky)

Myrtle: Ladies and gentleman, we believe we .....

Henry:.... now know the identity of Kenny Ittchabutt's murderer.

Myrtle:... Please, don't anyone .....

Henry:.... leave. We'll return shortly ....

Myrtle:..... with our resolution.

Sister Daniel Patricia: Ladies and gentlemen, it is now time for you to offer your solution to the crime. Please refer to the resolution form you received earlier. Who do you think murdered Kenny Itchabutt? Also, provide an explanation of the motive, method, and opportunity. We will choose one winner from all correct solutions. We will also choose one winner based upon the most creative solution. May the best detective win!

Dessert is served.

After Dessert

### **Act III**

Sister Daniel Patricia: Ladies and gentlemen, as always we thank you for attending our Bingo festivities tonight. I'm sure you agree with me that Bingo at St. Auggies is more than a game....it's a way of life.

Every day I rise and shine and off to work I go-oh

Hi Ho off I go

To my job you know

Fixing stereos I live my life for Bingo

Quitting time can't come too soon

And home from work I go-oh

Quick snack...drink a cup

Then I get cleaned up

Church hall— cards line up

It's finally time for Bingo

There's no better feeling in the the world you see  
The caller lifts the ball  
I escape and then my soul is free  
To hear my number called

Number 4 knocks on the door my dauber dabs it quickly  
I can feel it now  
Jackpot, holy cow  
I have won just now . I live my life for Bingo

B-I-N-G-O

B-I-N-G-O

B-I-N-G-O I live my life for Bingo

Henry: Excuse me...

Myrtle: People...hello!

Henry: Attention please!

Myrtle: Attention!

Henry: Hey!

Myrtle: (Supersonic) *Shut-up!*

(Noise subsides)

Henry: Thank you . Ladies and gentleman...it is clear that a heinous murder has been committed here tonight.

Myrtle: Kenny Itchabutt...a blue collar working man...a fellow bingo player...a friend.... Well, I suppose he had a friend or two...somewhere. ....

Henry: A man who enjoyed living the ripe life,,,who believed the human body daresn't be blemished through such unnatural manipulatives as ...

Myrtle: ....soap and water.

Henry: Struck down in the prime of his life... But why?...What could have caused the murderer to snuff out the life of this seemingly innocuous, if disgusting, individual. Well, let's consider the possible motives. He was high maintenance.....there's no doubt about that...and his high maintenance definitely slowed down the bingo night action, right Granny?

Granny: That's for sure. That boy was annoying. I hated him. (to Kenny) No offense.

Myrtle: Ah hah! So you admit you hated him!

Granny: Of course. He called so much attention to himself. I definitely hated him. (again to Kenny) No offense.

Henry: So you killed him, didn't you Granny. He got on your nerves, he delayed the game, and he smelled....so you shot him dead.

Granny: Uhm...I don't think so. Don't forget, I hate *everybody!* If I were capable of murder....you'd all be dead by now. So annoying....

Myrtle: Hmm...she makes a good point.....

Granny: You're doggone right.

Henry: Sister Daniel Patricia.....The parish's management of the bingo ministry accounts seems quite shoddy. On the surface, at least, you don't fare very well in that department.

Myrtle: Yes, the inconsistencies between your record keeping and the bank's balance sheets don't say much about your general business practices here at the parish.

Sister Daniel: What are you saying....? You're not suggesting that *I* had something to do with this murder...(she threatens with ruler) are you, you *little weasel!*

Henry: Uh...no Sister...no of course not. But...you might want to hire an accountant for future financial dealings.

Sister Daniel: Well, I never....(she mutters to herself)

Henry: Now....regarding the parish...Mr. LaForze...

Larry: Yes

Myrtle: You have obviously betrayed the trust...not only of your employer....but the entire spiritual community in which you were raised.

Sister Daniel: That's right! (she whacks him with the ruler)



Larry: I admit...I experienced a lapse in judgement. I'm sorry, Sister.

Henry: So why should we doubt that a similar lapse in judgement would motivate you to murder Kenny Itchabutt.

Myrtle: After all...it was Itchabutt who caused you to "cave-in" to bribery. Perhaps you thought that by murdering him, your misdeed would remain a secret.

Larry: Look, I made a mistake. I needed some extra cash. It was stupid. But I didn't kill him. You've got to believe me!

Myrtle: (considering) Hmmm. (Another thought) We also know that Itchabutt was looking for love in all the wrong places...

Henry: That's right! He was out and out rejected by Ms. Harmony and Ms. Dramameeny.

Myrtle: Both of you had a motive to kill Itchabutt for the harassment you suffered at his hands,

Queenie: Oh, yes...I can understand how my possible involvement in Kenny's murder may have crossed your minds. But remember...I am the want of many men's desires...and unsolicited propositions. They can't help themselves really. Look at my sense of style....can you blame them? I've learned to deal with my magnetic, animal attraction. And, although the constant come-ons are tedious, I've learned to accept them and dismiss them. No, I did not kill Kenny. I'm not capable of killing anyone.

Henry: I see. And how about you Ms. Harmony. You were physically stalked by Mr. Itchabutt, this very evening. *You murdered him for that humiliation!* Didn't you? *Didn't you, Ms. Harmony?!*

Heidi: No....you are absolutely wrong about that Mr. Correspondence School Detective. Yes, I was humiliated by the sleeze. But fortunately for me, a true hero came to my defense. No I didn't kill him. I didn't have to. I had protection.

Myrtle: What about that Mr. Fuhghettaboutit? You obviously jumped in as Ms. Harmony's Knight in Shining Armor.

Henry: Did you complete the joust by impaling Mr. Itchabutt's right buttock with your .38?

Francesco: I am insulted that you think I would have murderized that low-life wit' a bullet in the dark.

Myrtle: Well...how would you have done it.

Francesco: Well, as Michael Corleone once paraphrased his fada: “I woulda made him an offering of which he could not have possibly had the capabilities to bring into refusal.”

Myrtle: All right...let’s go in a different direction.

Henry: Okay! (maybe a reverse wheel)...what did you have in mind.

Myrtle: Mr. Von Primpleman, aka Mr. Effinger, you admitted you were asked for help by Mr. Itchabutt.

Henry: The fact is, among your dastardly skills, you are an extortionist aren’t you.

Rocky; *Extortion?! ....that’s harsh word Henry....but, yes, I guess you could say that. I have a way of convincing people.*

Myrtle: Isn’t it true that you had a shake down conversation on Mr. Itchabutt’s behalf, with a member of this congregation recently, urging his cooperation.

Rocky; Yes.

Henry: And who was this church member?

Rocky: I told you...I don’t know who it was. I spoke to him on the phone.

Myrtle: And what did you tell him?

Rocky: I told him that Itchabutt could prove that he was embezzling funds from the church and that he had better do what I say...or else.

Myrtle: And how did he respond to that?

Rocky: He said something like “Hey you big buwwy, you bettew weeve me awwone.”

Beat

Henry: Sound familiar ... Mr. Wimplefurter?

Craig: I don’t know what you’re talking about.

Myrtle: C’mon Craig...I think you do. You’ve been embezzling money from the bingo account for over a year. Kenny found the slips bearing Sister Daniel’s signature on which you had fallaciously altered the amounts deposited to a fraction of the bingo gate.

Craig: Oh, no!

Henry: Oh, yes! Meanwhile you pocketed the majority of the Bingo funds for yourself. And when Kenny tried to shake you down, you started paying him off....you even had your girlfriend Belinda go out on a date with him.

Craig: But....

Myrtle: Why did you do it Craig? Why did you embezzle the bingo money?!

Craig: I...I... I did it for ...her. (He points to Belinda)

Belinda: Oh, *Blyat!*...don't be such wimp!

Craig: No, I did it for you. You know I did. You wanted the beach house. And you said if I didn't get it for you, you would break up with me. I wouldn't have been able to stand that. So I did it!

Belinda: That is ridiculous. (Putting on the innocence a bit) Come Craig...I did not make you do it? Yes, of course, I love shore house. And I appreciate you give me money to buy. (Putting on... a lot) *But I did not have idea you steal money!*

Craig: Belinda what are you saying? You were the one who came up with the scheme!

Henry: (To Craig) And when Itchabutt and his hired thug continued to shake you down...

Myrtle: You decided your only way out was to murder him.

Craig: Now wait a minute. You're not pinning *that* on me. All right. I admit I embezzled the bingo money...I did it for Belinda....but I didn't kill Itchabutt. No way!

Henry: Well, if you didn't....

Myrtle: Who did?

Craig: (He wanders in torment...finally....) *She did!* (He points to Belinda. Verbal reaction from all)

Belinda: (Drawing a gun and grabbing Granny) All right, all right. I did murder. And I am glad I did murder. You are all bunch of rubes...hope you make it *big* playing *bingo!* *Hah!* I am be gone from this tin horn town...and taking stash from tonight with me. And if anybody tries stop me...Granny here will buy farm. Now get from outta my way. (Granny elbows Belinda. The gun goes off, and Francesco and Rocky overtake Belinda. Larry grabs Craig.)

Granny: That girl is a *witch* with a capital "B" I need a smoke!

Henry: All right let's get these two off to jail.

Myrtle: Thanks for your help everybody. We'll see you next time... Happy bingo to all and to all a goodnight!

Curtain call

Prizes