

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

*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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## Murder At the Bingo Hall

Belinda Buttaface- A very loud bingo player. She insists on dominating the conversation...loudly. We also suspect that she dominates her current boyfriend, Craig. Belinda is quite attractive but spray-paints on her make-up...a very hard look.

Heidi Heiney- Oft-divorced, she's still looking for love. Quite flirty. Enjoy's showing off her posterior at every opportunity. Jersey girl accent. Likes to wear tight pants...!

Queenie Dramameeny- Purchases her wardrobe at garage sales. Not much of a color sense. Enjoys the dramatic life. She loves to fan the flames of personal conflicts among the bingo crowd.

Fanny Fortunato- The resident busy-body of the hall. She lives to gossip. Knows everything about everybody. Becomes incensed, if anyone scoops her.

Granny Gravelgrit- Has been playing bingo for forty years. Quite bitter because she rarely wins. Accuses the game of being rigged. Has been a very heavy smoker her whole life, to which her voice is testimony. The state smoking ban has made her even more crabby than usual. She often exits the room to smoke.

Rocky Allball- The bingo caller. Quite a celebrity among the bingo crowd. Quite taken with himself. Often checking himself out in any and all reflective surfaces.

Craig Kisslebutt- Do-gooder in charge of the bingo hall. Thinks it's his ticket to heaven. Is currently dating Belinda with whom he is totally smitten. Fudd-like speech impediment.

Kenny Itchabutt (no relation to above) - 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 in inappropriate places. He's frustrated in his unsuccessful search for a soulmate.

Leo Liberachi- A fine fellow, who lives for bingo night. He also loves to shop, and enjoys parading his wardrobe as he sings appropriate show tunes.

Francesco Fuhghettaboutit- Jersey wiseguy. He's big, tough and intimidating, but speaks in a shrill falsetto. He also gets very confused at the game and tends to "Bingo" prematurely.

Larry LaForz- Security guard for the 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 quite complementary to each other. They tend to complete each others's sentences. Bingo

regulars, the Schwartz's arrive in matching outfits. They do little chants and rituals for good luck. Their lives are driven by bingo. Also, they've recently graduated together from a detective correspondence school.

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

Father Angelo O'Shea- Jovial pastor of St. Auggies. We suspect that he sometimes over-tests the communion wine.

Polly/Esther Yingyangski- Siamese twins who are highly competitive with each other. Polly has recently broken up with her boyfriend, Ronnie, who has started calling Esther. Polly is highly organized and linear, while Esther is global and spontaneous.

Premise

Kenny has found documentation in Craig's or Belinda's garbage proving that Craig was embezzling from the bingo fund, probably at Belinda's order. Kenny tries to blackmail them both for a piece of the action (Craig), and sexual favors (Belinda).

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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 cast and endeavor to create a rapport. It is suggested that character descriptions be included in the program in order to compliment this process.*

Father Angelo: 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 Father Angelo and whispers in his 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: Thank you Father. 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. 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 fun-filled setting, all is not as it would appear. Pay close attention, for it seems we may be in for a night of mystery, mayhem, and maybe even... *murder*. Father....

Father Angelo: Ah, thank you Larry.... I think. (As Larry steps aside) You know folks. Larry tends to be a bit of an alarmist. Now don't get me wrong, he does a fine job. But even back when he was an alter boy...he was always quite suspicious. In fact, once he even accused me of stealing the communion wine. Can you imagine? Anyway...I always like to begin the festivities with a little prayer. And to do the honors here's our own Sister Daniel Patricia. Sister...

Sister Daniel: Thank you Father Angelo. Oh, dear...come here, (She straightens his collar) That's better. You can dress these guys up but you can't take them out. (over-laughs at her quip. Then the performer...) Anyway, good evening brothers and sisters. (Waits..nothing...even bigger) I said, *good evening brothers and sisters!* (Hopefully, they answer. If not ...one more time.) 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:  
THE FIVE COMMANDMENTS OF BINGO  
Please respond with "Amen"

1. Thou shalt not sit in thy neighbors lucky seat!
2. Thou shalt not stare at thy neighbors card!
3. Thou shalt not threaten to kill the "caller"!
4. Thou shalt not yell false "Bingo"!
5. Thou shalt not wish bad luck on thy neighbor!

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

Larry, Angelo and Danniell exit

Granny: 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!!!

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

Granny: Cram it Fanny. You know you don't give a crap about me, and I sure a shootin' don't give a crap about you.

Fanny: Gee, Granny don't hold back. Why don't you say just how you really feel?! Besides, Granny I do care. How is your lombago...any better?

Granny: Boloney! My back still hurts, if you must know. It hurts every morning, every afternoon, and every night. I have a constant pain in my....back. And when I can't smoke, it hurts even more. Now why the devil aren't we playin' bingo?

Fanny: 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 with who? C'mon Granny, you wanna know with who, don't you?

Granny: Do I have a choice?!

Fanny: 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.

Fanny: 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). Oh god, here comes the freak show.

Esther: (Entering) Will you slow down. What is your damned hurry?

Polly: Hurry up. We're already late.

Esther: We're not late. Look, the caller isn't even here yet.

Polly: Oh, please. Just move our ass. I want to get our lucky seat....right over here.

Esther: Whoa, girl. That's not our lucky seat. It's over here. (Tugging in the opposite direction)

Polly: Whoa, yourself. That may be your lucky seat, but it is not mine. I never win over there. I win over here. (Gives a good tug)

Esther: Oww! Will you take it easy? I didn't even want to come here tonight.

Polly: Since when? I thought you loved bingo.

Esther: Well, I do sometimes. But tonight....(laying it on) *I'm expecting a call.*

Polly: A call? From who?

Esther: Oh, never mind. (Tries to pull away)

Polly: Esther...from who?

Esther: Okay...Okay...it's Ronnie, if you must know.

Polly: Ronnie?! *My* Ronnie?! *You're* expecting a call from *my* Ronnie?

Esther: *Your* Ronnie?! You broke up with him. Remember?

Polly: That's true, Esther, but it was just last week. I'm still emotionally attached. (Gives another tug.) You tramp!!

Esther: Hey take it easy. He called *me*, I didn't call *him*. And who are you calling a tramp?!! (Boxing) Huh? Huh? Huh?

Polly: You, dear. You. Did it occur to you, that he's only using you to get close to me.

Esther: Oh, yeah...like we've ever been close. (They look at each other and simultaneously begin to cry)

Fanny: Good evening girls. (She comforts them both) Now, now.... it can't be that bad. Besides when that gorgeous caller, Rocky, arrives and starts calling out those numbers, all your troubles will just float away. Now why don't you two just sit down. I'm sure everything will be fine. (Fanny leads Esther and Polly to their seats)

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.

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

Kenny: (As he approaches Fanny, 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.

Fanny: 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?

Fanny: In the back room. There's some disagreement or other.

Queenie: Disagreement. Oh, c'mon Fanny...there's no point soft peddling it. (To Kenny) 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 Fanny) Oh...gee..that's too bad.

Fanny: Oh, dear.(Reacting to Kenny's breath) I'd better go back and see what I can find out...I mean ...see if I can help. (She starts out...looks back) Don't let anything happen here without me.

Kenny: (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. (To Esther) Hi Esther, (laying it on for Polly's benefit) HOW'S RONNIE? (Polly wails) Oh, dear. Anyway, where was I? Oh, yes, 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) 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. If I didn't already have a gentlemen friend, I would definitely put you on my "A" list. 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 also quite taken with you. I think you and me *and* Belinda could have a great time together. (He embraces her) What do you think? Wouldn't that be fun?

Queenie: Oooh! Don't touch me you filthy pig. Eeyuchgh! (She exits)

Kenny:: (Following) Queenie...Queenie...wait!

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

Heidi: (entering...on the prowl) 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.



As he starts to blow, Heidi drops the card on the floor. She turns to pick it up, and gives Rocky a fine view of her rear end. Rocky becomes distracted in another reflective surface.

(Kenny has entered just in time to see the show)

Kenny:: Wow! Humnah! Humnah! Humnah! Holy cow !!!! (Heidi jumps up quickly)  
Hey Heidi how are you. (He hugs 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 cock fights out at his place every Sunday. It's real fun. 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 grade school. (He embraces her pretty rough) It'd be a great chance to get caught up. What do you say?

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

Kenny: (He pursues her) Oh, c'mon! (He grabs her again) Don't think I forgot about your little *backstage business venture* in junior high. Hell's Bells, I'd save my lunch money every week so I could "visit" you behind the curtains.

Heidi: Kenny..let go of me. We're here to play bingo. Let go of me!

Kenny: (Still holding on) I'll teach you how to play, baby, but bingo ain't the game I've got in mind.

Heidi: (She shrieks) Kenny!!!!

FX: Dark music

Francesco and Leo enter. Francesco stays in the shadows and is not seen by Kenny.

Leo: What's with all the drama. For crying out loud, Heidi, you sound like a banshee. You're always calling attention to yourself. (He hums a showtime—notices her shoes) Oh my god, where did you get those shoes. They're fabulous!

Heidi: Oh, do you like them. Believe it or not...JC Nickel's.

Leo: You've got to be kidding me. *Nickel's!*?

Heidi: Yeah, go figure. I was walking through the store, taking a short cut to the parking lot, and they just called out to me.

Leo: My God, I wonder if they come in chartreuse? (he hums another showtune) (He's out)

Heidi: I don't know but...(remembering that she's being mauled) Kenny ...for the last time.... let go of me!

Kenny: Oh, c'mon Heidi. You know you like it...*you love it!*

Heidi: No! I don't! Let me go!

Francesco moves into the scene. He pulls Kenny away from Heidi, and throws him to the floor. Kenny wails and runs off like a hurt puppy.

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

Francesco: (Falsetto) It is my testicular pleasure, my lady. A beautiful tomato such as yourself, should not never need to 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, mylady?

Heidi: Well (blond giggle & twirl) ...are you sitting with anybody for bingo tonight.

Leo: (Re-entering) He's with me! (more humming)

Francesco: (pulls away) I am not no such thing!

Leo: Only kidding! Gosh, can't anybody take a joke around here. (Moves to Rocky: hums)

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

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

Heidi: (Seductive) Anything!

Francesco: Call me Franky!

Heidi: Okeedokee Franky. And you call me Heidi. Heidi Heinay. (She wiggles her way to her seat. Francesco follows totally enticed.)

Belinda enters with Craig

Belinda: Idiot! How could you be so stupid. How could I be so stupid! How you could do such a thing I'll never know.

Craig: (Speech impediment with "r"s and "l"s.) I'm sorry 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.  
(Kenny re-enters)

Belinda: Okay. Get the dim-witted game going. Clearly, you care more about each and every one of these people and this dense bingo game than you care about me.

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

Belinda: Were you born an idiot, or have you evolved into one over the years?

Craig: Belinda?!

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

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

Kenny: Yeah, sure does.

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

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

Belinda: I said, Craig, do you understand?! We're 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's it worth to you?

Craig: Huh?

Belinda: What's another chance worth to you?

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

Belinda: Okay.... Then...down on your knees.

Craig: What?

Belinda: You heard me. Down on your knees...scum. (Craig hesitates) NOW!

Craig: (Craig drops) Yes!

Belinda: Yes, what? Scum!

Craig: Yes. Mistress Belinda.

Belinda: Crawl to me scum. (He does. She pulls him up by the ear and starts leading him around the room . Craig is wailing in pain. She then heaves him to the floor again.) Now tell me how sorry you are.

Craig: I'm so, so sorry. Belinda (She raises a hand) I mean *Mistress* Belinda

Belinda: That's better. Now you get this and get it good. You can go ahead with your silly bingo game...but when it's over, you'd better have a good explanation for what you did to me. And you'd better be prepared to be punished. Understand?

Craig: (Low) Uh-huh

Belinda: I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

Craig: Yes!

Belinda: YES, *WHAT*????!!!

Craig: Yes! *Mistress* Belinda!

Belinda: That's more like it ! (She releases him and he reels on the floor in pain.)

Kenny: Hello Belinda.

Belinda: Kenny...I didn't see you come in.

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

Belinda: Have you?

Kenny: Oh, yes. You and Craig seem to be having a spat. (Craig moans in pain)

Belinda: Well, Kenny...that should come as no surprise to you.

Kenny: (Moving to her, embracing her from behind) You know, Belinda...I'm here for you...if you need me.

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: ..because we stopped...

Henry: ..to help a disabled motorist.

Myrtle: But Henry got the poor girl's

Henry:...car started. It was just....

Myrtle: ...a loose wire. And here....

Henry: ..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....

Fanny: What are you whispering about, Queenie. That's rude!

Queenie: Oh, Fannie, I was just about to tell Henry and Myrtle about Craig and Belinda..

Fanny: Oh, c'mon. Let me tell. Please?

Queenie: All right. We'll both tell.

*So, there you have an introduction and initial interaction of the main characters.*

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

*—A real bingo game is played with a winner from the audience (you'll have to create phony money for this since, you'd need a license to to facilitate a real game of chance)*

*—As the second game begins the lights go out...a gunshot is heard. When the lights return, Kenny is sprawled out on the floor and very, very dead.*

*—Myrtle and Henry announce that they are recent graduates of a detective correspondence school, and are taking over the investigation. They remove Kenny's body to the medical examiner and dinner is announced and served.*

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

*Henry and Myrtle announce they will be interrogating the following suspects:*

*Father Angelo O'Shea*

*Heidi Heiney*

*Queenie Dramameeney*

*Granny Gravelgrit*

*Sister Daniel Patrica*

*Larry LaForz*

*Polly/Esther Yingayangski*

*Fanny Fortunato*

*Rocky Allball*

*Craig Kisslebutt*

*Leo Liberachi*

*Belinda Buttaface*

*Here how a typical interrogation looks:*

Myrtle: Fanny Fortunato....

Henry:...will you come forward, please?

Myrtle: Hello Fanny, how are you?

Fanny: Fine Myrtle. You?

Myrtle: Okay for the most part. (Gives disdainful look to Henry who is now flirting with an audience member) So, is it true you had been seeing Kenny Itchabutt?

Fanny: Well, yes. It'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?

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

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

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

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

Henry: Yes, you must.

Fanny: (Overly stating) 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: Are there any questions from the audience for Fanny Fortunato?

*After being questioned by Henry and Myrtle, 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 Myrtle and/or Henry repeat each question from the audience, so all can hear.*

*Following the interrogation, Father Angelo and Sister Daniel instruct the audience regarding the resolution form. We suggest you ask audience members to suggest the murderer(s) — motive, method and opportunity. "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 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)*

***Act three** is the resolution of the play and the crime. The detectives (Henry and Myrtle) eliminate each suspect, until the murderer is finally revealed. Here's an example of how this goes.*

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 dares'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, lets 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.

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

Granny: Of course. He called so much attention to himself. I definitely hated him.

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.

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