GET A CLUE!

A Murder Mystery Play in One Act

by Alex Garnett and Greg Lotze

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STORY OF THE PLAY

In this delirious comedy-murder mystery, evil doctor Gregory Namlive uses a tycoon's questionable death – was it suicide or murder, and if murder, who killed him? – to frame his arch-nemesis, world-famous detective Shawn Richardson for murder. At the same time, he means to steal Shawn's unfaithful wife Susan, the town's most infamous streetwalker, (known to everyone but Shawn) out from under his nose. He invites a motley crew of suspicious characters to his mansion to hunt for clues regarding the murder. Also on the scene are a scheming butler and maid, an insane lawyer, a gold-digging socialite, two phony psychics, a complete loser, two cops and an evil twin. Along the way, **Get A Clue**, pokes delicious fun at everything from Austin Powers to "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire." Turning tables faster than you can say red herring, this comedy-mystery spoof delivers laughs by the barrel.

Get A Clue! was first presented by the Colville High School Drama Club in Colville, Washington on May 4, 2000. It was directed by Alex Garnett. The cast was as follows:

Dr. Gregory Namlive: Kyle Aronson
Shawn Richardson: Darin Mcdougall
Susan Richardson: Cassie Estelle
Jeeves: Jeff Jones
Cynthia: Jennifer Brogan
The Great Delta: Liz Richart
The Great Delta Minor: Kendra Phillips
John Mckinley: Mike Swatzell
Brian Sampson: Kc Garrison
Marlena Baundegrann: Tonya Bashe
Jack Johnson: Alex Garnett
Joan Jackson: Shannon Craig
Aleksander Von Hassenschmassen: Justin Miksch
Einrich Von Hassenschmassen: Justin Miksch

*The writers would like to thank the following people for their immeasurable contribution to **Get a Clue!** – Besha Holter-Mehren, Ciara Webb, Jaron Jensen, and Greg Simon.*

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(8 m, 5 w, 1 either, doubling possible)

DR. GREGORY NAMLIVE: A moody, evil doctor, age 45.

SHAWN RICHARDSON: World-famous detective.

SUSAN RICHARDSON: Shawn's wife; housewife by day, street-walker by night, a fact known to everyone except Shawn.

JEEVES: Namlive's drab butler.

CYNTHIA: Namlive's shapely, but dizzy maid.

THE GREAT DELTA: Phony psychic in glittering garb, can be played by either man or woman.

THE GREAT DELTA MINOR: Great Delta's protégé, also phony and in glittering garb.

JOHN MCKINLEY: Successful lawyer, 30ish.

BRIAN SAMPSON: Loser of epic proportions.

MARLENA BAUNDEGRANN: Wife of an oil tycoon.

JACK JOHNSON: Detective.

JOAN JACKSON: Officer.

ALEKSANDER VON HASSENSCHMASSEN*: The victim.

EINRICH VON HASSENSCHMASSEN*: His brother.

* These roles can be doubled.

Running time: 45 minutes

SETTING

The interior of Duke Aleksander Von Hassenschmassen's summer mansion. There are two brown couches, one three-seater SL, one two-seater SR, and an armchair with a semi-circular backrest. A fireplace is US against the back curtain, with several magazines on it, and a staircase SL of it. There is a closet SR. The doorway and exit to kitchen are SR, and the exits to the hallway and patio are SL. The exit to the patio is a large double door/window with pink drapes.

PROPS

Magazine
Cup of tea
Bright yellow book
Duster
Tray filled with appetizers
Two bottles of pills
Circular tube with note in it
Earring
Tray of fritters
Handcuffs
Telephone

GET A CLUE!

(AT RISE: The interior of Duke Aleksander Von Hassen-schmassen's summer mansion. DR. GREGORY NAMLIVE is reading a magazine on the couch. The DOORBELL RINGS.)

NAMLIVE: Jeeves!!

(JEEVES, Namlive's butler, comes downstairs.)

JEEVES: Yes, Dr. Namlive?
NAMLIVE: The door?
JEEVES: What door?

(Before he can say more, DUKE ALEKSANDER VON HASSENSCHMASSEN enters from doorway SR.)

DUKE: Never mind, I'll get it myself.
JEEVES: Why, sir, welcome home!
DUKE: Thank you, Jeeves! Gregory! How goes the house-sitting? Is everything fine?
NAMLIVE: Oh, of course! Everything is just how you left it. How is the merger going?
DUKE: *(Depressed, HE walks CS, sits in armchair.)* Horrible. It is horrible. I am horrible. *(Lighter.)* Did you enjoy the house while I was gone?
NAMLIVE: Yes, we did! Even doctors like me need pocket change. Would you like a cup of tea?
DUKE: Yes, please.
NAMLIVE: Jeeves, follow me.
JEEVES: Why, sir?
NAMLIVE: So you can bake me some delicious apple fritters!
JEEVES: *(Exasperated.)* I made you a dozen yesterday.
NAMLIVE: I will not be denied the fritters! Come, now!

(THEY exit SR to kitchen. A SOUND can be heard offstage. The DUKE gets up and walks around to investigate.)

DUKE: What's that?

(NAMLIVE re-enters with a cup of tea.)

NAMLIVE: Here's your tea, Alek.
DUKE: Thank you, Greg. You may pack up your things and leave now.
NAMLIVE: All right, Alek.
DUKE: I could have sworn I heard something.

(MUSIC. The LIGHTS fade to black. There is a mumbled conversation backstage, followed by an "Unnngh," and a THUD and the sound of a CUP BREAKING. As the LIGHTS come on, the DUKE stumbles on stage and collapses on the floor. There is a pause. Then, the sound of FOOTSTEPS coming down the stairs. NAMLIVE enters.)

NAMLIVE: Oh, Alek, before I go, I would just like to ... AAAAAAIIIIIIIEEEEE!!! Jeeves! Get in here!

(JEEVES enters from the kitchen.)

JEEVES: Doctor, if it's about the fritters, they're almost ready to be put in the oven ... DUKE!! He's dead!!
NAMLIVE: Cynthia, get down here!!

(Sound of CYNTHIA coming down stairs. She enters.)

CYNTHIA: Yes, Doctor? AAAAAAHHHH!!
NAMLIVE: Yes, “AAAAHHHH!” He's dead! *(Stunned.)* It ... looks like ... he was poisoned ...
JEEVES: Probably. There's no wound.
CYNTHIA: What do we do?
NAMLIVE: *(Talking to HIMSELF.)* Oh, my ... this is horrible ... if only ... I could think of something ... I think I'm getting something ... oh. Hmmm ... yes, that's good. Oh, wait, not that. Oh, yes. That's very good. Yes ... it could work. I'll have to ... oh, yes.

End of Freeview

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