

# A DARK AND STORMY KNIGHT

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A full-length comedy by  
Kemuel DeMoville

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

BECKY HAGSWATER, an American tour leader leading her first tour.

MR. RASHER, an angry American tourist.

MRS. RASHER, an optimistic American tourist.

BUNKO RASHER, their dimwitted son.

JILLSON JILSON, the Portuguese tour bus driver.

GRADY McHAGSWATER, the grizzled old Scottish caretaker of Heelancoopoo Manor.

SIR HARRINGTON PEASANTJABBER, a soon-to-be mad knight.

CREAMORA PEASANTJABBER, his sister who lives in the attic and walls.

MONTEVIDO PEASANTJABBER, the knight's son and heir.

EUCLID THE WOLF-FACED BOY, a wolf-faced boy who roams the moors, and is actually a girl.

INSPECTOR BEAGLE, the local inspector.

GREAT AUNT CORNSWALLOW, a distant Peasantjabber relation.

COUSIN BARTLEBY, a distant Peasantjabber relation.

COUSIN MARMALADE, a distant Peasantjabber relation.

COUSIN TAMASHAM, a distant Peasantjabber relation.

GHOST OF RICHARD, the Duke of Gloucester (not yet King Richard III).

GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND, a battle hardened noble.

GHOST OF HERRINGBONE PEASANTJABBER, the first Peasantjabber.

GHOST OF MOREBATTLE, a warrior ghost (non-speaking).

GHOST OF ULDFATHER, a warrior ghost (non-speaking).

GHOST VILLAGER 1, a ghost with a flesh wound.

GHOST VILLAGER 2, a ghost villager.

GHOST VILLAGER 3, another ghost villager.

GHOST OF MOTHER McHAGSWATER, the first McHagswater.

BAND LEADER, the spokesperson for "The Angry Mob From The Village."

THE ANGRY MOB FROM THE VILLAGE, a 1970s British rock and roll band.

## SETTING

Heelancoopoo Manor, a rundown manor-house in the Upper Highlands of Scotland. The 1970s.

## NOTE ON CASTING

The parts of the Ghost Villagers or the Peasantjabber Cousins can be further divided up to accommodate larger casts—or they can be condensed into one or two roles depending on what actors are available. The gender of almost all of the characters is flexible.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The original production of *A Dark and Stormy Knight* was commissioned and directed by Stacey Bailey, and was first produced in 2013 by the Stacey West-Bailey Theatre at West Valley High School. The production was a shorter version of the current play. The cast was as follows:

Becky Hagswater.....Anastasia Esposito  
Jilson Jilson.....Linda Montiel-Rangel

Grady McHagswater.....Blaik Parker  
 Sir Harrington Peasantjabber.....James Martinez  
 Creamora Peasantjabber.....Chloe Cadarette  
 Montevideo Peasantjabber.....Brett Swope  
 Euclid the Wolf-Faced Boy.....Lauren Villarreal  
 Inspector Beagle.....Kyle Condis  
 Mother McHagswater.....Lauren Deluna  
 Richard III.....Bryan Burns  
 Northumberland.....Michelle Difatta  
 Original Peasant Jabber.....Mallory Miller  
 Village Ghosts...Natalie Watson-Faulkenbury, Alyssa Beckers,  
 and Jesse Rocha  
 Peasantjabber Cousins...Lindsey Buero, Jasmine Rodriquez,  
 and Jayleen Goldsmith  
 The Angry Mob From The Village...Lauren Roth, Sabrina  
 Guzman, Rebecca Askew, and Norine Myers

*A Dark and Stormy Knight* was an "Official Selection" for the 2014 PlayBuilders Festival of Original Plays in Honolulu Hawai'i, with the reading directed by Chelsea Campbell. Visit [www.playbuilders.org](http://www.playbuilders.org) to learn more about PlayBuilders of Hawai'i Theater Company and their mission.

In 2015, *A Dark and Stormy Knight* premiered in its current form at The Leeward Theatre at Leeward Community College under the direction of Betty Burdick, with set design by Donald J. Ranney Jr., lighting design by Sarah Y. Whitehead, and with the following cast:

Becky Hagswater.....Leilani Ramos  
 Mrs. Rasher.....Kirk Lapilio  
 Mrs. Rasher.....Juvy "So Groovy" Lucina  
 Bunko Rasher.....LJ Galvan  
 Jilson Jilson.....Sandra Piber  
 Grady McHagswater.....Randall Galius Jr.  
 Sir Harrington Peasantjabber.....Kainui O'Connor

Creamora Peasantjabber.....Kirstyn Trombetta  
 Montevideo Peasantjabber.....Reb Beau Allen  
 Euclid the Wolf-Faced Boy.....Kristen Misaki  
 Inspector Beagle.....Brandon Hagio  
 Great Aunt Cornswallow.....Chelsea Campbell  
 Cousin Bartleby.....Kamalani Gapol  
 Cousin Marmalade.....Emily Wagnon  
 Cousin Tamasham.....Marshall Ke‘alalauae Cressy  
 Ghost of Richard III.....Christian Freeway Berner  
 Ghost of Northumberland.....Anthony Esteban  
 Ghost of Herringbone Peasantjabber.....Kory Overtree  
 Ghost of Morebattle.....Axhon Ruiz-Gonzalez  
 Ghost of Uldfather.....John Huser  
 Ghost of Mother McHagswater.....Andy Valencia  
 Ghost Villagers...Mansfield Silva, Geph Albo, Samantha  
 Fukushima  
 Band Leader.....Veronica Nansen  
 The Angry Mob From The Village...Geph Albo, Jordan  
 Estioco, John Huser, Axhon Ruiz-Gonzalez, Veronica Nansen,  
 Mansfield Silva, Honybol Sosa, Megan Ustare, and Sam Willis

## DEDICATION

This play is dedicated to Stacey Bailey & Betty Burdick – for all  
 of the laughter, adventures, unyielding friendship, and love.  
 Thank you.

**PART I: A Knight Both Dim and Cloud-ish**

*(In the darkness we hear: Lightning! Thunder! The sounds of a tour bus sputtering and dying. Then rain – endless sheets of rain. Lights up on the Rasher family – MR. RASHER, MRS. RASHER and BUNKO – all huddled together under an umbrella.)*

**MRS. RASHER:** Well. We are certainly making a memory.

**MR. RASHER:** I told you we should have gone to Hawai'i.

**BUNKO:** Do you think they'll come back for us?

**MRS. RASHER:** Of course, Bunko. Nothing to worry about. In retrospect tragedy can be quite hilarious. You'll see. This will all be a funny story one day.

**MR. RASHER:** It would have been funnier in Hawai'i.

**BUNKO:** I'm cold.

**MRS. RASHER:** We're all cold, Bunko darling.

**BUNKO:** I'm wet.

**MRS. RASHER:** We're all wet, Bunko darling.

**BUNKO:** I'm hungry.

**MR. RASHER:** You're always hungry.

**MRS. RASHER:** He's a growing boy. He's about to hit a growth spurt.

**MR. RASHER:** He's been about to spurt for a couple of years now – let's not fool ourselves.

**MRS. RASHER:** Ignore your father. His blood sugar is dropping.

**BUNKO:** I think we're going to die out here.

**MRS. RASHER:** Don't be morbid.



**MR. RASHER:** If you would have listened to me, we could have been eating laulau at the Waikiki Hilton!

**MRS. RASHER:** Here. Stand next to your father.

*(Mrs. Rasher takes the umbrella and stands a few feet away, taking out a camera.)*

**MR. RASHER:** What are you doing?!?

**MRS. RASHER:** I'm preserving the moment.

**MR. RASHER:** We're getting soaked!

**MRS. RASHER:** Well if the camera gets wet it'll be ruined.

**MR. RASHER:** You're actually going to take a picture of this?

**MRS. RASHER:** Scootch together.

**BUNKO:** Maybe it'll help them identify our remains.

**MRS. RASHER:** Don't be morbid! Now – *(Overly bubbly:)* look miserable.

*(Camera flash.)*

**MR. RASHER:** Happy now?

**MRS. RASHER:** *(Rejoining the group:)* See? A little water never hurt anyone.

**BUNKO:** People drown all the time, Mom.

**MRS. RASHER:** Don't be so ghoulish. You're giving me the shudders.

**MR. RASHER:** You happy now? You've got your mother shuddering.

**BUNKO:** It's a fact! People drown!

**MRS. RASHER:** Just drop it, Bunko.

**MR. RASHER:** Do I need to turn this car around? Do I?

**BUNKO:** We're not in a car.

**MR. RASHER:** Well we will be at some point—and so help me I will turn it around!

*(We hear crashing through the underbrush.)*

**BECKY:** *(Off:)* Rasher family? Mr. and Mrs. Rasher? Bunko? Anyone?! Hello?!

**MRS. RASHER:** We're over here, Becky! Follow the sound of my voice! Blab la blub lop bleep bloop.

**MR. RASHER:** *(To Bunko:)* When you're telling your therapist about this, remember to mention that I wanted to go to Hawai'i.

*(BECKY HAGSWATER and the Portuguese bus driver, JILSON JILSON enter.)*

**BECKY:** Thank you all so much for waiting! Mr. Jilson and I—

**JILSON JILSON:** Meu nome é Jilson Jilson. Dois Jilsons. Eu tô dizendo isso por semanas agora. *(My name is Jilson Jilson. Two Jilsons. I've been saying this for weeks now.)*

**BECKY:** — yes. Jilson. We were just seeing if we couldn't wave someone down on the main road.

**MR. RASHER:** And how did that go? Because we we're about two minutes away from buttering up Bunko and roasting him on a spit.

**MRS. RASHER:** *(To Bunko:)* Your father's not serious. We could never get butter at this time of night.

**JILSON JILSON:** Não é uma estrada. Não há estrada. Há apenas uma trilha lamacenta para os animais. *(It's not a road. There is no road. There is only one muddy trail for the animals.)*

**BECKY:** Umm...it was a bit more rural than we expected.

**JILSON JILSON:** Só a morte percorre esse caminho. *(Only death walks along this path.)*

**MR. RASHER:** Fantastic! This is shaping up to be the vacation of a lifetime.

**MRS. RASHER:** Just like the brochure said! So many memories are being made right now.

**BECKY:** So...and I know this is disappointing, but there really isn't anything I can do about it so please don't write angry letters to my boss because I know you'll be upset and I think my boss will fire me if all of you write angry letters, but... What was I talking about?

**JILSON:** Eu não sei. Eu estava pensando em um banho quente e um bom livro. Eu mataria por uma fatia de bolo de queijo. (I don't know. I was thinking of a hot shower and a good book. I'd kill for a slice of cheesecake.)

**BECKY:** That's right! Thank you, Mr. Jilson.

**JILSON JILSON:** Jilson Jilson.

**BECKY:** Yes. Jilson. Anyway, as I was saying, with the bus broken down, I don't think we're going to make it to Seeverdheed in time for the music festival.

*(Angry grumbling and protests from the Rashers.)*

But! But—

**JILSON JILSON:** Graças a Deus! O festival de música seria uma pilha fumegante de caca de porco. Isso é uma luz brilhante em uma viagem de outra forma miserável. Coisas estão melhorando! (Thank God! The music festival was going to be a steaming pile of pig poop. That's a bright light on an otherwise miserable trip. Things are looking up!)

**BECKY:** Exactly, Mr. Jilson.

**JILSON JILSON:** Jilson Jilson.

**MR. RASHER:** I should be sipping a Mai Tai from a coconut right now. Bad news is always better when you're sipping a Mai Tai from a coconut.

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**BECKY:** Now Mr. Rasher, even though it may seem like you're only one bad haggis away from having a terrible tour of the Scottish Upper Highlands, there is a silver lining in these storm clouds.

*(Sound effect – huge thunder and lightning! The flash of lightning reveals an ancient castle – Heelancoopoo Manor – that the Rasher family has been unwittingly standing in front of this entire time.)*

We seem to have been marooned outside of an ancient Scottish castle.

**MR. RASHER:** This is a castle?!? I thought it was a ruin or something.

**MRS. RASHER:** *(Snapping a photo:)* This is so authentic. The rain. The castle. It's like we're in a novel or something.

**JILSON JILSON:** Você está apenas percebendo isso? Eu te falei sobre isso quando o ônibus quebrou! *(Are you just noticing this? I told you about it when the bus broke!)*

**BECKY:** Mr. Jilson is right...

**JILSON JILSON:** Jilson Jilson.

**BECKY:** ...the Upper Scottish Highlands are world renowned for their hospitality. I think this is a fantastic opportunity to have a unique cultural experience.

**MR. RASHER:** We could have just knocked on this door the entire time we were standing here?

**MRS. RASHER:** We're making memories, people.

**MR. RASHER:** Trust me dear, this moment is searing itself onto my cerebellum.

**BUNKO:** Maybe there will be a ghost!

**MRS. RASHER:** I worry about you, Bunko. I really do.

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**BECKY:** (*Knocks on the door.*) The Upper Highlands of Scotland have a very ancient clan system, and their honor demands that any poor traveler who asks them for help and hospitality must be allowed food, rest and a warm hearth.

*(GRADY opens a small window in the giant wooden door. He looks around.)*

**GRADY:** Go away.

*(Closes window.)*

**MR. RASHER:** Fantastic. Take a picture, dear.

**BECKY:** Wait! Wait! We're travelers in need of help.

**GRADY:** (*Opens window.*) So?

**BECKY:** So? So? You're bound by the honor of your upper highlands clan to give us the aid we need.

**GRADY:** Well...tonight's not really a good night for that. Come back tomorrow.

**BECKY:** Please. Our van broke down and now we're all stuck out here and it's getting dark and stormy and...

*(A wolf howls in the distance.)*

Great. Now that.

**GRADY:** Tonight is not the night to walk alone out on the moors. Euclid the Wolf-Faced Boy is out hunting.

**BUNKO:** Awesome.

**BECKY:** You're joking.

**GRADY:** I never joke about the hunting patterns of Euclid the Wolf-Faced Boy. If you were a fair fowl, or rubbish from some foul fair, you would be dead already.

**BUNKO:** Awesome!

**BECKY:** Then let us in!

**GRADY:** I wish I could, but tonight Heelancoopoo Manor is closed for a private function.

**BECKY:** What private function?

**GRADY:** Madness. Murder. And an ancestral curse.

**BECKY:** Well...that sounds really fun. Doesn't it, gang?

**MR. RASHER:** Piña coladas and a green flash at sunset. That's all I wanted.

**GRADY:** Tonight, spirits long dead shall walk the halls of Heelancoopoo Manor, and madness will infect the minds of all those who bear the Peasantjabber name.

*(More big storm sounds! An overabundance of storm.)*

**MRS. RASHER:** Well, I think that sounds very authentic. Like something you'd expect in an old upper highlands manor house.

**BECKY:** I think we're game.

**GRADY:** Aye, you'll be game. Like a fox among a pack of hounds. No, lass, I canna let in you or your...group?

**BECKY:** Tour. We're Americans on a tour through the Upper Highlands of Scotland. We were going to the music festival in Seeverdheed, but our van broke down. I'm Becky Hagswater, the tour leader.

**GRADY:** Hagswater? Hagswater, you say?

**BECKY:** Yes.

**GRADY:** You must go. Leave this place before it consumes your very soul.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** *(Off, from behind the door:)* Who is it, Grady? Who are you speaking to?

**GRADY:** No one, your lordship. Just the wind is all, and Euclid up to his usual antics.

**BECKY:** That's not true! There are stranded travelers out here. We need your help. Please!

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** *(Off:)* Grady, there are a number of people standing outside our door. Let them in at once.

**GRADY:** Oh, yes, so there are. I thought they were nothing but the wind through the trees and a trick of the moonlight.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** *(Off:)* We must get your eyes examined, Grady.

**GRADY:** Time has whittled away my senses, my lord, but I see them now clear enough. Give me a moment to get the door.

*(The sound of a number of locks being unlocked, and then the great doors of Heelancoopoo Manor are thrown wide revealing the entire Peasantjabber family – GRADY, SIR HARRINGTON PEASANTJABBER, MONTEVIDO, GREAT AUNT CORNSWALLOW, COUSIN BARTLEBY, COUSIN MARMALADE, COUSIN TAMASHAM and any additional wacky cousins as needed by the production – in various states of repose around the great room. The family looks extremely eccentric, to put it mildly.)*

May I introduce to you Sir Harrington Bigglesworth Nordictrack Peasantjabber, the 14<sup>th</sup> Lord of Heelancoopoo by right of conquest and chief protector of the hamlet of Seeverdheed.

**BECKY:** It's a pleasure to meet you, I'm –

**GRADY:** And his son, heir to all hereditary titles, honors and... *(Chuckles ominously.)* ...lands: Montevido Clarion Formangrill Peasantjabber.

**MONTEVIDO:** I think Grady interrupted you, Miss. What did you say your name was?

**BECKY:** Me? Who? You want...me? I mean, my name?

**MONTEVIDO:** Yes. I find you quite bewitching, if you pardon my boldness.

**BECKY:** I'm uhhh...in love.

**MONTEVIDO:** Ima Enluv. What a beautiful name.

**BECKY:** No. It's not...

**MONTEVIDO:** I find it striking. Almost as striking as the one who bears it.

**BECKY:** No, I'm a Becky.

**MONTEVIDO:** You're a what?

**GRADY:** And, of course, we have here as well the entire bloodline of the Peasantjabber family. Every distant cousin and wayward aunt.

*(Someone is pounding and screaming behind the walls –  
CREAMORA PEASANTJABBER.)*

Of course. Lest we forget Creamora Peasantjabber, sister to our noble knight.

**MRS. RASHER:** Where is she?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** She resides in the walls of Heelancoopoo Manor.

**MRS. RASHER:** In the walls!?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** It may sound shocking, but she is actually quite comfortable.

**CREAMORA:** *(From the walls:)* Cozy. Like a baby blanket.

**JILSON JILSON:** Você sabe o que—eu vou dormir no ônibus. Vou correr o risco com o garoto que tem o rosto de um cachorro. Tenho uma pistola embaixo do meu assento. Vejo você nos freaks da manhã! Jilson Jilson está fora daqui. (You know what—I'm going to sleep on the bus. I'll take the risk with the boy with the face of a dog. I have a pistol under my



seat. See you in the morning, freaks! Jilson Jilson is out of here.)

**BECKY:** Mr. Jilson is right.

**JILSON JILSON:** Jilson Jilson, idiota. (Jilson Jilson, you idiot.)

*(Jilson Jilson exits.)*

**BECKY:** Yes. We seem to have intruded on something here. Perhaps it would be better if we just...

**MONTEVIDO:** No. Ms. Enluv. I insist you stay. I feel drawn to you. Like Walt Disney was drawn to sketch mice. Or the way servants are drawn to make my bed every morning.

**GRADY:** Yes. It's a strange compulsion.

**MONTEVIDO:** Like the way fire is drawn to oil or diabetics are drawn to insulin.

**MR. RASHER:** I think we get it.

**BECKY:** I feel it too. You're like a car accident on the freeway – I want to look away, but I just can't.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Well, Ms. Enluv...and friends...if you are going to stay, let me give you a fair warning. Tonight is the night we are visited by our family's curse.

**MRS. RASHER:** *(Pulling out her camera:)* Ohh! This is going to be a scrapbook moment.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** No! No one must know our curse. The shame would be too...shameful. Just far too shameful.

**CREAMORA:** *(From the walls:)* Like a bucket of shame that gets dumped on your head in a very surprising way.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Exactly.

**BECKY:** I see. Well, you can count on us to keep your secret. Whenever I think of a group of people dedicated to discretion and tact, I think of a tour bus filled with Americans.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Thank you.

**MRS. RASHER:** If you don't mind my asking, Sir Peasantjabber, what exactly is the curse that plagues your family?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** It goes back centuries. To the time of the first Peasantjabber. One night a year, anyone who carries the Peasantjabber blood in their veins goes uncontrollably and horrifyingly mad.

**BECKY:** Like, really really angry?

**MONTEVIDO:** Ha! Ha! Oh, Ms. Enluv. Your wit is as dazzling as the light from a billion stars refracted through my crystal prism heart.

**BECKY:** I don't know what that means.

**MONTEVIDO:** We go crazy. Certifiably and unequivocally loony.

**BUNKO:** Awesome!

**MRS. RASHER:** Quiet, Bunko! Don't be a dirty monkey.

**MOTEVIDO:** But not to worry, sweet Ms. Enluv. In all the many years the Peasantjabber family has been gathering here to wallow in their collective craziness, only one person has ever died.

**BECKY:** Oh. Well, those are good odds.

**COUSIN BARTLEBY:** We've had plenty of bitings, though.

**COUSIN MARMALADE:** Someone mangled my ear once.

**COUSIN TAMASHAM:** And a number of people have been viciously poked in the eye.

**GREAT AUNT CORNSWALLOW:** I lost a finger.

**CREAMORA:** (*From the walls:*) And there is something nasty in the cheese cupboard!

**MONTEVIDO:** You should be warned, though. The one who died...she was my twin sister.

**BECKY:** I'm so sorry.

**MONTEVIDO:** It was quite a shock. I still feel her loss quite keenly. Oh, if only someone might lend comfort to my lonely bosom.

*(Becky comforts Montevideo.)*

**MR. RASHER:** Let's back off your lonely bosoms. I know we're in Europe and all, but there is a child present.

**MRS. RASHER:** Don't be so bourgeois. Can't you see these men are in pain?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** We think it was a mercy killing. Her governor drowned her out in the bogs during the height of the maddening hour.

**MR. RASHER:** Her...governor? Like the Governor of the Upper Highlands? Because I think that would be an impeachable offence.

**MONTEVIDO:** No. A male governess. We all had them.

**MRS. RASHER:** How old was she? It's so horrible to think she was just a child.

**MONTEVIDO:** Yes, that would be horrible. She was 23, though, so...still young.

**MRS. RASHER:** She had a governess—

**MONTEVIDO:** Governor.

**MRS. RASHER:** Governor at 23? Wasn't that a bit on the old side?

**MONTEVIDO:** She was a late bloomer.

**MRS. RASHER:** *(Winking:)* Oh, I see. Very European.

**MONTEVIDO:** They found her governor dead, hanged by the neck from a tall shrub. He must have taken his own life after relieving her of her own.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** When the hour of madness is upon us, you will no longer be able to recognize the noble and ancient family you see before you.

**BECKY:** When exactly is the hour of madness? So we can prepare ourselves.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Maybe an hour or so from now. I'm not sure. It depends on pacing. I'll let you know when we're close.

*(Suddenly there is thunder and lightning. Horses whinny! Swords clash, and sounds of medieval battle follow.)*

**BUNKO:** Umm... Did someone leave the TV on in the other room?

**GRADY:** No, laddie. That's not television programming you're hearing. That's the sounds of the dead come back to roam these halls!

**BECKY:** Well that's just...I think I may throw up a little bit.

**CREAMORA:** *(From the walls:)* I told you! There is something nasty in the cheese cupboard! Its scent offends the heavens.

*(Fog and spectral mist fill the space. In addition to the sounds of battle, we hear Becky retching loudly. Once the room is obscured by ectoplasmic fog and haze, the GHOST OF RICHARD – at this point he is just the Duke of Gloucester, not yet King Richard III – along with the GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND and other battle-hardened ghost nobles and/or ghost warriors [as needed by the production] enter the scene.)*

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Now is the autumn of our mild annoyance made a slightly less annoying spring. More ho-hum than annoying really.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** It was a bit anti-climactic. I think I'll go burn down some farmhouses after this—just to make the trip worth my while.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** I can't believe Edward had me capture Berwick Castle. He can go galumphing all over the country with his shining armor and beautiful white horse and what does little Richard get? Berwick Castle. I think he nearly spit out his wine from laughing.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** Still and all it was a good day's work. You captured it, didn't you?

*(Richard mumbles.)*

Didn't you?

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Yes.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** So you showed them. You showed your brother you can do it.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** I guess.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** What was that?

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Yes. Alright.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** We still have some battlefield appointments to make.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** We do? I would hardly call it a battle. More of a very violent surrender.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** Still, it's tradition.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Alright. Send them in.

*(Three warrior ghosts enter and kneel before Ghost of Richard:  
GHOST OF MOREBATTLE, GHOST OF ULDFATHER &  
GHOST OF HERRINGBONE)*

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** This young warrior is James. He stood alone on Lauder Bridge stopping the tide of

Cochrane's men. He even took the head of the Earle of Angus in one fell swoop.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** A brave warrior. Bloody thou art, and bloody will be thy end. I hereby christen thee Sir James Morebattle, with all hereditary rights and privileges.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** This old father has seen upwards of sixty summers, yet still he held the line at Bernersyde and inspired those around him to do the like.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** I would scarcely think him a man of twenty. Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front. I hereby christen thee Sir Blackness Uldfather with all hereditary rights and privileges.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** This young go-getter stabbed over four hundred serfs.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Four hundred of the enemy's serfs?

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** Well...they were mostly our serfs.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** You stabbed four hundred—

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** Over four hundred.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Over four hundred of our own serfs?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** They were conscripted into your army, my lord.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** So you stabbed them?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Only in the buttocks, my lord. They were marching very slowly into battle and I figured a poke in the buttocks would hurry them along.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** And did it work?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Yes and no. Mostly they just dropped down to the ground clutching their buttocks and howling in pain. Some ran faster, though.

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**GHOST OF RICHARD:** (*To Ghost of Northumberland:*) You're seriously advocating for this man?

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** He's my wife's cousin's son.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Ah. I know all about that. If it were up to me, I would bury my entire family under the stairs of the White Tower.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** One can dream.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Yes... Dream... You owe me, Northumberland.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** I know.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** What is your name?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Herringbone.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Of course it is. Well, Herringbone, so wise so young, they say, do never live long. Though I imagine you and your lineage will outlive us all. I christen thee Sir Herringbone Peasantjabber, with all hereditary rights and privileges.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Sweet.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** And for your fortitude, quick thinking and courage, I command you to at once assume control of the Upper Highlands of Scotland. The area is currently revolting.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Does it smell? Is that what makes it revolting?

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Yes, it smells, but that's...look, just go up there and make everyone listen to you. You're the boss now. And tell 'em King Edward IV sent you...

*(Ghosts laugh as Ghost of Herringbone exits regally. The mist and haze fade away. We are back in the Peasantjabbbers' great hall.)*

**BECKY:** So...so...yeah...that just happened.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** It happens every year.

**MONTEVIDO:** It's really not that big of a deal. I find the air after their passing has a refreshing, minty quality.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** That's the smell of good breeding. They call it the Plantagenet Musk.

**CREAMORA:** *(From the walls:)* I smell of fish fingers and urine.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Yes. We all know. Congratulations. You're very aromatic.

**BECKY:** I'm sorry. For all of you this may seem old hat, but for me it's still a bit shocking.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Of course. Where are my manners? Some of you look deathly pale. A good drink should embolden the spirits.

**MONTEVIDO:** There's nothing like spirits to lift the spirits after spirits.

**CREAMORA:** *(From the walls:)* Don't trust the soda! Its effervescence is meant as a distraction!

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Come, Grady. Fetch our guests a drink.

*(Silence.)*

Grady?

*(Grady is sprawled out on the floor – he is dead.)*

**MONTEVIDO:** I think he's asleep.

**COUSIN BARTLEBY:** I think he's dead.



**COUSIN MARMALADE:** He smells dead.

**COUSIN TAMASHAM:** He's smelled dead for years.

**GREAT AUNT CORNSWALLOW:** He's most definitely dead.

**BECKY:** I...I think he died of alcohol poisoning!

**MRS. RASHER:** *(To Mr. Rasher:)* Awww... Just like your mother, dear. *(Camera flash.)* Memories!

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Nonsense! Grady may have enjoyed the odd tipple. A sip of strong cider from time to time. A jigger or two of whiskey to keep out the cold. The occasional family sized bottle of scrumpy whilst sitting alone and staring into the fire, weeping silently.

**COUSIN BARTLEBY:** But for the most part he was as sober as a judge...a judge who is also a recovering alcoholic during a relapse bender.

**COUSIN TAMASHAM:** Like a school girl he was, on her first trip to New Orleans during Mardi Gras after her 21<sup>st</sup> birthday. Sober like that.

**COUSIN MARMALADE:** As sober as a rat in a vat of whiskey whose only hope for survival lies in drinking all the whiskey or else he drowns. That's the kind of sober he was.

**GREAT AUNT CORNSWALLOW:** Sober as a priest. A very, very drunk priest.

**BECKY:** No! I mean someone poisoned his alcohol. Look, there is a nefarious looking residue at the bottom of his glass.

**CREAMORA:** *(From the walls:)* You're sure it's not backwash?

**BECKY:** No. I've read every Nancy Drew book ever written. I know poison when I see it.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Call the Yard!

**BECKY:** Scotland Yard?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** No. The Yard and Clubfooted Hog. It's the local pub in Seeverdheed. Tell Inspector Beagle to come out to Heelancoopoo Manor at once. There has been a...murder.

*(Thunder! Lightning! Bunko grabs Grady's glass and is examining the residue at the bottom.)*

**MRS. RASHER:** Put that down, Bunko! Now you're an accessory!

**MR. RASHER:** I'm not bailing you out.

**BUNKO:** I wonder what it tastes like.

**MR. & MRS. RASHER:** BUNKO!!

**MRS. RASHER:** Put that glass down.

**MR. RASHER:** Listen to your mother.

**MRS. RASHER:** Don't you drink it! Don't!

**MR. RASHER:** So help me, Bunko, I will count to seven!

**MRS. RASHER:** BUNKO!

**MR. RASHER:** Don't make me count to seven.

**MRS. RASHER:** You're being a dirty monkey, Bunko.

**MR. RASHER:** One!

**MRS. RASHER:** No one likes a dirty monkey.

**MR. RASHER:** Two!

**MRS. RASHER:** Do you hear your father? Bunko! Do you hear your father? He is counting to seven!

**MR. RASHER:** Three!

**MRS. RASHER:** BUNKO! Take it away from your mouth.

**MR. RASHER:** Four. I'm at four, Bunko.

**MRS. RASHER:** That's poison in there. You will die. Bunko. Bunko! You will die!

**MR. RASHER:** Five! I made it to five. Only two more to go. Think about it.

**MRS. RASHER:** Think about your actions. Your dirty little monkey actions. Do you want to die like a dirty little monkey?

**MONTEVIDO:** *(To Becky:)* What is it with the dirty monkey talk? Monkeys are relatively clean animals. They believe in social grooming.

**BECKY:** It's been like this all week. I just let it run its course.

**MR. RASHER:** Six!

**MRS. RASHER:** Well it was nice knowing you, Bunko. You better start praying to whatever dark god guides your soul.

*(Great Aunt Cornswallow smacks Bunko on the back of the head and takes the glass.)*

**GREAT AUNT CORNSWALLOW:** *(To Bunko:)* Don't. Be. A twit.

**MR. RASHER:** You're lucky I didn't get to seven, Bunko.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Well...until the Inspector arrives, why don't we all retire to the dining room. I think a spot of food and drink might help to settle the nerves a bit.

**MONTEVIDO:** Do you really think anyone can eat at a time like this?

**CREAMORA:** *(From the walls:)* I once saw a rat eat another rat while the cheese looked on in wonder.

**BECKY:** Trust me. Hell hath no fury like hungry Americans. Let's dig in.

*(Blackout. End Part 1.)*

**INTERLUDE: The Wraith is On!**

*(In near darkness, Ghost of Richard and Ghost of Northumberland along with some other Ghosts wander through the audience...they are lost.)*

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** You said this was a shortcut, Northumberland.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** Well it bloody ruddy used to be.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** I'm going to start calling you Northie. Northumberland takes far too long to say. It weighs down the tongue.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** Don't call me Northie.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** How about Umberbumble then? That's fun to say.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** I think maybe I could get used to Northie if I had to choose.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Umberbumble it is! Lord Umberbumble.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** It makes me sound like a limerick.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Have we made it to Edinburgh yet?

*(Ghost of Richard pronounces it "ee-din-berg.")*

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** I believe it's pronounced Ed-in-burrah.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Well then, they've spelled it wrong.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** It's a good thing the king has made you his official grammar and spelling warden then.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Are you being cheeky, Umblebumble? I don't quite like you cheeky.

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**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** Apologies, my lord.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Come. To the north! Follow me this way!

*(Goes in the wrong direction.)*

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** The north is this way, my lord.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Well, you would know. I suppose that's why they call you North-umberland and not Central-umberland or some such.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** I am at a greater advantage in that regard.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** A map! A map! My kingdom for a map!

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** You don't have a kingdom. Your brother's king.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Thank you, lord obvious. I don't have a map either, but I don't see you pointing that one out.

**GHOST OF NORTHUMBERLAND:** Sorry about that. Carry on with the moaning and the rattling of chains and all that. It is my curse to wander beside you.

**GHOST OF RICHARD:** Behind me! And slightly to the side – don't get cheeky. No one walks beside Dicky 3 but Dicky 3! And I don't rattle chains. This isn't some goofy pantomime. We have dignity! Let's go Umberbumble – destiny awaits!

*(Montevideo interrupts the ghostly banter, waving away the fog of history and ectoplasmic actors.)*

**MONTEVIDEO:** Be gone, spirits! Inspector Beagle has arrived, and we can't see anything with all of this spectral fog choking up the place. Somebody crack a window!

## **PART II: The Beagle, The Beast, and The Body**

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*(Lightning! Thunder! Screams! A horrified tableau with everyone holding the same position when they first learned of the murder. Unnoticed by the others, a petite French maid has her back to us. She wears the stereotypical outfit, complete with high heels and stockings. Everyone is very still for a long and awkward moment.)*

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** I thought you said the Inspector had arrived. I'm not going to stand like this all night. It's murder on my back.

**MONTEVIDEO:** He most certainly did arrive. I showed him into this room so he could examine the body, and he asked for everyone to return to the room so he could reconstruct the crime.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Well, he's not here now.

**BECKY:** We've got another mystery!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Do you?

*(Suddenly the French maid turns and reveals herself to be a himself: it is INSPECTOR BEAGLE in disguise.)*

**MRS. RASHER:** Avert your eyes, Bunko! He's an only child. He is an innocent in this world.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** No need for recriminations, Madam. Inspector Beagle. At your service.

**MR. RASHER:** My God. The things that pass for a police uniform in this country are appalling.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Sir, I am a police inspector. Not some common bobby on the beat.

**MRS. RASHER:** There are children in the room! Bunko! Cover your ears, I don't want you to hear this gutter talk.

**BUNKO:** I can't cover my eyes and my ears. Which one should I choose?

**MR. RASHER:** Eyes!

**MRS. RASHER:** Ears!

**BUNKO:** Aaaaaaah!

**MR. RASHER:** Someone put a bag over his head!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** That's the first sensible thing I've heard since I arrived.

*(Mrs. Rasher dumps out the contents of her purse and puts the now empty purse over Bunko's head.)*

**MRS. RASHER:** There. Total sensory deprivation.

**BUNKO:** Why does your purse smell like cigarettes, Mom?

**MRS. RASHER:** *(Smacks Bunko's head.)* Go to sleep, Bunko. No more questions.

**BECKY:** Pardon me, Inspector Beagle, but why were you...doing all of this? I know you came straight from the pub, but I wasn't aware that the Upper Scottish Highlands were so...accepting.

**MR. RASHER:** It's downright unbiblical.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Don't be such fools. You can't really be an inspector at Her Majesty's pleasure without mastering the art of disguise. I wanted to study you all. To gauge your guilt...and your innocence... Why else would I dress like this? The undergarments are particularly restrictive. And yet...liberating? Dare I say it?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Well...thank you for coming on such short notice, Inspector.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Murder never sleeps, so I try not to sleep either.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Oh. Is that wise?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** I don't know. I'm very tired. Which tells me the murderer must be sleepy too. To solve the crime, you must be the crime!

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Yes. Well. Here is the body.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** So you say.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Yes. I do say. He is here.

**INSPECTOR:** He is. That much is true. Although I question the nature of the body.

**BECKY:** I'm not sure I follow you.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** I'm not sure I want you behind me. What will you be doing back there? Drawing a knife? Clicking the safety off of your service revolver?

**BECKY:** My what?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Stay where I can see you. Everyone is a suspect. Even me.

**MONTEVIDO:** You weren't even here when the murder happened.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Wasn't I?

**MONTEVIDO:** Were you?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** No. But do I have an alibi for that? One that would stand up to the magistrate?

**MONTEVIDO:** I don't know.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** That seems to be the catchphrase for this evening.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Getting back to the murder...

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Murder? Are you so sure it was murder?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** I'm not sure what the technical term is in your profession, but someone has killed this man.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** (*Laughs haughtily.*) You think he's dead?



**MR. RASHER:** We're fairly certain.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** To the untrained eye, maybe. But upon investigating the body I discovered that this man was still breathing! This isn't a murder – it's a fraud!

**BECKY:** But he's not breathing...

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Silly girl. Stand aside and let the professionals do their work. There is one easy way to tell if this man is legitimately dead.

**MR. RASHER:** You can check his pulse.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Nonsense. Unreliable. Do you know what this is?

*(He removes a small object from his pocket.)*

**BECKY:** A pocket knife?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Pudding-headed girl! This is Her Majesty's own corpse detector. Let me ask you all: Have you ever heard a dead body scream?

*(He jabs Grady's leg with the knife – nothing. Takes out the knife and jabs the body again. Then again...then again. He jabs in a few other spots but still nothing. He removes the blade, then stabs Cousin Marmalade.)*

**COUSIN MARMALADE:** Ow! What was that for?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Just making sure it still works. *(To Grady:)* You're good, my friend. I once read of a Tibetan monk who ignored all pain... Has your man Grady ever been out of Scotland?

**MONTEVIDO:** I don't think he's ever left Seeverdheed.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** *(Gets close to Grady, whispers:)* You may have them fooled with your ability to transcend physical pain...

**BECKY:** He's not transcending pain. He's dead!

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**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Addle-brained woman! You can't see what is right before your eyes. Stare in slack-jawed wonder at the truth!

*(He holds Grady's mouth and nose closed.)*

No human can live without air. So now we wait and see how long old Grady here can hold his breath.

*(They wait.)*

Quite long actually. But at any moment you'll soon see the truth.

*(Wait.)*

...Any moment...

*(Wait.)*

Maybe this will speed the process.

*(While still holding Grady's nose and mouth, he punches him in the gut. Nothing.)*

You're good. But I'm better.

*(He punches Grady again and again and again. Suddenly, Grady lets out a huge fart.)*

Ahhh! Proof!

**BUNKO:** *(From inside the purse:)* Ha! Was that Dad?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Ooohh! That puts me off my pudding.

**MRS. RASHER:** That's not proof. He's just voided his bowels.

**MONTEVIDEO:** It's true. He's sitting in a pile of his own waste.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Well. Yes. Good. Now we have conclusive proof. This man was murdered!

**MRS. RASHER:** We knew that!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Did we? Did we?!

**BECKY:** How many murders have you investigated?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** In total?

**BECKY:** Yes.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Seventeen.

**BECKY:** Seventeen people have been killed here recently?!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Oh. You mean people murders?

**BECKY:** What? Yes!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** If we're talking people murders, then this is the first.

**MRS. RASHER:** What other murders are there?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Animal.

**BECKY:** Are you being serious right now?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** I wrote the book on veterinary homicide. See.

*(He takes out a book and reads the title.)*

"All You Need to Know About Veterinary Homicide. By Inspector Beagle." Here.

*(Tosses it to Becky.)*

Keep it. I autographed it for you.

**BECKY:** "Keep reaching for the stars. The Beag."

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Good advice.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** So what should we do now, Inspector?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Precisely.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** What?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Inspect her.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Who?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Her. The feisty one with the keen interest in veterinary homicide. She looks like she needs a good frisking.

**CREAMORA:** *(From the walls:)* Welcome to the club.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** *(Bangs on the walls.)* Keep it down! *(To Sir Peasantjabber:)* You've got to have a firm hand at times. I've got a maiden aunt locked up in our woodshed. Now! Back to Suspect Alpha: The strangers from out of town.

**MONTEVIDO:** Now see here—I'll have you know that in the short time I've known her, Ima Enluv has impressed me with both her trustworthiness and her unwavering sense of honesty. This woman has nothing to hide!

**BECKY:** Ummm... Actually, I've been meaning to tell you. I mean, I'm sure we'll laugh about this someday. Not to imply that I've imagined there would be a "someday." A "someday" filled with brunches and tea and fireplaces on rainy afternoons and children—rosy-cheeked and muddy from a morning out exploring the moors—or anything like that. That has not crossed my mind at all, which may be surprising considering the amount of detail with which I just described it, but—

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Spit it out!

**BECKY:** My name isn't Ima Enluv. It's Becky Hagswater.

**MONTEVIDO:** What?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Deception!

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Hagswater?! It can't be!

**CREAMORA:** *(From the walls:)* Nooooooooooo!

*(Sounds of Creamora scurrying and rattling about.)*

**BECKY:** I know it's not the most romantic name, but I don't think a group of people whose last name is Peasantjabber have anywhere to judge.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** It's not that. It's the curse. Our curse. I fear your arrival is no accident.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** It appears there is a new hedgehog in the puzzle box.

**MONTEVIDO:** What do we do? What does this mean?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** We do what any good inspector investigating a murder in an isolated country house with a limited number of suspects would do. We lock the doors! Someone in the room is the murderer – that much is certain.

**MR. RASHER:** That's actually pretty astute.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Gesundheit. Now: Let the inspection begin!

*(Thunder! Lightning!)*

Actually, let's move old Grady to another room. He's starting to give me the heebie jeebies.

*(The Cousins go to move Grady.)*

**COUSIN BARTLEBY:** What should we do with him?

**COUSIN MARMALADE:** Let's just chuck him out the window.

**COUSIN TAMASHAM:** Don't be absurd. We're on the ground floor. We'll just roll him out the back door.

**GREAT AUNT CORNSWALLOW:** Good night, sweet prince, and may hoards of badgers nibble thee to thy rest.

*(Cousins exit with Grady.)*

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** And then there were three.

**MONTEVIDO:** What does that mean?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Nothing. I'm just keeping a headcount so I know if someone goes missing.

**MONTEVIDO:** What about the busload of Americans watching our every move?

*(Everyone does a take to the Rasher family.)*

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** You're right. And then there were three...plus.

**BECKY:** Would one of you please tell me why my being a Hagswater is important?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Yes. That is a surprising development. I had always heard that your man Grady was the last of the McHagswaters.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** He was. I suppose some McHagswaters must have left for America during the Pigs' Foot Famine of the 1850s.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Those were dark days. The old ones still tell tales of pigs inching across the fields like great pink slugs, with nary a scrap of knuckle meat to be found for miles.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** My grandfather told tales of rolling hogs to market like barrels of ale, their little piggy leg stumps quivering and shivering in the early morning air.

**BECKY:** Okay. Back on topic. So, some of my relatives must have left Seeverdheed for America, dropped the Mc—but for some reason kept the Hagswater—and that's important because...?

**MONTEVIDO:** Do you have any brothers, sisters, cousins?

**BECKY:** No.

**MONTEVIDO:** Then you are the last McHagswater in the village of Seeverdheed.

**BECKY:** So what?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** So, only you can break our family's curse.

**BECKY:** Look. Fine. This is a lot to take in right now. Let's just...can we focus on the murder, please?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Agreed. But how to focus is the question.

**BECKY:** No. Who killed Grady is the question.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Let's throw what we know out the window. I think the facts are distracting us from the truth.

**MONTEVIDEO:** I don't understand.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Exactly. We are lost in a web of accuracy. We must cut through all of the sticky tendrils of veracity with the rusty sword of wild conjecture.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** How do we do that?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** We begin by making unfounded accusations and see what sounds the best.

**BECKY:** You can't be serious.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** This is upper highlands justice!

**BECKY:** I don't suppose there is an American Embassy anywhere nearby?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** We must ask ourselves why Grady McHagswater was killed. What did he know? What did he see? Who did he see knowing what he knew, and why did he see them knowing in that way that would always make him feel guilty for looking and seeing and knowing?

**BECKY:** What are you saying?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** It was you, Sir Peasantjabber!

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Me?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Yes. On the one night a year when you are overtaken by the crazies, you saw Grady sitting there with his smug McHagswater ways, knowing that he could break the curse, but wouldn't. Watching gleefully year after year as your family debased themselves for him, in your fits of madness. You wanted revenge.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** That's absurd.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Perhaps. Perhaps the madness simply came for you a bit earlier than expected, much as it did with your poor sister. For some Peasantjabbbers, the madness is a passing wave, for others it is a bottomless sea that consumes their very souls.

**CREAMORA:** (*From the walls:*) I saw something nasty in the cheese cupboard.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** But...Grady was like a member of the family. In many ways, he was like a brother to me.

(*Creamora wails mournfully.*)

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Perhaps. But as we all know from the Bible: Cain slew Abel and they were...somehow related. But let's put biblical precedent aside for now and let the pointing finger of justice rejoin the maelstrom of confusion.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** So...I'm not the killer?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Time makes murderers of us all.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** That's a no, then.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Perhaps it was you. (*Pointing to Montevideo.*)

**MONTEVIDO:** Me?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Perhaps you finally discovered what your father had been doing with your ancestral lands.



**MONTEVIDO:** What? What has Papa been doing with our ancestral lands?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** You don't know?

**MONTEVIDO:** Honestly, this is the first I'm hearing about it.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Really? Awkward.

**MONTEVIDO:** So...? Is anyone going to tell me? What have you been doing with our ancestral lands?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** I'm so sorry, Montevideo. I've grown accustomed to a certain way of life. The fox hunting, the charity balls to end fox hunting, your boarding school in...whatever Eastern European country your boarding school was in.

**MONTEVIDO:** What are you saying, Papa?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** I've sold all of our land. All we have left is the house and some of the driveway.

**MONTEVIDO:** Just some of the driveway?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Just the part next to the house.

**MONTEVIDO:** How do we access the main road?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** We'll have to build a ramp. Maybe a decorative footbridge. I don't know. I've been on a bit of a spending binge since your sister died. Mostly lunches out. It adds up.

**MONTEVIDO:** *(To Inspector Beagle:)* How did you know about this?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Everyone in the village knew. Grady was always down at the Yard and Clubfooted Hog bragging about how he was taking back the land of his ancestors piece by piece.

**MONTEVIDO:** So...it's all gone, the entire Peasantjabber estate is gone?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** You play the ignorant rube quite well, lad. But you'll have a hard time fooling me with your pantomime. I've taken improv classes at the Seeverdheed Community Center. I know the score.

**MONTEVIDO:** Why would I kill Grady? What would I have to gain?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Why don't you tell me?

**MONTEVIDO:** I don't know.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Vengeance, maybe? Or maybe you've hidden the bill of sale for the land? Who's to say the land was ever sold without old Grady around to contradict you?

**BECKY:** Actually, that kind of makes sense.

**MONTEVIDO:** You don't actually believe him, do you?

**BECKY:** I don't know what to believe anymore.

**MONTEVIDO:** I thought we had a connection. I thought you felt it too.

**BECKY:** I...I could never date a man unless I was 75 percent sure he'd never killed anyone.

**MONTEVIDO:** And you're not 75 percent sure with me?

**BECKY:** You're a hard 40 percent at the moment.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Ouch. Well let's not overlook you, Ms. Enluv or Hagswater or whatever your name is.

**BECKY:** It's Becky Hagswater. It's on my passport.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Convenient. A bit too convenient.

**BECKY:** What are you saying? I'd never even heard of Heelancoopoo Manor until tonight.

**CREAMORA:** (*From the walls:*) There's something nasty in the cheese cupboard. Check out the cheese cupboard! Come on!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Perhaps we should check out the cheese cupboard.

**CREAMORA:** *(From the walls:)* Yes! Finally!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Bring in the cheese cupboard!

*(Cousins wheel in a cheese cupboard.)*

**MONTEVIDO:** Why do we have a cheese cupboard on wheels?

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** I saw it on a late-night infomercial. They said we could have cheese in every room! Imagine the possibilities! *(Pause.)* I told you I was on a spending binge.

**CREAMORA:** *(From the walls:)* Open it! There's something nasty in the cheese cupboard.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Open it!

**COUSIN BARTLEBY:** What is it?

**COUSIN MARMALADE:** I don't know, but it's not gouda. Or cheddar. Or swiss. Or —

**COUSIN TAMASHAM:** We get it.

**GREAT AUNT CORNSWALLOW:** Is it my lost finger?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** No! It's letters.

*(Pulls out a bundle of letters tied with a red ribbon.)*

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** Lettuce? Not cheese?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Letters. Letters like the ones you mail.

**MONTEVIDO:** What do they say?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** They're love letters, from Grady to a young woman.

**MONTEVIDO:** Who?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** It doesn't say. He refuses to mention her name. He says — and this is a quote — "I dare not write your

name for the great shame our love gives me. None must know of our secret meetings or our indecent liaisons."

**CREAMORA:** (*From the walls:*) Told ya. Nasty.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** What if our ignorant American wasn't so ignorant after all? What are the odds that she would come to her ancestral homeland on a bus tour by accident?

**BECKY:** You're not suggesting...?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** That Grady's shameful love was for a distant American cousin?

**MR. RASHER:** I knew it! I said it the moment I met her. I said, "She has a criminal's eyes."

**MRS. RASHER:** He did say that.

**MR. RASHER:** Close-set. Like a rat's.

**BECKY:** WHAT?!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Yes. I see it. And black as a moonless midnight.

**BECKY:** My eyes aren't black!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** The centers are. Like two dead hearts.

**BECKY:** Everyone's eyes are like that.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Exactly. So our killer's eyes are exactly like yours.

**BECKY:** Yes.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** A confession! You all heard it! Case dismissed!

**MONTEVIDEO:** I don't think you know what that means.

**BECKY:** I would never have an affair with Grady. This is the first time I've ever been to the Upper Highlands of Scotland. We've been lost for most of their vacation.

**MRS. RASHER:** That's true. We were only supposed to be here for four days and it's been almost three weeks now.

**MR. RASHER:** I could've been eating fish fresh from the hukilau. Picked a mango for breakfast, like a ball of liquid sunshine.

**MRS. RASHER:** (*Camera flash.*) Memories!

**BECKY:** Look. The fact remains that the first time I ever saw Grady was tonight.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Perhaps. But see if you can follow me for a moment—but not too close. Maybe a poor American cousin started wooing our thick-headed Grady with her free-wheeling women's lib ways. Maybe she had nothing to her name and knew Grady had his pockets full of pie. And by pie, I mean the Peasantjabber estate. Maybe she wanted to kill Grady and take the deeds for herself—since she would be the only living heir to Grady's fortune.

**CREAMORA:** (*From the walls:*) I once knew love. It was a shaggy, damp thing that smelled of scrumpy and old mutton.

**BECKY:** Wait. I own all of the land now?

**MONTEVIDEO:** How could you kill him, Becky? He was like a father who we paid to spend time with me, or do light gardening, or fix things around the house.

**BECKY:** I didn't do it! You did it! Or your dad.

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** This is absurd!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Upper highlands justice! Grab some swords! There can be only one!

*(Suddenly there are storm sounds intermingled with old upper highlands ballads. Spectral mist, etc.)*

**SIR PEASANTJABBER:** The spirits walk again! Hold fast as the dead tell their tale.

*(GHOST VILLAGERS enter – they are working in a field. The newly knighted Ghost of Sir Herringbone Peasantjabber enters the scene. He clears his throat, but they ignore him. He clears it again but is again ignored. Finally, he draws his sword and jabs one of the Villagers.)*

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** Ow! You jabbed me in me buttocks!

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** I wanted to get your attention.

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** And you couldn't just tap my shoulder? Maybe preface it with a kindly, "Excuse me, peasant"?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** To be fair, I did clear my throat. Twice.

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** Oh. Twice! Oh well. That's all on me then, isn't it? Living in a dank and cold climate like this, you almost never hear someone clearing their throat, or coughing, or sniffing. I should have known that you clearing excess mucus was, in fact, a sign that you demanded my attention. My apologies. I practically stabbed myself in the buttocks.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** You don't need to be snarky.

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** Snarky, am I? You know I'll probably die from this. Modern medicine demands me to pack the wound with sheep's dung and then sew it up with a span of warm cat's intestine. Not exactly sanitary stuff. This right here is a killing wound.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** You're being a bit overdramatic.

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** Well, pardon me, my lord. I would hate to be overdramatic when standing eye to eye with death. Far be it for me.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** It's barely a wound at all. I don't even think it's bleeding.

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** You a doctor now? You feel fit to diagnose the severity of my stab wound? Years from now, when my children tell their children about how their grampy died, it won't be a story about some glorious death in battle defending hearth and home. They'll say, "Oh, yeah. He got stabbed in the bum because he wasn't paying attention to every passerby with a bit of a head cold." That's what they'll say. "Old grampy died of a butt infection."

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Look, I'm sorry. I've recently been complimented on my peasant jabbing, so I may have rushed a bit too quickly into using it as a means of communication.

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** I appreciate the apology. Maybe next time a simple "hello" would go a lot further to endearing yourself to the local hoi polloi.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Well, I don't want to give up jabbing completely...

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** Oh no. Don't give it up completely. Maybe just reserve it for special occasions. Birthdays. Anniversaries. Outright rebellion.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** I'll keep that in mind.

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** That's all I ask.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Here's to a speedy recovery then. I would hate for you to end up haunting me forever because of this.

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** Wouldn't that be horrible? To go through history known as "that ghost who got stabbed in the butt."

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** So what brings you to the upper

highlands?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Ah, yes. That. Funny thing, that. I'm actually the new owner here.

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** Owner of what?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Everything. I'm the new lord here. Sir Herringbone Peasantjabber.

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** Do you have a letter or something we could look at? Something a bit more official, maybe?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Can you read?

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** Touché.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Look, I'm not a bad guy. I'll treat you fairly.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** When you say you own "everything," what do you mean by that?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** I mean everything.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** So, our land?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** My land.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** Our houses?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** My houses.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** Even us?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** I suppose so, in a way. I'm not too clear about that. I think the spirit of the law is: yes, you are all my property.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** Well that's a real turd in my stew.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** So where is the village?

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** Over there.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** That hut next to the sewage pit?



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**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** It's a fixer-upper.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Well that won't do, I need something more spectacular. More fitting to my station.

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** There's a cave near the swamp that is pretty stately.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** No. I shall build my familial estate here...where this peat moss patty sits.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** That's not peat moss—it's heelan coo poo.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Then that's what we shall call it: Heelancoopoo Manor.

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** You sure you don't want to rethink that name?

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** I think it sounds romantic. It has a kind of Gothic feel to it.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** I think it's fitting.

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** It's honest. A good honest name for an English manor in the Upper Highlands of Scotland.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Thank you. So...what do you villagers do for fun?

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** Fun? Well...I suppose there is toiling on the land.

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** Oh yeah. A good toiling always brightens cloudy skies.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** Aye. Toiling is probably number one on the list.

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** And there's the beatings—that's a nice way to break up the day.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** And at least once a month someone drowns out in the bogs.

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**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** Oh, the drownings we've had. They're always good for a laugh.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Yes, it sounds like your days are just filled with...events.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** Sometimes we even try to play "guess the witch."

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** The winner gets drowned in the bog.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Smashing!

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** Aye. Sometimes we smash things, but mostly it's the toiling and the beatings and the drownings that get us through the day.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** Makes us feel like a real community.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Well, I've always been one who likes to jump right in with local customs. Are there any witches about that might suit our purposes? As a kind of team building activity.

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** You could take my wife.

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** You always accuse your wife.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** This is the third time this week.

**GHOST VILLAGER 1:** Well one day it'll stick.

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** What about old mother McHagswater that lives out in the marshes?

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** Ooooh that's a good one. Good choice.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** Has she bewitched anyone? Has anyone seen her cavorting with the devil or dancing? Any extra nipples in awkward places?

**GHOST VILLAGER 2:** No, she just seems a bit witchy.

**GHOST VILLAGER 3:** And she's got a spooky name: McHagswater. Very suspicious.

**GHOST OF HERRINGBONE:** She seems like a good fit then. You good people know the area better than I. Have her brought before me tomorrow and she will stand trial for witchery!

*(The mist dissipates and we have returned to Heelancoopoo Manor.)*

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Well...okay. So that happened. Let's get back to the wild accusations, shall we?

**BECKY:** *(Screams.)* A murder!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** That's a bit of a delayed reaction. Is it only now sinking in?

**BECKY:** No! A new murder! Sir Peasantjabber is dead!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Are you kidding me? Seriously? Come on, murderer! I'm right here! Are you really just going to rub my nose in it like that?

**MONTEVIDO:** Papa! Papa!

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** That's the problem with murderers nowadays. No respect for the law.

**BECKY:** Shouldn't you be investigating?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** I'll be honest with you—I got wrapped up in the whole ghost thing and sort of forgot where I was going with all of this.

**MONTEVIDO:** He was strangled! Strangled with this red ribbon!

**BECKY:** The ribbon from the letters.

**MRS. RASHER:** That is a sturdy ribbon. Most ribbons would have snapped long before death would have occurred. That is a quality ribbon right there.

*(Camera flash.)*

**MONTEVIDO:** Who would have done this?!

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**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Well...if I were a betting man, I would say his son.

**MONTEVIDO:** Me!?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Well, you did seem pretty upset about him selling off all of your land.

**MONTEVIDO:** I am upset.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** A confession! Case dismissed!

**MONTEVIDO:** But I didn't kill him.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Allegedly.

*(Suddenly there is howling, gunshots and the sound of a struggle, then more gunshots. Jilson Jilson enters.)*

**JILSON JILSON:** Tranque as portas! Coloque barras nas janelas! Há um adolescente com a cara de um cachorro lá fora! (Lock the doors! Put bars on the windows! There's a teenager with the face of a dog outside!)

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Who is this man and why does he have a gun? I should have a gun.

**BECKY:** This is our bus driver, Mr. Jilson.

**JILSON JILSON:** Jilson Jilson.

**BECKY:** Yes. He was sleeping out in the bus.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** What happened out there?

**JILSON JILSON:** Um menino com o rosto de um lobo estava fora do ônibus. A besta estava abrindo a mala de Becky e tentando sua cueca. Foi horrível. (A boy with the face of a wolf was outside the bus. The beast was opening Becky's suitcase and trying on her underwear. It was horrible.)

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** What is he saying?

**BECKY:** Honestly, I have no idea. Something about a wolf with human features, I think.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Euclid! Was it Euclid the Wolf-Faced Boy?

**JILSON JILSON:** Quem é esse idiota e por que razão é ele falando comigo? (Who is this idiot and why is he talking to me?)

**BECKY:** He says, "Yes."

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** I've spent my entire life tracking the movements of Euclid the Wolf-Faced Boy. I've had scientists laugh in my face...and tonight...to be so close... I must go! My life's work is calling and I must answer.

**BECKY:** But what about the double murder?

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** They'll still be here. The smell of death must have brought Euclid close to civilization. I can't pass up this opportunity.

**MONTEVIDEO:** But there is a killer on the loose.

**INSPECTOR BEAGLE:** Help me out of these heels.

*(Cousins help him change out of the maid heels and into Wellington boots.)*

Tonight I hunt even more dangerous game than the most dangerous game I was hunting before. Hear me, wolf-faced boy! Tonight you will be mine!

*(Creamora wails from behind the walls. Lightning and thunder flash. Inspector Beagle runs from the room. Mrs. Rasher screams and faints.)*

**MR. RASHER:** Bunko! Help your mother – she's fainted.

*(Bunko wanders around with the purse on his head.)*

**BUNKO:** Mother? Where is she?

**MRS. RASHER:** I'm fine, dear.

**MR. RASHER:** You passed out.

**MRS. RASHER:** Well. It seemed like the right thing to do at the time. I thought: this exit needs a good fainting. So I took matters into my own hands.

**BUNKO:** Mother? Clap so I can find you.

**BECKY:** I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm going to try to find some clues.

**MONTEVIDO:** What clues?

**BECKY:** According to the inspector, it was either you or me. I'm going to find clues to prove I'm innocent and you're the cold-blooded killer.

**MONTEVIDO:** You mean you're going to destroy the clues that exonerate me so you can hide your own guilt! I'm not letting you out of my sight.

**BECKY:** Spoken like a true killer.

*(Montevideo and Becky exit.)*

**JILSON JILSON:** Ei! Vocês sabem que há uma cadáver aqui? ...Você está saindo? Nós estamos saindo da cadáver aqui? Você sabe que meu primo pagará quinhentos dólares por esses rins. Alguém quer que eles? Temos que trabalhar rápido – vou dividir o dinheiro com você. Bem. Parece que Jilson Jilson está trabalhando sozinho. Idiotas. (Hey! Do you guys know there is a dead body over here? ...You're leaving? We're just leaving the dead body here? You know my cousin will pay five hundred dollars for these kidneys. Anyone want them? We have to work fast – I'll split the money with you. Fine. Looks like Jilson Jilson is working alone. Idiots.)

*(Blackout. End Part 2.)*

### **INTERLUDE: The Pelican Farts at Midnight**

*(In the near darkness, Becky and Montevideo search through the audience with flashlights. Montevideo weeps loudly.)*

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**BECKY:** You can quit the "mourning son" act. It's not fooling anyone.

**MONTEVIDO:** I refuse to be maligned by some murderous harpy!

**BECKY:** Murderous harpy? Is that supposed to be me?

**MONTEVIDO:** If the shriek fits...

**BECKY:** You seriously believe that I wrote all of those love letters to that...that dog-faced groundskeeper of yours?!

**MONTEVIDO:** And now you besmirch the honor of our poor, dead Grady!

**BECKY:** Don't pretend to take the high ground. You had more to gain than anyone with Grady and your father out of the way.

**MONTEVIDO:** Did I? Really?! And who is now Grady's sole heir? Who now owns all of my ancestral land? Is it me or you? I've quite forgotten.

**BECKY:** You really think I would want this piece of swampland?

**MONTEVIDO:** Well, unless I was mistaken, you seemed quite keen to get hold of my swampland when we first met.

**BECKY:** I didn't want your swampland, I wanted you...to...give us directions to the music festival in Seeverdheed.

**MONTEVIDO:** Quite the save there. Very smooth.

**BECKY:** You're the smooth one. I'm the awkward and plucky American.

**MONTEVIDO:** Plucky like a fox!

**BECKY:** Fine. Okay. Look. I'll admit it. I'll own it. When I first saw you, I thought you were a hot potato. I found myself wondering what I would do if your pants suddenly caught on

fire and I had to douse them with water from a nearby vase and then nurse you back to health—sitting at your bedside until you regained consciousness, and then you would ask me to marry you, but I would refuse because I couldn't be sure if you really loved me or if you only felt obligated because I doused your flaming pants—so we'd part and I would return to my studio apartment in small town USA and try to forget you, but then I would look out my window one day and there you would be—thighs still bandaged from the trouser burns—and I would know that your love is real and that I should have never left you and we would run to each other in slow motion across a field of wild flowers and when we were finally able to hold each other in our arms we would swear that we would never let go and we never would—figuratively, not literally. So, yes. I'll admit that maybe I had the smallest, cat's whisker of a crush. But...but I could never have a cat's whisker of a crush on a murderer.

**MONTEVIDEO:** No. Neither could I. Not a cat's whisker.

**BECKY:** Not a pelican's fart.

**MONTEVIDEO:** Not a flea's popsicle.

**BECKY:** Not a monkey's dream.

**MONTEVIDEO:** Not a stone's breath.

**BECKY:** Mama always said I'd fall for a bad boy.

**MONTEVIDEO:** I want to drown your American pluck in a bathtub of British cynicism.

**BECKY:** Promises. Promises.

**MONTEVIDEO:** If you didn't kill my father, I would kiss you right now.

**BECKY:** And if you weren't such a cold-blooded killer, I would let you.

**CREAMORA:** (*From the walls:*) This will-they-won't-they



tension is killing me!

*(Suddenly, Ghost Villagers enter, dragging GHOST OF MOTHER McHAGSWATER toward the stage.)*

**MONTEVIDEO:** They come! The final haunting before the madness takes us all.

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!