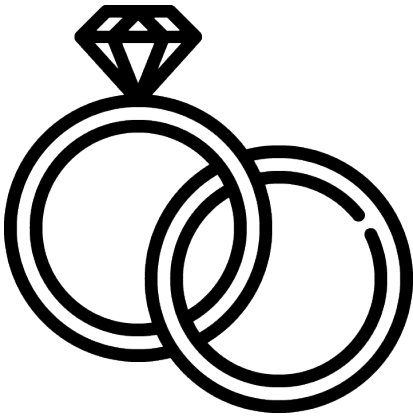


MURDER AT THE BACHELORETTE PARTY

by Josh Nichols



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This murder mystery can be adapted to various settings but was originally written as a dinner theatre with some interaction by audience members.

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this script is subject to a royalty.

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2023

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ages listed below are reflective of the characters rough ages though much younger actors can play some of the parts.

LYDIA LEWIS: 20 - 35, female. Engaged to Richard. The guest of honor at the Bachelorette party.

LUCY LEWIS: 50-65, male. Mother of Lydia and Luna. A prudish socialite.

LUNA LEWIS: 20-35, female. Sister to Lydia, daughter to Lucy. Hosts a true crime podcast.

PAIGE ALLEN: 20-35, female. Maid of honor to Lydia. Bubbly and naive.

RICHARD WILSON: 20 - 35, male. Engaged to Lydia. Arrogant and brash.

GARRETT MOORE: 25 - 40, female. Best friend of the bride.

BILLY JONES: 30 - 45, male. Hired as a stripper for the party.

CHIP ADAMS: 55 - 65 - , male. A local cop who happens to end up at the party.

PRE-SHOW NOTES:

This script was originally performed as a dinner theatre. Prior to the show starting and while the meal was being served, various characters were able to mingle throughout the audience greeting them and welcoming them out of reanimation. This is at your discretion and is not necessary. LYDIA, LUCY, LUNA and PAIGE could mingle before the show. The other characters should not be revealed until their scheduled entrances.

ACT I

The audience members are patrons of a local club/bar. Sometimes the cast will address them as though they are customers at the venue. The name of the real venue can be used if desired.

LYDIA and PAIGE enter in party mode laughing and having a great time. LUNA follows behind them unimpressed. Music is very loud at first. All the characters are yelling over the music.

PAIGE: Bride-to-be coming through! Woooo woaaa!

LYDIA: *(laughing)* You know you don't have to say that everywhere we go!

PAIGE: Fine! I'll change it up! Dead woman walking! Get er' before she's gone!

LYDIA: *(laughing)* Oh stop it!

The music starts to fade.

LYDIA: DJ Claptrap in the house!! *(howling like a dog)*.

PAIGE: *(joins in the howling)*

LYDIA: Hey, can I get you a drink?

PAIGE: No no no! For the last time, one of us has to be the sober driver!

LYDIA: Well my little sis can be the sober one! She's not having any fun anyway!

LUNA: You're not wrong but alcohol is the only thing keeping me from hurling myself off a bridge tonight. Bachelorette parties are actually painful.

LYDIA: What a buzz kill! You know you don't have to be here, right?

LUNA: And listen to mom guilt me for the rest of my life (*imitating mom*) Luna, I can't believe you didn't support your sister, my number one daughter, the apple of my eye and the one who isn't a complete weirdo.

PAIGE: Hey! Stop it! Tonight is about F-U-N fun! No more complaining!

LUNA: I know, I know... I'm sorry. Sis, I do want to support you and I'm happy that you're happy, but you know me... I just don't do (*spastic arm motions referencing the whole room*)... THIS!

LYDIA: (*who is a bit tipsy giggly*) Oooohh I know! Held up in your room casting pods and eating cereal.

LUNA: Podcasting. Serial Killers. I take it back, I'm not happy for you.

LYDIA: Oh yes you are!

Lydia starts poking Luna and trying to hug her while they go back and forth.

LUNA: Stop!

LYDIA: You love me!

LUNA: No!

LYDIA: You love me so much! (*latches on to Luna*)

LUNA: Hey! Get off of me! (*tries not to but smiles and pats Lydia on the back*) So what about those drinks? I think I need a double... maybe a triple.

LYDIA: Oh yea! The drinks!

PAIGE: Let me go get them! You're the bride!

LYDIA: Exactly! If I go, we won't pay for a thing! (*start to exit but is wobbly and stumbles a bit*).

PAIGE: Okie dokie, I think I'll go get the drinks anyway. A nice stiff water for our bride and maybe a snack.

LYDIA: (*to Paige*) I love you.

PAIGE: (*laughing*) I love you too.

LYDIA: No! I LOVE YOU! Like "love" love... like real love. Like not "that way" love, like I don't want you to have my babies love but like sister love! Sister love! I have a sister! (*goes back to Luna to hug her*) I love you sis!

LUNA: Ooooh yeah. It's water time.

PAIGE: Big time. (*exits*)

LUNA: Lydia I think you need to take it easy. You've been a bit wild tonight. What's with you? Are you nervous?

LYDIA: (*defending and yelling*) Nervous about what?! I'm not nervous! Why would I be nervous?!

LUNA: I don't know, locking yourself down to one jerk... sorry chump... rather... guy... you know, for the rest of your life.

LYDIA: Oh yea, that.

LUNA: If it's what you want then you have nothing to be nervous about. It is what you want, right?

LYDIA: (*uncertain*) Yeeeeeeeeessssssss? Yes. Yes? Yea? Yes!

LUNA: (*sarcastically*) Oh good, you're sure.

LYDIA: We've been together long enough, and he has a job and he knows things. I'm not getting any younger either. Besides, he's a great guy, right?

LUNA: (*uncertain*) Suuuuuuurrrreee? Yea. Maybe? Um... suuuuuurrrreeeee....sure!

LYDIA: Wait! You don't like him?

LUNA: Should it matter? I'm not going to marry him.

LYDIA: It matters to me!

LUNA: Look, it's your life. It doesn't matter how I feel.

LYDIA: Tell me!

LUNA: (*abruptly*) He's a dick!

LYDIA: His name is Richard, he doesn't like that nickname.

LUNA: I hate him! I hate his walk, I hate his voice, I hate his stupid face. The few moments I spend with him irritate me to my core. Even mom hates him!

LYDIA: She what?!

Richard enters.

LUNA: *(recovering to Lydia)* Uh... never... nevermind that. Back to my feelings. Hate. Just... pure hate!

RICHARD: What do you hate?

LUNA: *(does a 180 turn to him and tries to recover)* Hate! Ha ha! I hate that you are here! You are NOT supposed to see the bride before the wedding.

RICHARD: Well technically I'm not seeing the bride before the wedding, I'm seeing my fiancé.

LUNA: *(holding back her hate and smiling)* Oooh aren't you just... soooo.. precious.

LYDIA: Honey! She's right you can't be here!

RICHARD: But you asked me to come meet you.

LYDIA: I know...silly... but I wanted you to do it earlier so the girls didn't see. They're very superstitious.

RICHARD: Well, I'm not even a little "stitious" *(pleased with himself)*.

Luna gives an over-the-top laugh to mock his joke. He doesn't realize she is mocking him.

LUNA: Oh that's too much! Oh, I'm going to go see about that drink. *(starts mocking again with laughter)* Stitious! Not super? Only a little! Where does he come up with it?! *(laughter gets more over the top)*

RICHARD: *(to Lydia)* See why don't you ever laugh at my jokes? Your sister gets me. *(to Luna)* Hey can you get me a drink too? *(annoyed and peering at Lydia)* I was summoned here before I got my drink.

LUNA: No drink for you! I need you to be alert so you can keep sharing your witty banter with the world! "A little stitious!" What will he say next! *(she continues to laugh as she exits)*

RICHARD: So, what did you want?

LYDIA: Oh nothing, I just wanted to see me.

RICHARD: Nothing? I drove here for... "nothing?"

LYDIA: Well, I wanted to see you.

RICHARD: *(irritated)* You see me every day. I've got my own party tonight, you know? Is this just a bride phase or are you planning to be selfish once we're hitched too? Unbelievable...

LYDIA: I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking.

Lucy enters.

RICHARD: Ya think?! Ding ding ding! Give her a prize!

LUCY: *(sarcastically)* Who needs a prize when she has you sweetie.

RICHARD: (*changing demeanor*) Hey mom! What are you doing here?!

LUCY: Please don't call me mom. It makes my skin crawl.

RICHARD: (*laughing*) Ha, isn't she a hoot! Okay, I'll call you Lucy.

LUCY: That doesn't sit well either.

Luna and Paige enter. Luna is carrying a tray of drinks.

PAIGE: Bridesmaid coming through! Wooooo wooooo!

LUNA: (*pathetically*) Woop. Woop.

LUCY: (*noticing all of the drinks*) My goodness Luna, have you no self control? You might as well fill a bathtub and soak in the booze.

LUNA: They aren't all for me, mother.

LUCY: (*grabbing a drink*) Here let me lighten your load.

PAIGE: The line was so long we decided to stock up!

PAIGE gives Lydia a glass and some crackers.

PAIGE: Here you are, some water and some crackers to help soak up the liquor.

LYDIA: Awww, you are so sweet.

RICHARD: Water? What a wuss. I'll have a real drink (*takes one from the tray*). Look, Lydia and I have a little conversation to finish up. So why don't you beauties fend for yourself for a while.

LUCY: (*pathetically*) No. Don't. Stop. Stay.

RICHARD: (*laughing*) This one! She kills me.

LUCY: (*sternly*) Maybe one day.

RICHARD: (*laughing*) Well, I'm "dying" to find out when!

LUNA: (*starts mocking over-the-top laugh again*)

RICHARD: Man, I should take some of these jokes on the road!

Lydia and Richard exit. Luna continues to laugh as he leaves then abruptly stops.

LUCY: Dear, do you need a medic?

LUNA: No mother.

LUCY: Well, how should I know when you go into hysterics like that.

LUNA: I was mocking Mr. Perfect!

LUCY: Oh, that's terrible, you shouldn't mock people.

LUNA: What the hell?! You hate him too!

LUCY: Well, yes but I have a reason to. And besides, a young lady like yourself should be more proper. Always running around talking about blood and gore.

PAIGE: Wait, you hate Richard?! But why?

LUNA: Have you met him?

PAIGE: He's seems so sweet though.

LUCY: He reminds me so much of the girls' father.

PAIGE: Awwww... that's so sweet!

LUCY: Oh dear, I was young and stupid like you once. I was smitten and blinded by love. So blind that I didn't realize how much of a rat bastard he was. They say that some girls fall for men that remind them of their fathers and THAT is why I hate Richard.

PAIGE: But he's always so happy. He laughs a lot and always has something nice to say. Maybe he's just a little misunderstood.

LUCY: Oh Paige, sweet, simple Paige. He's a prick. I just wish my daughter would see it for herself. I tried to tell her when she first met him, but I think that drove her closer to him. My hope is that she'll see it before he knocks her up and gets stuck in that loveless marriage until he sucks out her will to live.

LUNA: Projecting much, mom?

LUCY: You girls are my everything and that's why I stayed with your father as long as I did. I didn't want the two of you living in a broken home. Luckily, I didn't have to wait that long.

PAIGE: Oh, what happened? I guess Lydia and I never really talk about your family stuff.

LUNA: He got too drunk and accidentally drowned in our pool.

PAIGE: Oh my gosh!

LUCY: *(smirking)* Yes. Tragic. *(sips her drink and changes subject)* But, enough talk of the macabre. I get enough of that at home with Luna.

LUNA: It's my work mother.

LUCY: Oh yes... talking to yourself for hours alone seems to be a lot of work.

LUNA: I've got over 100,000 followers, I'm building something.

LUCY: Oh, goodie and maybe someday you'll get money for this little endeavor and move out of my basement. All I'm saying is just make the content a bit more... light. Dear, when I'm at the breakfast table I don't want to hear about the top ten ways to hide a body.

LUNA: *(irritated)* Did you have a favorite on that list, mommy? I'm happy to accommodate.

LUCY: Oh, there you go again. It's always about murder with you. Why not be more cheerful? It's the power of positive thinking you know, good things will come to you if you keep your attitude merry and gay.

Garrett bursts into the room with a grand entrance.

GARRETT: I'm here!

Paige and Luna run to greet him.

PAIGE: Garrett! You're here!

LUNA: Finally, I don't have to endure this nightmare alone!

GARRETT: I know, the party never really starts until I arrive.

LUCY: (*annoyed*) I feel like some parade is missing its grand marshal now.

LUNA: Mother?!

LUCY: What? With an entrance like that I usually expect to pay Broadway ticket prices.

LUNA: Mom! Shut up!

GARRETT: (*walks over to Lucy*) Oh girls, it's fine. Hi, I'm Garrett and you must be Lucifer.

LUCY: That's Lucy...

GARRETT: My mistake, though it is hot in here (*fans himself*).

LUCY: Yes...it's practically... "flaming..."

GARRETT: You must have a great doctor though, in this heat most of your pieces would be melting off right now.

LUCY: (*fake laughing*) Oh, it's true, I've had a few tune-ups over the years. But flare and sass like yours can't be all natural either.

GARRETT: Oh baby, I was born this gay.

LUCY: My mistake, it must have been something in the water your mother was drinking.

GARRETT: Well, aren't you just a MOTHER FUUU... (*stopping himself*) of the bride.

PAIGE runs to try to intervene.

GARRETT: (*correcting himself*) ... of the bride.

PAIGE: Okay! I think we've had enough introductions!

LUCY: I would agree, I think I'll go check on Lydia and maybe buy a few drinks for Richard. Is he a good swimmer?

LUNA: Mom!

LUCY: Oh, your father is dead, he doesn't care. It was just a little joke! Speaking of which, it was nice to meet you Garrett.

GARRETT: It most Satan-ly was!

LUCY: Diva. (*exits*)

GARRETT: (*as she exits*) Old bitch.

LUNA: I am soooo sorry about her.

GARRETT: Girl, you've told me stories but watching a car crash up close is just not the same.

PAIGE: She can be a little intense.

GARRETT: She needs a sticectomy.

LUNA: A what?

GARRETT: A stick-ectomy. That's where they remove that stick that's up her ass.

They all laugh.

GARRETT: Alright squirrel-friends I'm going to use the powder room.

PAIGE: Oh Lydia is going to be so happy you are finally here!

GARRETT: (*confidently*) I know. (*exits*)

PAIGE: Oh, he's such a nice guy.

LUNA: I know, too bad my sister isn't his type.

PAIGE: So, you really don't think Richard is a nice guy?

RICHARD enters yelling followed by Lydia he's holding a drink in his hand.

RICHARD: I'm not told what to do, I do the telling.

LYDIA: I'm sorry! I was just saying that you don't have to stay, you can go back to your party!

RICHARD: (*noticing Luna and Paige*) Hey there. We were just having a little disagreement. I feel like we're married already, am I right?! (*laughs*)

LUNA: (*sarcastically to Paige*) Such a nice guy.

RICHARD: (*not getting the sarcasm*) Well thank you! (*sleazily*) It looks like I have a backup in case things don't work out with your sister (*laughs*).

LUNA: Did you just say that?!

PAIGE: Oh he's just such a kidder! Let's change the subject.

RICHARD: I've gotta go call the guys to see where they ended up considering my (*sarcastically to Lydia*) very... important... detour.

Richard exits and Luna flips him off high in the air.

LUNA: Why do you put up with him?!

LYDIA: It's fine. Don't let it bother you.

PAIGE: Look, I'm just going to go talk to him for a moment. Maybe he's just stressed or something.

LYDIA: It's fine. Just forget about it.

PAIGE: No, I insist! My whole job is to make this thing a success for you. (*starts to leave*)

LYDIA: Really, you don't have to talk to him.

PAIGE: (*on her way out*) I'm already gone!

LUNA: Oh hey! Here's something to cheer you up! Garrett is here!

LYDIA: Oh really! I really need him right now!

Garrett enters dramatically.

GARRETT: You rang?

LYDIA: Garrett!

Lydia runs to GARRETT and they hug and jump up and down with excitement.

LYDIA: Oh, I'm so glad you're here!

GARRETT: Girl it's been too long since I've seen you in person!

LYDIA: Oh, I know! We haven't been together since our vacation in Vegas where Richard proposed.

Richard enters. He's ending a phone call.

RICHARD: Okay, I gotta run. Anyone know where the bathroom is?

LYDIA: Oh, it's out there down the hall.

RICHARD: I'm about to shit myself! *(he rushes out)*

GARRETT: Classy.

LYDIA: Oh, don't mind him! Soooo glad you're here though!

LUNA: How was your trip in?

GARRETT: Ugh, the worst. That's why I'm so late. I was supposed to get here last night but my flight got delayed.

LYDIA: It probably worked out for the best. Richard needed some help with some last minute wedding things anyway.

LUNA: Do you have to get him dressed in the morning too? Is he potty trained yet?

GARRETT: Ooooo, shots fired! *(makes guns with fingers)* Pew! Pew! Pew!

LYDIA: (*timidly but start to laugh*) Well... he does like it when I lay his clothes out for him in the morning.

GARRETT: (*laughing*) Oh no you do not?!

LYDIA: He may need some potty training... he doesn't like it when I criticize his aim.

They all laugh.

PAIGE: It really has been too long since we've been together.

GARRETT: (*to Lydia*) So, are you ready for the big day?

LYDIA: Yea, I think so.

LUNA: Weeeeeelllll...

GARRETT: Uh oh? Are there problems in paradise? Gimme the hot goss!

LYDIA: Oh, don't listen to her. There's no drama here. Tonight, is about having a great time!

PAIGE enters.

LYDIA: Me and my besties are making some trouble!

PAIGE: Did someone say make some trouble?!

GARRETT: Now that's the spirit!

PAIGE: Wooooop wooooop!

Everyone but Luna joins in.

GARRETT: Excuse me, Luna... I couldn't hear you.

LUNA: (*pathetically*) Woop. Woop.

GARRETT: That ain't going to fly with Garrett. Now let me hear you! Wooooop! Wooooop!

LUNA: (*a little better*) Wooooop, wooooop?

GARRETT: Don't make me cry! Scream it! Wooooop! Wooooop!

LUNA: (*laughing and trying a bit more*) Wooooop! Wooooop!

LYDIA: There you go! Now we're having fun!

They are all laughing and having fun and then Richard enters with Lucy.

RICHARD: Thanks for the drink! You didn't have to do that.

LUCY: It was my pleasure. By the way, are you a good swimmer?

RICHARD: A good swimmer? Why?

LUCY: Oh nothing, just drink up.

RICHARD: Yes ma'am! (*gulps the rest of her drink*)

LUNA: Well, there goes all the fun we were having.

LUCY: Listen girls, as exhilarating as this night is, are we about done here?

PAIGE: What?! Oh, heavens no! We've got so much more fun to have!

LUCY: Oh yippee...

LUNA: Oh yippee...

Both look at each other shocked they said the same thing.

GARRETT: (to Luna) Ooooooh, girl... you had better change your ways before you end up like the Wicked Witch of the Wedding over there!

LUCY: I've had just about enough from you Dorothy!

Chip enters while Garrett is speaking.

GARRETT: Lady, you're about to get a slipper upside your head!

LUCY: Touch me and I'll call the cops!

CHIP: Hey, did somebody call for a cop?

PAIGE: Oh he's here! DJ, hit it!

Music starts playing and lights begin to flash. Chip seems confused while Paige begins to pull him to the middle and strip him. She starts grinding on him and feeling him and eventually he ends up in only a pair of boxers and an undershirt with his pants around his ankles. The entire time he is protesting. Garrett also has his phone out recording the action.

CHIP: Stop it! Stop!

The music and lights stop. Paige continues to dance and grind.

CHIP: Stop it! I said Stop! No means no!

Paige stops.

CHIP: Who do you think you are?!

PAIGE: Well, I'm the lady who's paying for you to be here!

CHIP: Lady, I'm not who you think I am!

PAIGE: No kidding! I paid for the premium package and THIS (*motions with her hands at him*) body type doesn't seem premium to me!

CHIP: What the hell, lady!

PAIGE: What the hell? I'll tell you "what the hell?!" You're ruining my friend's bachelorette party. You're nothing like your photo and you're not even oiled up! Besides, I didn't request a cop!

CHIP: Well, I am a cop so deal with it!

PAIGE: Then dance piggy! Whip out your handcuffs! Show us your nightstick! Earn your money!

Chip, with pants around his ankles still, shuffles over to her and pulls a badge out from around his neck that was hidden by his undershirt.

CHIP: Lady, I'm not a stripper! I'm a real cop!

PAIGE: (*is silent for a moment as she considers this fact and then realizes*) Ooooooh shiiiiit!

CHIP: You got that right!

PAIGE: Oh, I think I'm gonna puke (*stumbles away looking ill*).

RICHARD: (*upset walk over to CHIP wobbling with drink in hand, his speech is not slurred at all*) If you're a real cop then why are you taking off your pants in front of my fiancé?!

CHIP: Are you kidding me? That nut just stripped me down! I came in for an after-work drink and heard somebody saying they were gonna call the cops. Next thing I knew, I was getting molested!

LUCY: Officer...

CHIP: What now?!

LUCY: You're pants?

CHIP: (*realizing, he pulls them up*) Oh! Yea! Ha! Thanks miss.

LUCY: Luna dear, would you please pick up the officer's clothes?

LUNA: No thanks.

LUCY: (*yelling*) Luna now!

PAIGE: (*still feeling sick, looks as though she's about to vomit throughout*) Officer, I'm so ...sorry... please don't arrest...me!

LUNA walks over and picks up some of Chip's clothes as she is speaking and gives them to him.

LUCY: You're not getting arrested. This was just a big misunderstanding. Officer... officer?

CHIP: Of the law.

LUCY: I mean your name.

CHIP: Adams

LUCY: Officer Adams seems a reasonable man.

CHIP: I do?

LUCY: Of course, you do. Now we're all adults here and I'm sure we've all seen a handsome man dancing around in his underwear so there's nothing to see here.

CHIP: Handsome?

LUCY: He won't arrest her and Garrett won't release the cell phone recording of the entire performance to Officer Adam's wife.

CHIP: I'm divorced.

LUCY: Dating anyone?

CHIP: Nope.

LUCY: Interesting. Fine, you won't arrest her and Garrett won't release the video to your immediate supervisor. Sounds good?

CHIP: (*seems irritated*) You trying to blackmail me lady?
(*changing demeanor*) You got spunk, I like it. Is she your daughter?

LUCY: No, the other two are my daughters, she's just a friend. But she makes them happy and so I'll protect her when I need to.

CHIP: Yea, I hear that. It's all about the people you care about. For someone I love, I'd take a bullet. I'd even kill a man. Or a woman... I'm not sexist. Alright, alright! *(starts to exit)* It's forgotten, just don't let it happen again. I'm gonna go get my drink. *(exits)*

PAIGE: Oh thank you! *(still looking sick)* But I still might puke!

Paige runs off.

LYDIA: Oh Paige! You're gonna be fine! I'll rub your back while you hurl!

Lydia chases after her and exits.

RICHARD: Hey, where do you think you're going! We still haven't finished our discussion!

Richard chases after her and exits.

LUNA: Hey, you leave my sister alone you jerk! This is her party, and you weren't invited!

Luna chases after him and exits. Lucy and Garrett are left alone with each other and awkwardly stare at each other before speaking.

LUCY: Well...

GARRETT: Yea...

LUCY: Some party...

GARRETT: Yep...

LUCY: I thought it couldn't get any worse and then he showed up.

GARRETT: Well, despite what you might think, it's a free country and a cop can have a drink after hours if he wants.

LUCY: What? Oh, not him. Richard. What a piece of... *(catching herself and stops)*

GARRETT: Excuse me, what did you just say?!

LUCY: Nothing, nothing!

GARRETT: A piece of... what?

LUCY: I didn't say anything, I don't know what you're talking about.

GARRETT: *(leaning in and whispering)* a piece of ... *(loudly)* shit!

Lucy is surprised and starts to laugh. Garrett starts to laugh with her.

LUCY: *(composing herself)* I wasn't going to say that.

GARRETT: What were you going to say? Poop?

LUCY: Turd!

GARRETT: Oh, who says "piece of turd?!"

LUCY: Well, if the steaming pile fits!

GARRETT: That man is pure dookie!

LUCY: Oh, we're terrible!

GARRETT: Not as terrible as he is!

LUCY: (*laughing*) Oh stop it!

GARRETT: I guess I probably should stop. I know how much you hate me already; I better not insult your daughter's future husband.

LUCY: Oh! I don't hate anyone... well, besides Richard (*awkward chuckle*) I guess I... I guess I just don't understand the world these days. It's so much different than when I was growing up. The world is just moving so fast, and I was just barely hanging on to begin with.

GARRETT: The world hasn't changed sweetie. People are just opening their eyes finally. And you're just over there looking like a gray sprinkle on a rainbow donut.

LUCY: Well, at my age I don't have time to open my eyes. I just want to go take a nap. I'm too old for any of this stuff.

GARRETT: You are only as old as you act. (*teasing*) The way that you were looking at Officer Adams little dance, I'd say you were about 19.

LUCY: Garrett! Stop! I was not looking at him in any way.

GARRETT: Bitch please! You were removing his clothes with your eyes long before Paige took them off.

LUCY: (*chuckling*) I said stop it! He may have been my type years ago, but that ship has sailed.

GARRETT: Well, “ship” might be generous, from my angle it looked like he might be working with a dingy.

LUCY: *(laughing)* Oh stop it! Ship or not he wouldn't be interested in, what did you call me? “A gray sprinkle on a rainbow donut”

GARRETT: Men, especially cops, will nibble any donut. Though... you could use a little color in your life.

GARRETT walks around her looking her up and down moving her about a bit.

GARRETT: Okay...okay. I think this could work.

LUCY: What will work?

GARRETT: Alright Lucifer, we're giving this sprinkle a fresh coat of paint.

Garrett starts to push LUCY out.

LUCY: I think I'm fine.

GARRETT: I've seen salads dressed better than you. Now, just trust me.

They both exit. Richard enters hastily followed by Luna.

LUNA: Hey! I'm talking to you!

RICHARD: Listen, if I don't get to the bathroom I'm going to shit my pants!

LUNA: Wow. Very sophisticated.

RICHARD: Must have been those tacos at lunch.

LUNA: Oh, the big man can't handle a little spice?

RICHARD: No! I eat spicy food all the time, it must have been a bad batch of something. *(gets a surprised look on his face and starts moving more quickly)* Okay! That fart was not dry!

Richard exits as Paige enters.

LUNA: You're repulsive!

PAIGE: Where's he off to so fast?

LUNA: Back from whence he came... the toilet.

Paige starts sobbing.

LUNA: *(runs to her)* Hey, what's wrong?

PAIGE: Everything is wrong! The party is a flop! I mean you hate being here, Officer Adams hates me, your mom hates Garrett, he hates her right back, apparently everyone hates Richard.

LUNA: *(trying to comfort)* It's not all that bad. I mean We've had a couple laughs tonight, right? *(trying to make things light)* And with all this hate in the air maybe they'll be enough motive to fuel a groundbreaking new episode for my podcast!

PAIGE: Your podcast?

LUNA: Really? You've never listened? We literally talked about it tonight already.

Paige stares blankly.

LUNA: Wow. Nothing. Unbelievable. I host a true crime podcast! You were talking about everyone hating everyone and I was just joking that maybe I'll get a murder episode out of tonight at the very least.

PAIGE: A murder! Why would you want a murder?

LUNA: I don't want a murder! I was just joking around.

PAIGE: (*looking ill again*) Oh I might be sick again!

LUNA: Just breathe! Or something...

PAIGE: I am breathing!

LUNA: No like, deep breathes! In through your mouth out through your nose... I think. I've seen it on TV. (*mimics breathing technique*) Hee-hee-hooooo! Hee-hee-hooooo!

PAIGE: (*mimics her*) Hee-hee-hooooo! Hee-hee-hooooo!

TOGETHER: Hee-hee-hooooo!.

Lydia enters again. She stops and stares at them.

LYDIA: I think you two have had enough to drink.

PAIGE: (*starts to cry again*) All of this and I'm sober tonight too! (*her crying eventually pitters out*)

LUNA: (*to Lydia*) I think she's just under a lot of stress right now. Maybe we should just like... call it a night. Yea?

PAIGE: Might as well go home before someone gets murdered!

LYDIA: What?!

LUNA: It's nothing, I was talking about my podcast and someone getting murdered tonight!

LYDIA: Who's murdering?! What is wrong with you?!

LUNA: Chill out! Sheesh! It was a joke!

LYDIA: That's not a joke!

LUNA: Well apparently it is because you think my show is a joke! None of you have even listened to it. Thanks for the support! I'm out of here. (*starts to exit*)

LYDIA: (*stopping her*) Stop! Look, I'm sorry. It's been a crazy night. I know I should be more supportive; I've just got a lot going on.

LUNA: It's fine.

LYDIA: No! It's not fine! Apparently, I'm a bad daughter and a bad fiancé. I don't want to add "bad sister" to the list. Tell me all about your... murdering... type... things and stuff?

PAIGE: (*trying to show interest*) And um... blood... and...DNA!

LYDIA: (*smiles as she is trying and knowingly failing*) And candlesticks in the billiard room? I think that's a thing, right?

LUNA: (*laughing*) You two are so clueless.

LYDIA: (*laughing*) I wear my murderous ineptitude as a badge of honor. Look, I'm sorry. And I know mom gives you a bad time about living at home too. Have you ever thought about becoming a

detective? There's probably more money in that than internet... talking... program shows?

LUNA: Yea and end up like Officer Strip Club. No thanks. You can do so much more as a civilian and when you get a social network of true crimers working on a case. It's exhilarating! And the psychology of "why" is so interesting. Serial killers like The Miami Slicer or those unexpected murders like that crazy murder at the circus or last year there was an insane case at a retirement home!

PAIGE: You are way too excited about this.

LUNA: It's the mystery of it all, I guess. The thrill of the hunt.

LYDIA: Well, it's great that you are doing something that you love.

PAIGE: Yea it is! So, what's your next episode?

LUNA: Oh, nothing special. Just finishing up a case about a black widow.

PAIGE: Oh really?! I thought these were only human murderers.

Lydia and Luna laugh assuming Paige is joking. Paige doesn't laugh.

LUNA: Oh... yikes... you're serious. Not a black widow spider. They call a woman who marries for money and then murders her husband a "black widow."

PAIGE: Oh wow! It's a good thing Richard isn't rich! Your family is the one with the money.

LUNA: (*jokingly*) No, this lady was never caught and is linked to nearly six murders. The hobbled reports describe her as an elitist

who always wore *(insert lines to describe the mother's makeup and clothing in the makeover reveal)*.

LYDIA: Ohhh this episode sounds juicy!

PAIGE: Right! We should start having listening parties together.

LUNA: *(joking)* Yea, I think I may have met my yearly quota of socializing tonight.

They all joke and laugh with each other as Garrett enters dramatically.

GARRETT: Ladies! Attention please! I have a gift for you!

LYDIA: A gift?

LUNA: I hate gifts.

PAIGE: For all of us?!

GARRETT: Not just for the three of you. This gift, I give to the entire world. Feast your eyes on my latest creation. Lady Lucy!

Lucy enters timidly. She has undergone a makeover and a change of clothes. Everyone reacts surprised. Lucy eventually gets more comfortable and feeds into the excitement a bit.

LUNA: Mom?!

LYDIA: *(excitedly to Garrett)* What did you do?!

GARRETT: *(profoundly)* A miracle sweetie, I performed a miracle.

LUCY: Oh, I feel silly. I haven't dressed like this for more years than I can count.

LYDIA: You look great!

PAIGE: *(complimenting)* You're right! But look, nobody is supposed to look more beautiful than the bride on her wedding day.

LUCY: *(annoyed)* Oh, is that still happening?

GARRETT: Oh, you be nice! *(aside to her)* I'm heartbroken too.

Lucy and Garrett laugh between the two as Chip bursts in with Richard leaning on him barely able to walk. He's groaning and babbling. Richard is pale, looks terrible with toilet paper hanging out the back of his pants.

CHIP: Make some space! We gotta sit him down! I'm too old for this crap!

LYDIA: What's going on?!

GARRETT: What's wrong with him?

CHIP: No idea! I was on my way to the bathroom and this nut burst out wailing nonsense!

Richard gets sat down and Lydia and Paige try to care for him.

LUCY: What was he saying?!

CHIP: *(sees her for the first time since the makeover)* He was yelling...wowza! Pleased to meet you miss, I'm Officer Adams.

LUNA: Hey perv-o! What did he say?!

PAIGE: He said he yelled “Wowza!”

CHIP: No, no, he was just taking nonsense. He said he was a pirate captain and that he found some guy called the High Seas Butcher guilty of eating some bird... I think he said “my beloved parrot Mr. Squawks.”

GARRETT: What in the hell does that mean?!

CHIP: (*sarcastically*) Well I think it may have to do with his repressed memories or (*changing and yelling*) How the hell should I know?! At first, I thought he just had a few too many drinks and frankly it was pretty entertaining. Then he started clenching his chest.

RICHARD: (*in a pirate voice but struggling with breathing*) Who’s this bilge-sucking swine who stole Mr. Squawks?!

CHIP: There he goes again about that stupid bird! (*he approaches Richard and grabs onto his shirt and shakes him a bit*) Hey, buddy! Are you high or something!?

RICHARD: (*in southern accent still struggling to breath*) Uncle Leroy? Well, yee haw lil’ doggie! Good ta see ya!

CHIP: See! He’s a nut!

LYDIA: (*pushing the cop away*) Richard, can you hear me?

RICHARD: (*struggling to breath but in normal voice*) Hey... you. Hey! We... we should have a baby!

LYDIA: You're not making any sense!

RICHARD: Ha! (*gasping*) Too late! Viva Las (*final gasp*) Vegas!
(*slumps over*)

GARRETT: Oh my gosh! Is he, is he dead?

PAIGE: Oh no! Someone call a doctor!

BILLY: Did someone call for a doctor? DJ drop a beat!

Music starts playing and lights begin to flash. Billy starts dancing seductively and at one point even starts giving a lap dance to the slumped over groom. Everyone tries to tell him to stop but each time he takes off another piece of clothes or does a dance move unaware that Richard is dead.

PAIGE: Stop it! Stop the music! STOP!

The music and lights stop and eventually Billy stops dancing.

BILLY: Hey what gives?!

LUCY: A man is dead and you're shaking your tush at everyone.

BILLY: Dead!?

LUNA: The guy in the chair!

BILLY: He's dead?!

LUNA: What does it look like?!

BILLY: I thought he was just respecting the “no touching” rule!

CHIP: Why are you dancing for him anyway, isn't this a bachelor-ETTE party?

BILLY: I don't care where the tips come from buddy. It's just a job.

LUCY: I think you gave him more than just the tip.

CHIP: (*noticing Lucy again*) Have we met before? You look very familiar.

LUCY: Well... as a matter of fact we did meet earlier. Remember when you... had your pants around your ankles.

BILLY: Sounds like I'm too late for tips anyway.

CHIP: THAT was you?! I mean, I thought you were a cutie but va va voom!

PAIGE: Would you stop! We need to help him! (*to Billy*) That is if you're done shaking your money maker!

BILLY: Look, the notes said the cue was “Someone call a doctor!” You said it, I came a shakin'.

LYDIA: Does somebody know CPR?!

GARRETT: (*to CHIP*) You should know! Isn't that part of your training?

CHIP: Me? Well... I mean, yea, I know some stuff but... look, I ain't gonna be smoochin' the pirate king over there.

PAIGE: You better pucker up buddy! Can't you see he's dying?

CHIP: But... I'm off duty!

PAIGE: Pucker!

CHIP: Alright, alright!

LUNA: It won't matter.

LYDIA: What do you mean?!

LUNA: There's no saving him at this point.

GARRETT: You're gonna have to give us more than that, honey.

LUNA: He's dead.

ALL: (*say the word*) GASP!

LUNA: He was... poisoned!

CHIP: Now how in the hell could you know something like that.
He's not even cold yet!

LUNA: It's obvious if you know what you're looking for... hint it's
not over there (*references her mom*).

PAIGE: What are you talking about? What's obvious?

LUNA: Well, I guess obvious in hindsight. I didn't think much of it
before but I noticed Richard stumbling after Officer Boxer Shorts
got done stripping.

LYDIA: He's been drinking.

LUNA: He only started drinking when he got here, he told us that. It's not likely that he got that drunk that fast but even so it would be odd for him to be so stumbly without having slurred speech.

LUCY: He's probably just clumsy, one of his many many... traits.

LUNA: Maybe so but he also had sudden stomach problems. He told me that he ate spicy food all the time so it's not likely that it was just normal indigestion.

PAIGE: Okay so he stumbled around and (*looks around and tries to whisper*) pooped. How does that mean he was poisoned?

LUNA: Sheesh, I'm getting to it. You have to have pacing for a little dramatic effect. Officer Hot Pants said that he was erratic and yelling about pirates. It's obvious that he was hallucinating. Add the trouble breathing to the nonsense he was spitting along with everything else, I suspect atropine.

PAIGE: Bless you.

CHIP: Okay, well, this is all a bit too much for me. (*to mom*) Can I get you a drink?

LUNA: Hey! You should be doing the heavy lifting here... officer! But since you're incompetent I'm left with your dirty work.

GARRETT: Oooooohhh sassy!

CHIP: Okay fine, missy. What's astro-pin-ey?

LUNA: Atropine... belladonna.

GARRETT: (*remembering*) Season 2... Episode 1, Belladonna: The Case...

GARRETT AND LUNA: ...of the Beautiful Woman.

LUNA: You listen to the “Dig a Little Deeper” podcast?

GARRETT: It’s about the only media I consume. It nourishes me. Sally Slaughter is my queen.

LUNA: Shut the front door! I’m Sally Slaughter!

GARRETT: Oh shit! She’s been poisoned too! She’s hallucinating.

LUNA: No! I’m serious! I’m Sally Slaughter!

GARRETT: (*loudly*) Come back to us honey! You are Luna! Breath bitch!

LUNA: Listen to me! It’s my podcast, Sally Slaughter is my pseudonym.

GARRETT: Girl, you aint no Sally. You sound nothing like her.

LUNA: (*uses a heavy southern accent*) I change ma voice for the paaaaawdcast.

GARRETT: (*in awe*) You... but... I’m... you... oh my (*breathing heavy*) I’m talking to Sally Slaughter! How did I never know this?!

CHIP: Hey, can we focus here?

LUCY: I’d have to agree. As glad as I am that you two are bonding there is still a body here that will eventually begin to smell... worse than it already did.

LUNA: Right! Right. Look, belladonna refers to nightshade, a poisonous plant. Belladonna means “beautiful woman.” I did a whole show on an investigation where it was used as a poison.

GARRETT: A top ten episode for sure!

LUNA: Well, thank you!

LUCY: Focus dear.

LUNA: Focus! The symptoms are consistent and though it can be used as a slower killer, when used in high dosage an acute overdose can act much faster.

CHIP: I'm no expert but lots of things can cause the things you mentioned.

LUNA: True but my gut is telling me it was atropine. It fits perfectly.

CHIP: Ha! Her gut, like she's a seasoned detective.

BILLY: *(walking over to some of his discarded clothes)* How do you spell that?

CHIP: What? Detective?

BILLY: No, the poison. *(pulls out a bottle from his clothes and looks at it)*

PAIGE: *(thinking)* P...O... *(certain)* Z!

LUNA: Paige, I got this sweetie. Atropine. A-T-R-O-P-I-N-E

BILLY: Oh, yep. Here it is!

LUNA: (*shocked, rushes over and grabs it*) What?! (*reads the label*) Ha! See I told you! Atropine Sulfate which is used to dilate pupils.

GARRETT: (*happily sharing to everyone in the room*) Oh, back in the olden times women would put drops of nightshade into their eyes. They thought dilated pupils were more seductive.

LUNA: You did listen!

CHIP: Okay, case solved. Let's lock him up! (*goes over to BILLY*)

BILLY: What?! What are you talking about?

CHIP: He was poisoned. You have the poison. Open and shut.

LUNA: What would his motive be?

CHIP: I don't care, I don't even want to be here right now.

LYDIA: How did you get the poison?

BILLY: I found it on the floor when I first got here. There was nobody around and I thought it would go well with my doctor's costume. (*starts putting on some of his costume*) I thought it would help with my character.

CHIP: Your character? You're a stripper! What is this like one of those porno tapes with a storyline?

LYDIA: (*walks closer to Billy shielding him from the cop*) Look, don't start pointing fingers until we know more! A man died! (*getting emotional*) He's gone. Just poof.

BILLY: Hey, it'll...uh... it'll be okay. *(as the closest person to her tries to comfort by patting her on the back and giving a slight hug)*

PAIGE: *(to Billy)* You know, you look sort of familiar.

BILLY: Do I?

PAIGE: Yea.

LUCY: And you only noticed this when he was half naked?

LYDIA: *(gets out of hug and looks him over)* You do look familiar.

BILLY: *(suspiciously)* Whaaaaat?

GARRETT: Wait! Did you go to Walbert High School?

PAIGE: That's it! Billy!

LYDIA: That's right! You sat behind me in algebra, and... chemistry... algebra... geometry... wow you sat behind me a lot!

GARRETT: Oh yea, I remember him always sitting behind the two of us. I thought we were class buddies but apparently, we were a trio.

BILLY: *(evasive)* Whaaaaat?

GARRETT: Do you not remember us?

BILLY: What? Oh.. um.. Yea I mean of course... heeeeeeey! *(awkwardly)* It's, uh good to see you! Wow... um... so weird to see you again.

GARRETT: *(suspiciously)* Uh huh.

LYDIA: It is good to see you again!

LUNA: Probably would be better under different circumstances.

LYDIA: Oh, right, of course!

GARRETT: Soooo... what do we do now, do we call the police?

CHIP: What the hell am I supposed to be?

LUNA: *(starting to answer)* Well, I can think of a few...

LUCY: *(interrupting)* Dear! He is a very capable officer who I'm sure can take care of all of this. Officer, what do you suggest we do next?

CHIP: Uh...*(turning to LUCY)* well I was sort of thinking we could get a drink.

LUCY: *(referring to Richard)* Should we cover him up or something?

CHIP: Oh well, it might be best to remove him for now to secure the crime scene.

LUNA: You're disturbing the corpse to "secure" the crime scene?

CHIP: Hey, I'm the cop here so what I say goes. *(looks towards Lucy proud he is showing assertiveness)*. Okay, you *(points at Garrett)* help me out here.

GARRETT: *(not moving and looks disgusted)* Ohhh...honey.

CHIP: Okay fine, *(points at various characters)* okay, you, and you...help me out here. *(there could be further protests but the cop demands they assist.)*

Chip and various characters remove the body from the room. This can be done however works best for your space and safety of your actors. The chair the groom was sitting in could have wheels or he could be placed on something or potentially carried/rolled out. The remaining characters begin to follow them out ad-libbing about helping them and discussing what just transpired. Garrett who refused to help is watching everyone exit and Billy is sort of following the crowd out from behind.

GARRETT: *(to Billy)* Billy!

BILLY: *(turns around)* Huh?

GARRETT: Can I call you Billy or do you prefer “doctor?”

BILLY: *(laughing)* Oh no, you can call me whatever you want. Billy is just fine.

GARRETT: Alright, cut the crap doc!

BILLY: *(surprised)* What?!

GARRETT: Don't try to play me or else YOU are gonna need a doctor. You knew who Lydia was already, didn't you?

BILLY: *(denying)* Whaaaaaat? I don't know anybody. I don't know anything about anybody's anything.

GARRETT: My bullshit meter is off the charts right now!

BILLY: *(a little scared)* I'm... I don't... I mean...

GARRETT: Answer me!

BILLY: Yes! Yes, I knew who she was. I saw the name on the job list at work and fought another dancer for the gig.

GARRETT: Why?

BILLY: No reason.

GARRETT: Doctor, can you make a splint?

BILLY: Oh, I'm not really a doctor.

GARRETT: Well, that's too bad because something is about to get broken! *(starts to move toward him)*

BILLY: Stop! Stop! Look, people do crazy things for love!

GARRETT: Love?!

BILLY: Yes... love. Sometimes you have to take a risk for love. I gave another dancer concert tickets in exchange to work this gig just to make sure I didn't miss tonight.

PAIGE enters and interrupts.

PAIGE: This is a crazy night! Officer Adams put him in a broom closet. *(starts to cry)*

BILLY: *(seeing an out)* Ha! Uh... a closet huh... I gotta see that. *(exits quickly)*

GARRETT: *(yells after him)* We aren't done with this! *(seeing PAIGE still upset goes to her)* Paige, it's gonna be okay, trust me.

PAIGE: Oh, I just don't see how.

GARRETT: We just have to keep our chins up for Lydia. I mean she did just lose her fiancé.

PAIGE: *(remembering)* Oh my gosh! That's right!

GARRETT: Luna isn't very good with touchy feely emotions and Lucy is definitely not going to be a comfort. That woman still needs work.

PAIGE: Oh! But you did such a good job on her makeover! She looks so pretty!

GARRETT: Well, she might be a bitter old hag but you aren't born that way. Maybe a fresh look might change her attitude a bit. If nothing else she won't look so dull.

PAIGE: Oh, she looked much happier! She had a glow about her!

GARRETT: You know, while we're discussing makeovers, that tutu has got tu-tu go.

PAIGE: What?! It's fun! It's just for the party, I'm not going to wear it to work or anything.

GARRETT: Gag! That thing isn't even suited for a 2nd grade dance recital.

Garrett tries to grab at the tutu and Paige protests and pulls away. Garrett keeps trying to grab at it and they

*struggle until the tutu rips off revealing she is pregnant.
Both freeze and look at each other shocked.*

GARRETT: Oh my bakery, you've got a bun in the oven!

PAIGE: *(upset)* Yea...

GARRETT: Honey, why didn't you tell us! You've been hiding this from us... for what looks like a loooooong time!

PAIGE: *(looking ill)* I think I may puke again.

GARRETT: How far along are you?

PAIGE: *(meekly)* Eight months!

GARRETT: Eight months!? I mean I know we haven't been together for a while but how did you even hide that in online photos?

LYDIAS: I just did the whole TV thing.

GARRETT: TV thing?

PAIGE: Oh, you know, always have something in front of your belly. A laundry basket, big purse, whatever to cover it up.

GARRETT: That's crazy. I didn't even know you were dating. Is he still in the picture?

PAIGE: *(shakes her head)* Not really.

GARRETT: Who's the father?

PAIGE: *(starts wailing uncontrollably)*

GARRETT: Oh honey, you can tell me! See this is what happens when we don't see each other... *(thinking)* for... eight months. *(thinking he's in for some juicy gossip)* Did you have a tryst in Vegas when we were all on vacation?

PAIGE: *(wailing louder)*

GARRETT: *(in gossip mode)* Ooooh girl, tell me the details. Who was he?!

PAIGE: *(calming down a bit)* Richard! *(starts wailing all over again)*

GARRETT: *(looks shocked and then sick)* Now I think I'm going to puke too.

Paige continues crying and runs out of the room.

GARRETT: *(chasing after her)* What do you mean Richard!? Get back here! You can drop a bombshell like that and just run away from me! Give me details!

Garrett exits.

END OF ACT I

INTERMISSION

In a dinner theatre setting the characters were able to return after a few minutes to mingle around and interact with the audience, answer questions and try to throw off suspicion. In our showing, this was a time where dessert was served. We also allowed the audience to make guesses at this time and they were entered into a prize drawing if they made the correct guesses. The winner was announced at the conclusion of the show.

This portion of the evening is not necessary, but the audiences seemed to enjoy interacting with the actors in character and some who were mystery fans would be very inquisitive of the characters and try to figure out who did it.

END OF ACT I SAMPLE

Murder at the Bachelorette Party continues in Act II, where the case gets solved.

Request the complete script free at joshnichols.me/murder-mystery-scripts/

Licensing is \$120 per performance, or \$100 each for three or more.

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