

MURDER AT THE COMIC CONVENTION

Written by Josh Nichols

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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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Note: the ages listed are rough guidelines and can vary.

RICK RICHARDSON / SNOODLEPUFF: 20-40, male.

Rick is the creator and actor behind SnoodlePuff, a children's show icon. He's an arrogant celebrity and Trish's ex-boyfriend.

POODLESNUFF: any age, male.

A gross, knock-off version of PoodleSnuff. His costume vaguely resembles PoodleSnuff and he is crude and disgusting.

FLATEARTHBIGFOOT (FEBF): any age, unisex.

An erratic and eccentric conspiracy theorist that is mistakenly at a pop culture convention instead of a conspiracy convention.

KEITH / ULTRADUDE: 20-45, male

A conference attendee whose superhero persona is Ultradude. He takes his alter ego very seriously and tries not to break character.

TRISH LUXFORD: 20-30, female.

Self-obsessed and dramatic social media influencer who consistently tries to get followers and promote her brand.

CHAD SHIMWELL / GLITTERHOOF 20-45, male:

A masculine nice-guy who is part of a community that dresses as unicorns. He's unashamed of his passion.

TAMMY JOHNSON: 20-45, female:

A super fan of SnoodlePuff. She is overly excited and extremely nervous to meet her favorite TV character.

ANNOUNCER/OTHER VOICE: Any age/gender (optional casting)

There are two voices that appear over the sound system. All of the lines can be prerecorded, and existing actors could be used with altered voices/accents.

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 you may wish that certain characters not be seen before their scheduled entrance, especially if their early entrance would hurt the plot or spoil a surprise.

These interactions were in character and helped in establishing some character traits for the audience. This can be a very entertaining portion of the evening if you choose to implement it.

ACT I

The audience members are special attendees of CultCon. Depending on how it is executed or advertised, some audience members may come dressed as superheroes, science fiction characters, etc. Strategically placed lines or interactions could be made with various audience members if they serve the script and provide a fun addition. This is entirely optional.

There can be some preshow announcements from the ANNOUNCER prior to the show beginning. The ANNOUNCER will also start the show with an announcement to quiet down the audience.

ANNOUNCER: Welcome to CultCon! The best pop culture convention in the tri-state area! We've got special guests, panels, workshops, and surprises you'll be dying to see! Don't miss our various cosplay crafting workshops including "Sequins and You: How to Out-Sparkle the Competition." Don't miss a moment of the pop culture fun at CultCon!

TRISH: Hey there fam! I'm here live from CultCon! That's right, the best pop culture convention on the planet! We're going to have a fantastic day catching up with old friends, meeting new faces, and continuing to grow the channel!

TRISH can interact with the audience and incorporate them in her stream. CHAD enters without his costume on and has a rolling suitcase or backpack.

TRISH: Whoa whoa whoa.... The cutest guy just walked in. Yikes, there's my evening plans. You'll have to excuse me fam, we'll talk more later. Don't forget to like and subscribe! All right, we'll be back later byeeeeeeee!

TRISH approaches CHAD.

TRISH: Well, hey there stud.

CHAD: Oh hi, how's it going?

TRISH: Well, good now that I'm talking to you. I've never seen you before, are you new to the conventions?

CHAD: Yea, this is my first time.

TRISH: (*flirtatious and giggling*) First time? I wouldn't have pegged you as a virgin.

CHAD: (laughs awkwardly) Yep, it's all new to me. I take it you've been here before.

TRISH: Of course, I do over a dozen cons a year but CultCon is by far the best one. Lots of fanboys here and I always get new followers.

CHAD: So, you're like some influencer or something?

TRISH: You really have no clue who I am? I'd be offended if you weren't my future husband. So, where are you taking me to dinner tonight?

CHAD: Well, you cut straight to it don't you?

RICK enters.

TRISH: Why waste time when a girl knows what she wants. And we all got to eat, right?

CHAD: Well, I don't really know the area very well so not sure where's a good place to have a bite.

TRISH: How about my hotel room, the room service there is delicious.

RICK: *(to CHAD)* Don't forget your holy water, you'll need it.

TRISH: What the hell are you doing here?! *(rushes towards him)*
You can't be here! We broke up!

RICK: I'm sorry? Am I not allowed to attend a public event?

CHAD: *(trying to escape)* I should get going...

TRISH: No! Don't leave! HE needs to go. Ex boyfriends need to EX-it.

RICK: I've been doing conventions before you got your first follower, this is my territory. You're welcome to stay though, I can tell it agitates you and that's rather fun for me.

CHAD: This is awkward.

TRISH: Ha! Did you hear that! He called you awkward!

CHAD: No, I didn't mean...

RICK: What did you say to me?!

CHAD: This is crazy...

RICK: You think I'm crazy you punk!

TRISH: Get him! Um... what's your name?

CHAD: Chad.

TRISH: Get him Chad!

CHAD: Okay, I'm going to go... not... be here right now.

TRISH: *(to RICK)* You see! That's a real man; he knows when to walk away. Come on Chad, let's get out of here.

CHAD: I was just going to go alone...

TRISH: *(giggling)* You're funny too! If you go alone, how can I get you my room key? Let's go!

TRISH takes CHAD by the arm and leads him out.

RICK: *(yelling to CHAD as they leave)* I hope you're up to date on your shots!

TRISH: Asshole!

RICK AND TRISH exit.

RICK: *(laughing)* I really do hate her.

FEBF and KEITH enter. As RICK becomes occupied with something else.

FEBF: So, you're saying that you can fly?

KEITH: *(using his Ultradude persona and voice)* Of course, Ultradude can fly! It's one of my many powers.

FEBF: Okay smart guy, tell me what the earth looks like.

KEITH: Ah yes, there is nothing quite like a space view of the majestic globe we call our planet.

FEBF: Ha! See I knew you were lying. Everybody who's sane knows the earth is flat... you roundies are all the same (*mockingly*) oh look at me, I think I live on a sphere. Blah bleh blee bloo! I bet you also think we landed on the moon! Ha!

KEITH: I cannot tell a lie!

FEBF: (*immediately hostile*) You take our first President's words out of your dirty mouth! He ain't never chopped down no tree! It was fake news media on a tree choppin witch hunt!

KEITH: (*gets into a fighting stance*) Back citizen or I shall smite thee down!

FEBF: (*pulls out a gun*) Screw around and find out buddy!

KEITH: (*scared but trying to remain in character*) HOLY SHIT! (*clears his throat and tries to cover his fear*) uh, bullets cannot harm me citizen!

FEBF: Ahhh you're wear'n protection, huh? What you got under that thing like a polyethylene or something?

RICK notices the altercation with the gun.

RICK: Hey! You can't just be waving a gun around in here! Are you crazy?!

FEBF: I'm not crazy! I have a more nuanced diagnosis.

KEITH: (*drops character a bit*) Oh wow! Oh wow! What an honor to meet you!

RICK: You know who I am? Most people don't recognize me in street clothes.

KEITH: Of course I recognize you! My wife and I are huge fans! We've never got to see you in person before!

FEBF: You got a wife? I woulda never figured that with you wearin that outfit.

KEITH: *(realizing he's broken character, coughs and resumes the act)* Ha ha! UltraDude is a free spirit with no harlot to distract from his true purpose. I was speaking but of a friend named Keith.

RICK: Well, I'm always happy to meet fans so Keith and his wife can come see me anytime.

KEITH: *(breaking character a bit)* You want to meet Keith?! *(regaining character)* Well citizen, I am a hero of the people, I shall find this common man you call Keith. I shall return, post haste!

RICK: Make sure this Keith brings \$50 for a photo and another \$50 if he wants an autograph.

KEITH: Time to crank the ultra to... dude level!

KEITH darts around the room making whooshing noises and then exits.

FEBF: *(to RICK as KEITH exits)* Get a load of that outfit. I think he's from Europe or something. I got my boys back home checking if he's legal or not. I hope he is. He's kinda fun. Nothing ruins a potential friendship like calling in the big dogs to deport someone.

ANNOUNCER: Welcome to CultCon! The best pop culture convention in the tri-state area! Check your schedules for a late addition. Don't miss our panel discussion on action figure organization titled "Alphabetically, Chronologically or YOLO not at all." It's on at CultCon!

FEBF: Are they under new management or something. There's really some weird shit they got going on here. Why are they teaching us how to organize dolls?

RICK: All of these are pretty much the same. Pretty standard stuff?

FEBF: Are you kiddin me? I mean don't get me wrong Europe-boy is funny but not the typical crowd. And they got some pretty out-there workshops this year too. I just don't want you to get a bad impression of your first CultCon. It's usually much better than this.

RICK: Well, it's my first time at this one but it's not my first con. Cultcon never really worked out with my schedule before this year.

FEBF: Well, you seem like Mr. Popular. Europe boy was all smitten with ya. I'm FlatEarthBigfoot.

RICK: FlatEarthBigfoot? That's your name? Was your mother high?

FEBF: My mother is always high but that's beside the point. It's my username pal.

RICK: I'm Rick Richardson!

FEBF: Never heard of ya.

RICK: And what's your real name?

FEBF: (*becoming agitated*) Who you workin for huh?! Why you want to know my real name?

RICK: I don't care about your name!

FEBF: You're damned right you don't care you lizard-brained, chemtrail-huffing deep-state intern! We don't use our real names at CultCon! What's your username, huh?!

RICK: What are you talking about?

FEBF: What other name do you go by? Prove it or I'm going to Illuminati the truth out of you!

RICK: What is your problem man! I guess most people call me SnoodlePuff.

FEBF: Huh?

RICK: SnoodlePuff.

FEBF: What? Like the TV show?

RICK: Yes, like the TV show!

FEBF: (*instantly agitated*) You take that television icon's name out of your dirty mouth! You can't identity theft SnoodlePuff!

RICK: Just stop! I'm SnoodlePuff. I'm Rick Richardson I play SnoodlePuff on TV.

FEBF: Oh yea?! And I'm the Princess of Canada!

KEITH enters in his plain form.

KEITH: Hi guys! How's it going! I just got here! Wow what a trip, I didn't think I'd make it here in time. I wanted to get here earlier but I literally just got here just now for the first time. (*approaches both and addresses FEBF*). Hi, how's it going?

FEBF: Who the hell are you?

KEITH: What do you mean? We just met... (*realizing*) is what I would say...about... right now. The moment in which we have met...for the first time. I'm Keith.

FEBF: You're weird and I don't like you.

KEITH: Mr. SnoodlePuff. Can I call you that? Or was Mr. SnoodlePuff your father's name (*laughs awkwardly*) Oh man, I'm nervous. It's so good to meet you in person. Could I get a photo and an autograph?

RICK: (*laughing*) Ooooh, so you're Keith. (*to FEBF*) Hey Bigfoot.

FEBF: That's FlatEarthBigFoot. FEBF. Feb-if for short.

RICK: Yea, whatever. What was your European friend's name?

FEBF: (*trying to figure it out*) Umm it was... um... ultraman... superboy... alternate alter... AlterBoy!

KEITH: I'm pretty sure it's UltraDude.

FEBF: Nah, that's not it. Um...ultraboy...alterman... maximum... maximum man. MaxiMan!

KEITH: (*frustrated and yelling*) Ultradude! It's definitely Ultradude!

FEBF: *(motions with his fingers that he's watching him)* I'm watching you pal.

RICK: *(to KEITH)* As much as I'd love to take your money, I'm just very distracted right now. I really want to talk to UltraDude so I can thank him for all he does, fighting crime and protecting people.

KEITH: Oh, I'm sure he knows.

RICK: Maybe, but I wish I could be sure. I wish I could tell him face-to-face right now.

KEITH: Unrelated change of topic. *(starts to back out of the room)* I... had... a long flight soooo... *(awkwardly)* I need to evacuate my bladder. Right now. I'M GONNA PISS MYSELF! If I see Ultradude I will let you know.

KEITH exits.

RICK: *(laughing)* I really do love messing with these people.

FEBF: I don't trust that guy...

RICK: He's harmless, just stupid.

FEBF: We'll see about that *(starts to exit following KEITH)*. I'm going to tail him. I might have to warn UltraDude about him. He seems a little stalker-ish.

RICK: What are you talking about? They're the same?

FEBF: Ha! They ain't the same. Ultradude is good people, but this guy is a wackadoodle. I'd watch my back if I were you. You don't need a bunch of crazies following you around.

RICK: That's literally my life. It's like playing whack-a-mole. You knock one crazy down and another (*makes a pop noise with his mouth*) pops up.

FEBF: Okay, gotta run before I lose em! I'm tellin' ya he's a nut.

FEBF exits. TAMMY enters.

RICK: Takes one to know one, I guess.

TAMMY notices RICK and lets out an excited scream. She is darting all over the place but inching closer to him.

TAMMY: (*screaming and hyperventilating*) Oh my god! It's you! Is it you? It is YOU!

RICK: Oh god, another one. (*trying to be nice*) Well hello there!

TAMMY: You're here. I'm here. WE? WE! WE are both here? I think I'm going to be sick (*makes a puking noise*).

RICK: Are you okay?

TAMMY: (*screams*) Don't talk to me! Not now! (*makes puking noise*) Not like this!

RICK: Alright, I have to go get changed.

TAMMY: (*screaming*) Ahhhh! Get changed, it really is you! You're SnoodlePuff! You're really him!

RICK: Sure am, now if you'll excuse me, I've got to get my microphone on and then get in costume. If you catch me later, I'll get you an autograph or something. Get there early, lines can get long. Oh, and bring cash.

TAMMY: SHUT UP! (*walks slowly to him*) I... am... your biggest fan (*doubles over and makes puking noises*).

RICK: Okay, thanks, bye.

TAMMY: Oh shit... I really screwed this up, didn't I?

RICK: Yep.

TAMMY: (*starts to cry*) I can't feel my legs... is that bad? (*starts to dry heave*)

RICK: I think you should like... go somewhere... and calm down.

TAMMY: Can you just forget this ever happened.

RICK: I will never forget this.

TAMMY: Oh... my... God... You're going to remember who I am?

RICK: Of course, and so will anyone who reads the restraining order. Have a nice life. (*pats her on the shoulder*)

RICK exits while TAMMY goes catatonic.

TAMMY: (*comes to and frantically paces around the room*) He touched me! HE TOUCHED ME?! What should I do? I can't shower anymore! Oh my god I'm going to start to smell? He touched me! Does this mean I'm pregnant? Wait, it doesn't work that way. Oh my god, I'll never have a baby... who wants a baby with a smelly freak (*starts to sob*).

TAMMY exits. TRISH enters. During TRISH's streaming, POODLESNUFF enters and eventually gets in frame with her video.

TRISH: Hi fam! So, I may have just made out with the cutest guy. Pretty sure he's perfect and we'll probably get engaged or whatever. *(let's out an exaggerated excited squeal)* I mean, love can find you anywhere, am I right?

POODLESNUFF gets in her shot.

TRISH: *(to POODLESNUFF)* Ummm... excuse me... ewwww.. Like, get the hell away from me! *(to the phone)* I'm sorry friends but I have to deal with a pest really quick but I'll be back later, pinky promise. Okay bye, I love you! Do you love me more? No, I love you more! *(makes kissing noises and then motions to stop the stream. She then turns to POODLESNUFF)*. What in the unholy hell are you doing you piece of garbage. How many times have I told you to leave me alone?!

POODLESNUFF shrugs.

TRISH: Ugggg! I'm so sick of you! You're a gross, handsy little creep and nobody likes you!

POODLESNUFF gestures in shock and then gestures to her phone.

TRISH: Yes! I know you have more subscribers than me! That doesn't mean anything! You're a fad, just a recent trend that's gonna get gobbled up by the algorithm when some new weirdo comes along. I've been consistent for years! You will be irrelevant.

POODLESNUFF slumps and begins weeping.

TRISH: Stop it!

POODLESNUFF is more exaggerated and the sobs get louder.

TRISH: Oh... my... G.. I said stop it! (*rushes towards him in a whisper and awkwardly smiles at the audience*) You know everybody has their phone out all the time. The last thing I need is some leaked video of me accosting a furball.

POODLESNUFF is even louder.

TRISH: (*whispering*) Shut up! Shut up! (*notices someone in the audience supposedly beginning to film*) Oh you don't have to film this, no no, don't... okay, I guess you're gonna film this. (*now playing to the audience in an overacting tone*). There there, you poor, puppet-type... thing. Do not cry, I'm here to help you.

POODLESNUFF immediately stops sobbing, stands up straight and extends his arms for a hug.

TRISH: (*still overacting*) Oh, no thank you. I'm all out of hugs today.

POODLESNUFF begins sobbing again.

TRISH: (*gritting her teeth*) Don't cry little one. Just stop your crying! (*break*) Shut up!

POODLESNUFF stops sobbing and looks at her. TRISH looks around at the audience trying to figure out how to cover.

TRISH: Um.... shut... shut up! Soooo, that I can give you the biggest hug! Yay! A hug for you!

POODLESNUFF stands up straight again and opens his arms. TRISH slowly approaches getting a whiff of his smelly suit and inching closer unwillingly. When she is close enough, POODLESNUFF quickly wraps his arms

around her and she reacts and protests. POODLESNUFF continues to hug and shake her around and starts rubbing her back and such. Just then, CHAD enters dressed in his full unicorn costume.

CHAD: Unhand her! *(he gallops over clicking his hooves together to make galloping noises).* I said let her go!

CHAD gets to POODLESNUFF and grabs him and throws him off of her. TRISH is thrown aside and tries to catch her breath.

CHAD: Don't you know how to treat a lady. Get the hell out of here or I'm going to trample you!

POODLESNUFF gets up and runs off. CHAD approaches TRISH.

CHAD: *(to TRISH)* Are you okay? That creep was all over you!

TRISH: *(composing herself and turning around)* I'm fine, you're my knight in shining *(notices him)* holy horse! Um... hey... what... uh what's with the outfit.

CHAD: *(prances around showing it off)* Oh do you like it?

TRISH: I think I must have hit my head or something, I'm hallucinating.

CHAD: Oh no! You hit your head?

TRISH: I must have, you look like you're a unicorn dancing around the room.

CHAD: Oh, yea, this is my Uni-bro costume.

TRISH: A uni-what?

CHAD: Uni-bro. It's a community of guys that like the *Sparkle Unicorn Stampede* cartoon series.

TRISH: A uni-sparkle what?!

CHAD: (*sing the title and prances*) Sparkle Unicorn Stampede!
They call me Glitterhoof!

TRISH: What is happening today!

CHAD: Wow, you're really shook up from that guy.

TRISH: No, no, that's normal, he's always a creep. But I don't know what the hell is going on with you. You came in here earlier and you were so manly and normal and then we made out and then you turned into a uni-freak.

CHAD: Hey, you don't need to be rude!

TRISH: I'm rude?! You are a closeted unicorn! You didn't tell me that before we were feeling each other up!

CHAD: Hey, you were the one that came on to me. And yea, we made out. I was horny and now I'm horn-y. So what?

TRISH: Why does this stuff happen to me! I always find the weirdos and now I get a uni... uni...

FEBF enters with KEITH dressed as UltraDude.

CHAD: Bro.

TRISH: (*starts crying*) Uni-bro...

FEBF: What in the hell is going on here!?

CHAD: There was just a little confusion...

TRISH: *(sobbing)* I got to second base with a UNICORN!

CHAD: Some furry creep was getting a little too friendly with her. I threw him off and he ran off.

KEITH: This sounds like a job for Ultradude!

KEITH darts around the room making whooshing noises and then exits.

FEBF: That's it! I can't do it anymore! This convention has changed. The whole country has gone to hell in a hand basket! And ain't it just my luck. I find a convention where like-minded conspiracy theorists can get together and share a good time and all of a sudden, it's filled with a bunch of costumed weirdos.

CHAD: Conspiracy theorists?

FEBF: Oh, la dee fricken da! Is that term too woke now too?! What am I supposed to call myself, huh? A Tin-Foil Trendsetter... a plot-twist enthusiast... Freelance Government-Plot Auditor? Huh?!

CHAD: No no, look I'm just asking what you mean about conspiracy theorists getting together. Getting together where?

FEBF: Am I losing my mind?! Here! At CultCon, the countries' most recognized conspiracy theorist gathering.

TRISH: *(who has calmed herself a bit)* Um... this is "Culture" Con...

FEBF: It's CultCon as in a cult of CON-spiracy theorists. The word cult gets a bad wrap, it's technically just a group of people with shared beliefs.

TRISH: Cult is short for "Culture" as in pop culture. You're at the wrong convention, my guy.

FEBF: Shit! Are you kiddin me?! That's the stupidest name for a pop culture convention I've ever heard.

TRISH: Well, there were some legal disputes with the name "Culture Con." Another big convention trademarked it and sent out a cease-and-desist order. So, this convention decided to shorten it to CultCon.

FEBF: So, someone stole Culture Con and then THEY turned around and stole my CultCon's name? Sons-a-bitches! They can't do this! I'd like to speak to the manager!

CHAD: Simmer down Karen, you made an honest mistake. You registered for the wrong convention.

FEBF: I didn't do nothin! "Big Convention" bent me over and stuck it to me. That's what they did, and I want a refund and to give them a piece of my mind.

CHAD: Just chill out.

FEBF: Oh, I'm as chill as the ice-wall at the edge of the earth, don't tell me to chill!

TRISH: Well, if you want to complain then go talk to the CEO of CultCon.

FEBF: Where's he at?!

TRISH: So, the CEO is a really nice person that I'm sure will hear your concerns. He's actually so nice he likes to give back a lot. He wears a costume and walks around the convention floor just to meet people.

FEBF: Really?

TRISH: Yea, it's like a makeshift SnoodlePuff outfit. It smells a little bit but that's just because he spends so much time in it meeting the fans.

FEBF: Well, he's about to meet an anti-fan. Always trying to keep the little guy down.

FEBF *exits*.

CHAD: So, wait, that weirdo in the suit that was accosting you is the convention CEO?

TRISH: (*laughs*) No! I just figured that would keep him busy and out of our hair.

CHAD: Oh, you're bad...

TRISH: (*flirting*) No you are...(*remembering*) are still a horse-man.

CHAD: Uni-bro. Look, I'm sorry if you felt deceived. I guess I didn't realize it was an issue.

TRISH: Why did you hide it?

CHAD: I didn't hide anything. You were all over me before I even got changed.

TRISH: But, but it's weird.

CHAD: People are weird. Some dress like unicorns, some are conspiracy theorists, some put their every waking minute online for the world to see just to get a few clicks (*imitating her*) “Hi fam, like, subscribe, and follow. Love you! (*makes kissing noise*).

TRISH: (*jokingly*) Ahh! That is NOT what I sound like!

CHAD: (*playfully*) Sure you don’t.

TRISH: (*approaches him and jokingly pushing him*) Stop it!

CHAD: (*grabs her flirtatiously*) Do you like horseback riding?

RICK starts to enter in costume.

TRISH: Oh you’re (*imitating a sheep*) baaaaaaaaaaaaad.

CHAD looks at her oddly.

TRISH: Okay, yea, that’s a sheep. Never mind. I’m trying.

CHAD: It’s the thought that counts.

RICK: Oh, I’m sorry, am I interrupting barnyard playtime?

TRISH: (*overly dramatic*) Why can’t you just die already!

CHAD: Hey man, I like your SnoodlePuff outfit, it’s pretty accurate.

RICK: I should hope so, it’s the real costume.

CHAD: How’d you get your hands on an authentic costume?

RICK: I’m the real Snoodle. You didn’t know that?

CHAD: (to *TRISH*) Your ex is the real SnoodlePuff?!

TRISH: The real Snoodle and also a real piece of crap.

CHAD: I watch your show a lot because it comes on before *Sparkle Unicorn Stampede*. You have a great timeslot! I always have to stay up late to catch my show.

KEITH enters in his plain clothes.

KEITH: Hey everybody!

RICK: (to *KEITH*) Not now, Keith! Quick, go find Ultradude for me!

KEITH: But I just changed... I mean just got here!

RICK: Now!

KEITH: Dammit!

FEBF enters as KEITH exits.

FEBF: What a prick that guy is. How does a guy like that become a CEO of anything? He doesn't even talk, just dances around like a fool. (*noticing RICK*) Hey! It's Snoodle! At least there's one good thing about today! Oh! Hey Snoodle! Will you sing the happy-wappy-tappy song?

RICK: Not now man.

FEBF: Ahh come on, it would cheer me up.

RICK: Well, it's not my job to cheer you up so get lost.

FEBF: *(takes out his gun and points it at RICK)* I said I need this, so sing!

RICK who is shocked starts immediately singing.

RICK:

SnoodlePuff is here today,
Hip-hooray, hip-hooray!
Wiggly giggles all the way
Come on, friends, it's time to play!

FEBF: See! That wasn't so hard! It's happy-wappy!

RICK stands silently after apparently appeasing FEBF.

FEBF: *(gestures the gun)* Did I say stop!?

RICK starts up again.

RICK:

It's the Happy Wappy Tappy Song!
Come on, come on, sing along!
Tap your troubles out all day,
In the SnoodlePuffy way!

FEBF: *(waving the gun)* Now dance Snoodle!

RICK continues singing and starts dancing to the words.

RICK:

Tap your toes and clap your hands,
SnoodlePuff loves happy lands!
Bounce around like jiggly jelly,
Wobble-wobble belly-belly!

FEBF: *(points the gun at TRISH and CHAD)* You two join in!

BOTH protest a bit.

FEBF: *(waving the gun)* I said join! *(starts waving the gun at the audience too)*

TAMMY enters.

RICK, TRISH, CHAD:

It's the Happy Wappy Tappy Song!
Come on, come on, sing along!
Tap your toes and clap your hands,
In the Puff-a-riffic land!

TAMMY: Awwwwwww! *(starts approaching RICK)* Honey! It's our song! *(tries to go in for a kiss).*

RICK: *(backing away)* Whoa, whoa! What the hell are you doing?!

TAMMY: I was just going to give you a little kiss as a thank you for this romantic gesture. The whole room is singing OUR song!

RICK: What are you talking about?! I don't want a kiss from you! And this is a song from my show!

FEBF: I can't even get happiness at gunpoint. *(puts the gun away).*

TAMMY: Darling, you don't have to be shy, you can tell the truth.

RICK: This chick is coo-coo!

TAMMY: Don't worry dear, I'll take care of it. Let's rip off the bandage and let the world know. Everyone, I have a confession. I snoodled his puff!

FEBF: What the hell is that supposed to mean?

TAMMY: We did something unsavory... in the closet. It was filthy and wrong but oh so right! And I don't regret it! Don't hide our love, precious! Shout it from the rooftops!

TRISH: (to *RICK*) So you bumped fur with her in the closet?!

RICK: (*disgusted*) Oh! Oh no! I have standards!

TRISH: You have no standards.

RICK: You should talk! I'm sure you've already taken a ride on My Little Moany over there?

TRISH: I didn't ride anyone... we just made out a little bit.

CHAD: *whinnies*

TRISH: (to *CHAD*) You aren't helping.

FEBF: Hey! Shush up! We'll get to their horseplay in a bit but first I wanna hear about this fur fest. (to *TAMMY*) So what happened?

TAMMY: I was just standing there, minding my own business when a door behind me creaked open. I felt a soft furry hand on my shoulder and it guided me into the closet.

RICK: These are all lies!

CHAD: (to *TAMMY*) Wait, was the room dark?

TAMMY: Yes, the mood was set as his paws caressed me.

CHAD: Did he say anything to you?

TAMMY: He didn't have to say anything! Our bodies did the talking!

RICK: Wait a minute, did the room happen to smell like piss?

TAMMY: Well, yes, but I don't judge.

CHAD: Uh oh!

RICK: Look I don't know how to break it to you, but it was not, is not and will never be me in a closet with you.

TAMMY: What?! If it wasn't you then who was it?

Just then POODLESNUFF enters with music playing and everyone peers at him.

TAMMY: Oh my god!

CHAD: Hey, cut the music, will ya!

POODLESNUFF presses the button to shut off the music.

TRISH: Just a little advice, you may want to use some hand sanitizer.

RICK: Hell, she may want to gargle it too.

TAMMY: This is terrible! I thought it was you! I love SnoodlePuff! We were meant to be together!

KEITH enters wearing his hero costume.

FEBF: Ha! This is great! She diddled the furry fleabag! That's pretty nasty. He's like Satan's hairball!

KEITH: She did what?!

TAMMY: Keith?!

KEITH: Tammy!

TRISH: You two know each other?

KEITH: She's my wife!

FEBF: Who needs conspiracies with this much drama!

CHAD: *(to TRISH)* I think maybe we should get going.

TRISH: Yea, we're gonna just... leave. So, you guys figure all this out amongst yourself.

CHAD: Let's ride!

CHAD gallops off and TRISH, embarrassed, exist with him.

RICK: Well, I guess you don't need a fourth in your little love triangle. I'm out too. *(he exits)*

FEBF: *(to TAMMY and KEITH)* So now what?

TAMMY: Would you get the hell out of here!

FEBF: Fine, I know when I'm not wanted. Sheesh. *(FEBF exits)*

TAMMY: Look, Keith.

KEITH: You can go too!

TAMMY: Look, I'm sorry, I can explain.

KEITH: (in Ultradude voice) I said go! I want a word with this furball alone.

TAMMY starts crying and runs off. She exits.

KEITH: (to POODLESNUFF as Ultradude) How dare you! What were you thinking sleeping with Keith's wife? With his... (changes to KEITH's voice) with my... my did you sleep with my wife man?!

POODLESNUFF shrugs.

KEITH: You think you can just do whatever you want because you're in some cute little costume?

POODLESNUFF shrugs.

KEITH: Are you going to talk to me like a man or just keep shrugging, huh?!

POODLESNUFF shrugs. KEITH starts to aggressively approach him. POODLESNUFF puts his hands up to stop him and begins talking within the costume.

POODLESNUFF: (mumbling)

KEITH: What?

POODLESNUFF: (mumbling)

KEITH: I don't understand!

POODLESNUFF: (*mumbling and eventually takes off the costume's head*) Look man, I don't know what you want from me.

KEITH: I want to know why you slept with my wife.

POODLESNUFF: Well, I mean, we didn't do much sleepin.

KEITH: (*starts to charge him*) You son-of-a...

POODLESNUFF: Chill man, geez! Look, I was there, she was there. It was nothing personal or nothing. I'll do just about anything to get a new subscriber.

KEITH: You'll screw someone's wife for a follow?!

POODLESNUFF: I mean...

KEITH: This is insane!

POODLESNUFF: Look man, I'm just here because they pay me to be here. Money is money bro. Look man, a few years ago I was living on the streets.

KEITH: (*changing his tone*) Oh. Wow, I'm sorry to hear that.

POODLESNUFF: Nah, it's fine bro. I ended up finding this costume in a dumpster and was wearing it just to keep warm. I woke up one day on the sidewalk and there were a bunch of coins and bills in front of me. That afternoon someone asked for my photo and gave me ten bucks. I started hustling Snoodle-pics and was finally eating again. I even sold clippings of my suit on OnlyFurryFur.com.

KEITH: Ummm... okay.

POODLESNUFF: Then I met some influencer one day that did a dance video with me and it went viral. (*dances a bit*) I ended up making my own account and everything just blew up. They are even talking about giving me my own TV show now. Can you imagine bro, that'll be lit! I've even heard rumors they may cancel the Snoodle show. He's old news bro. He's like history channel old.

KEITH: I still don't get how this has anything to do with my wife.

POODLESNUFF: Look man, like I said, I'm here for cash-ola. I hate these events. People are crazy here. There's this Uni-bro that wanted to kick my ass already today because I was gettin fresh with Trish. And she hates me because I have more followers than her. Then this weirdo with a gun came up to me saying how he wanted a refund. I threw twenty bucks at him and he said he'd be back for the rest. I hid in the closet for a bit and when I came out I saw a fine booty and I decided to shoot my shot.

KEITH: Hey! Don't talk about my wife that way!

POODLESNUFF: I didn't know she was married bro.

KEITH: (*changes his tone again*) Oh man. I didn't know that.

POODLESNUFF: I mean, that wouldn't have stopped me though. She's fine.

KEITH: (*starts to chase him*) You piece of crap! I'll kill you!

POODLESNUFF: (*running away*) Dude, it's not my fault! They can't resist the Snoodle.

KEITH: You're not even SnoodlePuff!

POODLESNUFF: Nah, man I'm better. I'm more fun! Maybe she'd be with you if you weren't wearing that stupid outfit.

KEITH: *(stops)* My stupid outfit?! Look at you! Look, you stay away from me and my wife, got it!?

POODLESNUFF: Don't hate the fur...*(spins and points his fingers at KEITH)*... hate the game.

KEITH: *(yells)* Ahhhh! Okay, I'm going to leave before I do something I'll regret! *(starts to exit)*

POODLESNUFF: No regrets bro! Closet love is love too, ya feel me?

KEITH exits and POODLESNUFF fills some time with audience interactions and gathering his stereo. (Some lines are written below but they can be expanded upon if additional time is needed).

POODLESNUFF: Daaaaang bro, why does everyone hate me so much? *(asks some audience members and reacts accordingly)* Do you hate me? What about you? And you.. Well, nevermind, I guess I don't really care about you. I'm just trying to get along, man. Gotta make that cheddar. *(remembering)* Oh yea! I almost forgot, I got some baggies of used fur left over if anyone wants some. Original sweat and everything. *(again, to the audience)* You want one? You? You know what, have some on the house. It's all about the comeback sometimes.

Someone in the SnoodlePuff costume enters and approaches POODLESNUFF.

POODLESNUFF: Okay, well, this has been fun and all, but I got places to go and closets to desecrate.

POODLESNUFF turns around and sees Snoodle.

POODLESNUFF: Ahhh, dammit. Listen man, I don't get paid enough to put up with this bullshit. Just waddle your furry ass away and leave me alone.

Snoodle continues to approach and eventually gets right next to POODLESNUFF and pushes him.

POODLESNUFF: Bro! What the hell is your problem? Ain't there no honor among furries no more?

Snoodle pushes him again.

POODLESNUFF: Oh, you wanna go! Okay, let's dance you prick!

POODLESNUFF puts his head back on and picks up the stereo high for everyone to see and then clicks a button. Some epic fight music begins to play. Just then SNOODLEPUFF punches him in the stomach. POODLESNUFF kicks SNOODLEPUFF making him double over and stagger away. POODLESNUFF takes the stereo in both hands and smashes it down on SNOODLEPUFF's head as he's standing up. The action causes the music on the stereo to change to some wacky children's music. This underscores the remainder of the fight. POODLESNUFF puts the stereo on the ground. The fight continues until eventually Snoodle gets the upper hand and puts POODLESNUFF into a headlock. He continues to choke him as POODLESNUFF struggles. Eventually he guides him to the ground until POODLESNUFF remains lifeless on the floor.

SNOODLEPUFF looks around at the audience who are all potential witnesses, becomes frantic, and rushes out of the room.

(Announcements start to play which cuts off the music and provide potential cover time for the killer to change costumes)

ANNOUNCER: Greetings convention guests! Thank you for attending this year's CultCon! We hope you're enjoying your day of panels, vendors, and awesome surprises!

A quick schedule reminder of tomorrow's keynote presentation, 'Staying Alive,' in Ballroom C. You'll learn the top 10 ways to survive during a zombie apocalypse. The tips are truly to die for!

And no, you're not seeing double! This year's meet and greet will feature TV's very own Rick Richardson as SnoodlePuff along with his real-life alter ego and social media sensation PoodleSnuff! Which one would you like to meet? Well, we say, why choose?! You can do it all here at CultCon!

Also, we're aware of some recent wi-fi, cellular and satellite disruptions occurring at our venue. We're investigating the cause and will update you as we know more.

Thank you for your attention and enjoy the rest of CultCon!

KEITH enters in plain clothes and TAMMY chases after him.

KEITH: I don't want to talk about it.

TAMMY: I'm soooo sorry! Look, I just don't want you to do anything stupid.

KEITH: You should take your own advice! Dammit he's gone. I was just yelling at him a little bit ago.

TAMMY: It's not his fault.

KEITH: Look, I thought of a few things I'd like to say to him that I couldn't think of at the moment, and I think yelling them at him now will make me feel better.

*KEITH eventually stumbles, almost literally, upon
POODLESNUFF and looks down at him shocked.*

TAMMY: Please, just don't make it worse than it already is. Promise me you won't talk to him.

KEITH: I promise.

TAMMY: Thank you! I appreciate you hearing me out!

KEITH: It's not because of you.

TAMMY: What?

KEITH: I'm not going to talk to him because... I think he's dead.

TAMMY: Oh my god! You killed him!?

KEITH: I didn't kill him!

TAMMY: But you said you confronted him!

KEITH: But I didn't kill him! Maybe you killed him!

TAMMY: How would I kill him?!

KEITH: Maybe he had a heart attack after doing closet squats with my wife!

TAMMY starts sobbing. CHAD comes galloping in.

CHAD: *(stopping himself)* Woooooah, woooah there. *(to KEITH)* What's going on with her?

KEITH: She's upset because the Snoodle wannabe is dead!

CHAD: What?! What happened?

KEITH: We don't know we just found him like this!

FEBF enters laughing.

FEBF: Oh boy I got em good! *(notices the others in shock)* Heeeey, why the long faces.

CHAD: *(annoyed)* Ha ha ha. I get it, I'm a unicorn and horses have long faces.

FEBF: No, I meant you all look like someone died.

TAMMY: Because someone is dead!

TRISH enters short of breath and disheveled.

TRISH: Is anyone else having issues getting online? My phone is just not connecting!

CHAD: Now's not the time.

An announcement starts.

ANNOUNCER: (clears throat and not in his typical announcer fashion) Heyyy there.. um... attendees. What a fun day we are having! I was just recently reliving some of our awesome convention moments from our security feed... and um... if you happened to see it too then... um... just be aware that the commotion in the main showroom was a special film and stage combat workshop... yea a really great workshop and two of our celebrities volunteered to participate. And everything is good. Yea, yep. Everyone is safe because it was all part of a well-rehearsed and very safe demonstration so don't worry at all about anything and just...you know... go about your day and maybe stay clear of the main conference showroom for a little while. Oh, and as I mentioned before (*hear papers shuffling... clears throat and tries to sound natural*) no you're not seeing double... This year's meet and greet will feature TV's very own Rick Richardson as SnoodlePuff along with his real life alter ego and social media sensation PoodleSnuff! Which one would you like to meet? Well we say, why... (*clears throat*) Well we say..definitely choose. Choose SnoodlePuff because.. You know, he's the original.

OTHER VOICE: (*another voice whispers over the sound system*) But what if he's arrested?!

ANNOUNCER: (*replies in a whisper*) Oh shit! Arrested, of course he'll be arrested, now what the hell do we do?

OTHER VOICE: (*replies in a whisper*) You're still on! Say something!

ANNOUNCER: (*clears throat*) Well, well we say why choose one, when you could choose none! Because, you know... they always say never meet your heroes... so yea. Go CultureCon! Okay, bye!

KEITH: Did you hear that! SnoodlePuff killed PoodleSnuff! Man, that sounds so ridiculous to say that out loud.

TRISH: Didn't you listen? It was a workshop, guys!

CHAD: Well, actually (*points to POODLESNUFF*).

TRISH: He looks like he's dead!

FEBF: He IS dead, you dumb...dusty...claptrap!

TRISH: He's dead?! How! Why?!

CHAD: Look, asking the same questions over and over isn't going to get us any answers

TAMMY: We have to call the police!

TRISH: I would but my phone doesn't work.

FEBF starts chuckling at himself.

CHAD: What's so funny?

FEBF: None of your phones will work. (*chuckles*)

KEITH: What are you talking about?

FEBF: Well since this stupid convention duped me into thinking it was the REAL CultCon I decided to give them a present myself. I set up a signal jammer so all comms will be down for a while! (*yells to the sky*) Take that convention overlords!

CHAD: What the hell man?!

RICK bursts in tied up and gagged in boxers and an undershirt. He's mumbling loudly through his gag. CHAD gallops over to help him.

TRISH: What the hell happened to you?!

RICK is mumbling trying to talk as CHAD helps to unbind him.

CHAD: Oh damn! Your head is bleeding!

RICK: (*winded*) I know, it hurts! I was in my dressing room and just as I was about to stand up and something hit me hard in the head and I blacked out. When I came to, I was lying on the floor like this, bound and gagged. Someone stole the Snoodle costume and left me in my underwear!

TRISH: Oh no!

CHAD: (*taking charge*) Look, the announcement said they saw Snoodle and Poodle fighting. PoodleSnuff is dead. Someone knocked Rick over the head, stole his costume, and murdered Poodle. If we can't call the cops right away, we should at least start asking ourselves who would have wanted him dead. It could even be one of you.

FEBF: Whoa whoa whoa! Don't get ahead of yourself. I watch a lot of TV, and I do mean a lot. Every murder mystery has some big shot towards the end that takes charge of everything and starts the investigation and all the finger pointing. Nobody ever suspects em. Well bub, you're not getting off that easy!

CHAD: I'm just trying to figure out who killed an innocent man.

KEITH: Well, what about who tried to frame Rick. There wouldn't be any other reason to steal the costume than to try to place blame on him. There was an assault and a murder!

FEBF: Where is UltraDude when you need him? He's smart, he'd probably know what to do.

KEITH: Are you serious?

FEBF: What?

KEITH: I'm UltraDude!

FEBF: Ha! You wish you were half the man Ultradude is!

KEITH: (*alters his voice a bit*) I'm UltraDude!

FEBF: That's not bad but I'm not buying it.

KEITH: (*add poses to the voice*) I... am... UltraDude! Wooosh!

FEBF: (*start to short circuit*) Huh! Wha! But! Uh! What fresh hell is this! You're Ultradude?!

CHAD: Well, it was pretty obvious.

FEBF: Everyone here is a liar! I don't trust any of you! Any one of you could have killed the CEO? Maybe it was a conspiracy! Maybe all of you killed him!

KEITH: The CEO?

FEBF: Yea the CEO! The Communist Espionage Oligarch!

KEITH: I think CEO stands for Chief Executive Officer?

FEBF: Whatever! Look, Snuffles the Poodle or whatever was the convention CEO.

TRISH: Well, actually, that was a tiny lie too.

FEBF: What?!

FEBF runs over to POODLE and takes off the costume head.

FEBF: What the hell! It's not the CEO! Or, actually, is it? I don't know what the CEO looks like.

TRISH: It's not.

FEBF: What the hell! The coverup goes deeper than I thought! *(takes out a tinfoil helmet and puts it on)* I need to take a walk!

CHAD: Don't go too far!

FEBF: *(pulls out and waves his gun)* I'll do what I want!

FEBF exits.

CHAD: *(referring to the body)* Does anyone know who he is?

KEITH: I talked to him. He was just some guy, he just plays PoodleSnuff for money and he said he used to be homeless!

TAMMY: Oh no! He was homeless and then he was murdered!

TAMMY starts wailing again.

KEITH: Oh, shut it Tammy! I know it must be really tough for you that your lover's dead!

TAMMY wails even louder.

KEITH: Good grief, okay, I'm going to go get her into somewhere more soundproof, maybe shove a pill or two in her to calm her down.

TAMMY continues to sob as KEITH escorts her out.

RICK: I'm going to go try to find some clothes.

TRISH: (to CHAD) Look, he's an asshole but I'm going to go help him, especially if he has a head injury.

CHAD: Yea, go help him.

TRISH gives him a kiss on the cheek. He whinnies and stomps his foot on the ground like a hoof. TRISH approaches RICK to help him.

TRISH: (to RICK) Okay, let's get you back to your dressing room and get you cleaned up a bit.

RICK: What the hell are you being nice for? Did hell freeze over?

TRISH smacks him on his head wound.

RICK: Son-of-a! Owwwwwww!

TRISH: Oh, I'm sorry did that hurt? I thought maybe I'd knock the jerk out of you.

RICK: (yells to CHAD) Hey pony boy, why don't you clean up the puddle of fur so he doesn't smell up the place!

TRISH and RICK exit.

CHAD: *(yells off to them)* Oh, come on! *(takes a moment to look at POODLESNUFF and consider it)* Yea, I'm not touching that. *(walks away from him and paces around)* Well, the optics of this can't be great. A knockoff Snoodle is murdered by someone in the real SnoodlePuff costume and it's caught on camera at a very public event. I mean silver linings I guess.. if Snoodle get's cancelled there's a good chance another show could take its place... *(evil laughter that leads into a whinny)* *Sparkle Unicorn Stampede!* This is gonna be great for the bros. *(in full Uni-Bro mode)* Hooves up, horns bright! Sparkle Stampede, unite! CHAAARRGGGEEEE!

CHAD gallops off and exits.

END OF ACT I

NOTE: *During intermission POODLE remained on the ground. We used poles and caution tape to rope him off from the audience for his safety. This ended up being a humorous and popular part of the show with audience members taking selfies with Poodle's body. If this is not possible logistically, you can remove the body, and an adjustments could be made to the end of the script to remove his final lines.*

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 Comic Convention 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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