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REALITY BITES BACK!

An Audience Participation Murder-Mystery

by

EILEEN MOUSHEY

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INTRODUCTION

This script gives a complete description of the action, characterization, improvisations and all the dialogue. UPON ORDERING PRODUCTION MATERIALS and ADDITIONAL SCRIPTS you have permission to:

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- change local references to your own.
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When you order Production Materials and additional scripts for your performance(s) you will receive a REALITY BITES Production Packet and a Production Manual, electronically.

The Production Manual will also help you in adapting and marketing your event and covers things like time frame, logistics and and much, much more. The Production Manual is the same for all shows.

GENERAL PRODUCTION NOTES

The evening is billed as the finale of a local reality competition - "Beyond Endurance."

The script will refer to the "stage" and REALITY can be done in a traditional theatre setting. But it can also be done anywhere that has a playing area visible to all. In a non-theatre setting, some of the exits/entrances will mean leaving the room, as there is no backstage. There is no set for REALITY BITES, although the playing area could be decorated with potted trees, rocks, etc. This is to make it look like the woods where the contestants spent the last week. A large oversized check is on a covered easel to one side of the playing area.

We usually have the audience grouped into teams of detectives (6 - 8 works best). This can be done ahead of time through ticketing. Encouraging groups to buy tickets together ahead of time is the easiest way to set up teams. Or the seating can determine the teams, using rows or partial rows. If being performed as dinner theatre, each table is a team. While you can do the show as an individual or couples event, we've found that teams are a lot more fun.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARTIN DUCKWORTH - host and producer of BEYOND ENDURANCE. Marty is a real jokester, sarcastic, and quite manic. Moves and talks fast. Marty is a mega wheeler-dealer, with a long-standing friendly rivalry with Donald Trump. His latest venture is DUCKWORTH SNACK FOODS. In the contest he's offering a one million dollar prize and a chance to run DSF. 40's or older.

CHIP CORBITT - a survivalist and veteran of the Merchant Marine. Dressed in full military fatigues and helmet, which are a little worse for wear, including a rip at the shoulder which gives a glimpse of his tattoo. Chip is very much a loner and very independent. Would love to live off the land, in the woods. Currently, though, his job as a short order cook in a diner makes that impossible. Chip hasn't had a date in many, many years. Any age.

PETE FOX - a roofer and widower with 6 children, all under the age of 7. Dressed in flannel shirt, jeans, and work boots. The ultimate "Dad," Pete is always on the lookout for a mother for his children. Since he spends so much time with the little ones, he feels obliged to explain and describe everything as if to a small child. Pete hasn't had a SECOND date in many, many years. 30s-40s.

MARSHA LANG - a feminist. Dressed in cargo pants and t-shirt. Very political, Marsha is a strong personality and is involved in a variety of groups, organizations, etc. Currently, she works as a temp. Marsha hasn't been wrong in many, many years. 20s-30s.

LAURIE WEINER - a professional poker player. She travels the Texas Hold 'Em poker tour circuit. Dressed in a sequined top, short skirt, and heels. Laurie works part-time in the kitchen at Buffalo Wild Wings in order to cover her entry fees and travel expenses. Hasn't slept anywhere besides a hotel, or her car, in many, many years. Any age.

BLAKE WHITBY - a gourmet cook and wine connoisseur. Dressed in a golf shirt and khakis. He lost most of his money trying to prop up Chateau Whitby, an ill-fated wine venture. His partners absconded with the funds and left him with a warehouse full of empty bottles, his wife left him and now he works as a bus boy at a local restaurant. He hasn't had a truly great glass of wine in many, many years. 40s-50s.

JUDGE TAMMY BRICKER - a judge in the area. She's been hired, by DUCKWORTH, to guarantee that everything is

above board. This is to quash rumors that DUCKWORTH'S past contests have been fixed or that prizes were never awarded. Tammy has the distinction of having over 50% of her judicial decisions overturned. She likes to pretend that she is tough-minded and independent but is really gullible with a capital "G." TAMMY hasn't disbelieved anyone in many, many years. In the first part of the show she's in "street clothes" but covers it with judge's robes during the play. 40s or older.

HOST/HOSTESS - referred to as HOSTESS in the script (this is what I usually do).

PART ONE - THE PRELUDE

The Pre-Show section involves interaction between the characters and the audience as they enter and find their seats, etc. The next section describes the basics. "Beyond Endurance" is the brainchild of MARTIN DUCKWORTH, who will do just about anything for publicity. To set up the event, the audience is greeted by DUCKWORTH and given a program.

MARTY warns people as they enter that the contestants are smelly, dirty, and hungry - though that may not be much of a change from their regular lives, hahahaha! He warns people not to feed the contestants. They haven't eaten much in the last week and they'd probably die if they gorge now. Along with JUDGE TAMMY, MARTY also recruits "Quacker Packers." These are the audience members who will help with one of the challenges. They are given yellow handkerchief-sized pieces of cloth that will be used as "flags". They are also given a single cracker in a ziplock bag.

The contestants are very much the worse for wear - dirty, greasy hair, torn clothes, etc. You can glimpse CHIP'S tattoo on his shoulder through a tear in his jacket. Their clothes are also now several sizes too big - except for CHIP. They will be very hungry and will solicit anything they can from the audience. If the audience refuses food, they will beg for breath mints, which they will then fight over. They circulate and it becomes apparent which contestants have formed alliances and rivalries. This is the time when each of them have to make their case for winning, i.e, "I deserve to win because. . ." These are all, of course, very worthy and altruistic reasons. "Underprivileged children" is a common and recurring theme.

Each contestant has been given directions for the first challenge. This has been written out for them by MARTY. It reads:

"The next task you face requires collections.
Find someone in the audience who's good with directions."

So each contestant will recruit an audience member to be their "Spotter" in the first challenge.

CHIP is disdainful of his fellow contestants and tells everyone that he went off on his own, because he couldn't stand a) the group hugs and b) the whining and most of all c) the singing. Although, there's also a hint of "hurt" here. He thought they'd all look up to him for his skills, but they shunned and mocked him. He's done everything on his own so far and thinks he can win that way as well. If he wins, he plans to buy a couple of hundred acres in Montana and live off the land. He can provide everything he needs. In a token effort to show his "softer" side he does say that maybe once a year or so, he'll let some underprivileged kids on the land, as long as they stay away from him. He has no clue what he'd do as CEO of Ducky Snack Foods. Hasn't even thought about it, it doesn't interest him, he doesn't own a suit nor does he plan to buy one. He makes this very clear to everyone.

PETE and MARSHA have obviously hooked up. They circulate separately, but get drawn back together to kiss and neck. When circulating separately, PETE professes his support for MARSHA'S feminist views, while at the same time telling what he envisions will happen if they win. They'll get married (of course!) and will use the money to buy a seven or nine bedroom house, and he'll run DSF while MARSHA stays home with the kids (and any additional ones that come along!) Maybe they'll even adopt some underprivileged kids. He also tells the audience that MARSHA doesn't know about his kids - it's a surprise! PETE will show pictures of his kids, though he does have trouble keeping them straight. (See Appendix.) MARSHA will have her own view of what the future will hold if they win. It includes HER running DSF, with PETE as her assistant and living in a huge, luxurious two bedroom condo. They don't need to get married, since she doesn't see kids in her future, except for The Ducky Foundation which she'll start, to help underprivileged girls.

Laurie, if she wins, will probably give up gambling herself. Well, maybe. She'll use the money to open up a poker school for underprivileged youth. As CEO at DSF, she'll sponsor a Young Poker Champs tournament every year, with all

the proceeds going toward the school. She was an underprivileged kid herself, and probably would have wound up in a gang, or on the streets, if she hadn't been saved by poker. She wants to give back to the Texas Hold-Em community. She throws around a lot of poker terms.

BLAKE plans to buy a vineyard with the money, staffed entirely by underprivileged youth. He desperately needs to replenish his wine cellar since his ex-wife, Margo, took his entire cellar (not just the wine, she got the actual cellar) as part of their divorce settlement. His plans for DSF include adding a line of gourmet snacks that will compliment wine, and he has a lot of ideas for these: Sushi Rollups, Calimari Crisps, Escargot Jigglers, among them.

BLAKE, and LAURIE appear to be playing a huge game of "backstab" while circulating. When together, they claim to be working together. Not so when they are apart. They are expert liars. LAURIE makes fun of BLAKE, saying what a total bore and snob he is. If he wins, DSF will be out of business in a month. BLAKE is mock-seriously worried about LAURIE'S gambling habit. It would be in her best interest NOT to win the money as she has absolutely no idea how to make DSF successful.

MARTY, while circulating, really overdoes it with the "this isn't a publicity stunt!" He wants to make up for his past contests. This contest is 100% completely legit. He stresses that he's never met any of the contestants.

TAMMY is also working the crowd, asking if any of them were previous contestants, did they think the game was honest, had they heard about any of the previous Duckworth contests, etc. Those contests included "Dumpster Diving" wherein 5 contestants each had to paint, furnish, and decorate a room in a new million dollar house, using only thrown away items. Another contest, "Operation Makeover!" involved contestants going to 4 different plastic surgeons. Once there, they had to "Spin For Surgery" to find out what surgery they would get from that doctor.

NOTE: If you don't have enough time during Pre-Show to recruit "Quacker Packers" and "Spotters" for the first challenge you can pre-select them or even cast additional actors.

PART TWO - THE PLAY

This is the scripted part of the event. It's important to rehearse thoroughly so that everyone can pick up the dialogue again if the audience interrupts or an actor ad-libs.

MARTY takes center stage. TAMMY is nearby. The other characters are scattered throughout the room.

MARTY: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the finale of "Beyond Endurance" brought to you by the Ducky Snack Food Corporation. I'm your host, Marty Duckworth. (Flips into serious, sincere mode.) Folks, I was an only child and grew up well, some would call it "underprivileged." All my life, the only "family" I had were my many successful companies. But not everyone is as lucky as me. Or as smart. Which is why I developed "Beyond Endurance". Instead of rewarding some energetic, go-getters - like my good friend Donald - I wanted to help some real losers. Real dead-enders. I mean, ANYONE can take someone with a business degree and stick 'em into a high-paying position, right? I got people who hadn't been in an office since high school detention. And I'm giving them the chance to play with the Big Boys. So the winner tonight will become CEO of Ducky Snack Foods.

But that's not all - oh, no! Unlike a certain show hosted by my good friend Jeff Probst - I call him Probbly - my guys didn't live on a beautiful island and they didn't get any rewards. They were stuck out in the woods with nothing but the clothes on their backs. And none of that "getting voted off" garbage. These guys couldn't leave the game unless they wanted to walk through 40 miles of stinky swamp and then try to hitch a ride to Barberton.

So, besides the CEO spot at DSF - which is a huge prize all by itself - the winner tonight will also get a check for \$1,000, 000!!!! Show them, Tammy! (she unveils the huge check. *)

Tonight, the ones who made it in the wilderness will face THREE challenges. And they have to convince YOU that they are the most deserving. As you know, I never met the contestants before the game began. After they found the silver tickets in boxes of Ducky Snack Crackers, we picked 'em up in my limo, drove them to the middle of nowhere and gave 'em the ol' heave-ho out the door. So this is my chance to find out about 'em, too. Come on down, you crazy contestants, you!

The contestants assemble with MARTY.

MARTY: Let's start with the ladies. You're Marsha, right? Tell us about yourself.

MARSHA: Well, I'm ____ , single, and I have a Masters Degree in Victorian Feminist Literature.

MARTY: Do you want that diploma in paper or plastic? Hahahaha. But, seriously, Marsh, what do you do for, y'know, a job?

MARSHA: Um, right now. . . I'm working for an. . .agency.

MARTY:(Fake impressed) An agency? Advertising? Modeling? Government?

MARSHA: Uh, temp. Temp agency.

MARTY: Well, hang in there, hon, it won't be forever!. Oh, wait, it already isn't, hahahaha. Temp - not forever - get it, get it?
(switching gears quickly and addressing LAURIE) How 'bout you?

LAURIE: I'm Laurie Weiner and I'm _____, single. Right now I work at Buffalo Wild Wings, in the kitchen. But that's only until I win the World Series of Poker!

MARTY: And I'm only doing this "business thing" until I sprout fairy wings and unicorns fly out my butt. Hahahaha. Let's see if the guys can match your goals and ambition! (switching gears and focus quickly) Chip. Chiperooni. Chipster.

CHIP: What?

MARTY: Let me guess. You're a sensitive guy who loves long walks on the beach, sad movies, and curling up with a bowl of peach ice cream after a long day in Neurosurgery.

CHIP: Wow. Not even close, man.

MARTY: Really? That's odd. Usually, I'm such a good guesser. So, do tell, Chip-monkey.

CHIP: I'm _____, single, no kids, no pets, nothing that can tie me down. Work as a short order cook at whatever greasy spoon will pay me under the table, in cash. I only keep what I gotta have and I chuck the rest. And I don't need nuthin' or nobody.

MARTY: Ah, a free spirit! Finally! A man's man. A woman's nightmare. A dog's fire hydrant! (switches gears and addresses BLAKE) You're Blake, right? It's your turn.

CHIP: Ain't you gonna guess about him?

MARTY: Oooh, okay. Hmm. I think Blake here also works in food service, only he's a pastry chef and designs fabulous cakes, in all kinds of ingenious shapes like castles and clowns and cabooses. . .

BLAKE: Heh, heh, heh. Actually, Marty, that isn't far off. I do work in a fine restaurant, only I'm "front of house."

CHIP: I betcha he does that, whudyacallit, ballet parking!

MARTY: (claps his hands over his mouth, then speaks to the audience.) Oh, is it my birthday or what?

BLAKE: I do NOT park cars!. Okay, okay, so I bus tables. Although I should really be the sommelier. The guy they have now has absolutely no nose.

MARTY: I think they did a show about him on TLC.

BLAKE: And until my witch of an ex-wife took me for every last franc, I was well on my way to opening my own vineyard.

MARTY: Well, she's Frank's problem now. Let's turn to Pete. What's your story, fella?

PETE: I'm ____ and I'm a roofer. You know, I put roofs on. Houses. Offices. Stores. Buildings. You've heard of roofs, haven't you?

MARTY: (pretending he's puzzled) Roofs? (shakes head slowly and rolls his eyes) I don't think so. . .

PETE: The thing that keeps the rain off houses? And offices. And stores: And buildings? See, we put down this tar paper stuff and then nail shingles on top of that. Roofs. C'mon, Marty. ROOFS.

MARTY: (acting puzzled) I'm still not quite getting it. Wait - are they like windows?

PETE: Nah. Windows are usually on the SIDE of a house, see? And the roof is on TOP. (Thinks) Uh, unless it's a skylight and then it's on the TOP, too. It's like a window on the roof. . .

MARTY: Stop, stop! This is just too doggone complicated for me! Sooo. . .are ya married, Pete?

PETE: I . . .I was. I had a wife. A spouse. A life partner. Someone I was married to. My wife, Fran, died about a year ago.

MARTY: Gee, sorry to hear about it. (switches gears quickly) SOOOO, what did y'all think of your week in the wild?

LAURIE: It was like having a pair of pocket aces, Marty. I learned a lot about teamwork!

BLAKE: If you'll forgive me, Marty, I learned that your crackers could use a tad more sesame and maybe a soupcon less salt. Under the assault of a feisty Cabernet, they would fade into oblivion.

MARSHA: It proved that women are every bit as tough as men.

LAURIE: Absolutely! Which, I knew already - I've beaten my share of guys on the circuit.

PETE: My late wife would've loved it. Fran was one strong woman. Well, she wasn't strong like lifting weights. She was strong like. . .her personality. You, know, it was the way she did things. But I know she's lookin' down on me here tonight and she's proud as hell. Proud as hell.

MARTY: How 'bout you, Chip-doodle?

CHIP: Whaa? Am I proud of Pete? Oh, you mean, did I think it was tough? Hell, no, man. Piece of cake. I coulda stayed out there another month or two.

BLAKE: Oh, spare us, Chip. Why didn't you stay out there, then? Lord knows, we wouldn't have regretted your absence any more than one misses the tawdry twang of a cheap Merlot.

MARTY: Tawdry Twang? Great stripper name. Hey, did any one of you take charge out there? Did a leader emerge?

They look around and mumble - the consensus is "No."

LAURIE: Well, Chip seemed to think he was the leader.

MARSHA: Yeah, started right in givin' orders and stuff.

PETE: He wanted us to work, right off the bat. I mean, from Minute One. He wanted us to do stuff rightthen. Immediately. But the first day was beautiful and we wanted to enjoy it. I mean, the weather was beautiful. The daytime part. When it's light out. Before it gets dark. Before the street lights come on. That part of the day. Anyway, we wanted to talk and y'know, get to know each other.

MARSHA: We felt it was important to bond and become a team.

CHIP: Hey, I went along with it.

LAURIE: Oh, yeah, for about 10 minutes.

CHIP: Marty, look - I was with 'em right up til "Kum-ba-ya." I like singin' as much as the next dude but I told you guys, up front, that I don't do no folk song garbage, I don't do no camp song crap and I sure as hell don't do no freakin' show tunes.

MARSHA: And, after that, he was outta there. And we decided we didn't really need a leader.

MARTY: Well, sure, that almost goes without saying with you guys. So what was your first big challenge, chumps?

MARSHA: Probably getting a fire started that first night. Wouldn't you say so, guys?

LAURIE: Oh, yeah. It was as dark as a big blind. And the thunderstorm didn't help.

CHIP: I offered to help get a fire going, but they said we hadda sing while we did it.

PETE: Look, buddy. We liked to sing, okay? We liked to sing songs. Tunes. Melodies. Ditties. Ballads. Like humming, y'know. Except with words. Though they're called lyrics and . . .

CHIP: (interrupting) Look - real men don't plop on their butts in a downpour and sing like they're trying to be Harry Manilow Jr., y'know? Hell, even that Gene Kelly guy knew ya hadda prance around so's to keep warm in the rain.

MARTY: He's right you know. I understand that Smoky The Bear does a mean jitterbug. Hahahaha. So, how DID you stay warm and dry?

MARSHA: Well. . . mostly we didn't. Chip went off on his own and dug a hole and covered it with pine branches. The rest of us just huddled together and tried to stay dry. Though none of us wanted to be too near Laurie, because of the lightning and the sequins.

MARTY: Oooh, an accident just waiting to happen.

LAURIE: Hey, if it hadn't been for my sequins, we couldn't have started the fire the next day!

CHIP: Whatdya mean "WE," poker face? It was MY idea, MY work, and MY fire! (Argument)

PETE: Y'see, Marty, the second morning the sun was really bright - because it was day time. The sun was up. It wasn't nighttime. And everything dried out. I mean, it wasn't wet anymore. Understand?

MARTY: (wryly) Not quite, but do go on.

PETE: But we still didn't have a fire. A fire is this thing with flames and it's all hot and everything. Can be very dangerous. You really shouldn't get near a fire unless there's a grown-up around and . . . Well, anyway, Chip here traded a few of his crackers for some of Laurie's sequins. That means, he gave Laurie some crackers and she. . .

MARTY: (fake eagerly) I know, I know! She gave him some sequins!

PETE: That's right! You got it. Good job! And then he mixed 'em in with some dried twigs and the reflections were enough to start a fire.

MARTY: Chip! Color me impressed!

LAURIE: We tried to do it, too, but it wouldn't catch. It was like trying to check-raise against the big stack. And I was running low on sequins.

PETE: So the bastard SOLD us fire for crackers. That means he gave us fire, which can be really dangerous, so you shouldn't play around with it. It's very hot and can burn and give you an ouchie. . .But anyway, we gave him crackers and he gave us fire.

CHIP: (interrupting) I'd have done it for nothing, but they started the damn singing again. "Here Comes The Sun." I couldn't take it, man.

PETE: Then, we tried to build a shelter. You know, Marty, like a house. Or a hut. Or a little building. . . . Anyway, we tried using the cracker boxes. . .

MARTY: Oh, and I'll bet the patented inner bag came in handy. (goes into a sales pitch) They're re-sealable and water, air, and vapor

proof! It's what keeps my crackers so fresh. The patented Airlock bags! Once those suckers are sealed you practically need an ice pick to get 'em open. They are that. . .

MARSHA: (interrupting) It was really lucky that we had Pete, what with his roofing background and all.

PETE: Ah, gee, thanks, tweetie. . .

CHIP: TWEETIE! Aw, geez. You see what I was up against, Marty? So then it rains again and they're all sitting with soggy cardboard boxes on their heads. I tried to tell 'em, I tried to show 'em, but they didn't pay any attention. Too busy singing the bahgillio nth chorus of "Everything's Coming Up Freakin' Roses" like the Doofus Family Singers or somethin'.

MARTY: Okay, so you were all working and singing together and ignoring Chip, the loner - but he also was the only one with even a hint of a clue about survival. I gotta say, Chip, being able to work well with others is very important when running a corporation like Ducky Snack Foods.

The others all agree. "You're so right, Marty." "Very important." "Anyone who knows anything about business knows that."

MARSHA: Gee, Marty, I can't see a loner running Ducky.

CHIP: Who cares what you say? And who says I even want to run Lucky Duck or whatever it is. . .

MARTY: Not the best attitude, Chip. But, hey, tell me gang - what did you do for food - besides my delicious crackers, I mean?

BLAKE: Oh, Marty, don't even mention food! By the second day I would have traded a Rothschild Neuf '66 for some halfway decent foie gras!

LAURIE: I'd have gone "all in" for a hot dog!

CHIP: (snorting) Instead you traded more crackers for half the squirrel I trapped. Too bad your fire went out before you could cook it.

PETE: Yeah, and then it cost us even more crackers. It cost us one, two, three, four, five, six. . .

BLAKE: Believe me, Marty. Squirrel is not meant to be eaten rare. If only I'd had some herbs d' Provence.

CHIP: If only you'd had a fire. . .Again, I tried to help them, but. . .

PETE: Yeah, but would it have killed you to share? But, noooo. You know what he did, Marty? He crushed our crackers, like made them into crumbs, like crumbled them up so they were real small. You know, itty-bitty, teeny-weeny, iddle biddle. . . .

MARTY: Should I be writing this down?

PETE: If it will help, Marty.

At this point, TAMMY quietly exits to put on her robe.

BLAKE: Then he coated the squirrel parts with crumbs and fried them in his helmet using sunflower oil that he got from crushing sunflower seeds. We never did find out where he got those.

CHIP: Hey, I tried to be the leader! I tried to help, okay? But you guys just laughed at me. And besides, this is the way the game's played. And. . .and. . . and didn't I give you the busted up seeds? And the squirrel bones? That was pretty nice of me.

MARSHA: The only reason you gave us those is because you didn't need them anymore. That's like his mantra, Marty. "I get rid of what I don't need. I get rid of what I don't need. I get rid of what I don't need."

LAURIE: Geez, if we heard that once we heard it a million times. Simplify, simplify, simplify. Self-reliance, back to basics, blah-blah-blah.

BLAKE: As if eating Squirrel Divan without a peppy little Cabernet is not basic enough!

MARSHA: Can we stop talking about food and get on with it, Marty? We're gonna get fed soon, right?

MARTY: Absolutely!

PETE: Thank God. All I've had today is a tic-tac from that lady over there.

MARTY: But first I need to introduce Tammy. Or, perhaps I should say JUDGE Tammy. Come on in, Tammy!

TAMMY enters in judicial robe.

MARTY: As you may have heard, there's been a few problems with some of my past contests, rumors and things. So this time, I've asked Tammy, who is a REAL honest-to-God judge, to monitor the entire thing. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Honorable Judge Tammy Bricker. (Applause.)

TAMMY: Thank you, Mr. Duckworth. Now, I've already ascertained that no one in the audience is related to you, no one is a previous contestant from other games, and noone works for any of your companies. Also, I have your signed and notarized affidavit * (She removes it from a pouch under her robe and reads.)

I, Martin Duckworth, do swear and affirm that my new game "Beyond Endurance" is strictly on the up-and-up. Contestants were chosen at random by finding Silver Tickets placed in five boxes of Qwazy Qwackers.

Is that true, everyone? (They all agree. "Never met him." etc.) Mr. Duckworth's affidavit goes on. . .

I've never met them before the contest, none are related to me, none ever worked for me, and none were ever contestants in other contests.

Everyone? (They all agree again.)

I also swear and affirm that the Grand Prize for "Beyond Endurance" will be awarded no matter what happens during the contest.

No matter what happens, Mr. Duckworth?

MARTY: No matter what.

TAMMY: (continuing) The prize includes a job as CEO of my company, Ducky Snack Foods AND a cashier's check for \$1,000,000. Should the winner decline the job at DSF it will be forfeited and no cash equivalent given. Do you affirm, here, Mr. Duckworth, in front of everyone, that this affidavit is true?

MARTY:(quickly) Yeah, yeah. Contestants were chosen at random, never saw 'em before in my life, awards will be given out no matter what happens.

TAMMY: And I am here to make sure.

LAURIE: Super. Great. We got a judge. How 'bout some food, Marty?

BLAKE: And some wine! I do hope this place has a decent cellar.

PETE: I'd settle for a nice cold brew. Beer. Suds. Lager. Ale. (They ad-lib)

MARTY: Okay, okay. What would you guys say to a little reward challenge?

The contestants react with enthusiasm.

MARTY: Want to know what you're playing for?

MARSHA: Something stir-fried!

LAURIE: Prime Rib!

PETE: Fried Chicken!

CHIP: Biscuits 'n' sausage gravy!

BLAKE: Lobster Thermidor!

LAURIE: Hey, everyone. (She gives them a musical note.)

ALL BUT CHIP sing: "Food, Glorious, Food! That's all that we live for!"
(from "Oliver")

CHIP: All I live for right now is a ball peen hammer.

MARTY: I can see where you're coming from, Chipster. Yes, guys, the prize is food. What kind of food will be determined by how

well you do in the first challenge of the evening. We call this little challenge "Track the Quacker Packer." Now, during circulating, each of you recruited someone to help you by being your "Spotters." Come on up, Spotters!

The Spotters join their contestants and are introduced by them. More complete instructions and variations of the Quacker Tracker Challenge are included in the Production Packet. *

MARTY: Want to give the rules, Judge Tammy?

TAMMY: (Reaching under her robe for the rules and reading.) Yes. Contestants, the audience members you recruited will be your spotters. Earlier tonight, Marty and I found some other audience members - these will be the Quacker Packers. Each of them has a yellow flag and a single Ducky Snack Cracker. Stand up, folks and wave your flags. (They do.) Your task, contestants, is to find the Quacker Packers, tag them, and then eat their cracker.

MARSHA: Is that it?

PETE: Sounds like a piece of cake.

LAURIE: Cake? Where?

MARTY: But there's a catch. You will be. . . blindfolded!

TAMMY: Marty, if you don't mind, I will give the rules.

MARTY: Sorry, Judge Tammy. I just got caught up in the excitement.

TAMMY: Yes, contestants, you will be blindfolded! It will be up to your Spotter to direct you! Once you have found and tagged a Quacker Packer, you may eat their cracker. Then, they will put their hand on your shoulder and follow you. Soon, you should have a whole line of Quacker Packers behind you. At the end of a pre-determined period of time, I'll blow my whistle, like this. (She gives a loud blast on the whistle.) The contestant who has collected the most Quacker Packers wins! Got it? Any questions?

MARSHA: Can the Quacker Packers move around?

TAMMY: No, the Quacker Packers will find a spot and stay there until the game is over. I will now take you out of the room and blindfold you. Spotters, come with us. Let's go.

After they are gone. . .

MARTY: Are they gone? Okay, this is too easy, even for those lunkheads. Let's mix it a little bit, okay? Quacker Packers, take your crackers and find a spot. I know that Judge Tammy said you weren't allowed to move, but it IS my game, hahahahaha! See, I have a yellow flag too. When I wave my yellow flag, you are allowed to move anywhere in the room, until I wave it again and then you have to stop again. Any questions? Everybody got it? Shhhhhh. Oh, this is gonna be so much fun! (calling loudly) Judge Tammy, Judge Tammy, I think we're ready!

JUDGE TAMMY returns leading the contestants and Spotters who are in a single line with contestants. Each Spotter's contestant has his/her hand on the shoulder of his/her Spotter, followed by the next contestant and his/her Spotter, etc., etc.

TAMMY: They can't see a thing, Marty. I checked personally and made sure the blindfolds were tight.

LAURIE: Place your bets, everyone, cuz luck is gonna be a little lady tonight.

CHIP: I'm telling you all right now, broad or no broad, I will flatten you if you start singing again.

BLAKE: With my finely developed sense of smell, I believe I could find food even without my spotter.

PETE: Marsha, Marsha, honey, are you there?

MARSHA: I'm here, Pete, I'm here.

TAMMY: Wait for my signal, everyone. Oh, and Quacker Packers, every once in awhile, give a wave of your yellow flags so the Spotters can remember where you are. Spotters, position your partner facing the correct way. Ready? (She gives a long whistle blast.) GO! GO! GO

The contestants head out with their spotters shouting directions. After they have tagged the first QUACKER PACKER and gobbled their cracker, that QUACKER PACKER follows them. After all the contestants have found their first QUACKER PACKER, MARTY madly waves his yellow flag from onstage. The QUACKER PACKERS move until MARTY waves it again. JUDGE TAMMY immediately protests and while the game proceeds, it is obvious she doesn't like this little twist at all. She is seen - but not heard - arguing with MARTY. (There's enough noise and confusion with the SPOTTERS calling out directions that no more is needed!) MARTY ignores TAMMY'S protest and is laughing hysterically. He'll repeat the gambit, if needed. After about 7 minutes of this kind of thing, JUDGE TAMMY will blow a long blast on her whistle and the SPOTTERS will direct the contestants and the QUACKER PACKERS back to the front of the stage. TAMMY counts each contestant's QUACKER PACKERS.

TAMMY: Thank you, Spotters and Quacker Packers. You may return to your seats. (They do.) Let's give them a hand, everyone. (Audience does.) You can take off your blindfolds, now, contestants. (They do.)

CHIP: Hey, were those Sucker Puckers moving around?

MARSHA: Yeah, what's with that? (to JUDGE TAMMY) You said they would stay in place!

PETE: No fair, Judge, no fair.

LAURIE: You'd get thrown out of any casino in Vegas for that kind of crap. Like counting cards at black jack.

BLAKE: Not cricket, Tammy, not cricket at all.

TAMMY: Hey, don't look at me. I had no idea what HE was doing. You want to blame someone, take it up with Duckworth. (They all look at MARTY and start to advance on him.)

MARTY: Oh, lighten up, all of you. It was just a little twist.

TAMMY: (indignant) Mr. Duckworth, you assured me when I signed on to this game that it would all be completely honest and above board. You have violated the trust I placed in you. Not to mention that you made me look like a total goober.

MARTY: Oh, Tammy - Don't go all "Oprah" on me, okay? I'm really sorry. I didn't plan it, really. I just thought it would make the game more fun. It was a spur of the moment thing.

TAMMY: I've a good mind to quit right now and walk out of here. No wonder you have a reputation as a . . .well, as a bit of a . . . as a kind of . . .as a sort of . . .

CHIP: Cheating sack.

MARSHA: For once I agree with Minimal Man here.

The others ad-lib agreement.

MARTY: So what do you want to do about it, huh, HUH? (getting belligerent) Should I just take this check and burn it? (He pulls out a lighter and flicks it over by the big check.) Maybe I should draw names from everyone in the audience and whoever I pick will get the million bucks and become CEO of Ducky Foods. (To the audience.) What do you say to that? (He urges audience to applaud and yell.) Hey, Pete, you REALLY wanna spend the next twenty or thirty years of your life banging shingles?

PETE: It's not just shingles, Marty. Some roofs are slate. Some roofs are tiles. Some roofs are wood shakes. Some roofs are clay and some roofs are . . . But, um, to answer your question. Uh, no. I don't wanna do that for the next ten years. Or twenty. Or . . .oh, God. . . Thirty.

MARTY: And Marsha, got your next temp job lined up?

MARSHA: Look, any one of those could turn into a permanent position.

MARTY: Unless there's a company called Obscure Chick Lit, Incorporated, I don't think so. And, Chip, you planning on flappin' jacks and slinging hash for the rest of your life?

CHIP: Hell, no. But I don't need your job for that. Just give me the money and you can take your job and. . .Hey, I can survive with nothing but my grit, determination, bare hands, and your dough. I don't keep nuthin' 'cept that.

ALL: Yadda, yadda, yadda.

MARTY: Oh, yeah, I forgot - the Chip Mantra. And you, Laurie, you wanna keep sleeping in your 1990 Ford Escort so you can save enough for poker entry fees?

LAURIE: All it takes is one win, one damn win and. . .

MARTY: Yeah, yeah, and unicorns will be flyin' out my butt. And, oh hey there, Blake - you really want to spend the rest of your life wacthin' some guy without a nose, rubbing yours in it? You like sipping and swirling Gallo?

BLAKE: I have NEVER swirled Gallo! And palates that touch Gallo will never touch mine!

ALL THE OTHERS: Ewwwww!

MARTY: What I'm saying, you cretinous bunch of boobs, is this - you can bitch all you want about how I play MY game with MY money and MY job offer OR you can shaddup and maybe, just maybe, walk away a winner.

All consult.

MARSHA: We're still in, Marty.

MARTY: Good. And. . . congratulations!!! You passed, you all passed! You're all still in!

PETE: What the hell are you talking about, Marty?

MARTY: It was a TEST, my little pigeons. It was the second challenge! Would you be quitters and give up the chance of a lifetime over some stupid, minor, so-called infraction of the rules OR see the bigger picture? Would you give it all up, in protest because it wasn't "fair." And you chose SURVIVAL! You passed!

TAMMY: Wait a minute, Marty. That was the second challenge? That was a test?

MARTY: Yes - and you passed too, Judge Tammy! If you HADN'T protested and threatened to quit, no one would have ever trusted you again! But now they know that you are completely above reproach!

TAMMY: I am? I mean, yes, I am! Oh, wow! That was really, really smart, Marty.

MARTY: Yeah, I know. Sometimes I even scare myself. (He does one his sudden "flips") And, now it's on to the third and FINAL challenge!

LAURIE: Wait a minute! Who won the Tracker Packer Quacker thing?

TAMMY: Oh, my yes. That would be (name of contestant who collected the most) who ate crackers and collected ____ Quacker Packs.

WINNER: Yes!!!

TAMMY: And they win (she delves under her robe for the prize list.) _____ wins - dinner tonight! The same delicious dinner that the audience will enjoy!

Production Package includes how to adapt if dinner isn't served - and other variations.

A NON-WINNING CONTESTANT: Um, don't we get dinner, too?

TAMMY: Um, Marty, don't they get dinner, too?

MARTY: Well, of course they do!

Sighs of relief and ad-libbing from losing contestants.

MARTY: Unfortunately, they've already had it. It was the crackers. Your dinners were my totally yummy crackers!

Ad-libbed grumbling from the losing contestants.

MARTY: And now, for the third and final challenge! Each of you will be given sealed envelopes that contain a quiz. A quiz about games! Whoever gets the most correct answers will become CEO of DSF and win a million dollars! But you'll have some help - that's where the audience comes in. Obviously, these folks will try to help their favorites. And maybe they'll even give wrong answers to the contestants they don't like! Hey, show them that check again, Tammy. (she does.) And you can take it from here, Tammy!

TAMMY: Contestants, I have the envelopes with the questions, which were sealed when they were given to me by Mr. Duckworth on Monday. They have remained on my person since that time. 24/7. No one except Mr. Duckworth has seen these questions. Is that correct, Mr. Duckworth?

MARTY: That is correct, no one has seen them.

TAMMY: And you never met with any of the contestants before the contest began? Is that correct?

MARTY: That is correct. Never saw these losers before the contest.

TAMMY: Then, we are ready to begin. (She turns and removes the envelopes from under her robe.) Please, step up and get your questions, contestants! (They immediately start pushing and shoving and yelling to get the envelopes as TAMMY fights them off. She manages to hang on to all the envelopes as the contestants go at it.)

PETE: Whoa, back off, Laurie!

TAMMY: Please check the seal before. . . Stop pushing!

PETE: Grab one for me, Marsh. . . Chip, outta my face, okay!

CHIP: You want a piece of me, shingle jockey?

TAMMY: Please, please, people! (MARSHA has finally snagged an envelope, with a triumphant yell.)

MARTY: Marsha, Marsha, Marsha, I don't think that's yours. Check out the name on the envelope.

TAMMY: Miss Lang, there are rules.

MARSHA: (She is holding the envelope aloft, trying to keep the others from getting it.) What's the difference? They're all the same, right?

MARTY: Rules, Marsha!

MARSHA: Big whoopin' deal. Here, Chip, this one is yours. (She tosses it to CHIP. The others grab envelopes and exchange so that they have their own and immediately start ripping them open. Except for CHIP, who puts it under his helmet.)

MARTY: Alrighty! Contestants, here are pencils, with erasers. I'm guessing you'll need them, hahahaha. Now let's get started. _____ (insert HOSTESS name) and Judge Tammy will tell the audience what they can expect! (MARTY and the contestants exit. TAMMY waits till they leave and goes under her robe for another envelope which she gives to THE HOSTESS. She then goes over by the door through which the others have exited.)

HOSTESS: Alright, ladies and gentlemen. Judge Tammy has given me a copy of the quiz. * Let's go over some of them. Remember - when the contestants come back, you'll want to HELP your favorite and MISDIRECT the others. This should be a lot of fun - I know it is for me. Just call out the answers if you know them. "On the original Hollywood Squares, who occupied the middle square?" Anybody, just yell it out. (They will. After doing about half of the questions, she'll notice that TAMMY is looking out the door and is growing increasingly agitated.) "In Monopoly, how much money do you start out with and. . ." What is it, Judge Tammy? (TAMMY hurries back onstage. She is having trouble getting her words out.) Take a deep breath and tell us slowly.

TAMMY: (Takes a deep breath and talks very slowly.) Duckworth. Out. There. Bag. Head.

HOSTESS: You can go faster than that.

TAMMY: (very fast) It's-Duckworth-he-has-a-bag-on-his-head-and-he. .

With that, MARTY staggers into the room with a bag on his head. He appears to be struggling to open it but in reality he's holding it

against his head as if he were being suffocated. He comes to HOSTESS and TAMMY and dramatically collapses. HOSTESS and TAMMY position themselves in front of him, shielding him from the audience.

HOSTESS: Oh, no! That's one of the plastic bags from his crackers! The ones he said were waterproof and vaporproof and

TOGETHER: AIRPROOF!

HOSTESS: We have to get it off him or he'll die! Do you have any sharp objects?

TAMMY whips out a gavel from under her robe. They appear to be "working" on MARTY but are really making sure the bag is not actually blocking the airways of the actor playing MARTY. (NOTE: This is important for future casting reasons!) Slowly, they straighten up.

TAMMY: Well that's it, then. He's a goner. Can we get someone to get him out of here?

The BODY REMOVAL team springs into action, covering the "body" and removing MARTY from the room. HOSTESS and TAMMY ad-lib until the body is gone and then. . .

HOSTESS: Man, Judge Tammy, this is not good. I mean, this kind of thing is not going to help your reputation.

TAMMY: _____, I'm not worried about my reputation. My name will forever be associated with fairness and justice and compassionate jurisprudence. I'm more worried about the game.

HOSTESS: The game?????

TAMMY: See, this is tragic and all that, but the game must go on. Duckworth himself said no matter what happens, the game goes on. Don't you see, we have to continue playing, because that's what Duckworth would have wanted. But there also must be a murder investigation. Obviously, Duckworth didn't smother himself. One of those contestants had to have sealed that bag around his neck. Hostess, maybe you can get some info about Duckworth.

HOSTESS: Well, there was that magazine article they did about him.

TAMMY: What? That could be very, very important. Good, good. And we need some way so the audience can indicate who they think did it. Can you take care of that? I'm going to go find our contest. . . I mean, SUSPECTS and fill them in on what's happening.

HOSTESS: Can do, Judge Tammy, can do. (TAMMY exits)

HOSTESS explains the clue hunt. The Production Packet includes the HOSTESS' instructions to the audience, which will vary depending on how you do the next part of the event.

PART THREE - THE CLUE HUNT

THE PHYSICAL EVIDENCE - THE MAGAZINE ARTICLE

In this part of the event, the audience will:

- get the magazine article
- interrogate the suspects
- help the suspects with the quiz
- submit their solutions.

You can do all of these things in a variety of ways, depending on how your event is structured.

- You can hand them the magazine article. OR you can send them on a Clue Hunt which takes them all over the facility.
- You can ask for complete solutions. OR you can give them ballots to vote for the guilty party.

The audience will be given a clipboard with the needed materials for the method you are using.

In the back of the script you will see our version of the magazine article. The Production Packet describes how to create your own. You will need a software program that can create bordered text boxes. (We use Microsoft Publisher, but most common word processing programs can make these.) You will also need to insert head shots of the contestants in poses

that show their personalities. And, you'll need to take a picture of Marty with Chip's shoulder tattoo in the background.

(If you really want to have fun - like we did - you can use PhotoShop or a similar program to insert Marty's head into pictures of famous people.)

CIRCULATING

ALL will be using their pencils to mark answers and then erasing, etc. Except for CHIP. He will pretend to mark his sheet but really just does little doodle of dollar signs.

CHIP will make only token attempts to get answers to the questions and will NOT let anyone see his question sheet. He says he's already completed his answer sheet - doesn't need anyone's help. He will ask a couple of the questions, just to doublecheck, but no matter what the audience member says, he'll joke and say he knows that isn't right and they're just trying to trip him up. Won't fool him that easily. He'll also pick out different men and ask if they let themselves get kicked around by their female companion. He'll have his own little quiz - "what's better" he says, "lying with a woman under the stars, where they have to give a running commentary on how beautiful it is yada, yada, yada, or lying there by yourself and just freakin' enjoying it?" Oh, he'll probably need a woman every now and then - one that will a) be quiet, and b) won't want any of that foreplay and cuddling stuff and c) won't sing. There's no time for singin' and cuddlin' when you're livin' off the land. He'll also bemoan the need for wine/beer glasses, they should just give everybody a bottle and they wouldn't need glasses. If you don't need something, get rid of it. He'll also tell people with eyeglasses that they don't really need them, will take 'em off and challenge them to read. Some of the things he's gotten rid of in his life - eating utensils (he's got his own, meaning his hands); deodorant (a man should smell like a MAN, dammit) and underwear.

MARSHA and PETE circulate together. MARSHA, after talking to audience members, knows about PETE'S kids now.

And she's mad as heck. She has no intention of staying home with his kids, or anybody's kids. They were going to work together but now that is off - they are on their own. PETE counters by showing pictures of his kids, although he does sometimes have to check the back to remember which is which. When asked about his wife, he says she died of extreme exhaustion and he blames himself for not taking out the trash and letting her cut the grass. He really wants to get back with MARSHA to the point that he yells out answers to her, even though she ignores him or yells that that isn't right, etc. MARSHA tries to get some kind of solidarity with the women in the audience and PETE works on their sympathy and jokes with the men about how er... "potent" he is. (His wife once got pregnant picking up his shorts while they were still warm.)

LAURIE is really trying to put together a poker game and is desperate to find a deck of cards. Her conversation is sprinkled with gambling and poker terms. She will ask some of the questions and get very frustrated because she is getting contrary answers (even if she isn't.)

TAMMY will show the affidavit. She prides herself on her ability to tell when people are lying and she's absolutely sure that Duckworth wasn't. She thinks that he was telling the truth about his other shows and that there was no fraud involved. She says she has a keen ability to judge character. She stares deeply into people's eyes and then says what she can "read" about them. Some of the things she will be able to tell is:

- who's a virgin (especially the men)
- who's done time for solicitation
- who's a very poor tipper
- who's never cheated on taxes
- who shoplifts regularly
- who tears tags off mattresses
- who wears boxers vs. briefs

BLAKE is being extremely snotty, particularly about food and wine. He'll name-drop certain famous restaurants in NYC (or locally). He will take the glass of wine from an audience member and swirl the wine, maybe even taking a sip, chewing it, gargling with it, switching it from cheek to cheek and then spitting it into an empty glass. Then he'll pronounce his judgment using extremely funny, ridiculous descriptions. BLAKE is completely lost when it comes to the questions. He'll get competing answers and is always yelling about getting tired of erasing.

THE VERY BRIEF SOLUTION SCENE IS NOT INCLUDED IN REVIEW SCRIPTS. IF YOU ABSOLUTELY MUST HAVE THE ENTIRE ACTING COPY BEFORE MAKING A DECISION ABOUT PRODUCING, PLEASE CONTACT US: 330-678-3893 info@mysteriesbymoushey.com

APPENDIX

COSTUMES

Camouflage gear, including helmet (CHIP)
judge robe (TAMMY)
pouch for under TAMMY's robe
sequined top (LAURIE)
Fake tattoo (if CHIP doesn't have real thing!)
twigs, branches, and stuff to put on actors.

PROPS

big check
smaller check (business size)
easel
5 quizzes in envelopes, marked with names, 1 has HOSTESS name
pencils with erasers
6 pictures of kids, various ages in wallet picture viewer (for PETE)
stretcher or other body removal method.
tablecloth or other "cover" for MARTY'S body
combo knife/fork/spoon/corkscrew for CHIP
programs
magazine page
clue packet w/materials (if doing clue hunt)
ballots and gift bags (if doing ballots)
pouch for under TAMMY'S robe
affidavit
yellow kerchiefs for QUACKER PACKERS and MARTY
individual crackers in ziplock bags
blindfolds

WHAT'S INCLUDED IN THE PRODUCTION PACKET which is sent electronically.

sample program
description and directions for:
- ways to organize audience (teams, couples, individuals)
- ways to distribute magazine article (hand out, clue hunt)
- ways to do solution (complete solutions or ballots)
- tips and tricks for improv/circulating/mingling
- incorporating dinner - or not. possible variations
- creating pictures of PETE'S "kids"
- creating big check
- creating magazine article
- ways to include individual audience members
- ways to adapt for fund raiser
- how to do prizes (if you want them)
poker terms for LAURIE
instructions for audience (HOSTESS) depending on method chosen. funny wine descriptions (BLAKE)
sample magazine page
sample clue hunt, answer key, solution sheet, and flow chart
blank flow chart, to help in designing your own
ballots, suitable for photocopying
affidavit, suitable for photocopying (TAMMY)
quiz, suitable for photocopying (also answers to quiz!)
sample, big check
Production Manual (which is the same for all our shows.)

OPTIONAL

For a small fee, we have everything in the Production Packet and the Production Manual in printed format.