

[Excerpt from Scene One]

[Stage right brightens. The set is a simple room in a house: there are two chairs, an old bureau, and a crowbar lying on the floor to the side. Harrison's briefcase sits on the floor near the bureau; box of donuts and comic book are on the bureau. Breckenridge and Harrison enter on stage right.]

Breckenridge: *[entering]* Harrison, I'm afraid this case isn't getting anywhere. *[sitting down]* We have nothing.

Harrison: *[sarcastic]* True, Sir. All we have is a gun, a key, and a crowbar all found at the scene of the crime. Oh, and the fact that we have a number of suspects to interrogate is practically nothing too.

Breckenridge: *[serious]* Right! It's like we're at a dead end.

Harrison: *[rolling her eyes, says condescendingly]* True, Sir. It's most unfortunate, Sir. Would you like a cup of coffee or a donut to help you think? You know how that always helps.

Breckenridge: That might be nice. Maybe I'm having a hard time concentrating because my blood sugar is off.

Harrison: *[quietly]* It's more than your blood sugar that's off.

Breckenridge: What's that you say?

Harrison: Oh nothing, Sir. I'll go get you some coffee. *[starts to walk out of room, but is stopped]*

Breckenridge: *[absently sticking his hand under the cushion of the chair]* I wish we could find something, *anything*, to — Hey, what's this? *[pushes his hand farther under the cushion, searching]*

Harrison: Sir?

Breckenridge: It feels like a piece of stiff paper or something. Do you think...?

Harrison: Perhaps it was left by the criminal, Sir!

Breckenridge: Maybe a clue at last.... *[pulls out a small piece of paper, reads]* "Go directly to jail, do not pass go, do not collect 200 dollars." *[disgusted, throws it down]* That's just my luck.

Harrison: I'm sorry, Sir.

Breckenridge: Yes. *[remembers what he needs to be doing]* Well, this is a good room for questioning, anyway. I should start interrogating the suspects. Bring in the two boys first, the Senator's grandsons.

Harrison: Yes, Sir. *[exits]*

Nicole: *[in maid's uniform, wanders out into the light on stage right, looking around, puzzled and curious, glancing down at clothes, confused. Sees Breckenridge]* Hey, um, would you mind telling me where I am?

Breckenridge: *[looks at Nicole snobbishly, recognizing her]* Where do you think?

Nicole: *[sarcastically]* Well I don't think I'm in Kansas anymore.

Breckenridge: What?

Nicole: No, seriously, where am I?

Breckenridge: Look here, Miss uh...what's your name again?

Nicole: Nicole Pearson.

Breckenridge: Oh, that's right. You're the housekeeper, Harrison told me that yesterday.

Nicole: Wait, what? Housekeeper?

Breckenridge: Uh, look, I'm not going to play games. I —

Harrison: *[entering with Garrick and Derrick]* Here they are, Sir!

Breckenridge: Ah, finally! Excuse me, Miss Pearson.

Nicole: But I'd like to know —

Breckenridge: Please, not now. *[looks haughtily at Garrick and Derrick]* Alright, Derrick and Garrick, you understand the crime with which you may be involved? *[Both boys nod or shrug.]*

Nicole: Wait a second. Derrick and Garrick?

Breckenridge: Yes. *[turns to Garrick]* Now Derrick, when the —

Garrick: No no, he's Derrick. I'm Garrick. You can always tell by the mole here on the back of my left ankle.... *[picks up his foot and is about to roll up his pant leg]*

Breckenridge: *[disconcerted]* You don't have to show me. We don't have time for that. *[Garrick shrugs and drops his foot. Nicole is standing with a perplexed expression, thinking hard.]* So, um...what did you know about the papers in your grandfather's bureau drawer? *[Nicole recognizes this mention of papers.]*

Garrick: I didn't know anything about them. I didn't even know they were there.

Derrick: *[nods]* Me neither. I never look in those drawers anymore, ever since we found a snakeskin in one once.

Breckenridge: Oh, ohhh.... I feel the dizziness coming on.... *[almost faints]*

Harrison: Here, sir! *[pulls smelling salts from pocket and revives him, then gives him a donut]*

Breckenridge: *[breathes in]* Ah. Yes, that does it. Thank you, Harrison, I needed that donut.

Harrison: Sir, shall I conduct the interview for you while you recover? *[Breckenridge, distracted, says nothing, his mouth full of donut.]* Of course, Sir. You just relax.... I put your favorite comic book on the table there. *[Breckenridge picks up comic book and begins to read.]*

Nicole: *[awareness slowly appearing on face]* You're Georgia Harrison, right? You're his *[pointing at Breckenridge]* secretary?

Harrison: I prefer to be called an assistant. But yes, that's me.

Nicole: And is your name Breckenridge, Detective Breckenridge?

Breckenridge: *[with his mouth full]* Of course. The one and only. *[licking his fingers]*

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End of script preview.