# Mascot Masquerade

A Full-Length Murder Mystery Comedy by,

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"You may not realize it when it happens, but a kick in the teeth may be the best thing in the world for you." – Walt Disney

"The only mystery in life is why the kamikaze pilots wore helmets."

- Al McGuire

For Matthew J. Calvo, a true friend

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# Mascot Masquerade

**Characters:** (In order of appearance. 7 roles: 3 female, 3 male) **Jeeves**: A butler in his early 60s. He was born to do this job.

**Phil**: A man in his 20s. A theme park pirate mascot. Dumb but proud.

Drew: A man in his 20s. A theme park gorilla mascot. Smart, but primitive.

**Annie**: A woman in her 20s. A theme park penguin mascot. Proud, but to a fault. **Jan**: A woman in her 30s. A theme park fairy mascot. Sympathetic, but flawed.

**Gina**: A woman in her 40s. A theme park cat mascot. A diva, just don't call her one. **Payton Granger**: A stereotypically-eccentric billionaire in his 70s. Crazy, but fun.

**Setting:** The lavish living room and dining room of an old-fashioned mansion.

**Time:** One bad day and one worse night in the contemporary 21<sup>st</sup> century.

- \*\*Note on the Play: This play is an homage and a tribute, not only to the wonderful murder mystery plays of Agatha Christie and other writers of that ilk, but to other classic spoofs on the genre, e.g. the movies *Murder by Death* and *Clue*. It should be staged with that in mind.
- \*\*Costume Note: The mascot uniforms should be very loose fitting. They should not be cheap or dirty, shabby or dingy, but still as break-away as possible for the quick-change purposes of the second act. The costumes should also allow the actors to move around, but not too quickly or easily. The actors should all be able to wear one another's costumes with ease. The heads should be elaborate, opulent fiberglass creations or something else along those lines. They should look big, bold and elegant but also conversely silly, hokey and cartoonish. There should be wide open areas for the actors' mouths and big eye holes so they are also able to see and speak very clearly, underneath the masks.
- \*\*Sound Cue: Every time "SOUND CUE" is stated in the stage directions, a melodramatic, yet overly ominous sounding "DUN-DUN-DUUUUN!!!" dramatic bass and timpani sound effect should resonate loudly throughout the Theatre.
- \*\*Production Note One: This play was written with stage directions that indicate a two level set with an upstairs, downstairs and spiral staircase, however, these are not an integral part of the story and therefore a single level set can be used. The only real things necessary for this play are lots of doors for entrances and exits offstage.
- \*\*Production Note Two: The elaborate set pieces detailed in the stage directions, e.g. the glass dining room table, etc. are merely suggestions made in direct correlation to other murder mystery stories, such as the aforementioned ones, however, by no means are these accourrements required, therefore it is encouraged by the author to change any of them as needed, as a result of limited budget, et al.

# Mascot Masquerade

### Act One/Scene One

(At rise, in the lavish living room of an old mansion, JEEVES dusts the opulent furniture. He wears white gloves and a stereotypical butler's uniform from the 1940s and carries an elegant feather duster. Both the grand dining room and the living room are visible, as are the doors to the various downstairs rooms and the ornate spiral staircase leading up to the second floor which is lined with even more closed doors. JEEVES looks impatient, yet reserved. He periodically lifts his glove back and checks the time on his wristwatch. Silence. Nothing. Finally, after a long enough and uncomfortable enough period of silence, there are two knocks on the front door. JEEVES quickly goes over and opens it to reveal PHIL, standing there in his full theme park pirate mascot form. He is also wearing his giant-oversized pirate head and cartoonish gloves as well. But he keeps his gloved hands hidden behind his back at the start.)

# **JEEVES**

Oh, I'm sorry sir, but this is a masquerade party. Only guests dressed in costume are welcome. (*A beat. PHIL doesn't know how to respond.*) Really? Nothing?

(A beat. Still no response from PHIL. JEEVES sighs then gestures for PHIL to come inside. PHIL doesn't comply.)

# JEEVES (Cont'd)

You know, I'm actually glad you're finally here. I think it was getting a little awkward and weird for everyone with me just wandering around in here, dusting all the furniture by myself.

(A long silence. Then suddenly and with a lot of pomp and pageantry...)

PHIL (Very piratety)

Aaarrr, matey. (*A beat*) Who be everyone?

(JEEVES looks out at the audience. Then he shakes his head.)

### **JEEVES**

Never mind. Please... come in.

(Reluctantly, PHIL enters and looks around.)

**PHIL** 

Avast! Nice place ye got here, matey!

(JEEVES closes the front door dismissingly.)

**JEEVES** 

Ahhh, it's no big deal. (A beat) Mostly IKEA.

PHIL

Ye be lyin' tee me.

**JEEVES** 

Huh? What? (A beat) Was that English?

**PHIL** 

I said... Ye be lyin' tee me.

**JEEVES** 

Apparently not. (A beat) Dutch?

PHIL (Points to JEEVES then himself to illustrate)

Ye... Be... Lying... Tee—

JEEVES (Sighs)

You didn't buy that all this is from IKEA, huh?

PHIL (Scoffs)

IKEA? Avast, matey! (A beat) Ye should've gone with... Big Lots.

JEEVES (Sighs)

You must be... Phil.

**PHIL** 

Aaarrr! Nay landlubber, me name's Captain Van Dreary and me be—

JEEVES (Sighs)

You don't need to stay in character. (A beat) Phil works fine.

**PHIL** 

Aaarrr?

**JEEVES** 

I said... you don't need to stay in character.

**PHIL** 

Aaarrr... me do.

**JEEVES** 

No, seriously... knock it off.

PHIL (At a loss)

Avast, matey, dere be gold in 'dem dare—

JEEVES (Shakes his head)

Nope. That doesn't work either.

PHIL

Shiver me timbers?

JEEVES (Sighs)

No. Now, just... stop it. (A beat) Please don't make me have to punch you in your big... fat... dumb... head. (Indicating his gloves) I just washed these.

(A beat)

**PHIL** 

Aaarrr... ye be de butler?

(A beat)

**JEEVES** 

You know, pirates didn't really talk like that. (A beat) You don't even sound like a pirate. (A beat) You sound like you work at Long John Silver's.

PHIL

Scallywag!

JEEVES (Waves him off)

Alright, fine. Stay in character. See if I care. (A beat. JEEVES extends his hand to shake. PHIL doesn't reciprocate the gesture.) Oh, come on, don't pout. (A beat) Fine. I'm sorry, all right? (A long silence) Come on, please? I said I was sorry. (A beat. JEEVES sighs.) I take it back. You're a great pirate.

PHIL (Perks up)

Aaarrr?!

**JEEVES** 

Oh, yeah, one of the best I've ever seen. (A long pause. Then PHIL finally extends his hand to shake. JEEVES reacts to the sight of the gloves.) GAAHH! (A beat) You know, you might wanna get those checked out. They look infected.

(PHIL immediately yanks his gloved hand away. JEEVES smiles.)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

By the way... can I get extra hush puppies instead of fries?

Aaarrr, me think ye need to walk 'dee plank.

**JEEVES** 

Okay, sure, it's right over there.

(JEEVES gestures towards one of the downstairs' doors. PHIL turns to look and JEEVES slaps him upside his "big, fat, dumb" head. PHIL turns back around as quickly as his costume will allow, which isn't very.)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

Wow! Did you feel that breeze?! These creepy old mansions can get ever so very... very... drafty. (*Biting*) Enough to take your head off, even.

(A long pause. PHIL just stares blankly at JEEVES.)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

What?! (A long pause. No response from PHIL.) You're makin' faces at me under that thing, aren't you?

(PHIL nods his big pirate head "yes".)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

Yeah, well... (A beat) I guess you probably do that to all the little peg-leg-biters when they order their "Fishy Happy Meals," huh?

(PHIL shakes his big pirate head "no".)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

No? Huh. (A beat) Well... what about when they steal your hook?

(PHIL shakes his big pirate head "no".)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

Your parrot?

(PHIL shakes his big pirate head "no".)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

Well, what about when they poke you in your eye patch? (A long pause. Then PHIL nods his big pirate head "yes".) So, that's why you didn't wear it today? (A long pause. Then PHIL nods his big pirate head "yes" again.) Yeah, that's what I figured. (A long pause) Well, to answer your initial question... yes, I am the butler here at Crestwood Manor. (A beat) My name is... Jeeves.

(A long pause)

**PHIL** Ye be puttin' me on. **JEEVES** No I'm not. **PHIL** Ye name be... Jeeves? **JEEVES** Yes. **PHIL** What be ye real name? **JEEVES** Jeeves. PHIL What be ye name before ye changed it? **JEEVES** Jeeves. PHIL Ye parents must have really wanted a butler when they named ye den. JEEVES (Nods) I get it. You're sayin' only butlers are named Jeeves? PHIL Aaarrr. Nay, matey. 'Course not. **JEEVES** Thank you. **PHIL** Me be... joshin' ye. (A beat) Me mean ye.

JEEVES (Shakes his head)

Yo-ho... moron.

Aaarrr!

**PHIL** 

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**JEEVES** 

Okay fine, you got me. My real name is Bob.

**PHIL** 

Aaarrr?

**JEEVES** 

No. It's Jeeves.

(PHIL starts looking all around the mansion. He looks in every nook and cranny he can find while JEEVES watches him. Finally....)

JEEVES (Sighs, cont'd)

What are you looking for?

**PHIL** 

Aaarrr, matey. X marks de spot.

**JEEVES** 

Sad to say, but there's no buried treasure in here.

**PHIL** 

Aaarrr. Me no lookin' for buried treasure.

**JEEVES** 

Okay, now you really don't sound like a pirate. (A beat) You sound like the Cookie Monster.

**PHIL** 

Me no think dat's funny.

**JEEVES** 

Me want cookie too.

(PHIL remains silent but stares at JEEVES.)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

Makin' faces again?

(PHIL nods his big pirate head "yes.")

JEEVES (Cont'd)

I figured as much. (A beat. JEEVES sighs.) Okay, fine, if you weren't lookin' for buried treasure, what were you lookin' for?

Me be lookin' for... 'dee hidden cameras.

**JEEVES** 

There aren't any hidden cameras in here either.

PHII.

If ye be 'dee butler and ye name be Jeeves... den dere must be hidden cameras.

**JEEVES** 

No, there's no hidden cameras. And yes, I'm the butler, and yes, my name is Jeeves.

(A beat)

PHIL

Let me see ye driver's license.

(JEEVES sighs, then reluctantly removes his wallet and opens it to show PHIL his driver's license. PHIL gestures for JEEVES to bring it closer to the pirate head's eyeholes and again, JEEVES reluctantly complies. A long silence.)

**PHIL** 

Well, Jeeves... me name be... Davy Jones.

(JEEVES puts his wallet back in his pocket.)

JEEVES (Sighs)

No it's not.

PHIL

Could be.

**JEEVES** 

No... your name's... Phil.

**PHIL** 

The Dread Pirate Phi—

**JEEVES** 

No. Just... Phil.

PHIL

Ye have no sense of humor.

**JEEVES** 

'Course I do. Knock, knock.

**PHIL** Who be there? (A long pause) **JEEVES** Okay, fine. I don't know any knock knock jokes. **PHIL** Told ye. **JEEVES** But I do have a sense of humor. I'm the one who told a joke as soon as I opened the front door. **PHIL** Ye did? (A long pause. JEEVES just glares at PHIL. Then suddenly, there are two more *knocks on the door.)* PHIL (Cont'd) Who be there? **JEEVES** Very funny. **PHIL** Very funny who? (JEEVES shakes his head and goes over and opens the door to find DREW standing there in a full gorilla suit and gorilla head.) **JEEVES** Ah! Welcome! You must be Drew. DREW (Very gorilla-like) Ouw! Ouw! **JEEVES** OH, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD! (A beat) Look, you guys do not need to stay in

character for this party.

Ouw! Ouw!

**DREW** 

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Who ordered the orangutan?

**DREW** 

Ouw! Ouw!

**PHIL** 

Me know ye a gorilla. (A beat) Orangutans smell better.

(DREW smells himself and then JEEVES ushers him inside.)

**JEEVES** 

He's just kiddin'. Come in Drew, come in.

(DREW enters and looks around.)

DREW (Gestures to the mansion's furnishings)

Ouw! Ouw!

**JEEVES** 

It's no big deal. Mostly Big Lots.

**DREW** 

Ouw! Ouw!

**PHIL** 

Aaarrr! He mean he would've said IKEA.

**JEEVES** 

You speak gorilla?

**PHIL** 

No, but neither 'dee he. (PHIL glares at DREW.) Me just speak dumb.

**JEEVES** 

No argument here.

**DREW** 

Ouw! Ouw!

JEEVES (Sighs)

Look, instead of being Garry the Gorilla, can you just be Drew? (*A beat*) And instead of Captain Van Dreary, you can be Phil and I'll just be the butler... Jeeves.

DREW (Breaking character) You're putting me on. **PHIL** Aaarrr! That be what me say. DREW (To PHIL) I'll take a Super Sampler with extra cole slaw. **JEEVES** Ha! (To PHIL) I told... ye. (A long pause) **DREW** Is your name really— JEEVES (Sighs) Yes, my real name is Jeeves and yes, I also just happen to be the butler. **DREW** Well then I'm King Kong. **JEEVES** No you're not. **DREW** If you get to be Jeeves, why don't I get to be King Kong? Ouw! Ouw! **PHIL** Aaarrr! And me be Captain Jack Sparrow. **JEEVES** No, no, no! I get to be Jeeves because Jeeves is my name. (A beat) Since birth! **PHIL** Show he ye driver's lice— **JEEVES** 

SHUT! UP!

**DREW** 

So, Jeeves, I guess your parents always wanted a butler for a son when they named you, huh?

(PHIL holds his gloved hand up for a high-five.)

Score!

(DREW holds up his hand. His hand should be in a furry gorilla glove or a part of his complete gorilla mascot uniform.)

**DREW** 

Feces!

(DREW swipes his hand at PHIL'S but PHIL lowers his quickly before DREW connects. A long pause.)

PHIL (Looking at his own gloved hand)

Were ye be serious?

**DREW** 

What do you think, shark-bait? Ouw! Ouw! Ouw!

**JEEVES** 

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! (A beat) Look, your names are Phil and Drew. Not pirate. Not monkey. And that's that.

DREW (Scoffs)

Monkey?... I'm a gorill—

**JEEVES** 

SHUT UP!

(A long silence)

PHIL (Breaking character)

Okay. Fine. So then tell me, Jeeves...

(DREW snickers. JEEVES glares at him.)

PHIL (Cont'd)

What the hell are we doing here?

**JEEVES** 

It should have been on your invitation.

(PHIL pulls an elegant invitation out of the back of his pants and hands it to JEEVES.)

**DREW** 

You have pockets in that thing?

**PHIL** 

No.

**DREW** 

Then where did you keep the invit... Eww! That's disgusting.

(JEEVES immediately drops the invitation on the ground and begins wiping his gloves on his pants and shirt. PHIL picks up the invitation.)

PHIL

Relax, Barkley. I'm just kidding.

**JEEVES** 

Jeeves.

PHIL (Nods)

Whatever you say, Carson. (*To DREW*) Of course my outfit has pockets in it. What? Yours doesn't?

(DREW shakes his head.)

PHIL (Cont'd)

Then where do you keep your keys?

(DREW lifts up his foot.)

PHIL (Cont'd)

Doesn't that hurt?

DREW (Shrugs)

Only when I walk. (A beat) Or stub my toe.

PHII

What about that time when you skipped and hopped and twirled around?

DREW (Gasps)

You saw me when I did that?!

(A beat)

**PHIL** 

No. (A beat. Phil picks up the invitation and reads it.) You are cordially invited to attend a very special, theme park mascot masquerade private party at the majestic and

magnificent Crestwood Manor. (*Stops reading. To JEEVES*) I think your description's just a tad bit too brief, Alfred. (*JEEVES glares at PHIL but remains silent. PHIL goes back to the invitation and continues reading.*) Wear your theme park mascot uniform and show up to this very special, theme park mascot masquerade— (*PHIL stops reading again.*) Seriously, you really thought you needed to mention it twice?!

**JEEVES** 

I didn't write the invitation, your host did. I merely edited it down from—

**PHIL** 

Good God, Hobson! What'd he mention it four times before you cut it to two?

**JEEVES** 

Six.

**PHIL** 

Well then, bang up job with the abridged version! (Goes back to the invitation again. Takes an overly-exaggerated deep breath and then finishes reading.) Wear your theme park mascot uniform and show up... here... and you could be walking away with \$100,000 dollars by the end of the evening.

(PHIL looks at DREW and JEEVES. JEEVES smiles and nods.)

PHIL (Cont'd)

So what's the catch?

**JEEVES** 

Your host, a fine gentleman by the name of—

PHIL

Creepy?

**JEEVES** 

Mr. Payton Granger!... will explain everything to you as soon as everyone else arrives.

PHIL

He's gonna be the one to explain things?! Oh great, then I guess I better cancel that vacation I got planned next August.

**JEEVES** 

He's not that bad.

PHIL (Scoffs)

Yeah, right! I bet you're only twenty-one but he aged you forty years in one breath.

**JEEVES** 

That's not true at all. (A long pause) It wasn't just one breath.

PHIL (Nods)

Sure. Fine. Whatever. (A beat. PHIL looks around the room again.) So how many others we got coming to this little soiree anyway, Higgins?

JEEVES (Sighs)

We're waiting on three more mascots.

**DREW** 

Why us?

**JEEVES** 

Excuse me?

**PHIL** 

Yeah. Why us? Why mascots?

**JEEVES** 

Again, I think that is a question for our host.

**PHIL** 

So I guess you're just totally useless then, huh, Mr. Belvedere?

**DREW** 

That's a little harsh, don't you think?

PHIL (Shrugs)

It's an opposable thumb thing. You wouldn't understand.

DREW (Scoffs)

You don't even sound like a pirate.

**PHIL** 

That's not what your sister said.

**JEEVES** 

Alright, enough! The both of you. Let's all just sit down and relax for a few moments and wait for the others...

(JEEVES ushers PHIL and DREW over to the posh sofa and all three of them sit down.)

**PHIL** 

Does the butler usually sit down and take a break too?

**JEEVES** 

I'm not taking a break.

**PHIL** 

Then what are you—

**JEEVES** 

I'm watching you.

**PHIL** 

Why?

**JEEVES** 

To make sure you don't steal the cushions.

**PHIL** 

Oh, come on, I only did that once. (A beat) And I learned my lesson. I'm certainly not gonna go back to jail. Inmates have an altogether, entirely different definition of... "Yo... Ho!" Besides, why would I—

**JEEVES** 

These sofa cushions are worth six thousand dollars apiece!

**PHIL** 

Good God! What are they made out of? Kittens?

**JEEVES** 

How'd you guess?

(PHIL and DREW stand up quickly.)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

Calm down... they were declawed first.

(JEEVES smiles. DREW and PHIL relax their poses a bit.)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

Lighten up, fellas. Geez. (A beat) Besides, I don't think you have to worry, I won't be takin' a break for very long. The other guests should be arriving any moment now so I—

(On cue: there are several more knocks on the door.)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

While you're up, can one of you get the door?

(A beat. PHIL and DREW stare at JEEVES then at each other. JEEVES stands up and points at PHIL.)

JEEVES (Scoffs, cont'd)

No sense of humor.

(JEEVES crosses to open the door. PHIL and DREW immediately start grabbing the cushions off the sofa. JEEVES opens the front door to reveal ANNIE. She's dressed in a penguin suit and head.)

**JEEVES** 

Ah, hello. You must be Annie. (A beat) Phil... Drew... I'd like to introduce...

(JEEVES turns to look at PHIL and DREW again. They are now both holding sofa cushions under their arms and trying to look innocent and nonchalant.)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

Seriously?

PHIL (Mockingly)

No sense of humor.

(PHIL puts the cushion back on the sofa. DREW hesitates.)

JEEVES (Sighs)

Put it back and I'll give you a banana.

**DREW** 

Ouw! Ouw!

(DREW quickly puts his cushion back on the sofa as well. Then PHIL finally acknowledges ANNIE.)

**PHIL** 

Who invited the duck?

ANNIE (To JEEVES)

Hi, kiddies. My name's Kipper the Penguin. And I'm the kipperest, kippery kipper in the whole kippering, kipper world.

PHIL (To JEEVES)

Why'd you invite the mascot for the Special Olympics?

**JEEVES** 

Please ignore the Pirate Black-weird, Annie.

ANNIE (Way ahead of JEEVES)

So who's the kipperingest little kipper-birthday boy here today?

**JEEVES** 

No one, Annie. This party is just for you theme park mascots.

ANNIE (At a loss)

And how old is the kippery birthday boy?

PHIL (To JEEVES)

Send that one back to the factory. She's defective.

JEEVES (Ignoring PHIL)

It's nobody's birthday. And you don't have to stay in character, either.

(DREW quickly crosses back over to the front door.)

DREW (To ANNIE)

Hey, I know you, don't I?

(PHIL quickly crosses over as well.)

**PHIL** 

Maybe you sat next to her on the short bus.

**DREW** 

That's not even remotely funny, rum-pot. (A beat) You know what... I'd actually just prefer it if you stopped speakin' to me altogether.

**PHIL** 

I'd prefer it if you starting takin' showers more regularly.

**DREW** 

That's rich, comin' from fast-food-nation.

PHIL (Sighs)

I do not work at *Long John*—

(ANNIE enters to meet DREW. JEEVES closes the front door behind her.)

ANNIE (*Breaking character*)

Drew? Is that you?

**DREW** 

Hey, Annie.

**ANNIE** 

Been a long time.

**DREW** 

Tell me about it. What, like five years?

ANNIE

I think it's been more like seven.

**DREW** 

On that cruise ship, right? (Chuckles) You were heavin' over the side and—

ANNIE (Taps on her mascot head)

You held my head for me.

PHIL (To DREW)

Can one of you hold mine too, 'cause your little high school reunion's makin' me—

ANNIE (to DREW)

Who's the gay pirate?

**DREW** 

Annie? I'd like you to meet Long John Moron.

**PHIL** 

Gay?! Gay?! Gay?!

**ANNIE** 

That's it! Wear that pride!

**PHIL** 

I'll have you know, fish-breath, I am not gay!

(A beat)

**ANNIE** 

Geez. You don't have to sound so homophobic about it.

PHIL (Panic-stricken)

What?! No, I'm not... I don't have anything against homosexuals.

ANNIE (Nods)

That sounded very convincing... for a hate monger.

Well, I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything... I don't have a problem with them... it's just that... I personally... well... I mean... (*Explodes*) Look, I'm just not a fairy, alright?!

(There are several more knocks on the door. JEEVES opens the door to find JAN who is dressed in a fairy suit and head. Everyone looks at PHIL.)

PHIL (Nods, cont'd)

Walked into that one.

JEEVES (Shrugs)

At least you finally got your knock knock joke.

(JEEVES ushers JAN inside the mansion and closes the front door behind her. JAN looks at all the other mascots one by one.)

**JAN** 

What's with all the outfits?

PHIL (To ANNIE)

She your sister?

**ANNIE** 

What do you mean?

PHIL

Well, you know... Tweedle dum and Tweedle... duh.

ANNIE (Shrugs)

I never saw Star Wars.

(JEEVES throws a double-take at ANNIE. The others just shake their big dumb heads back and forth. Then JEEVES throws his focus back to JAN.)

**JEEVES** 

Well, if your name's Jan... which I presume it is... then you should have read about all these outfits on your invitation to this special, theme park mascot masquer—

**PHIL** 

JEEVES!

**JEEVES** 

Right. Sorry. (Back to JAN) On your party invitation.

JAN

What invitation?

(PHIL waves his invitation around.)

**JEEVES** 

That invitation.

JAN

That thing I got in the mail was an invitation to a party? I thought it was a come-on and a rip-off. Like Ponzi Schemes. Or Publisher's Clearing House. Or health insurance.

**JEEVES** 

If you didn't know about the invitation, then what are you doing here? And why are you dressed in your fairy mascot costume?

JAN

What costume?

JEEVES (Diverting his eyes)

Oh... uh... well...

PHIL (Sotto, to JEEVES)

I think she OD'ed on some fairy dust.

JAN (Pointing at the front door)

She dragged me here. She told me it was for a job interview.

DREW

A job interview where?

**ANNIE** 

Please don't say church. Please don't say church.

**PHIL** 

No, it had to be Fairyland.

**ANNIE** 

You mean Fantasyland.

**PHIL** 

You say tomato, I say tomahto.

**ANNIE** 

No. I say tomato, you say... HATE CRIME!

(A beat)

PHIL (Sotto, to DREW)

Whoa! Thar she blows!

(DREW moves away from PHIL. A beat. And then there is another knock on the front door. JEEVES quickly crosses back and opens it to reveal GINA. She enters carrying two suitcases and dressed in a cat suit and head. She drops the suitcases on the ground and JEEVES rushes over and picks them both up.)

**JEEVES** 

Hello. Gina, I presume?

GINA (Not into it)

Meow.

**PHIL** 

The hairball has left the building.

GINA (Even more not into it)

Purr. Meow. Purr. Meow. Purr. Purr.

PHIL (Sotto, to DREW)

Eat your heart out, Norma Desmond.

**DREW** 

What'd I say about talkin' to me?

PHIL

Careful monkey-brains, I got no problem stickin' a banana so far up your—

JEEVES (Quickly, to GINA)

You don't have to do that anymore, Gina. There's no need to stay in character while you're at this party.

GINA (Breaking character)

Oh, thank God! (*A beat*) Okay, then, here's what I need. I need Voss water, chilled at exactly 17.4 degrees Celsius. I also need a Swarovski crystal-glass bowl filled-to-the-brim—practically overflowing—but not *actually* overflowing—with Jordan Almonds... but I better not catch a single, solitary, sneaky, nasty, little yellow one in there. I also need a large—

**PHIL** 

I thought you were supposed to be a cat.

**GINA** 

I am a cat.

Oh, sorry. For a second I was confused and thought you were a dog. (A beat) You know... 'cause a female dog's a—

GINA (Back to JEEVES)

I also need a bedroom on the main floor... I am certainly not about to pounce up and down those stairs all night long.

DREW

He said you don't need to stay in character.

**GINA** 

Yeah. And?

PHIL (Sarcastic, to JAN)

So glad you decided to bring Chairman Meow with you.

JAN (Shrugs)

It's her town car. She just gave me a ride.

PHIL

Surprised you didn't just fly, Tinker—

JAN

Does anyone actually think he's funny?

**ALL OTHERS** 

NO!

(JAN nods and gives PHIL a "well, there you go" gesture.)

PHIL

Aaarrr. (A beat. Quietly) Me do.

GINA (Quickly, back to JEEVES)

Well?! Are any of my requests going to be a problem?

PHIL (Scoffs)

Requests? You mean demands.

(GINA throws her best cat screech over towards PHIL.)

**JEEVES** 

No, of course not, Gina... I'll take care of them all and get the rest of your luggage, right after I show you all to your rooms.

GINA (Overly hostile) Well, yeah. Duh. I figured. **JEEVES** Of course. **PHIL** Oh, uh... Cadbury? JEEVES (Overly hostile) What?! PHIL I didn't bring any luggage. **DREW** Neither did I. **ANNIE** Me neither. I thought this was just a one day gig. **JEEVES** It is. PHIL Then what's with her and all that— **GINA** I always bring luggage wherever I go, in case for some reason I get stuck there, at least I'll have something to wear. (A long pause) **PHIL** That's actually a pretty good idea. **DREW** Yeah, it is. ANNIE I used to do that until I lost my luggage.

**PHIL** 

You lost your own luggage?

ANNIE

It's not something I'm proud of.

**PHIL** 

I would be! It's gotta take some serious skill to lose your own lug—

**GINA** 

Where's my room?

**JEEVES** 

It's right this way, ma'am.

**GINA** 

Excuse me?! Ma'am?! I am not a ma'am!

**PHIL** 

You're a diva.

**GINA** 

WHAT?!

**PHIL** 

You prefer prima donna?

**GINA** 

You want a prima donna? Oh, I'll show you a prima donna.

(GINA takes her head off and holds it in her hand.)

GINA (Cont'd)

Whew! It's like a thousand degrees in that thing!

(The others look at each other and then at JEEVES, who looks blankly back at them. Then they all take their heads off and hold them in their hands.)

PAYTON (Offstage)

Put your heads back on.

GINA (To JEEVES)

Who invited Simon Cowell?

(A panic-stricken JEEVES vehemently shakes his head.)

PHIL (Sings, rather poorly)

Memories... like the corners of my min—

ANNIE (To JAN)

Are my ears bleeding?

JAN (Looking to see)

A bit.

DREW (Nods)

Somebody please stick a banana in his—

**PHIL** 

You'd risk losin' one of your precious bananas just over my singing?

**DREW** 

Deaf people would risk it.

**PHIL** 

I thought you liked bananas.

**DREW** 

I do. (A beat) Except Miss Chiquita. She's the spawn of Satan.

PHIL (Scoffs)

Yeah, right.

DREW (Sighs)

"And I looked, and behold, a blue dress with ruffles on the sleeves: and her name that was in it was Chiquita, and a head o' fruit followed with her."

**ANNIE** 

Drew? Did you just make that up?

(DREW nods.)

ANNIE (Cont'd)

Nice. I like it. Color me impresse—

PAYTON (Offstage)

PLEASE PUT YOUR HEADS BACK ON!!!

(All the characters look to see PAYTON enter the stage. He is dressed like a stereotypical circus barker. The mascots quickly put their heads back on.)

# PAYTON (Cont'd)

Thank you. (*Picturing it*) That... is the way I envision you. That is the way I've always thought about you. That is the way I've always dreamt about you. And so that is the way I always want to see you... as the perfect mascots you are.

(A long pause)

JAN (Sotto, to GINA)

He's got a basement. I know he's got a basement. Or an attic. Or a closet. Some kind of room full of all the molested corpses of other theme park masco—

**ANNIE** 

SHHHHHH!

(A beat)

PAYTON (Chuckles)

No, no... it's okay, Annie... Jan's right. I do have a closet. And a basement. And an attic. (*A beat*) You all wanna see 'em?

# **ALL OTHERS SAVE JEEVES**

NOOOOO!

PAYTON (Chuckles)

Relax. I'm just kidding. Oh, not about the rooms... they're all here. But I'm kidding about you seeing them all... yet...

(Sound cue. Everyone looks around the room in a panic. A long silence. Then all the mascots bump into each other as they stumble as fast as they can (which isn't very) towards the front door. PAYTON bursts out laughing as he watches them all. Then, finally, just before they all reach the handle of the front door...)

PAYTON (Cont'd)

Okay, okay... stop... please... I'm just kidding with you all...

(A beat. All the mascots slowly turn their big heads around again, one by one.)

PAYTON (Cont'd)

Or am I?

(Sound cue. The mascots simultaneously and quickly turn back towards the door. *PAYTON* chuckles harder.)

PAYTON (Cont'd)

Okay, okay. Enough. I'm sorry. Yes, I was totally just kidding. (A beat. The mascots all fight over who gets to turn the door handle.) Okay, fine. Go ahead. Feel free to leave. I

understand your trepidation. Maybe I was bein' a little too overly-creepy and child-molesty with all the secret passageway nonsense.

JEEVES (Sotto)

Sir! They never mentioned the secret passagewa—

**PAYTON** 

Oh, right. Whoops! I meant all the hidden basement nonsense!

(The mascots try harder to turn the handle, but it's pretty much impossible because their costumes and big cartoonish gloved hands keep getting in the way.)

PAYTON (Shrugs, cont'd)

Okay, then... well, Jeeves... I guess that million dollars just isn't really all that important to any of 'em.

(The mascots freeze and stop fumbling with the doorknob. They all slowly turn back around again.)

**PHIL** 

Million?

**DREW** 

I thought it was a hundred thousand.

**PAYTON** 

A hundred thousand? What am I, hosting a reality show on The CW? (A beat) No, I specifically indicated on all of your invitations that one of you was going to get...

(A pause. All eyes turn to JEEVES.)

**JEEVES** 

What?

**PAYTON** 

You left off a zero, didn't you?

**JEEVES** 

No, of course not! (A long pause) Well, sir, you did tell me to edit them dow—

**PAYTON** 

NOT THAT PART!

**JEEVES** 

I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to. It was an accident.

**PAYTON** 

Uh-huh.

**JEEVES** 

I swear!

(A beat)

**PAYTON** 

To God?

(A long silence)

JEEVES (Sighs)

Okay, sure. Why not? I swear to—

(A loud thunderclap echoes throughout the Theatre. JEEVES dives to the ground, does the sign of the cross and then covers his head with his hands.)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

(While JEEVES still has his head covered, PAYTON pulls a small recorder out of his pants pocket, then he looks at the mascots and puts his index finger to his lips. They all silently nod their giant mascot heads. PAYTON pushes a button on the recorder and another loud thunderclap echoes throughout the Theatre. PAYTON covers his mouth to keep from laughing out loud.)

JEEVES (Cont'd)

I'm sorry, God! I'm sorry! Please forgive me, oh, Lord.

PAYTON (*To the mascots*)

It's okay...

(JEEVES starts to uncover his head.)

PAYTON (Cont'd)

No, not you!

(PAYTON pushes the button and another loud thunderclap is heard. JEEVES quickly cowers on the ground and covers his head again. Then PAYTON gestures for the mascots to come back inside the living room again.)

PAYTON (Cont'd)

I meant... you. It's okay. You all can come back. (A beat) Just mind your step and watch out for that... sinner.

(Slowly, the mascots comply and come back inside the room towards PAYTON. JEEVES remains on the ground, still cowering in fear of the Almighty.)

PAYTON (Sighs, cont'd)

Yes, it's true. I promise that one of you is gonna walk out of here in the morning with one million dollars in your pocket.

PHIL

Our pocket? I don't think a million dollars would fit in just one—

**PAYTON** 

But I'm pretty sure it ain't gonna be you, Captain Morgan.

PHIL (Slightly crestfallen)

Aaarrr.

(The mascots start to either walk around or step over JEEVES' body which is still on the ground in the fetal position.)

### **PAYTON**

That's right. Just climb right over him. Sorry about all that... but I've always had the feeling that good, old Jeeves here has been stealin' from me for years.

(JEEVES quickly uncovers his head and jumps up to his feet.)

**JEEVES** 

Sir, that's not true. I swear to—

(PAYTON discreetly pushes the button on the recorder again. Another loud thunderclap and JEEVES is immediately down on the ground, cowering in fear again. PAYTON covers his mouth again to keep from laughing.)

**ANNIE** 

A million dollars... what exactly do we have to do for that kind of money?

**PHIL** 

Haven't you ever seen Indecent Proposal?

**JAN** 

Oh, God!

**PAYTON** 

No, no. It's nothing like that. (*Turns on PHIL*) Personally, I always preferred *Deliverance* more anyway.

(A long silence. Then DREW and PHIL both start backing up towards the front door again.)

PAYTON (Cont'd)

Gotcha!

(A beat. DREW and PHIL stop backing up towards the door, but hold off on stepping forward again. PAYTON shakes his head and turns back to face ANNIE.)

PAYTON (Cont'd)

I was totally kidding... all I want from you all are two simple things.

**PHIL** 

If the first is "squeal"... I already know the second.

**PAYTON** 

No, I'm tellin' you... and I'm being very sincere when I say this... neither thing I want is even remotely close to being dirty or perverted.

(A long pause)

**GINA** 

What, then?

**PAYTON** 

Patience, my dear little minx. I will reveal everything in a very, very short matter of moments.

(A long pause. Then PAYTON approaches JEEVES' body.)

PAYTON (Cont'd)

Hey? Heathen?

(JEEVES slowly removes his hands from his head.)

**JEEVES** 

Sir?

**PAYTON** 

Would you please get up off the ground? You look ridiculous.

**JEEVES** 

Is... is it safe?

PAYTON (Scoffs)

God doesn't care about you... besides, even if he does, who do you work for, him or me?

JEEVES Sorry, sir. Of course.

(JEEVES quickly gets to his feet, dusts himself off and awaits a command from PAYTON.)

PAYTON (Nods)

It's time.

**JEEVES** 

Yes, of course, sir. Right away. (A beat) Ladies and gentlemen, dinner is served.

PHIL

It's 3:30 in the afternoon!

**JEEVES** 

Sir?... Please...

PHIL (Sighs)

Whatever you say, Jasper. You guys eat your meals on the old lady clock, fine by me.

JAN

Do we have to eat while we're still wearing our heads, too?

**PAYTON** 

Naturally.

**DREW** 

That's impossible.

**PAYTON** 

Not if you eat your dinner through a straw.

ANNIE

What are we having?

**PAYTON** 

Jeeves?

**JEEVES** 

Lamb.

(A long pause)

**GINA** 

I just became a vegetarian.

JAN (*Nods her big head*)

I've already started my post lamb-shake vomit session in my own head.

PAYTON (Shakes his head)

Relax. You can all take your heads off while we eat.

**PHIL** 

What about the bathroom? This thing doesn't have a zipper, you know.

**DREW** 

It has pockets but no zipper?

**PHIL** 

I know, right? I told them a hundred times to put one on it, but do they listen to—

**PAYTON** 

If you don't mind... might we finish this discussion at the dining room table?

**JAN** 

How 'bout we never let them finish that discussion?

(JEEVES takes the two suitcases and heads off into an offstage room. All the other characters slowly make their way over to the glass dining room table. JEEVES reenters the stage, but hurries back off again through a different door leading into the offstage kitchen. All the other mascots sit down around PAYTON, who sits at the head of the table.)

### **PAYTON**

Now then... as I said before... I've called all of you here for two specific reasons. Number one is that you are all theme park mascots and you are all guilty. (A long pause. The others start looking around at each other.) And so... that's why I decided to give a million dollars to the mascot who actually confesses to their sins and makes amends before the morning dawns. Now then... tonight is all about repentance. (PHIL raises his hand) I know it's still the middle of the afternoon, Phil! (PHIL puts his hand down) And you all are here for the same reason. The cash. And let me tell you, it is so real. But before any of you can get your pudgy little fingers on it...

(The mascots all look down at their huge cartoonish hands.)

PAYTON (Cont'd)

... You are going to repent for your sins. But first—

Well, that takes care of me, but what about the rest of them?

(PHIL laughs, but no one else does.)

**PAYTON** 

Please don't interrupt me again, me hearty.

**PHIL** 

Right. Sorry, sir.

**PAYTON** 

So, as Jeeves pointed out before... my name is Payton Granger and I am your crazy, eccentric billionaire for the evening. (*PHIL raises his hand*) I KNOW IT'S ONLY 3:30, CAPTAIN SQUID! (*PHIL puts his hand down. A long pause.*) Now then... I want you all to know that I have always loved theme park mascots. As a child, I wanted to be one myself so badly... but then I grew up and found out how much money you all make and I decided to become an oil tycoon instead.

DREW (Shakes his big head)

My guidance counselor sucked.

(PAYTON nods and then looks at the other mascots.)

**PAYTON** 

Oh, please... by all means, the rest of you can feel free to vent your monetary frustrations too.

JAN

Oh, God! It's the worst!

**PHIL** 

Peanuts. They might as well pay us in peanuts.

**DREW** 

If minimum wage were lower, we'd make that.

**GINA** 

It turned me into something I never thought I'd become.

**PHIL** 

A full-fledged—

**GINA** 

Hey! (A beat. GINA looks back at PAYTON who gestures for her to go on.) It's because of the salary that I've now become a child-hater.

You weren't a child-hater before?

GINA (Shrugs)

Not in public.

(A long pause)

**ANNIE** 

Well, for me, it's not about the money.

(PHIL gags and pretends to throw up.)

ANNIE (Cont'd)

It's not! It's about making all those children happy.

(PHIL gags and pretends to throw up again.)

**PAYTON** 

Very noble, Annie. But if that's true, why did you flick a little kid on the ear until you made it bleed?

ANNIE (Gasps)

How did you know about that?!

**PAYTON** 

I told you, I brought you here for only two reasons. (A beat) I know a lot about all of you.

**PHIL** 

Oh yeah, like what?

**DREW** 

Don't dare him like that, Dummy Roger!

**PHIL** 

Why not? (A beat) I think he's chicken.

DREW

I think you docked your ship in shallow water.

**PAYTON** 

No, that's not it, Drew... Phil's just tryin' to seem like a tough guy. (*To PHIL*) I bet you thought no one even saw you when you tripped that child and made him fall headfirst into that fountain.

**PHIL** He was asking for it. **PAYTON** He was four! PHIL (Nods his big head) He knows what he did. **PAYTON** And Drew... **DREW** Oh, sweet Lord... **PAYTON** I bet you thought you were in the clear when you pushed that kid out of the way when there was a fire at your theme park. **DREW** I can't believe you saw that! **PHIL** Ha! Just like George Costanza. **DREW** Who? PHIL (Shakes his big head) That's too funny. **PAYTON** The child's parents didn't think so. **DREW** Neither did their lawyer. (A beat. Back to PAYTON) But that's not a secret. Everyone knew about that. **PHIL** I didn't.

ALL OTHERS SAVE PAYTON

Me neither.

(A long pause)

DREW

Read a newspaper.

PHIL

A what? Oh, you mean the Internet.

(PAYTON smiles.)

**PAYTON** 

And Jan... you probably thought you were safe when you sprayed that kid in the face with that water cannon.

JAN

I thought nobody was looking.

**PAYTON** 

But I was. And Gina... you probably thought no one saw you when—

**GINA** 

I know, I know. Pushed that kid's face in the dirt.

**PAYTON** 

No, I was gonna say when you—

**GINA** 

Tripped the girl as she was getting on the magic carpet ride.

**PAYTON** 

No, I was gonna say when you—

**GINA** 

Knocked that kid down after he—

**DREW** 

For God's sake! Stop givin' him more ammunition!

**GINA** 

Fine. (A beat) What, then?

**PAYTON** 

I was gonna say when you threw that little girl's stuffed animal she had just won in the toilet.

GINA (Chuckles)

Oh yeah. I forgot about that one.

**PAYTON** 

Well I didn't. And neither did she. She's in therapy now.

GINA (Scoffs)

Figures... crybaby.

**PAYTON** 

You are all guilty of breaking the number one code of all mascots.

**PHIL** 

You mean the "don't pee in the bushes" code?

**PAYTON** 

No.

**GINA** 

You have a code for that?

**PHIL** 

I do now. (Gestures down at his mascot uniform) No zipper.

**PAYTON** 

Well, this is not that code. This is *the* code. The one that states that you all are supposed to be nice to the patrons at all times.

**PHIL** 

We have a code for that?

**PAYTON** 

It's the unspoken code.

JAN

No, they told me about it during my orientation.

**ANNIE** 

Me too.

**PHIL** 

Yeah, but Payton, you left out the part where the kid I pushed in the fountain had just kicked me in the—

**PAYTON** 

At all times.

**GINA** 

But that girl jumped on me and climbed up and grabbed my whiskers and tried to gnaw them—

**PAYTON** 

At. All. Times.

**DREW** 

So... what? You brought us all here so we could apologize for our behavior?

**PAYTON** 

I brought you all here for that and for that second reason.

**JAN** 

And here comes the basement.

**PAYTON** 

No, no... not the basement... not yet. (Sound cue. The others turn their big heads to look around the mansion again, but PAYTON continues as if nothing's out of the ordinary.) But I did pick you five specifically. I see that Annie and Drew already got reacquainted.

**DREW** 

Yeah, but how did you...

**PAYTON** 

I told you. I see things.

**ANNIE** 

You're really kind of creepy, you know that, right?

**PAYTON** 

Yes. I do. And I've got the restraining orders against me to prove it.

**ANNIE** 

Orders? As in plural?

(PHIL leans over to DREW and hums a chord of "Dueling Banjos".)

DREW (To PAYTON)

Can I hit him?

PAYTON (Smiling at PHIL)

In a sec. But first... I'm just wondering why the rest of you are acting like you don't know each other too.

GINA (Sighs)

Whatever. Big deal, it's not like it's some massive secret that mascots bump into other mascots from time to time. (*Overly hostile*) Now are you gonna get to the second reason you dragged us all here or not?

PAYTON (Smiles)

The second reason I brought you all here is a reason you all probably forgot about long ago. But I didn't. And it's the one I'm positive you're all going to enjoy.

JAN

Why's that?

**PAYTON** 

Because it's fun! That's the second reason!... FUN! You all remember what fun is, right?

**PHIL** 

Gimme a hint.

PAYTON (Sighs)

Of course. Stand up.

**GINA** 

Who eats dinner standing up?

PHIL.

Same people who eat dinner at 4 PM.

**PAYTON** 

We can do this first, then we can eat.

JAN

Wonderful.

**PAYTON** 

It's gonna be! I promise. (A beat. Calling offstage) OKAY, JEEVES!

(A long pause. Then PAYTON starts things off by standing up first. Then, slowly, the mascots all follow suit and stand up as well. Then JEEVES enters holding a serving tray with a cover on top.)

**JEEVES** 

I was just finishing—

**PAYTON** 

Is it ready? (He notices the serving tray.) Is that it?

**PAYTON** Good. Reveal the secret special treat. **JAN** There's a head under there. I know there's a head under— **PHIL** I'm allergic to monkey's brains. (To DREW) But you don't have to worry about that. **DREW** Huh? **PHIL** Ouw! Ouw! DREW (To PAYTON) Can I hit him now? **PAYTON** Sure. If you think it'll help. (DREW slaps PHIL upside his big pirate head. PHIL doesn't react but does turn to face DREW.) PAYTON (Cont'd, to DREW) Did it help? **DREW** It felt good. **PAYTON** Good. 'Cause feelin' good is what (*Indicating the tray*) this... is all about!... Jeeves?... If you please... **JEEVES** Yes, sir. (JEEVES takes the cover off and reveals a folded sheet resting on top of the tray. A long pause.) **ANNIE** That's your idea of fun? You want us to make the bed?

**JEEVES** 

Yes sir.

**PAYTON** 

Ha. Ha. (A beat) Not exactly.

(A long pause. All the mascots turn their big heads to look at each other, curious but also a bit frightened. PAYTON smiles. And then JEEVES smiles and nods. A long silence.)

**PHIL** 

Did anyone else feel that draft?

(Quick blackout. End of Act One/Scene One.)

## Act One/Scene Two

(At rise, DREW and PHIL stand on one side of PAYTON'S lifeless corpse. They are holding onto half of a ripped sheet. ANNIE, JAN and GINA stand on the other side holding the other half of the ripped sheet. The shattered glass dining room table sits just in front of PAYTON'S head, which is stained with blood, as are the floor and other accoutrements all around the stage. JEEVES is no longer onstage. After a few moments of silence, PHIL holds up his portion of the ripped sheet to investigate.)

**PHIL** 

Anybody catch the thread count?

**DREW** 

Shut up, *Treasure Island*.

PHIL

What?! That's a valid question.

**ANNIE** 

Whatever.

**PHIL** 

But that's not a valid answer.

JAN

Just don't start in with some stupid fat joke or anything.

**PHIL** 

I would never! (A beat) 'Cause sheets just rip on their own for no good reason all the time.

ANNIE

God! Would you just shut up, Ahab?!

(An awkward silence. Then PHIL looks at the blood on and around PAYTON'S head.)

PHIL

Man... would you look at all that bluuuuuu—

(PHIL immediately passes out and collapses in a heap next to PAYTON'S body. His pirate head could stay on his head or fall off, either way.)

**GINA** 

Oh great, now what'd we do?

DREW (Sighs)

Just push his body out of the way.

GINA (Scoffs)

Yeah, right! I'm not touchin' him!

(DREW turns to look at JAN.)

JAN (Sighs)

Why do we need to move him?

**DREW** 

To give Payton some air.

(JAN nods and approaches PHIL'S body and starts to nudge him with her foot.)

ANNIE (To DREW)

Seriously?

**DREW** 

OF COURSE I'M NOT SERIOUS!

(JAN immediately stops pushing PHIL'S body and rejoins the others.)

JAN

But, why not? I mean... there's still a chance Payton might be okay... right?

DREW (Sarcastic)

Oh, yeah. His head just split open like a watermelon, but he can just walk it off.

**ANNIE** Watermelon? **DREW** Would you prefer cantaloupe? ANNIE I'd prefer you stop using stupid fruit analogies. **DREW** I'd prefer you stop wearing so much perfume. ANNIE I'm not wearin' too much perfume. DREW (Scoffs) France just called to say they're out! JAN (Sighs) I wish you two would just make out already. **ANNIE** JAN?! **DREW** What d'you mean? JAN Oh, please. It's like you're both back in grade school with all the ponytail pulling. ANNIE (To DREW) I don't know what she's talking about. DREW (Patting his giant head) My fur's not that long, is it? (PHIL wakes up and slowly stands back up. Then he puts the big pirate head back on, if in fact, it fell off when he passed out.) **GINA** Are you okay? **PHIL** Do you care? (A beat)

**GINA** No. **PHIL** Didn't think so. (A long silence. They all stare at PAYTON'S body and all the broken glass and blood again. Then DREW starts looking towards the door to the offstage kitchen.) **DREW** Where the hell is that butler anyway? **ANNIE** Probably witness protection by now. JAN That's where we'll all be soon enough. **GINA** Yeah. If we're lucky. **PHIL** Just for the record... you all heard me suggest Pictionary, right? (A beat) ANNIE (Shaking her head) Why didn't we move the dining room table out of the way first? **PHIL** Yeah, seriously... somebody really should have thought of that beforehand. ANNIE (Shaking her head) What were we thinkin', throwin' a senior citizen like that up in the air in the first place?

**PHIL** 

He said it would be fun.

ANNIE

Does he look like he's havin' fun?

**PHIL** 

He did before the sheet ripped.

**PHIL** 'Course we can. **ANNIE** How? **PHIL** 'Cause I distinctly heard "WEEEEE!"... before I heard "RIIIIPPPPP! AAAGGGHH! SMASH! THUD!" GINA (Sighs, to DREW) What are you gonna do? **DREW** You mean, what are we gonna do. **GINA** No I don't. **ANNIE** What do you mean, what are we gonna do? We call the cops. And an ambulance. **PHIL** You mean a hearse. JAN Phil?! **PHIL** Oh, sorry... did he wanna be cremated? **GINA** Even if he did, we'd still need a hearse. **PHIL** Urns aren't that heavy. (The others stare at PHIL, but decide it's futile to answer him. A long pause.) DREW (Shaking his big head) We can't call the cops. (The others AD LIB things like "What?" "Why not?" "Are you crazy?")

ANNIE (Shakes her big head)

We can't know that for sure.

DREW (Cont'd) Just hear me out. JAN No way! **ANNIE** Absolutely not! PHIL I'm listening... **DREW** Look, we just killed a billionaire. Sure it was an accident, but we killed him nonetheless. It's that simple. He's dead... because of us. JAN But it was his idea to bounce up and down on the sheet. **PHIL** So it's more like assisted suicide, right? **ANNIE** For God's sake, shut up, scurvy-boy! PHIL (Shrugs) I'm just spit-ballin' here... ANNIE Well, stop! I can feel my IQ drop every time you open your mouth. **PHIL** Your what? **DREW** 

Guys, the cops aren't gonna care whose idea this was. They're only gonna care that we tossed a rich old guy up in the air, the sheet ripped, and he slammed his head into that dining room table.

ANNIE

Well of course it sounds bad when you say it like that.

JAN

But doesn't that mean the dining room table's the killer?

**GINA** 

Either that or the sheet.

PHIL (Nods)

It all comes back to the thread count.

**DREW** 

WHO CARES ABOUT THE STINKIN' THREAD COUNT?!

PHIL

Trust me. Once you try a 400-count, you never want to go back to just—

DREW

WHO CARES AT ALL ABOUT THE STUPID, STINKIN', SILLY SHEET?!

PHIL

Seriously, Simian?

(DREW starts advancing on PHIL but ANNIE and JAN hold him back.)

PHIL (Cont'd)

Well, I hope it was at least Egyptian blend.

ANNIE (*Exploding*)

SHUT UP, BEFORE I MAKE YOU SWAB THE DECK WITH YOUR TONGUE!

(A long silence)

PHIL (Sotto, to GINA)

Whoa. Hell hath no fury like a birdbrain scorned, huh?

(GINA hisses viciously at PHIL and looks like she's a deadly cat for the first time ever. PHIL jumps back a bit. A long silence.)

ANNIE

Look Drew, we need the cops.

**DREW** 

But we killed him.

JAN

Which is precisely why we need the cops here.

**DREW** 

To arrest us?

PHIL It was an accident. **DREW** I guarantee, if the cops come, we're all getting arrested. (To PHIL) Do you want to go to jail? PHIL My butt can't handle prison again. **ANNIE** Again? **DREW** It's a long, dull, boring and pointless story. PHIL You think it was boring and pointless? Which part? DREW (Quickly, to GINA) Do you wanna go to jail?! GINA (Scoffs) People my age don't go to jail. PHIL Fifty year olds go to ja— **GINA** Drop dead! PHIL Fifty-one? **GINA** I'm fort—I'm thirty-six. **PHIL** 

PHIL (Chuckles)
', old people go to

Whoa! Old Woman River.

SHUT UP!

**GINA** 

I'm just sayin', old people go to jail all the time.

**GINA** 

I'M NOT OLD! AND NO THEY DON'T!

**PHIL** 

What about Bernie Madoff?

GINA (Panic-stricken, to DREW)

DON'T CALL THE COPS!

DREW (To ANNIE)

Do you want to go to jail?!

**ANNIE** 

No, but Drew... I think you're overreac—

**DREW** 

Then it's settled. No cops.

**ANNIE** 

What do you mean, it's settled, no cops? What are we supposed to do, bury his body in the backyard?

**PHIL** 

I got a shovel in my trunk. (A beat) And some lime.

JAN

Lime?

PHIL (Shrugs)

For the weeds in my garden.

JAN

Then what's it doin' in your trunk?

**PHIL** 

You should see my garage.

DREW (Sighs)

Look, nobody's burying anyone. That's not how mature, grown-up adults should handle this.

**GINA** 

Okay, Mr. Big Shot? How should mature, grown-up adults handle this then?

(A beat. Then JEEVES enters carrying another covered tray in his hand.)

**JEEVES** 

Dinner is ser—

(JEEVES looks down and sees PAYTON'S body for the first time.)

JEEVES (High-pitched squeal)

AAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHH?!

**PHIL** 

Like that mature, grown-up adult.

(JEEVES drops the tray and rushes to PAYTON'S side. The cover pops off the tray and a few lamb chops roll across the stage. PHIL waves at them as they pass.)

PHIL (Cont'd)

Bye-bye, black sheep.

(JEEVES checks PAYTON'S pulse. Then he quickly jumps to his feet again.)

JEEVES (To PHIL)

SWEET LORD ABOVE, PHIL! WHAT DID YOU DO?!

PHIL

Me?! You're the one who dropped our dinner.

**JEEVES** 

NOT THAT?! (Indicating PAYTON'S body.) THAT?!

DHII

Hey! It was your sheet! It wasn't a fitted one, was it? You know... they bunch up a lot more than—

JEEVES (To the others)

What happened?

**ANNIE** 

Jeeves, listen... we threw Payton up in the air, just like he wanted us to do, I might add... and then the sheet ripped.

**JEEVES** 

Oh, my God!

**PHIL** 

That's exactly what Payton said when the sheet ripped.

**JEEVES** 

I can't believe it.

**PHIL** 

Me neither. I can't believe you'll spring six thousand for sofa cushions, but for sheets you settle for The Dollar Store.

(JEEVES starts to advance on PHIL. This time, DREW is the one to hold out his hand and stop JEEVES.)

**DREW** 

Are you sure he's dead, Jeeves?

**JEEVES** 

I just checked. He has no pulse.

**PHIL** 

That doesn't prove anything. Maybe you should check again to be sure.

(JEEVES crosses back over to check PAYTON'S pulse again.)

**JEEVES** 

He's not breathing.

**PHIL** 

Maybe he's just holding his breath. Or maybe he's just—

**JEEVES** 

He's dead!... He's dead! He's dead!

PHIL (Scoffs)

You don't have to overdo it or anything.

JEEVES (Screams at PHIL)

YOU KILLED HIM!

PHIL (Shrugs)

HEY! (A beat) I had help.

ANNIE

It was an accident, Jeeves.

JAN

Yeah.

JEEVES

How does a sheet accidentally rip in half like that?

PHIL (Sotto)

Dollar Store.

**JEEVES** 

It wasn't a stinkin' Dollar Store sheet! It was a 400-thread count, Egyptian blend designer sheet from Nordstrom's!

PHIL (Euphorically)

Mmmmm... that's like a cloud from Heaven. Is that the same as the ones on our beds?

**JEEVES** 

HOW?!

(A beat)

PHIL (Shrugs)

Gravity?

GINA (Scoffs)

Gee, thanks Newton.

**PHIL** 

Who?

JAN

Gina, don't be that kind to him.

**GINA** 

I was being sarcastic.

JAN

Not enough.

**DREW** 

Phil's more like Stephen Hawking than Newton anyway.

**GINA** 

But his book's called A Brief History of Duh.

**PHIL** 

Aaarrr?

JAN (Scoffs, to GINA)

You know perfectly well... he's probably illiterate.

(GINA nods her big cat head in agreement.)

**ANNIE** 

Jeeves, Drew doesn't think we should call the cops. But we should, right?

(A long silence)

JAN

Jeeves?

JEEVES (Nods)

I'll make sure to call the proper authorities... first thing, tomorrow morning.

JAN

TOMORROW?!

ANNIE

WHAT?!

**JEEVES** 

Would everyone stop yelling and calm down?

**ANNIE** 

NO!

**JEEVES** 

Why not?

**ANNIE** 

BECAUSE THERE IS A DEAD BODY LYING ON THE FLOOR!

JEEVES (Shrugs)

But we know who killed him. There is no mystery. You all did it. And you're all right here. None of you are going anywhere.

**GINA** 

But should we really wait that long?

**PHIL** 

Seriously... he's gonna start to ripen up the place a whole lot sooner than tomorrow morning. (A beat) Got any Febreze?

**DREW** 

Yeah, what d'you mean we're gonna wait to call the proper authorities until tomorrow?

**JEEVES** 

Well, I'm afraid we can't do anything about it tonight. All the phone lines have been cut and...

(Everyone pulls their cell phones out of their suits except DREW and holds them in the air.)

PHIL

Nice try, rotary-boy.

ANNIE (To DREW)

Where's yours?

**DREW** 

I haven't learned how to dial with my toes yet.

JAN

You don't have pockets?

**DREW** 

I'm a gorilla.

**JEEVES** 

Well, it's all well and good that you have brought your cell phones, but didn't you notice where Crestwood Manor was located when you arrived way out here? We're in the middle of nowhere. There's no reception. Go ahead and check.

(The others all check their cell phones.)

JAN

Man, he's right! I don't even have one bar.

**ANNIE** 

Me neither.

**GINA** 

Mine is still searching for the satellite.

**PHIL** 

Mine thinks I'm ON a satellite!

**JEEVES** 

You see?

**GINA** 

So what? Big deal. So we get out of here and drive to the first town we see and get help there.

**JEEVES** 

I'm afraid we can't leave either.

JAN

What are you talking about?

**JEEVES** 

We're locked in here.

ANNIE

The front door turned to open just fine when we were all tryin' to stay outta the basement.

(PHIL holds up his big, cartoonish hand.)

PHIL

Speak for yourself.

JEEVES (Still to ANNIE)

Well then you should have escaped when you had the chance.

JAN

Escaped?!

**JEEVES** 

Left... Escaped... What's the difference?

**GINA** 

Everything in Phil's trunk.

PHIL

No, the chloroform's in the glove compartment.

ANNIE (Back to JEEVES)

But the front door wasn't lo—

JEEVES (Nods)

Payton had John put a bar up on the front door to lock us all in here before he left for the day.

(A beat)

JAN

Who the hell is John?

**JEEVES** 

The gardener.

ANNIE

So we're locked in here now?

JEEVES (Nods)

You can go check.

(The others all fumble over to the front door only to find it locked from the outside now, just as JEEVES said it was. They all return to the living room and slump down on the sofa.)

ANNIE (To JEEVES)

Why would Payton cut his own phone line and lock us in here?

**JAN** 

Basement. Basement.

JEEVES (Still to ANNIE)

It was all part of his plan.

JAN

Basement! Basement!

ANNIE (Still to JEEVES)

I doubt his plan involved his own murder.

PHIL

Since when did this become a murder?

**GINA** 

Asked the man with the shovel and lime.

**ANNIE** 

Which is probably next to the rope and duct tape.

**PHIL** 

You been in my trunk?

**ANNIE** 

If you had your way I probably would.

**PHIL** 

Nah, I got no respect for a bird that don't fly.

DREW (*Trying to get back on track*)

Seriously, Jeeves... why would Payton lock us all in here for the night?

**JEEVES** 

Mr. Granger had the whole night planned out for you all. He wanted you to repent and ask forgiveness for hurting those children and then he was going to have you all split the million five ways. (*To PHIL*) What's that break down to?

(PHIL grabs his head in pain.)

**PHIL** 

OW!

**JEEVES** 

Priceless. (Back to the others) 200,000 dollars a piece is still a lot more than you all make in a year.

**ANNIE** 

It's a lot more than we make our entire careers.

GINA (Scoffs)

Being a theme park mascot is sooooooooo not my career.

**ANNIE** 

What is then?

GINA (Nods)

I wanna get paid to do nothing. Just sit around and take up space. Like the Kardashians.

**ANNIE** 

Dare to dream.

**JEEVES** 

Well, regardless, I still think 200,000 dollars is not too shabby for one little party.

**DREW** 

That was his plan?

**JEEVES** 

Mr. Granger admired all of you very much and he wanted to reward you for your hard work. But first he wanted to make sure you were sorry for what you did to all those poor children. Oh, and he wanted you to have some fun.

**PHIL** 

Oh, yeah... this has turned out to be more fun than a barrel of monkeys. (*To DREW*) No offense.

JAN

You're such a—

**PHIL** 

I was kidding.

**ANNIE** 

We got a dead body lying in front of us. Good time for jokes.

PHIL

It's my defense mechanism. I can't help it. (A beat) A man walks into a bar and asks the bartender to get him—

**ANNIE** 

Shut up!

**JEEVES** 

Thank you Annie. Now then, since we are all stuck in here for the night, I suggest we make the best of our situation. But first, I think we should—

JAN (*To herself*)

He's gonna ask us to move the body. I know he's gonna ask us to move the body.

**GINA** 

I'm not going near that body!

**PHIL** 

Why don't we just sweep the dead body under the rug?

JAN

What rug?

PHIL (To JEEVES)

Haven't you ever even heard of Fung's sleigh?

**GINA** 

Feng Shui.

**PHIL** 

That's what I said.