



## **WhoYouMeSomeone**

a Who...you...me...well Someone!!! dunit

**by Christopher Connors**

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Mr. Who  
Mr. You  
Mr. Me  
Mrs. Where  
Ms. Hymn

*Lights come up on stage as a two men stand in the Living room of  
a large home.*

*A closet door stands in the corner of the room (upstage right).  
There is an eloquent, Persian rug neatly covering the stage  
where the men stand.*

*The characters wear 1800 era clothing with a modern touch  
depending on the director's preference.*

Mr. Who

Detective Mr. Harold Who, at your service sir.

(Holds out hand for hand shake, but Mr. You hands him his hand as  
if Mr. Who would kiss it. Mr. Who shakes it awkwardly)

Mr. Who

Could you identify the body for us, Mr. You?

Mr. You

Yes, of course, the poor soul is Mr. Someone.

Mr. Who

And at what time did you discover the body, Mr. You?

Mr. You

Approximately 9:30, I would say.

Mr. Who

And that's 9:30am of course?

Mr. You

Oh, no. 9:30pm.

Mr. Who

And you only just rang the police now, at 10:30am?

Mr. You

Oh yes, well you see I had a party last night.

Mr. Who

A party?

Mr. You

Yes.

Mr. Who

Here?

Mr. You

Yes, and quite a lively one I might add.

Mr. Who

You had a party with a dead man on the floor?

Mr. You

Oh gosh no. I moved the body of course. Put him in the closet during the party, I'm not a brute. Good heavens.

Mr. Who

You put a dead body in our closet?

Mr. You

Yes.

Mr. Who

Mr. You, would you please run through the events as they took place starting from when you discovered the body of Mr. Someone last night.

Mr. You

Of course. Well I arrived at approximately 9:30, pm that is, and was thrown into quite a fuss over the body on my floor, as you can very well imagine.

Mr. Who

Of course, tragic sort of situation

Mr. You

It was awful, the blood was nearly touching my priceless Persian rugs. Of course I couldn't have this, so I picked him up and moved him over to the closet where Mr. Me lives, and clean the blood before it could get on my rugs. Crisis averted!

Mr. Who

I'm sorry, Mr. Me?

Mr. You

Ah yes. Mr. Me, he lives in the closet where I placed our recently deceased friend Mr. Someone.

Mr. Who

Mr. You, I would like to speak to Mr. Me, if you wouldn't mind

Mr. You

Of course old chap.

(Two small claps on the palm)

Mr. Me.

(Mr. Me scurries in silently)

Mr. Me!

Mr. Me

(Quietly)

Yes sir.

Mr. You

Good god.  
(Yelling)  
Mr. Me!

Mr. Me  
(A little louder)  
Yes sir!

Mr. You  
Where is the lad?  
(Screaming)  
Mr. Me!

Mr. Me  
(Loudly)  
Yes sir!

Mr. You  
Good god man, lower your voice son, there's no need to yell.

Mr. Who  
Mr. Me, I'm detective Harold Who of the Liverpool police department. I'm investigating the murder of Mr. Someone, whose body was found here last night by Mr. You. If you don't mind, I would like to ask you a few questions in private.

Mr. You  
Oh yes of course. Mr. Me, your dismissed.

Mr. Who  
No, I would like to ask Me a few questions in private.

Mr. You  
Well that's silly isn't it? What do you expect to learn from yourself?

Mr. Who  
No...I would like to talk to Mr. Me in private.

Mr. You  
Oh, of course, how silly of me.

(Mr. You exits)

**Scene 2**

Mr. Who

Mr. Me, what exactly do you do for Mr. You, here?

Mr. Me

Well, I make his supper, and starch his linins...

Mr. Who

Yes...yes

Mr. Me

And I brush his hair, and dress him, and feed him of course...

Mr. Who

I'm sorry, you feed him?

Mr. Me

Yes, and I prepare the house for his arrival each afternoon.

Mr. Who

Mr. Me, the night Mr. You discovered the body, did you notice anything different around the house.

Mr. Me

Well, not particularly, Mr. You left at approximately 8:00, and I did the morning dishes, and folded down his bed linings, and came down stairs at about 9:00, did some vacuuming, of course it was difficult with the body on the ground, so I decide just to sweep, and...

Mr. Who

I'm sorry, the body?

Mr. Me

Yes, Mr. Someone's body. It was quite a dilemma doing my daily chores around him. And I may add, I was a tad taken back when I saw the blood at such a close proximity to the Persian rugs.

Mr. Who

Mr. Me, the dead body of Mr. Someone was on the floor all day?

Mr. Me

Well, not all day, it showed up at around 9:00

Mr. Who

And between 9:00am yesterday, and 10:00am today, you never thought to phone the police?

Mr. Me

Well, I didn't see why that would be necessary, he wasn't causing me any harm, although he was leaking dangerously close to the Persian rugs.

Mr. Who

There was a dead body in your house, on the floor for 24 hours, and you didn't think you should call the police?

Mr. Me

Well it wasn't on the floor the entire time, we had to move him for the party.

Mr. Who

Right...and this party, what was the occasion?

Mr. Me

It was a business gathering for Mr. You's law firm.

Mr. Who

And what type of law does Mr. You practice?

Mr. Me

Dentistry.

Mr. Who

Dentistry?

Mr. Me

Yes.

Mr. Who

And is there much money in dentistry law?

Mr. Me

Oh yes, very much so.

Mr. Who

Mr. Me, I'm going to need a list of those invited to the party last night.

Mr. Me

Yes, of course, sir

(Mr. You enters with a woman)

Mr. You

Mr. Who, this is Mrs. Where, the sister of our poor deceased friend, Mr. Someone.

Mrs. Where

Delighted to meet you detective.

Mr. Who

Pleasure. If only we could have met under different circumstances. These must be dark times for your family indeed.

Mrs. Where

No, not particularly.

Mr. Who

But, your brother has been murdered.

Mrs. Where

Ah! Yes, well that is a bit of a downer now, isn't it?

Mr. Who

I would say so.

Mr. You

Mrs. Where just received the news, she came as soon as she could.

Mr. Who  
Mrs. Where, if you don't mind, I would like you ask you a few  
questions in private.

Mr. You  
Yes, of course. Mr. Me you're dismissed. Mrs. Where, I will  
attend to your every need as soon as I'm finished with the  
detective.

Mr. Who  
No, I was referring to Mrs. Where.

Mrs. Where  
Me?

(Mr. Me scurries back in)

Mr. Me  
Yes ma'am!

Mr. Who  
No not you, you

Mr. You  
Me?

Mr. Me  
Yes sir!

Mr. You  
Would you get the hell out of here already!

Mr. Me  
Yes sir  
(Scurries away)

Mr. Who  
No, gentlemen please. I would like to ask the lady some  
questions.

Mrs. Where  
He's referring to me.

Mr. You  
Me? Oh for Christ's sake. Mr. Me!

Mr. Who  
No not him!

Mr. Me  
Yes sir!

Mr. You  
God dammit Me, get the hell out of here.

Mrs. Where  
(To Mr. You)  
Would you please excuse us Archie.

Mr. You  
Of course my dear.  
(Mr. You exits)

Mr. Who  
His first name is Archie?

Mrs. Where  
Well, His real name is Are, but we got into the habit of calling  
him Archie.

Mr. Who  
His name is, Are You?

Mrs. Where  
Yes.

Mr. Who  
(Expression of "are you kidding me")

Mrs. Where, what did your brother, Mr. Someone, do for a living?

Mrs. Where  
He's a lawyer.

Mr. Who  
And what type of law did your brother practice?

Mrs. Where  
Dentistry. A lot of money in dentistry law.

Mr. Who  
I've heard...  
Mrs. Where, when was the last time you saw or heard from you  
brother?

Mrs. Where  
Well, I saw him yesterday on his way to work when I was feeding  
my husband. He was walking across the street, however, he was  
going the wrong way...

Mr. Who  
You were feeding your...wait did you say he was going the wrong  
way?

Mrs. Where  
Yes, the office he works at is east, however he was walking west.

Mr. Who  
And you didn't say anything to him?

Mrs. Where  
Well no, I assumed he was going to see one of his clients.

Mr. Who  
Did your brother have many clients?

Mrs. Where  
Oh yes! Many clients indeed.

Mr. Who

Mrs. Where, I'm going to need a list of all of his clients, do you know where I could get such a thing?

Mrs. Where

I will have it for you soon, I'll send the maid to fetch it.

Mr. Who

Very good, thank you ma'am.

(Mr. You enters with Ms. Hymn (him))

Mr. You

Mr. Who, this is Ms. Hymn, one of my many guest of last night's gathering.

Ms. Hymn

Nice to meet you Detective.

Mr. Who

Pleasure.

Ms. Hymn

I knew Someone very well.

Mr. You

Well I'm sure we all know someone...

Ms. Hymn

*(Ignoring Mr. You)*

He was a great man.

Mrs. Where

Well, whether or not you knew him well doesn't make a difference to me.

(Mr. Me enters)

Mr. Me

Yes sir!

Mr. You  
God dammit Me!

(Mr. Me exits (well he scurries of course))

Ms. Hymn  
It's quite a tragedy, to find a man stabbed to death on your own  
floor.

Mr. Who  
How did you know he was stabbed?

Ms. Hymn  
Umm...well...Mr. You told me!

Mr. You  
Eh, nope...no definitely not.