

THE TEN MINUTE PLAY THAT WENT WRONG

a (very) short farce

by Leon Kaye

Copyright © December 2020 Leon Kaye and Off The Wall Play Publishers

<https://offthewallplays.com>

This script is provided for reading purposes only Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is subject to royalty It is fully protected under the laws of South Africa, the United States of America, the British Empire including the Dominion of Canada and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights including but not limited to professional amateur film radio and all other media including use on the worldwide web and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. For any information about royalties or to apply for a performance license please click the following link:

<https://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

THE TEN MINUTE PLAY THAT WENT WRONG

WILLIS. A heavy set, pompous investigator in suit and trench coat.

WIGGINS. Fortyish, well-manned African American man.

MAE. Wiggins's wife. A polite, intelligent African American woman.

BONNIE. Smart, Caucasian sixteen year old.

SLASH. Thin, foggy ex-rocker, one gold earring and maybe a tattoo on his neck.

LUANN. Older, anxious, heavy stage manager.

Setting... The regular middle class living room of the Wiggins family. There is a front door stage right and an arch leading to the dining room and kitchen stage left.

Props... Aerosol can, writing tablet, Epy-pen, tray of crackers, crutch, clipboard.

NOTE...The name Fred should be changed to the first name of the real actor playing WIGGINS. The same goes for LUANN. The name should be changed to the first name of the real stage manager. Thus when the audience looks at the program, they will understand that the actor is being called by his or her real name.

NOTE. If there are no African Americans in the cast, the one line about this, stated by Willis, could be changed to “ Bonnie is not your real daughter, is she?”

(There is possibly a sign on an easel with the words, "Murder in the Gardens", written on it.

Luann stands either in the aisle or at the side of the stage with a clipboard in hand, crutch in the other.
Bonnie rushes to her from off stage.)

BONNIE

Luann? Luann? Jamie brought her dog again and he got into the costume room.

LUANN

Oh gosh. Get that mangy dog out of here.

BONNIE

I tied him to the dumpster out back and I gave him some fresh water.

LUANN

Fine. And I found out that spicy mayonnaise had sesame oil in it.

BONNIE

Oh no.

LUANN

It's a good thing. If Fred eats a drop of that, he's going to the hospital.

BONNIE

You got his EpiPen?

LUANN

Yes.

(She holds it up.)

Get backstage. We open in a minute.

(Luann heads to her spot as she uses the crutch to walk. She settles herself just off stage left.

Lights dim. Mystery music...

Lights come up. The music fades.

A knock and Slash heads to the door, opens it. Willis enters, pad and pen in hand.)

WILLIS

Good day. I am Inspector Willis.

SLASH

Hello, Inspector. I will tell Mr. And Mrs. Wiggins you are here.

(SLASH stands there, motionless. A look from Wiggins, a tilt of his head, and Slash realizes...)

Oh.

(He heads OS and returns immediately with Wiggins and Mae WIGGINS)

WIGGINS

Inspector Willis, how did things go?

WILLIS

I have gathered my samples. The police have removed the body and the coroner should be performing an autopsy soon.

MAE

Hello, inspector.

WILLIS

Hello Mrs. Wiggins. Anyway we should be... should be...

(He scratches his shoulder.)

Anyway we should be concluding our investigation but I do have a few questions.

MAE

Yes, of course.

WILLIS

Let me just say I don't intend to accuse anyone. The gardener, Mister Mottola, how long was he... was he in your employment? (Scratches his neck.)

WIGGINS

Part time. Maybe ten hours a week.

MAE

He had other customers as well.

WILLIS

Yes, but for how many years?

(He violently scratches at his chest, twisting as it seems he is being attacked by insects)

When did you first meet him?

SLASH

Mister Mottola has been here since... since...

(Willis calms, stops scratching.)

LUANN

(Whispering sharply)

Only six months.

SLASH

Only six months. I met him on one of my gigs. And I... I...

LUANN

Recommended him.

SLASH

Yeah, that's right.

(Mae taps his leg with hers.)

SLASH

Oh, I recommended him.

WILLIS

So then, he was... I'm sorry...

(Willis scratches at himself, falls and rubs his back against the floor, seeking relief.)

He was a friend of Mr. Slash... Anything unusual... in his... behavior? Did you ever... notice... oh gosh.

WIGGINS

No, he seemed as normal...as you or... me.

(Willis gets to his feet, scratches himself.)

WILLIS

Did you... ever ask for... references?

(He pulls at his jacket, tears it off, throws it to the floor.)

MAE

We never thought it necessary. He seemed to do a good job and he had his own equipment.

WILLIS

Did you know he was recently divorced and his wife... Oh no...

(Terrible itching and Willis pulls off his shirt and jacket, leaving only his undershirt. Mae rushes off stage.)

There. Yes, well... he was recently divorced. His wife sent him threatening emails.

(A silence and then Wiggins chimes in.)

WIGGINS

If my wife were here she would say that we had met Mr Mottola's wife once at a Christmas party.

(Mae quickly returns with an aerosol can, sprays Willis's chest and back while speaking.)

MAE

I met Mr Mottola's wife once at a Christmas party.

WIGGINS

I told him, my dear.

MAE

We never delved into his personal life.

(She sprays the clothes on the floor.)

We make it a habit not to get involved.

(She sees an insect on the floor and squashes it with her foot.)

With their day-to-day problems.

WILLIS

That is very wise indeed. Keeping the relationship about business.

(He starts itching at his thighs.)

MAE

Oh no.

WILLIS

It is always better not to stick your...

(Unzips his pants)

Stick your nose into other people's ...

(He pulls off his pants, throws it into the pile.)

Other people's business.

(Mae sprays the pants.)

(Willis stands, shifts his weight, attempts to look comfortable as he stands in his underwear.)

SLASH.

I forgot to ask, may I have your coat?

(All glare at him.)

Oh I guess we don't need that now.

WILLIS

We have retrieved Mr. Mottola's computer and will be looking at his emails.

(Bonnie enters stage left.)

BONNIE

Hello. Oh geez!

(She turns her head away. She is surprised that Willis is standing in his underwear.)

WIGGINS

This is our daughter, Boney – Bonnie!

MAE

Bonnie!

BONNIE

Yes, Bonnie.