



A MATRIARCHAL MURDER

BY

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Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

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A Matriarchal Murder



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Murder Mystery Production Pack Includes:

- Murder Mystery Script including Script costs and Performance license costs
- Character Synopsis
- Suggested Props List Accusation Sheets
- Notes for Production
- 3 Potential Reveals - Whodunits

Notes for Production:

The break between Act 1 and 2 can be used as a normal interval for refreshments etc. if produced as a stage play production.

If you are performing this alongside a 3 course meal we would suggest you complete starters then Act 1, then serve main meal, then perform Act 2 and then let the audience deliberate over deserts. If you are serving a one course meal this can be served between Act 1 and 2, similarly this can be adapted to a buffet or afternoon tea.

This production has been put together to be performed in a variety of locations so you will not be restricted to stage performances. Stage directions can be adapted to suit different locations as you see fit.

Please ensure every audience member has a Character synopsis, an accusation sheet, and critically, a pen.

Characters:

Gerald - Male - 35+ - Care Home Owner
Doctor Fester - Female - 25+ - Care Home Doctor
Hattie - Female - 20+ (Can be played by any age) - Care Home Nurse
Clara - Female - 50+ (Can be played by any age) - Myrtle's Daughter
Monty - Male - 20+ (Can be played by any age) - Activity Co-Ordinator
Winnie-Mae - Female - 70+ (Can be played by any age) - A Resident
Leonard - Male - 60+ (Can be played by any age) - A Resident
Myrtle - Female - 70+ (Can be played by any age) - A Resident
Queenie - Female - 70+ (Can be played by any age) - A Resident
Olive- Female - 70+ (Can be played by any age) - A Resident

ACT 1 - The Lounge of a Residential Home in the Morning

(Enter Stage Left comes Myrtle - Winnie- Mae is on the telephone side of stage chattering on to family member doesn't observe Myrtle enter. Myrtle moves over to chair front stage left. Olive is knitting on a chair at the back of stage)

Winnie-Mae: Well it's like I said to Mildred Ethel, I said Mildred I just don't see what the problem is. Why on earth she thinks he's throwing his life away I just don't understand? It's not like he did very well at College is it? *(Pauses)* Well you may feel that way but I just don't see what the problem is Ethel. It's a very respectable job, I think she should be very proud of him. Just wait until she sees him all dressed up in that fancy outfit at the Bar. *(Pauses)* Well I don't know about any of that but if you say so, ok wait until she sees him all dressed up in that fancy outfit and his wig at the Counter. Although I am pretty adamant they call it the bar. *(Pause)* What's that you say Ethel? I said what's that you say? *(Pause)* Of course he will have a wig and why on earth would my nephew need to know how to make an espresso for goodness sake? Surely the secretary does that? What's that you say Ethel? *(Pauses)* What in all that is good and holy is a Barista? *(Pauses)* Hello? Ethel? Are you there? *(Replaces the telephone into receiver)*

Myrtle: Oh Winnie-Mae dear if you went onto that Ancestry.com website malarkey I bet you would discover that your family tree is more like a Cactus than a tree.

Winnie-Mae: I beg your pardon Myrtle.

Myrtle: Well everyone on it seems to be a bit of a prick let's be honest. *(Winnie- Mae looks upset and goes to the back of the stage)* Batty old cow, how all those grandchildren of hers have the patience to keep on visiting her I will never know? Mind you they never stay long - can't blame them she only appears to have one lucid moment a day. *(Pause)* Although she sounded rather lucid then didn't she...

(Winnie- Mae goes to sit next to Olive and falls asleep. Enter Queenie Stage Left in a rush)

Queenie: Who you muttering onto Myrtle?

Myrtle: There is no-one worth talking to when you aren't here Queenie let's face it. What are you in such a rush for?

Queenie: *(Queenie enters walking very slowly with a walking frame)* He's only up and at it already. He hasn't even let my porridge cool and he's already mithering me. Watch out he is on the way in.

(Monty the Motivator comes bursting onto the Stage)

Monty: Good morning my grey and golden geriatrics how's it hanging? Fear not Monty the Mighty Motivator is here!

Myrtle: *(Aside to Queenie)* More like Monty the refrigerator the way he makes my blood run cold. Spend all your life working damn hard and bringing up ungrateful children and what happens? You end up in a hell hole with this idiot. How anyone could be tea total in this hell hole I will never know. *(Swigs from Hip flask. Aside to Monty)* How do you think its hanging? Saggy and wrinkly that is how it's hanging.

Monty: *(Oblivious to comments)* The sun is shining you silver haired saviours and life is good.

Olive: Morning Monty what exciting things have you got planned for us today.

Queenie: Oh for goodness sakes don't encourage him. You'd have thought he would have learnt his lesson by now and quit, especially after Pictionary Gate last week.

Myrtle: *(Laughing)* His face was a picture when that egg timer I threw caught him in the eye.

Olive: Oh Myrtle you are so awful. Can't you give Monty a break he's just trying to raise our spirits.

Myrtle: The only spirits that I am interested in are the 40% proof ones now give your mouth a rest won't you.

Monty: Now, now ladies let's focus our energies on something creative and fun rather than silly little disagreements. This morning Mr Motivator becomes Mr Educator as it's time for Guess the Bird Call in the Morning Room.

Myrtle: Total load of Bull....

Queenie: Myrtle!

Myrtle: Bullfinch Queenie. Total load of Bullfinch.

Winnie-Mae: *(Waking up from a deep sleep and sitting up straight)* Twitching. I love a good twitch I do.

Myrtle: Who rattled the batty one? Morning dear, now then as an outsider looking in, what do you think of the human race?

Winnie-Mae: What dear? What's happening? I'm not sure I understand.

Myrtle: Interesting, look the batty personality is back now, she was almost comprehensible earlier.

Monty: Now then Myrtle let's play nicely shall we.

Myrtle: Ah now then Monty dear that reminds me, I nearly forgot to ask you the other day something that has been really bothering me. Were you born on the Motorway dear?

Monty: Motorway? No not at all Myrtle. Why do you ask?

Myrtle: You do surprise me dear, from what I have read that's where most accidents happen.

(Gerald, the Care Home Owner, enters through door Stage Left as Monty storms to back of stage visibly upset)

Gerald: Now that's enough Myrtle. You don't have to keep being so mean to everyone you know, the child catcher already knows he has nothing on you. Come on now time for some bird noises.

Winnie-Mae: Tit.

Myrtle: Well I never, I think she has just gone up in my estimation the batty old fool. Perhaps I'm right and she's not as batty as she makes out. Do you know Queenie I was talking to Hattie the other day and she was telling me that Winnie Mae used to be a pharmacist. Thought that was very interesting.

Gerald: Well as interesting as this insight into Winnie Mae's life is let's get you all along to the Morning Room, compulsory attendance I'm afraid, no exceptions under any circumstances Myrtle. If anyone feels they aren't well enough to attend the sessions I can get Nurse Hattie to come and administer a good dose of Cod Liver Oil.

Myrtle: *(Aside to Queenie)* Gerald, living proof that a man can live without a brain. *(To Gerald)* Compulsory attendance you say? Why of course I am sure we are all most excited. Guess the bird song, I honestly cannot wait.

Monty: Perhaps if it stays nice outside we could take a turn in the garden Ladies.

Queenie: Are you feeling quite alright Myrtle?

Myrtle: Yes perfectly well. I cannot wait, come on Ladies let's be getting along. *(Pretends to start getting up)* Although I have to admit I am a little puzzled by something I saw on one of the Male Staff member's bedside cabinets yesterday. I had just popped in, as I thought I heard someone in the room and I wondered if they could get me any supplements as I have been feeling a little off after my chemo meds the other day, and well the strangest thing...

Monty: I am not sure you should be snooping around the staffs rooms Myrtle, Gerald doesn't like it.

Queenie: What was it Myrtle?

Myrtle: Well I don't even know. It was a strange bottle of stuff, I think it said something around silicone lube. *(Pause)* Very strange indeed, it said something on the back label about helping with backdoor play. *(Pause)* I was most perplexed but then I thought about it and...

Winnie-Mae: Arse.

Monty: Are you quite alright Winnie-Mae dear?

Gerald: *(Interrupting quickly)* You don't look very well there to be honest Myrtle. Don't worry about the session this morning you stay here and rest.

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Myrtle: And the cod liver oil?

Gerald: Nonsense Myrtle, you just need your rest. Would you like anything else? Some fresh orange perhaps? I know how much you enjoy it in the morning.

Myrtle: Well that is very true indeed, although I do think Gerald perhaps a large glass of bucks fizz would be such a tonic and would really stimulate me and give me ultimate pleasure. *(Pauses as Gerald gets visibly more embarrassed)* Oh sorry listen to me rabbiting on. *(Pauses)* Actually best leave the orange out and stick to neat champagne, pure orange plays havoc with my back passage.

Gerald: *(Interrupting again quickly)* Fine, fine, Monty call Hattie please and get dear Myrtle here a lovely glass of Bucks. . . .I mean, Champagne. *(Monty looks confused)* Just go now, it's not rocket science, just go.

Monty: Fine, I will ask Hattie to bring some in.
(Monty exits stage)

Gerald: Right then Ladies let's go and meet the Gentlemen in the Morning Room they are currently comparing each other's jizz.

Queenie: *(Pause)* I beg your pardon Gerald. *(Queenie and Myrtle laugh loudly and Winnie-Mae has a little chuckle)*

Olive: Jizz dear, it's the overall impression given by the general shape or movement of a bird.

Queenie: Thank goodness for that. I was really worried then.

Olive: About what dear? I don't think I understand.

Gerald: Behave Ladies.
(Queenie and Olive leave Stage Left as Leonard comes on stage dressed in tatty clothes, woolly hat and a string vest. Winnie goes back to sleep in chair at back of stage. Gerald stays on stage and moves to position near to Myrtle and starts to work on a Tablet)

Leonard: Are you not going Myrtle? Don't blame you if you don't as your daughter is here to see you. Goodness knows why she keeps coming to visit you when you are so horrid to her.

Myrtle: Leonard, Leonard, Leonard do you know before I met you I can honestly say the only time I had met people like you I was charged admission.
(Clara, Myrtle's daughter, enters through door Stage Left)

Clara: Charming as ever I see Mother. Morning Leonard, how are you today?

Leonard: Tits!

Clara: I beg your pardon

Leonard: Oh I am sorry, I mean, we are listening to bird songs with Monty, Tits, chaffinches, that kind of thing, guess the bird songs. Erm, do you want to come and guess the bird songs with me?

Clara: Oh that sounds delightful Leonard.

Myrtle: Goodness Clara, all these years of you moaning on about not finding a man and all the time Leonard was here waiting under your very nose. I am surprised you didn't smell him.

Leonard: *(Trying to ignore Myrtle)* Monty says they are going to give out prizes for the best wobbling. *(Myrtle laughs out loud, Winnie-Mae makes slight noise like a chuckle at the back of stage)*

Clara: Cut it out Mother. I think you possibly could mean warbling Leonard.

Myrtle: Oh Clara, you lucky thing, you do know men like him don't just grow on trees you know, *(pauses)* they swing from them.
(Leonard is visibly angry at Myrtle's behaviour towards him)

Clara: *(Angrily)* Mother that is enough! Leonard please calm down, let's go and have a look at what's happening in the Guess the bird song game. To be honest I am quite looking forward to this, I've always been a bit of an ornithologist.

Leonard: *(Shocked and appalled)* You mean you cut up dead people?

Clara: Do not even say a word Mother, not a word. Leonard has worked damn hard all his life you know, he was really someone once you know, a big noise in the Fishing industry.

Myrtle: Yes you can tell that from his attire, looks like he is actually wearing netting. I understand he's listed in *Who's who* as what the f%^ is that.

Clara: *(Interrupting quickly)* Come on Leonard let's go and get a nice cup of tea.

Myrtle: Not before you top up my flask you don't. If you want to get your hands on my inheritance my girl you had better start treating me better. And if you think for one second I will keep you in my will if you end up with that halfwit you've got another thing coming.

Clara: Mother you cannot dictate how I live my life.

Myrtle: That is correct Clara, but I can dictate how I leave my fortune. My solicitor is only a phone call away. Come on now top it up.

Clara: You do need to be careful mother you know it affects your potassium levels.
(Clara turns her back to her mother and dutifully tops up hip flask for Myrtle)

Myrtle: Don't pretend you care. Just leave that bottle here my girl, no point in straining your back carrying it from room to room. Here stick it in my knitting bag.

Leonard: Are you sure you should be drinking so much Myrtle what with the Chemotherapy drugs you are taking and everything.

Myrtle: I have to admit Leonard, credit where credit is due, I do like what you have done with your hair. How on earth did you get it to grow out of your nose and ears like that?

(Leonard and Clara leave Stage Left angrily as Hattie comes in with glass of champagne)

Hattie: Goodness your daughter does not look happy. So then Myrtle, come on admit it, what on earth have you been up to that Gerald is sharing his best champagne with you?

(Gerald looks up embarrassed and quickly looks away)

Myrtle: Why would you say I've been up to anything young lady? Sign of a guilty conscious that is being so suspicious of others.

Hattie: *(Confused)* I have nothing to be guilty about Myrtle. It's just you always seem to get your own way, almost as though you know everyone's secrets.

Myrtle: Secrets dear, I hardly think so, however I do pride myself on being a very good judge of character. I do enjoy people watching and contemplating the little things that I observe. Such as Winnie-Mae's array of Grandchildren who keep coming to visit her on their shiny push bikes, despite her apparent battiness, or the fact that Doctor Fester has suddenly come into some serious money. *(Pauses as noise of car plays in background)*

(Winnie-Mae snores loudly from the back of the stage)

Hattie: Oooo really? How do you know this?

Myrtle: Well just look at the shiny posh Jaguar that is coming up the drive as we speak Hattie. *(Both appear to peer through a window as Gerald walks back into the room)* Little different to the Ford Kia she had only the other day.

Hattie: Goodness yes and she was only moaning recently that she was struggling to pay the mortgage.

Gerald: Who's this you are on about? Doctor Fester by any chance?

Hattie: Yes Gerald she's just parking up now in a brand new Jaguar.

(Gerald moves over to Hattie and Myrtle)

Gerald: That is very interesting, I found her surfing the net for 4 bed detached houses to buy the other day. God knows where she's getting her money from.

Myrtle: Well it won't be the pittance you are paying her Gerald that's for certain but it is very interesting observing some people's sudden increase in wealth.

Hattie: Oooo you do like your people watching don't you. Any other observations Myrtle?

Myrtle: Oh you don't want to be listening to the wittering's of an old lady like me Hattie dear, I am sure there are plenty of reasons why you and poor Monty have to do exactly the same overnight stays each week without fail. *(Pause)* Or why Maud the maid only seems to clean one bedroom the following day, *(Pause)* quite the stains she said, or why the meat in the hot pots Chef Whimsy makes suddenly contain less, and definitely different cuts of meats in them. Or why I recently noticed on eBay some items that looked remarkably like the arts and crafts the residents make here being sold for quite substantial mark ups... *(Pause)* Now what's that word I am thinking of?

Gerald: *(Interrupting quickly)* More champagne Myrtle?

Hattie: I err, I don't really think she should be...

Gerald: Nonsense, one more glass won't hurt will it Myrtle.

Myrtle: Not at all Gerald, how very kind of you. Don't mind if I do.

(Doctor Fester enters Stage Left)

Doctor: Morning everyone.

Gerald: Morning Doctor. That's a nice set of wheels outside. Have you been doing some private medical work on the side by any chance?

Doctor: *(Dismissively)* Yes a little. How are all the residents doing today?

Hattie: Oh you know how they are Doctor.

Gerald: Some are worse than others that's for sure eh Myrtle.

Winnie-Mae: Need a Tena Lady! Tena Lady!

Hattie: Have we had a little accident have we Winnie-Mae dear?

Winnie-Mae: No dear we haven't, I have.

Hattie: Ok Winnie-Mae, let's go and get you all cleaned up.

(Hattie and Winnie-Mae exit. Onto stage from Stage Left come the Residents and Monty the Motivator. Residents sit down)

Monty: Right then my Amazing ancient adventurers it's that time of the week you all covet and adore, that's right it's our senior citizen serenade session!

Gerald: Goodness Monty there is a lot of alliteration in that sentence.

Myrtle: Monty can stick his alliteration right up his arse. Now what is that word I am thinking of, it's really starting to bug me now...sweatshop is it?

Gerald: *(Interrupting quickly)* Sing-a-long time already? Goodness this week is flying along.

Clara: Yes can you believe it's nearly Friday already.

(Hattie enters Stage Left with Champagne with Winnie-Mae coming up behind her with pair of pants on her head. All look but ignore her apart from Leonard who notices her during his line below)

- Leonard:** I love the menu on a Friday. Chef Whimsy outdoes herself on a Friday. The menu isn't so..... *(Notices Winnie -Mae)*, isn't so pants on a Friday.
- Clara:** Ohhh is that apple pie day? Yes, I am always rather envious I am not a resident on a Friday.
- Queenie:** And shepherd's pie don't forget shepherd's pie, every Friday.
- Myrtle:** If I was you I would start ringing around all of the local farms Gerald. You need to make sure none of the young farm hands haven't gone missing.
- Gerald:** Pardon Myrtle I not sure I understand your comment.
- Myrtle:** Well given the rumours about this establishments money saving exercises with Resident's food goodness knows what Chef Whimsy will be trying to get away with in our shepherd's pie this week.
- Queenie:** She has a point Gerald, you can't tell us that was actually rump steak for dinner yesterday.
- Monty:** That came from no cow I have ever seen before that's for sure.
(Olive moves over to the Karaoke section with Monty)
- Leonard:** Why don't you both stop "horsing" about?
- Clara:** They are just harnessing their inner comedy Leonard.
- Doctor Fester:** I canter be dealing with this.
- Hattie:** They are just galloping on and on.
- Leonard:** I like to have my meat bareback.
- Gerald:** Leonard that's enough. Let's just stop this right now.
- Hattie:** Yes let's put a bridle on this chat right away. *(Hattie starts giggling with Residents but Gerald glares at Hattie)* Yes, let's rein this in... Oh sorry Gerald I didn't mean...
- Monty:** Up first we have the lovely Olive.
- Olive:** *(Singing Karaoke alongside Monty who is running the Sing-a-long session)* "I get no kick from champagne, mere alcohol, doesn't thrill me at all, so tell me, why it should be true, that I get a kick out of you."
- Leonard:** Neigh!
- Gerald:** That's enough! See what you've started with all your rumours Myrtle.
- Olive:** Oh what a shame I was really enjoying that song.

Monty: Never mind Olive you can have another go later. Trot along now. *(Gerald glares at Monty)* Sorry Gerald I just fancied my turn in the saddle. *(Realises how annoyed Gerald is and quickly changes subject)* Right then up next we have Leonard. Let's give a warm welcome to our Leonard.

Leonard: *(Singing Karaoke)* "I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air, they fly so high, nearly reach the sky, then like my dreams they fade and die."

(Winnie-Mae shouts out the final word of each sentence of the song randomly i.e. "bubbles", "air", "sky" and "die". To add to the experience you could have residents blowing bubbles on stage also.)

Myrtle: We all wish you would fade and die that's for certain Leonard.

Queenie: Well done Leonard. I really enjoyed that but why don't you let someone else have a go now.

Monty: Yes who is up next?

Clara: I don't mind giving it a whirl.

Myrtle: Oh dear god. I need a drink.

Monty: Come on up - let's hear it for Clara everyone.

Clara: *(Singing Karaoke)* Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile, while you've a Lucifer to light your fag, Smile, boys, that's the style. What's the use of worrying? It never was worthwhile, so pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile.

(As Clara sings the word fag Winnie-Mae should shout out "I want a fag!")

Myrtle: More like bile, bile, bile.

Monty: I think that was wonderful thank you so much Clara. Perhaps you and Leonard could treat us to a little duet?

Myrtle: Oh dear god no.

(Gerald tops up Myrtle's hip flask with the whisky from the knitting bag)

Clara: Oh yes that would be lovely. Come on Leonard.

Monty: Right then olds and oldies let's welcome to the stage our very own Elton John and Kiki Dee - Clara and Leonard.

Clara/Leonard: "If you were the only girl in the world, and I were the only boy, nothing else would matter in the world today, we would go on loving' in the same old way, a Garden of Eden just made for two With nothing to mar our joy I would say such wonderful things to you There would be such wonderful things to do If you were the only girl in the world And I were the only boy I would say such wonderful things to you There would be such wonderful things to do If you were the only girl in the world And I were the only boy"

Myrtle: Boy. Girl. Have you ever heard anything anymore bloody hilarious? Even if they were the only *boy and girl* left in the world they wouldn't get their hands on my fortune. I cannot wait to get her written out of my will once and for all.

Monty: Perhaps that is enough excitement for one morning? Anyone for a lovely hot mug of Horlicks and 40 winks?

Curtain

**Murder Mystery
Organiser:**

Ladies and Gentlemen that is the conclusion of Act 1. *(If serving food)* Your starters/ main meal/buffet/afternoon tea will be served shortly. Thank you.

(If not serving food) Ladies and Gentlemen that is the conclusion of Act 1 there will now be a 15 minute interval *(This can be set according to your event's requirements)*

Thank
you.