

Murder At The Class Reunion

A Dinner Theatre Murder Mystery in Three Acts

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Preview

**This is a partial script to provide an idea of what the play is
about, prior to licensing.**

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Revised June 20, 2023
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Murder At The Class Reunion

The class of 1998 at Saint Sebastian's High School On The Delaware, had never had a class reunion. When one was finally announced, everyone was excited. Anybody who was *anybody* planned on attending: The football hero, the class president, the head cheerleader....but when a few of the high school "nobodies" also showed up, things became tense. Suddenly someone was very dead. But why? And who was responsible? It's sure to be an evening of mystery, mayhem, and murder.

Characters:

Stanley Kissbutter: Class president. Editor of the yearbook. Band president. He knows how to shmooze. He is a successful insurance salesman. Married to Joyce.

Joyce Fridgidaire Kissbutter- Valedictorian. Literary magazine. National Honors Society. Community college teacher. Alumni chairwoman. Bored. She may have a drinking problem.

Mike Machismo- Captain of the football team. Scholarship man. Quit school after eligibility. Lots of failed schemes. Temporarily working at the Big Depot.

Sheila Snatchett- Class flirt. Very successful real estate agent. Provides highly personalized attention to her clients.

Sister Gilmer Anastasia- Beloved English teacher at Saint Sebastian-On-The-Delaware High School. Has been experiencing mental episodes in recent years. Without warning she suddenly slips into the persona of former White House intern, Monica Lewinsky and then, just as abruptly, returns to dear old Sister Gilmer.

Tony Cosomono: Beneath the radar in high school. Quiet, shy. Was in the cooking club. Now, a multi-millionaire with a global cappuccino franchise. Speaks with a stammer.

Meredith Leatherneest- Tony's date. She didn't attend Saint Sebastian-On-The-Delaware. Clearly, she possesses a *dominating* personality.

Sissy Sweetspirit Rester- Once a cheerleader, always a cheerleader (not that there's anything wrong with that.) She's still very enthusiastic about almost anything that's inconsequential. Teaches health and physical education at Saint Sebastian-On-The-Delaware.

Randy Rester- Married to Sissy. Her opposite. Bad-ass in high school. Now, no enthusiasm about anything at all. Sells meat out of his car.

Steven Sprocket- Flamboyant proprietor of the Curtainsville Inn, site of the reunion. Was the star of the Saint Sebastian-On-The-Delaware wrestling team. Now idolizes and emulates Emeril Lagasse.

Conchita Bonita- Her real name is Marlena Weisman. As a child she rejected her Jewish heritage, and concocted an ethnic name and background. She was always on the outs in high school...never traveled with the in-crowd. She fashioned herself after Anita (Rita Moreno) in *West Side Story*. She still breaks out in the *West Side* score quite regularly. She is a highly decorated homicide detective.

Host - A jovial connection between the audience and the show. The host may also portray various minor characters along the way.

Prior to the show, the company members should engage in "table-talk" with the audience members. They may introduce themselves, discuss the personality conflicts that exist among the characters and endeavor to create a rapport. It is suggested that character descriptions be included in the program in order to compliment this process.

Act I

Host: Good evening and welcome. You are about to embark on a journey that will take us back in time to our days as members of the Saint Sebastian-On-The-Delaware high school graduating class of 1998. During the cocktail hour, you may have noticed that things have changed since those glory days, and that something isn't quite right. In fact you may have sensed the existence in the air of greed, jealousy, and conspiracy. Take notice of your resolution form and make notes if you wish. Later on you'll have the chance to get involved in an investigation. But for now, take heed, ladies and gentlemen, for we are in for an evening of mystery, mayhem, and maybe even murder. And now let's bring on our class president from those good old days....Stanley Kissbutter.

Scene 1

Stanley: Good evening old friends. Good evening beloved teachers. Good evening guests. Welcome to the first-ever reunion of the Saint Sebastian-On-The-Delaware High School graduating class of 1998. Ah, 1998... our golden graduation year when a gallon of gas cost only one dollar and fifteen cents and we could buy a dozen eggs for 88 cents. It was the year that gave birth to "Google" and also the year that President Bill Clinton denied any "sexual relations" with former White House intern Monica Lewinsky. Remember Monica? As your class president, I feel tremendous pride in looking out among you, and I am flooded in a sea of wonderful memories. For instance, I'll never forget the good times in Sister Gilmer's English class when we learned the intricacies of iambic pentameter in *The Taming of the Shrew*. I'm sure you all share those fond recollections (weird laugh...maybe a snort). Of course there were also some memories that I'd just as soon forget, like the time Randy Rester and his friends pantsed me in the corridor and stuffed me into his locker. But to Randy I say..."No hard feelings

fella...bygones are bygones” (He extends his hand to Randy. Randy shakes it nonchalantly) I want to thank the reunion committee who worked so closely with me to make this wonderful event a reality: first and foremost my wonderful wife of twenty-four years, Joyce Fridgidaire Kissbutter (He acknowledges Joyce who takes a bow) ; and of course our cheerleading captain from the old days, my “pal” Randy’s lovely wife, Sissy Sweetspirit Rester (He acknowledges Sissy who takes a bow), and finally our classmate who now owns and operates this wonderful facility, Steven Sprocket (Steven moves to the podium and takes the microphone)

Steven: Thank you Stanley...so much. Let me just say I’m so very excited to see all my old buds here at the Curtainsville Inn. I promise we’re all gonna have a great time tonight. I mean have you seen the thighs on Michael Machismo! (rolls his eyes and gasps)...I mean really...they’re lethal! Anyway...if you don’t think it takes a lot of work to put an event like this together, I wanna tell you...you’re living in a dream world. We’re one lucky class to have a president like Stanley and his fabulous wife, Joyce... looking out for us. Why, I remember when they first came to see me about the possibility of putting a reunion together.. That was almost a year ago...but I remember it like it was ... FX...yesterday.....

More FX

Scene 2 Flashback

Stanley and Joyce enter.

Joyce: Hello?...Steven?...Anybody here?

Stanley: Boy...this is nice place. Looks like Sprocket’s done all right for himself.

Joyce: I guess. But I never saw Steven as a restaurateur.

Steven : (Stepping in behind them) Oh, no? Well, I guess life’s full of surprises. Joyce (He hugs her.) It’s so nice to see you.

Joyce: Good to see you too, Steven.

Steven: And Stanley (He hugs him...a little longer) You staying in shape fella? You better watch yourself. You’re feelin’ kinda flabby in the posterior.

Stanley: Well, thanks Steven. After 24 years, it’s so assuring that my flabby ass was the first thing you noticed about me.

Joyce: Well, if the shoe fits...

Steven: Oh, c'mon..it's all outta love, fella., all outta love. Besides...I'm doing some personal training on the side. I was going to offer myself to you...and get you whipped into shape. Whattaya think?

Stanley: I...don't think so Steven...(under his breath) I'm already pretty whipped.

Joyce: Besides, we're here to plan a reunion.

Steven: So you said on the phone. I think it's a fabulous idea. How many people can we expect?

Joyce: Well, we had about a hundred in our class.

Stanley: And most who come will bring a spouse or a date.

Steven: So, maybe 200 ?

Joyce: I think half that if we're lucky.

Stanley: Yes...I don't expect to see some of our more colorful classmates. I mean, remember Steven, we had some great people in our class, but we also had our fair share of losers.

Steven: Really?

Joyce: Of course...c'mon Steven...you don't expect to see people like Conchita Bonita at our reunion do you? I mean, com'on!

Steven: Oh my God, I forgot all about her. Remember when was always singing songs from *West Side Story*? (He sings) "*I feel pretty....*"

Stanley: Yeah...that was Conchita. By the way, her real name was Marlena Grossman. But when her parents moved here from Brooklyn, she decided to change her name to Conchita Bonita. She tried to make us all believe she was from Puerto Rico.

Joyce: She was actually very convincing. She was just such a nut.

Steven: Look, we're all a little nuts sometimes...right Stanley? (taps his butt)

Stanley: (Sprinting across the stage) Anyway...let's figure about 100 people all together.

Joyce: And August 28 (insert your own date)...that was the date right?

Steven: Right. I had to turn down a wedding for that night, but it will be worth it to see all my old pals from high school. Let me get my notes, so we can finalize the menu.

(Hugs Joyce) I'll be right back. (Hugs Stanley) Don't go away. (He's gone. Singing and dancing "When You're A Jet")

Stanley: Holy hell, what a flamer!

Joyce: Stop it. You don't know that. Maybe he's just sensitive.

Stanley: I can't believe it. Remember what a great athlete he was in high school?

Joyce: Yeah, he was the closest thing St. Sebastian's ever had to a state wrestling champ.

Stanley: Hmm...maybe we shouldn't have the reunion here.

Joyce: Why not...he's giving us a great deal.

Stanley: I know, but

Joyce: C'mon...just because you think he might be (whispers) "homosexual?!" It's 2023 Stanley. Get with it. (She exits)

Stanley: Don't you push my buttons Joyce...! I'm warning you! Don't you dare push my buttons!!!!!!

FX out

Scene 3 (Flashback)

Sissy: Randy! Randy....look at the email I just got!

Randy: Huh?

Sissy: Randy...I just got email from Joyce Kissbutter. Our class is having a reunion. A class reunion for the class of 1998. And Kaybee is going away with her friends that weekend, so we'll be totally free to enjoy all the fun. That's great news. Don't you think that's wonderful, fantastic news, Randy?! I mean really Randy..isn't that great news?!

Randy: (Randy shifts his weight from one leg to the other) Ah...finally.

Sissy: Yes..yes...finally a class reunion. I'll have to call the other girls on the squad. Maybe we can get a few cheers together. I mean, I'm sure I'm a little rusty, but I'm still in pretty good shape, don't you think? *Finally*...yes Randy. *Finally* a class reunion.

Randy: No, I mean, *finally* I passed gas. I've had an incredible stomach ache all day. I think it was those rubber meatballs you made last night.

Sissy: Well, maybe if you'd let me buy real meat at the supermarket instead of that rancid crap you sell out of your car, you wouldn't get sick.

Randy: Hey, that inventory provides us with a very good living. That reminds me, I'd better get out on the road...I gotta get rid of the rest of that chicken today. It's starting to turn green.

Sissy: Randy! Joyce and Stanley Kissbutter, want me to help them organize the reunion. You don't mind do you?

Randy: Whatever..... Stanley Kissbutter...(shakes his head) Ughhh!

Sissy: Thanks Randy. A class reunion. I'm so excited. I'm really excited. (She exits)

Randy: Oooh, a class reunion. Whoopdee-do!

FX

Scene 4 (Flashback)

Stanley: Sister? Sister Gilmer?

Gilmer: Yes?

Stanley: It's me, Sister. Stanley Kissbutter. Remember? The class of 1998.

Gilmer: (She has no idea who he is.) Uh...Oh...Stanley, of course.

Stanley: And you remember my wife, Joyce. She was Joyce Fridgidaire back in high school.

Gilmer: Mmm....certainly....Joyce, it's so good to see you. To what do I owe this wonderful surprise.

Joyce: Well, Sister, we wanted to invite you to our class reunion. We're having it on August 28, at the Curtainsville Inn.

Stanley: Can you make it Sister? We're so hoping you can.

Gilmer: Well, let me just see (checking her date book) August 28th? What time?

Joyce: 8:00 at night

Gilmer: Oh, well, that should be fine. We're having a curriculum meeting during the day. But I should be available by 8. You see, we have a new principal and he's restructuring

the Shakespeare sequence at the high school. Can you believe that? All of a sudden, my approach to English isn't good enough any more. I'll tell you, it's causing me so much stress. (pause...something is happening) Sometimes I just don't know who I am, or what I'm doing. Like the other day, I was reviewing my *Taming of The Shrew* notes...oh, when I think.... of the hours upon hours of class preparation..... over the past thirty years, I think...I...I...(she becomes disoriented) when I think...when... suddenly..... I was in the hallway outside the oval, ...and... the president was standing there staring at at ...my thong..... He summoned me And the next thing I knew..... I was in the closet.... on my knees. (She kneels down) I felt a rush to head, and then the President— — — —

Stanley: (Cutting her off) Sister! Sister! (shaking her) What are you talking about? Are you all right? (Stanley and Joyce help Sr. Gilmer to her to her feet.)

Gilmer: (Grabbing Joyce) What? Oh, Linda...Linda I wish you hadn't said anything. I really wish you would have kept your mouth shut!!!!!!

Joyce: Sister..Sister...it's Joyce Fridgidaire. Are you all right?

Stanley: Are you okay, sister? You were talking kinda crazy.

Gilmer: Hello... hello ...yes, I'm fine..... I'm fine.

Stanley: Are you sure?

Gilmer: Yes.

Joyce: So, then,.....do you think you can make it to the reunion?

Gilmer: Reunion? Oh,...yes.....I'll be there. Thank you for thinking of me.

Stanley: Good. We'll see you then Sister.

Joyce: Good-bye!

Gilmer: Good-bye. God Bless. How nice to be remembered. A class reunion! I'm so glad we can wear civilian clothes nowadays. This habit gets to be a drag. I've got the perfect dress...(starts off, then stops) I wonder if it needs to be dry cleaned?

FX

Scene 5 (Flashback)

Sheila: (on cell phone): Oh, it's a beautiful two story colonial, with a huge family room...and a beautiful deck....What's that? Yes, I think the price is pretty firm...but you know, Chad....you don't mind if I call you Chad, do you?Good! Anyway,

Chad...when I'm your real estate agent, there's always room for negotiation.... You betcha....In fact, why don't we get together later, so we can talk it over... great...you know the house has a beautiful spa on the deck....(Michael enters crossing through, suddenly notices and recognizes Sheila. Stops and watches) Why don't you meet me there around five...and we'll see if we can work out all the details....What's that? ...Oh, no....I really don't think you need to bring a bathing suit.(Giggles) Bye-bye.(Kiss-kiss)

Michael: Still the same old Sheila.

Sheila: Excuse, me. Do I know you?

Michael: Oh, c'mon Sheila. Don't tell me you don't remember me. Michael Machissimo? We went to the prom together in high school. And then...as I recall...I took you to paradise. (Laughs)

Sheila: Michael? Hmm, (not remembering) I'm sorry. (Finally) Oh, *Michael!* Of course. How are you. (They hug) It's been a long time.

Michael: Sure has. Sounds like you're still up to your old tricks.

Sheila: Huh? Oh! Well, Michael, I'll tell you. Real estate is a tough business and I'm very successful. It doesn't happen by accident. What are you up to these days?

Michael: Well, I'm between gigs right now. I'm actually, working over in the paint department at the Big Depot. But that's just temporary. I'm working on a very big deal. Investments. Very big...just waiting for a few pieces to fall into place.

Sheila: Great. Good luck with that Michael . It was very good seeing you. (Another hug...lingering this time) You know Michael...our class is having a reunion, did you hear about that?

Michael: Yeah, I heard something. Believe me, I have no interest in spending time with those losers.

Sheila: The only thing is Michael, some of those losers are worth a lot of money...I mean Stanley Kissbutter is a dork among dorks, but his insurance business is a fortune five hundred company.

Michael: Really?

Sheila: And Steven Sprocket *owns* the Curtainsville Inn.....that place is a gold mine.

Michael: He owns it?

Sheila: Sure does. And Tony Cosomono, who I barely remember, is a multimillionaire cappuccino magnate. Michael...if you're looking for investors, this reunion just might be worth your while.

Michael: Hmm! You know? You may have something there.

Sheila: Where Michael? *Where* do I have something? *Here*? (She smacks her butt) Oh, yeah, I have something here, and a few other places too. (She embraces him) I can help you, Michael, dear. I can help you ...a lot. I can raise lots of money for you. But of course...I'm not gonna help you for free. You know that! I'll need my quid pro quo.

Michael: Sure, Sheila. Of course.....that would be only fair.

Sheila: Only be fair? I want 70 % of everything...right down the line. Okay?

Michael: 70%? That seems kind'a steep Sheila.

Sheila: That's true...but the alternative is mixing paint for the next 30 years...not that there's anything wrong with that. It's good honest work. 70% Michael! Take it or leave it....

Michael: Okay, I guess!

Sheila: (Abruptly releases him) Good. We'll go to the reunion together. It's this Saturday night. Pick me up at 7:30. Leave everything to me.

Michael: Okay, Sheila..great! I'm really glad I bumped into you. See ya' Saturday. (He's out)

Sheila: Oh, Michael. So beautiful...but so dumb! Some things never change!

FX out

Scene 6 (Flashback)

Jeeves (host): Good morning sir. Your paper!

Tony: Th-th-thanks J-Jeeves. How did we do in Tokyo?

Jeeves: Well, I'm not an analyst sir, but it appears that Cappuccino Express is up, up, up.

Tony: G-good. Th-that's m-music t-to my e-ears.

Jeeves: (Hands him the mail) Your mail sir .

Tony: Th-Thank you J-Jeeves. That will be all. (Jeeves starts out) J-Jeeves...t-take the r-rest of the d-day o-off. (He peruses mail...something catches his attention) J-joyce F-fridgi-d-daire-K-kissb-butterr?! (He open it. Laughs) A c-class reunion...th-those p-people n-never even knew my n-name. I'm s-so t-tempted to go. Sh-show off m-my success.(Dials cell)

Meredith: (enters in another part of the space... on cell): Speak, slime.

Tony: G-good m-morning... *m-mistress*.

Meredith: How dare you call me before ten you disgusting piece of crap.

Tony: I-I'm s-sorry mi-mistress. I f-forgot that r-rule.

Meredith: You'll just have to be punished.... later.

Tony: Y-yes, m-mistress.

Meredith: Well, now that you've disturbed me you might as well tell me why you called. It better be good!

Tony: M-my high school c-class is h-having a reunion. And I w-was h-hoping you would g-go with m-me.

Meredith: You *turdball!* You bothered me for that?

Tony: I b-beg your f-forgiveness m-mistress.

Meredith: You'll do more than beg...I assure you. Why, in hell would you want to go to a high school reunion?

Tony: Because th-those people were n-never very n-nice to me...I kn-know it's h-hard to believe n-now, b-but b-back th-then I h-had v-very l-ow s-self-esteem. I w-want to sh-show them h-how g-great it all turned out for m-me.

Meredith: Alright...allright! I will allow you to bring me to this nonsense. You can show off your multi-million dollar cappuccino franchise. But don't kid yourself, Tonyboy. You're still an unworthy piece of garbage. You know that right? (no response)
RIGHT!

Tony: Yes..right!

Meredith: *RIGHT WHAT!*

Tony: Right..m-m-mistress. Th-thank you s-so much. Th-thank you. Th-thank you. I-If it's all right, I'll c-call you later. (Meredith hangs up.and exits.) Oh-b-boy she sounds like sh-she's in a r-really g-good m-mood.

FX

End of flashback

Scene 7

Steven: So after months of hard work, I'm proud that my restaurant is the scene of the first-ever reunion of St. Sebastian's On The Delaware High School Class of 1998. And now, back to our president...Stanley Kissbutter.

Stanley: Thank you Steven.....and let me say....we're all glad that Steven is comfortable with himself...and Steven I'm sure I speak for most when I say we don't hold it against you.

Steven: You don't hold what against me?

Stanley: Well...you know.....

Steven: No, I don't know. (Getting angry) What the hell are you talking about?!

Stanley: Steven...take it easy.

Steven: Stanley...you are obviously making some kind of a fascist point. Spill it!

Stanley: Steven...I don't know...I was just...I'm justbeing...

Joyce: An asshole!

Stanley: *Dear!*...

Joyce: Somebody bring me another drink.

Sissy: Me too.

Stanley: All right that's a good idea. Let's all have another drink. Dinner will be served shortly...I hope. In the mean time, let's all get re-acquainted. And, while we're at it, let's turn the clock back to 1998 when this was one of our favorite songs.....

(Tony and Meredith move to center area to dance. Stanley is clearly magnetized to Meredith)

Meredith: How long do you expect me to tolerate these idiots.

Tony: We w-won't stay long. I just w-wanted them all to see my H-hummer in the parking lot.

Meredith: Oh..big, bad Tony wants to show off his big bad vehicle. It's a good thing you're rich, Tonyboy, or I would never put up with this pubescent behavior.

Tony: I d-don't deserve you.... M-M-M-Meredith.

Meredith: Oooh! How dare you call me by my first name. (pushes him to his knees and dances around him) You are really feeling your oats tonight. If we weren't out in public....

Tony: Yes, m-mistress. Thank you, m-mistress. M-may I get up, m-mistress?

Meredith: Whatever.

Tony: (rises..dances) Th-thank you m-mistress.

Stanley: (Overly friendly approaching) Excuse me, Tony...hi. (He's talking to Tony, but his gaze keeps going to Meredith) It's been a long time. Good to see you.

Tony: Really?..I d-don't recall you ever t-talking to me in high school.

Stanley: Oh...sure...sure..we were pals. We were in...in...that class together....yeah..great times. Hey...Tone---listen... I'm good at sizing things up, and I can see that you've done all right for yourself (gives a look to Meredith. She glares at him) Anyway, Tone—I've done pretty well too, and I've got some good investment opportunities to talk over with you and I'm sure we can both walk away with a boatload of cash..in fact..maybe several boatloads. Whataya say?

Tony: I-I-I

Meredith: Look Moneybags, we're not interested. And if you look at my ass once more I will crush your testicles.

Stanley: (Taken back) I-I-I- I see....well....enjoy the evening.

Meredith: His wife is right. He *is* an asshole. (They continue dancing. Sheila cuts in)

Sheila: Excuse me. May I cut in?

Meredith: Why certainly...I need a break from all this "fun" (Meredith walks away)

Sheila: Tony..it's so good to see you.

Tony: I d-didn't think you'd remember me Sheila. You look g-great.

Sheila: Thanks. Hey...what have you been up to all these years?

Tony: Oh..a little bit of this...a little bit of that...I'm in the coffee business mostly.

Sheila: (pulling him closer) Listen, Tony. Are you married to the woman you're with?

Tony: Oh..n-no Sheila...she's just a f-f-friend.

Sheila: I'm glad to hear you say that...because I've got a proposition I want to talk to you about...

Tony: Really?

Sheila: Really! Lets go someplace quiet? (She leads him off)

Stanley: (Showing anger) Damn! That Sheila never changes!!!

Joyce: Now what's the matter?

Stanley: Tony Cosomono...

Joyce: What about him?

Stanley: He's oozing cash...he's a gold mine waiting to be tapped...cappuccino out the buttocks. And, I can't get close to him...or his money...or....(Stanley gawks as Meredith walks by.)

Meredith: (Noticing the look) Hey you! I warned you. (She knees him in the groin. He goes down on the floor. Then to Joyce...) Sorry sweetie...nothin' personal...but you got a real creep on your hands.

Joyce: I need a drink.

(Sissy moves to Stanley who is still on the floor and helps him up)

Sissy: Stanley...are you all right?

Stanley: I think so. I'm just a little dazed. That woman is weird.

Sissy: Oh, Stanley...we have to talk. This can't be happening. Where's Joyce?

Stanley: Who knows? You know Sissy, sometimes Joyce is like a complete stranger to me. She really doesn't understand me at all. After all these years!

Sissy: That's too bad, Stanley. Believe me, I know what a painful thing it is to be married to someone for so long...and not really know him. I know that all too well.

Stanley: Sissy....we'll always have the campsite.

Sissy: I know Stanley...I think about it all the time..that's why you have to reconsider....

Stanley: (Remembering) I had dropped Joyce off after the graduation party. And on my way home...I had a flat tire. I started walking.

Sissy: I was driving Randy's car because he was passed out in the back seat. I saw you on the side of the road and gave you a lift.

Stanley: Before I knew it we were rolling around in the mud. It was incredible.

Sissy: Fantastic!

Stanley: Oh, Sissy!

Sissy: Oh, Stanley! Please, please reconsider....

Randy: Excuse me, dork face. (Pushes Stanley aside) Sissy...do you notice anything disturbing....or are you just an idiot?

Sissy: What? What are you talking about?

Randy: I guess you're just an idiot. My glass?

Sissy: What about it.

Randy: *IT'S EMPTY*. Get me a beer, bitch!

Stanley: Hey Randy take it easy!

Randy: (Grabbing Stanley) Whoa! What business is it of yours? And, what the hell do you plan on doing about it! (He pushes Stanley..who cowardly backs off)

Sissy: (Giving a disgusted look to Stanley, then takes Randy's glass and exits crying.) Thanks a lot Stanley. What a *pal!* ... I'll get your beer, Randy.

Michael: (Moves to center looking for Sheila)

Joyce: (Gazes and drools a bit at Michael. She accidentally-on purpose bumps into him) Why, Michael, hello.

Michael: Hey...how you doin' Joyce. (They hug)

Joyce: It's been a long time. You look great. Same old Michael. What have you been up to?

Michael: Oh, I've had my finger in lots of pies, so to speak...(remembering his mission) Actually Joyce I wanted to talk to you and Stanley about this new investment deal I'm putting together.

Joyce: Really?

Michael: Oh, yeah...it's gonna be big...really big, Joyce. And, I wanted you and Stan to get in on the ground floor.

Joyce: Well, that's very considerate of you Michael. (She's staggering a bit) Did I tell you how good you look?

Michael: Uh, yeah. You did. Thanks Joyce. But..uh...do you have any influence over Stanley in his investment portfolio.

Joyce: Oh..screw Stanley. I've got my own money...(embracing him) and Michael..I'll let you put it where-ever you want.

Michael: (Looking to escape) Uhh...gee...that's great Joyce...I'll get back to you with all the particulars. Terrific to see you! Later--- (He's gone)

Joyce: Michael...Michael..wait (She follows him out)

(Tony enters from hallway. Lots of smeared lipstick and clothing disheveled. Open checkbook in hand. He is followed by Sheila who is perusing the check which Tony has obviously given her. She confidently files it in her cleavage. Stanley has observed this and approaches Sheila)

Stanley: (He grabs her) You little tramp! What are you up to? You just rolled Cosomono didn't you . How much did you get out of that patsy?

Sheila: Whats-a-mater Stanley. Jealous?

Stanley: Jealous? Oh, please! Look, if he's wants to throw his money away with you, when I can quadruple it, that's his business. What sort of scheme are you involved in Sheila. Pyramids? Huh?

Sheila: You'd love to know wouldn't you Stanley? You can kiss my rear-end.

Stanley: No thanks Sheila...I've got a pretty good idea where that rear-end has been.

Sheila: Well, one thing's for sure, it hasn't been anywhere near you...

Stanley: I have far too much class to ever get involved with you, Sheila...business or otherwise. You may have caused me to lose a good deal of money tonight, but there's one thing you'll never take from me, and that's my dignity. (As he grandiosely walks away, he gets pantsed by Randy.)

Audience Member #1 (or host): Fellow classmates may I have your attention please. It's time to announce the recipient of our class Lifetime Achievement Award. And to make the presentation let's bring up our beloved English teacher who is still molding young minds after all these years. Let's all put our hands together for the one...the only...Sister Gilmer Anastasia.

Sister Gilmer: Thank you Pat. May I say, you look absolutely wonderful. The hair plugs really help ...a lot! (clears her throat) Members of the Saint Sebastian-On-The-Delaware High School Graduating Class of 1998. It gives me a great sense of pride to look out among you. I still love to teach...I still love facing those wonderful eager faces each day.... Now, it gives me great pleasure to announce the recipient of the class of 1998's Lifetime Achievement Award. I should say that the committee, of which I am the chair, struggled with this decision long and hard...(Disorienting)... very long... and very...hard. It ...it ...reminded me...it reminded me ofthe Washington Monument.... By the way....this is the dress....*the* dress...But when he shook his finger and denied it happened...I wanted to *kill* him!.....

Stanley: (Finally grabbing her) Sister...stop!

Sister Gilmer: Bill? Bill! What...what's the matter, Bill?

Stanley: Who's Bill? Sister, I'm Stanley. Stanley Kissbutter. You're hallucinating. You're talking as if you are Monica Lewinsky. You did the same thing the last time I saw you. You really need to get some professional help Sister....with all due respect.

Sister Gilmer:Stanley? Oh, Stanley..... You are a very mean-spirited person! How can you say such things to me? The truth be told, I never liked you....*never*.... even when you were in school...I never liked you. Always the apple polisher. Well, it's done you no good Stanley.... because it gives me great pleasure to announce that the Lifetime Achievement Award goes most deservedly to Anthony Cosomono...the President and CEO of the highly successful Cappuccino Express. Let's hear it for Tony. (She leads the applause. Tony rises and moves to center. Principals surround him, congratulating and high-fiving...etc. Stanley starts circling the group loudly protesting the choice.)

So, there you have the significant interaction of the main characters during the first act. Here is a summary of what takes place in the remainder of the first act:

-Stanley continues to rant in protest, moving in and out of the group surrounding Tony.

-Suddenly there is a scream. Stanley projectiles out of the group and falls to the floor. Blood encircles his throat. He's so, so dead.

-The previously referenced Conchita Bonita enters, apologizing for her lack of punctuality. As a state police homicide detective, Conchita announces that she's launching an investigation into the murder of Stanley Kissbutter.

Dinner is served

As dinner begins to wind down cast, members return to engage in table-talk with the audience.

Act II

Conchita: Ladies and gentlemen, I have just received a preliminary report from the crime lab. Stanley Kissbutter bought the farm because a deep penetration near the larynx by the retrieved hunting knife. In other words somebody cut the poor guy's throat. And to make matters worse, man. There were no finger prints on the knife. So now, I'm gonna start my interrogation of the suspects. I'll tell you somethin', I'm expectin' you all to cooperate. And you better tell the truth, otherwise I'm gonna kick your butt. Got it, Homes? Okay, let's get this show on the road.

The suspects seat themselves on a stool or chair when called.

*Conchita begins the questioning of the suspects.
Here how a typical interrogation looks:*

Conchita: Steven Sprocket...will you come forward, please. (Steven steps up.) Mr. Sprocket, how would you describe your relationship with the dead guy?

Steven: Stanley? Well, I thought Stanley was simply swell. He was a super fella. We worked together, side by side, in planning the reunion. We grew very close.

Conchita: Now, you own this joint right?

Steven: Yes, Conchita...I mean Detective. I've worked so very hard to build up my business. And, I am very, very upset that such an awful thing could have occurred in my restaurant.

Conchita: Had you kept in touch with Kissbutter over the years since you were in school together.

Steven: I would say, no not really. I would see Stanley occasionally at the mall. One time I bumped into him at the GAP. I was trying on a pair of slacks, and I asked him if they made my butt look too big.

Conchita: And...?

Steven: He said the slacks looked fine.

Conchita: No...no...no! I mean what else happened?

Steven: Nothing. He said good-bye and moved on. Now, that I think about it, he seemed anxious to get away from me.

Conchita: Why would that be, Homes?

Steven: Well, between you and me, Stanley isn't as enlightened as you might think.

Conchita: What do you mean??

Steven: Oh, nothing...let's just leave it at that.

After being questioned by Conchita, the audience may question each of the suspects. This is where the improvisational skills of your actors will come into play. I recommend that during the rehearsal period, you suggest possible audience questions to provide practice for your cast. I also suggest you have Conchita repeat each question from the audience, so all can hear.

After suspects have all been questioned, Conchita announces that she will return shortly with the resolution of the crime.

Following this section of the play, the "Host" instructs the audience regarding the resolution form. We suggest you ask audience members to suggest the murderer(s) – motive, method and opportunity. A "Winner" is chosen from all correct solutions. It's also fun to provide a prize for the most creative solution. You'll usually get some additional good laughs from this.

Dessert

Dessert is then served as the audience members fill out their forms. Have someone collect the forms as they are completed. They should be delivered to whomever will determine the winners. (We have our cast decide the winners)

(Also during dessert, Sissy may recruit "cheerleaders" from the audience to join her in her routine.)

Again, at the end of the dessert intermission, actors may re-enter and resume table-talk.

Act III

Act three is the resolution of the play and the crime. The detective (Conchita) eliminates each suspect, until the murderer is finally revealed. Here's an example of how this goes.

Ladies and gentleman...it is clear that a heinous murder has been committed here tonight. Stanley Kissbutter...a successful businessman...a community leader...friend ...husband. Struck down in the prime of his life. But why?...What could have caused the murderer to snuff out the life of this seemingly innocuous individual. Well, let's consider the possible motives. He was successful.....there's no doubt about that...right Mr. Machismo?

Michael: Yes...he certainly was. No denying it.

Conchita: And that bothered you didn't Michael. After all, you were always the one with the rosy future. Football hero...leadership qualities...You were the idea man...yet you've been left in the dust. You admitted that the thought of Stanley Kissbutter made you want to throw up! Right? And in your jealous envy you seized your opportunity to slit his throat. Didn't you Michael?! Didn't you!

Michael: No I didn't. Look, Stanley was a geek and a loser. We all felt that way. But nobody could argue with his success. Besides...I've been working on a very big deal tonight. And, my day is coming. I didn't kill Stanley. And, you can't prove otherwise.

Conchita: You're right Michael. I can't. You're not very bright, and as usual, you've managed to associate yourself with someone who is. Right Sheila?

—and so forth through the remaining suspects.

As the Conchita completes her resolution, the murderer is revealed.

Following Act Three and your curtain call, your director, or perhaps a cast member, announces the winners and awards.

So, there you have it.... "Murder At The Class Reunion." Hopefully, a good time will be had by all.