

The Mascot Murders

By Michael Zielinski

Registered with the Writers
Guild of America, East

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Cast of Characters

TOM :

MATT :

BARB :

BEN :

MAMMARY :

LADY :

:

:

LUKE :

BIFF :

TONY :

:

ALICE :

HONEY POT :

ACT IScene 1

MATT ALLEN, tall and skinny in his 30s, is driving his beat-up SUV on the highway and TOM ASHBURN, short and stout and also in his 30s, is riding shotgun.

TOM

Matt, your dadgum SUV is sloppier than a truck stop kitchen.

Tom leans forward and picks up a banana peel in one hand and a granola bar wrapper in the other.

MATT

Burritos or burgers for lunch?

TOM

Burritos. But back to this pigsty.

MATT

I'll get to it when I get to it. I'm a little busy right now thinking about lunch. There's a food truck down the road that has burritos.

TOM

You know I don't do food trucks. I need a sanitary restaurant with spotless silverware.

MATT

You sure look like a food truck guy. Soon you'll have to butter yourself to squeeze through a doorway.

TOM

And you're so thin you look like a rake with teeth.

Tom drops the banana peel and wrapper on the floor, picks up a half-eaten slice of pizza and flips it on Matt's lap.

MATT

You're distracting my driving, Tom.

Matt takes a bite out of the pizza.

TOM

Dadgum, you're gross.

Matt burps. Tom rubs his hands.

MATT
You're always nagging me like my ex-girlfriend.

TOM
She's your ex because your side of the bedroom had more garbage than the city dump.

MATT
And your ex-wife dumped you because she got sick of you dusting your headboard while making love.

TOM
Only when I was on top.

MATT
And when she was on top, you were using a long-handled Swiffer to dust the ceiling fan.

Tom rubs his hands.

TOM
I don't understand why my hands are always so dry.

MATT
Because you wash your hands more meticulously than a surgeon. Use moisturizer.

TOM
Tried that. But then I can't open doorknobs.

MATT
Then shoot the knobs off. Problem solved.

TOM
By the way, you're two weeks behind logging in your investigations.

MATT
I'm a free-wheeling private investigator. Your administrative shit is a waste of my talent.

TOM
You've got to become more analytical. You waste too much time tracking blind leads.

MATT
You waste time spraying Windex on your computer all day.

TOM
Unlike you, I'm not a huge fan of dadgum germs.

MATT
Dirt is in my blood. My ancestors hail from Germania.

TOM
Bet they didn't sell Windex in Germania.

MATT
They outlawed soap. If you got caught with a bar, they cut off your hands. For a second offense, you were beheaded.

Inside his car Matt lights up a cigarette.

TOM
How many times have I asked you not to smoke around me?

Tom lowers his window.

MATT
A bullet will likely kill you before my cigarettes do.

Matt lowers his window and takes a drag on his cigarette. Tom coughs. As Matt exhales, we hear a shot as a bullet zips through his open window and out Tom's, miraculously missing them and the SUV. For a moment Matt and Tom sit in stunned silence.

MATT
Holy shit! That was a fucking bullet whizzing past our faces!

TOM
It sure as hell wasn't a dadgum butterfly!

MATT
I'd better quit smoking.

He throws the cigarette out his window.

TOM
Maybe not. The windows were open because of the smoke. If they weren't, shards of glass would've been imbedded in our faces.

MATT
Making shaving a bumpy ride.

TOM
Who would want to kill us?

MATT
A bunch of faces just raced through my mind.

TOM
And mine.

MATT
Angry faces.

TOM
What about that infidelity suspect you're tracking?

MATT
Vince Granger? He's a suit. Besides, turns out he wasn't cheating on his wife. Forgot to post that update in our system.

TOM
Do your dadgum job and get things into our system. So what was Granger up to?

MATT
The hottie he was hanging out turned out to be his daughter.

TOM
What?

MATT
Before Granger got married, he knocked up someone else. The girl left town. Vince had no idea he had a daughter until recently. And he kept it a secret from his wife until his daughter dined him out.

TOM
Tsk, tsk.

MATT
His wife was a virgin when they married. Made Vince vow that he was too.

TOM
So when the daughter popped up in his life, he'd rather have his wife suspect he was having an affair?

MATT
Granger said you have no idea how hung up on virginity his wife was before their marriage.

TOM
Madonna complex, huh?

MATT
His wife's Jewish.

TOM
So was the Virgin Mary.

MATT
Where to next, fat boy?

TOM
The office. I need to scroll through my database and identify our would-be assassin.

MATT
No lunch?

TOM
Right now I'm on a fear-of-getting-whacked diet.

MATT
I'm stopping for burritos. If you're scared shitless, you need food in your stomach. Otherwise you're just farting dust bunnies.

TOM
Good call. If you get any skinnier, you'll never get wet in the shower.

MATT
At least I'm much less of a target than your fat ass.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 2

BARB DUNCAN, pretty, built and in her 30s, sits behind her desk. A sign on the wall reads AA DETECTIVE AGENCY. Tom and Matt walk into the office.

MATT
Take a nap while we were gone, Barb?

BARB
Nah. My girlfriend stopped by and we made love on your desk.

TOM
How did you find the room with all the shit on his desk?

BARB
Threw it on the floor.

MATT
You should try screwing a guy sometime.

BARB
Maybe you should, too.

Matt gives her the finger.

BARB
So, what have you guys been up to?

TOM
Someone took a shot at us while we were driving on the highway.

MATT
Lucky the windows were open.

BARB
Smoking in your car again, huh?

MATT
Life's journey is more tolerable if you take Tobacco Road.

TOM
We have to figure out who the hell wants us dead.

BARB
Might be quicker to figure out who doesn't want you dead.

Tom sits down at his nearby desk. His desk surface is empty except for a desktop computer, a bottle of Windex and a roll of paper towels. He squirts the Windex on his monitor screen and keyboard, then carefully wipes them with a paper towel. He begins reviewing their client database on his desktop.

Matt sits behind his desk, leans back and props his feet on his desk that is smothered with file folders sloppily spilling everywhere.

MATT
Barb, I thought you said you threw all my shit on the floor?

BARB
We did. The critters hiding in it must have pole vaulted back onto your desk.

TOM
Athletic germs are the most dangerous.

MATT
It's got to be someone from our active cases.

TOM
I'm searching for bad dudes with good reason to kill us. Biff Benson?

MATT
Put him on the list.

TOM
Luke Barber?

MATT
Him, too.

TOM
Tony the Tiger Galento?

BARB
Definitely.

TOM
Here's a prime suspect.

MATT
Who?

TOM
Ben Hammer.

MATT
Now there's a real tool.

Barb walks over to them.

BARB
Don't remember him. Mustn't been working here yet.

TOM
A real charming guy. We caught him trying to kill his girlfriend Alicia Miller with a machete. He wielded that machete with all the artistry of Mozart waving a baton.

MATT
He was a master at carving. I almost lost a limb or two wrestling him before Tom shot him in the knee.

BARB
I can only imagine what he could do with a Thanksgiving turkey.

MATT
Before climate change warmed the earth, he also was a wizard with a chainsaw carving ice sculptures. But what's the point when your art quickly melts into puddles?

BARB
Sounds like a real bad dude.

MATT
Sometimes you have to admire the art and despise the artist.

TOM
He served 15 years in prison and was released last month.

MATT
He could be our guy. He's an ornery prick.

TOM
Wonder if he still has the machete.

MATT
I'll look up Alicia and feel her out.

BARB
Just don't feel her up.

Tom gets up from his chair, walks over to a small table and grabs a doughnut out of a box.

MATT
Your diet didn't last long, pork chop.

TOM
Screw you, beanpole.

Tom returns to his desk and plops down on his chair. He resumes looking for suspects on his computer.

BARB

I hear something rattling. Are the screws on your chair getting loose, Tom?

MATT

Must be the excess poundage.

TOM

My dadgum chair is rattling.

MATT

You're sitting on a rattlesnake!

TOM

WHAT!!!!

Tom quickly raises his butt from the chair. Matt quickly runs over, picks up the snake with his right hand, runs over to the window, opens it with his left hand, and throws the rattler out the window.

BARB

Hot damn! You've got brass balls, Matt.

TOM

Thanks for my saving my ass. Now please wash your hands for the next half hour.

Matt licks both his palms.

MATT

I'm good.

TOM

With barbarians for ancestors, you're destined to tread water in your shallow gene pool.

MATT

Whoever's trying to kill us isn't fucking around.

TOM

I felt my chair rocking and rattling when I sat down. But I figured my balls were just twisted in my new Tommy John underwear.

BARB

Too much information, numb nuts.

MATT

Hate when that happens. That kind of nutcracker is no ballet.

Barb suddenly lets out a terrifying scream and jumps up on her chair.

BARB

There's a fucking rat standing in the corner over there!

She points to the rat.

TOM

It's foaming at the mouth.

MATT

Rabies is no fucking joke.

BARB

Who the hell is laughing?

TOM

Do you think we can just ignore it until the rabies kills it?

MATT

That's one option.

TOM

Or I can beat it to death with a broom.

Tom grabs a nearby broom and tentatively approaches the rat. He stops several steps short of the rat. He pauses for a moment. Then starts backtracking slowly.

TOM

I guess I'm just a freaking pussy.

BARB

I'm not going near it because I am a pussy.

MATT

Then there's the nuclear option.

Matt shoots the rat dead with his handgun.

TOM

We need to call an exterminator. And we have to fumigate this place. With a dead rabid rat and a rattlesnake, the germs are multiplying like the loaves and fishes.

MATT

Sounds like a cleanup of biblical proportions.

TOM

I'm getting rid of my dadgum chair. No way in hell I'm ever sitting on it again.

Suddenly we hear a hail of bullets riddling the exterior of the office. The three of them cower behind their desks.

BARB

Holy fucking shit!

MATT

This guy is getting serious.

TOM

Our office repairs are going to cost a fortune. Our window is shattering and I imagine our exterior vinyl siding is now more pockmarked than Seal.

BARB

Still can't believe Heidi Klum married him.

TOM

People don't always marry for looks.

BARB

Like your farsighted ex-wife.

MATT

Let's see if we get out of this alive before we worry about the remodeling cost. I'm going to take a peek.

Matt peers over his desk and looks outside.

TOM

What do you see?

MATT

Lots of hot lead flying.

TOM

Anything else?

MATT

Somebody dressed in a BULL mascot costume is operating a fucking Gatling gun.

BARB

How fucking embarrassing if we get whacked by a mascot who's a Civil War buff.

MATT

When you get a new chair, Tommy boy, do a search on your computer for Civil War buffs who moonlight as mascot hitmen.

TOM

I knew someday you'd come around to seeing the value of analytical investigations.

MATT

Wonder if Robert E. Lee passed on his Gatling gun to one of his great-great-great-great grandsons.

TOM

My great-great-great-great grandfather fought for the Union at Gettysburg. One of Lee's descendants could be holding a grudge.

BARB

Robert E. Lee's wife Sara Lee invented the underwire pushup bra Wonderbra.

TOM

If the Wonderbra was bulletproof, I wish I was wearing one now.

Suddenly the hailstorm of bullets stops.

MATT

The bull must have run out of bullets.

Matt stands up and looks outside.

MATT

The bull has loaded the Gatling gun in the back of a pickup truck and is quickly exiting the premises.

TOM

Did you catch the license plate?

MATT

What am I, a fucking computer? And no, I didn't catch the VIN number either.

TOM
Barb, clean up this mess. Matt and I are hitting the road in search of the wannabe killer. Starting with Luke Barber.

BARB
I'm not touching this shit. I'm hiring a cleaning service. We have wiggle room in our monthly budget if Tom cuts out his daily doughnut runs to Dunkin'.

MATT
He'd rather cut out his heart.

TOM
As long as I have my stomach, I'm good.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 3

Matt and Tom walk up to LUKE BARBER, a beefy guy in his 40s sitting in a wheelchair in front of a LUKE'S USED CARS sign.

LUKE
The Odd Couple returns. If I had a shotgun handy and two good arms, you two would be fucking lunchmeat.

MATT
Nice to see you too, Luke.

TOM
Still pissed at us because we caught you blackmailing your mother and you did a stretch in prison?

LUKE
My mother's a bitch. After I bought this used car lot, she was always reporting me to the Better Business Bureau. Overnight she would deflate the tires on all my junkers in the lot.

MATT
Not exactly Whistler's mother, huh?

TOM
Did she put you in that wheelchair?

LUKE
Nah. A jealous husband pushed me down a flight of
(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)
stairs.

Matt snickers.

MATT
When will you learn to keep your dick in your pants?

LUKE
No problem now. It's limper than linguine. I'm paralyzed from the waist down. And I only have partial use of my right arm.

TOM
Must be tough to still be a dick with an inoperative dick.

LUKE
Being a dick is a state of mind. And I have a backup plan. My mechanic is working on adapting the hydraulic lift in our garage for me.

MATT
Anyway, this rules you out.

LUKE
What the hell are you talking about?

TOM
Someone is mighty determined to whack us.

MATT
Sniper shot on the highway. Rattlesnake and rabid rat in our office. Shooting the shit out of our fucking office with a Gatling gun.

LUKE
Nice. Very creative. Wish it could be me but obviously it isn't. By the way, if you know a pretty lady who took a vow of chastity, send her over.

TOM
What are friends for?

LUKE
Isn't it time you upgraded your wheels?

MATT
Get the fuck out of here. Your dick may be dead, but you still screw people here.

LUKE

Come on, guys. Show me an honest used car dealer and I'll show you a schmuck.

TOM

Your inventory on the lot is looking a little sparse.

LUKE

Our junkers are selling like hotcakes. People can't afford luxury cars these days. Call me Luke Barber, the guy who makes lemonade out of lemons.

MATT

You've got a gift for words, Luke.

LUKE

Genetics. One of my ancient forebears named Luke wrote a bunch of gospels.

TOM

I've read Luke's gospels. He was a wordy dude. His gospel is the longest and covers twenty five percent of the New Testament.

LUKE

None of the Lukes in my family knew when to shut up.

MATT

I haven't had time to read the Bible yet. But I know everything from your lips has just got to be gospel.

A beach ball bounces toward them. Tom kicks it away, then starts coughing and sneezing. Matt and Luke also sneeze and cough.

LUKE

My damn eyes are burning.

MATT

Mine, too.

TOM

Ditto.

LUKE

Which one of you assholes farted?

MATT

I didn't fart. But I smell something.

TOM
I didn't shit. Did you shit?

LUKE
I didn't shit.

MATT
Wait! It's not gas from an ass. It's mustard gas leaking from that damn beach ball.

TOM
How do you know that?

MATT
My grandpappy's grandpappy served in World War I. He was mustard gassed several times. When he got back to the states, he never put mustard on a hot dog. Just ketchup.

LUKE
Gross.

TOM
Everybody knows God created mustard for hot dogs and ketchup for hamburgers.

LUKE
What did he create relish for?

TOM
Chicken salad.

LUKE
Only chicken shits eat chicken salad.

MATT
My damn eyes still are burning.

TOM
Mine as well. And now I feel like I may get the shits.

MATT
Must be the mustard gas.
Luke coughs and sneezes.

LUKE
Some fucking clown is running toward us!
Somebody in a CLOWN mascot costume tosses a hand

grenade at them but the throw is errant and the grenade sails wide of them. The clown runs away. We suddenly hear a large explosion.

LUKE

Damn it! That clown just blew up one of my lovely cars. I'm billing you two clowns for it.

TOM

My eyes are so irritated it's blurring my vision.

MATT

Tell me about it.

LUKE

And I have two detached retinas from a barfight I had several years back.

The clown sprints back to them and slams all three of them in the head with a loaf of pumpernickel bread before running off.

MATT

Was that the clown again?

TOM

It wasn't the tooth fairy.

LUKE

That loaf of pumpernickel bread was as hard as an anvil.

MATT

Must have been stale as hell.

TOM

Chewing stale bread is like chewing rocks.

MATT

My Uncle Ziggy went through a half-dozen sets of dentures because he ate a loaf of stale pumpernickel every morning.

LUKE

Was he a fucking idiot?

MATT

Philosophy professor at Harvard.

LUKE

So he was a fucking idiot.

TOM
I'm swearing off pumpernickel bread with prosciutto,
fig jam and arugula.

MATT
I'm done with pumpernickel French toast.

LUKE
If I wasn't so fucked up, I'd jam pumpernickel bread
down both your throats.

MATT
We've got to roll.

LUKE
Considering I'm stuck in this damn chair, that's an
insensitive remark.

MATT
Apologies. Didn't realize a hard ass like you was so
sensitive.

TOM
We've got to check out another bad ass.

LUKE
Your job has you wallowing in the muck with dirt
bags.

TOM
The wrong profession for a neat freak like me.

MATT
But just right for me.

LUKE
Come back soon and make a purchase. Remember our
lead-pipe cinch guarantee. If the engine falls out
during the first 100 miles after purchase, we'll give
you a free oil change.

TOM
I've read the fine print on your warranty. Your offer
is valid only if the engine falls out during the
first 100 miles after purchase and a global
thermonuclear war.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 4

Matt and Tom are standing in the front yard with BEN HAMMER, a hard-looking guy in his 40s who is dressed like a minister with a black suit, black shirt and white clergy collar. He holds a large silver cross in his left hand and blesses Matt and Tom with his right hand.

TOM

Ben, you suddenly look like good buddies with Jesus. So I pray you didn't kill Alicia once you got out of the slammer.

BEN

Heavens no. We got married the day I got out of prison.

MATT

Fuck. Imagine that.

BEN

I'm a changed man. Found God in prison and became a minister online.

MATT

Fuck. Imagine that. Sure beats making license plates.

BEN

I'd appreciate if you dropped that nasty four-letter word in my presence. If not, I'll massage your lungs with my silver cross.

Ben looks skyward and locks his glance toward the heavens.

MATT

Looking for Jesus in the sky with diamonds?

TOM

I believe that was Lucy, not Jesus.

BEN

Duck! Incoming flaming arrow!

They duck.

TOM

I didn't see it.

BEN
It soared over my house and landed in my backyard.
Yep, somebody is trying to kill you. You can rule out
Robin Hood and William Tell.

MATT
How do you know it wasn't meant for you?

BEN
Easy. Me and my machete severed all the arms of my
enemies before I went to prison.

TOM
Good timing since now you only have prayers to
protect you.

BEN
I'll send you my landscaping bill for reseeding my
burnt-out lawn.

MATT
Wait and see if God sends another 40-day flood. Your
grass might grow back.

BEN
Do I look like Noah to you?

TOM
Do you still have the machete?

BEN
Replaced the machete with the silver cross.

MATT
Bless the Lord.

BEN
Thank the Lord that I didn't dismember you guys. And
thank you for stopping me from killing my saintly
Alicia.

TOM
You've got to be kidding, Hammer.

BEN
Reverend Hammer.

MATT
I imagine getting it up the ass in the slammer
changes a man. I'm no Bible banger, but I do know the
Apostle Paul wrote a lot of letters to the
(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

Corinthians. Did they ever write him back?

BEN

Ever the quipster, Matthew. What can I do for you?

MATT

Since you're now a man of God, tell me the truth. Have you tried to kill us since you've been released from prison?

BEN

Lawdy, that's funny. Thou shalt not kill, especially if you're holding a cross.

TOM

They did during the dadgum crusades.

BEN

Ancient history. I've taken a sacred vow to carry this cross everywhere I go. I even carry it to the john.

MATT

I assume you wipe your ass with your right hand.

Hammer gives Matt a cold stare and then grins.

BEN

My right hand to the Lord, I'm not trying to kill you or your associate. But the old Ben Hammer would've been holding a hammer instead of a cross and pounded your brains into goo resembling eggs over easy.

TOM

You still look like a guy who should be holding a gun, not a cross.

BEN

Looks are deceiving. I'm not a false apostle disguised as a servant of righteousness.

MATT

Well, we'd better let you go back to fleecing, I mean shepherding, your flock.

BEN

Be careful, Matthew. The Lord could go Old Testament on you and turn you into a pillar of salt.

MATT

Since you're now so tight with God, ask him to give us a clue who's trying to kill us.

BEN

If you donate a hundred bucks to my ministry, I'll gladly add you to my prayer line.

MATT

I'm a little short on cash so I'll just ask God myself.

MATT

Tom, your research targeting pious Ben here as one of our potential assassins was off the mark.

TOM

Computers can't foresee divine intervention.

MATT

Douse it with holy water before your next search.

BEN

Duck! Incoming flying tomahawk!

They all duck.

TOM

I didn't see it.

BEN

It soared over my house again. Somebody definitely is trying to kill you. You can rule out Geronimo and Sitting Bull.

MATT

Tom and me may soon rank up there with Fidel Castro when it comes to facing multiple assassination attempts.

Somebody in an ARMADILLO mascot costume throws two baseballs at them. The armadillo then runs away.

BEN

Duck! Incoming baseballs thrown by an armadillo mascot!

They all duck. We hear the crash of a breaking window.

TOM
The baseballs landed in one of your upstairs bedrooms.

BEN
Somebody definitely is trying to kill you. You can rule out Sandy Koufax and Bob Feller. An invoice for a replacement window is coming your way.

MATT
We're going to split before the armadillo splits your house in half.

BEN
Good idea. Alicia doesn't have homeowners insurance.

TOM
Why not?

BEN
Faith in the Lord.

MATT
Oh, God.

BEN
Vaya con dios. Hope the search for your killers doesn't make you suicidal.

TOM
Some mascot likely will kill us before we have time to get depressed.

MATT
Plus we pop antidepressants like their Tic-Tac's.

BEN
No wonder you twits are dizzier than a merry go round attendant.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 5

Tom and Matt are sitting at a bar. The bartender, BIFF BENSON, rugged and in his 30s, serves them a beer.

TOM
It's dead in here.

BIFF
Hang around a bit, ace. It gets packed at happy hour.

MATT
This is a tough neighborhood. How are the tips?

BIFF
So-so.

TOM
That's interesting.

BIFF
Why?

TOM
We saw you pull up in a new Corvette.

BIFF
I have good investments, ace. Why? Are you guys cops?

MATT
Nah. Private investigators.

TOM
We specialize in financial identity thefts.

BIFF
No matter what you've been told, that's not my scene. I respect the laws of our land. Fought for my country.

TOM
We're not here to start anything. You look like you can handle yourself.

BIFF
Two tours in Afghanistan as a Marine sniper. Never missed a kill. What do you think?

TOM
Enough said. Just doing our due diligence. Somebody is trying to kill us.

MATT
We thought you might be holding a grudge because a client has us investigating you for financial identity theft.

Biff gives them a hard stare and flexes a bicep.

BIFF

If I wanted you dead, you both would be wearing toe tags in the morgue. But I wouldn't shoot you.

TOM

Why not?

BIFF

PTSD from the war. I now have this thing about guns. Faint at the mere sight of them.

MATT

That must be tough to deal with.

BIFF

I have a black belt in karate, ace. I'd have no trouble taking you two out if I wanted to.

TOM

Understood.

BIFF

Excuse me. I have to take care of something in the kitchen.

Biff leaves the bar and walks away.

MATT

Probably not our guy.

TOM

He could be bullshitting us.

MATT

Maybe he was the guy in the bull costume.

Just then somebody in a DINOSAUR mascot costume walks up to the bar and is about to stab Tom in the neck with a giant syringe. Matt sees what's happening and shoves the dinosaur's arm away. The dinosaur then tries to stab Matt with the syringe but Tom smashes his beer glass over the dinosaur's head. The dinosaur then scampers away.

MATT

I don't know about you but I've had just about enough with this character.

TOM

I'm going to Google mascots with bad intentions.

The dinosaur returns, this time wielding a chainsaw. He walks slowly and defiantly toward Matt and Tom, who pick up their bar stools and throw them at the dinosaur. Whimpering, the dinosaur scampers out of the bar, leaving the chainsaw behind.

Matt picks up the chainsaw.

MATT

If this damn dinosaur comes back again, I'm the one who'll be sawing off his limbs.

The dinosaur is back once again and tosses a stick of dynamite at Tom and Matt. But it sails over their heads and explodes behind the bar. The dinosaur runs out again.

TOM

What's next? A nuclear bomb? An army of mascots firing flamethrowers at us? Badgers from a Wuhan wet market spitting more lethal strains of Covid at us?

Biff returns carrying a turtle and inspects the damage behind the bar.

BIFF

I step away from the bar for a few minutes to feed my pet turtle Shelly and all hell breaks loose. What the hell happened?

MATT

While you were gone, somebody in a dinosaur costume tried to kill us three times.

TOM

Maybe you were wearing the dadgum costume.

BIFF

No fucking way, ace. I have a phobia about dinosaurs ever since I saw Jurassic World.

MATT

Can I hold your pet turtle Shelly?

BIFF

I call her Shell for short.

TOM

Any particular reason?

Biff hands Matt the turtle. Tom pulls out his gun and Biff faints, falling on floor. Tom picks up a glass of water from the bar and douses Biff with it. He immediately comes to.

TOM

My apologies but we had to collaborate your story.

Biff jumps to his feet.

BIFF

If you two ever walk in here again, you're not walking out.

Matt hands the turtle back to Biff.

MATT

Your turtle is cute.

BIFF

But a bitch to walk. I need a sundial to clock our morning constitutional.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 6

Tom and Matt are standing in a tattoo parlor, which has a recliner where customers are inked, and a small table next to it.

MATT

Tony the Tiger Galento must be in the back room.

TOM

Let me quick fill you in on this guy. He's hardly a candidate for canonization. Or fire commissioner. He owned a pre-school that he intentionally burned down for the insurance money.

MATT

A peach of a guy.

TOM

He never got the money. He got jail time instead after I uncovered evidence of arson.

MATT

The insurance company gave you a sweet retainer. Of which I didn't receive a cent.

TOM

You didn't do shit on that case.

MATT

I was glad I wasn't on that case after Tony went after you. I still wonder if he can shit.

Matt pauses and shakes his head.

MATT

What did you do with that tire iron again?

Tom smiles.

TOM

Let's see if Tony still is holding a grudge now that he's switched careers.

TONY GALENTO, a beefy guy in his 40s who is wearing dark sunglasses, enters the room.

TONY

May I help you?

TOM

Surprised you don't remember me. Tom Ashburn.

TONY

Mama mia, how could I forget? I think of you every time I take a shit, you fat germaphobe.

TOM

Still pissed at me?

TONY

Fuck yeah.

TOM

Been trying to shoot me and my partner Matt here?

TONY

No comment. Until you both get a tattoo.

TOM

How sanitary is it?

TONY
My parlor is where germs go to die. Trust me.

MATT
We've just met but I wouldn't call you exactly trustworthy.

TONY
My family is more secular than religious. We never say in God we trust.

TOM
What does your family say?

TONY
In Tony we trust. Or else.

MATT
Got it.

TONY
Tom, want a big American eagle tattooed on your chest?

TOM
Absolutely not.

TONY
Matt, want a tattoo of Beyonce's booty-licious derriere on your forehead?

MATT
As tempting as that sounds, no.

TONY
Good day, gentlemen.

TOM
Let us reconsider.

MATT
Screw it. I'll do it. But not Beyonce's ass.

TOM
My balls are as big as yours, you skinny worm. I'm in, too. But not the American eagle.

TONY
Not patriotic, huh?

MATT

Talk for tatt, right?

TONY

Want me to draw you a map?

MATT

Got it.

TONY

Let's start with you. What do you want?

MATT

Ink a pile of dirt on my stomach.

TONY

Mamma mia, you're a strange fuck. And you, Tom?

TOM

A tiny bug on my chest with an X through it.

TONY

Figures. Hop in my chair, Matt.

Matt sits in the recliner as Tony fumbles to grab a tattoo gun on the table.

TONY

Pull up your shirt and put my left hand on the spot on your stomach where you want the tatt of a pile of dirt.

Matt complies. Tony isn't even looking at Matt's stomach. As he is about to begin, the tattoo gun explodes. Startled, Tony drops the gun, loses his balance and falls on his ass. Matt jumps off the chair. Tony gets to his feet.

TONY

My ass still kills me when I fall on it. Courtesy of your fat associate.

MATT

Do tattoo guns explode often?

TONY

First time. I'm fresh out of tattoo guns. You'll have to reschedule. But I can do the tiny bug on Tom's chest with my tattoo pen. That's designed for fine art.

TOM

No rush. You can do me and Matt another time.

TONY

No tatt today, no talk today.

TOM

If I must.

Tom hops on the chair and pulls up his shirt. This time Tony fumbles to grab a tattoo pen on the nearby table.

TONY

Put my left hand on the spot on your chest where you want the bug with an X through it.

Tom complies. Tony is looking at the ceiling as he is about to begin.

TOM

You're not even looking at my chest.

TONY

Quiet! You're messing with my artist's muse.

Tony, still looking at the ceiling, is all set when he pauses.

TONY

Your chest is quivering. Stop shaking or you'll fuck up the bug and ruin my sterling reputation as a tattoo artist.

Tony, still looking up, is about to begin when the tattoo pen explodes. Startled, he loses his balance and falls on top of a screaming Tom on the chair. A panicked Tom shoves Tony off him and stands up.

TOM

That's it! No dadgum tattoos today. Or any other day. Now talk!

TONY

My exploding tools have left me speechless.

MATT

Fuck you. Are you trying to kill us?

TONY
Trust me, wish I could.

MATT
Why can't you?

TONY
I'm fucking blind, you dumb fucks.

TOM
What happened?

TONY
My 8-year-old grandson Nico shot me in both eyes with the BB gun I bought him for Christmas.

TOM
The kid must be a real Scrooge.

TONY
The last Christmas gift I'll ever give that little shit.

MATT
You tattoo customers even though you're blind?

TONY
Fuck yeah. Once you've got the touch, you've got the touch.

TOM
I would figure a tattoo artist named Tony the Tiger would have a tiger tattoo.

TONY
Van Gogh didn't have a Starry Night tattoo.

MATT
We're done here.

TOM
Tony, remember not to play with matches. Arson is such a nasty habit.

TONY
Get out!

Just then somebody dressed in a COW mascot costume runs in and tries to bludgeon Tom and Matt with a frozen leg of lamb. They see the attack coming and sidestep the cow, who then

slams Tony in the head with the frozen leg of lamb, instantly rendering him unconscious. He drops to the floor. The cow lets out a loud moo, drops the leg of lamb, and runs out of the parlor.

Matt picks up the leg of lamb and tries to bite into it.

MATT

The cow froze the shit out of this. No wonder it knocked out poor Tony. He never saw it coming.

TOM

The mascot should've worn a sheep costume to keep with the theme.

MATT

Sheep are too meek to be killers. Who's next?

TOM

Alice Stumpf, the lovely widow maker.

MATT

Now there's a lady with a killer instinct.

TOM

She goes through husbands like shit through a goose addicted to MiraLAX.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 7

ALICE STUMPF, pretty and in her 30s, is adjusting the seat cushions on two chairs in her living room. The doorbell rings.

ALICE

Come in. The door's open.

Matt and Tom walk in.

ALICE

Not sure why you two are bothering me again. The police exonerated me of any wrongdoing in the deaths of my husbands.

TOM

As you know, all the families of your late seven husbands asked us to investigate you.

MATT

They think it defies plausible belief that all seven of your husbands could die of heart attacks on the honeymoon without something sinister going on.

ALICE

That's because they and you refuse to accept the truth. I vehemently deny being responsible for their deaths.

TOM

So you keep insisting.

Alice starts sobbing.

ALICE

My goodness, do you think I wanted them to die? I miss the old coots. And do you know what a hassle it was to search for the perfect wedding gown seven times over?

MATT

Why didn't you just wear the same gown for all seven weddings?

ALICE

That would be uncouth, perhaps even barbaric. Besides, I had them all dyed black to wear to their funerals.

TOM

That's touching.

ALICE

My goodness, ordering seven different wedding cakes was a nightmare. So many choices. Enough to wrinkle a bride's forehead. White cake, devil's food cake, strawberry cake, spice cake, marble cake, black forest cake, coconut cake, chocolate lava cake.

TOM

I count eight different flavors.

ALICE

My goodness, why do you think I'm hunting down an eighth husband? I still got devil's food cake.

MATT

Uh-oh.

ALICE

Know another reason why I need an eighth wedding?

TOM

You've got a side hustle as a wedding planner?

ALICE

I've got eight best friends. Seven of them have been my matron of honor. It'll simply break Betty Bushman's heart if I don't get married again.

MATT

God forbid.

Alice is now crying hysterically.

ALICE

Do you have any idea how demeaning it is to be the butt of jokes everywhere you go? People calling you The Widow Maker behind your back and sometimes even to your face.

MATT

I can see how that could put a big dent in your self-esteem.

Alice's tears suddenly stop, as if she had turned off the spigot.

ALICE

I'm not getting into a lengthy rehash with you today. But I don't want to be impolite. Please have a seat.

She motions to the two chairs. Tom sits on one and there is a loud boom. He jumps out of the chair faster than a jackrabbit shot in the ass.

TOM

What the hell was that that?

ALICE

My goodness! My cleaning lady, ever the prankster, must have put an exploding whoopee cushion on that chair.

TOM

I almost had a heart attack.

MATT

So that's how all seven husbands had fatal heart attacks.

ALICE

Heavens no. No whoopee cushion on my honeymoons. Gentlemen, please sit down.

TOM

I'll take my chances sitting on the floor.

Tom sits on the floor, Alice sits on her sofa and Matt sits on the other chair. But not for long. He immediately springs off the chair like a jack-in-the-box.

MATT

Something almost bit me in the ass!

He whirls around to look at the seat.

MATT

A fucking black widow spider!

ALICE

I'll have a talk with Martha. That prank isn't funny.

MATT

I'd fire her.

ALICE

So why are you here?

TOM

To find out if you're trying to kill us.

ALICE

My goodness no. I'm a lover, not a killer. I'm a Quaker with impeccable morals. I don't even have premarital sex. And why would I want to kill you?

MATT

You were angry as a hornet when we told your late husbands' families that you were responsible for their deaths.

ALICE

I was angry with you at the time. But when I wasn't charged by the legal authorities, I moved on. I'm busy searching for my next husband.

MATT

Guess there's a premium on elderly millionaires willing to sign a prenup giving you total access to their fortunes immediately upon their demise.

ALICE

Men like that don't exactly grow on trees. But what can I do? They're my type. Younger, poorer men don't interest me.

TOM

If you find another victim, uh, husband, I hope this time you verbally forewarn him about your remarkably responsive vagina.

MATT

You claim it was your incredibly intense orgasms, not something nefarious, that triggered their fatal heart attacks.

ALICE

My goodness, that's what happened.

MATT

If so, we think you're culpable in their deaths for not whispering in their ears during foreplay that your vagina delivers a sonic bang.

TOM

Whisper? You should've had a bullhorn and screamed it into their ears.

ALICE

For the last time, a tattoo on my lower abdomen that reads The Widow Maker with an arrow below the script pointing down to my vagina is ample warning.

MATT

Did any of your late husbands wear their glasses while making love to you?

ALICE

My goodness no. Our molten passion would've steamed up their glasses.

TOM

Our investigation discovered all seven were nearly blind without their glasses.

ALICE

I don't give prospective suitors an eye exam.

MATT

Marry an eye doctor the next time.

Her phone rings. She glances at it.

ALICE

Excuse me for a moment. I have to call this person back. It's my bookie.

Alice walks out of the living room.

TOM

Do you think the murderous widow has a mascot fetish?

MATT

I think I'd like a go at her remarkably responsive vagina.

Just then somebody in a DUCK costume with an evil-looking head barges in and with a lacrosse stick hits a lacrosse rubber ball at Tom. The ball misses, so the duck runs up and nails Tom right in the nuts with the lacrosse stick. Tom grabs his crotch and screams.

TOM

Jesus Christ, that hurts!

The evil duck ducks out and returns with a 20-pound bag of rock salt, which he flings at Matt, nailing him right in the bread basket. Matt clutches his stomach and screams.

MATT

Sweet Lord, my abdominal wall has been breeched!

The evil duck ducks out once again and returns with a large potted plant, which it tosses at Matt and Tom. But the plant sails over their heads and behind the sofa. We hear a loud explosion as the duck runs out.

MATT

These assaults by mascots are getting old.

TOM

I swear I'll never attend another costume party.

MATT

I hear Hollywood celebs throw some killer Halloween costume parties.

TOM

If we two schmucks ever get invited as guests of honor, we'll know we're being set up.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 8

Matt and Tom are sitting at a table in a sleazy topless joint. There is a pitcher of beer and two glasses on the table.

TOM

Hate topless joints. Too filthy, too sticky, too germy.

Tom sprays their table with Windex and wipes it with a cloth.

MATT

Will you stop that? You're embarrassing me. You take that fucking Windex everywhere with you.

TOM

You really think Mammary Jones could be our shooter?

MATT

Man, she fucking hates me.

TOM

Her child custody case was a slam dunk. Even without your investigation, the judge would've awarded sole custody to her ex-husband.

MATT

You know that. I know that. Tell her that!

MAMMARY JONES, extremely busty and in her 30s, walks over to their table, gives Matt a slap in the back of the head and sits down.

MAMMARY

I know you didn't come here to look at my tits, Matt.

MATT

Actually, your boobs are the worth the sacrifice of making eye contact with. Your nipple pasties should read Oversized Load.

MAMMARY

Don't be crude, booby. What the fuck do you want?

MATT

Still pissed at me?

MAMMARY

I'd love to feed your cock to a crocodile, booby. But that would be cruel to the croc because there isn't much to chew on.

MATT

You had zero chance in the courts. Your ex-husband's a bank president and head of church council. You're a stripper, cocaine abuser and ran a cockfighting ring.

MAMMARY

Nobody knew about the cockfighting until you dug it up, booby.

TOM

Somebody's shooting at us. Is it you?

MAMMARY

I'm anti-gun, booby. Besides, I'm now holding less of a grudge against Matt.

MATT

Finally succumbed to my charms?

MAMMARY

The judge who ruled against me left his wife for me. This time the law's on my side, booby.

MATT

Hot damn.

TOM

I just gotta ask. Is Mammary your stage name?

MAMMARY

My mother, much like Matt, was built like a broom handle. She named me Mammary, hoping it would trump genetics.

TOM

It worked.

MAMMARY

They're real and they're spectacular. But they fucked up my life.

TOM

How so?

MAMMARY

When you've got big boobs, everybody assumes you're a slut. As soon as mine started to sprout in seventh grade, boys were asking me for blow jobs.

TOM

You just said a mouthful.

MAMMARY

I'm every guy's wet dream, booby. I was built to be a bad girl. But now I'm trying to be plenty good.

MATT

How?

MAMMARY

I snack on Good & Plenty.

TOM

How sweet.

MATT

So you're no threat to us?

She laughs.

MAMMARY

The judge knocked me up. Scram before I start lactating and drown both of you.

TOM

Thanks for the heads up. I'm lactose intolerant.

MATT

Figures.

TOM

Dadgum! Something's wrapping around my feet.

Tom looks under the table. So do Matt and Mammary.

TOM

A gigantic fucking snake! Shoot him, Matt.

MAMMARY

Don't shoot her! That's Bertha, my pet Burmese python I use in my act. She must've slithered out of my

(MORE)

MAMMARY (CONT'D)
dressing room.

Mammary leans down and picks up the snake, cuddles it and puts it on the table. Tom and Matt jump out of their chairs and back away from the table. Mammary laughs.

MAMMARY

Don't be pussies. Burmese snakes aren't poisonous. But sometimes I ask Bertha to strangle guys who don't put enough bills in my G-string.

Just then a giant spider falls from the ceiling and lands on Matt's head. He frantically flails at it, trying to get it out of his hair.

TOM

Dadgum! You've got a giant spider perched on your head.

MATT

Knock the damn spider off, you fat fuck, before it weaves a web into my hair!

TOM

Do you think I'm crazy, Mr. Bones? I'm not touching that germ-infested creature. Want me to shoot it off?

MAMMARY

Don't shoot him! That's Felix, my pet spider. He's also part of my act. He's big and ugly but not poisonous.

Matt bobs his head down violently and the spider falls to the floor. Mammary picks it up and puts it on the table next to the snake.

MAMMARY

They love each other. I swear if they could figure out a way to do it, they'd screw each other's brains out.

Tom and Matt gingerly sit down and join her and her pets at the table.

TOM

That could be a great climax to your act.

MAMMARY

A great idea.

TOM

Tell me, do you ever sleep on your chest?

MAMMARY

What do you think?

TOM

I think it's a physical impossibility.

MATT

A real spine snapper.

TOM

Not that I'm fixating on your boobs. But is that your chest ticking?

MAMMARY

Oh, Lord. I believe it is.

She whips off her bra, which is almost as big as a small tablecloth, from under her blouse and tosses the ticking bra. We suddenly hear a loud explosion.

MAMMARY

I should add an exploding bra to my act.

MATT

It sure as hell would give it some pop.

MAMMARY

Stick around, boys. That's not hard to do with all the semen around here. Be back in a jiff. Gotta perform a lap dance for one of our Gold Ejaculation Club members.

Mammary stands up and walks away, her chest preceding her.

Just then somebody dressed in a sexed-up DOMINATRIX MOUSE mascot costume complete with whips, chains and a riding crop rushes in. Tom and Matt quickly stand up.

TOM

Now this mascot has got my attention!

MATT

Looks like her exaltedness, Winnie Mouse the rodent dominatrix.

The dominatrix flings a dildo at them but the dildo sails over their heads before exploding. Pissed, the dominatrix mouse whips Matt in his upper torso, then his legs. He winces in pain and drops to a knee.

MATT

Guess I'm not into dominance after all.

TOM

You're simply not the submissive type.

The dominatrix mouse rushes up to Tom, knees him in the crotch, slams him down on his chair, smacks him across the mouth with the riding crop, chains his legs to the chair legs, whips out a studded bondage dog collar from its leather bra and starts chocking Tom with it. He flails his arms and gasps for breath.

MATT

Tom, since you're the submissive type I won't interfere with your pleasure.

The dominatrix mouse is going to town choking Tom with the dog collar. Tom's arms now are furiously flailing and his body is writhing like a snake in his chair.

MATT

But now you're turning blue. Very blue. Forgive me for interrupting.

He kicks the dominatrix mouse in the ass and it scampers away. Tom is gagging and clutching his throat. He looks angrily at Matt.

TOM

(Raspy)

Loosen my chains! And then you'll no longer just look like a skeleton. You'll be a skeleton!

MATT

Lighten up, Porky. Excuse me for not wanting to fuck up your cum shot.

TOM

How would you like to get shot?

MATT

I'm staunchly against it.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 9

Tom, Matt and Barb are dining in a restaurant.

BARB

So where is Lady Fingers?

MATT

She's a diva. Shows up whenever she pleases.

TOM

Why are we meeting her in a restaurant?

MATT

Said she always wanted to go on a dinner date with me.

TOM

Wait until she sees the shrapnel flying out of your mouth.

BARB

While we're waiting for her, just a reminder that our business is more backed up than our office toilet after Matt takes a dump.

Barb takes out her phone. Matt yawns. Tom checks his phone.

BARB

Here's what's on our plate. Six accident reconstructions, four background checks, three child custodies, two computer forensics on cyber crimes, seven criminal investigations, eight financial investigations, two identity thefts, nine insurance frauds, two missing persons investigations, three French hens, two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree.

MATT

What?

BARB

Just wanted to see if you were paying attention.

TOM

Our job list is on hold. We're out of business anyway
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

if we're dead.

BARB

If you two clowns get whacked, all those backed-up clients will be up my ass.

MATT

Start wearing a chastity belt backwards.

BARB

Wonder if you can buy one on Amazon.

MATT

You can buy anything but eternal life on Amazon.

LADY FINGERS, stunning, fit and in her 30s, struts toward their table. She spots Matt and glowers at him. She is carrying a pitcher of beer.

LADY

Still the same bastard, Matt?

MATT

Always. You're a half-hour late.

LADY

My promoter stiffed Lady Fingers on her last purse. So Lady Fingers' magic fingers just ruined his retinas. Nobody fucks Lady Fingers unless Lady Fingers wants to be fucked.

MATT

Barb and Tom, as you probably guessed, this is Lady Fingers. Piano teacher by day, MMA fighter by night.

BARB

She was your piano teacher?

MATT

The one and the only. She legally changed her name to Lady Fingers because she plays a mean eighty-eight. And because she's notorious for illegal eye finger pokes in the octagon.

TOM

I hope you keep your nails clean.

LADY

Lady Fingers can tickle the ivories and put your
(MORE)

LADY (CONT'D)
lights out. Ten knockouts in twelve fights. UFC is knocking on my door.

BARB
That's a rare hybrid, being a piano teacher and a MMA fighter.

LADY
Nothing cookie cutter about Lady Fingers. Which is why Lady Fingers never eats cookies, lady fingers or otherwise.

Lady picks up Matt's hands and kisses them.

LADY
I'm still furious at you for jilting me. Even though you were all thumbs on the keyboard and had a penchant for hitting migraine-triggering wrong notes, Lady Fingers wanted you bad.

MATT
As you reminded me with every sidekick to my nuts.

LADY
Lady Fingers would've made you practice until you were another fucking Vladimir Horowitz. And sitting next to you on the piano bench, Lady Fingers would've made your joystick vibrate like a fucking jackhammer.

MATT
I was in a relationship when I was taking piano lessons. And monogamy is one of my biggest faults.

LADY
How is that little stone-chipper doing?

MATT
The sculptress dropped me like a block of marble.

LADY
Serves you right. Matt and Lady Fingers did have one memorable date. We jogged naked around tombstones in a cemetery at midnight.

MATT
Until a caretaker stopped us. He called us sick fucks.

LADY
Lady Fingers told him it was doctor's orders since we
(MORE)

LADY (CONT'D)
both suffer from nipple and pubic chafing from too much jogging with clothes on.

MATT
Clever, huh?

BARB
I get sad in cemeteries.

TOM
Tombstone blues.

LADY
Matt felt he betrayed his chiseling sculptress by jogging naked with another woman. So he dropped Lady Fingers like a deuce. Do you believe that shit?

BARB
I currently have a suspension of disbelief.

LADY
Lady Fingers hates him for it.

TOM
Enough to shoot us?
Lady Fingers laughs. And flexes her fingers.

LADY
Who needs guns? Lady Fingers has her magic fingers.
Lady Fingers point her magic fingers at the pitcher of beer.

LADY
I bought this pitcher of beer to drink, not look at. Let's drink before it gets warm.
Matt picks up the pitcher and pours beer into four glasses. Tom picks up his glass and lifts it toward his mouth.

TOM
Dadgum! This beer is too hot to drink!
Tom quickly puts his glass down on the table. Matt and Barb touch their glasses.

BARB
It's damn hot!

MATT

Don't drink the beer! It has lye in it!

LADY

My, my. The keg must've kicked right after they poured that pitcher.

A WAITER walks up with a cart and serves all four of them dinner.

LADY

I took the liberty of ordering tonight's special for the four of us, leg of lamb.

TOM

No thanks. Matt and I recently had a bad experience with leg of lamb.

.BARB

I love lamb.

She slices a small piece of lamb but instead of putting the fork in her mouth, she gently rubs the piece of lamb on her cheek.

MATT

You missed your mouth, Barb.

BARB

Just checking for arsenic. That kind of poisons has taken many famous lives. Napoleon. George III. Simon Bolivar.

TOM

How do you know that?

BARB

I read a lot history shit while goofing off in the office. Is my cheek turning white and pale where I rubbed the piece of lamb?

LADY

Lady Fingers believes it is.

BARB

Don't eat the lamb! It's laced with arsenic.

MATT

How do you know?

BARB

The Victorians used arsenic for cosmetic reasons. A couple drops of the stuff made a woman's complexion white and pale.

TOM

Didn't a group called The Victorians sing Whiter Shade of Pale?

LADY

Lady Fingers must speak with the chef!

Suddenly all the lights go out.

BARB

Uh-oh.

TOM

I don't have a good feeling about this.

MATT

Phillip Marlowe never had to put up with this shit.

Suddenly the lights come back on. Lady Fingers is gone but an alligator is lying on their table. Matt and Tom jump up and turn over the table and the alligator falls to the floor. Matt and Tom manically kick the gator while Barb keeps hammering it with her purse. They stop when they realize the gator is lifeless.

MATT

I guess they added alligator to the specials during the blackout.

TOM

There had to be something wrong with the gator. Our kicking it and smacking it with a purse shouldn't have killed it.

BARB

Bet it had some of that arsenic-laced lamb.

MATT

Where's Lady Fingers?

TOM

Maybe she morphed into the gator.

Matt's phone chirps. He pulls it out of his pocket and looks at it.

MATT

A text from Lady Fingers. Says she went into the kitchen to give the chef hell about the lamb and the beer, then instantly fell in love with him. They're running away to Las Vegas to get married.

Somebody dressed in a CHICKEN mascot costume rushes in. The three spring to their feet and run up to confront the chicken. The chicken pulls a large rubber hammer from its costume and bops them all in the head. Unconscious, they fall into a pile. The chicken pulls a roll of duct tape from its costume and duct tapes the fallen trio together. It then attaches a bomb to it. The chicken runs away and the three of them regain consciousness. They immediately realize their predicament.

MATT

I believe the three of us are in a bit of a pickle.

BARB

Bit of a pickle? We're in a pickle barrel about to explode to kingdom come!

Tom is lying closest to the bomb and its attached detonator. He strains to look at it.

TOM

I've good news and bad news.

BARB

Start with the good news.

TOM

The detonator has only two wires. Red and blue. Which one do I snip?

MATT

Blue is my favorite color

BARB

Red is the color of blood.

TOM

Cutting the correct wire will stop the timer. Cutting the wrong wire will set off the bomb.

MATT

No shit. I watch Hollywood movies, too. What's the bad news?

TOM
The device is going to blow in twenty seconds.

BARB
Jesus Christ!

TOM
Relax. When the detonator clock is down to two seconds, whom would you rather snip the bomb wire?

BARB
Jesus Christ!

TOM
He's preoccupied alerting St. Peter we're on our way.

MATT
Cut the blue wire!

BARB
Cut the red wire!

TOM
With what? My hands, like yours, are duct taped.

MATT
I've chipped an incisor the other day eating peanut brittle. My jagged tooth is sharp as a knife.

TOM
Then, by default, you're our savior.

BARB
Jesus Christ!

The three roll around so Matt is closest to the bomb detonator.

MATT
Bye, bye blue wire!

Matt opens his mouth and then chomps down on the detonator.

MATT
Fuck! I accidentally snipped the red wire!

BARB
We're not all pudding right now so you snipped the right wire.

Matt peers at the detonator.

MATT

The clock stopped with one second remaining. Talk about going down to the wire. Am I good or what?

TOM

Remind me never to play a game of chicken with you.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 10

HONEY POT, built and in her 30s, is wearing lingerie and sitting on the edge of her bed. A lamp with a lit red bulb and several packs of condoms sit a small table beside her. We hear a knock on her door.

HONEY POT

It's open, hon.

Tom and Matt walk in.

HONEY POT

My, my! John One is extra wide and John Two is extra thin.

TOM

We're not here for sex.

HONEY POT

The counselor for lonely losers is down the hall, hon. Ask for Gertrude.

MATT

We're here to talk to you.

HONEY POT

It still 500 bucks a hour even if you just stand there and pick your nose. Just don't toss the boogies on my bed.

TOM

Starving out the bedbugs, huh?

HONEY POT

What's up? Oops, wrong question for you two eunuchs.

MATT

The name Frank Furter ring a bell?

HONEY POT

What a hot dog. For an extra 100 bucks I had to smear mustard on him. The mustard ruined my sheets.

TOM

Bet the bedbugs loved it.

HONEY POT

If you've got a bedbug fetish, hop in bed with me, hon.

Just then somebody wearing a BEAR mascot costume and holding a large trash can runs into the room. The bear slams Tom and Matt over the head with the can, knocking them out.

The bear pulls out a box of Honey Nut Cheerios out of the trash can and pours some cereal into Matt's mouth. The bear moves the unconscious Matt's jaw back and forth so he chews the cereal. The bear then repeats the process twice more.

HONEY POT

Mr. Bear, that's not nice. The man might have a pollen allergy, hon.

The bear then pulls out a cloth and a jar of honey from its mascot costume. It puts the cloth over Tom's mouth and starts pouring honey on the cloth. The bear pauses and then resumes. Pauses and resumes once again.

HONEY POT

I've heard of waterboarding, hon. Honeyboarding is taking matters to a whole different level.

Tom and Matt both regain consciousness. Matt slugs the bear and Tom shoves the bear off him. The bear runs out of the room. Tom and Matt slowly stand up. Then Matt bends over in pain.

MATT

Fuck, I've got awful stomach cramps.

HONEY POT

An allergic reaction to pollen, hon.

TOM

Crap, I've got to shit bad.

HONEY POT

Diarrhea also is an allergic reaction to pollen.

TOM

I'll be mortified if I soil myself. Where's the bathroom?

HONEY POT

There's three down the hall, hon. One for men, one for women and one for undecided and/or in-between.

Tom races out the door, cupping his hands on his ass. Matt still is bending over in pain, clutching his stomach.

MATT

Frank Furter's next of kin, his cousin Wiener Schnitzel, hired us to investigate you.

HONEY POT

Regarding what?

TOM

Frank Furter's death.

HONEY POT

Frankly, I'm sick of hearing that name. Just call him Frank. Or Furter.

MATT

Will the deceased work for you?

HONEY POT

Whatever. I didn't kill him, if that's what you think.

MATT

Wiener Schnitzel said Frank Furter, uh, the deceased was found dead in his bed shortly after being with you.

HONEY POT

The guy was no kid, hon. Maybe he had a heart attack after the bang of his life. It happens.

MATT

No heart attack. Furter slowly suffocated to death because all his orifices were overflowing with honey.

HONEY POT

What a sweet way to go. Unless, of course, you have a pollen allergy. But just because my name's Honey Pot doesn't mean I killed him. Is a guy named Tommy Gunn a suspect in every mass shooting?

MATT

Wiener Schnitzel claims you had motive.

HONEY POT

Please! Either Wiener or Schnitzel. Never together.

Tom walks into the room. Matt straightens up.

TOM

I fucking destroyed three bathrooms. None of which had toilet paper.

HONEY POT

What did you wipe your ass with, hon?

TOM

The curtains.

MATT

Wiener said Frank texted him that you threatened to kill him because he stiffed you. Wiener said you wouldn't accept crypto and Frank was out of cash.

HONEY POT

Crypto is useless to me, hon. I get logged into. I don't log in.

MATT

Makes perfect sense.

HONEY POT

I gave him 24 hours to make good or I'd turn the matter over to Aunt Bee.

TOM

Who the hell is Aunt Bee?

HONEY POT

My accountant, hon.

MATT

Otherwise known as your madam.

HONEY POT

Whatever.

TOM

And now are you trying to kill us because we're working the Frank Furter case?

HONEY POT

Fuck no! But I swear I will if you string his name together one more time!

MATT

You're pretty testy for somebody who gets laid all the time.

HONEY POT

You think fucking all these lame dicks is getting laid? I've faked so many fucking orgasms I should have at least two Oscars.

The bear returns and shoves Tom and Matt onto the bed with Honey Pot and tosses a bee hive on top of them. The three roll around frantically while yelling and smacking their arms, legs and torsos.

Finally they roll off the bed, stand up and see the bear mascot still standing there. Matt picks up the bee hive and fires it at the bear mascot, who catches it and runs out of the room.

MATT

I swear that fucking bear was laughing at us.

TOM

I don't know what hurt worse, the bee stings or the bedbug bites.

HONEY POT

I'm charging you two double for the thrown-in threesome.

MATT

Are you sure you won't accept Bitcoin?

HONEY POT

Are you two sure you don't want a piece of my honey bun cake?

TOM

Another taste of honey will put me in adult diapers for the rest of my life.

MATT

Honey, with my horrible stomach cramps about to make me menstruate, I'd rather swallow sewage sludge.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 11

Tom, Matt and Barb are sitting on folding chairs at a small table in a church parking lot. Facing them is a single folding chair. There are some papers and a pen in front of Barb on the table. There is a box of doughnuts in front of Tom. She is sitting between the guys and beaming.

MATT

Barb, you're absolutely glowing.

TOM

Practically incandescent.

BARB

Just had the greatest sex of my life. I'm in love. Totally in love. Heels over head in love.

MATT

Isn't it head over heels?

TOM

Let's not split pubic hairs, OK?

BARB

I can't believe none of our suspects would agree to come to our office.

TOM

They thought a church parking lot was a safer venue for a follow-up interrogation.

MATT

They must think we're morons for not yet having a clue who's our wannabe killer.

BARB

I agree with them. But not surprised. You guys need to be briefed on how to pick up a fork.

The bull mascot sneaks up behind them with a flamethrower and fires it at them. We hear a big

whoosh.

MATT

Holy fuck! Chuckie's Condom Emporium across the street just went up in a ball of fire.

BARB

I just love the smell of burning rubber.

TOM

It smells of victory.

BARB

When's the last time you won something?

Luke Barber rolls up in his wheelchair and parks next to the lone chair facing the trio.

TOM

Luke Barber, the man who deals with more lemons than a grocery store produce manager.

MATT

Where were you on the afternoon of the 12th?

LUKE

In the old folks' home with my mother, saying the rosary.

TOM

Really? We caught you blackmailing her. You hate her.

LUKE

I sold one of my lemons to a priest. He paid me 500 bucks over sticker price if I agreed to spend one afternoon a month with the witch.

BARB

A mother is like a flower. Each one is beautiful and unique.

LUKE

My mother is an ugly weed.

The clown mascot, carrying a fishing rod with a fishing hook attached to its end, sneaks up behind them. Like someone fly casting, the clown tries and fails to snag the threesome around the neck. Tom, Matt and Barb all stand up and whirl around to see the clown running off.

TOM
That dadgum clown sure isn't hung up on whether to fish or cut bait.

MATT
Never suspected a clown to be a fisherman.

BARB
That's because you suck as a private detective.
Luke laughs.

MATT
Do we amuse you?

LUKE
Of course. You guys are clowns.

TOM
Do you prefer circus clowns or rodeo clowns?

LUKE
Clowns in my rearview mirror.
Luke rolls away in his wheelchair.

MATT
Well, that certainly was helpful.

TOM
It was?

BARB
We learned why sharks aren't big fans of spearguns.
Matt sits back down just as Ben Hammer, still in his clerical garb and holding the silver cross in his left hand, approaches them and sits in the lone folding chair.

MATT
Ben Hammer, bad, bad guy turned good, good guy.

BEN
You heathens are wasting my time. God knows how many souls I could save instead of talking to you.

MATT
We're on a mission not to meet God.

TOM

At least for now.

MATT

Where were you on the morning of the 13th?

BEN

Conducting a hallelujah meeting at a bowling alley.

TOM

Why a bowling alley?

BEN

To keep people out of the gutter.

BARB

Spare me.

BEN

Who's this Jezebel?

The armadillo mascot carrying three bowling pins with knives attached to them sneaks up behind the trio. It tosses the first bowling pin/knife at Tom but misses.

BEN

Strike one.

It quickly tosses the second bowling pin/knife at Matt but misses.

BEN

Strike two.

It rapidly tosses the third bowling pin/knife at Barb but misses, then runs off.

BEN

Strike three.

Matt, Tom and Barb twist around in their chairs and see the armadillo mascot running away.

MATT

Now the fucking armadillo is back. Ugly fuck.

TOM

Never saw bowling pins and knives flying in tandem before.

BARB

Must be tough to roll a strike with sharp pins like that.

BEN

As they say, three strikes and you're out.

Ben stands up, blesses the trio with his right hand, raises the silver cross in his left hand to the heavens, pivots and walks away.

TOM

We should've asked him more questions.

MATT

The man wanted to leave.

BARB

You don't screw with a man of God who can bring down hail, fire and brimstone on you.

MATT

What the hell is brimstone?

TOM

Patio pavers.

Tom grabs a doughnut from a box on the table and munches away.

Biff Benson walks up to the chair and sits down.

TOM

Biff Benson, a man of impeccable service either as a sniper or a bartender.

MATT

Where were you on the evening of the 14th?

BIFF

Took my pet turtle to the movies, ace. Shell wanted to see Barbie.

BARB

Did she like it?

BIFF

Loved it. And she was so proud of her newly painted pink shell. I even wore a pink shirt.

MATT

Barbie and Ken move over and make way for Shell and Biff.

TOM

Why would you take a turtle to the movies?

BIFF

I'm trying to bring her out of her shell more often.

The dinosaur mascot sneaks up behind the trio. It goes to whack them with an ironing board but the sheer force of its swing blows the notes Barb is taking onto the ground. She and her associates duck down to retrieve the papers just as the ironing board is about to violently slam into their heads.

The dinosaur almost screws itself into the ground after its mighty swing hits nothing but air. The trio spins to see the dinosaur running off.

The dinosaur immediately returns, this time with an iron. It sprints up to the trio facing him, slaps Matt in the face, shoves Barb backwards, and knees Tom in the groin, doubling him over. The dinosaur pulls down Tom's pants, places the hot iron on his butt and then pulls up his pants. Tom screams as he dances around in pain and the dinosaur runs off.

TOM

He scorched my dadgum ass! I may never sit down again.

BARB

Who still irons these days?

MATT

A dinosaur mascot without a steam feature on its dryer.

TOM

My damn ass must be scorched.

Matt pulls down Tom's pants and checks out his ass.

TOM

Well? How bad is it?

MATT

There are no words.

BARB

Thank God the dinosaur didn't scorch my ass. It's my best feature.

Barb and Matt resume sitting while Tom remains standing as they face Benson, who's now shaking like a leaf in a tsunami.

TOM

What's wrong, Biff?

BIFF

I told you I have a phobia about dinosaurs, ace.

TOM

Nevertheless, let's continue our line of questioning.

MATT

Biff, are you a peanut butter and jelly guy or a gin and tonic guy?

BIFF

I'm a Tom and Matt twisted pretzel guy.

No longer shaking, Biff stands up, gives them a middle finger and walks away.

BARB

That was rude.

TOM

Financial identity thieves usually don't bother with Miss Manners unless they're draining her bank accounts.

MATT

My credit cards start sweating whenever I'm around that guy.

Tony the Tiger Galento, wearing dark sunglasses and using a white cane, walks up.

MATT

The chair is two steps over to your right.

Tony reaches out, locates the back of the chair with his hand and sits down.

TOM
Tony the Tiger Galento, an elite tattoo artist and lover of lamb chops.

TONY
Fuck you!

MATT
Where were you on the afternoon of the 15th?

TONY
Playing hopscotch with my grandson.

TOM
Nice to hear you still spend time with the little tyke even after he blinded you.

TONY
Just wish he'd stand still so I could get my hands on him.

BARB
To hug him?

TONY
What do you think, babe?

The cow mascot sneaks up behind the trio and starts shooting them with radioactive platinum pellets from a BB gun.

The three of them yelp in pain and quickly duck under the table and turn around on their knees to see the cow run off. Tom picks up one of the platinum pellets, takes a quick look at it and tosses it aside. They crawl out from under the table and stand up.

BARB
Damn, getting hit with a BB gun sure stings.

TOM
That dadgum BB gun was shooting radioactive platinum pellets.

TONY
Did you say BB gun?

MATT
How do you know they were radioactive pellets? Packing a Geiger counter on you?

TOM
Those BB gun pellets are hot to the touch. Have to be radioactive.

TONY
Did you say BB gun?

BARB
I knew we should've held these fucking interrogations in the office. Fuck them if they didn't want to show up.

MATT
An interrogation without suspects is somewhat pointless.

BARB
Might be a better alternative then getting shot with a radioactive BB gun.

TONY
Did you say BB gun?

TOM
Yes, a dadgum BB gun.

TONY
I wonder if that little shit Nico is in that cow costume.

MATT
The cow didn't shoot you, so probably not.

Matt and Barb sit on their chairs while Tom remains standing.

TOM
Let's resume our interrogation.

MATT
Tony, are you any good at playing blind man's bluff?

Enraged, Tony springs from his seat and quickly approaches the table. The three back away from the table. Tony flails furiously and fruitlessly at the table with his cane. Barb's pile of notes fly off on the ground. Tom's doughnuts get smashed.

TONY
I'm going to make one of you It or die trying!

Huffing and puffing, Tony stops swinging the cane. He turns around and, relying on his cane, slowly walks off.

BARB

I pity the blind.

MATT

I can't even imagine being deaf, dumb and blind.

TOM

Since you never listen and have an IQ in single digits, you've got two out of three.

An obviously pregnant Mammary Jones walks up and sits in the chair.

TOM

Mammary Jones, the not so tiny dancer.

MAMMARY

Make it quick. I'm in labor.

MATT

Got it. Where were you on the morning of the 16th?

MAMMARY

Getting a mammogram. Mine take awhile.

Mammary pauses.

MAMMARY

Nine hours.

The dominatrix mouse mascot rushes up behind the trio and tosses a water balloon filled with acid at them. The balloon sails just over their heads and lands on Barb's pile of notes and soaks them. The dominatrix mouse then runs off.

BARB

Climate change sure is fucking with the weather.

MATT

That wasn't just an ordinary shower with a micro circumference.

TOM

It was a water balloon filled with acid. Look at Barb's notes!

BARB

Fuck! They're disintegrating! I knew I should've taped these interviews instead.

MAMMARY

I loved that mouse's outfit. I'm adding a dominatrix routine to my act.

Mammary stands up.

MAMMARY

Shit! My water just broke.

MATT

Maybe this time it's actually raining.

TOM

Get the hell out of here, Mammary. We're not cops. We don't deliver babies.

Mammary waddles off.

BARB

I'm not sure she'll be an ideal mother.

MATT

What do you mean? She'll be a whiz at breast feeding.

TOM

Lucky kid.

BARB

Men are gross.

Lady Fingers walks up to the table, leans over and kisses Matt on the lips.

LADY

Lady Fingers is single again, sugar lips.

BARB

I'm nauseous.

Lady Fingers walks back to the chair and sits down.

MATT

Thought you were getting married in Vegas.

LADY

Lady Fingers did. And then Lady Fingers got divorced
(MORE)

LADY (CONT'D)
in Vegas.

MATT
What happened?

LADY
What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.

TOM
Come on, give us a hint.

LADY
Just say he and Lady Fingers no longer see eye to eye. Then again, he never sees eye to eye with anyone anymore.

MATT
Got it.

TOM
We've got a few follow-up questions for you.

MATT
In three words or less, what's the meaning of life?

LADY
What kind of lame question is that?

TOM
Just answer the question, doll.

LADY
Percussion.

TOM
That's your answer?

LADY
Percussion is the only thing that matters in life. Whether you're banging on the piano keys or banging on somebody's head.

BARB
That's an interesting philosophy.

LADY
You a shrink?

MATT
Where were you on the afternoon of the 17th?

LADY
Putting Lady Fingers' fingers in a dike.

BARB
Excuse me?

LADY
Not a dyke as in lesbian. A dike as in water barrier.

TOM
Please explain.

LADY
Putting Lady Fingers' fingers in a dike at Lake Wallenpaupack strengthens them enormously. Perfect for piano and illegal eye pokes in the octagon.

TOM
Why Lake Wallenpaupack?

LADY
Saying Wallenpaupack is very percussive.

Just then the chicken mascot holding a spiked club sneaks up behind the trio and starts pounding the three of them. Lady Fingers runs up and rescues them by jamming illegal eye pokes into the chicken's eyes. The chicken runs away.

TOM
That was damn nice of you, Lady Fingers.

BARB
Agreed.

LADY
Lady Fingers only did it because they were hurting my Matty.

Lady Fingers puts Matt in a bear hug and then gives him a passionate kiss.

LADY
Matty, when you're done with this nonsense come over to my place and tickle my ovaries.

TOM
Any more questions for Lady Fingers?

MATT
Are you on the pill?

BARB

We're done here. Thank you for your time.

*Lady Fingers raises her arms in victory,
pirouettes and sexily walks away.*

BARB

Matt, you're fucking crazy if you hook up with her.

TOM

You're already deaf and dumb. She'll take care of the blind part and complete the trifecta.

MATT

Since I'll be deaf, dumb and blind, I'll become a pinball wizard.

*Honey Pot, wearing a nun's habit, walks up to
the chair and sits down.*

BARB

Sister, that chair is reserved for murder suspects we're interrogating.

HONEY POT

Heaven's sake I know that, hon.

TOM

Wait! Is that you Honey Pot?

BARB

Honey Pot?

HONEY POT

I'm Sister Redemption during my day job, hon.

MATT

What do you do?

HONEY POT

I teach religion at Holy Redeemer Parochial School.

TOM

Perfect day job for a hooker.

HONEY POT

I give all my nocturnal earnings to the church, hon.

MATT

Very laudable.

HONEY POT

I'm still awaiting payment from you two gentlemen.

TOM

Some things are worth waiting for.

MATT

Just like the second coming.

HONEY POT

In my day job, yes. In my night job, not so much.

BARB

You seem so sweet for a hooker.

HONEY POT

Sweet as honey. Sorry. Couldn't resist. Lord knows, temptation sometimes gets the best of me.

MATT

Sister Honey Pot, where were you on the morning of the 18th?

HONEY POT

Sister Redemption.

MATT

Force of habit.

HONEY POT

Teaching the Act of Contrition to our first-graders. They'll need it. Half of them already seem to be on the road to hell.

TOM

How do you justify your unusual double life?

HONEY POT

Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and render unto God the things that are God's.

MATT

Who's Caesar?

HONEY POT

My first trick, Caesar Rubicon.

The bear mascot sneaks up on the three interrogators. It struggles to put a large bear trap around Tom's neck as Matt and Barb flail at the bear. Honey Pot jumps out of the chair, runs

up to the table, grabs the box of mangled doughnuts, puts it under the bear's nose and starts walking off. The bear follows her.

BARB

That box of crumpled doughnuts saved your scorched ass, Tom.

TOM

But did she have to take the whole box?

MATT

Some people are never satisfied.

TOM

Now what will I eat? You tell me. You tell me!

MATT

There's one thing I'll tell you. Our wannabe killer always knows exactly where we are.

TOM

If could be Nostradamus but that's doubtful because he's been dead since 1556.

Matt and Tom both look at Barb.

TOM

Barb, you were the only one who knew our daily schedule.

BARB

Fuck you guys if you think I'm trying to kill you. I easily could've shot you dead in our office at anytime.

MATT

Our apologies.

BARB

You still hurt my feelings.

TOM

To make it up to you, you now can have off every other Saturday.

BARB

Every Saturday.

MATT

Deal.

The lion mascot holding a bazooka storms up to the table.

MATT

I don't know about you two, but I'm all in favor of a hunting season to thin the mascot herd.

TOM

I'll call my congressman.

BARB

Forget it. He's paralyzed by gridlock.

While its bazooka is trained on them, the lion places a clothespin on each of their noses to restrict their breathing. The lion then puts a plastic bag over their heads to further restrict their breathing.

However, the lion neither fastens the plastic bags nor ties their hands to their chairs. The three simply remove the plastic bags and clothespins.

The lion shakes its head and snaps its fingers in frustration. And then brandishes the bazooka at the trio.

TOM

Some fucking lion king!

MATT

Fuck you, Simba!

BARB

Hey nitwits, stop antagonizing it!

MATT

Tom, remember the old defensive line stunt?

TOM

Copy that.

MATT

On two.

TOM

Hut! Hut!

Tom and Matt rush the lion as if it were a quarterback. Before arriving at the mascot, they

cross in front of each other and loop around, crashing into the befuddled lion from both sides. Not only does their sandwich tackle knock the bazooka loose but also knocks the mascot's costume head off -- revealing Alice Stumpf.

ALICE
Oh my goodness!

MATT
Alice!

TOM
Alice!

BARB
Dolly!

MATT
Who?

Alice scrambles to her feet while retrieving the bazooka.

TOM
I recall that Quakers are pacifists.

ALICE
Only practicing Quakers.

BARB
I can't believe it's you, Dolly.

TOM
Dolly who?

BARB
Dolly Poppenpuss, my live-in girlfriend.

MATT
That explains things. Dolly Poppenpuss really is Alice Stumpf, the big bang Widow Maker.

BARB
Fuck me.

ALICE
My goodness, I'm not even gay. I gritted my teeth every time Barb and I made love. Just so I could get to you guys. I was checking your schedule on her phone.

BARB

You used me! And don't give me that grit your teeth shit.

ALICE

My goodness, making love to you was like making love to a coyote.

BARB

I made you so hot your remarkably responsive vagina burned up three of my vibrators. That God I didn't have a penis to stick into that firepit of yours.

ALICE

Instead of all the silly animal costumes and absurd kill attempts, I should've just fucked Matt and Tom to death.

BARB

If we were lovers, how could you put me in harm's way?

ALICE

Barb, you simply were collateral damage if I took you out along with these two jerks.

Enraged, Barb levels a startled Alice with a flying tackle of her own. The bazooka drops to the ground and Tom quickly picks it up.

ALICE

My goodness! Can't we just play touch football and forget all the tackling?

TOM

Sit down on the chair, Alice.

She complies. Matt, Tom and Barb all stand in front of her.

MATT

Why, Alice?

ALICE

Because of your investigative bullshit, all of my late husbands' families sued me. Tying up all the prenup monies in litigation and temporarily and perhaps permanently depriving me of millions.

TOM

I'd say that's a reasonable motive for murder.

BARB

Hope your skanky ass likes prison for the rest of your pathetic life.

ALICE

I have other plans.

She suddenly stands up, pulls a hand grenade out from under her lion costume, pulls the pin, tosses the grenade up in the air toward the trio and starts running away.

Tom tries to catch the grenade but it bounces off his hands. Barb tries to grab the rebound but the grenade clangs off her hands. Matt snatches the grenade just before it hits the ground and fires a perfect strike toward the fleeing Alice.

We hear a loud explosion. Tom, Matt and Barb run over to where Alice's body lies.

MATT

Alice doesn't live here anymore.

BARB

Matt, you killed her! Why, you fucking idiot?

Barb starts crying hysterically, kneels down and cradles Alice's head in her arms while Matt and Tom run around whooping and hollering and slapping each other with high fives.

TOM

Safe at last! Safe at last! Hallelujah safe at last!

MATT

We cracked this fucking case like it was a walnut!

TOM

No more wetting the bed while having nightmares about mascots pissing on me.

MATT

You were wetting the bed?

TOM

No longer, thank God. I went through so many bedsheets I started sleeping in the tub.

MATT

The next time I catch a foul ball at a ballgame I'm nailing the mascot with it.

Barb still is hysterically crying as she quickly springs up and runs off.

MATT

Barb certainly is shedding tears of joy.

TOM

If you were anymore clueless, you would've suspected Colonel Mustard of trying to kill us with a candlestick in the conservatory.

MATT

Is conservatory a fancy word for lavatory?

TOM

Do you think Barb was in bed with Alice all this time?

MATT

I don't think they did it on the floor.

The evil duck mascot returns, carrying a couple of rubber duckies. It throws them at Matt and Tom but they both sail over their heads. We hear two loud explosions.

Suddenly somebody dressed in a HOT DOG mascot costume runs onto the scene and starts kickboxing with the evil duck mascot. The combatants unleash a furious fusillade of alternating left hooks and sidekicks, right crosses and front kicks, and uppercuts and roundhouse kicks.

The hot dog then punishes the evil duck with a volley of vicious body shots to the stomach. The evil duck crumples to the parking lot surface.

Matt and Tom rush over and remove the head from the evil duck lying on its back, revealing Barb in the costume.

TOM

Barb!

MATT

It was you all along, wasn't it?

BARB

Yes and no.

TOM

That's rather ambivalent.

BARB

I've wanted you two dead for years. You've overworked and underpaid me. You've disrespected me. Always taking a leak without closing the bathroom door.

MATT

You wanted us dead just for that?

BARB

And because you just killed the love of my life. I had no idea until today that Dolly was trying to you kill you all this time. Just shows that we were twin souls.

MATT

How so?

BARB

I couldn't bring myself to kill you all these years. Didn't have the guts. Dolly must have sensed that and tried to do it for me.

TOM

She used you and dismissed you as mere collateral damage if you got caught in the crossfire.

BARB

She was joking. What a sense of humor she has. Or had.

Barb starts gagging. The hot dog mascot returns and removes its head -- revealing Honey Pot.

TOM

Honey Pot?

MATT

You're a hell of a fighter for a nun. Or a hooker.

HONEY POT

You've got to be in my professions. My johns can be violent and the kids in school are worse.

TOM

You saved our ass.

HONEY POT

You'd better get her ass to the hospital. She likely has a ruptured spleen. I've been working on my spleen splitter body shots.

MATT

I'd pay good money to see Honey Pot fight Lady Fingers in the octagon.

Barb remains flat on her back but raises her head to speak.

BARB

Call an ambulance.

MATT

Why did you dress up as a hot dog and save us?

HONEY POT

In memory of Frank Furter. He's not the first client of mine who got a taste of my honey, then went home and gorged himself to death on honey.

TOM

Why else?

HONEY POT

To collect my money for our little chat and impromptu threesome the other day. We're running low on crayons at school.

MATT

I'll write you a check.

HONEY POT

Cash. Checks often bounce more than basketballs. If you stiff me, I'll stick Aunt Bee on you.

BARB

Guys, I'm sorry. Call an ambulance. Pretty please.

TOM

We're a bit preoccupied at the moment.

MATT

Geez. Some people only think of themselves.

Honey Pot pulls her phone from her costume and makes a call.

HONEY POT

Just called 9-1-1. It's busy.

BARB

How the fuck can it be busy?

HONEY POT

Relax. The dispatcher knows my number and will send the cavalry in white coats shortly.

BARB

My whole life is passing before my eyes. A montage of clam bakes.

Suddenly we hear an ambulance siren screaming. The siren stops and somebody dressed in a giant BEE mascot costume stomps up to them.

HONEY POT

Uh-oh, boys. Aunt Bee looks pissed! She's got a stinger on her like an electric cattle prod.

MATT

Why did she arrive in an ambulance?

HONEY POT

Besides being my jaw breaker, she moonlights as an EMT. Double duty as an angel of mercy and an instrument of death.

The bee kneels down to attend to Barb. While still kneeling, the mascot whips out a cattle prod and tries but fails to stick it up Tom's ass. The bee runs away.

MATT

Why did the bee suddenly buzz off?

TOM

Pure frustration. It couldn't jam the cattle prod up my ass because I'm wearing a chastity belt backwards. Got the last one on Amazon.

MATT

So you're the one!

HONEY POT

I thought chastity belts went out with the Middle Ages. If I had one, I've never would've broken my vow of chastity when I became a nun.

MATT
Would've been a shame to put a cap on Honey Pot.

BARB
With Aunt Bee gone, who'll get me to the hospital?

HONEY POT
Andy and Barney are in the ambulance. As soon as their game of checkers is over, they'll get you to the hospital lickety-split.

BARB
Where's Opie? He should be old enough to drive by now.

HONEY POT
He's playing pickleball with Floyd the barber.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 12

Tom and Matt are sitting at their desks in their office. Paperwork is piled up high on both desks.

MATT
Where is Barb when we need her? If this paperwork gets any higher, we'll have to become mountain climbers just to scale it.

TOM
She's likely going to be in prison for ten years after spending the last two weeks in the hospital.
He sighs loudly.

TOM
A decade of incoming bills and no outgoing invoices.

MATT
We could always hire someone else.

TOM
No one else would put up with our shit.

MATT
Barb's behind bars and we're behind paperwork.

TOM

Prisoners either way.

An apple, pear and banana come flying at them in rapid succession.

MATT

I didn't know the Food Bank delivered.

TOM

I shouldn't have opened the window to let in some fresh air.

A hammer, crowbar and monkey wrench come flying at them in rapid succession.

MATT

Building services has to be more careful with tools.

A battle axe, long sword and battering ram come flying at them in rapid succession.

MATT

We're being attacked by Germanic barbarians!

TOM

Your forebears must be freaking pissed at you.

MATT

Did you tell them I was rooting for the Romans?

TOM

The time has come today.

MATT

For what?

TOM

That's it! I quit!

MATT

You know, I'm done, too!

TOM

Seems like everybody and anybody who may or may not be a somebody is trying to whack us.

MATT

We're magnets for kill shots.

TOM
I'm retreating from the world and becoming a hermit.

MATT
Maybe I'll become a shepherd.

TOM
The sheep likely would shear you.

MATT
I got it! I'll hide from the world.

TOM
How?

MATT
In a mascot costume.

TOM
Me, too.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF PLAY)

