

PERUSAL SCRIPT



The
American
Medical
Assassination

A CHAMELEONS MURDER MYSTERY

By

Jim Christian



Newport, Maine

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THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSASSINATION

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THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSASSINATION

CHARACTERS -- (7M 3W)

KEVIN WALTERS—gregarious loudmouth gynecologist/self-appointed ladies man/dyes hair/soon-to-be radio talk-show host

BOB RODNEY—Absent-minded sweetie/fertility expert/carves duck decoys/cut fingers off in snowblower/ventriloquist

LUGENE PHIPPS — gift shop manager/outgoing and pushy/arts and crafts expert/always looking to make an extra buck

HARRY DIEFENDURFER — Chief of Staff/hypochondriac/has secretly “kinky” tastes/family man

KAY LAWRENCE — Director of the hospital / highly strung/meticulous/cleanliness freak/goes undercover in scrubs/Diet-Coke-a-holic/workaholic

SPARK HOWELL — super achiever / health nut / sports medicine wizard / blood donor / “Captain Hygiene” / competitive / dry ink board writer

LESLIE FRAMM — “party” nurse / much smarter than she looks and acts / knows how to get what she wants / occasionally gullible

GREG DUDLEY — new resident /self-effacing / secretly ambitious / strong singer / inquisitive

PAUL OVERMAN — A.M.A. investigator with a taste for Shakespeare

CHUCK BURDICK — officer in the local City police force / love his authority / dense / less perceptive than 90% of the people around him

NOTE: OVERMAN and BURDICK can be played by the same actor. If this casting is employed, it is suggested that OVERMAN wear a half-mask.)

SETTING — the annual talent show for the “Serv-U-More Community Hospital”

THE SECRET CLUE --

(not found in the script)

Spark is promoting two new books: “Check Your ID at the Door” (learning to control appetites and passions) and

“Individual Training: The Key to Personal Wellness”

As a part of promoting the books, he passes out buttons or stickers that read “ID” and “I.T.”. Over the course of the evening, he wears one of each and Harry adds another “ID” button(sticker) so that (not too obviously) Spark is walking around with “ID”- “ID”- “I.T.” on his chest: “I did it.”

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSASSINATION -- a Chameleon’s Murder Mystery Musical by Jim Christian **Characters: 7m 3w** The prognosis is definitely negative at the Serv-U-More Hospital's annual talent show. The prescription: take two aspirin and call in the morning . . . if you're still alive! (**ORDER #3082**)

PRODUCTION NOTE: In order to use the songs included in this script, none of which were written by the author of this script, the producing group will need to obtain an ASCAP license for special use. Maybe the facilities you perform in already have that kind of ASCAP license; a site license, or a song by song license, or a license for a group of songs in special use.

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- We cannot publish the songs if they are NOT in the Public Domain. So no Piano-Vocal Score has been issued for this title.
- The songs could also just be cut from the show.

SONGS USED IN THIS SHOW:

1. Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better (Copyrighted song)

2. Fever (recording -- different stipulations on this copyrighted song)

3. Dem Bones (is in the public domain)

4. Dr. Love (an original Rap)

5. Medley of the following songs:

Footloose

Varsity Drag

Sonny Boy (Public Domain)

Step To The Rear

Macho Man (Body, Body)

Deep In The Heart of Texas (Public Domain)

One Hand, One Heart

Put Your Hand In The Hand

Thumbelina

Babes In Arms

Cockles and Mussels

Wonderful Guy

It Ain't Gonna Rain No More, No More (Public Domain)

Jaws

It's All Right With Me

Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue

If I Only Had A Brain

Hair!

Goin' Outta My Head (The only song in this medley that may incur need to obtain rights. All the others are one phrase only.)

Head Shoulders Knees and Toes

6. Random Selection for Greg to sing. (should be a showstopper!)

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSASSINATION

1 -- COCKTAILS

(The setting is the annual Tri-City Medical Association Talent Contest featuring staff members from the Serv-U-More Community Hospital.)

KEVIN: Good evening ladies and germs and welcome to the 4th annual Serv-U-More Community Hospital Talent Show. I'm your host for this evening, Kevin Walters, and most of you know me as the most-requested gynecologist here at Serv-U-More. Now, for those of you who were here at last year's fiasco, we've decided to do away with any possibility of judge-fixing and have you, the audience members, determined tonight's winners by your applause. We've also cut way down on the number of contestants by charging an entry fee, so don't expect to see any baton-twirling candy-stripers or nightwatchmen singing "What I Did For Love." But onto the good stuff—our first challenge is a perennial favorite. For years, he's been entertaining us with his musical, comic, and ventriloquial talents. He's the man responsible for getting more women in the Tri-city area pregnant than any other—our only king of fertility—Dr. Bob Rodney and his good friend, Boo-Boo.

BOB: *(entering with the dummy)* Thank you, Dr. Walters. Gee, it's really nice to be here tonight, isn't that right, Boo-Boo?

(BOOBOO mutters an unintelligible response.)

Me, too. So why don't we sing a little song for all of our friends?

(BOOBOO mutters another unintelligible response.)

Rightee-o. Mr. Music, if you please.

(SPARKS plays at an offstage piano or playback device.)

MUSICAL #1 -- ANYTHING YOU CAN DO I CAN DO BETTER (Copyrighted song)

BOB:

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER—

(BOOBOO mumbles to the syllables of the words that should be there)

NO YOU CAN'T.

(BOOBOO mumbles to the syllables of the words that should be there)

NO YOU CAN'T.

(BOOBOO mumbles to the syllables of the words that should be there)

NO YOU CAN'T.

(BOOBOO mumbles to the syllables of the words that should be there)

ANY PULSE YOU CAN TAKE, I CAN TAKE FASTER

I CAN TAKE ANY PULSE FASTER THAN YOU —

(BOOBOO mumbles to the syllables of the words that should be there)

YES, I CAN.

(BOOBOO mumbles to the syllables of the words that should be there)

YES, I CAN

(BOOBOO mumbles to the syllables of the words that should be there)

YES, I CAN — YES, I CAN!

I CAN GIVE YOU TONIC —

DO A HIGH COLONIC!

(BOOBOO mumbles to the syllables of the words that should be there)

HERNIA'S DON'T TURN ME OFF —

(BOOBOO mumbles to the syllables of the words that should be there)

(Moving BOOBOO'S head)

JUST TURN IT AND COUGH

(BOOBOO coughs)

ANY BILL YOU CAN CHARGE, I CAN CHARGE HIGHER.

I CAN CHARGE ANY BILL HIGHER THAN YOU.

(BOOBOO mumbles to the syllables of the words that should be there)

YES, I CAN

(BOOBOO mumbles to the syllables of the words that should be there)

YES I CAN.

(BOOBOO mumbles to the syllables of the words that should be there)

YES, I CAN — YES, I CAN.

YES, I CAN!

KEVIN: Dr. Bob Rodney and Boo-Boo, ladies and gentlemen. And to think, that wood could have been put to really good use—like tongue depressors. Anyway, we all love good old Dr. Bob and wish him well in the declining years. And I think it's especially fitting that the administration here at Serv-U-More plans on renaming the obstetrics wing in his honor. Our next act features our Chief of Staff, Dr. Harry Diefendurfer, and the manager of the hospital gift shop, Miss Lugene Phipps. Is that a combination? A psychiatrist and "Our Lady of Decoupage." They have asked to introduce their own number, so here they are—Harry and Lugene!

(They enter wearing tap shoes.)

MUSICAL # 2 -- DEM BONES (in public domain)

HARRY: *(lowering his surgical mask, he begins with finger snap, then speaks in rhythm)*

WHEN I TOOK ANATOMY 1-0-1

LEARNING ALL OF THE BONES WASN'T VERY FUN.

LUGENE:

SO TO SHOW YOU ALL WHAT YOUR BONES ARE FOR,

WE'RE GONNA TAKE YOU ON A LITTLE GUIDED TOUR.

(Accompaniment begins. They perform a tap number focusing on various body parts, starting with the toes and working their way up.)

HARRY & LUGENE:

THE TOE BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE – FOOT BONE...
THE FOOT BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE – ANKLE BONE...
THE ANKLE BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE – SHIN BONE,
OH, HEAR THE WORD OF THE LORD.
THE SHIN BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE – KNEE BONE...
THE KNEE BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE – THIGH BONE...
THE THIGH BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE – HIP BONE,
OH, HEAR THE WORD OF THE LORD.
THE HIP BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE – BACK BONE...
THE BACK BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE – NECK BONE...
THE NECK BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE – HEAD BONE,
OH, HEAR THE WORD OF THE LORD.
DEM BONES, DEM BONES, DEM — DRY BONES
DEM BONES, DEM BONES, DEM — DRY BONES
DEM BONES, DEM BONES, DEM — DRY BONES
OH, HEAR — THE WORD —OF THE LORD!

(They bow and exit.)

KEVIN: Well, I never cease to marvel at the sophistication and class that manages to make its way onto the stage every year, don't you?

(Beat)

Yeah.

LUGENE: *(re-entering)* Excuse me, Dr. Walters?

KEVIN: Yes?

LUGENE: I just wanted to be sure that everyone knew about the exhibit...

KEVIN: Exhibit?

LUGENE: ... Of Dr. Rodney's hand carved duck decoys and my tole-painted bedpans.

(Produces samples)

All this month, the employee lounge will feature a display of some of my best work. After all, with the holidays just around the corner, everyone's going to be looking for special gift ideas and what better way to say "I care" than with one of these decorative little babies?

KEVIN: *(To audience)* What indeed?

LUGENE: So remember... all this month... bedpans ...gift shop... \$19.95.

(Exits)

KEVIN: *(To audience)* In all fairness to Dr. Diefendurfer, please don't let that little interruption influence your voting. Okay, now here's where it always gets just a tad sticky because the next featured act is—yours truly, and I'm gonna need a little help from my friends. So in the words of "Janet—Miss Jackson, if you're nasty"

—gimme a beat!

MUSICAL #3 -- DR. LOVE (Original)

(Offstage actors begin rap rhythm.)

NOW LADIES, I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'RE THINKIN' OF
AND THAT'S THE REASON THAT THE NURSES CALL ME 'DR. LOVE'
WELL MY PASSION IS THE FASHION AND YOU'LL KNOW IT'S TRUE AND
WHEN I'M PUTTIN' ALL MY MEDICAL ADVANCES ON YOU!"

(Break)

IF YOU'RE CHILLIN' IF YOU'RE ILLIN, I CAN GETCHA HOT
CAUSE WHEN MY TEMPERATURE IS RISIN' I KNOW JUST THE SPOT
FOR A LITTLE BIT OF THERAPEUTIC T.L.C
AND MY BEDSIDE MANNER'S GONNA SUIT YA TO A 'T'!

(Break)

SO IF YA GOT SOME SYMPTOM'S THATCHA CAN'T DENY
I GOT A FEELIN' THERE'S SOME HEALIN' THAT I CAN SUPPLY IN.
I HATE TO SEE YOU HURTIN' AND I'LL TREAT YOU SWELL
CAUSE THE ONLY THING I WANNA DO IS GET YOU — WELL.

KEVIN: *(after applause)* And would you believe it—I only do this on the side...

(To the ladies)

Anytime you want. Now if you enjoyed that, I'm sure you'll be interested to know that I have just been signed to host my own late-night phone-in talk show on KWMD. It's going to be named, "The Love Doctor: More Than A House Call." And I'll be answering your questions about the subject I know best:

(He mouths the word "LOVE".)

Okay... back to the amateurs. Next up, we've got a musical medley performed by two of the backbones of this place: she's the director of the hospital and author of the best-selling book "Medical Administration: No Screw-ups, No Prisoners." And he's the miraculous head of our sports medicine program, currently being considered to become the new personal fitness trainer for Donald Trump —

(Aside.)

And that's one guy who really needs shaping up—Ladies and gentlemen, presenting their musical salute to the human body are Kay Lawrence and Spark Howell.

(SPARK plays the piano, starts the playback device, or they sing acapella as KAY indicates the featured body parts.)

MUSICAL #4 -- MEDLEY (Copyrighted songs)

BOTH:

NOW, I GOTTA CUT LOOSE -- FOOTLOOSE -- KICK OFF YOUR SUNDAY SHOES

KAY:

HERE IS THE DRAG -- SEE HOW IT GOES -- DOWN ON YOUR **HEELS**, UP ON YOUR **TOES**

SPARK:

CLIMB UPON MY **KNEE**, SONNY BOY

KAY:

WOULD EVERYONE HERE KINDLY STEP TO THE **REAR**
AND LET A WINNER LEAD THE WAY

SPARK:

BODY, BODY, ALL OVER MY **BODY, BODY**.

BOTH:

THE STARS AT NIGHT ARE BIG AND BRIGHT —
DEEP IN THE **HEART** OF TEXAS.

KAY:

MAKE OF OUR **HANDS** ONE **HAND**, MAKE OF OUR **HEARTS** ONE **HEART**.

SPARK:

PUT YOUR **HAND** IN THE **HAND** OF THE MAN WHO STILLED THE WATERS.

KAY:

OH, **THUMBELINA, THUMBELINA**, TINY LITTLE THING
THUMBELINA DANCE, THUMBELINA SING.

SPARK:

THEY CALL US BABES IN **ARMS**, BUT WE ARE BABES IN **ARMOR**.

KAY:

CRYING COCKLES AND '**MUSSELS**' ALIVE, ALIVE-O
AND YOU WILL NOTE THERE'S A LUMP IN MY THROAT
WHEN I SPEAK OF THAT WONDERFUL GUY.

SPARK:

HOW IN THE HECK CAN I WASH MY **NECK** IF IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE.

BOTH: (*VAMP*)

JAWS.

KAY:

THEY'RE NOT HIS **LIPS**, BUT THEY'RE SUCH TEMPTING **LIPS**
THAT IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME.

SPARK:

AND DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN **EYES**, DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN **EYES**,
DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN **EYES** ... BLUE.

KAY:

WITH THE THOUGHTS I'D BE THINKIN' I COULD BE ANOTHER LINCOLN
IF I ONLY HAD A **BRAIN!**

SPARK:

GIMME A HEAD WITH **HAIR** -- LONG BEAUTIFUL **HAIR** --

KAY:

GOIN' OUTTA MY **HEAD** OVER YOU

BOTH:

OUTTA MY **HEAD** OVER YOU

OUTTA MY **HEAD** -- DAY AND NIGHT -- NIGHT AND DAY AND NIGHT

WRONG OR RIGHT

GOIN' OUTTA MY **HEAD** -- **HEAD, SHOULDERS, KNEES, AND TOES!**

(They exit.)

KEVIN: Funny... they seem to have left out all of my favorite parts. But here comes a little number that I'm sure won't forget them. She's our own Angel of Mercy, back by popular demand to perform one of her artistically-rendered lip-syncs —Nurse Leslie Framm.

MUSICAL #5 -- FEVER (by Peggy Lee) (copyrighted song)

LESLIE: Thanks, Kevie. Tonight, I would like to present the number which also won the 1st place at talent night at "Cooter's Open-pit Bar-B-Q and Bowl-A-Rama" — And I'm sure you'll all see why. Hit it, boys!
(LESLIE performs a sultry lip-sync to an excerpt of the Peggy Lee recording, after which KEVIN tries to regain his composure.)

KEVIN: Thank you, Nurse Framm. That will be all ... for now.

LESLIE: Gotcha.

(She exits.)

KEVIN: And now it's time for the new kid on the block ... not to be confused with those adolescent losers who think they're the Beatles or something. This guy is our newest resident so let's make the little fella real welcome. Here he is—Greg Dudley.

GREG: *(entering)* Thanks, Dr. Walters.

(To the crowd)

I'm a little nervous so I hope you'll all bear with me.

(To the pianist)

Okay, go ahead.

MUSICAL # 6 -- "YOUR CHOICE"

(This should be a killer rendition by the best singer in the cast that blows everyone else out of the water.)

2 -- Act One

GREG: Thank you, thank you very much.

KEVIN: *(under his breath)* Snot-nosed little jerk.

(Catches himself)

Our last competing talent is actually a current visitor at the hospital. His name is Paul Overman and he is a representative from the Joint Commission on the Accreditation of Hospitals. He's been with us for the last month investigating the disappearance of all those prescription drugs that seem to be ... evaporating.

(Wryly.)

As if this place could afford another scandal. Anyway, he has chosen to favor us this evening with Mercutio's final monologue from William Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. Mr. Overman.

PAUL: *(entering with a knife embedded in his back)* Help me ... somebody ... this is ... arrgghh ... I couldn't see ... who ... arrggghhh ... why won't you ... I need your help

(Throughout all of this KEVIN watches with admiration.)

No-o-o- ... I'm not ... arrggghhh ... get a doc- ... a doc- ... a doc-

(PAUL dies clutching a piece of paper in his hand.)

KEVIN: I must say—didn't sound much like Shakespeare to me. He must've taken it from the "Cliff Notes."

(KEVIN leads off the applause—crosses to PAUL.)

That was great. A little dated, but great.

(No response)

Yoo-Hoo? Mr. Overman.

(Checks body)

Yikes! This guy's really dead!

(ALL others begin streaming in from offstage.)

SPARK: What is it?

KEVIN: He's dead.

LESLIE: Dead?

KEVIN: Yes, dead.

LUGENE: *(pushing HARRY)* Well, try to help him.

HARRY: Are you kidding? Who knows what he might be carrying?

LESLIE: But he was stabbed.

HARRY: So we think.

(Begins spraying disinfectant.)

SPARK: Look, it's too late now. He's gone.

KAY: *(To KEVIN)* Why didn't you help him?

KEVIN: Whaddaya mean? I thought he was acting. If I interrupted, you guys would've thought I was trying to rig the contest.

KAY: Don't be stupid!

KEVIN: Well, what about all of you? Why didn't anyone come out to help him?

SPARK: I was playing the piano [boom-box, iPod (whatever is being used)].

GREG: That's right. And it was so loud that none of the rest of us could hear anything.

HARRY: And I've been having this ringing in my ears lately...

LESLIE: Does this mean the contest is off?

LUGENE: What do you think?

LESLIE: Well... I think that if prizes have been arranged, the least we could do out of respect to this man is see that those prizes are awarded.

KAY: What?!

BOB: *(discovering the paper in Paul's hand)* Say ... look at this.

SPARK: What is it?

BOB: It seems to be a complete list of the pharmaceuticals that have disappeared from the hospital.

GREG: Why would he have brought that here?

BOB: I don't know, but this seems quite comprehensive ...

(The characters mentioned react suspiciously to the indicated references.)

... we seem to be missing amphetamines ... *(LUGENE, SPARK & HARRY)*

... barbiturates ... *(KAY & HARRY)*

... analgesics ... *(LUGENE, SPARK & HARRY)*

... diuretics ... *(LESLIE & HARRY)*

... hallucinogens ... *(GREG & LUGENE)*

... sedatives ... *(KAY & HARRY)*

... steroids ... *(SPARK)*

... tranquilizers ... *(KAY & HARRY)*

... even some purported aphrodisiacs *(KEVIN, at whom they all look.)*

KEVIN: *(in total innocence)* Really?

BOB: But who would have done this terrible thing?

HARRY: *(With a suspect obviously in mind, but not looking at them)* I have no idea whatsoever.

BOB: You don't suppose that someone might've killed Mr. Overman to get their hands on this, do you?

ALL: *(variously)* No. No. Of course not. Don't be silly. I don't think so.

BOB: *(Pocketing paper)* Neither do I. But someone should call the police.

(They all exchanged glances.)

Shouldn't they?

ALL: *(Variously)* Right. That's a good idea. Sure. Yes. Of course.

KAY: *(Taking charge)* Absolutely. Dr. Diefendurfer, would you please call 911. Mr. Dudley, notify hotel security that no one is to leave the premises. Miss Phipps, you will arrange with the front desk for a holding room for Mr. Overman. Drs. Walters and Howell, you will kindly remove the body, and, Nurse Framm, I would ask you to inform the kitchen that we are ready to begin dinner service.

(They ALL leave for their various duties with the exception of LESLIE.)

LESLIE: But what about the prizes?

KAY: *(almost losing it)* Just do as you're told.

(To the crowd.)

They don't pay me enough around here.

(LESLIE & KAY leave.)

BOB: *(making the best of it)* Isn't this exciting? I haven't been involved in a murder since ... when was that anyway? Oh, well, dinner it is. Let's all get situated, shall we? After all, I know that none of you did it

because you were all out here. And I didn't do it because I was with Boo-Boo the whole time. So let's eat.
(*He leads the way to dinner.*)

3 -- Dinner

(*As the audience is seated, each of the characters eventually returns and reports on what they did—then the mud-slinging and speculation begin. Toward the latter portion of dinner, HARRY leaves chair and continues to mingle while each of the OTHERS stops by his table and loiters briefly by his chair. Also, at some point during the meal—each CHARACTER visits BOB, who's carving a duck, and looks over the missing drug list.*)

4 -- After Dinner (Act Two)

KAY: (*gaining everyone's attention*) Excuse me—ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of the administrative staff here at “Serv-U-More” I would like to apologize for this unpleasant turn of events this evening. I have been assured that the police are on their way and that they will try to get things cleared up as quickly as possible.

HARRY: What are they going to do?

KAY: Just some preliminary questioning ...

LUGENE: You do remember “questioning” ...

HARRY: Are they going to take our fingerprints? Those ink pads are a breeding ground for staph infections, and I have no intention of subjecting myself to such hazardous health conditions.

KEVIN: Are you completely nuts or what?

HARRY: Excuse me—those of us in the psychiatric profession adamantly avoid the use of the term ‘nuts’. In examining the inner workings of the human mind, we explore such an intricate and complex network of fears and impulses that it is beneath contempt to simply dismiss someone's entire being with some juvenile reference such as “nuts”.

KEVIN: Sorry.

(*BEAT*)

So what are you—“cuckoo”?

LESLIE: “Goofy”?

LUGENE : “Loco”?

BOB: I always liked “Twitterpated”?

HARRY: That's enough. I resent everyone of your insinuations that I am anything less than completely competent. I would imagine that some of you would be less than thrilled if I were to share some of your innermost secrets.

KAY: Why ... that would be a complete violation of your professional code of conduct.

HARRY: (*quickly*) I know that. But it still doesn't change the fact that I'm not the only screwball in this room. So remember—I'm still chief of staff and if I don't want to have my fingerprints taken, I don't have to.

KAY: But that doesn't change the fact that you're still one of the suspects ...

LESLIE: Suspects?

KAY: Well, most of us did have the opportunity to kill Mr. Overman.

GREG: But why would anyone want to do that?

KEVIN: Oh, wake up, Junior. The man was conducting a thorough investigation of this place. Heaven only knows what he might've found out.

LUGENE: You mean like malpractice?

BOB: Or incompetence?

(They ALL do a take towards him.)

KEVIN: I mean like anything.

(To LUGENE)

For all we know, he may have found out that you were juggling the books in the gift shop.

LUGENE: *(gasps)* I am shocked that you could even suggest such a thing. I am, without question, the nicest, cheeriest, most generous person whoever walked the halls of "Serv-U-More". Who organizes the annual caroling party? Who pushes the book cart 3.7 miles every week? And who started the traditional costume parties in intensive care every Halloween?

HARRY: Oh, I am getting such a headache ...

LUGENE: *(disgruntled)* Then why don't you just swallow a couple of bottles of those pills you swiped?

HARRY: I beg your pardon?

KEVIN: Come on. Everybody thinks that you lifted all of those prescriptions and then had to kill Overman before he figured out it was you.

SPARK: That's true. Anyone caught stealing drugs would not only be fired and face criminal charges, but if they were a medical professional, they'd probably lose their license as well.

HARRY: But I'd never do anything like that!

LESLIE: Are you kidding? You are the biggest hypochondriac I've ever seen. You make me take your pulse and your temperature every time I see you.

LUGENE: So do half of the other doctors in this place.

LESLIE: Yeah, but all they're trying to do is copy feel.

(To HARRY)

This guy's just being a big baby.

HARRY: *(wincing)* Ooh ... My ulcer.

LUGENE: Oh, come off it, you big faker. Who else would have ripped off cough medicine, baby aspirin, and suppositories?

HARRY: And aphrodisiacs?

(ALL eyes go to KEVIN.)

KEVIN: Don't be stupid—those things never work anyway.

LESLIE: Obviously.

(On a new track.)

Maybe what Mr. Overman uncovered was a little problem with "sexual harassment" on the job ...

KEVIN: Now wait a minute ...

LESLIE: ... Or maybe it was some complaints from patients who were getting more than a semi-annual check-up.

KEVIN: Listen, you bimbo, I am completely professional in my work and always maintain the proper distance with my clients. My ethics are of the highest caliber.

LESLIE: Even if you're "personal artillery" isn't.

KEVIN: Shut up.

LESLIE: Look—don't get upset just because some of us don't need an "unnatural" means to a "natural" end.

KAY: (*To LESLIE*) Wait a minute, Miss Innocence—haven't I seen you throwing back a few handfuls of pills in the ladies room now and then?

LESLIE: Those are diet capsules.

LUGENE: It's about time.

LESLIE: Look—my cousin just happens to be Vanna White ...

(*Blank stares from EVERYONE.*)

You know ... on "Wheel of Fortune" ... the one who goes like this ...

(*Demonstrates a la Vanna.*)

GREG: Oh yeah.

LESLIE: Well—she promised me a personal introduction to Pat Sajak himself and I plan to be ready for him.

Someday it's got to be "good by enemas—hello parting gifts."

KAY: So where did you get your diet pills?

LESLIE: At the drugstore—just like everybody else.

(*Turning on KAY.*)

After all, isn't that where you get your sedatives?

KAY: (*tightening*) What?

LESLIE: Your tranquilizers?

KAY: (*tighter*) No!

LESLIE: Your Quaaludes?

KAY: (*almost frantic*) Stop it! Do you think it's a picnic riding herd over this zoo? It's bad enough having to stretch the money and maintain a public profile—but having to babysit you morons is more than one mortal woman can take. Besides, as members of the medical profession, we know that drugs are our friends and should be used to help us get through the rough times.

SPARK: Yeah, like 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock ...

KAY: Well, what about you? Weren't "steroids" on the list?

SPARK: Oh, give me a break. My body is a finely-tuned machine, not some oiled-up parody of Arnold

Schwarzenegger. I'm all natural. Pure energy ... pure health ...

KEVIN: Pure bull!

SPARK: (*checking KEVIN quickly*) Hey! Personal fitness is its own reward and a properly maintained body never experiences the types of "unreliable" behavior suffered by certain people in this room.

KEVIN: Hey!

SPARK: Truth hurts.

KEVIN: You arrogant, self-righteous pig! Do you know exactly how sick the rest of us are of hearing you

spout your obnoxious sermons on diet, exercise, and positive thinking? Stuff your positive thinking, Bucko!
SPARK: *(to the crowd)* You see, folks ... just another manifestation of what shoddy maintenance and poor protoplasm can become.

KEVIN: I oughtta kill you!

GREG: Excuse me, but aren't any of you feeling even the least bit embarrassed to be airing all of this dirty laundry in front of everyone? After all—we are here on a mission of healing and compassion.

KAY: *(turning on GREG)* ... And as I recall, didn't the drug disappearances begin shortly after your arrival here at "Serv-U-More"?

BOB: You know ... I think she may be right.

KEVIN: Yeah, I get it – some hot-shot preppie trying to offset his medical school bills with a little street traffic.

SPARK: After all—we are missing barbiturates, amphetamines ...

LUGENE: Hallucinogens ...

LESLIE: *(obviously a personal attack)* And he probably thinks he's real smart, too.

HARRY: Now all of you just stop it.

LESLIE: How much more do you think you can get away with, Gregory?

HARRY: Greg Dudley is a fine upstanding young man and I'm sure that he would never ...

SPARK: Why are you defending him?

LUGENE: Yeah, we hardly know anything about him.

KEVIN: What's he doing? Treating you for free on the side?

HARRY: Oh, I'm getting dizzy ...

BOB: *(bringing things to a halt)* Now this has gone far enough. Look at all of you. Behaving like a pack of ill-tempered children. I'm sure that when the police get here this whole thing will be resolved in an orderly fashion. Now, Boo-Boo and I want all of you to sit down and mind your manners.

(They ALL return sheepishly to their seats.)

HARRY: *(just before he sits)* I'm sorry, Dr. Rodney. I don't know what's gotten into us. I realize that many of us are under a great deal of pressure and Mr. Overman's death is just the type of traumatic stimulus which feeds our unspoken fears. I can assure you that I, for one, will never act that way again.

(HARRY sits but comes immediately out of his chair howling.)

What's this?

(HARRY produces the hypodermic on which he obviously sat.)

Oh, no! The needle broke off in my butt!

(HARRY falls over—dead.)

three more pages in this section

5 -- RAMBLES

6 -- Resolution (Act Three)

5.5 pages in this section

7 -- Curtain Call

8 -- Announcement of Master Sleuth

NAME

Sleuthing Sheet -- American Medical Assassination

- I. Who killed Paul Overman?

2. Why?

3. Who killed Dr. Phillip Merkley?

4. Why?

5. Who killed Dr. Diefendurfer & Kay Lawrence?

6. Which suspect is using an assumed name?

7. Who has been stealing drugs from the hospital and selling them?

8. Which member of the hospital staff had stolen NO drugs at all?

9. Have there been any suicides committed?

10. What was tonight's Secret Clue?