



**Sample Pages from
The Plucky Pie Murder**

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THE PLUCKY PIE MURDER

A COURTROOM COMEDY
IN ONE ACT BY
Dara Murphy



The Plucky Pie Murder

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Characters

8M+4W

Chuck

The star quarterback of the Riverview Roosters.
He's being charged with murder.

Coach Wells

The football team's coach. He's tough, loud and dressed in a training suit. A whistle is tied around his neck.

Billy and Daren

Chuck's supportive football buddies. They're dressed in football jerseys.

The Waterboy

He carries a water bottle and is constantly squirting it into people's mouths.

Mr. Teedle

Chuck's lawyer. He's a weedy, fragile man with a low self-esteem.

Ms. Duncan

The cunning prosecutor. She is confident she will win this case.

Judge Green

A tough old judge who's on the verge of retiring.

Assistant

She tries to aid Judge Green, but she's rather forgetful.

Egg-girl

The dead mascot's best friend. She is dressed like a giant egg.

Terry Winds

A forensic specialist.

Peach

Bob Punt dressed up like a giant peach. A very bitter man.

Dr. Gregory

Chuck's doctor. He has a very high opinion of himself.

Peach and Dr. Gregory should be played by the same actor.

Setting

This play takes place in a small town courtroom. A wooden podium and chair situated at the head of the room is reserved for the Judge. His gavel and a few neatly stacked papers lie on the podium. The witness stand is to the left of the Judge's seat.

Across from the podium are two large desks, angled so the audience can see the actors sitting at them. The defendant and his lawyer occupy the desk on the right while the prosecutor sits at the desk on the left.

About five feet from these desks are the seats for the courtroom audience. These seats are divided in the middle by a path leading to the back door. A smaller door is on the left, closer to where the judge sits. Billy, Daren, Waterboy, and Coach Wells sit in audience chairs directly behind the defendant. The witnesses for the Prosecutor are mixed together with audience on the left.

The audience and the intermingled actors are led into the courtroom through the back door. As they are settling into their seats, MS. DUNCAN and MR. TEEDLE also enter by the back door and sit at their respective desks. CHUCK enters through the side door and is led to his seat by the ASSISTANT. The ASSISTANT then walks importantly to the right side of the judge's bench and quietly clears her throat. The FOOTBALL PLAYERS behind the defendant's desk continue talking. The ASSISTANT looks embarrassed and clears her throat disgustingly until she gets their attention.

ASSISTANT: *(flustered)* This is case number... umm *(she reads some notes written in marker on her arm)*... 393! The town of Riverview versus Chuck Wilson. All rise for Judge Green!

EVERYONE stands but JUDGE GREEN is nowhere in sight. A hand appears at the side door and beckons for the ASSISTANT. The ASSISTANT walks to the door. The hand grabs her by the collar, hauling her inside. A muffled but loud voice is heard before the ASSISTANT comes out again, looking agitated. She walks back to the left side of the bench.

ASSISTANT: All sit! *(EVERYONE sits)* All rise for the honourable Judge Green! *(EVERYONE stands. JUDGE GREEN walks to his seat.)*

GREEN: Bloody assistants. They keep sending me new ones that aren't properly trained. They're like puppies, you give them some slack and they'll pee all over the carpet.

ASSISTANT: *(quietly)* Sir.

GREEN: I once had this dog who couldn't keep it outside, so I took out my shotgun and-

ASSISTANT: Sir!

GREEN: What? You can't stand a little gore?! Besides, I didn't kill the mutt. I missed and shot my foot instead.

ASSISTANT: *(desperate to get GREEN back on track)* The case?

GREEN: The case? Oh right, the case! (*shuffles some papers*) Um, what case is this again?

ASSISTANT: Case number 393.

GREEN: Hmm (*shuffles through some more papers*) Here it is. Oh! You may all be seated. (*EVERYONE sits. GREEN reads the paper.*) Now this is Murder Two. Interesting. Will the accused please... hey! You're Chuck Wilson! You throw a beautiful spiral. It's too bad the rest of your football team belongs in a ping-pong league. (*the FOOTBALL PLAYERS grumble angrily*)

CHUCK: Um... thank you sir.

GREEN: It's "Your Honour!" I don't want you thinking that since you're the town hero you'll get off easily! In fact, my wife always said you had evil, squinty eyes. Or was that my dog? (*thinks a moment then shrugs*) Will the accused please rise? (*CHUCK stands*) How do you plead?

CHUCK: I plead Guil-

COACH: Wait! Remember what we talked about boy! For the team, son, for the team!

GREEN: Be quiet! How do you plead?!

CHUCK: (*hesitates*) I plead... (*hangs his head*)... not guilty. (*EVERYONE mummurs*)

MR. TEEDLE: (*aside to CHUCK*) Wa-wait. You told me you were guilty! I... what am I going to do now?!

CHUCK: Sorry.

MR. TEEDLE: (*nervously*) I don't have a case ready. How can I defend you?

CHUCK: Sorry.

COACH: (*loudly*) Chuck's innocence is all the defence we'll need. (*MR. TEEDLE looks pained.*)

BILLY/DAREN: *(the two stand up and begin to cheer)* Yaaa! Take 'em all down, take 'em to town! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Gooooooooo Chuck! Woo! *(WATERBOY enthusiastically squirts water into their mouths from a water bottle.)*

GREEN: *(bangs gavel)* Quiet! And sit down! All of you! Why, in all my days I have never seen such craziness! Not even when I was young and each jury member got to whack the accused with a stick until he was found guilty! *(Silence. CHUCK looks terrified.)* That's better. Now, you may proceed with your case, Ms. Duncan, but make it short. I'm retiring after this and I want to be able to make it to my own celebration party.

DUNCAN: Of course, your honour.

GREEN: And *(wink)* thanks for those cookies you sent me and the Mrs. last night. Now that's what I call chocolate chunk.

DUNCAN: Anything for a distinguished gentleman such as yourself. *(Opens a big professional briefcase and pulls out a file folder. She stands and begins to walk about.)* My opening statement is simple. Picture this; Chuck, a big, self-centered jock who believes the world should fall at his feet just because he can lift big things and throw a football. Now picture Bob Punt, the man behind, well inside, Plucky the Friendly Rooster. He was the loyal mascot to his football team, The Riverview Roosters. Poor Bob was an innocent civilian whose only crime was to get in the way of this hulking football hero.

CHUCK: Who's Bob Punt? *(MR. TEEDLE shushes him)*

DUNCAN: So, on that fateful day when Riverview finally won a game, Chuck brutally murdered Bob. A man he didn't even know! The motive was simple; Bob got in Chuck's way. The crime was even committed in front of thousands of witnesses. Folks, it is an open and shut case. Chuck is guilty of murder most foul.

CHUCK starts to snuffle and puts his head down on the desk. DUNCAN walks back to her desk.

COACH: *(blows whistle)* Time out! *(runs to CHUCK)* Keep it together boy. People will start thinking that you really murdered the bird.

CHUCK: But, coach, It's all so tru...

COACH: Shhh. There is no I in team and without you there is no team. So get out there and prove your innocence!

GREEN: Wait one hairy minute! There's no such thing as time out in court! Get back to your seat! (*COACH goes back to his seat. WATERBOY pours a little water into his mouth.*) Ms. Duncan, please get this thing back on track.

DUNCAN: I would like to call my first witness to the stand... Egg-girl.

EGG-GIRL (a girl dressed in an egg costume) walks toward the stand. The FOOTBALL PLAYERS boo quietly. She sits down. Silence.

GREEN: Hey you! Assistant! Swear her in for heaven's sake!

ASSISTANT: (*turns red*) I... uh... well the thing is... I forgot to bring the Bible.

GREEN: You what!? Forgot! How can we keep them from lying to us? (*thinks*) Egg! Give me your foot. I want some collateral. If we find that you are misrepresenting the facts we will keep your foot and... spit on it.

EGG-GIRL takes off her foamy foot and hands it to the judge. MS. DUNCAN stands up and walks over to the witness stand.

DUNCAN: Now Egg-girl, you are also a mascot for the Riverdale Roosters, correct?

EGG-GIRL: Yes. It was my job to follow Plucky and pretend to be his egg.

DUNCAN: So I assume that you and Plucky were friends. Were you always together?

EGG-GIRL: (*sniffs*) Always.

DUNCAN: How did Chuck usually treat you two?

EGG-GIRL: He barely said anything to us. He acted like we were his slaves, dancing for his amusement.

DUNCAN: That's terrible. I know this will be hard for you but I want you to think back to the day of Plucky's murder. Please tell me what happened during that game.

EGG-GIRL: It started off like usual – our team was losing. To pick up everyone's spirits me and Plucky started doing our special reserve dance. It kinda goes like this... *(she stands up and does a little dance)*

DUNCAN: *(cutting her off)* Um... yes, very nice. How did the football players react to your dance?

EGG-GIRL: *(sniff)* They tried to tip us over.

The FOOTBALL PLAYERS and GREEN laugh.

DUNCAN: Oh my! What happened next?

EGG-GIRL: After that, some of the players picked me up by my feet and hung me on the goal post. It was so windy I flapped around like a flag! I guess I was such a distraction that our team was able to come from behind and win.

DUNCAN: Then what? Please, don't leave out any details.

EGG-GIRL: Well, everyone was really happy. Plucky ran over to me and tried to get me down. The blood was rushing to my head and I got a good whiff of my armpits so I figured I should have a bath afterwards and-

DUNCAN: Okay, not so detailed.

EGG-GIRL: Uh right. I was suddenly the big hero. Everyone ran to the goal post to slap me on the back and congratulate Chuck. There was this whole mess of people crowding around me, Plucky and Chuck. Then, by total accident, Plucky bumped into Chuck. Next thing we know, Chuck is going wild! He tackled Plucky from behind! Plucky didn't even see it coming! He never got up again.

EGG-GIRL cries. The FOOTBALL PLAYERS stand and boo loudly, saying it didn't happen that way. CHUCK looks like he's going to cry again.

GREEN: *(bangs his gavel)* Sit down!

DUNCAN: You poor dear! It must have been terrible! Just to make it completely clear, did you or did you not see Chuck tackle Plucky?

EGG-GIRL: Yes, I did.

DUNCAN: That is all. *(she sits back down)*

GREEN: Mr. Teedle?

MR. TEEDLE: Me? Oh, it's my turn. Um... *(shuffles through some papers)* No questions your honour. *(the FOOTBALL PLAYERS clear their throats threateningly)* Actually, maybe I do have a few questions I could ask. Ms... uh... Egg-girl you... you're sure you saw Chuck do this?

EGG-GIRL: Yes.

MR. TEEDLE: No more questions.

GREEN: Ms. Duncan, please call your next wit-

COACH: Wait! *(blows whistle)* Half time! *(runs over to MR. TEEDLE)* Is that all you're going to ask? Come on man, get some fight in you! That little egg is cracked! She's all lies!

MR. TEEDLE: I'm not used to working under such conditions!

COACH: Get over it needle-head! *(pokes him in the chest)* Teedle the beetle needle head!

MR. TEEDLE: Don't make fun of me! Your honour, he's making fun of me!

GREEN: *(stops laughing)* Ahum. Sit down Coach Wells. There is also no such thing as half time in my courtroom. *(COACH stomps to his chair. He grabs the water bottle from WATERBOY and pours it over his head.)* Continue Ms. Duncan.

DUNCAN: I would like to call my forensic specialist to the stand. Dr. Terry Winds. *(Terry walks to the stand. The FOOTBALL PLAYERS boo quietly.)*

GREEN: Due to an untrained and stupid assistant I'm going to have to ask you for some collateral.

TERRY: Of course. *(she gives her necklace to GREEN)*

DUNCAN: Dr. Winds, you have your Doctorate in Forensic Science, correct?

TERRY: Yes I do.

DUNCAN: I would like to question you about some evidence found at the scene of the crime. *(she pulls Exhibit A out of her briefcase)* I show you Exhibit A, a knife discovered near Bob Punt's body. Now, Dr. Winds, what did you find during your scientific examination of this knife?

TERRY: First of all, I found that the knife was covered in blood. After careful analysis I discovered that the blood came from the deceased, Bob Punt. It must have been the murder weapon.

During the questioning the COACH begins to secretly inch his chair toward the defendant's desk. Every once in a while the chair makes a squeak. When people look at him he sits innocently.

DUNCAN: Did you find any fingerprints on the knife?

TERRY: No, there were no prints.

DUNCAN: Of course there weren't. It was a cold day and all the football players were wearing special gloves. I enter in Exhibit B! *(she pulls out a baggy with a bloody glove inside)*

TERRY: That is the glove we found next to the knife. It is also covered with Bob Punt's blood.

DUNCAN: Is this glove a standard Riverview football glove?

TERRY: Yes it is.

DUNCAN: Now I would like to enter Exhibit C... the costume.

The back door opens and a man enters. He's pushing a cart with the Plucky costume on it. The costume is covered with a black sheet in a very "recently dead body" like manner. The COACH has inched his chair to a point just behind MR. TEEDLE.

COACH: This is an outrage! She can't do that! Come on Teedle, object!

MR. TEEDLE: I'm not very good at that sort of thing.

COACH: OBJECT RIGHT NOW!

EVERYONE stops and looks at them.

MR. TEEDLE: (very quietly) I object?

GREEN: Over-ruled.

COACH: What!

GREEN: I said, over-ruled!

The COACH mumbles some nasty things about GREEN and starts to massage MR. TEEDLE's shoulders.

COACH: Good job Teedle. You'll get 'em next time.

WATERBOY runs over and squirts water into MR. TEEDLE's mouth. MR. TEEDLE looks very pleased with himself. The costume continues on its way and stops just before the judge.

DUNCAN: Dr. Winds, would you please show everyone what you found on this outfit?

TERRY: Okay.

TERRY walks to the cart and, after much suspense, pulls off the black sheet. EVERYONE gasps and some cover their eyes. CHUCK starts to twitch a little. EGG-GIRL jumps up from her seat.

EGG-GIRL: PLUCKY!!!

GREEN: Someone get her out of here.

DAREN: No problem Judge-man.

EGG-GIRL: (*running toward PLUCKY*) You're gone and it's all his fault! I knew it was a matter of time before he... he – (*EGG-GIRL is tackled by BILLY and DAREN and is dragged back to her seat. She cries.*)

GREEN: Well, that was emotional. Bah! It's all this new-agey trash. Everyone is being so sensitive and weepy these days.

ASSISTANT: Sir, Plucky was her best friend!

GREEN: I didn't ask you! Why don't you go watch *Withering Heights* with your whiny book club!

ASSISTANT looks very shocked. BILLY and DAREN return to their seats.

GREEN: Continue Dr. Winds.

TERRY: (*clears her throat and holds up the suit which has three bloody holes in it*) As you can see, Plucky was stabbed three times in the back. By the type and size of the wounds we concluded that the knife shown earlier was, most certainly, the murder weapon.

DUNCAN: Did you find anything else on the costume?

TERRY: I did. A note was clutched in the poor rooster's hands.

DUNCAN: A note? What did it say?

TERRY: All it had written on it was "Peachville".

DUNCAN: Interesting. Do you have any idea what that means?

TERRY: Well, we did find out that Chuck was born in Peachville.

EVERYONE gasps.

GREEN: You mean you aren't from Riverview?!

CHUCK: No.

DAREN: How could you be our small town hero if you're not even from our town?!!

CHUCK: Sorry.

BILLY: How could you lie to us man? We trusted you.

CHUCK: I was only born in Peachville. I've lived in Riverview almost all my life. That's sort of the same.

DAREN: I suppose...

CHUCK: Do you guys forgive me? I promise never to lie to you ever again!

BILLY: Of course!

DAREN: I love you guys!

CHUCK/BILLY/DAREN: (*they all stand up, hug, and shout out a cheer*)
Muscle to the left, muscle to the right, muscle in the middle
and our pants are tight. Gooooo Roosters!! Yahhhh!

GREEN: Sit down! (*they sit*) I want no further display of emotion in my court! That was even scarier than weepy Egg-Girl.

EGG-GIRL: Don't make fun of me!

DUNCAN: Thank you Dr. Winds. No further questions.

GREEN: Mr. Teedle? Will you cross-examine the witness?

MR. TEEDLE: (*looks at COACH who nods emphatically*) Okay. Well um... (*stands up and nervously cleans his glasses*) I'm confused.

BILLY: Teedle Rocks!

MR. TEEDLE: (*smiles and laughs anxiously*) I... I thought Plucky's name was Plucky the Friendly Rooster. This is obviously a chicken costume.

TERRY: Um, I was given a Chicken's costume to analyze.

MR. TEEDLE: So where's the Rooster?

TERRY: Well, that is the Rooster.

MR. TEEDLE: But I thought that that was a chicken.

TERRY: Yes.

MR. TEEDLE: So it's not the Rooster?

TERRY: Yes, it is the Rooster.

MR. TEEDLE: But you just said it was a chicken.

TERRY: It is a chicken.

MR. TEEDLE: Then what is it, a chicken or a rooster?

TERRY: Both!

MR. TEEDLE: How can it be a chicken and a rooster at the same time!

TERRY: The football team called it a Rooster but the costume actually resembles a chicken.

MR. TEEDLE: Oh. (*embarrassed*) No further questions.

TEEDLE sits down. The FOOTBALL PLAYERS cheer for MR. TEEDLE. BILLY pulls out a football horn and blows into it. WATERBOY does his thing.

COACH: Way to go Teedle! You had her on the run! I can see the fear in her eyes. If she was a goat, you would be the lion that just ate her!

GREEN: (*bangs gavel*) Settle down.

DUNCAN: With such a simple case of guilt I would like to rest my case.

GREEN: Thank you. The court and my stomach will take into consideration the speed at which you presented your case. The Mrs. baked this delicious apple pie and it's waiting for me when I get home. Mr. Teedle, please begin your opening statements.

MR. TEEDLE: Sure.

TEEDLE looks around apprehensively. EVERYONE's waiting for him to begin, but he doesn't know what to do or who to call. He shuffles through some papers. Next he pours himself a drink and drinks it very slowly. Afterwards he clears his throat a few times. He looks like he's just about to start. Nope. He begins some bizarre vocal exercises.

COACH: What's the hold up here Teedle? Are you going to get my star quarterback off or what?

GREEN: Yes, we don't have all day.

MR. TEEDLE: I'm just warming up... uh... getting all ready to...

COACH: Show 'em what we're made of?

MR. TEEDLE: Sure. (*Silence. GREEN clears his throat loudly and MR. TEEDLE jumps to action.*) Okay, to begin I would like to say that my client is innocent. Very... innocent. So innocent, you could throw him into a lake and he would sink... Ha ha, little witch joke there. So, to close my opening statement I would like to repeat that the innocence of my client is very... ah... very big. Thank you.

GREEN: You may call your first witness.

MR. TEEDLE whimpers and runs to his desk.

MR. TEEDLE: Your honour I would like to call a short recess, of about a month, to further prepare my... my case.

GREEN: I'll give you five minutes.

COACH: Your honour! Our man Teedle asked for a month! He's a smart lawyer and you've got to go with his gut instinct. In a month this case will be blown wide open!

GREEN: Five minutes, or one of you will be blown wide open.
(*silence*) Go on!

MR. TEEDLE, COACH, CHUCK, BILLY, DAREN and the WATERBOY run down to the back of the court and form a semicircle huddle.

COACH: What's the problem Teedle? Pre-game jitters?

MR. TEEDLE: I thought Chuck was going to plead guilty. I'm not ready to prove his innocence!

CHUCK: Coach-

COACH: (*ignores CHUCK*) I thought they taught that sort of thing to you in law school. Preparing both sides.

CHUCK: Coach-

MR. TEEDLE: You don't know anything about law school!

COACH: You have to be ready for anything! Everyone knows that!

CHUCK: Coach!

MR. TEEDLE: That's completely different!

CHUCK: COACH!

COACH/MR. TEEDLE: What?!

CHUCK: It's just that those things they've been saying about me are all wrong.

MR. TEEDLE: What do you mean?

CHUCK: I tackled Plucky all right. I was all excited about winning the game and I... I just got caught up in it all and... tackled him. I'm so sorry for it.

MR. TEEDLE: I don't want to hear this.

CHUCK: But I didn't stab him! I don't even own a real knife. My mother won't let me keep pointy objects. I tackled Plucky and he didn't get up, but I didn't knife him! Promise!

BILLY: I believe you Chuck.

MR. TEEDLE: You'd believe in the Easter Bunny.

BILLY: What's this about Mr. Easter Bunny?

CHUCK: I've always thought it was nice of him to give me all that candy and stuff.

MR. TEEDLE: Ooookay...

COACH: Teedle! Don't you understand? Chuck really is innocent!

MR. TEEDLE: I suppose...

COACH: Everyone take a knee. This is what we gotta do. We'll call up lots of witnesses saying how nice Chuck is. This will confuse everyone with pointless information. Then, when their heads

are all looking in the wrong direction, we hit 'em with Chuck's mother. She'll talk about her wonderful and innocent son.

CHUCK: But my mother isn't here.

COACH: Daren will take care of that. Go Daren, we're all relying on you!

DAREN: Right! (*runs out the door*)

COACH: Lastly, when everyone is reeling from that hit, BAM, we whack 'em again, this time with Chuck telling his story.

MR. TEEDLE: I don't know if putting Chuck on the stand is a very good idea.

COACH: Teedle, listen to the man in charge.

MR. TEEDLE: Well, I'm supposed to be in ch...

COACH: Shut up. If you want to be so nitpicky we'll make up a Plan B. If plan A doesn't work I'll make a signal, like a bird call or something then... (*whisper, whisper, whisper*.)

MR. TEEDLE: That's even worse than Plan A!!

COACH: Teedle you're being selfish. This is for the team! Are you ready to fight for the team!!!

MR. TEEDLE: I guess...

COACH: I said, ARE YOU READY TO FIGHT FOR THE TEAM????!!!!

MR. TEEDLE: Yes! I can... uh... fight! Grrrr.

COACH: Now then everyone... one, two, three-

COACH/TEEDLE/CHUCK/BILLY/WATERBOY: BREAK! (*they all run back to their seats*)

GREEN: I can see you are all ready. Shall we proceed?

MR. TEEDLE: I would like to call Billy to the stand.

BILLY: Wow you picked me! And first! I've never been picked first before! This is an honour!

GREEN: Just take the stand, and give me some collateral.

BILLY: Name it and you can have it sir – I mean Your Honour. You're me and Chuck's hero. Why, we even have posters of you on our walls.

DUNCAN: I object to such excessive compliments.

COACH: Oh, like you aren't in on it Ms. (*imitating DUNCAN*)
Anything For A Distinguished Gentlemen Such as Yourself.
Wink, Wink. Smile, Flirt.

DUNCAN: I never!

GREEN: Order in the court! Give me your shoe Billy and start asking your questions, Mr. Teedle.

MR. TEEDLE: Billy, I would like to ask you about Chuck. Is he a nice guy?

BILLY: The nicest.

MR. TEEDLE: Really nice?

BILLY: King among men.

MR. TEEDLE: So accusations such as murder are so out of character that they are unbelievable?

BILLY: I almost wet my pants when I heard they were arresting him. He'd never do that sort of thing.

MR. TEEDLE: Did you see Chuck stab Plucky?

BILLY: No. I was right next to him and I saw no knife and Chuck is such a good guy that he wouldn't even carry a knife and if he did he wouldn't use it and if he used it it would be like on a chicken or something. (*EVERYONE gasps*) No! I mean he would cut a chicken to eat. (*gasp*) I mean a chicken from the store, like the kind you get at Thanksgiving!

MR. TEEDLE: Thank you Billy.

DUNCAN: Billy, you had just won a very important game had you not?

BILLY: Yep!

DUNCAN: So you must have been extremely happy.

BILLY: Of course!

DUNCAN: Isn't it true that whenever you win a game you run through the crowd and kiss your girlfriend?

BILLY: Yes, it's tradition.

DUNCAN: Did you do so on the day Plucky was murdered?

BILLY: Like always!

DUNCAN: Plucky was murdered right after the game so if you were in the crowd kissing your girlfriend how could you be next to Chuck like you previously stated?

BILLY: I... uh... well I...

DUNCAN: No further questions.

COACH: Re-examination!

GREEN: Go ahead.

MR. TEEDLE: Is Chuck a nice guy?

BILLY: No doubt about it!

MR. TEEDLE: That is all.

GREEN: Next witness.

MR. TEEDLE: *(to COACH)* Who should I call now?

COACH: I don't know, pick someone!

MR. TEEDLE: I uh, would like to call... *(picking a random AUDIENCE MEMBER)* This guy to the stand.

GREEN: And what would "this guy's" name be?

MR. TEEDLE: Errrr Johnny? Right! It's Johnny Doginouser. *(leads AUDIENCE MEMBER – AM – to the stand)*

GREEN: Could I have some collateral please? *(AM gives GREEN collateral)*

MR. TEEDLE: Now answer truthfully. You do not know Chuck, correct? *(AM agrees)* You have, however, heard at least one person talk about how nice he is? *(AM agrees)* Did you see Chuck murder Plucky? *(AM says no. MR. TEEDLE turns to the audience.)* Simple! Everyone says Chuck is a nice guy. Furthermore, there are no witnesses to this alleged stabbing. *(in his proudest lawyer voice)* No further questions.

DUNCAN: *(without batting an eyelash)* Were you actually at the football game when Plucky was murdered? *(AM says no)* No further questions.

DUNCAN gives MR. TEEDLE an “I am so smart” look. GREEN gives AM back his collateral. With his ego bruised, MR. TEEDLE leads AM back to the audience.

GREEN: If all your witnesses are this pointless, you'd better expect that Chuck will be found guilty.

MR. TEEDLE: Sorry your honour. *(to COACH)* Great plan so far! Now what?

COACH: We've got to bring in the mother!

MR. TEEDLE: *(sigh)* My next witness is Mrs. Wilson but apparently she is not present at the momen-

DAREN opens the back doors with a bang. He is dressed like a woman.

DAREN: I'm here Chuckyboy! I'm here to talk about how great my little pudgy-wudgy baby is!

MR. TEEDLE: *(to COACH)* Is that my eyes or is Daren dressed up like a woman?!

COACH: *(thoughtfully)* That's Daren all right. I always thought he had girlie legs.

MR. TEEDLE: Is this what you meant when you said Daren would take care of it?!

COACH: Of course not, but Daren can be slow on the uptake at times.

MR. TEEDLE: We're dead.

GREEN: Please take the stand Mrs. Wilson. I'll have to ask you for some collateral.

DAREN: Of course your honour! *(gives him a hankie that was down his shirt)*

GREEN: Thank you, and I must say that you're looking very beautiful.

DAREN: Wow, It is so nice to be appreciated by such a well-educated man.

MR. TEEDLE: *(to COACH)* He's really getting into this isn't he. *(to DAREN)* Mrs. Wilson, being Chuck's mother you must know him very well.

DAREN: Of course I know Chucky. He is such an angel. I remember when he used to run around the house naked.

DUNCAN: Objection! Relevancy?

DAREN: Well, he always said thank you when I brought him his clothes.

GREEN: Sustained.

MR. TEEDLE: Were you at the football game?

DAREN: Yes I was. How could I miss Chucky-poo's big game!

MR. TEEDLE: As his mother you must have been watching Chuck particularly.

DAREN: Yes, of course.

MR. TEEDLE: And did you see him stab Plucky?

DAREN: No, I won't even allow Chuck to handle sharp objects!
(starts to cry) My Chucky wouldn't do any of those bad things...
he is an angel, a perfect angel!

*GREEN hands him back the hankie in sympathy.
DAREN blows it noisily and puts it back down his shirt.*

MR. TEEDLE: No further questions.

DAREN: Thank you for defending my son, dear boy. Someday you will be rewarded for standing up for the good and innocent.

MR. TEEDLE sits down. COACH gives him a thumbs-up.

DUNCAN: Mrs. Wilson, Chuck isn't always an angel is he?

DAREN: He's always been wonderful to me.

DUNCAN: But how about the times when he leaves his dirty clothes on the floor?

DAREN: Well he is a normal boy...

DUNCAN: When he does that, how do you feel?

DAREN: Well... I... I dunno. I suppose I feel sort of disappointed.

DUNCAN: And do you feel disappointed when he doesn't do the dishes?

DAREN: Yes.

DUNCAN: And when he doesn't wipe his feet?

DAREN: Of course.

DUNCAN: And when he plays with his food?

DAREN: I hate it when he does that!

DUNCAN: So overall you'd say Chuck can be a pretty bad little boy.

DAREN: Yes! He never respects his mother! I clean and clean, but do I get any thanks? No! I'm just the woman behind the man. And Chuck is hardly a man at all. He relies on me to do everything. I'm surprised he didn't get me to kill Plucky for him!

EVERYONE gasps. Silence.

DUNCAN: No further questions your honour.

GREEN: You can leave the stand Mrs. Wilson. I sincerely hope your visit to our small town courtroom was enjoyable.

DAREN: Oh, yes!

GREEN: Maybe we can get together sometime to... ah... talk about... pie?

DAREN: Well I'd love to-

CHUCK: Mother I think it's time to leave the stand and let other people have a turn.

DAREN: Don't talk to me in that tone. I'll see you later, your honour.

He goes back to his seat.

MR. TEEDLE: *(to COACH)* This is not going well at all!

COACH: That will all change. Time for the big guns!

MR. TEEDLE: *(blandly)* You mean Chuck.

COACH: Of course!

MR. TEEDLE: *(rolls his eyes and turns to GREEN)* I would now like to call Chuck Wilson to the stand.

GREEN: This should be interesting.

COACH: It's your turn Chuck. All or nothing. Waterboy, give this man some refreshment. Good. I want you to focus now. Imagine you are running through a meadow.

CHUCK: A meadow with flowers?

COACH: Pink flowers. You see yourself free from any stress or-

GREEN: We don't have all day...

COACH: Go Chuck, and know that the world is behind you!

CHUCK walks importantly to the stand.

GREEN: Collateral?

CHUCK: Um...

GREEN: Just give me your shoe.

CHUCK: But these are my lucky shoes!

GREEN: Fine, I'll take that necklace you're wearing.

CHUCK: But my necklace is even luckier than my shoes!

GREEN: Oh for heaven's sake!

CHUCK: You can have my shirt.

GREEN: Please no. I do not condone nudity in my court... I know, I'll take your mother.

CHUCK: What!

GREEN: For collateral. She'll be perfectly safe with me.

DAREN: Come on Chucky, that is no way to talk to a judge. (to audience) See, this is exactly the type of rude behaviour I was talking about!

CHUCK: Mom! (*DAREN walks to the side of GREEN's bench*)

GREEN: This is my court and I will not force a lady to stand. You come here and share this seat with me.

DAREN sits on GREEN's lap. CHUCK buries his face in his hands.

MR. TEEDLE: If I may continue.

GREEN: Of course.

MR. TEEDLE: Chuck, I want you to describe the night of the murder.

CHUCK: It was the big game against Appleton and we were doing okay but we were a touchdown behind. We really wanted to win so some of the guys got this idea to string up Egg-girl as a distraction. The plan worked and we scored the winning touchdown.

MR. TEEDLE: You won your first game in eight years?

CHUCK: Yah, eight years is a long losing streak.

MR. TEEDLE: Right... so what happened afterwards?

CHUCK: I was just so happy, you know. I couldn't contain myself. I grabbed Plucky and gave him a big football hug... and, and... he just fell over.

MR. TEEDLE: Then what?

CHUCK: Everybody thought it was so funny. Big butt, tiny legs. It usually takes him forever to stand up. But this time he wasn't moving. After a few minutes I checked him out and found that he was dead.

MR. TEEDLE: Did you see any stab wounds?

CHUCK: No! Everyone here keeps talking about a knife, but when Plucky died he didn't have any marks on him! I swear!

MR. TEEDLE: So you didn't stab Plucky?

CHUCK: No, I just tackled him.

MR. TEEDLE: And your football gloves, the ones everyone had to wear on that cold day... do you still have your pair?

CHUCK: Of course. Those aren't my gloves in Ms. Duncan's baggy. Mine have "C" stitched on them. "C" is for Captain.

COACH: That's right! I stitched those gloves personally. (*GREEN snorts*) What? A guy can have a hobby.

MR. TEEDLE: (*picking up the baggy with the gloves from the evidence table*) Let the record show that these gloves do not have a "C" stitched on them. Seeing as how the cause of death was by a knife, and the bloody gloves do not belong to you, we can only conclude that you are not the murderer.

CHUCK: I guess so.

MR. TEEDLE: No further questions. (*shoots DUNCAN an "I'm smarter than you look" and sits down*)

DUNCAN: So you guess you're not the murderer?

CHUCK: I'm not the murderer.

DUNCAN: But you were the one who savagely tackled Bob.

CHUCK: It was just a football hug.

DUNCAN: A hug so tremendous that he couldn't get up?

CHUCK: Well... yes.

DUNCAN: And afterwards you discovered he was dead?

CHUCK: Yes, but I didn't stab Plucky! I only tackled him!

DUNCAN: Isn't it true that you believed you had killed Plucky?

CHUCK: Well... I thought I had accidentally killed him.

DUNCAN: So you're guilty!

CHUCK: But I didn't have no knife!

DUNCAN: Are you sure? Remember, your mother is collateral.

CHUCK: Well... I guess I brought a butter knife for my lunch that day, but I didn't have it on the field! It doesn't even look like the murder weapon. It's not very pointy at all!

DUNCAN: And what did you have for lunch?

CHUCK: (*evil smile*) I had some chicken drumsticks. I like to eat chicken. (*EVERYONE gasps, CHUCK realizes his mistake*)

DUNCAN: So you killed Bob, and then tried to eat him to hide the evidence!

CHUCK: No! It's not like that!

DUNCAN: And when you found that you couldn't eat the cloth suit you tried to frame someone else! You stabbed the body and planted the knife and the bloody gloves at the scene of the crime!

CHUCK: Frame someone?!

DUNCAN: You sicken me. No further questions.

CHUCK: This is crazy, why would I try to eat Plucky! He wasn't plump enough!

GREEN: Please step down.

CHUCK: But it wasn't me!

GREEN: Step down or I'll charge you with contempt.

CHUCK walks sadly off the stand, looking defeated. DAREN goes back to his seat. EVERYONE in the courtroom is quiet. Suddenly COACH makes a noise that sounds like a sick bird. EVERYONE looks at him. He makes the noise again. MR. TEEDLE looks like he really doesn't want to do Plan B. COACH shoots MR. TEEDLE a dirty look.

GREEN: Is something wrong with you?

COACH: I'm fine, but I think you have a bird problem in here. *(Gives MR. TEEDLE another dirty look. MR. TEEDLE shrugs in defeat.)*

MR. TEEDLE: For... uh... the next part of my case I would like you to um, look at that wall over there.

GREEN: What is this?

MR. TEEDLE: This is very important to my case. You all have to look at the wall very hard.

EVERYONE looks at the wall. BILLY sneaks up to the body and steals it, pulling it out the side door. MR. TEEDLE continues to encourage the audience to look at the wall.

GREEN: If I don't see a point to this I'll be very angry, and you don't want to see an angry judge who is craving pie!

MR. TEEDLE: You can all stop looking at the wall now.

DUNCAN: I object to this, he's not even questioning a witness!

MR. TEEDLE: I just wanted to show everyone that... how easy it is to distract a crowd of people. While you were all looking at the wall, I could have easily stabbed Plucky!

CHUCK: But Teedle, someone has already stabbed Plucky.

MR. TEEDLE: I know... I was just... you know... making a point.

GREEN: Well that was ridiculous! How did you ever pass law school? After this case I plan to have a good look at your degree.

MR. TEEDLE: Sorry about that stunt. It's just... there are no witnesses to the stabbing. That seems very odd seeing as how there was a crowd of people at the game.

DUNCAN: That just shows premeditation! Chuck brought the knife from his lunch onto the field with the intention to kill. After the game most of the crowd was leaving and not paying attention to the mascot. Chuck could have stabbed Bob while "checking" to see if he was all right. Now Chuck is hoping everyone will buy his pathetic "I only tackled him" story, knowing he has planted doubt in everyone's minds.

MR. TEEDLE: But... he... he...

GREEN: Call your next witness. I have lost all patience.

MR. TEEDLE: Well... I ... um... (*looks to COACH*)

COACH: (*whisper*) Stall.

MR. TEEDLE: I rest my case your honour.

COACH: (*to MR. TEEDLE*) What are you doing?! We need some more time!

MR. TEEDLE: Don't worry; we still have to make closing statements. That'll give us plenty of time for your stupid plan to happen.

GREEN: All right Ms. Duncan, you may make your closing statement now.

DUNCAN: Thank you your honour. I know that the lack of witnesses may generate some doubt. But I also want to make it clear that there are no witnesses denying Chuck stabbed Plucky or even spectators who saw someone else stab Plucky. The simple facts are: Chuck tackled Plucky, Plucky didn't get up. He was dead. If that's not murder then I don't know what is. Bob was killed by a selfish jock who was confident he would be found innocent. I want you to tell him, through a guilty verdict, that a good reputation isn't a "get out of jail free" card. Thank you for your time and patience. (*the FOOTBALL PLAYERS boo as she walks back to her desk*)

MR. TEEDLE: No witnesses, no facts. The case is simple. There is so much reasonable doubt in this matter that Chuck must be found not guilty. Thank y – (*COACH gestures to MR. TEEDLE, telling him to keep talking*) Um... not guilty is the best choice because that is what Chuck is, not guilty...

The FOOTBALL PLAYERS and MR. TEEDLE keep looking to the side door, hoping for BILLY to come out.

MR. TEEDLE: Not guilty is the right way to vote because no one can prove otherwise and...

GREEN: Is this going to be another stall? Can you please get on with it?

MR. TEEDLE: I uh... I... thank you. (*shrugs at COACH*)

COACH: Maybe we can all think about this for awhile. Take it all in.

GREEN: No. (*to the audience*) Members of the jury, it is time for you to vote. If you make it quick, I swear I'll bring some of pie in here for everyone. All those who feel Chuck is guilty raise your hand... All those who feel Chuck is innocent raise your hand.

The votes are counted.

The Audience votes “Guilty”

GREEN: Order in the court. I will now announce the verdict. Will the accused please rise? (*CHUCK stands*) Chuck Wilson, you are found... guilty of murder in the second degree.

CHUCK collapses in his chair.

COACH: (*blows his whistle*) Wait this isn't fair! What is this, Judge?! What kind of call is that?!

ASSISTANT grabs CHUCK by the arm and pulls him up.

GREEN: That's the way it goes. Now if you'll excuse me I-

BILLY bursts through the door wearing PLUCKY's costume.

BILLY: I'm alive!

BILLY starts doing a little dance. DUNCAN, EGG-GIRL and TERRY scream.

CHUCK: It's too late Billy, they've already found me guilty.

BILLY: Oh.

COACH: What took you so long?! You disappointed the entire team son!

GREEN: Teedle, what were you thinking! If you really did graduate from law school then as of now you're disbarred!

BILLY: Sorry guys but I ran into this other guy dressed in a giant peach costume. He seemed very surprised to see me. In fact, he tried to push me down the stairs. When he couldn't, weak little guy, he ran away.

DUNCAN: I am disgusted by-

COACH: Wait one minute! Did you say giant peach costume?!

BILLY: Ya...

COACH: The Peachville Peaches don't have a mascot!



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