

I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...

by

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Scene opens on a bathroom, there is some jolly whistling and then the door opens cautiously and a head peeps in. Seeing no one around the man enters the room closing the door behind him. He pokes around the bathroom briefly then pulls back the shower curtain to an expensive looking roll top bath with little bronze feet.

MARK: What a marvellous place to bathe

He sniffs his arm pits and makes a face.

MARK: Ugh! And I could certainly use one, phewee! You're not going to impress the ladies with just your formidable scent Marky boy. The ladies here aren't going to just take a good whiff then hump your leg after a couple of Bacardi Breezers; this isn't Newcastle. We're talking about Leicester here, home of... well that really fat guy... Daniel Lambert! Yeah, Daniel Lambert and umm... well they have that old Roman wall too and I think there is probably a castle of something, Robin Hood must have had a castle right with all that loot he was snatching from that Nottingham bloke? Anyway what I mean is this is a city of culture and sophistication.

He wanders over to the mirror and looks at his reflection tilting his head from side to side.

MARK: Chiselled good looks are all well and good but to get in with the ladies here. You know the sophisticated upper echelons of society. The blue bloods with all that lovely dough and that tiny food. I'm going to need to be on the top of my game. Which can mean only one thing...

He spins around arm outstretched hand up.

MARK: Stop! Showertime.

He dances over to the door, hammer style.

MARK: Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

He searches in vain for the lock and finding nothing he stops puzzled.

MARK: No lock eh? Ah how the other half lives. I bet they have a person who's job it is to hang out front and make sure no one catches them having a shit. An official shit guardian. I like that shit guardian. They do shit right? Rich people or do they get like water blasted up there or whatever? Anyway what to do, what to do...

He spins away from the door in dramatic fashion back of his hand to his forehead.

MARK: Ah Ha! I have the perfect thing.

He rips off his trousers like a stripper to display some shiny red swimming shorts.

MARK: Shower shorts. For the man who has nothing to hide... but still wants to. Thank you JD of Scrubs fame. You've saved the day again.

He struts over to the shower turns it on and gets in singing U Can't Touch This. As he showers the door opens a crack and a gloved hand reached in turning off the light.

MARK: Mood lighting eh? I guess the power cuts are happening here too, bloody Tories. Well you know what they say. Can't touch this oh-oh oh oh oh-oh-oh.

The door opens and closes quietly and a dark figure enters hidden in shadow as Mark continues to rap himself. The figure crosses the bathroom stealthily and then pull back the shower curtain.

MARK: Dude, ocupido, ocupido. Jeez don't you guys knock I mean it's bad enough you don't have a lock on the door but...

Mark is cut off as he is brutally stabbed to death. As he slumps to the ground the stage goes dark, the door opens then a few seconds later the light goes up and there is a scream.

Scene opens in the lounge of a well to do Leicester family. There are three women in the room two young, wild eyed, huddled close together and one older, a little apart standing straight. There is a knock and the door and the older woman strides purposely over and opens the door. In the doorway is a frazzled looking man in a rumpled suit.

MARGOT: May I help you?

O'HARE: Hi Mam, I'm Detective O'Hare from the LAPD. I'm here about the umm...

He pulls a crumpled sheet of paper from his pocket and squints at it.

O'HARE: Oh, murder cool. I'm here for the murder, well to catch the murder I'm not here to like murder someone. I'm not like a hitman or anything.

MARGOT: ID?

He flashed his badge and Margot stoops to examine it thoroughly before she steps back to allow him in.

MARGOT: A little out of your jurisdiction aren't you detective?

O'HARE: I'm not sure I follow you.

MARGOT: LAPD...

Detective O'Hare looks at her blankly.

MARGOT: Los Angeles...

O'HARE: Oh no Leicester Area Police Department. We've had a bit of a rebrand our numbers weren't so good last year so the higher ups thought we needed to... distance ourselves from the old administration. Marketing you know, how it is.

MARGOT: Quite

O'HARE: So is this everyone?

MARGOT: Yes, my two nieces and I we're just getting ready for the party, we throw a summer gala this time every year just a few hundred of our nearest and dearest friends, the PM, Prince William maybe the Arch Bishop if he can find someone to cover morning mass. Thankfully none of the other guests have arrived yet. I expect you'll get the body out of the way quickly so there isn't a scandal?

O'HARE: A party huh? Neat I do love a good party...

The detective pauses fishing for an invite while Margot looks on unmoved.

O'HARE: OK... Next time maybe

The detective pauses again and again Margot is not impressed.

O'HARE: Fine

Detective O'Hare covers up saying dick with a pretend cough, Margot clearly hears him but doesn't rise to the bait.

O'HARE: So where's this 'dead man then'?

Detective O'Hare does the air quotes thing when he says dead man.

MARGOT: He's in the bathroom just through there

Detective O'Hare walks off stage, there is the sound of a door opening.

O'HARE: Jesus H Christ what a mess! Wait until the boys back at the station here about this, ha ha. Wait let me get a selfie. Golden, absolutely golden.

Detective O'Hare comes back in to the room covered in blood holding a large knife in one hand and his phone in the other. He is looking at the picture he took on his phone.

O'HARE: Awesome

He shakes his head and puts his phone back in his pocket.

O'HARE: Well he's definitely dead. So which one of you did it? Come on put your hand up nice and high.

No one raises their hand.

O'HARE: Ah come on, be a pal I've a big darts game in an hour we're playing the Dog and Duck... It's the championship game... Fine. But one of these days that will work, I guarantee you and then who will look like a moron. Not this guy.

Detective O'Hare points to himself with both thumbs.

O'HARE: So which one of you did you say found the body?

MARGOT: I didn't

Detective O'Hare covers up saying 'dick' with another pretend cough.

SOPHIE: Emmy found him

EMMA: Yes

O'HARE: Did you kill him

EMMA: No

O'HARE: You sure?

EMMA: Yes, why would I kill him? I invited him here.

O'HARE: Invited him here to kill him

EMMA: No

O'HARE: Shit, well I'm stumped

MARGOT: So that's it? You come in throw wild accusations around and then give up?

O'HARE: Maybe

MARGOT: In my day we wouldn't stand for this kind of slipshod work. In my day we had real police officers who understood how to do an investigation... and how to treat their betters.

O'HARE: In your day all the murders were probably committed by those Velcro-raptors.

MARGOT: Velociraptors

O'HARE: Whatever, dick, I um mean dear.

SOPHIE: Aren't you going to ask us where we were? Look around for clues. You know dust for prints that kind of thing?

Detective O'Hare sighs heavily drops the knife in his pocket and pulls out a notepad.

O'HARE: Alright then Miss Maple.

MARGOT: Marple

O'HARE: That's what I said

MARGOT: No you said...

O'HARE: I said Marple. You there, woman, name.

The detective points to Sophie.

SOPHIE: Sophie Hollingsworth

O'HARE: Did you kill, umm, what's his face?

EMMA: Mark Dillinger

O'HARE: Right Mark Dnnngggr

Detective O'Hare mumbles the surname clearly not having heard it.

O'HARE: So why did you kill him? Jealous he was nailing your sister and not you?

MARGOT: Well I...

EMMA: He Wasn't...

SOPHIE: I didn't...

O'HARE: Yeah, yeah I've heard it all before; where were you at the time of the murder?

SOPHIE: I was taking some air in the garden. I saw the steam coming from the bathroom window then the light went out. That's all I know.

O'HARE: Did anyone see you?

SOPHIE: I saw Emmy and Auntie Margot in the parlour before I went out.

O'HARE: OK garden, no alibi got it. You Gemma, where were you at the time of the murder?

EMMA: It's Emma

O'HARE: Gemma, Emma same difference where were you? Sneaking in to ram this in your cheating boyfriends back I bet.

EMMA: No! No I would never... and he wasn't... I mean I hoped he would be but...

Emma bursts into tears.

EMMA: I never even got a chance to see his dingaling...

Sophie comforts the crying Emma.

O'HARE: What about you Captain Cavewoman where were you?

O'Hare moves over to confront Margot.

MARGOT: I was in here, reading, alone before you start but I've no reason to kill that man. Why would I allow him to come to my party if I hated him enough to kill him? I mean sure he is not the kind of man I would usually want dating young Emmy but she is a smart girl. I knew she would come around eventually. Besides we all had our little dalliances from time to time, I know I did.

O'HARE: I think I'm going to be sick

Emma now much recovered goes and gets herself a drink from the table at the side.

EMMA: But Auntie I thought...

The lights cut out there's the sound of a scuffle then a gasp. When the lights come back up Emma is dead a knife sticking out of her chest.

O'HARE: Jesus wept! I mean what the fuck girls!? Now I've got two lots of paperwork to do. You know what the Captain of the team is going to do to me?!? Do you? I swear you rich folks don't think about anyone but yourselves.

The women stand one at each end of the room looking at each other like strange cats meeting for the first time.

O'HARE: Right who did it? Hands up now I'm not messing now. If you tell me I promise I'll have you in a nice comfy cell before you can say 'I killed them' and then we can all move on with our lives. I mean you're just a woman you'll probably just end up in a white-collar, minimum-security resort. You know, they have conjugal visits there? Shit. I'm a free man and I haven't had a conjugal visit in six months.

Both ladies look at him blankly.

O'HARE: Come one Office Space! You know Office Space... Aw you guys are the worst.

Detective O'Hare pours himself a glass of scotch and sulks.

SOPHIE: Auntie you wouldn't... You couldn't.... she is your niece...

MARGOT: I don't know what you're talking about child. You've always been the jealous type I just didn't think you'd stoop low enough to murder; and your own sister at that. Think of the scandal, what will people say?

SOPHIE: You think I? How dare you!

MARGOT: Well it wasn't me and that buffoon over there probably can't tell which end of the knife is the sharp one.

O'HARE: I can too, look it's this one... Owwww!

Detective O'Hare accidentally stabs himself in the finger.

MARGOT: See what I mean

O'HARE: Hey it was an accident it could have happened to... God damnit!

Detective O'Hare accidentally stabs himself again.

O'HARE: Stupid Knife

He throws the knife on the floor and stomps over to the table to get a cloth for his hand.

SOPHIE: You can't pin this on me you old bat. You just didn't want Emmy dating him and giving away all of our fathers money. Money that you want all for yourself. If Emmy married him then you'd get nothing, but with her out of the way all that is between you and my fathers money is...

MARGOT: You?

The lights go out there's a whimper, the sound of a scuffle and then silence. When the lights come back up Sophie is lying on top of her sister dead with a knife in her back.

O'HARE: Seriously another murder, really? You know that makes you a serial killer? Do you have any idea the kind of paperwork have to fill in for a serial? Do you? I'm going to be stuck in the office for weeks. I was supposed to go to the cinema tomorrow; Miss Congeniality 3: Back in Black. Sandra Bullock and AC/DC together for the first time.

He takes the tickets out of this pocket and rips them up.

O'HARE: Wednesday was date night with my wife, dinner at this nice Marco Pierre White restaurant followed by dancing at a club and you know what then. Sex! You know when the last time we had sex was you harpy?

Detective O'Hare pulls a condom from his pocket and throws it at Margot.

O'HARE: And for what? Money? You're rich enough to have your own shit guardian and you want more money? You are such a dick,

MARGOT: If I were you'd I'd moderate my tone.

O'HARE: Moderate my tone?!?! I'll moderate your...

The lights go out and there is the sound of heels striding slowly across the floor.

O'HARE:

I've got a bad feeling about this...



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