

## Characters

- Burglar (E) - A burglar in the middle of a tense heist. Stressed.  
Getaway (E) - An unconventional getaway driver. Casual, in no rush.
- Hero (E) - A hero confronting their nemesis. Sympathetic and practical.  
Villain (E) - A diabolical mastermind. Absurd, passionate.
- Left (E) - The left-fielder of a baseball team.  
Centre (E) - The Centre-fielder of a baseball team.
- Calico (E) - A cat and a senior soldier. Gruff.  
Tabby (E) - A cat and a soldier. Earnest.
- Detective(E) - A detective cracking a case. Could be excessively British.  
Police (E) - A police officer. Could be excessively British.
- Genius (E) - A mathematical genius who has made an incredible breakthrough.  
Pupil (E) - A pupil to Genius. Rational and skeptical.
- Writer (E) - A playwright struggling to put the finishing touches on a script.  
Friend (E) - Writer's friend. Supportive.

**Scene 1 - "Getaway Driver": Exterior of a bank**

**(Exterior of a bank. Burglar runs out of the bank in a great hurry, holding a bag of money and a crowbar. They have a phone to their ear.)**

**Burglar:** I've got it! I've got the money! Where are you?

**Getaway:** **(Offstage)** Not far. Let me tell you, after six, the timing on these lights is totally off. It's red, red, red. Everybody's home from work already, and it's all still red.

**Burglar:** Uh... yeah. Just hurry up, alright?

**Getaway:** I wish I could, pal. It's brutal out here. My light comes on, I finally get to move, and some lunatic comes out of nowhere and cuts me off. I mean, geez Louise.

**Burglar:** Geez Louise? Did you just... geez Louise...?

**(SFX. Sounds of pursuit from inside the bank draws Burglar's attention. They panic momentarily, then use their crowbar to bar the bank door shut. SFX. pounding from the other side as the bank authorities try to get through. This may continue for a little bit as dialogue continues.)**

**Burglar:** Look, screw the lights! Run 'em!

**Getaway:** No need.

**(Getaway rides onstage on a bicycle. They ring the attached bell in a warm greeting. Burglar puts their phone away.)**

**Burglar:** What...? Who are you supposed to be?

**Getaway:** I'm your getaway driver this evening. Pleasure to meet you.

**Burglar:** You...? Where's the car?

**Getaway:** Oh, yeah, that. Totally slipped my mind. Yeah, no, car's in the shop. Last getaway got *real* messy. One of my mirrors got a pretty mean scratch - unsafe driving conditions, you know. Can't be picking up clients with a scratched mirror. No one would take me seriously.

**Burglar:** Look, I'm in no mood to play around. I don't know how long that door is gonna hold, or when the cops are gonna get here, so we've got to move it.

**Getaway:** Couldn't agree more. Hop on, compadre.

**(Getaway scooches forward in their seat.)**

**Burglar:** You can't be serious. That bike is clearly not big enough for both of us.

**Getaway:** Oh, it's alright. Me and my sister used to do this all the time when we were kids. It's comfier than you'd think.

**Burglar:** *Comfort* is not the problem anyway! *Speed* is the problem! The cops are going to show up in *cars*!

**Getaway:** Yeah, but we can cut through parks and stuff. And trust me, I was scoping things out on the ride here: nobody else is using the bike lanes at this time of night. We can *cruise*.

**(Burglar and Getaway's attention is stolen by the SFX. sudden sound of slow, loud impacts on the bank door - perhaps a battering ram of some kind. The door miraculously holds.)**

**Getaway:** **(Pause.)** Anyway, the car was due for an oil change, too. Now hop on! For someone who seems to be in such a rush, you sure are taking your time.

**Burglar:** This is ridiculous. Why are you even here? Where's my regular getaway driver?

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from [www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/](http://www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/)*

**Getaway:** Oh, Steve?

**Burglar:** No names!

**Getaway:** No, it's alright, Steve and I are tight. We get lunch together sometimes. Anyway, he's taking some PTO. He and the wife - his wife, not mine, I don't have a wife - are taking a little mini-vay-cay to visit family in Missouri. So, I've got no lunch buddy for this Thursday, if you wanted to-

**Burglar:** We don't have time for this!

**(Burglar awkwardly climbs on the bike behind Getaway.)**

**Burglar:** Let's just gas it! At least they won't be expecting a bike.

**Getaway:** That's the spirit! Anyway, about lunch -

**(The bike moves forward slightly, then Getaway stops.)**

**Getaway:** Oh, no.

**Burglar:** What? What is it now?

**Getaway:** I'm sorry, I totally didn't realise. Our tyre pressure is *way* low. I could feel it right away there. But don't worry - you're working with a professional.

**Burglar:** Clearly.

**Getaway:** I have just the tool for the occasion.

**(Burglar and Getaway climb off the bike, and Getaway digs through a bag and removes an air pump. They begin the slow process of filling the bike's tyres. Then Burglar and Getaway both freeze and stare at the bank door as SFX. the revving of power tools - perhaps a chainsaw. Miraculously, the door holds. Getaway, unfazed, continues to fill the bike tyres.)**

**Burglar:** This is insane. I'm just gonna leg it.

**Getaway:** What?! And just leave me here? But what if the security guys get through the door?

**Burglar:** Then you'd better leg it, too.

**Getaway:** Oh, I can't do that. I ate just before I came. I'd cramp up for sure. And then those guys would catch me, and they'd be all intimidating and ask me what you look like and which way you went, and I'm just a terrible liar, so I'd have to tell them the truth, and I'd just feel so awful, because you seem really nice

**Burglar:** Just fill the tires already!

**Getaway:** Well, I'm trying to. You're kind of a chatterbox.

**Burglar:** **(Groans.)** You've really truly done this successfully?

**Getaway:** Multiple times. If my method didn't work, I'd be in prison. **(Turns to Burglar.)** And I'm not.

**Burglar:** That's no small miracle. I honestly can't believe this is happening. I'm watching my getaway driver refill the air on their bike tyres... you're not even a getaway driver. You don't *drive* a bike.

**Getaway:** "Getaway rider" actually sounds cooler, I think.

**Burglar:** Sure - if we were riding a motorcycle!

**Getaway:** I don't ride motorcycles. Don't want to come off as edgy.

**Burglar:** What?

**Getaway:** I don't know. Maybe that's judge-y of me. And actually, other people can totally pull off the motorcycle look. But I just don't think I have it in me, you know? I show up on a motorcycle, first thought in your head would be, "Midlife crisis."

**Burglar:** Maybe. But instead, the first thought in my head was, "I'm about to get arrested, and *that's* why."

**Getaway:** Have a little faith. And wait to rate your experience until *after* we've escaped and/or been arrested.

**Burglar:** Rate my experience? Zero. Zero out of ten. Zero out of a hundred.

**Getaway:** Don't joke about my ratings! They're important! Nobody's gonna hire me if my ratings are low! And I swear, my ratings are good.

**Burglar:** I can't imagine why. What do clients like about you? Your casual, light-hearted topics for conversation? Your calm and ease in situations that call for urgency?

**Getaway:** You've got to admit, it does help take the edge off.

**Burglar:** No! No, it very much puts the edge *on*! I am on edge!

**Getaway:** **(Skeptical)** Mm... you'd be *more* on edge if I showed up in a car.

**(Getaway finishes filling the tyre and packs away the pump.)**

© Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from [www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/](http://www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/)*

**Getaway:** Alright! Time for a smooth, safe getaway!

**Burglar:** It's about time!

**(Getaway and Burglar awkwardly get on the bike together. Just as they do, they freeze and stare at the bank door as we hear the sound of a fuse being lit. A moment later, SFX. an explosion - maybe the lights flicker, maybe the door shakes. Miraculously, the door holds - but Burglar and Getaway are kind of used to this by now.)**

**Burglar:** **(Pause.)** Get us to 42nd Street. It's out of the way, and I've got a contact there who-

**Getaway:** Sure thing, boss. Just, one little detour first.

**Burglar:** Detour?! We're running from the cops... on a *bike*... and you want to take a detour?!

**Getaway:** It's not far out of the way. Just need to swing by the bank on Main Street.

**Burglar:** **(Aghast)** Why would we swing by the bank on main street?

**Getaway:** Gotta pick up another client.

## Scene 2 - "Drastic Measures": Interior of Villain's evil lair

**(Villain wields a spoon of unimaginable power. Hero has just arrived in great distress.)**

- Villain:** I've got it! The Spoon of Cataclysm is mine!
- Hero:** Impossible! It's been sealed away in a top-secret, secure vault for centuries! It was supposed to be impossible to steal, protected by all sorts of traps!
- Villain:** Yes, the safeguards were treacherous. The spoon was kept on a pedestal, and if the weight upon the pedestal were to shift, the entire vault would come crumbling down around me! But I deftly replaced it with a different object of similar weight - and now the magnificent powers of the Spoon of Cataclysm are within my grasp!
- Hero:** No! You fiend!
- Villain:** Mwahaha! Yes, with this in my possession, I wield the power to end all worlds!
- Hero:** What do you plan to do with such a terrible power?
- Villain:** Uh... end all worlds. Obviously.
- Hero:** Wait, seriously?
- Villain:** Yeah. It's the Spoon of Cataclysm. If I wanted favourable weather and bounteous tidings, I would have gone after the Fork of Favourable Weather and Bounteous Tidings.
- Hero:** Well, yeah, but I figured you'd take that evil power and use it to do some other evil thing.
- Villain:** Like, convert the cataclysm power into some other kind of power? That math is so tedious. No way.
- Hero:** So, you're just going to end all worlds?
- Villain:** That's the plan, yeah.
- Hero:** But why? What can you possibly hope to gain?
- Villain:** Oh, it's very simple. Not that I would expect a simpleton like *you* to understand.

**Hero:** I'll have you know that I graduated top of my class three years early at the most prestigious -

**Villain:** Clowns.

**Hero:** Come again?

**Villain:** It's all about clowns.

**Hero:** Uh... are we still talking about the end of all worlds?

**Villain:** Yes. Because the end of all worlds will be the end of all clowns. A necessary sacrifice.

**Hero:** I'm... still not following.

**Villain:** Clowns, man! Clowns are evil! Do they all have really huge feet, or do they all just wear oversized shoes? Either way, that's weird. And those cars! Where did they get licenses for those? The clown DMV? What's up with the noses? The make-up? The hair? Nobody knows, except the clowns. Are we not concerned about the fact that the clowns just have these institutions and weird rituals and know all these things that nobody else knows? That's messed up, man. They could have a secret clown society hidden right under our noses! Entire schools for clown children, hidden behind secret train station passages, where they get all their mail by owl!

**Hero:** I feel like maybe you have trauma.

**Villain:** Of course I have trauma! It's clowns! Clowns generate trauma! They just do! I don't make the rules!

**Hero:** And you're willing to let the entire rest of the universe be collateral in your quest to destroy all clowns?

**Villain:** I mean, I tried to figure out another way. I was just going to try to track them all down, but there's no way. They live in the sewers, you know. They lure in children. There's no way I can check every single sewer.

**Hero:** I think that's from a -

**Villain:** And anyway, even if we did get rid of them, it wouldn't be enough. They have technology that uses ancient clown DNA to bring them back in the modern day. And sure, we could try to contain them in a park or something, but I have a feeling things would get out of hand -



**Hero:** What are we even talking about?

**Villain:** You're right - we should get back to business. The clowns are multiplying as we speak. They breed like rabbits, you know.

**Hero:** I feel like that's not true.

**Villain:** They have little clown children, with weird shoes and noses, right out of the womb. I assume.

**Hero:** You *assume*? Look, man, I get where you're coming from. I really do. Clowns are weird. You don't understand them. I don't understand them. And that can be scary.

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from [www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/](http://www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/)*

**Villain:** It is. It is scary. I should destroy everything and everyone so that the bad scary clowns are all gone.

**Hero:** Hang on, hang on. Have you ever actually ever *met* a clown?

**Villain:** Sorry, I feel like we're totally off track. And that's a hundred per cent on me. But anyway, do you wanna, like, have an epic battle, or maybe do some dramatic monologuing, or-?

**Hero:** No, no, hear me out. I think maybe you should meet a clown. Really get to know one.

**Villain:** Preposterous! If you get too close, they crawl up into your hair and yank it around to control you like their little puppet.

**Hero:** And force you to cook gourmet dishes?

**Villain:** So you've heard of their treachery!

**Hero:** Look, man, I really think we should just sit down and have a conversation with a clown. Maybe they won't seem so weird and scary if we give them a chance to explain things to us. Or maybe all your fears and suspicions will be proven right, and then we can totally destroy the entire world, no problem.

**Villain:** Hm... I don't know... internalising a new world view that affords clowns some level of tolerance sounds hard... and I've really kinda gone all-in on the whole "end of all worlds" idea...

**Hero:** But maybe that's exactly what the clowns want. Maybe this has been their scheme all along. We'll never know unless we talk to one. And, who knows? Maybe we'll find out they're not so bad after all.

**Villain:** Mm... I mean, I guess... but the spoon is Plan B.

**Hero:** Oh, for sure. Now, let's go find us a clown.

**(Villain reluctantly passes off the spoon to Hero.)**

**Villain:** My father was a clown, you know.

**Hero:** Really?

**Villain:** Yeah. I didn't really know him - I was raised on a farm by my aunt and uncle - but then I was out fighting clowns, and it turned out the clown I was fighting was my dad, and then he cut off my hand... but I guess he was alright in the end, because he threw this other clown who could shoot lightning out of a skyscraper...

**Hero:** Mm-hm. That's rough, buddy.

**(They exit together.)**

### Scene 3 - "The Outfield": A baseball outfield

**(A baseball field. Presently, Centre and Left, both outfielders, run onstage from opposite directions, looking up at an incoming ball.)**

**Centre & Left:** **(In unison)** I've got it!

**(Centre and Left bump into each other and begin jostling, trying to get into position to catch the ball. Their eyes are still on the sky.)**

**Centre:** I said, I've got it!

**Left:** No, *I've* got it!

**(Centre abandons their efforts to catch the ball to give Left their full attention.)**

**Centre:** Now, listen here, pal. That ball is clearly coming down in Centre field. It's mine.

**(Left abandons their efforts to catch the ball to give Centre their full attention.)**

**Left:** It's *left*-Centre field and regardless, I knew I could get in position to catch before you, which I *did*, so *I* should be the one catching.

**Centre:** Nuh-uh.

**Left:** Yeah huh.

**Centre:** Nuh-uh!

**Left:** Yeah huh!

**Centre:** That's a load of bologna! I never drop flies like this. You know I don't.

**Left:** Of course you don't. Because no one ever hits to Centre. Lefties hit to right, righties hit to left. Most people are righties - that's why they have me on left field. And you're on Centre.

**Centre:** That's ridiculous. Lefties *and* righties hit to Centre, sometimes. So it stands to reason that you'd put your best man, the guy who can do it all, Centre field. Where *I* am.

**Left:** Why, I oughta...

**Centre:** You oughta what?

**Left:** Why, I oughta...!

**Centre:** You oughta *what*?

**Left:** Wait, the ball!

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from [www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/](http://www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/)*

**(Left and Centre snap to attention, eyes on the inbound ball, preparing to catch it. It is still falling. Gradually, they begin to relax.)**

**Centre:** Uh... good call. About the ball. I mean, I was getting so caught up in the argument that I was starting to lose focus.

**Left:** Yeah, no, me too. But we're a team, right? Whether you catch it or I catch it, it all ends the same. The team picks up an out. That's what matters.

**Centre:** That's exactly right. It's a team sport after all.

**Left:** Right.

**Centre:** Yeah.

**Left:** Yeah.

**Centre:** Right.

**Left:** No "I" in team.

**Centre:** Nope. There's a T.

**Left:** That's true.

**Centre:** And an E.

**Left:** Yup.

**Centre:** And an A.

**Left:** Absolutely.

**(There's a moment of awkward silence.)**

**Centre:** And there's also a-

**Left:** Yeah, no, I know how it's spelled. We don't have to do the whole thing.

**Centre:** Yeah, no, sure.

**Left:** I feel like the point got made... with the first letter, actually. Three was definitely overkill.

**Centre:** For sure. **(Pause.)** But at this point, we might as well do the last letter, right?

**Left:** No, I really don't see the point.

**Centre:** Just to cover all our bases.

**Left:** Was that a baseball pun?

**Centre:** No it's just an expression. **(Pause. Hurriedly)** There's also an M in team.

**Left:** **(Sighs.)** Yes. There is. That's a very good - wait, the ball!

**(Left and Centre snap to attention, eyes on the inbound ball, preparing to catch it. It is still falling. Gradually, they begin to relax. A moment passes.)**

**Left:** **(Clears throat.)** Hey, this will be out three, right?

**Centre:** That's right.

**Left:** Well, I'm next in the batting order. So, if you feel good about making this catch, I think I might just go get my bat now. Speed things along a little.

**Centre:** Good idea. By the seventh inning, people are starting to get antsy.

**Left:** Alright, well, thanks.

**(Left exits, and Centre positions himself to catch the inbound ball. They shift into place... raise their glove... and Left re-enters with their bat. Left squints up at the inbound ball, which is still falling.)**

**Left:** What a hit, huh?

**Centre:** What a hit. But look, it's coming down now! Oh boy, here we go! Making the play! I've got it, I've got-!

**(Left wallops Centre with the bat, and Centre immediately falls unconscious.)**

**Left:** Sorry, pal. But I'm not gonna let some lousy Centre-fielder steal my plays.

**(The ball drops, at long last, right next to Centre's unconscious body. Left watches it hit the ground and roll for a moment. Alternatively, maybe it drops directly into Centre's unmoving glove.)**

**Left:** Well, crap.

**Scene 4 - "Mysterious Red Light": A living room**

**(Calico and Tabby are peeking out from behind a sofa, anxiously focused on a mysterious red light on the floor.)**

**Calico:** **(Hushed)** I've got it.

**Tabby:** No, no. We can't overextend again. You spook it so it goes left, and then I'll cut it off.

**Calico:** But I've got a clean shot.

**(Tabby grabs and shakes Calico.)**

**Tabby:** Don't be a fool, soldier! Never underestimate the enemy!

**Calico:** You're underestimating *me*!

**Tabby:** I'm estimating you perfectly! We can't afford to lose this chance!

**Calico:** **(Takes a deep breath.)** You're right.

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from [www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/](http://www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/)*

**(Tabby releases Calico.)**

**Calico:** You're right, of course. It just seems so close...

**Tabby:** Many of our finest have lost their chance falling into that exact trap, soldier. We have to think two steps ahead. You set the trap; I'll spring it. We do this together, or not at all. You understand me?

**Calico:** Yes, sir.

**Tabby:** Good. Then get in position.

**(Calico slowly sneaks into position. Tension runs high. A moment passes.)**

**Calico:** Sir?

**Tabby:** Yes?

**Calico:** I'm scared.

**Tabby:** You should be, soldier. This is the enemy that has bested our best. We have no idea what they're even capable of. This may very well be the end of us. If we fail here, the enemy will continue to terrorize our children and our children's children's children.

**Calico:** What about our children's children?

**Tabby:** Well, I figure it will get tired at some point and have to take a break. So our grandkids will probably be fine.

**Calico:** Oh. That's good.

**Tabby:** But still, countless innocents will be terrorised by the enemy if we fail here! So we *can't* fail here. Understood?

**Calico:** Understood. **(Pause.)** Sir?

**Tabby:** Soldier?

**Calico:** It's been an honour.

**Tabby:** Likewise, soldier. Give 'em hell.

**(Pause. Then Calico pounces toward the red light with a shriek. Tabby leaps into the fray immediately after, and complete chaos ensues. The mysterious red light darts around, disappearing and reappearing, and Calico and Tabby barrel after it, or perhaps occasionally away from it in fear, shouting all the while. Perhaps they knock over various pieces of furniture in their frenzy.)**

**Calico & Tabby:** **(Ad lib, improvised)** Over there! Don't let it get away! I've got it, I've got it - oh wait, no I don't. Face me like a man! Never surrender! It got my leg, it got my leg! If you strike me down, I will become more powerful than you can possibly imagine! Die, devil, die! Remember me!

**(Calico and Tabby regroup. The mysterious red light has vanished for the moment. Calico and Tabby are breathless and trembling.)**

**Calico:** Don't let your guard down. It could be anywhere...

**Tabby:** Soldier...



**Calico:** If it comes back, I'll buy you time.

**Tabby:** Soldier.

**Calico:** What?

**Tabby:** It's no use.

**Calico:** What?

**Tabby:** It's too powerful. There's nothing we can do.

**Calico:** Don't say that, sir...

**Tabby:** Listen to me, soldier. I've lived a good life. A better life than I deserve. And I'm tired. I don't want to struggle. I want to die with honour. I want to go with dignity.

**Calico:** Sir...

**(The mysterious red light reappears directly in front of Calico and Tabby, who both stare at it. Tabby takes a deep breath and salutes.)**

**Tabby:** Do not engage, soldier.

**Calico:** But, sir!

**Tabby:** Do not engage.

**Calico:** **(Deep breath.)** Yes, sir. By your command, sir.

**(Calico joins Tabby in saluting. They stand in solidarity for a long moment. Then they suddenly burst into action, chasing the red light again.)**

**Calico & Tabby:** **(Ad lib, improvised)** Never mind, I really wanna kill it! I can't take it anymore! This ends today! Kill it till it's so dead that it's not alive anymore! My rage knows no bounds! Take that!

**(Tabby screeches to a halt, mortified by something offstage.)**

**Tabby:** Incoming enemy reinforcements! Retreat!

**(Tabby and Calico flee in terror as a cucumber is flung onstage.)**

## **Scene 5 - "Case Closed": Interior of an apartment**

**(Detective and Police are in an apartment, the scene of a murder. The room has a window and door, although they may be implied, as well as a partly-eaten cake on a conspicuous pedestal. Maybe the victim is lying around somewhere, too. Detective is deep in thought, but presently arrives at a brilliant conclusion.)**

**Detective:** I've got it!

**Police:** You do, Detective?

**Detective:** I do!

**Police:** But they said the case couldn't be solved! That there was no evidence!

**Detective:** And it appeared to be so. But the solution was... elementary, my dear friend. Allow me to walk you through the steps that lead to my brilliant conclusion. Recount, if you will, the precise state of affairs when we arrived here.

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from [www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/](http://www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/)*

**Police:** Well, I arrived a little after you did. The caller, a neighbour of the victim, said they had heard a gunshot. We found the body upstairs, fatally shot in the left pinkie toe. They hadn't been dead long, but long enough for the murderer to escape.

**Detective:** Correct - but the murderer did *not* escape!

**Police:** How can you be sure, Detective?

**Detective:** Rudimentary, my dear friend! The victim had left their grocery list on the windowsill. Given the wind gusts at the estimated time of the murder, the grocery list surely would have blown off the windowsill had the window been opened! And as one cannot exit a house through a closed window, I conclude that the murderer did not exit through the window!

**Police:** They might have gone through the door, no?

**Detective:** No.

**Police:** No? How do you know?

**Detective:** Parliamentary, my dear friend! While inspecting the house, I realised that our victim had painted the walls shortly before their untimely death, including the wall around the front door. The paint, in fact, was still wet - and had dripped down onto the doorknob! The wet paint on the doorknob was still undisturbed. Given these considerations, I conclude that the murderer did not exit through the door!

**Police:** But if they didn't leave through the window or the door, how did they escape?

**Detective:** Complementary, my dear friend! They did not escape at all! They are, in fact, still in the apartment with us!

**Police:** Oh, my! They could be lurking around any corner! We must be on our guard!

**Detective:** Not so. For you see, this is where my brilliant sleuthing skills truly begin to shine! As you noted, I arrived here shortly before you did - and prior to your arrival, I installed a strategically positioned chocolate cake!

**(Police gasps, turning to the cake.)**

**Detective:** Furthermore, I deduce that you have eaten a slice of this cake!

**(Police gasps more dramatically, covering their mouth with frosting-covered hands.)**

**Police:** How did you know?

**Detective:** Supplementary, my dear friend! As a general rule for all sentient life, *no one* can resist the allure of chocolate cake. Not being immune to this rule myself, I have eaten a slice, as have you. And given that there are only two slices of cake missing, I conclude that we are alone in this apartment. In tandem with my previous conclusions, I conclude that the murderer must be in this very room!

**(Police gasps even more dramatically - so dramatically that perhaps Detective can't help joining them.)**

**Police:** Are... are you saying that *I* am the murderer?

**Detective:** Incorrect once more! For you see, if we return to a previous piece of evidence, the puzzle will be complete! Recall that I arrived here before you did. This means that I hold exclusive knowledge of the fact that the victim was dead *before* you arrived. Conclusion: you could not have possibly killed the victim!

**Police:** Oh, I see! It must be suicide, then! How terribly tragic.

**Detective:** Ah - but can you be so sure?

**Police:** Well... let me think. You've said the murderer must be in this room.

**Detective:** Without a doubt.

**Police:** And I can't be the murderer.

**Detective:** Certainly not.

**Police:** Which leaves... just the victim themselves. There's no other possible answer.

**(Detective is visibly pained by this faulty logic.)**

**Detective:** Erm, but we ought to consider all the evidence! You've read the victim's file, I trust?

**Police:** Oh, yes. I read it closely.

**Detective:** Then do you recall whether the victim had a firearm permit?

**Police:** They did not.

**Detective:** That's precisely correct! This is the final elusive piece of the puzzle! The victim could not have fired the gun themselves, because that would be illegal! Thus, I conclude that the victim did not fire the shot.

**Police:** But that can only mean one thing.

**Detective:** My dear friend... surely you don't mean to accuse?

**Police:** This crime is impossible to solve.

**Detective:** **(Pause.)** What?

**Police:** It was a perfect murder. There is no evidence, not a trace. Unsolvably, by all accounts.

**Detective:** Is that a fact?

**Police:** It must be.

**Detective:** But must it?

**Police:** Certainly.

**Detective:** But remember the evidence. You have all the pieces right in front of you, and I'm certain an answer will come to light if you align them just so... come on now, recall what we know so far.

**Police:** Alright, well. We know the murderer did not leave the apartment after the murder, either through the window or the door.

**Detective:** That's true...

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from [www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/](http://www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/)*

**Police:** And we know that I did not shoot the victim, nor did the victim shoot themself..

**Detective:** Yes...

**(Police is under intense mental strain as they attempt to connect the dots.)**

**Police:** Which means...

**Detective:** Go on...

**Police:** It must mean...

**Detective:** You can do it!

**Police:** The murderer must be...

**Detective:** You're so close!

**Police:** It can be none other than...

**Detective:** Yes, yes!

**Police:** **(Ecstatic)** You! You killed them!

**Detective:** **(Exuberant)** Precisely! Given the evidence, there can be no other conclusion!

**Police:** Incredible! You've done it again, Detective! Your expert eye and sharp wit have unmasked yet another killer!

**(Police shakes Detective's hand warmly.)**

**Detective:** Yes, it's true. I'm yet to meet a case I couldn't solve.

**Police:** I think that calls for cake, don't you? Phenomenal work, Detective, simply phenomenal.

**(Detective and Police each take a celebratory slice of cake... then simultaneously freeze, staring at each other.)**

**Detective & Police:** **(In unison)** Wait a minute.

**Scene 6 - "A Breakthrough": Interior of a study**

**(Pupil is deep in scholarly work. Presently, Genius enters with a flourish.)**

**Genius:** I've got it! The solution to Pythagorumpy-Dumpty's Conundrum!

**Pupil:** What? But the world's greatest minds concluded long ago that it couldn't be done!

**Genius:** Yes, but that was long ago, my friend! Now, we have expanded our capabilities. We have evolved!

**Pupil:** But quantum trigonometalgebrarchy never changes! *Math* never changes! What was once impossible will always be impossible.

**Genius:** True - but what is impossible for the common man is attainable for the most brilliant mind this world has ever known! The brilliantest!

**Pupil:** Well... no use speculating about it. Let's see how you cracked it!

**Genius:** Yes, well, my process may seem madness to an unsophisticated mind. But you're bright, and I trust you'll be able to follow.

**(Genius unveils a large writing surface - a poster board, a chalkboard, a whiteboard, whatever works. They scribble madly as they begin their explanation.)**

**Genius:** So - as we both know, Pythagorumpy-Dumpty's Conundrum states that the A of B to the power C to the D-rivative of E minus F under the G -

**Pupil:** Yes, yes, of course I'm familiar with the Conundrum. But what of DiVinci Van-Gogh's Debacle? Mathematicians almost had the Conundrum solved decades ago, but the Debacle was the one piece that always stumped them.

**Genius:** Yes, let's skip to that. Like all the greats before me, I was stuck at the Debacle, running into the same old problem: the fact that one cannot, under any circumstances, equal two.

**(Genius writes " $1 \neq 2$ ".)**

**Pupil:** That's exactly what I'm saying. It simply can't be done. It's why the Conundrum can't be solved.

**Genius:** Yes. I stared at these two numbers, one and two, one and two. Not the same number, no matter how you twist it.

**Pupil:** Right. So what was your solution?

**Genius:** I'm getting there. It came to me as if in a dream. If only those two numbers could equal each other, I would have done it! Solved the Conundrum. Achieved my dream. But those two little digits remained stubbornly unequal. But then it came to me! What if... they weren't?

**Pupil:** Weren't what?

**Genius:** Unequal! Behold!

**(Slowly and dramatically, Genius erases the slash through the equals sign, creating a new equation: "1 = 2". Pupil is dumbfounded for a moment.)**

**Pupil:** That's... wrong.

**Genius:** Hm?

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from [www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/](http://www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/)*

**Pupil:** That's just wrong. Factually inaccurate. You didn't solve Pythagorumpy-Dumpty's Conundrum, you just failed second-grade mathematics.

**Genius:** And I realised that, of course! Regardless of what this misleading [**whiteboard, paper, chalkboard, arbitrary writing surface**] might suggest, one is *not* equal to two.

**Pupil:** So we're right back where we started.

**Genius:** Not quite. We've made one key step. For you see, solving the most complex mathematical theory ever conceived cannot occur in a single step!

**Pupil:** Of course not. If a solution really is possible, I naturally expect it will take several hundred -

**Genius:** It takes *two* steps! Yes, a second step is required! And here it is! Prepare yourself...!



**(Slowly and dramatically, Genius makes another change to the equation. It now reads: " $2 = 2$ ". Pupil is once again momentarily dumbfounded.)**

**Pupil:** It... can't be...

**Genius:** And yet, it is.

**Pupil:** This is insanity!

**Genius:** It is mathematically sound! Gaze upon it, and tell me where there is error!

**Pupil:** You can't just change a number into a different number!

**Genius:** That's what I thought, too! That's why no one could crack the Conundrum! But my eyes have been opened! I am a mathematical prophet!

**Pupil:** No, this - this isn't how math works.

**Genius:** I understand it may be hard to accept. I, too, was reluctant to embrace the truth. But now I have seen the light, and now I have an obligation.

**Pupil:** An obligation? Sure - an obligation to review elementary math!

**Genius:** Pythagorumpty-Dumpty has chosen me to reveal the truth to the masses.

**Pupil:** Chosen you? The truth? Are we still talking about math?

**(Genius begins to exit, with an air of enlightenment. Perhaps they even begin ascending out of sight.)**

**Pupil:** Where are you going? What's happening? I'm so confused right now. Are you going to start an anti-math cult or something?

**Genius:** Or something, yeah.

**Pupil:** Wait!

**(Pupil runs into Genius' path, preventing their exit. Or maybe grabs a leg or something if Genius was previously floating away.)**

**Pupil:** I can't let you go! You make a mockery of the esteemed field of trigonometalgebrarchy! Your stupid nonsense theory goes against generations of mathematical advancements!

**Genius:** It's not a theory! Look at the math! I showed my work!

**Pupil:** Showing your work doesn't mean anything if your work is wrong!

**Genius:** Admit it - you're just jealous of my genius! You wish Pythagorumpy-Dumpty had chosen you to open the eyes of the masses! Admit it!

**Pupil:** You-!

**(Pupil is interrupted by their SFX. cell phone ringing - preferably with a comical ringtone. Genius and Pupil stare at each other for a moment.)**

**Genius:** Do you have to take that?

**Pupil:** I really should, yeah.

**Genius:** We're kind of in the middle of something here.

**Pupil:** I mean, I could just answer it quickly and let them know I'm busy-

**Genius:** No, no. It's fine. It's whatever. The moment is totally over anyway.

**Pupil:** Are you sure?

**Genius:** Yes.

**Pupil:** If you really want, I can totally -

**Genius:** Just answer it.

**Pupil:** Okay.

**(Pupil holds the phone to their ear.)**

**Pupil:** Yell-o. **(Pause. To Genius)** It's one of the other guys who's been working on the Conundrum.

**Genius:** **(Irritably)** Tell them I already solved it.

**Pupil:** **(Into the phone, ignoring Genius)** Uh-huh. **(Pause.)** Yeah. **(Pause.)** The original document? Okay, and what did you find? **(Pause.)** Of course I know the ending. The square root of X to the inverse tangent of Y minus two. **(Pause.)**

**Stunned** No. **(Pause.)** What do you mean it's not a two? **(Pause.)** But then, that means... **(Pause.)** Listen, I gotta go.

**(Pupil hangs up in a state of disbelief.)**

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from [www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/](http://www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/)*

**Genius:** What was that all about?

**Pupil:** Well... you're not gonna believe this... but they were looking at the original text of Pythagorumpy-Dumpty's Conundrum, looking for anything we might have missed. Using blacklight, lemon juice, all that stuff.

**Genius:** And they found something?

**Pupil:** Well - yes. They noticed that all our transcriptions copied the Conundrum incorrectly. What we thought was a two, right at the end... was in reality a poorly written Z.

**(Pause. Then, ad-libbed and overlapping)**

**Genius:** **(Ad-lib)** Oh. That actually makes a lot of sense. Yeah. It's a Z. I did kind of think it was weird that there was only one number that wasn't a variable in the whole thing. So, yeah. Just some dude's bad handwriting... really threw us for a loop. Two... Z... they look kind of similar, you know, easy to get confused...

**Pupil:** **(Ad-lib)** Yeah. Yeah, no, it totally checks out. Because it was a Z, not a two. It's, like, X, Y... Z. So, that's, uh... yeah. That's the solution. Yeah, totally. It's actually kind of funny. Not really. But kind of. But not really. But anyway... yeah.

**(The ad-libbed rambling dies out, leaving an awkward silence for a moment.)**

**Genius:** Hey.

**Pupil:** Hey.

**Genius:** Things got a little intense back there for a second.

**Pupil:** Yeah, kinda.

**Genius:** I... I apologise. I may have gotten a bit carried away.

**Pupil:** Hey, don't sweat it. You thought you were onto something. It's only natural that you'd get excited, even if you were actually completely and totally wrong and not even almost a little bit right.

**Genius:** Yeah... **(Pause. Quickly)** But I still think my idea may have some merit -

**Pupil:** No.

## Scene 7 - "Writer's Block": Somewhere with a desk

(Writer is deep in thought as Friend enters. Friend watches for a moment.)

**Friend:** (Pause.) You're still working on it?

(Writer jerks around in surprise.)

**Writer:** What did you say?

**Friend:** I said, you're still working on it?

**Writer:** Oh. That's what I thought you said, I was just... expecting you to say something else.

© Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from [www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/](http://www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/got-performance/)*

**Friend:** Like what?

**Writer:** (Pause.) I'm not sure.

(Writer goes back to thinking. Friend waits for a moment.)

**Friend:** So... *are* you still working on it?

**Writer:** Yeah...

**Friend:** Why? That last reading went great. Everybody liked it.

**Writer:** Yeah, I know. It's close. But... I don't know. It feels kinda... random.

**Friend:** Random? Of course it's random. I thought that was the point.

**Writer:** Well, kind of. It's not supposed to have any real plot or anything, just little isolated scenes. But what I'm thinking is, if they're all totally isolated, then why package them all together? Why not just let them be totally separate scenes?

**Friend:** You're overthinking this. The show's good, it's funny. The baseball bit? The clown thing? It's good stuff. The fact that it's all different is what makes it good. Nobody wants to hear the same thing over and over.

**Writer:** Yeah, no, I like that they're different. I don't want the connecting thread to be overbearing or anything... I guess what I'm really looking for is something that's already there, something all these scenes have in common. That would be good for a title, anyway.

**Friend:** Well, that makes sense. I'm sure there's *something* there. Hm...

**Writer:** Hm...

**Friend:** Well, they're all about pairs of people. Groups of two.

**Writer:** Yeah, but I don't want to call the show "Couples" or "Pairs" or something. That doesn't get the right idea across.

**Friend:** Right. Maybe we go broader, then. At the most basic level, all these scenes are about humanity...

**Writer:** Nope, there's the cat one.

**Friend:** Right, right. Hm...

**Writer:** Hm...

**Friend:** **(Scraping the bottom of the barrel:)** Well... they all have words...

**Writer:** It's a play. Of course they all have words. I was hoping for something a little more specific. Like, a specific *sequence* of words would be fine, but just... words?

**Friend:** Yeah, that was dumb. Hm...

**Writer:** Hm...

**Friend:** Something that connects all these scenes... something they all have in common...

**(Writer and Friend ponder for a moment. Then, Writer suddenly jumps up with a bolt of inspiration.)**

**Writer:** Aha!

**Friend:** Did you think of something?

**(Pause. Writer sits, defeated.)**

**Writer:** Nah. I got nothing.