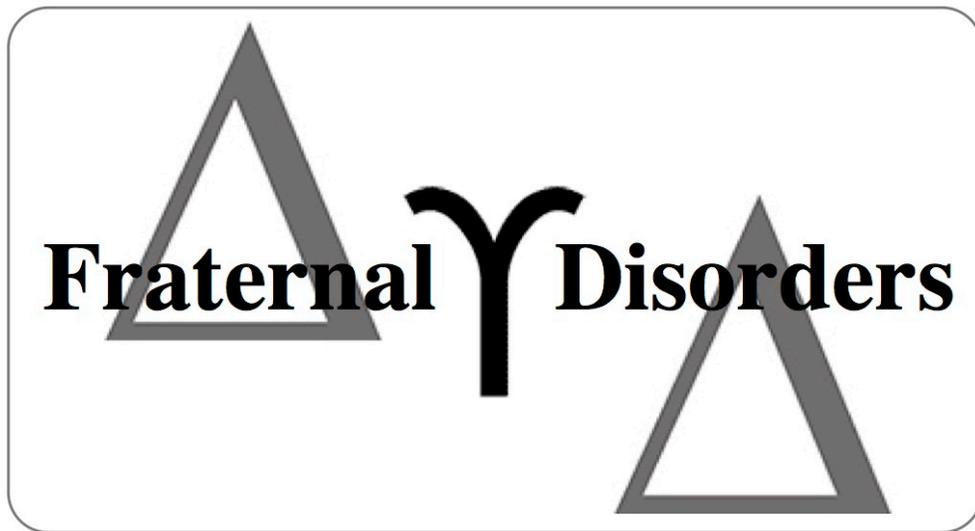


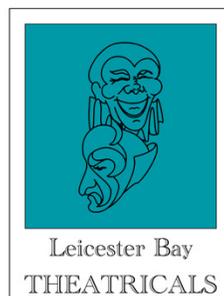
PERUSAL SCRIPT



A CHAMELEON'S MURDER MYSTERY

By

Jim Christian



Salt Lake City

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CAST OF CHARACTERS (6M 2W)

VAUDYS HUBBARD -- House Mother the Deltas—thoughtful and nurturing—always knows everybody’s business—constantly making little craft items for others—has been with the Deltas for decades

FRANK JOHNSON -- aspiring politician—married to Shauna—past president of the Greek Council—graduated in the Speech Communication—has spent the last 15 years selling timeshare condos in Death Valley

SHAUNA-PULLEY JOHNSON -- married to Frank—was crowned “Carnation Queen” of the Deltas 20 years ago (whatever year that was)—majored in Political Science—the woman behind the man—opinionated and abrupt without being crass

CHUCKY TUCKETT -- professional contestant—makes his living on game shows, entering giveaways, taking advantage of free offers—loaded with “Nickel Knowledge”—holds a degree in General Studies—Secretary/Historian for the Deltas

B.S. (BOBBY SHERMAN) MCCUE -- bikes with a group called “Buzzard Breath”—majored in P.E.—Never graduated—worked for a while as a cook on tuna boat (the only real job he has ever had)—Social Chairman for the Deltas

GLENDON PLOTTS -- introverted C.P.A.—Relates best to numbers—graduated with degrees in Business, Mathematics, and Statistics—lives alone with hundreds of gerbils—Treasurer for the Deltas

ERNIE RAY WASHBURN -- Pawnbroker—member of the National Rifle Association—went through college on the ROTC program—subscribes to “Soldier for Fortune” magazine—divorced—Pledge Master and trainer

OLIVER CHURCH -- curator of the “Casey Kasem Museum of the Find Arts and Car Wash”—world-traveler—graduated with an emphasis in Art History—over-inflated opinion of himself—served as Activities Chairman for the Deltas

SETTING: 20th reunion of the Delta Upsilon Delta fraternity

THE SECRET CLUE --

Vaudys (Mother Hubbard) needs to hand out miniature-sized THREE MUSKETEERS bars throughout the evening. She always encourages the recipient to recite the fraternity’s motto: “One for all and all for one!”

FRATERNAL DISORDERS CHAMELEONS’ MURDER MYSTERY by Jim Christian **Characters: 6m 2w**
Synopsis: A fraternity reunion provides the perfect opportunity for old scandals to rise from the ashes and the members of Delta Upsilon Delta find out the hard way that vows taken in the past have lasting impact.
(ORDER #3086)

FRATERNAL DISORDERS

1 -- Cocktails

(Everyone has gathered and is socializing. Once the majority of the crowd has settled in, VAUDYS gains everyone's attention and begins.)

2 -- After Cocktails (Act One)

VAUDYS: The Hoo-hoo! Everybody! It's time to get things a jammin' around here. Hoo-hoo!

(Unable to silence the last few people.)

Ernie Ray —could you give me a hand?

ERNIE: *(With rising crescendo)* All right—let's—have—it—QUIET IN HERE!

VAUDYS: Thank you, Ernest.

(To the whole group.)

In case any of you don't remember me, I'm Vaudys Hubbard, and I was the house mother for Delta Upsilon Delta for over 40 years. My, my, my... I just can't get over how touched I am to see all of you back here in the same room. Welcome back, Deltas!

ALL: Thank you, Mother Hubbard.

VAUDYS: Thank you, Boys.

ALL: Thank you, Mother Hubbard.

VAUDYS: Thank you, Boys.

ALL: Thank you, Mother Hubbard.

VAUDYS: Thank you.

(Catching herself being tricked.)

Oh! You Scamps! Now, this year we are honoring a very special group of boys. Their many accomplishments include being named outstanding chapter by Delta Upsilon International, and also being voted "fraternity we'd most like to be shipwrecked with" by the Kappa Alpha Thetas. Perhaps, they are best remembered for their phenomenal fund-raising efforts which shattered all previous records. I am so proud to present to you—the [appropriate year] officers of Delta Upsilon Delta.

(She leads the applause)

... and representing those "Spirits of '76[use appropriate year]" is their president—Frank Johnson

(More applause.)

FRANK: Thank you, Mother Hubbard. Thank you, fellow Deltas.

(Reading a prepared speech from notecards.)

As past President of the Greek Council and Delta Upsilon Delta, it is with great pride that I stand before you tonight to accept this recognition. However, it is an honor which must be shared with an incredible bunch of guys, and I want to get them appear with me right now.

(They all balk for one reason or another.)

Come on.

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(No response.)

Come on up, guys. Here they are, the [appropriate year] officers of the Delta Upsilon Delta!

(Still no response.)

Hey, fellas—don't make me look like some kind of idiot.

B.S.: Too late for that.

FRANK: Okay—I can see this isn't going to be easy. All right—I know are Secretary/Historian, Chuck Tuckett, is here. Where are you, Chucky?

(CHUCKY waves his hand cheerily.)

Great. I knew I could count on you.

(CHUCKY doesn't move.)

So ... would you like to join me appear?

(CHUCKY smiles and shakes his head.)

What's the problem, Chucky?

CHUCKY: You know.

FRANK: What?

CHUCKY: You know.

FRANK: No, I don't.

CHUCKY: Do it the old way.

FRANK: *(sighing)* Oh, brother.

(With resignation)

Chucky Tuckett—come on down!

CHUCKY: *(Running forward, uploading himself as he goes)* Yeah!

FRANK: Okay. And I also saw Glendon Plotts, [appropriate year] Treasurer for the Deltas...

(GLENDON scurries forward to take his place alongside CHUCKY without a word.)

... There's Oliver Church who served as our Rush Chairman...

OLIVER: *(dryly)* Hello, Frank.

(OLIVER moves forward.)

FRANK: ... And we already heard from Ernie Ray Washburn, our Pledge Master and trainer...

ERNIE: *(steps into place alongside the others, saluting and barking)* Sir—Yes—Sir!

FRANK: ... and that just leaves B. S. McCue, Social Chairman for the Deltas.

B.S.: *(Moving forward, snorting)* Hnh.

FRANK: *(amiably to B.S.)* Party on, dude!

B.S.: Bite my butt, Dud!

FRANK: Hey!

GLENDON: What you said!

CHUCKY: Now, you know it is expressly for bid for any Delta to refer to a fellow Delta as a... you-know-what!

B.S.: You mean a "dud?"

(GLENDON gasps and put his fingers in his ears and hums.)

CHUCKY: You shouldn't have said that.

B.S.: Aw, grow up! That's what we all are... Delta Upsilon Deltas ...D-U-D's...duds.

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OLIVER: Look—it is an unfortunate acronym which has plagued us for years and we don't need you or anyone else propagating it further.

B.S.: *(With mock respect)* Oh! Please pass the electric chair. I has committed a social foo-pah.

VAUDYS: *(with delight)* Oh, it's just like the good old days.

OLIVER: That's a matter of opinion.

VAUDYS: Do you know what would make this just perfect? If you boys would give us one of those wonderful songs you used to do every year for the Greek Week Spring Sing.

B.S.: Forget it.

CHUCKY: Hey, I think it'd be fun.

OLIVER: Not a chance.

ERNIE: MEN! If mother Hubbard wants it, I say we give it to her.

VAUDYS: Would you?

ERNIE: *(stepping to VAUDYS and saluting)* with your permission, Ma'am —troops!

(The MEN go into a huddle and after a moment, ERNIE emerges.)

Ma'am-yes-Ma'am —request permission to present “Just Before The Battle, Mother” in the key of B flat.

VAUDYS: Oh!

(Swept away)

That's my favorite.

ERNIE: Gentleman... present—SOUND!

MEN: *(in perfect barbershop harmony, they sing)*

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

I AM THINKING MOST OF YOU,

COMRADES BRAVE AROUND ME LYING,

FILLED WITH THOUGHTS OF HOME AND GOD;

FOR WELL THEY KNOW THAT ON THE MORROW

SOME WILL SLEEP BENEATH THE SOD.

FAREWELL, MOTHER, YOU MAY NEVER (YOU MAY NEVER, MOTHER)

PRESS ME TO YOUR HEART AGAIN;

BUT, OH, YOU'LL NOT FORGET ME, MOTHER, (YOU WILL NOT FORGET ME)

IF I'M NUMBERED WITH THE SLAIN.

(VAUDYS exits, weeping profusely. Once they are certain that she is gone, the MEN all look at one another mischievously and launch into another chorus.)

WE DON'T LIKE YOU, MOTHER HUBBARD.

YOU MAKE LIFE A LIVING HELL.

BREATH THAT KILLS AT FORTY PACES

AND THAT WEIRD 'OLD LADY' SMELL.

ONCE WE SAW YOU SLEEPWALK NAKED —

THAT'S TOO GROSS FOR US TO TELL.

NOW WE HATE YOU, MOTHER HUBBARD. (AND YOUR YELLOW DENTURES)

WE SHOULD DROWN YOU IN A DITCH,

OR LOCK YOU IN AN AIRTIGHT CUPBOARD (WITH A STARVING TIGER)

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AND BE RID OF YOU —YOU ...this

(ALL look at each other -- pause)

WITCH!

FRANK: Not bad, if I do say so myself.

OLIVER: *(with a rebirth of camaraderie)* I forgot how good we were.

B.S.: Good? We kicked some major butt!

CHUCKY: I love doing that!

GLENDON: Shouldn't we get back to business? I'm certain that little interlude has thrown this evening way off schedule.

ERNIE: Rate. Mr. Johnson?

FRANK: Of course.

(Referring to his prepared speech)

Now that you have met the most significant individuals from the "Sprit of '[YEAR]', I'd like to start by saying that...

SHAUNA: *(hinting at an introduction)* Oh, Frank...

FRANK: ... during our time as...

SHAUNA: ... Franklin...

FRANK: ... head honcho's of...

SHAUNA: Franklin Delano Johnson!

FRANK: What?

SHAUNA: You were just referring to "significant individuals"...

FRANK: And?

SHAUNA: "Significant individuals!"

OLIVER: I think Lady Beth once an introduction, Frankie.

FRANK: Oh, what was I thinking?

SHAUNA: *(Without sniping)* Indeed.

FRANK: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure most of you remember my lovely wife, the former Shauna Pulley?

(SHAUNA slips him another note card which you reach without missing a beat.)

She was our "Queen of the Carnation Ball" back in [appropriate year] and she's just as beautiful now she was then.

SHAUNA: Oh, Frank.

VAUDYS: *(Returning with paper in hand)* Hello, boys!

MEN: Hello, Mother Hubbard.

VAUDYS: I'm sorry about that the storm cloud, but you know how emotional I get.

ERNIE: Apology accepted.

B.S.: It's no big deal.

VAUDYS: Oh, I felt so silly I went out and wrote you one of my little poems.

(They ALL exchange horrified glances.)

OLIVER: *(dreading the poem)* You really didn't have to do that.

VAUDYS: Nonsense. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to do this for you boys.

B.S.: That makes one of us.

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VAUDYS: *(With good-humor)* Oh, just shut up.

(VAUDYS Clears her throat and reads from the hand-written page.)

I love to hear my Delta boys a-singing,
Especially what you sung for me today.
The words to “Just Before the Battle, Mother”
Have touched me in a way that’s hard to say.
Answer to pay you back I write these poems
To tell you what I’m feeling in my heart.
I know that they are dumb and sentimental
And fill you up with dread each time they start.
I watch you cringe and wince Whene’er I read them,
But here’s the thing to make you feel much worse—
You’ve always thought you were so stinking clever,
But I’ve always known about that second verse.

FRANK: What?!

(The MEN are all stunned and slack-jawed.)

VAUDYS: Gotcha!

(laughing)

Oh, you’re a bunch of sewer rats, but I love you.

CHUCKY: I am so embarrassed.

ERNIE: *(To VAUDYS)* You’re one tough old broad, ain’tcha?

VAUDYS: *(putting the polling back in her purse)* Yup!

ERNIE: I like that.

VAUDYS: *(Producing more papers/cards from her purse)* All right now—you remember those information sheets I sent you in the mail?

MEN: *(Variously)* Yeah. Yes. Uh-huh.

VAUDYS: Well, it’s time to read them...

(Cutting off B.S. before he can speak)

... And I don’t want any lip.

B.S.: I was in the say nuthin’!

VAUDYS: *(pinching his cheek)* Oh, B. S. —

(VAUDYS begins passing out the bio cards.)

Now, I thought it would be fun for a change to have everybody read someone else’s description, just for laughs.

GLENDON: Hear, hear!

VAUDYS: So, Frank—let’s start with you. Let’s have it—loud and clear.

FRANK: Okay... so you want me to just read the card?

VAUDYS: That would be the easiest way.

FRANK: Right.

NAME: Charles Bronson Tuckett

(CHUCKY moves up by FRANK.)

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NICKNAME: Chucky.

MAJOR: General Studies.

CURRENT ADDRESS: West Covina, Ca.

CURRENT OCCUPATION: Professional Game Show Contestant

MARITAL STATUS: Married, 7 children: Diana, Alexandria, Zeus, Rhodes, Cheops, Babylonia, and Halicarnassus.

CHUCKY: We named them after the Seven Wonders of the World.

FRANK: Neat.

HOBBIES: Reading package labels, the dictionary, the phone book

TURN-ONS: Vanna White, trips to the Orient, parting gifts

TURN-OFFS: 9-to-5 jobs

And finally ...

BEST MEMORY OF THE DELTA UPS: winning the[*YEAR*] College Bowl and meeting Allen Ludden

VAUDYS: That was just splendid. Now Chucky, while you're up there, let's have you read your card and then the person you read about can go next and so forth. What do they call that!

CHUCKY: (*Hitting an imaginary buzzer*) That would be a Round Robin, Wink. (*as in Martindale*)

VAUDYS: (*giving him a "hello in there" look*) Thank you, Chucky.

CHUCKY: (*Producing his card*) Okay... Ernie Ray Washburn... come on down!

(*ERNIE comes forward.*)

NAME: Ernie Ray Washburn

NICKNAME: the Angel of death

MAJOR: Law Enforcement/ROTC

CURRENT ADDRESS: Butte, Montana

CURRENT OCCUPATION: Pawnbroker

HOBBIES: guns, hunting, target shooting, National Rifle Association, collecting antique weapons

TURN-ONS: any movies with martial arts or Grace Jones

TURN-OFFS: anything pastel

BEST MEMORY OF THE DELTA UPS: disciplining the pledges

ERNIE: (*snapping a salute*) Sir!

(*snapping up his card*)

Oliver Church—front and center!

OLIVER: Oh, really...

(*OLIVER moves forward as Chucky retreats.*)

ERNIE: NAME: Oliver Wendell Church

NICKNAME: Mitsey

MAJOR: Art History

CURRENT ADDRESS: Seattle Washington

CURRENT OCCUPATION: curator of the Casey Kasem Museum of Fine Arts & Car Wash

MARITAL STATUS: never married

HOBBIES: classical music, Cajun cooking & therapeutic massage

TURN-ONS: none of your business

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- FRATERNAL DISORDERS by *Jim Christian*

TURN-OFFS: most people

BEST MEMORY OF THE DELTA UPS: my winning snow sculpture for the[*YEAR*] Winter Carnival depicting the burning of Atlanta

(To OLIVER)

I remember that sculpture. Most graphic, sir!

(Snaps a salute and retreats.)

OLIVER: *(To VAUDYS)* Just for the record...

VAUDYS: Yes?

OLIVER: *(dryly)* I'm having a fabulous time. All right, Glendon. You're on the block.

NAME: Glendon Plotts

NICKNAME: The creep

MAJOR: Business/Accounting/Statistics

CURRENT ADDRESS: Indianapolis, Indiana

CURRENT OCCUPATION: CPA

MARITAL STATUS: widowed

HOBBIES: raising gerbils. Names: Chipper, Woofy, Cletis, Moe, Festus, Benny, Tiberius...

SHAUNA: Glendon?

OLIVER: ... Hypatia, Clarence...

GLENDON: What?

OLIVER: ... Freida, Marco,

SHAUNA: How many do you have?

GLENDON: At last count —762.

SHAUNA: Could we skip ahead?

OLIVER: Please.

TURN-ONS: Actuarial Tables

TURN-OFFS: disorder

BEST MEMORY OF THE DELTA UPS: winning the Greek Week Parade float competition while staying under budget.

May I please be excused?

VAUDYS: Of course. Glendon?

GLENDON: *(A little nervous at having to introduce B.S.)* Uh...this is...uh...here goes...

NAME: Bobby Sherman McCue

(B.S. steps forward)

NICKNAME: B.S.

MAJOR: Physical Education

CURRENT ADDRESS: P.O. Box 1062—Corpus Christi, Texas

CURRENT OCCUPATION: day laborer

MARITAL STATUS: sex machine

HOBBIES: finding challenging places to drive my Harley

OLIVER: Such as?

B.S.: Mountains... sidewalks... crowded laundromats.

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GLENDON: We get the idea.

TURN-ONS: Women with no inhibitions

TURN-OFFS: authority

BEST MEMORY OF THE DELTA UPS: getting ‘faced’ before the “no liquor” policy got put into place

B.S.: And I still think it was a stupid idea.

VAUDYS: Just read the card.

B.S.: Make me.

(VAUDYS shoots him a look that does the job.)

NAME: Franklin Delano Johnson

NICKNAME: Frank

MAJOR: Speech Communication

CURRENT ADDRESS: Denver, Colorado

CURRENT OCCUPATION: selling timeshare condos in Death Valley, California—political aspirations in the immediate future

MARITAL STATUS: married to Shauna Johnson

SHAUNA: Shauna Pulley-Johnson

B.S.: Great... and 2.2 children

HOBBIES: civic work, charitable causes, and miniature golf

TURN-ONS: self-help seminars, influential friends

TURN-OFFS: wallowing in self-pity

BEST MEMORY OF THE DELTA UPS: going to the Sailor’s Ball dressed as Liza Minelli with Glendon Plotts

SHAUNA: *(totally losing it)* WHAT?!

FRANK: That’s not what I wrote!

GLENDON: I don’t remember that.

B.S.: Okay, okay—I was just kidding.

BEST MEMORY: Being named best chapter for achievement in fundraising and charity efforts.

FRANK: That’s better.

VAUDYS: Now wasn’t that interesting?

SHAUNA: Excuse me...Vaudys?

VAUDYS: Yes, dear?

SHAUNA: Frank?

FRANK: Yes?

SHAUNA: Don’t you think it’s time?

FRANK: *(Drawing a deep breath)* I guess so.

(Pulling out of the prepared speech.)

Ladies and gentlemen ...fellow Deltas ...this is not going to be easy for me.

(Throughout the speech, SHAUNA occasionally mouths the phrases as FRANK is speaking them.)

As I prepare to announce my candidacy for the Colorado state legislature, I realize just how important a trait honesty is for a politician. Therefore, I want to take this opportunity to make a clean breast of something which has haunted me for over 15 years. When Delta Upsilon Delta raised more than \$20,000 for

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its youth baseball charity—Bats For Brats—we were given acclaim and recognition. But I am here to tell you that almost every penny of that money was obtained through theft, and while I was not in the compost of this crime in any form, I have remained silent for too long and before this abomination comes to light through the press, I wanted to clear my name once and for all.

(Heaving a sigh of relief.)

Now, let's get back to the party, huh?

(He moves to SHAUNA who takes his arm with a reassuring smile—otherwise, they are greeted with a variety of shocked faces.)

B.S.: What the hell was that?

CHUCKY: *(Ringing his imaginary buzzer)* I have to say a 'wet blanket', Bob.

VAUDYS: Well...

(Scanning the crowd.)

Any suggestions?

ERNIE: *(stepping forward with a salute)* Permission to assemble for mess.

VAUDYS: Oh, Ernie Ray, this it looks like there's a pretty big mess assembled here already.

(Ala squashed pie)

Well, if any of you have an appetite left, we've got food.

(VAUDYS walks away shaking her head. ERNIE RAY takes charge and begins organizing the crowd for dinner.)

3 -- DINNER

(Dinner is appropriately dismal event with everyone speculating as to the insinuations made by FRANK. The tidbits about the museum robbery may be dropped, but nothing deep. FRANK remains tight-lipped about the whole affair, but rather turns his comments toward things which are more campaign-ish in nature. It is obvious that FRANK wants someone to come forward to answer his allegations, but everyone seems determined to keep their knowledge concealed.)

4 -- AFTER DINNER (Act Two)

FRANK: Ladies and gentlemen, I hope that you had an enjoyable dining experience and are ready to proceed with the remainder of the evening accordingly.

GLENDON: Certainly.

OLIVER: By all means.

B.S.: Yeah, right.

FRANK: Now would seem the appropriate time to move on to the business portion of this gathering.

VAUDYS: Hold it. I don't understand this. You're acting like nothing has happened. What about that crack you made before dinner about some robbery?

SHAUNA: Well, what about it?

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- FRATERNAL DISORDERS by *Jim Christian*

VAUDYS: What about it? It was dreadful. I thought it just about put everybody off their food. It was positively scandalous, accusing people of such outrageous behavior.

CHUCKY: But Mother Hubbard, don't you see? Only someone who felt guilty about Frank's comments would have any cause to be concerned. It's rather obvious that he knows exactly who he thinks is guilty and that he's not going to say anything more because it would probably be incriminating. Isn't that right, Frank?

SHAUNA: Careful, dear.

FRANK: Listen, everybody—I said my piece and I'm not out to get anyone. Is that clear?

OLIVER: As mud.

FRANK: Now, come on... let's get on with it. if I could have the other officers join me once again up here... and this time without all of that silly cat-and-mouse.

(They ALL obliged with minimal muttering.)

B.S.: Meow.

FRANK: Thank you. At this point, I would like all of you to join me in reciting the preamble to our Constitution as it has stood since we last met in[YEAR]. Please repeat after me:

(Reading from yet another set of cards.)

“We are the fraternal order of men...”

MEN: We are the fraternal order of men...

FRANK: “dedicated to a belief in God...”

MEN: dedicated to a belief in God...

FRANK: “... and a loyalty to our government.”

MEN: *(with increasing difficulty)* ...and a loyalty to our government.”

FRANK: “We stand for the sanctity of the home...”

MEN: *(OLIVER drops out)* We stand for the sanctity of the home...

FRANK: “... And the value of fraternal life.”

MEN: *(GLENDON drops out)* ... And the value of fraternal life.

FRANK: “We also stand for innovation within the Greek system...”

MEN: We also stand for innovation within the Greek system...

FRANK: “Acknowledging that liquor doesn't fraternity more harm than good...”

MEN: *(B.S. drops out)* Acknowledging that liquor doesn't fraternity more harm than good...

FRANK: “... And his band at all social functions;”

MEN: ... And his band at all social functions;

FRANK: “... and that such archaic notions as ‘Hell Week’ ...”

MEN: ... and that such archaic notions as ‘Hell Week’ ...

FRANK: “... Should be replaced by ‘help week’ ...”

MEN: ... Should be replaced by ‘help week’...

FRANK: “... a week of constructive community welfare activity by pledges...”

MEN: *(CHUCKY drops out)* ... a week of constructive community welfare activity by pledges...

FRANK: “ That the pledge paddle is obsolete...”

ERNIE: *(finally getting his limit)* That does it!

FRANK: What's the matter, men? Has all of us become too much for you? Have your values fallen so far?

CHUCKY: Well, Frank it's just that... it may be a little hard to repeat some of these things after hearing you

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say them.

SHAUNA: What do you mean?

CHUCKY: *(With a hardbound record book)* At the request of various members of Delta Upsilon Delta, I have thoroughly examined the minutes ranging from September 12, [YEAR] TO June 3, [YEAR]. As historian, I can verify that those records would cover the period encompassing your pledge date through your graduation from college... and nowhere within the records do I find any indication of your having completed the initiation process.

FRANK: That's ridiculous.

CHUCKY: On the contrary—upon careful scrutiny, we discovered that you have participated in no initiation ceremonies at all.

FRANK: *(Bluffing with bravado)* I know I went through the procedures.

ERNIE: Now, hold it right there. I served as pledge master and trainer during those years and I painstakingly oversaw instruction and discipline of every new member. I remember those grueling sessions vividly... every bead of sweat... every panic face... and you weren't there!

GLENDON: Furthermore, my immaculate records indicate that during that same time you paid no dues, no membership fees, and no contributions toward Mother Hubbards Annual Christmas gift.

FRANK: *(fielding a disgruntled glare from VAUDYS)* Sorry.

CHUCKY: So under the circumstances, we would seem to have several alternatives...

B.S.: Let's punch the cheapskate out.

VAUDYS: Sounds good to me.

OLIVER: Or perhaps we should expose them for the scoundrel he is...

GLENDON: the importance of honesty indeed!

CHUCKY: Now, wait a minute. There's one other possibility... there is no statute of limitations on the pledge period. According to the charter, you could make things right if you are willing to undergo the initiation process right now. You could walk out of here tonight with a clean slate.

ERNIE: Yes!

SHAUNA: It would be awfully good press, dear.

OLIVER: Just think of it... "Future Senator Rights Old Wrongs -- film at eleven."

FRANK: Hmm.

B.S.: Of course, if you're still too much of a wimp to go through with it...

FRANK: *(with a burst of rashness)* I'll do it!

ERNIE: Oh, yes!

(ERNIE immediately begins warming up for the initiation as others scurry around obtaining equipment.)

THREE more pages in this section

5 -- Rambles

6 -- Resolution (Act Three)

FOUR pages in this section

6 -- Curtain Call

7 -- Announcement of Master Detective

NAME

Sleuthing Sheet -- Fraternal Disorders

- 1. Who killed Frank Johnson?**
- 2. How?**
- 3. Why?**
- 4. Who masterminded the museum robbery?**
- 5. Who actually stole the paintings from the museum?**
- 6. Who shot the museum guard?**
- 7. Who dated Shauna Pulley in college?**
- 8. What happened to the paintings from the robbery?**
- 9. What are Shauna's plans now that Frank is dead?**
- 10. What was tonight's Secret Clue?**