

**AFTER THE DIRECTOR GREETES THE GUESTS
AND
EXPLAINS THE GUESSING PROCEDURES,**

THE PLAY BEGINS:

NARRATOR:

**MARGARET WHITMEYER OPENED THE REGISTERED MAIL.
IT READ,**

***"YOU HAVE BEEN NAMED AS A POSSIBLE HEIR IN THE WILL OF A
PERSON THAT WISHES TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS. THE SUM OF
THE INHERITANCE IS ONE MILLION DOLLARS. THE WILL STATES
FIVE PROVISIONS.***

***YOU MUST NOT DISCLOSE THE CONTENTS OF THIS LETTER
UNTIL AFTER YOU HAVE RECEIVED THE MONEY.***

***YOU MUST SIGN DOCUMENTS OF YOUR AUTHENTICITY IN
THE PRESENCE OF THE ATTORNEY REPRESENTING THE
DECEASED.***

***YOU MUST ARRIVE AT KENNEDY AIRPORT IN NEW YORK AT
3PM ON SATURDAY OCT 30, 1968.***

***YOU MUST BRING THIS LETTER WITH YOU, SEALED, AS YOU HAVE
RECEIVED IT.***

***ENCLOSED YOU WILL FIND \$2000.00 IN CASH TRAVEL
TICKETS. AND INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUR DESTINATION.***

**THE FINAL PROVISION
(A MURDER MYSTERY PLAY)**

BY

ROBERT G. BORELLI

NARRATOR:

THE CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

MARGARET WHITMEYER

DAWN MORRISON / FLOWER BLOSSOM

FRANKIE STALLUCCI

HARRIET BANES

FENTON CREMSHAW

AS THE ATTORNEY, MARTIN M. CARLTON

NARRATOR:

**EACH MEMBER OF THE CAST, ATTORNEY EXCLUDED,
RECEIVED THE SAME REGISTERED LETTER WITH
ALTERED TIMES OF ARRIVAL.**

**THEIR INSTRUCTIONS TOLD THEM TO TAKE A CAB TO
BATTERY POINT IN WINCHESTER NY, ABOUT 35 MILES
NORTHEAST OF NEW YORK CITY. THERE A DRIVER
WOULD PICK THEM UP AND TAKE THEM TO THEIR FINAL
DESTINATION.**

**THE INVITED GUESTS ARE ALL 1963 GRADUATES OF
BRIGHTON COLLEGE, A SMALL PRESTIGIOUS SCHOOL IN
BETHESDA MARYLAND. ALL CLOSE FRIENDS UNTIL A
TRAGEDY ON GRADUATION DAY SEPARATED THEM.**

**ON HER ARRIVAL AT BATTERY POINT, MARGARET
WHITMEYER IS MET BY A DRIVER IN A LARGE SEDAN. HIS
BLACK HAT, SUNGLASSES, AND SILENCE, SHEDS AN
ERIE CALM. THE TRIP TAKES ABOUT 12 MINUTES OVER
MOSTLY DIRT ROADS AND ENDS AT AN OLD VERY LARGE
HOUSE WITH FORTRESS LIKE HEAVY WOOD DOORS. THE
HOUSE IS SET BACK FROM THE ROAD AROUND 150 FEET
AND SITS ON A KNOLL. THE DRIVER MOTIONS MARGARET
TO ENTER THE HOUSE, AND MARGARET OBLIGES. SHE
ENTERS WHAT APPEARS TO BE A LARGE ROOM WITH
THE ONLY LIGHT COMING FROM A FIREPLACE BURNING
SCENTED WOOD.**

MARGARET:

HELLO! IS ANYONE HERE ? IT'S MARGARET, MARGARET
WHITMEYER, I'VE COME ABOUT THE LETTER YOU SENT ME.
HELLO? IT'S KIND OF DARK IN HERE. CAN YOU PUT ON
SOME LIGHTS ?

NARRATOR:

OUT OF THE SHADOWS, MARGARET SEES A PERSON EMERGE.
AS THE PERSON GETS CLOSER, MARGARET CAN MAKE OUT A
SHAVED HEAD MAN WEARING A WHITE ROBE AND SANDALS.

MARGARET:

SIR! CAN YOU HELP ME? I WAS INVITED HERE TO MEET WITH
SOMEONE AND I DON'T KNOW WHO. IS THIS A MONASTERY OR
SOME KIND OF RELIGIOUS HOUSE ?

DAWN/FLOWER BLOSSOM:

NO, THIS IS NOT A MONASTERY. BUT ANYWHERE YOU ARE, CAN
BE A RELIGIOUS HOUSE IF YOU HEART IS FULL OF LOVE.

MARGARET:

WHO ARE YOU ?

DAWN/FLOWER BLOSSOM:

MY NAME IS FLOWER BLOSSOM, LOVING SERVANT OF THE
REVERENT SUNG MOON. BUT, YOU KNOW ME AS DAWN
MORRISON. YOU MENTIONED A LETTER SOMEONE SENT YOU.
WHAT WAS IN THE LETTER?

MARGARET:

NOTHING, REALLY NOTHING. WHAT IN GOD'S NAME DID YOU DO
TO YOURSELF? YOUR BEAUTIFUL LONG BLOND HAIR, GOD,
WHY?

DAWN:

BECAUSE THE WORLD HAS TURNED VIOLENT. WE ARE KILLING INNOCENT PEOPLE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA AND NOBODY CARES. I REFUSE TO BE PART OF IT. SO I'VE DEVOTED MY LIFE TO THE REVEREND SUNG MOON AND HIS SERENITY OF PEACE AND LOVE.

NARRATOR:

JUST THEN FRANKIE STALLUCCI WALKS IN. WITH THE DOOR STILL OPEN FRANKIE YELLS OUTSIDE.

FRANKIE:

THANK YOU! MR. PERSONALITY, FIRST SON OF ED SULLIVAN. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT JERK ? WHO GETS BEETLE HAIRCUTS ANYMORE? OH, HELLO! MY GOD! IT'S MARGARET, HOW GREAT TO SEE YOU. OH, HELLO, FATHER.

MARGARET:

IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU FRANKIE AND ACTUALLY THAT'S NOT A PRIEST. IT'S DAWN MORRISON, EXCUSE ME , FLOWER BLOSSOM, SERVANT OF MOON SONG.

DAWN:

THAT'S SUNG MOON, REVEREND SUNG MOON. I CAN'T EXPECT THE TWO OF YOU TO UNDERSTAND YOU'RE SO WRAPPED UP IN WORLDLY GOODS, FREE LOVE AND MURDERING INNOCENT PEOPLE.

FRANKIE:

HEY! I RESENT THAT, MOON HEAD. YOU SEEM TO FORGET THAT YOU "WERE" ONE OF US. WHAT HELL IS GOING ON HERE? HOW COME THERE'S AIN'T NO LIGHTS? CAN'T SEE A DAMN THING. GOTTA BE A SWITCH SOMEWHERE.

DAWN:

WHY ARE YOU HERE FRANKIE?

FRANKIE:

I GOT THIS CRAZY LETTER TELLING ME TO COME. I TELL YOU, WHEN THAT ZOMBIE OF A DRIVER PICKED ME UP, I FIGURED THIS WAS GOING TO BE A WEIRD EXPERIENCE. I THINK I'LL LOOK AROUND. MAYBE I CAN FIND A SWITCH OR SOMETHING.

NARRATOR:

FRANKIE LEAVES THE GIRLS. ABOUT ONE HALF HOUR LATER, THE DOOR AGAIN OPENS AND IN WALKS HARRIET BANES.

HARRIET

BOY, WHAT A DREARY PLACE THIS IS. HELLO! IS ANYONE HERE? YOUR DRIVER JUST DROPPED ME OFF AND TOLD ME TO COME IN. THE DOOR WAS OPEN AND I. IT'S HARRIET BANES, THE LETTER! YOU KNOW THE LETTER!

MARGARET:

HARRIET IT'S MARGARET WHITMEYER. DAWN MORRISON AND I ARE OVER HERE BY THE FLOWER PLACE. I MEAN THE FIREPLACE.

HARRIET:

GOD IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU TWO, LOVE YOUR OUTFIT DAWN, GUESS I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THIS WAS A HALLOWEEN COSTUME PARTY.

DAWN:

IT'S NOT A COSTUME AND I DON'T THINK THIS IS A PARTY. SOMETHING IS ERIE ABOUT THIS PLACE.

HARRIET:

IS ANYONE ELSE HERE?

DAWN:

YES, STALLUCCI IS HERE.

MARGARET:

IT SEEMS WE ALL GOT LETTERS INVITING US HERE.

DAWN:

YES! THAT SEEMS TO BE CORRECT.

NARRATOR:

THE GIRLS CHAT ON. ABOUT 20 MINUTES LATER, FRANKIE RETURNS TO THE GROUP.

FRANKIE:

CAN YOU BELIEVE THERE'S NOT A LIGHT SWITCH TO BE FOUND? OH HELLO! ANOTHER GUEST?

HARRIET:

IT'S HARRIET BANES FRANKIE. HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?

FRANKIE:

DON'T TELL ME. YOU GOT A LETTER, FLEW INTO KENNEDY, GRABBED A CAB TO BATTERY POINT AND SOME HALF DEAD GUY PICKED YOU UP AND DROPPED YOU OFF HERE. RIGHT?

HARRIET:

YES, HOW DID YOU KNOW?

FRANKIE:

BECAUSE WE ALL GOT THE SAME INSTRUCTIONS. AIN'T THAT RIGHT GIRLS?

NARRATOR:

BEFORE THE GIRLS COULD ANSWER, THE DOOR AGAIN OPENS AND IN WALKS FENTON CREMSHAW.

FENTON:

SON OF YOU KNOW WHAT, LOOK AT MY GOD DAMN SHOES. MUD EVERYWHERE. HEY! I'M HERE, FENTON CREMSHAW, TO COLLECT THE BIG BUCKS. GOT THE LETTER, BROUGHT MY PAPERS, IT'S REALLY ME AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, I'LL SHOW YOU THE TATTOO ON MY ASS WITH MY NAME IN RUBY RED.

FRANKIE:

FENTON, IT'S STALLUCCI. BOY NOTHING EVER CHANGES WITH YOU. STILL A FOWL MOUNTED ARISTOCRATIC JACK-ASS. COME OVER TO THE FLOWER, I MEAN FIREPLACE IT'S THE ONLY LIGHT WE GOT.

FENTON:

WHO ELSE IS HERE?

FRANKIE:

MARGARET WHITMEYER, HARRIET BANES, AND THE MELLON HEAD, IS DAWN MORRISON, EXCUSE ME FLOWER BLOSSOM FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE REVEREND HUNG OVER.

DAWN:

IDIOT!

FENTON:

HELLO, WHATEVER, HI MARGARET, HI HARRIET, NICE TO SEE YOU. THAT PIG OF A DRIVER DROPPED ME OFF AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DRIVE. DIRT ROAD ALL THE WAY UP, PUT ON SOME LIGHTS, I GOT TO CLEAN MY GOD DAMN BOOTS.

HARRIET:

THERE ARE NO LIGHTS.

FENTON:

THEN WHAT HELL DO YOU CALL THAT?

NARRATOR:

ACROSS FROM WHERE THE GROUP IS TALKING, A LIGHT IS SHINING UNDER WHAT LOOKS TO BE A DOOR TO A ROOM. THE GROUP HEADS FOR THE LIGHT, OPENS THE DOOR, AND SEES A MAN SITTING AT A BIG DESK. NO OTHER FURNITURE BUT THE DESK AND THE CHAIR. ON THE WALL ABOVE WHERE THE

MAN IS SITTING THERE APPEARS TO BE SOME KIND OF COAT OF ARMS WITH TWO SWORDS CRISSCROSSING UNDER IT. THE MAN; LOOKS TO BE IN HIS EARLY FORTIES, GRAYING AT THE TEMPLES AND A FEW EXTRA INCHES AROUND THE WAIST THAT ONE GETS SITTING BEHIND A DESK.

MARTIN (THE ATTORNEY)

WELCOME, I AM GLAD THAT YOU ALL COULD MAKE IT. I AM MARTIN CARLTON, ATTORNEY FOR THE DECEASED. I AM SURE THAT YOU'RE ALL WONDERING WHY THE UNORTHODOX APPROACH TO...

FENTON:

CUT BULLSHIT, LET'S GET ON WITH THIS, I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO. . .

NARRATOR:

MARTIN INTERRUPTS FENTON

MARTIN:

OKAY. YOU ALL RECEIVED A LETTER. I TRUST THAT YOU HAVE THAT WITH YOU.

GROUP:

YES.

MARTIN:

SINCE THAT PROVISION HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF, I WILL READ THE LETTER RELIEVING YOU OF THE LETTER DISCLOSURE PROVISION. THE REGISTERED LETTER READ, " YOU HAVE BEEN NAMED AS AN HEIR IN THE WILL OF A PERSON, WHICH WISHES TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS. THE SUM OF YOUR INHERITANCE IS ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

THE WILL STATES FIVE PROVISIONS.

YOU MUST NOT DISCLOSE THE CONTENTS OF THIS LETTER UNTIL AFTER YOU HAVE RECEIVED THE MONEY.

YOU MUST SIGN DOCUMENTS OF YOUR AUTHENTICITY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ATTORNEY REPRESENTING THE DECEASED.

YOU MUST ARRIVE AT KENNEDY AIRPORT IN NEW YORK AT THE TIME STATED IN YOUR INDIVIDUAL LETTERS ON SATURDAY OCT 30, 1968.

YOU MUST BRING THIS LETTER WITH YOU, SEALED AS YOU HAVE RECEIVED IT.

ENCLOSED YOU WILL FIND \$2000.00 IN CASH, TRAVEL TICKETS AND INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUR DESTINATION.

MARGARET:

WELL, I GUESS WE MET ALL THE PROVISIONS EXCEPT SIGNING THE DOCUMENTS IN YOUR PRESENCE.

WHICH SHOULD COVER THE 5TH PROVISION?

MARTIN:

NOT QUITE.

HARRIET

I BEG TO DIFFER WITH YOU, SIR. I HAVE MET ALL THE PROVISIONS,
ONE, I HAVE NOT DISCLOSED THE CONTENTS OF THE LETTER YOU DID.

TWO, I WAS AT THE AIRPORT AT MY DESIGNATED TIME.

THREE, I HAVE MY LETTER SEALED AS I RECEIVED IT.

AND FOUR, I HAVE PROOF OF MY AUTHENTICITY AND I AM PREPARED TO SIGN THE DOCUMENTS.

MARTIN:

BUT HARRIET, MY DEAR, YOU DID NOT HEAR ME SAY “THAT THE 5TH PROVISION IS SIGNING THE DOCUMENTS? HOWEVER, THERE ARE INDEED FIVE PROVISIONS”.

FRANKIE:

OKAY, WHAT'S THE FIFTH PROVISION? SO, WE ALL CAN COLLECT OUR MILLION BUCKS AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

MARTIN:

THERE IS ONLY 1 MILLION DOLLARS IN THE ESTATE AND IT WILL BE GIVEN TO ONLY ONE OF YOU, THE ONE WHO MEETS THE FIFTH PROVISION BY 3 AM SUNDAY, OCT 31ST.

DAWN:

BUT SIR, I AM CONFUSED. HOW CAN WE POSSIBLY KNOW WHAT THE FIFTH PROVISION IS ?

MARTIN:

YOU WILL BE GIVEN A DIRECTION.

FENTON:

**CUT THE CRAP! WHAT THE HELL KIND OF GAME ARE YOU
PLAYING? AND JUST WHO! IS THE STUPID ANONYMOUS PERSON
THAT WOULD WRITE SUCH A DUMB WILL?**

MARTIN:

TERRANCE RADIGAN.

HARRIET:

TERRY? OH MY GOD!

MARGARET:

SIR, WHAT HAPPENED? HOW DID HE DIE?

MARTIN:

MR. RADIGAN KILLED HIMSELF.

FRANKIE:

**I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN. I SAW HIM AWHILE AFTER JUDITH'S
DEATH AND HE WAS REALLY SPACED OUT.**

FENTON:

**BIG DEAL. SO, THE LOVE STRICKEN SUCKER DID HIMSELF IN.
WHAT HELL HAS THIS GOT TO DO WITH US?**

MARTIN:

YOU HAVE ALL THAT YOU NEED

NARRATOR:

MARTIN OPENS A DOOR BEHIND HIM AND HE EXITS THE ROOM.

NARRATOR:

**THE GROUP LEAVES THE ROOM AND MAKES THEIR WAY BACK
TO THE FLOWER, I MEAN FIREPLACE.**

DAWN:

**I KNEW THIS WAS NOT GOING TO BE A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE.
TERRY MUST HAVE HELD US RESPONSIBLE FOR JUDY'S DEATH
AND HE HAS PLANNED SOMETHING TO GET BACK AT US.**

FENTON:

**NO WAY, THE DUMB BROAD KILLED HERSELF. NONE OF US
COULD HAVE DONE ANYTHING TO CHANGE THAT. I THINK TERRY
IS JUST HAVING FUN WITH US AND...**

FRANKIE:

**NO! I AGREE WITH DAWN, TERRY WAS VERY DISTURBED, DON'T
FORGET HE COMMITTED SUICIDE**

HARRIET:

**FENTON, IT WAS YOU THAT TAUNTED THAT GIRL FROM THE
FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.**

FENTON:

**ME? IT WAS YOU, MARGARET AND THAT BALD HEADED
PRIESTESS THAT DROVE THAT GIRL TO KILL HERSELF.**

MARGARET:

**GET HOLD OF YOURSELVES, WE'RE JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS.
THE ATTORNEY JUST SAID, WHOEVER DISCOVERS THE FIFTH
PROVISION, GETS THE MONEY.**

DAWN:

**WHAT IF THE FIFTH PROVISION IS THAT YOU MUST BE ALIVE?
TERRY WOULD GET HIS REVENGE IF WE STARTED KILLING
EACH OTHER.**

FRANKIE:

THAT MAKES A LOT OF SENSE, POT HEAD. WHAT DOES THE PERSON DO AFTER HE KILLS EVERYONE ELSE, PRESENT HIMSELF TO THE ATTORNEY? A MILLION BUCKS AIN'T ANY GOOD IN PRISON.

HARRIET:

FRANKIE MAKES SENSE DAWN, BUT YOUR SOMEWHAT RIGHT, THERE HAS TO BE A "YOU MUST" IN THE PROVISION. THE OTHER FOUR STARTED WITH "YOU MUST".

FRANKIE:

YEA! LIKE "YOU MUST" BE STUPID ENOUGH TO BE HERE.

MARGARET:

HOW DO WE KNOW TERRY IS DEAD? THE ATTORNEY DIDN'T SHOW US A DEATH CERTIFICATE. FOR ALL WE KNOW, HE COULD BE TERRY, OR MAYBE THE DRIVER.

FENTON:

IF EITHER ONE OF THOSE SON OF A BITCHES IS TERRY, THEY USED A HELL OF A LOT OF MAKE-UP.

DAWN:

WELL! IT'S ALL SPECULATION; THE ATTORNEY SAID WE WILL GET SOME DIRECTION.

NARRATOR:

JUST THEN, THE GROUP HEARS WHAT APPEARS TO BE A GUNSHOT. THE SOUND COMES FROM A ROOM UPSTAIRS. THE GROUP ASCENDS THE STAIRS. AS THEY GET TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, A LIGHT COMES ON IN ONE OF THE ROOMS. MARGARET IS THE FIRST TO ENTER.

MARGARET:

OH MY GOD! THERE'S THERE'S Aaa, Aaa, SKELETON IN HERE!

NARRATOR:

MARGARET BREAKS OUT IN A FIT OF LAUGHTER

MARGARET:

HA, HA, HA , I CAN'T STAND THIS ANYMORE.

FENTON:

**I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. THIS PLAY IS TERRIBLE. MUST WE
CONTINUE?**

NARRATOR:

**THE CAST CAUCUSES. THEY DECIDE SINCE THE DIRECTOR OF
THIS STUPID PLAY IS THE SAME PERSON THAT ARRANGED FOR
THEM TO HAVE FOOD AND LIQUOR, THEY FEEL OBLIGED TO
CONTINUE.**

NARRATOR:

**THE SKELETON HAS A BLOND WIG ON, HANDS TIED, A GUN
STILL SPOUTING SMOKE LYING ON THE FLOOR, SOME SORT OF
SICKLE BY ITS SIDE, AND A RAG WITH SOME KIND OF BROWN
SUBSTANCE ON IT.**

MARGARET:

**I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK. WEIRD WOULD BE A
COMPLIMENT TO THIS SICK SCENE.**

FENTON:

**OKAY, THE JOKE IS OVER. COME ON OUT TERRY. I'M READY FOR
SOME BEER. PUT ON SOME BEE GEE MUSIC AND LETS PARTY.**

HARRIET:

PARTY? WITH THAT THING IN THE HOUSE?

DAWN:

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU JERKS? THIS MUST BE SOME KIND OF CLUE.

MARGARET:

WHO ARE YOU CALLING JERK? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR PEACE, LOVE AND SERENITY ACT? OH, LOVING SERVANT OF THE REVEREND SUNG MOON. I THOUGHT YOUR KIND DEVOTED THEMSELVES TO POVERTY. WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED IN THE MONEY?

DAWN:

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, WE NEED THE MONEY TO CLOTHE AND FEED OUR PEOPLE.

FRANKIE:

CUT THE ACT SISTER, YOU WERE THE FIRST ONE TO ARRIVE HERE, HOW DO WE KNOW THAT YOU AND YOUR REVEREND MOONSHINE DIDN'T SET THIS WHOLE THING UP. AFTER ALL, WHO ELSE CAN AFFORD TO SENT 2 THOUSAND DOLLARS EACH, TO FIVE PEOPLE? ONLY AN ORGANIZATION LIKE YOURS.

HARRIET:

HEY, THE SKELETON, REMEMBER THE SKELETON.

DAWN:

THERE'S SOME KIND OF SIGN AROUND ITS NECK.

NARRATOR:

THE SIGN READS " *WE ARE BOUND BY OUR ACTS. "ONE MUST SEVER THE TIES TO THE CROWN OF THE EXECUTIONER TO RENDER THE STIPULATION AND FREE THEIR SOUL "*

MARGARET:

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THE HELL ALL OF THIS MEANS? ANOTHER "MUST" THIS MUST BE THE 5TH & FINAL PROVISION!

DAWN:

THIS IS THE DIRECTION THAT WILL LEAD US TO THE FIFTH PROVISION., MARGARET, I GUESS YOU ARE RIGHT.

HARRIET:

LET'S SEE WHAT DO WE HAVE, A SKELETON, OTHER WISE KNOWN AS A DEAD BODY, HANDS BOUND, A SMOKING GUN, A BLOND WIG, A SICKLE, AND A RAG WITH SOME KIND OF.. SMELLS LIKE POLISH OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

DAWN:

WAIT A MINUTE, JUDY HAD LONG BLOND HAIR.

FRANKIE:

RIGHT! AND SHE SHOT HERSELF AS WELL. THIS MUST BE JUDY.

FENTON:

RIGHT! BONE HEAD, SOMEBODY DUG HER UP AND BROUGHT HER HERE.

MARGARET:

BUT IF IT IS JUDY, WHAT'S WITH THE BOUND HANDS, THE SICKLE, THE SIGN AND THE RAG? WHAT THE HELL IS THE SICKLE ABOUT ANYWAY?

FRANKIE:

IN THE OLD DAYS, A SICKLE WAS USED TO CLEAR FIELDS. FOR HARVESTING. THEY WERE VERY SHARP INSTRUMENTS! I GUESS IT IS A SYMBOL FOR US TO CLEAR UP THIS MESS. BESIDES, I THINK JUDY IS TRYING TO TELL US THAT HER HANDS WERE TIED AND THAT SHE HAD NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO KILL HERSELF. YOU KNOW, BEING PREGNANT AND ALL OF THAT.

FENTON:

FRANKIE YOU WERE IN MADLY IN LOVE WITH THE WITCH! IF SHE WAS PREGNANT YOU ARE PROBABLY THE ONE THAT GOT HER PREGNANT. AWAY, THE BITCH SHOULD HAVE TIED HER TUBES. SCREWING AROUND HAS ITS CONSEQUENCES.

DAWN:

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE MAN, FENTON! GET A GIRL PREGNANT AND IT'S HER PROBLEM.

FENTON:

IF YOUR SAYING THAT I.. , , I COULDN'T STAND THE GIRL. IF NOT FRANKIE THAT GOT HER PREGNANT MAYBE IT WAS TERRY. HE'S THE ONE THAT DATED HER.

HARRIET:

TERRY? GOD! HE WAS THE SWEETEST GUY ANYONE WOULD WANT TO KNOW AND I CAN TELL YOU FOR A FACT, TERRY, NEVER SLEPT WITH HER. AND JUDY DID NOT SCREW AROUND. IF SHE WAS PREGNANT IT WAS PROBABLY BECAUSE SOMEONE RAPED HER.

FRANKIE:

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU KNOW THAT NO ONE ELSE KNOWS? SOUNDS LIKE THERE MORE TO DISCOVER HERE.

HARRIET:

ITS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS WHAT I KNOW. BESIDES IT'S NO SECRET THAT YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH HER.

FRANKIE:

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT? I NEVER SAID A WORD ON MY FEELINGS ABOUT JUDITH.

MARGARET:

INTERESTING, HOWEVER YOU DON'T HAVE A WEDDING BAND ON. ANYWAY, THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. WHO CARES NOW? I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANYONE ELSE, BUT I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE. I AM SATISFIED WITH MY \$2000.00 I WAS GIVEN.

NARRATOR:

MARGARET GOES TO DOOR BUT THE DOOR IS LOCKED.

MARGARET:

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WE'RE LOCKED IN. WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED?

DAWN:

I GUESS WE'RE HERE UNTIL WE SEE THIS THING THROUGH. NOW WHAT'S WITH THE RAG?

HARRIET:

I KNEW THE DETECTIVE THAT WAS INVESTIGATING THE CASE AND HE SAID THAT JUDY HAD ON HER HAND A SMALL TRACE OF POLISH OF SOME KIND. BUT HE SAID THAT WAS NOT UNUSUAL, THAT SOME PEOPLE BEFORE THEY KILL THEMSELVES, CLEAN THEIR WHOLE HOUSE. BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE RAG.

FRANKIE:

LET'S THINK. WHAT DO WE HAVE? A WILL WITH A MISSING PROVISION, A ZOMBIE DRIVER, A DISAPPEARING LAWYER, A ROOM WITH NO FURNITURE EXCEPT A DESK, CHAIR, AND A COAT OF ARMS OF SOME KIND, A SKELETON, BLOND WIG, SIGN AROUND ITS NECK, A SMOKING GUN, A RAG WITH SOMETHING THAT SMELLS LIKE SOME SORT OF POLISH, A SICKLE, A LOCKED DOOR, A DARK BIG ROOM WITH THE ONLY LIGHT COMING FROM A FLOWER, I MEAN A FIREPLACE. WHAT ELSE?

MARGARET:

BOUND HANDS, THE SKELETON'S HANDS WERE TIED.

FRANKIE:

RIGHT! THIS WHOLE THING IS REALLY A MYSTERY. WHAT TIME IS IT ANYWAY?

HARRIET:

IT'S 2AM, WE HAVE AN HOUR. THE SIGN! WHAT DID IT SAY AGAIN?

DAWN:

" WE ARE BOUND BY OUR ACTS. ONE MUST SEVER THE TIES TO THE CROWN OF THE EXECUTIONER TO RENDER THE STIPULATION AND FREE THEIR SOUL"

MARGARET:

WAIT A MINUTE!, HANDS TIED, EXECUTIONER! IT MUST MEAN THAT IF JUDY'S HANDS WERE TIED, SHE COULDN'T HAVE KILLED HERSELF. JUDY MUST HAVE BEEN MURDERED.

HARRIET:

MURDERED? BY WHO?

DAWN:

IT MUST BE ONE OF US? THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.

FENTON:

WHY THE HELL WOULD ANY ONE OF US WANT HER DEAD?

DAWN:

MAYBE THE ONE THAT GOT HER PREGNANT. AND DIDN'T WANT HER TO CONCEIVE.

FENTON:

IF YOU MEAN ME, THAT'S BULLSHIT. ONLY A DENTED BRAIN LIKE YOURS COULD COME UP WITH THAT KIND OF CRAP. I THINK SOMEONE SHOULD PUT THEIR FINGERS IN YOUR EARS AND USED YOUR HEAD AS A BOWLING BALL.

MARGARET:

STOP IT, THE TWO OF YOU. WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO FIGURE THIS OUT. WHAT TIME IS IT ? ANYONE REMEMBER WANT THE SIGN SAID

HARRIET:

THE SIGN READ, " *WE ARE BOUND BY OUR ACTS. "ONE MUST SEVER THE TIES TO THE CROWN OF THE EXECUTIONER TO RENDER THE STIPULATION AND FREE THEIR SOUL* " IT'S TWO FORTY-FIVE, WE HAVE ONLY 15 MINUTES.

FENTON:

MAYBE HARRIET KILLED HER. AFTER-ALL SHE SEEMS TO HAVE KNOWN ALL THE INTIMATE DETAILS ABOUT TERRY.

MARGARET:

HARRIET, HOW DO YOU KNOW FOR A FACT THAT TERRY NEVER SLEPT WITH JUDY?

HARRIET:

I'LL TELL YOU WHY, IT'S BECAUSE TERRY WAS JUDY'S HALF BROTHER.

NARRATOR:

THE CAST YELLS OUT!

WHOLE CAST

WHAT!!!

NARRATOR:

JUST THEN, THE LAST BIG LOG IN THE FIRE, I MEAN FLOWER PLACE BURST AND SPREADS CINDERS OVER EVERYONE AND THE LIGHT, THE GROUP WAS GETTING, STARTS TO FADE.

FENTON:

GOD DAMN IT, I GOT CINDERS ALL OVER MY BOOTS. I NEED TO CLEAN THEM AGAIN.

FRANKIE:

I NEED TO GO SOMEWHERE!.

NARRATOR:

FRANKIE LEAVES THE GROUP. ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER FRANKIE RETURNS. THE ROOM IS ALMOST COMPLETELY DARK.

DAWN:

DID YOU FIND WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR, FRANKIE?

NARRATOR:

FRANKIE DOES NOT ANSWER, THE DYING LOG BURST A FINAL TIME, AGAIN, SPOUTING CINDERS OVER EVERYONE.

FENTON:

OH SHIT! NOT AGAIN, I JUST CLEANED MY DAMN BOOTS. AGAIN

NARRATOR:

THE ROOM GOES COMPLETELY DARK. A FEW SECONDS LATER, A SLIGHT BREEZE IS FELT FOLLOWED BY A SWISHING SOUND. SOMETHING HITS THE FLOOR. THE TIME IS 2:59 AM. FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD GOING TOWARD TO THE ROOM WHERE THE ATTORNEY WAS LAST SEEN. THE DOOR OPENS TO THE ROOM . THE ATTORNEY IS AGAIN SITTING AT THE DESK. THE ROOM IS ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE IT WAS BEFORE. IT IS 3 AM. THE ONLY LIGHT IN THE ROOM IS ILLUMINATING ONLY THE ATTORNEY.

MARTIN:

I KNEW IT WOULD BE YOU.

NARRATOR:

**THE PERSON THE ATTORNEY IS TALKING TO PUTS A ROUND
OBJECT ON THE DESK.**

MARTIN:

**I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO DIVIDE THE MONEY FOUR
WAYS.**

NARRATOR:

THE PERSON DENOTES A YES.

MARTIN:

**I THINK MY NEPHEW WOULD BE PLEASED WITH THE OUTCOME.
HE LOOKS AT THE WALL AND YELLS! TERRY JUSTICE IS FINALLY
SERVED, AND ALL THE MYSTERIES HAVE BEEN SEVERED.**

NARRATOR:

THE PLAY ENDS HERE

NARRATOR:

**WELL FOLKS IT LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER MURDER HERE. I GUESS
WE ARE GOING TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY SO WE CAN UNLOCK
THAT BIG DOOR AND LET THOSE SUCKERS OUT TO SPEND THEIR
BIG BUCKS. BUT BEFORE WE GUESS THE MURDERER, THE
MOTIVE, AND THE CLUES, LET'S HAVE A BIG ROUND OF
APPLAUSE FOR THE CAST AS I INTRODUCE THEM.**

NARRATOR:

THE CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

MARGARET WHITMEYER.

DAWN MORRISON / FLOWER BLOSSOM.

FRANKIE STALLUCCI.

HARRIET BANES.

FENTON CREMSHAW.

AND

AS THE ATTORNEY, MARTIN M. CARLTON.

**AND OF COURSE, THE GHOST OF TERRANCE
RADIGAN**

NARRATOR: *(AFTER ALLOWING TIME FOR APPLAUSE)*

AND NOW IT'S TIME TO GUESS.

OH, NOT JUST WHO THE MURDERER IS.

HELL! THAT'S EASY. NO!

**WHO WAS KILLED? WHY WERE THEY KILLED? HOW WERE
THEY KILLED, WHAT WAS THE CLUE OR CLUES THAT LET
YOU TO BELIEVE WHO THE MURDERER WAS, AND WHAT
OBJECT WAS PUT ON THE ATTORNEY'S DESK.?**

NOTES:

**AT THIS TIME THE AUDIENCE TRIES TO GUESS THE
MURDERER. THERE ARE SEVERAL WAYS TO DO THIS.**

**JUST LET THEM GUESS ALLOW THEM TO ASK THE CAST
QUESTIONS (REMEMBER THE KILLER IS ALLOWED TO LIE)**

RE-READ SOME LINES THAT LEAD TO CLUES

INTRODUCE EACH CAST MEMBER'S CHARACTER

“THE FINAL PROVISION”

**AFTER THE GUESSING HAS COMPLETED
THE CASTS RESTARTS THE LAST
SCENE.**

THE PLAY RESUMES

NARRATOR:

FRANKIE LEAVES THE GROUP. ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER FRANKIE RETURNS. THE ROOM IS ALMOST COMPLETELY DARK.

THE ROOM GOES COMPLETELY DARK. A FEW SECONDS LATER, A SLIGHT BREEZE IS FELT FOLLOWED BY A SWISHING SOUND FROM THE SICKLE. SOMETHING HITS THE FLOOR.

THE PERSON PICKS UP THE SEVERED HEAD OF FENTON

THE TIME IS 2:59 AM. THE PERSON TAKES THE SEVERED HEAD TO THE ATTORNEY'S ROOM. THE DOOR OPENS TO THE ROOM AND A LIGHT COMES ON. THE ATTORNEY IS AGAIN SITTING AT THE DESK. THE ROOM IS ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE IT WAS BEFORE. IT IS 3 AM.

MARTIN:

I KNEW IT WOULD BE YOU.

NARRATOR:

FRANKIE PUTS FENTON'S HEAD ON THE DESK.

MARTIN:

I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO DIVIDE THE MONEY FOUR WAYS.

FRANKIE

YES I WOULD. IT WAS TOO MANY YEARS THAT PASSED AND MY LOVE NEVER ENDED FOR HER. JUSTICE IS DONE.

MARTIN:

WHAT WAS THE CLUE THAT MADE YOU PICK FENTON?

FRANKIE

FIRST IT WAS THE TYING OF HER HANDS MEANING SHE COULD NOT HAVE KILLED HERSELF BUT IT WAS THE BROWN POLISH THAT MADE IT TO BE FENTON BECAUSE THAT IS ALL HE CARED ABOUT WAS GETTING HIS BOOTS DIRTY.

MARTIN:

**I THINK MY NEPHEW WOULD BE PLEASED WITH THE OUTCOME.
THE ATTORNEY TURNS TO THE WALL AND IN A LOUD VOICE,
ASKS**

MARTIN:

WOULD YOU AGREE ?

NARRATOR:

**A DOOR OPENS IN THE WALL, AND TERRY RADIGAN WALKS
OUT. NODDING HIS HEAD.**

THE END
THE FINAL PROVISION
BY
Robert G. Borelli