

Innuendo

A Murderous Mysterious Comedy

By Don Zolidis

(Lights up on the dining room of the mansion. CHARLOTTE, the maid, is getting the table ready. GEORG enters. He circles around behind her and tickles her.)

CHARLOTTE

Ooh! We don't have time for this!

GEORG

Why be serious when we can have fun?

CHARLOTTE

The guests will be arriving soon.

GEORG

What time is it?

CHARLOTTE

It's five thirty, and they're all supposed to be here before six.

GEORG

We can have our own dinner before six.

CHARLOTTE

That's impossible!

GEORG

Nothing is impossible for me.

CHARLOTTE

Except for finding a good job. I like expensive men. I mean rich.

GEORG

But baby—

CHARLOTTE

Don't you baby me! I've heard your babies before! They stink.

(The doorbell rings. GEORG and CHARLOTTE finish quickly and exit.)

(MORTIMER, the butler, enters. He opens the door revealing GENERAL SPRAGMORTON.)

MORTIMER

General Spragmorton, I presume. I knew your military training would bring you here five minutes early.

GENERAL

How did you know I was in the military?

MORTIMER

I've been briefed on your file. Please, take your seat.

GENERAL

How do I know which seat is mine?

MORTIMER

It's the one with your name, sir.
(He sits. MORTIMER exits.)

GENERAL

I say! How about a drink?
(MORTIMER is already back with a Long Island Iced Tea.)

MORTIMER

Your Long Island Iced Tea, sir.

GENERAL

Well that was quick.
(MORTIMER bows and exits. The doorbell rings. Pause. It rings again.)
Well are you going to get the door or not?
(MORTIMER returns quickly and grabs the door. Mr. BILKEM is there, holding an umbrella.)

MORTIMER

Ah Mr. Bilkem. How are you doing this evening?

Mr. BILKEM

To be perfectly honest, not so well. I have a brief due in the morning and I haven't even started on it. I don't have time for this.

MORTIMER

Don't we all?

MR. BILKEM

Is that supposed to be a joke? Because I don't have time for jokes!

MORTIMER

Of course not, sir. Would you care to sit down?

MR. BILKEM

Thanks.

(MR. BILKEM heads toward the table. The GENERAL stands up.)

GENERAL

General Spragmorton.

MR. BILKEM

Jonathan Bilkem.

(They shake hands.)

You've got quite a grip.

GENERAL

That's what five years in the jungles of Korea will do to a man.

MR. BILKEM

I didn't know Korea had jungles.

GENERAL

They didn't when I was done.

(Mr. BILKEM pulls out a notebook and begins working. The GENERAL eyes him.)

(Pause. The GENERAL clears his throat. Pause. The GENERAL clears his throat again.)

GENERAL

Are you going to do that all night?

MR. BILKEM

Sorry, I just have so many clients.

GENERAL

I had clients in Korea. Then we shot them.

MR. BILKEM

Oh.

(The doorbell rings. MORTIMER rushes to get it. He opens it, revealing PROFESSOR BEASLY and MADAME ISIS. BEASLY holds an umbrella over ISIS's head.)

MORTIMER

Well, Professor Beasly and Madame Isis. An interesting pairing.

BEASLY

That's quite a meteorological phenomenon out there.

ISIS

Can you please stop him from saying things like that? He's been talking that way ever since he picked me up.

BEASLY

I picked you up? Really? I'll pick you up again later. How heavy are you?

ISIS

I'd rather pick lint out of my bellybutton than talk to you again.

BEASLY

That was rather a pernicious rejoinder.

ISIS

What?

BEASLY

I need a beverage.

(MORTIMER produces one from behind something.)

MORTIMER

Red wine spritzer?

BEASLY

How did you know?

ISIS

It's obvious.

(She enters the room. GENERAL stands up again. MR. BILKEM continues to work.)

GENERAL

Well, it seems like we're going to spend some time together. This reminds me of the time in the salt mines near Pyongyang, it was me, a balero of shotgun shells and a small orphan boy named Dung that I had rigged with explosives.

ISIS

Does anyone know what we're doing here?

GENERAL

Poor Dung.

(If you would like to read more of this play, including its eight possible alternate endings, please e-mail me at don@donzolidis.com. Please include your school or theatre's name.)