

The Shotgun

Dramatis Personae

in order of appearance

Government Official — Aneesa

Nazi Spy - Meggie

Detective - Jaime

Police - Aneesa

Railway Porter - Abe

Movie-goer - Madison

Friend - Cheyenne

support

Announcer - Madison

SFX and Music - Cheyenne

Network: ANBS American News Broadcasting Service

Sponsor: Khole's Farm & Dairy

Script

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{PSA}

commercial

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Scene 1

OFFICIAL: (walking throughout line) I have to be careful of my important documents. Mustn't let them be stolen. (Rustle of papers.) Have to get them safely to Washington, D.C. ... mustn't let them be stolen ... if these fell into the wrong hands ... uh-oh.

NAZI: (snickers faintly) I'll get these documents! (Gunshot. Sound of body slumping down, dead.) Now let's find these papers! (Rustle of papers.) Got them! (Running footsteps.) (faintly) Ach! Dropped my German ration book! No time to go back for it, though. (Music.)

Scene 2

(phone rings twice)

DETECTIVE: Hello, this is <Detective Jamie> speaking. Who is this, please?

POLICE: (through phone) This is <Officer Aneesa> of Chicago Police. <Official Aneesa> is missing. We would like you to investigate.

DETECTIVE: When and where was s/he last seen?

POLICE: About 5 days ago at Union Station here in Chicago, having just gotten off the 1 o'clock from Denver, trying to catch the 2 o'clock to Pittsburgh.

DETECTIVE: Should we meet at Union Station?

POLICE: Sure, I'll be at the Adams Street entrance.

DETECTIVE: I'll be there in about an hour. Goodbye.

Scene 3

(At Union Station, train noises in background)

POLICE: Welcome, Detective. I have a witness here who claims—well, I'll let him tell it to you.

PORTER: I saw this official-looking person, more or less matched the description s/he gave me, left the station 'bout one-fifteen, asked me how to get to the El to go to the South Side. Now, if you'll excuse me, I really do need to get back. I'm a porter here, you know.

DETECTIVE: I'm going to go investigate the South Side. (Footsteps; fade out train noises. After a bit, suddenly a bump, and then a crash, as though someone had tripped over something soft.)

DETECTIVE: (Tentatively) I just tripped over something large and soft! Could it be a dead body? (Suddenly). Maybe <official Aneesa> was murdered! (Pause.) Yes, it is <official Aneesa>. It appears that the cause of death was (sound of disgust) a shotgun! (Pause.) Oh, and it looks like there's some kind of booklet dropped nearby. I should take it—it might be a clue! (Dramatic music.) Things like these usually are clues.

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Scene 4

POLICE: Well, what did you find out?

DETECTIVE: <Official Aneesa> is dead! Killed with a shotgun!

POLICE: So, was the porter right? Did <Official Aneesa> go to the South Side?

DETECTIVE: Yes, I think that porter seemed to know a bit too much ... Oh! Here comes someone! Looks veery suspicious! (To MOVIEGOER) I suspect you of being involved in <Official Aneesa>'s murder.

MOVIEGOER: I don't what you're talking about.

DETECTIVE (mutters) Very suspicious. (to suspect) Where were you between one and two o'clock P.M. on Friday the 13th, five days ago?

MOVIEGOER: At the movies with my friend here.

FRIEND: Yes, we were watching *Casablanca*. It was really good. [rambles on about movie, with interruptions from detective]

DETECTIVE: Alright, you have a good enough alibi. You're dismissed. (To Porter)
So you're the railway porter I talked to? I always forget a face.

PORTER: Yeah, that's me. Or is it? I think it is, but it might not be.

DETECTIVE: I suspect you in the murder of <Official Aneesa>.

PORTER: What, me? I didn't do anything. Wait—did I? No—I definitely didn't.

DETECTIVE (groans): You're confusing me. Where weren't you between two and one o'clock AM in five days? No, no, no ... (slowly) Where were you between one and two o'clock PM five days ago?

PORTER: Oh, here or there, left or right, forward or backward. (Indignantly) I was at the station, of course! I'm a porter! At least, I think I'm a porter.

DETECTIVE: OK, even if he is the one, I'm not going to interrogate him further. I value my sanity that much.

Scene 5

DETECTIVE: I need more clues! I don't have any leads right now. (Suddenly) The booklet I found at the crime scene—what is it? (after a pause) And where is it? I seem to have misplaced it. Aha!

POLICE: Found the booklet?

DETECTIVE: Yes. Why—it's a German ration booklet. The murderer must have been someone German—a Nazi. <Officer Aneesa>, round up all the Germans in this station and bring them to me.

(Time passes.)

POLICE: Couldn't find any.

DETECTIVE: Let me look. You! There! Getting your shoes shined! You look Teutonic. I need to interrogate you.

NAZI (attempting to be casual): Sure. What?

DETECTIVE: You must be the murderer of <Official Aneesa>!

(Sound of running footsteps starts.)

NAZI: Ach! My cover has been blown!

Scene 6

(Chase scene. Sound of running footsteps throughout. Train noises fade in and out occasionally. Mainly ad-libbing, stuff like “Ach! Must escape!” from the Nazi and “I’ll get you!” and “Excuse me!” from the detective. Also, detective must at some point say “Get reinforcements!” to the police officer, who will respond with “I’ll call the station!” Indignant passersby will also have ad-libs, such as “Watch where you’re going!” After this goes on for a while ...)

NAZI: Mein Gott! I’m trapped on the platform—police closing in on all sides!

DETECTIVE (triumphantly): Reinforcements have arrived!

POLICE: We have arrested the Nazi spy, <Detective Jaime>.

commercial

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