

Murder is no Laughing Matter
a 1940's clown crime drama

Cast of Characters

Detective Giggles

Officer Pebbles

Chief Zigzag

Mrs. Bubbles

Bluto

Bongo

Down-a-clown 1-3

Blitz

Snake oil patron

Candy Cuddles

Informant

Kooky

Horse Bartender

The play is written for 7-14 actors, three male, three female, 8 flexible. The Down-a-clowns may be puppeteered by one actor. Detective Giggles, Officer Pebbles, and Chief Zigzag should not be doubled. Mrs. Bubbles may double Candy Cuddles, Bongo may double the snake oil patron, the down-a-clowns may double the informant and the horse bartender, and Bluto may double Blitz and Kooky. Bongo and the snake oil patron are non-speaking roles. Any extra actors may play or double as officers, EMC's, bar patrons, etc.

Act 1, Scene 1

(SOMEWHERE IN TEXAS, 1940, Lights fade up on DETECTIVE GIGGLES, a clown in a trench coat, who sits on a stool in a dirty bar. He sips on a drink looking like some sort of hard-boiled detective. His hat sits on the bar next to him. Other patrons fill the bar sparsely. A clown sits alone passed out in a booth, a clown plays darts, and a clown sits a few seats down from the detective. A bartender cleans a glass behind the bar. The vibe is very glum and lonely. Saucy 40's jazz plays over his narration.)

NARRATION. It was a night like any other. I was in the ol' Klik Clak drinking my weight in warm milk, the jukebox was playin' the blues, and I just knew somethin' wasn't right.

(OFFICER PEBBLES enters the bar. She looks a little frazzled, looking around. She spots DETECTIVE GIGGLES.)

OFFICER PEBBLES. Detective Giggles?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. *(He takes a swig of his drink, not looking at her)* I haven't been a detective in a long time.

OFFICER PEBBLES. We need your help, Detective. It's Deputy Bubbles. He's dead."

(dun dun duuuuuuun.

Blackout)

Scene 2

(DEPUTY BUBBLES HOME, The forensics team surrounds Deputy Bubbles' body and scatter around his home like the rats in Ratatouille. In the background, a couple of clowns are doing clown things, one blows bubbles. An anvil has been dropped on Deputy Bubbles' head. He holds a sign that reads "YOUCH!" DETECTIVE GIGGLES and OFFICER PEBBLES stand in the doorway.)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. (*Shaking his head*) It's a darn shame. Bubbles was my first friend on the force back in '22.

OFFICER PEBBLES. And in his own home, only 20 minutes before his retirement.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Gosh diddly darn this world.

OFFICER PEBBLES. (*turning to him*) I'm a big fan of your work, detective. When I was a girl, you solved 'The Tic Tac Tickler' murders, and it was so incredible to me reading it in the paper. It's actually why I wanted to become a police officer!

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Heh. That's great, kid, but that was a long-

OFFICER PEBBLES. (*Cutting him off, talking more to herself than anyone else*) Mama didn't think I'd make it through the academy, she always thought the girls should stay home and bake pies while their husbands bring home the bacon, so of course I think she might be a little disappointed in me for working, but I make an honest living! Would I like a husband? Sure, but dating is hard, y'know! Especially with my packed schedule! I'm on duty most of the time, and when I'm not, I'm taking care of my daughter, teaching juggling at the rec center, taking karate night classes, and yes, occasionally baking some pies. Being a working single mother is a lot of work, but-

(*DETECTIVE GIGGLES has been walking around looking at stuff, entirely not listening while she follows behind him. OFFICER PEBBLES stops in her tracks and solutes as CHIEF ZIGZAG walks past.*)

CHIEF ZIGZAG. At ease, Officer Pebbles.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. (*Narrowing his eyes at him*) Chief.

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Detective. We appreciate you coming out of retirement to help with this case. You look...(*looking him up and down*)present.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. (*Crossing his arms*) I didn't come here for chit-chat. Tell me what we know.

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Alright, alright, He got home around 8:31. His coat rack had been rigged to the anvil, so when he hung his hat by the door, it triggered the anvil to fall. Mrs. Bubbles heard the commotion from the kitchen while she was

fixing dinner. She discovered the body. She claims she doesn't know anything about the boobytrap.

OFFICER PEBBLES. Did you know boobytrap backwards is partyboob?? Semordnilaps really interest me. That's palindrome spelled backward. It's so fascinating how a word can—

(They are completely silent)

OFFICER PEBBLES. Sorry. I'm nervous.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Alright, I'll go talk to her. *(He starts walking towards the kitchen)*

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Wait, Detective Giggles! You're going to want this. *(He hands DETECTIVE GIGGLES his police badge.)*

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. You saved my old badge?

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Had a feeling you wouldn't be able to stay away too long.

(KITCHEN, MRS. BUBBLES sits across from an officer attempting to take her statement at the kitchen table. She's absolutely hysterical, sobbing very dramatically. The officer is trying to calm her down, but it's not going well.)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. I'll take it from here, Bluto.

(He takes BLUTO's seat. BLUTO looks intensely relieved. DETECTIVE GIGGLES slams his hands on the table.)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Alright, where were you at the time of the murder?!

MRS. BUBBLES. I- Eh- Eugh- EUEUEUEUEUEUEUEUEUE!

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Get a grip, woman! *(He hands her a comically long handkerchief from up his sleeve. She blows her nose into it with a loud *HONK*)*

MRS. BUBBLES. Thank you. *(Sniffle)* I- I was in the kitchen preppin' supper when I heard a loud crash. I ran to the livin' room to see what the sound was and I found my Earl...*(She sobs)*

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. So then where were you when the trap was set?

MRS. BUBBLES. I was runnin' errands with my sister all day. I didn't get home til 'round 6:30.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. You were cooking from 6:30 to 8:30? That's an awfully long time.

MRS. BUBBLES. It was a p-p-pot roast EUEUEUEUE!

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. We estimate the trap was set at around 7:00. Did you hear anything at all?"

MRS. BUBBLES. I was listenin' to the radio. I couldn't hear a thing.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Alright, I have what I need for now. Thank you.
(He stands to leave.)

MRS. BUBBLES. What am I gonna do without him, Steven?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. ...We're all going to miss him. He's left a hole in the community we aren't soon to fill. We're all here for you at the PD. Take care of yourself, Doris. *(He pushes in his chair and leaves)*

(LIVING ROOM, a group of officers including CHIEF ZIGZAG and OFFICER PEBBLES stand in a semi circle talking. Some forensic investigators show the chief some information on clipboards. DETECTIVE GIGGLES joins them)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. I couldn't get much out of her, but she has an alibi.

CHIEF ZIGZAG. She and Bubbles were the happiest couple in town. The interrogation was more of a formality. *(he looks over at the body, now covered with a blanket)* Earl was a friend to all. Who would do such a thing?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. It had to be someone who knew his schedule, someone who knew what time he got home, which door he came in through, which hook on the coat rack he used...*(He begins to walk toward the coatrack, but trips over the rug under the body, toppling over the body. All the other clowns gasp)*

CHIEF ZIGZAG. My word, Detective!

OFFICER PEBBLES. Detective! Are you alright?!"

(The other officers at the scene murmur other things to each other: "I bet he's on milk again," "Can you believe it?!" "Is he okay?" etc...)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Wait a minute! Do you see that?!"

(all the clowns go quiet and lean in a little closer as DETECTIVE GIGGLES crawls over the body, whips out a comically large magnifying glass, and looks through it at the ground)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. There's footprints! Far too small for the average Joe or Joesephine...someone was here, someone small enough to slip through the cracks, but too small to go unnoticed if out of place...Get me the neighbors, I'm launching a full-scale investigation! *(a dramatic brass sting plays as he says this, lights fade as we shift to the next scene.)*

Scene 3

(INTERROGATION ROOM, a metal table sits between DETECTIVE GIGGLES and BONGO, a mime. The two sit silently for a moment as the detective sorts through some files)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Alright Bongo. Can you confirm you live across the street from Deputy Earl Bubbles?

(BONGO is silent. Frustrated, DETECTIVE GIGGLES slams down a folder in front of BONGO filled with photos from the crime scene)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. These look familiar?

(BONGO picks up the photos and is visibly disturbed)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Listen, buddy! You better start talkin' or else!

(BONGO raises their hands as if to say "Okay! Okay!") They begin to mime their story)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. *(BONGO mimes various things in between each question.)* You saw three suspicious guys around the house leading up to the murder? They all looked the same? Well what did they look like? Flat, taunting faces, bowling pin shaped? *(he writes all of this down)* Okay, thank you for your time, Bongo.

(INTERREGATION ROOM, three of the clowns from the classic “Down-a-Clown” arcade game sit at the interrogation table. They don’t have hands so the handcuffs are around their necks. DETECTIVE GIGGLES paces around the table like a shark. The clowns can be puppeteered from beneath the table)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Do you want to tell me what you three were doing at the Bubbles residence on November 3?

(The Down-a-Clowns preferably have a thick Philly, New York, or Boston accent. Maybe each of them have a different accent.)

DOWN-A-CLOWN 2. We was just followin’ orders. *(DOWN-A-CLOWN 1 bumps him, their equivalent of a slug to the shoulder.)*

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Orders from who?

DOWN-A-CLOWN 3. Our boss, sir. He told us to break in and gather intel. When he had the information he needed, he had us set up the trap.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. So you were just the grunts?

DOWN-A-CLOWN 1. We prefer the term ‘Goons.’ We’ve served a number of clients in our day, for the right price.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Well, who’s your boss?

DOWN-A-CLOWN 2. Well listen, we gots information alright, and we can provide said information to you, as my associate said, for the right price.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Oh I see. You want me to pay you, right?*(They nod)*

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. I can pay you alright. Unfortunately, I’m no good for cash, but I hope you’ll accept payment in the form of me not BREAKING EVERY BONE IN YOUR TINY. FUZZY. BODIES. If you want to get out of this interrogation room with all your teeth, you better start singin’ like a canary. Now tell me. Who. is. Your. boss.

(DOWN-A-CLOWNS are silent, embarrassed)

DOWN-A-CLOWN 3. ...we don’t know. He wrote us letters and gave us envelopes of cash. We never met him. He signs his letters ‘Mr. K’

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Alright, thank you. You’ve all been very helpful.

DOWN-A-CLOWN 1. Can we go now?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Heck no! You're all criminals! You're all going back to the clinker where ya belong, you hoodlums!

DOWN-A-CLOWN 1. Rats.

Scene 4

(DETECTIVE'S OFFICE, DETECTIVE GIGGLES sits behind his desk smoking a cigar and reviewing evidence. His desk is a little cluttered, some stacks of paper, office supplies, unfinished mugs of coffee, etc. behind him is a bulletin board with some pictures of the crime scene with red yarn tying them together. Suspicious jazz plays below his narration.)

NARRATION. I spent days reviewing the evidence; it just didn't make sense. With all the intrigue, that mysterious Mr. K, and Chief Zigzag breathing down my neck, I had no choice but to wait for the other comically large shoe to drop.

(CHIEF ZIGZAG walks in, knocking on the door as he does)

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Detective?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Come in.

CHIEF ZIGZAG. I've got some bad news, detective. We have another victim.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Do you think it's the same guy?

CHIEF ZIGZAG. We found the same jingle bell shoe prints at both crime scenes.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Who's the victim?

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Topsy Turvy. 42 and a half, wife and two kids.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. *(perturbed)* Oh, man.

CHIEF ZIGZAG. What? Did you know him?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Yeah, he was my mailman.

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Oh, sorry for your loss.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. We weren't that close.

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Well, come on. Let's go investigate the crime scene.

(STREET, the area is dimly lit by the streetlight above. Police officers and Emergency Medical Clowns litter the road. A body is wheeled away on a dolly. A wall is painted as a tunnel with a sign pointed to it reading "Mail Route Shortcut." a body outline is painted on the wall. CHIEF ZIGZAG and DETECTIVE GIGGLES enter)

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Poor chump never saw it comin'

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Who could?

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Call in the K-9 unit

POLICE OFFICER. You got it, boss!*(The cops start making balloon animals)*

(DETECTIVE GIGGLES whips out his magnifying glass and begins to look around. He stumbles upon the paint cans. On top of the paint cans is a torn receipt.)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Hey, Zigzag! *(the chief walks over)* This is a receipt to a place called "Blitz's Snake Oil. Does that mean anything to you?

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Hey, yeah, I remember that guy! Total freak. Bubbles busted him on daisy trafficking.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Daisy trafficking?

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Much more common than you'd think. Usually in the counterfeit hat and squirt flower rings. Yeah. He's a real sicko

(BLITZ'S SNAKE OIL STAND, a clown purchases a bottle of snake oil, BLITZ hands it over to her. His stand is shabby, a very crude hand painted sign reads "BLITZ'S SNAKE OIL, ONLY 99 CENTS!" a few of the letters are backwards.)

BLITZ. Thank you, please come again soon!*(The customer walks away)*

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. The jig is up, Blitz.

BLITZ. I haven't a clue what you're talking about, officer.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Don't play dumb with me, criminal! *(He points at Blitz accusingly, booping his nose with a "Honk!")*

BLITZ. I'm telling the truth, officer! I've been off laughing gas for months! I'm not even dealing anymore! I run a very legitimate business!

(In the background, Blitz's customer opens her bottle of snake oil. Paper snakes like snakes in a can pop out in her face with a "Boing!" Blitz is visibly distressed)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Uh huh"

BLITZ. *(nervously)* Heh heh...

(DETECTIVE GIGGLES gives BLITZ Polaroids of the crime scenes)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. These jog your memory?

BLITZ. Aw man, is that Deputy Bubbles?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. He arrested you on the illegal sale of daisies and how he's pushing them. Sounds suspicious, don't ya think?

BLITZ. I would never! I owe Deputy Bubbles my life! Him arresting me changed the trajectory of my life for the better! He's the reason I got clean and started a real business.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. A "real business?"

BLITZ. I'm just trying to make rent, man. I really want to be a dentist.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Mhm. Do you want to explain why we found this at the crime scene last night?

(DETECTIVE GIGGLES hands him a picture from last night and the receipt. BLITZ looks back and forth between the two for a moment.)

BLITZ. ...Is that my mailman? Look I didn't have anything to do with this, I couldn't paint if I wanted to. *(gesturing to his sign)* Look at my sign! It's horrible! Besides, I was doing inventory all last night.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Do you remember whose receipt this is?

BLITZ. Please, I have tens of customers every day. Do you think I could remember them all?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. *(to himself)* Fiddlesticks, another dead end. Something has to be missing.

Scene 5

(DETECTIVES OFFICE, DETECTIVE GIGGLES stares at his corkboard with more pictures and evidence on it than before. His desk is also far messier than the last time we saw it, now covered in paperwork and an overflowing ashtray.)

NARRATION. I couldn't afford any more mistakes. The entire department was counting on me to catch this killer. I was running out of options.

(CHIEF ZIGZAG enters)

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Any new leads?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. ..No.

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Time is running out, detective. We have to catch this guy before he strikes again.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Don't you think I know that?! I'm working as hard as I can, something's... missing.

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Don't raise your tone with me, detective. Do I have to remind you who's in charge around here?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Well it coulda been me if you hadn't taken the promotion.

CHIEF ZIGZAG. I was only offered the promotion because you didn't want it! Don't let your personal issues get in the way of your job, detective.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. "Personal issues?"

CHIEF ZIGZAG. You used to be a good detective.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. *(Getting in his face)* "Used to be?!"

CHIEF ZIGZAG. You've lost your fire, your drive. You were the youngest lieutenant on the force and now... it's like you've given up.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Don't you lecture me like some kind of shrink, chief. You don't know a thing about it!

CHIEF ZIGZAG. I know losing Izabella was hard, but--

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Shut your trap. Don't you say her name.

CHIEF ZIGZAG. You can act like she didn't exist, but she did, and she's gone. You need to accept that and move on before you lose more of yourself.

(CHIEF ZIGZAG exists, slamming the door behind him. DETECTIVE GIGGLES pulls a photo out of his drawer. He pulls a flask out of a different drawer and drinks from it, leaning back in his chair.)

Scene 7

(DONALD MCRONALD'S, A crime scene is taped off in the parking lot. Officers litter the lot, some writing things down and some talking to each other, one clown draws hopscotch next to the body outline. DETECTIVE GIGGLES walks up to OFFICER PEBBLES.)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Another body?

OFFICER PEBBLES. Afraid so, detective. And it's a big one: Donald McDonald.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. What, like, the guy who plays the mascot?

OFFICER PEBBLES. Unfortunately. When he went on his smoke break, someone had replaced his cigarette with a stick of dynamite. The other mascots are real torn up about it.

(The other mascots can be seen sobbing, comforted by EMC (emergency medical clowns))

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Well this is definitely disturbing. I don't think I can ever eat here again. I'll never see the golden parabolas the same. I think we have ourselves a serial killer."

OFFICER PEBBLES. I sure hope not, but in a way I kind of do? I mean, it'd be pretty incredible for my career, a female police officer putting a serial killer behind bars, although I'm worried about the ethics of that, as I wouldn't want to—

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. *(Pinching between his eyebrows)* Pebbles! Get it together!

OFFICER PEBBLES. ...right

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. A serial killer... This is the last thing I need right now.

OFFICER PEBBLES. *(Sarcastically)* Well I'm sure Donald loved being murdered.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Don't sass me.

(OFFICER PEBBLES and DETECTIVE GIGGLES are approached by CANDY CUDDLES, an official looking clown wearing an FCI jacket)

CANDY CUDDLES. Officers. Candy Cuddles, head of the Federal Clowns of Investigation. Now that this case is considered serial, we're stepping in. *(She shakes their hands very aggressively, maintaining very intense eye contact.)*

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. All due respect, Ms. Cuddles, we have this covered.

CANDY CUDDLES. Well, with all due respect, detective, no you don't. Three people have died under your investigation, and we're not going to lose a fourth under our watch. *(She starts to walk away)*

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Wait! What does Chief ZigZag say about all of this?

CANDY CUDDLES. *(Spinning around)* It doesn't matter what he says anymore. He's off the case and so are you, so I'd get off my crime scene. *(She walks away)*

OFFICER PEBBLES. whoof. Party pooper.

(DETECTIVES OFFICE, DETECTIVE GIGGLES paces around his office, a comical amount of stuff stacked on his desk.)

NARRATION: Just like that, the investigation and my short-lived return to my career were over. I knew I could crack the case with just a little more time. The answer was just under my comically large nose, I could feel it.

(CHIEF ZIGZAG walks in)

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Give it up, Giggles. We're off the case.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. But we're so close! I can feel it! Can't you?

CHIEF ZIGZAG. ...Look, I want to solve this case just as much as you do, but I can't disobey direct orders from the top.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Think about the old times, ZigZag! Before the promotion! You and I were an unstoppable force, fighting crime like our lives depended on it! You would have never let some FCI big-wigs tell us how to do our job!

CHIEF ZIGZAG. I have different responsibilities now. I need to respond carefully or it's all our butts on the line.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Fine then. Don't help me. I'm going to solve this case on my own.

CHIEF ZIGZAG. *(sigh)* I don't want things to be this way. We're on the same team, you know. I know we can solve this case but...there's just a lot of red tape in the way.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. We could have it solved before they can say 'vehicular manslaughter.' You're either with me or against me, but I'm solving this case one way or the other.

(He considers it)

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Darnit, I hate when you're right. Let's do this."

(Just then, a note is slid under the door. CHIEF ZIGZAG picks it up)

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Detective, I have intel that may be of interest to you. If you would like to access my information, meet me on the corner of Wiggle St. and 5th at 4 pm. That's convenient.

(They share a look)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Well, I guess we don't have room to turn down any leads.

Scene 8

(WIGGLE STREET, DETECTIVE GIGGLES stands next to a street sign awkwardly. He checks his watch and sighs)

INFORMANT. Pst!

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Huh?

INFORMANT. Pst! Over there! Sorry, I meant over here, I forgot where I was. I have the intel you want.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. So I've heard. How much do you want?

INFORMANT. A gazillion dollars

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. C'mon now.

INFORMANT. Fine, thirty bucks.

(DETECTIVE GIGGLES slides him a \$30 Monopoly bill)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Alright, you have what you want. Tell me what you know.

INFORMANT. It was definitely Kooky.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Kooky?! He's been in the clinker for months!

INFORMANT. Not since he busted out by making a balloon animal of himself. They really shouldn't have given him balloons. He said to give you this.

(The Informant presents Det. Giggles with a ransom note)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES: “Detective,
I have Chief ZigZag. If you ever want to see him again, come to the
abandoned circus. XOXO, Kooky” (*Looking up*) You’re not supposed to sign
ransom notes.

Scene 9

(*CIRCUS TENT, DETECTIVE GIGGLES looks up and audibly gulps. He enters. KOOKY is standing in the middle of the room as distorted circus music plays. Behind him is something large covered with a cloth.*)

KOOKY. Well, well, well. It seems you’ve sleuthed my location, coppa!

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. You wrote me a letter telling me where you
were--- never mind that! Where’s Zigzag!?

KOOKY. See for yourself!

(*He pulls a rope, pulling back a curtain revealing Chief Zigzag sitting in a
dunk tank over acid*)

CHIEF ZIGZAG. Help!

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Zigzag! Look, Kooky, it doesn’t have to be this
way. You can still do the right thing. Let the chief go.

KOOKY. Hmm, I guess I hadn’t thought about it that way... NAHHHH!

(*He presses the button on the side of the dunk tank, triggering CHIEF
ZIGZAG to fall into the acid*)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. NOOOO!!

(*DETECTIVE GIGGLES clings to the bars of the dunk tank*)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. (*cont.*) Why?!

KOOKY. Don’t play dumb! You know why!

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. I really do not! I am dumb in this situation!

KOOKY. Are you serious?! You ruined my life and can’t remember what
you did?!

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. How did I ruin your life?! This is, like, our second interaction ever!

KOOKY. Five years ago you arrested my twin brother, Nutty! He was my better half, my partner in crime! Without him, I've just been half of a dynamic duo, left to commit petty theft on my own! You ruined both of our lives that day! So, I decided to ruin yours by killing your closest companions!

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Do you think my mailman and Donald McDonald are my closest companions?

KOOKY. You're always hanging out with them!

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. You do realize we got him on breaking and entering, right? His sentence is up in, what, two months?

KOOKY. What do you think I've been doing for the last five years!? I've been planning this since the day he got arrested! I was running out of time! I had to act fast, because once his sentence was up I'd probably forget this ever happened!

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. ...You're flippin' crazy, you know that?

KOOKY. Bleeehhh!!

(He holds up a peace sign and kicks his stupid little leg up)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. *(Holding up handcuffs)* Yeah, I'm gonna arrest you now.

KOOKY. Not unless you can catch me, Coppa!

(Kooky begins to run away, slipping on a banana peel on the ground. He's straight up dead)

Scene 10

(CEMETERY, The funeral procession is two cars long, the hearse and a police cruiser. All of the cops pour out the cruiser like a clown car. Det. Giggles stands far away from everyone else, leaned against a tree like a cool guy smoking a cigarette. Mrs. Bubbles puts a hand on his shoulder.)

MRS. BUBBLES. Thank you for coming, Steven. I know the chief would have appreciated it.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. It's my fault he's dead. I could've saved him.

MRS. BUBBLES. When my Earl passed, it was hard not to blame myself. How could I have been so stupid? I let a murderer into my home and he killed my husband. But then I realized there's no way I could have known what was going to happen. Earl was the perfect clown for me, and I miss him every day, but it's not my fault he's gone. *(She takes his hands)* It wasn't your fault. He wouldn't want you to blame yourself.

(They share a hug.)

MRS. BUBBLES. *(cont.)* Take care of yourself, Steven. *(She walks away.)*

(DETECTIVE GIGGLES walks toward the grave.)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. *(To the headstone)* I'm sorry, David. For everything I said and did. You were right. I'm a screw up. I want to be the cop you thought I could be. I'm gonna miss you, Chief. *(He stands there for a moment before walking off.)*

(THE BAR, DETECTIVE GIGGLES throws back his drink.)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Another round, bartender.

(The bartender is a horse who cleans a glass)

HORSE. Why the long face?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. I had to bury a few old friends this week...and my mailman.

(Officer Pebbles enters the bar, also in all black. We're right back where we started)

OFFICER PEBBLES. You alright, Detective?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. As alright as anyone could be, given the circumstances. *(He takes a swig of his drink)*

OFFICER PEBBLES. He was proud of you, you know.

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Heh. It's nice to think that way, but I know the truth. In his mind, I was nothing but a screw-up. And he was right. We argued before...He thought I was past my prime. That I couldn't let go of...

OFFICER PEBBLES. Izabella?

(DETECTIVE GIGGLES nods silently)

OFFICER PEBBLES. Who was she?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. ...My daughter. When Shirley left, she took her with her up north. I haven't seen her since.

OFFICER PEBBLES. I bet she'd want to see you. She's, what, six now? Gosh, she looks so much like you. Talks like you too.

(DETECTIVE GIGGLES looks confused)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. How do you know so much about my daughter?
(She looks guilty. She slides him a photo. It's Izabella playing with another little girl)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. *(Looking between her and the photo)* Where did you get this? Who is that with her?

OFFICER PEBBLES. She's my daughter's best friend. They're in the same grade. Plays with my daughter every day. She's always talking about her daddy. Says he's a hero.

(He stares at the photo)

OFFICER PEBBLES. *(Taking his hand)* He watched you go from the youngest lieutenant on the force to one of the most well-established detectives in the area. He was proud of you. I found this in his desk when I was cleaning out his office. He would have wanted you to have it.

(OFFICER PEBBLES presents him with a wax-sealed envelope. He opens it)

CHIEF ZIGZAG. *(narration)* "To whom it may concern,

I plan to retire within the next five years. Upon this time, my professional recommendation for my replacement is Detective Steven Giggles. He is the only clown I know with the brains, strength, and heart for the job. When I didn't know what to do, he always did. I have no doubt in my mind that he will always pursue the right path, and that he is the best clown for the job. He is my first choice.

Chief David Zigzag, April 3, 1940”

(Det. Giggles cries over the letter.)

Scene 11

(DETECTIVES OFFICE, DETECTIVE GIGGLES sits behind his desk and straightens a photo of him and CHIEF ZIGZAG. OFFICER PEBBLES enters)

OFFICER PEBBLES. How's it feel to be back on the force, Chief?

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. ...Different. I've got comically large shoes to fill.

OFFICER PEBBLES. You wouldn't be here if you didn't deserve to. This is where you're meant to be.

(DETECTIVE GIGGLES smiles silently)

OFFICER PEBBLES. A new case just came in. Are you ready?

(The two share a moment)

DETECTIVE GIGGLES. Go ahead without me, I've got somewhere to be.

(“It's Been a Long, Long Time,” begins to play as he walks out of the office and picks up his daughter who was waiting outside. They walk away together)

The end!