

MURDER BY MOONSHINE

by  
Joanne Mercer

*A farcical murder mystery in the who-dunit tradition.*

*Seven cast members: three of them double up (two of them play both male and female characters). This play is a lot of fun and has been a terrific hit on the Murder Mystery Dinner Theater circuit in Pennsylvania. Contact me for royalty information, and please enjoy this excerpt.*

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B.S.: Mary! Give your B.S. a big old smooch! *(He kisses her. MISS CORNPONE enters wearing a Mardi-Gras style mask.)*

MISS CORNPONE: Bonjour, baby.

B.S.: What? That voice! *(He looks around and sees MISS CORNPONE.)* You!

MARY: You really do know this woman?

B.S.: Well, I don't exactly *know* her . . .

MISS CORNPONE: Now, don't you give me any of your B.S.

MARY: Then how come she knows your name?

B.S.: Lots of people tell me not to give them any B.S., honey. It's just an expression . . .

MARY: B.S! *(MARY breaks away, as MISS CORNPONE flirts with B.S. and speaks with a French accent.)*

MISS CORNPONE: I knew you would remember. The parade we see, the dinner we eat, the cake we bake, the love we make.

B.S.: Well, look here, honey . . .

MARY: Honey!

B.S.: No, I mean, I was just about to announce my engagement . . .

MISS CORNPONE: Yes, that is why I am here!

MARY: He's all yours, Miss La-De-Da Mardi Gras.

MISS CORNPONE: Merci beaucoup!

MARY: Murky buckets to you, too. *(MARY addresses the audience. MISS CORNPONE exits.)* I'm sorry you had to witness this, folks, but I do sincerely thank you for coming to the fifteenth anniversary of my older brother Stinky's taste testing of his special moonshine, "Stinky's Revenge." I will never forget that fateful night. Billy Bob and I went into the Still Room to watch. Steam was blowing. Horns were tooting. Stinky held out his little battered tasting cup. A single drop of moonshine dripped into it. He smiled, and said these beautiful words, "Over the lips and past the gums, look out tummy, here it comes." Then he went into a stupor, with a big ol' grin spread across his face, and he hasn't awakened since. Poor Stinky. *(BETTY JO enters wearing MARY's red gown, and screams. A gunshot rings out. BETTY JO stumbles all over, ad-libbing comically before she eventually dies. MARY rushes to BETTY JO's side. BILLY CLYDE runs in, carrying a hunting rifle.)*

BILLY CLYDE: I heard a shot. Is it varmint season already?