

# *A Taste For Murder*



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 **70s night**

 **Murdernight.**

# ***A Taste For Murder***

By  
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**A Murdernight Publication**

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# ***A Taste For Murder***

## Original Cast List.

St Mary's Drama Group, Leyland,  
11th September 2003.

Maximilian Gainford-Brown  
Jessica Gainford-Brown  
Jonathan Richer  
William Green  
Amelia Phoebe-Wellborn  
Thomas Allman  
Rachael Hunter  
Fabian Devine

Harry Embery  
Clare Carter  
Tony Jones  
Lee Tattum  
Delia Withnall  
Peter Garside  
Catherine Sullivan  
Paul Falcone

# Instructions

The scene is a fledgling Wine tasting group who are trying to recruit new members. In order to do this they decide to hold a discothèque.

As with all 'Murdernight' mysteries the atmosphere of the evening is important. 'Death by Cheese and Wine' creates the atmosphere of 1970's cheese and wine party / Disco. Here are a few ideas on how to achieve this.

Don't forget to encourage the audience to dress the part, floaty 70's evening dresses flares, crushed velvet jackets and dickey bows etc.

70's posters on the walls. Included in the pack are ladies and gentlemen toilet icons.

***Give out programme, dance guide and handouts 1 and 2 before the play starts***

Can anyone get a chopper bike or space hopper to dress up the room.  
Or even a Capri in the car park.

Some groups have hired a real DJ (don't forget Fabian is the DJ in the plot.) others have just played music over a loudspeaker and decorated a desk with Christmas lights.

Cheese and wine parties were vogue in the 70's try as best as possible to recreate the food of the time. A large table should be dotted with bottles of wine with details of the wine written on a card beside it. Some bottles of wine will have the label covered up as this is part of the wine tasting session later in the play. A smaller table and three chairs are aside ready to be prepared for the wine tasting later in the play

*Music suggestions:*  
Anything from the 70's

The question and answer sessions can get tedious, especially with a large audience, therefore a few 'spot' routines should be added to keep the pace moving.

*Here are a few suggestions:*

Max could receive a slap across the face when his affair is discovered. (*Careful we cannot be held responsible*)

Thomas can become more and more drunk as the question session goes on. We've even had him collapsing and feigning sickness into an audience members hat. Don't forget to keep up the CB talk

*Make up a few of your own. Remember this is a comedy, so the routines can be overacted.*

# **A Taste *For* Murder**

by  
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*Everyone is busy preparing the table with the bottles of wines, food and glasses.  
The D.J. is setting up equipment.*

## ***Welcoming Speech by Fabian***

Hey Cats

At the beginning of the decade the Beatles split up.

Last year Elvis died and we saw the first Concorde leave from New York City

James Callahan is the British Prime Minister

Jimmy Carter is the US President

Nottingham Forest are the football league champions

We now have the Betamax and VCR

Cheese and wine parties are the latest vogue for the middle class. Crazes that are sweeping the nation are: Hotpants, Starsky and Hutch, Streaking, Chopper bikes, The Spacehopper, Clackers, and the CB radio.

Saturday Night Fever is the movie sensation of the year  
***(With enthusiasm)*** Yes chicks and dudes welcome to 1978

***(Music - such as Disco Inferno)***

Maximilian:

Good evening Ladies and Gentleman. Welcome to *(Town)* Wine Tasting Society's annual social meeting. My name is Maximilian Gainford Brown the Chairman of the Society. Has everyone got their raffle tickets for the bottles of wine on display by the door? If not, I'm sure my wife Jessica still has some left, don't you my dear.

Jessica:

***(Waving a book in the air)*** Yes, *(Price they are on sale)* each or a book for a *(Price they are on sale)*. I'll leave them by the door. ***(If you are selling raffle tickets make sure you announce the real price otherwise this will confuse the audience when you come to sell them )***

Maximilian: I'm sure you'll enjoy this evening, there are some excellent wines to try and later on Mr Fabian Devine, 'Kinks' resident D.J. will be entertaining us with all the latest sounds for us to dance to. *(Indicates Fabian)*

Fabian: *(Who has moved aside Maximilian)* Hey slip me some skin man. Woo-hooo ye-ha *(Spins on the spot and, if he can reach, slaps Maximilian's outstretched hand)*

Maximilian: *(Looks at Fabian puzzled)* Quite. .. Er... My wife Jessica has also done the catering for this evening.

Jonathan: *(Coming over and interrupting)* Max, are you sure the temperature is right in here? It should be 70 deg. For wine tasting purposes you know.

Maximilian: The temperatures fine Jonathan, although there does seem to be the odd blast of hot air coming in now and again.

Jonathan: *(Ignoring this remark)* Well, what about the lighting then, how are we supposed to make a colour judgement of the wines, we really need a filtered tungsten ASTM standard DO 1729. No fluorescent lights are any good you know. I don't know whose idea it was to have this infernal 'Disco-teque' for this years social.

Maximilian: *(Getting visibly irate)* The lighting is fine for this evening Jonathan.

Jonathon: *(Looks disdainfully at Fabian)* You can't tell the men from the woman nowadays.

Jessica: Oh Jonathon, you really are a stuffed shirt. Disco's are all the rage now and we want to recruit younger people you know.

Fabian: Hey go with the flow Joe, jive to the vibe, take a pill and chill.

*Fabian 'trucks' back to the record deck.*

Jonathan: Well, I'm not sure about that smell, *(He sniffs the air)* who on earth is wearing that disgusting smelling perfume? Is it that 'Splash it all over', Henry Cooper stuff? Now that really is counter productive for wine evaluations. *(Goes towards a member of the audience)* sorry it must be your aftershave, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Jonathan: *(Moving away)* I'm just going to help Rachael with the glasses.

Maximilian            *(Under his breath)* God help her if they are the wrong shape.

*William arrives, bringing a large bunch of flowers which he gives to Jessica.*

William:                Flowers - as promised for the table.

Jessica:                Thank you William, I'm really grateful, they're beautiful  
*(She puts them in the vase in the middle of the table).* What  
are the blue ones?

William:                *(Ever so slightly hesitant) er...* Aconitum Napellus *(Which is  
monkshood but don't say this)*

*Jonathon and Jessica having arranged wine glasses now exit. William then goes  
over to Maximilian.*

William:                *(To Max, handing him a bottle or two of wine)* I thought we  
might try these later, my own you know, the elderberry is  
particularly pleasant, I'm sure.....

Maximilian:            *(Not letting him finish)* Thank you William. *(Takes them from  
him and puts them on the table – towards the back)*

*Thomas has entered and is picking at the food.*

Maximilian:            So how's business at your garden centre William, still  
experiencing problems? You know my offer still stands don't  
you?

William:                Let me assure you of one thing, if I decide to sell you'll be the  
last to know.

Maximilian:            William, William, You know its as good an offer as you'll ever  
get.

Thomas:                *(Joining them)* Hey 10-4 guys, I've 'copying' what you've  
been saying and the way I see it is you'll not get a better deal.  
*(Staggering slightly, holding a glass of wine).*

William:                Evening Thomas, I see you've started without us *(Indicating  
the wine)* and what's that 10- 4 rubbish supposed to mean?

Maximilian:            He's just bought one of those walkie talkie things.

Thomas:                Roger Dodger on that. It's called a C.B. radio. They're the way  
forward we won't be using telephones for much longer.

Maximilian: He and his next door neighbour drive to opposite ends of (*town*) in a car that looks like a porcupine and talk about the weather. Just how old are you Thomas?

Thomas: 10-26 on that. Anyway, there's not many prepared to gamble on buying up land and property that could have a motorway running through it in a few years time.....

William: (*Coughing*) That was just a malicious rumour.

Maximilian: I'm offering you a fair price *William (Interlocks fingers and presses his palms to his chest in 'mock' sincerity)* out of the kindness of my heart.

William: Look, I know of your reputation as a property developer. You're so crooked that if you swallowed a nail you'd pass a corkscrew!

Maximilian: (*With cheesy grin*) That hurt William!

Thomas: Well, I guess it would really. (*Laughs heartily at his own joke. When he sees no-one else is joining in he stops*)

William: You're no better Thomas, those houses you built down the road leaves a lot to be desired.

Thomas: Negatory! My reputation as a builder of quality houses is known throughout the area.

William: I know what your game is. Well known for its inferior quality! And if I've said anything to offend it was purely intentional! And another thing don't you know that those CB things are illegal?

***William and Thomas start bickering.***

Maximilian: (*Calming and patronising*) William, Thomas, this is getting us nowhere, lets discuss this calmly later on after the wine tasting.

William: You'll never get me drunk enough to agree to sell up my business to you, if that's what your game is.

***Jessica comes over at this point.***

Jessica: Come on boys can you not talk shop, lets just get on shall we.

*Maximilian, William and Thomas continue to talk in subdued voices as they make their way to one side and carry on talking 'shop'. Perhaps leave the floor at this point? Fabian is setting out his equipment and testing microphones looking at records etc. Jessica walks over to Fabian.*

Jessica: You didn't tell me you would be here tonight, what with the investigations at Kinks

Fabian: It's O.K. baby doll everything will be fine.

Jessica: No one must know about me, promise me you'll say nothing, if Max finds out.....

Fabian: Trust me. Now gimme some skin. *(He reaches for her hand and gives it a little squeeze.)*

*Rachael enters and interrupting introduces herself to Fabian.*

Rachael: Hello. Remember me I'm Rachael Hunter, a reporter for the 'Local Rag'

Fabian: Hi Chick, nice to meet you I hope your rag will give me a good write up will ya I could do with good publicity right now.

Rachael: Oh, I'm sure you'll definitely get that!

Jessica: What do you mean?

Rachael: My, a bit defensive aren't we! Something to hide perhaps?

Jessica: Don't be ridiculous Rachael, its just you have a tendency to exaggerate things, your profession I suppose. I haven't forgotten the last dinner party I gave when you and William came, Max has never been the same since.

Rachael: Really, I'm glad to know I made such an impact. *(To Fabian)* I'm not actually 'on duty' tonight, I'm actually here as a guest of.... Jonathon Richer.

Jessica: Typical Jonathon, always keeping potential enemies close.

Rachael: Well I'm surprised you're here actually, not going to Yoga Class tonight?

Jessica: I do have other interests as well you know.

*Jonathon enters and comes over.*

Rachael: Oh, I know all about your other interests.

*Jessica looks really alarmed . Jonathon enters and comes over.*

Jonathan: *(To Jessica)* Yes, you're such a versatile person, there's just no end to your talents, is there? *(To Fabian)* Do you think we could do with a bit of background music in here.

Rachael: How about that song by ABBA..... Dancing Queen!

Jonathon: That may not be such a good idea, Jessica might forget where she is! *(Sniggers)*

*Maximillian and Thomas enter and set up some wines. Amelia arrives and is greeted with "Hello Amelia" from them all.*

Rachael: *(Checking her camera)* I think I need to go somewhere dark to change my film.

Jonathon: *(Putting his arm around her and sniggering)* 'I'll help'.

*Jonathon and Rachael exit. Jessica visibly upset moves quickly to where Amelia is preparing to open a bottle of wine being helped by Maximilian. Amelia moves away from him as Jessica comes over. She has sensed something wrong*

Amelia: Problems?

Jessica: No, I just don't like that woman, she's always putting her nose into other peoples business.

Amelia: Yes, she's the sort of woman that one would almost feel disposed to bury for nothing and do it neatly to! By the way, I have something I simply must show you.

*Thomas who is nearby raises an eyebrow and begins to show an interest in the conversation. Maximillian is still busy with bottles of wine. Thomas moves nearer to Jessica and Amelia.*

Jessica: Have you been buying again? That's a lovely outfit.

Amelia: *(Gives a twirl)* Thank you, but that isn't what I wanted to show you. It's this *(She shows Jessica a Victorian broach which she is wearing)* I just couldn't resist, it's just so exquisite.

Jessica: It's beautiful are those pearls real?  
*Jessica attempts to touch it but Amelia pulls away before she can.*

Amelia: Of course! Someone came into the shop with it the other day and I simply had to buy it from them and keep it for myself.

Jessica: You're so lucky to have your own Antiques shop. It's a very nice broach, Victorian?

Amelia: Yes, circa 1912 I believe.

Jessica: I prefer more modern jewellery myself.

Amelia: Yes, you can get some interesting little trinkets from the high street can't you, I just like something a little more unique though.

Jessica: Well, if Max was a bit more generous with his money I could afford one or two little extras.

Amelia: Oh, Jessica, you're always buying one or two little extras. That's a new dress and new pair of shoes you're wearing now. I think Max must be very generous, you always seem to get whatever you want.

Jessica: Well, I suppose I do have an image to keep up, one tries to save what one can from the housekeeping.

Amelia: Please you're making my heart bleed.. You don't fool me, you couldn't afford a pair of (*local shoe shop*) shoes and all your lavish dinner parties out of the housekeeping. (***This is said in a humorous way***)

Jessica: (***Correcting***) Charity functions.

Amelia: Whatever. And I love that new-fangled hostess trolley you bought, they're all the rage. That must have cost you a few new pennies

Thomas: (***Moving over to look at the jewellery and staring at Amelia's chest!***) That's very nice, I don't know how I ever did without one. A hostess trolley I mean. The broach is nice too of course!

Jessica: (***Giving him a withering look***) Where's your wife this evening Thomas?

Thomas: Which wi... (***Stops himself from finishing the word wife***) Oh, the seat cover. She had to stay in the home 20 and look after the

little ones, this isn't really her cup of tea. She prefers being at home with all the kids, the stork just keeps bringing them along!

Jessica: The stork that brought you must have been a vulture!

Thomas: Now, now that's not nice. A 10-77 in fact!

Jessica: It wasn't meant to be. I would just have thought that she would have welcomed a change of scenery away from the nursery.

Thomas: Well you know how it is, not always easy to get a baby sitter for five children.

Jessica: Five children. It's a wonder you can remember their names?

Thomas: Well, there's Michael, Angela, Susan, Janet, Steven, Colin and of course baby Carol.

Jessica: That's seven, Thomas.

Thomas: *(Moving closer and attempting to pat Jessica's bottom)* What can I say, it just shows I've got what it takes.

Jessica: Well, just take it well away from me please. You're drunk Thomas.

Thomas: No I'm not, I'm perfectly sober.

Amelia: Thomas, haven't you got anybody else to annoy.

***Thomas looking suitably indignant staggers over to talk to Maximilian. The women exit the room.***

Thomas: Isn't that a good idea, having a disco this year. They're all the rage now. I went to see Saturday Night Fever last week. *(Shouts to Fabian)* Hey D.J. how about putting on a good dance number and I'll show you what I can do.

***There now follows an impromptu disco dance routine. It can be a very silly solo spoof of John Travolta or the cast can join in one by one. Some groups have dragged up members of the audience to join in. After the dance the cast should go back to where they were as though none of this has happened.***

Jonathon: Hey, whose idea was it to invite that two-bit cub reporter?

Maximilian: She's with Jonathon. They're an item.

Thomas: She's after becoming his press officer if and when he gets elected to Conservative candidate.

Maximilian: Well I don't trust her.

Thomas: She'll do anything for a good story. She definitely overheard us the other night, what if she acts on the information. She's probably got her 'ears' on tonight for a 10-35 good buddy!

Maximilian: That's not all I'm worried about, she caught Amelia and I together the other night.

Thomas: You're still seeing her then, if Jessica finds out she'll kill you.

Maximilian: At the moment she's too busy to notice anything, what with all these evening classes she keeps going to, still it makes life easier for me.

Thomas: Where did Rachael catch you, has she said anything?

Maximilian: She saw us in my new Ford Capri last Friday night just as I was giving Amelia a good.....*(pause for effect)* night kiss. She came hurrying out of that seedy nightclub called *(look at Fabian)* 'Kinks', Goodness knows what she was doing there.

Thomas: It's a pity Jessica ever invited her to that last dinner party she gave, she just seems to have been everywhere since then. I have my own little secrets to protect you know. Hey I could be dragged to the bear cave if it gets out.

Maximilian: She was going out with William at the time.

Thomas: William! I never noticed.

Maximilian: Well, you were drunk that night.

*Jonathon, Amelia and Jessica enter and go to the table. Rachael comes over towards the group at this point and Amelia and Jessica both begin to look a little uneasy. Thomas and Maximilian move away.*

Rachael: That's a nice broach Amelia, have you shown it to Max yet, he likes pretty little things.

Jessica: *(Looking a little puzzled)* Why would Max be interested for heavens sake?

Amelia: *(Shaken)* Just ignore her.

Rachael: I was under the impression, Max liked unusual accessories.

Jessica: What, are you talking about?

Amelia: *(Becoming flustered.... )* Haven't you got any reporting to do, I thought that was the reason you came tonight.

Rachael: Oh no I'm a guest remember, but you just never know what other stories you can find if you just dig down a bit. I mean a Wine Tasting event does have limitations, however there might be the opportunity to unearth the odd whiff of scandal even here!

*Both Jessica and Amelia look alarmed. Rachael gives a sly smile and walks over to join Jonathan at the table. William enters.*

Maximilian: Everything alright ladies?

Jessica: Yes, just chatting.

*Embarrassed silence. Maximilian makes conversation.*

Maximilian: Those flowers are beautiful that William brought over, aren't they Jessica?

Jessica: Yes, lovely.

Maximilian: Nice man. It's a shame he and Rachael broke up.

Amelia: She broke his heart, he deserves someone better than her.

Maximilian: Now, now put your claws away. *(Sees William standing alone)* Jessica, why don't you see if William will help you with the raffle later.

Jessica: And what will you be doing?

Maximilian: As chairman my duties are overseeing the wine tasting dear.

*William is stood watching Rachael flirting with Jonathan. Seeing this, Jessica goes to William and starts chatting to him.*

Amelia: *(To Maximilian)* Rachael is going to be a problem you know, I'm really worried. *(Fingers broach)*

Maximilian: Don't be, there is no need to worry your pretty little head everything will be fine.

Amelia: Well if you don't take care of her, I will!

***Jonathan moves to the centre of the room and coughs or bangs a spoon against a glass to get the audience attention.***

Jonathan: ***(To audience)*** Can I have everyone's attention for a moment please. As this is a special evening I have a little treat for us all. I have managed to procure, at no little expense I might add, a rare bottle of vintage wine, a Chateau Rothschild from Auction the other day.

Maximilian: ***(To Thomas)*** Just because the chairmanship is up for renewal, he is trying to impress people.

Jonathan: How dare you Max, I wouldn't dream of stooping so low, but I am sure of one thing my knowledge of wines is far superior to yours any day.

Maximilian: ***(Getting flustered)*** Ridiculous!

Jonathan: I am prepared to prove it, I thought it might be rather fun if we had a blind taste off. The winner becomes the next chairman of this wine club.

Maximilian: Fine by me – set 'em up!

***A flurry of activity ensues while bottles of wine and glasses are set up on a centre table. There are spit buckets near the feet of Maximilian and Jonathon. The cast form a tableau from stage right. Thomas, Maximilian (seated), Amelia. Rachael, Jessica, Jonathan (seated) and William***

Maximilian: ***(To Rachael)*** Perhaps you would care to join us my dear – you will then be able to report on the fine quality of wines on offer at our rather exclusive little club.

Rachael: That's very kind of you, not trying to sweeten me up by any chance are you?

Maximilian: Now why would I need to do that?

Jonathan: ***(To Rachael)*** Yes, why not join in with the wine tasting Rachael, when I'm Chairman I'll be able to secure your membership.

Maximilian: Is there nothing you don't want to 'run' for Jonathon, you'll be trying for Prime Minister next.

Jonathan: No Margaret Thatcher's going to be the next Prime Minister.

Maximilian: Oh come on! A woman Prime Minister! They're far too imbalanced and emotional. Get her on an 'off' day and it won't be just our school milk we'll be losing it'll be Christmas as well.

Jonathon: You're wrong Max, she'll make a good leader, she's more in tune with the people and she won't be putting up with any strikes any more.

Maximilian: This is turning into a political rally, and we are here for promotion of the wine club. *(Settling at the table)* Which reminds me.... when I was on holiday earlier this year in Arezzo, that's in Italy, you know, I was in a marvellous little restaurant that served the most wonderful bottle of house red.

*All are bored except Amelia who nods in agreement.*

Jonathan: How interesting. I went on a wine tasting tour of the famous Bordeaux vineyards in the South of France last month. Then Rachael and I have arranged a South African Safari for next year, we'll get to camp out in the bush.

*Maximilian gives him a glare Thinks of a one up remark.*

Maximilian: I went camping once, in er...Outer Mongolia. It was a memorable experience I can tell you. I lost most of my equipment in a torrential thunder storm. I had to survive using only my wits and cunning.

Jonathan: And you survived?

Maximilian: *(Ignoring this remark)* I'm planning on a tour of Germany later this year and going on a cruise down the Rhine.

*Both Amelia and Jessica look excited at this prospect. They see each other grinning. This puzzles them.*

Jonathan: *(To audience)* He always has to have the last word, you should hear him trying to get the last word in with his echo!

William: We went camping in France last year, didn't we Rachael?

*Rachael ignores him.*

Amelia: Aren't you two speaking to each other at all now?

Rachael: Let's just say that I thought he was a young man of promise, but it appears he was just a young man of promises, empty promises. He's all fizz and no pop!

*William looks very angry.*

William: Do **Not** start with me, you will **Not** win!

Rachael: Just how many times do I have to flush before you go away?

*William gives a 'cheesy' grin at Rachael*

Rachael: And you can take that 'Cheesy' grin off your 'cheesy' face before I kick your.....

Jessica: *(Producing a plate of nibbles)* .....Cheesy Balls anyone... They're a new party food I saw in the shops

*Jessica hands around the plate of nibbles to diffuse the situation. William, looking furious walks over to the large table. Presumably to take a deep breath and calm down, he re-positions a flower in the vase, keeping his back to the audience) Returns with another plate of nibbles, offers one to Rachael first then hands the rest round.*

Rachel: Thanks William, Peace Offering?

William: Something like that.

*Thomas has prepared the wines to be tested by covering over the labels.*

Maximilian: Now, lets get down to business shall we....

*Max briefly goes over to Thomas, whispers something and passes an item. Thomas starts organising the wines. Jonathan and Maximilian sit at the table.*

Thomas: See what we all think of this...

*Jessica pours out a glass of a red wine to everybody. Finishing beside Thomas Maximilian and Jonathon both go to great exaggerated lengths in sniffing and slurping. They simultaneously spit out the wine into the buckets.*

Maximilian: *(Pulls a face)* That wine tastes like its been drunk before, quite disgusting.

Amelia: Well it lacks body.

Maximilian: I don't know I definitely think its passed through one.

Thomas: *(Who has drunk his down in one gulp)* Well I thought it was so bad I didn't even have time to spit it out. I think I need to try it again though *(He reaches for the bottle. Jessica who has the bottle of wine won't let it go.)*

Thomas: Give it me woman

*They tug at the bottle.*

Jessica: Stop it, or I'll hit you with it!

Jonathan: *(Looking at his empty wine glass Talking about the wine.)* Definitely very aggressive.

Thomas: *(Talking about Jessica).* I know, but I like a woman with spirit, and she's definitely keeping hold of it!

Jonathan: I meant the wine you ignoramus. Aggressive means the wine makes your gums sting - too much tannin. Not a good wine, out of ten - 5

William: Not as good as mine, when are we trying them Maximilian?

Maximilian: Er... no rush.

*Jessica gets up and offers a plate of nibbles around, offering one to Rachael first.*

Rachael: *(Thanks Jessica)* Er.. thanks but you did remember I have a food allergy?

Jessica: *(With a smirk)* Yes..... *(Snaps out of it)* But these are ok.

*Rachael looks at the food carefully then eats.*

Maximilian: *(Angry)* Can people stop giving those nibbles out. They'll interfere with the taste of the wine. Just sit down.

*Jessica looks miffed. She, sits down*

Jonathan: Well Max - What was that?

Maximilian: You really want to know?

Jonathan: What was the vintage, Where was it from?

Maximilian: I've just said where I thought it was from.

Jonathan: You haven't got a clue, have you.

Maximilian: *(Visibly rattled)* Alright, alright it was a Chateau Pichon-Lalande from the Batges area. Not a good year obviously, I would say 1973 they had a lot of rain that year in that particular province. 1970 would have been better.

Jonathan: I would have said it was a 1974 Chateau Neuf du Pape *(or any wine you have a label of – or use one of the made up Murdernight ones)*

*The bottle is revealed to be the wine Jonathon said it would be*

Thomas: Sorry Max, Jonathan has that one good buddy.

*Maximilian looks suitably annoyed. Thomas uncorks another bottle. He turns his back on the audience and has a quick slurp. He then proceeds to pour it into glasses and hands them out.*

Thomas: How's about this one then?

*He pours a glass for Maximilian and Jessica. He is goes around Maximilian and is bent over and pours Jessica's.*

*He reaches over to pour Jonathon's and Amelia gives him a slight nudge.*

*He spills the drinks over the table.*

*In the ensuing confusion there is much complaining and moaning*

*Jonathon jumps up from the table taking his glass.*

*Jessica looks for something to mop up.*

*William takes Rachael's glass and substitutes it for another one.*

*Amelia drops her broach and indicates Rachael to pick it.*

*But as she does, Amelia squeezes Rachael's hand over the broach and pricks her Thumb and gives a slight squeal.*

*Thomas takes another drink from the bottle, maybe gives a little burp and moves stage left of the group*

Jessica: I see you've set aside this special time to humiliate yourself in public Thomas.

*After they have settled, Maximilian goes through the routine of sniffing, swilling and tasting the wine. Jonathon realises his glass is empty. Rachael leans forward to pick up her drink.*

Jonathan: A little tart, very upfront

Maximilian: *(Holding up an empty glass)* Subtle I'd say.

Rachael: *(Quickly and quietly under her breath).* Sounds like Jessica Well I think the wine is *(Emphasises this word)*...Glorious, just **Glorious**....

*Jessica gives Rachael a look that could kill. Rachael is starting to faint.*

Thomas: *(Gulps his straight down again)* Very pleasant, I like that one, a red wasn't it?

*Rachael suddenly starts gasping for breath and claws at her throat. Jonathan rushes to her side as she slumps to the floor.*

Jonathan: Quick someone do something. *(To Thomas)* Quick get a drink.

*Thomas pours a drink and gulps it down.*

Thomas: That's better.

Maximilian: *(Feeling for a pulse)* There nothing anyone can do she's DEAD!

*Fabian comes forward and takes charge of the situation.*

Fabian: Cool it dudes!!! Right everyone I think this is a Murder Case. I think there are one or two questions to be asked here, I suggest that while I take you all away *(Indicating the cast members)* for questioning you, the audience might like to assist me with my enquiries and think of any clues that would point to who the Murderer could have been.

*The rules are explained and the cast are taken away.*

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