

MURDER AT THE PUB: A TUENTIN QARANTINO TWIST

Full Working Script **Draft

Tone: Adult comedy murder mystery with live music.

Runtime: Approx. 2 hours including dinner, music, audience interaction, and finale.

Note: Tuentin Qarantino is an original parody character, not the actual filmmaker.

CAST

VOCALIST — Main host, professional, charming

BAND MANAGER — Co-host, nervous superfan, actual killer.

DRUMMER — Main red herring, free spirit, unintentionally funny

GUITARIST — Dramatic, egotistical, rock god persona

BASS PLAYER — Quiet, sarcastic, observant, old school

KEYBOARD PLAYER — Odd, mysterious, secretly records everything.

TUENTIN QARANTINO — Voiceover only until death.

PRE-SHOW SETUP

- Each audience member receives a Detective Card.
- Several tables receive sealed envelopes labeled:

CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION — DO NOT OPEN UNTIL INSTRUCTED

- Coconut (with a clue hidden inside) placed in plain view somewhere in the room
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ACT ONE: DINNER AND PERFORMANCE

The band plays the opening dinner set for

Between songs, the vocalist addresses the crowd.

1. Renegade

2. Zombie
3. Highway Tune
4. Queen Medley
5. Rock of Ages
6. Poker Face
7. The Chain
8. Tom Petty Medley

OPENING HOSTING

VOCALIST:

Good evening, everybody! Welcome to _____! How's everybody doing tonight?

(Wait for audience response.)

Excellent! We're excited to be here tonight.

We've got great music planned, great food, and hopefully enough talent to get through the evening without embarrassing ourselves.

DRUMMER:

Speak for yourself. I've got a reputation to ruin.

VOCALIST:

Well, it's good to have achievable goals.....Everyone, Tonight is a special show. The music you'll hear this evening was selected by legendary filmmaker Tuentin Qarantino. He's producing tonight's event and is expected to join us later this evening.

GUITARIST:

Expected? That sounds confident.

VOCALIST:

That's the information I was given.

BASS PLAYER:

By who?

VOCALIST:

Our band manager. Everyone, please welcome our band manager!

(band manager comes out and waves)

BASS PLAYER:

That explains a lot.

BAND MANAGER:

Mr. Qarantino is backstage preparing and will be out shortly.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Preparing for what?

BAND MANAGER:

To reveal the genius of his mind.

GUITARIST:

That's not a thing you prepare.

BAND MANAGER:

It is when you're Tuentin Qarantino. The man has directed award-winning films. Written unforgettable characters. Changed cinema forever. He's a visionary. An artist. A storyteller. A once-in-a-generation talent.

DRUMMER:

He also insulted my drumming for fifteen straight minutes.

BAND MANAGER:

Because he demands excellence.

DRUMMER:

He called me a metronome with anger issues.

BAND MANAGER:

Constructive criticism.

GUITARIST:

Pretty sure that's just criticism.

BAND MANAGER:

You don't understand. Everything he does has purpose. Everything.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

You sound like you're talking about a religious experience.

BAND MANAGER:

Meeting Tuentin Qarantino IS a religious experience.

BASS PLAYER:

Okay, that's a little concerning.

KEYBOARD PLAYER

A little?

VOCALIST:

Well, hopefully we'll all survive the evening and get a chance to meet him ourselves.

BAND MANAGER:

Trust me. It'll be unforgettable.

VOCALIST:

Well, let's give it our best shot. Ladies and gentlemen, sit back, enjoy your dinner, and enjoy the show. Let's make some noise!

(Band finishes songs)

VOCALIST:

All right, everybody, we're going to take a short break.

When we come back, Tuentin Qarantino himself is supposed to make his grand appearance.

So finish your dinner, refresh your drinks, and prepare yourselves.

Because apparently the man has opinions....

BASS PLAYER:

Very strong opinions.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Mostly about us.

VOCALIST:

We'll be right back.

(Band exits stage, Lights dim slightly, No music, Silence)

(Backstage microphone" clicks on over the PA)

END OF ACT 1- OPENING SET

ACT 2: CRIME OCCURS

HOT MIC SCENE

TUENTIN QARANTINO, voiceover (prerecorded AI in Quentin Tarantino voice):

Is this thing off?

Pause.

Good.

Because I need to process the absolute hellscape of choices that brought me here tonight.

I have walked red carpets.

I have had critics use words like "visionary," "dangerous," and "needlessly specific."

And now?

Now I am backstage at this dump.

You know what this place is?

It's a restaurant that gave up and decided bad live music was the new business plan.

(Pause for laughs)

I drove through this town earlier.

I saw two churches, three pickup trucks, a tire shop, and a man in pajama pants buying beef jerky at 2:00 in the afternoon.

That's not a town.

That's a Netflix documentary.

And this venue?

Jesus.

A funeral home has more life in it.

And the band.

Oh, the band.

Let's talk about this damn band.

The drummer plays like the drums owe him child support.

The guitarist has taken seventeen solos tonight, but there have only been eight songs.

The bass player is so quiet I thought he was a stagehand with rhythm.

The keyboard player looks like he knows where the bodies are buried.

And the singer.....

Every time the singer says, "How's everybody doing tonight?" I lose faith in the English language.

(VOCALIST enters the stage, embarrassed)

VOCALIST:

Folks, I am so sorry.

Apparently, Mr. Qarantino does not realize his microphone is live.
Can somebody please cut the backstage audio?

(Vocalist runs off stage, and Tuentin's rant continues)

TUENTIN:

You know what I noticed when I walked in? Every table has one person who's already had enough to drink.....and they're still making better decisions than the guitarist.

The show is trash, the band is replaceable, and after tonight, I'm canceling the whole thing. And no, I'm not going to finish reading the stupid screenplay that was given to me. It's going right in the trash with the rest of this dumpster fire of a show.

(Pause...audience hears rummaging around and muttering)

TUENTIN:

Hey!

What the hell are you doing?

Stop!

No—

THUD.

Struggle.

Crash.

Silence.

(Long pause)

RETURN TO STAGE

(After a couple of minutes, the band slowly returns)

VOCALIST:

Folks...We have some unfortunate news. Tuentin Qarantino has been found dead backstage.

(Pause)

DRUMMER:

Well. That's gonna make the meet-and-greet awkward.

VOCALIST:

Not helping.

BAND MANAGER:

Authorities have been contacted. We have been advised that nobody should leave until statements can be collected because this is officially a homicide investigation.

GUITARIST:

So we're trapped?

BASS PLAYER:

With dinner. Could be worse.

DRUMMER:

Maybe he just slipped.

MANAGER:

He didn't slip.....

(Everyone freezes)

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

"How do you know?"

BAND MANAGER:

"I.....don't."

VOCALIST:

Well, since we are all here, and since Mr. Qarantino believed the show must always continue...

We will continue the performance, and every one of you is now officially a detective.

Please hold up your detective cards.

(Audience responds)

BAND MANAGER:

There will be three voting rounds.

Round One: First accusation.

Round Two: Revised accusation.

Final Round: Who did it and why.

At the end of the night, the best detective wins.

DRUMMER:

Can I vote?

BAND:
NO!

DRUMMER:
That feels targeted.

VOCALIST:

All right, detectives. Let's think about what we know so far. Tuentin Qarantino insulted the town. Insulted the venue. Insulted the audience. Insulted every single person on this stage.

BASS PLAYER:

In fairness, he was very thorough.

VOCALIST:

And moments later...he was dead.

GUITARIST:

So basically, everybody had a motive.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Especially most of the audience, I mean....look at them.

(band looks at the audience with skepticism, slight pause)

VOCALIST:

Exactly. Which means somewhere in this room...is a killer.

(Pause.)

DRUMMER:

Okay, I officially hate this game.

VOCALIST:

Well, detectives, your first job is simple. Pay attention. Listen carefully. Because every song...every conversation...and every clue matters.

BAND MANAGER:

Mr. Qarantino once said that every good story leaves clues hidden in plain sight.

VOCALIST:

Tonight we'll find out if he was right.

DRUMMER:

And hopefully prove I'm innocent.

VOCALIST:

Let's begin the show and the investigation....

SONG: MURDER BY NUMBERS

ACT 3-INVESTIGATION - Clue #1 Envelope #1

VOCALIST:

All right, detectives. Let's review.

Tuentin insulted the town, the venue, the band, the audience, and possibly the concept of dinner. So the motive? Everybody has one.

DRUMMER:

I have several.

BAND MANAGER:

Thank you for admitting that out loud.

VOCALIST:

We should stay focused. One of the last things we heard from Mr. Qarantino was about a screenplay.

BASS PLAYER:

Hey manager, didn't you write a screenplay?

BAND MANAGER:

Yes, but that's just a coincidence.

GUITARIST:

You sound pretty guilty for just a coincidence.

BAND MANAGER:

I don't like having to defend myself.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Neither do murderers.

(Awkward pause)

BAND MANAGER:

That's a very strange thing to say.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

I'm a very strange person.

VOCALIST:

Can the table with envelope number 1, please open your envelope and read what's inside.

(Audience/table reads clue)

Clue: screenplay page titled "Murder at the Pub," written by Band Manager, note says "Needs work. Didn't finish. — T.Q."

GUITARIST:

Well, that's not suspicious at all....

DRUMMER:

I would like to point out that my name is nowhere on that paper.

BASS PLAYER:

Give it time.

VOCALIST:

Detectives, mark your Round One accusation. Who do you suspect right now? Please write it on your detective card.

(Give them a minute)

VOCALIST:

By applause, who suspects the Band Manager?

(Audience response)

VOCALIST:

Who suspects the drummer?

(Audience response)

DRUMMER:

Why was that so loud?

GUITARIST:

Because you look guilty.

DRUMMER:

This is my normal face.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

I wouldn't call it normal

DRUMMER:

You know what? I'm starting to think nobody here likes me.

BASS PLAYER:

We're just following the evidence.

DRUMMER:

The evidence is terrible.

GUITARIST:

So is your poker face.

DRUMMER:

I don't even play poker!

VOCALIST:

All right, all right...Let's not convict anybody just yet. Right now, all we know is this:

We have a dead producer...A room full of suspects...And our first real clue to discovering this Psycho Killer

SONG: Psycho Killer

AFTER SONG: DRUMMER CLUE #2- Drumstick

BAND MANAGER:

A new piece of evidence has been found backstage.

GUITARIST:

Why are you saying that like a game show host?

BAND MANAGER:

Because I am trying to maintain order.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Wait, what evidence?

BAND MANAGER:

A drumstick!

(Pause- Everyone looks at Drummer)

DRUMMER:

Absolutely not.

GUITARIST:

That is literally your thing.

DRUMMER:

A drumstick at a concert is not evidence. That's inventory.

BASS PLAYER:

Wait, how do you know it's evidence?

BAND MANAGER:

Lucky Guess... Look!

Bass Player:

Is that blood on it?

BAND MANAGER:

Possibly.

VOCALIST:

Possibly?

BAND MANAGER:

There appears to be a red stain.

DRUMMER:

Could be hot sauce.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Why would there be hot sauce on your drumstick?

DRUMMER:

Because I live a full life.

BASS PLAYER:

A full life... covered in hot sauce?

DRUMMER:

You don't know my journey.

GUITARIST:

I'm not sure I want to.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Let's review. There is blood on the drumstick. The drummer owns hundreds of drumsticks. The drummer was insulted all night. And the drummer just admitted to carrying around condiment-covered weapons.

DRUMMER:

When you say it like that, it sounds bad.

VOCALIST:

It sounds terrible. But detectives, remember something... The obvious suspect isn't always the guilty one, but Keep listening and keep watching.....

SONG: Two Songs (Somebody's Watching Me)

AFTER SONG: DRUMMER CLUE #3- Envelope #2

VOCALIST:

We now have another clue. Can the table with Envelope #2 please read the contents?

(Table with Envelope #2 reads a witness statement)

"I saw the drummer leaving backstage carrying a drumstick."

DRUMMER:

Oh, come on!

GUITARIST:

This is getting bad for you.

DRUMMER:

I carry drumsticks because I'm a drummer. If you saw a chef holding a spatula, would you scream murder?

BASS PLAYER:

Depends on the chef.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

And the spatula.

VOCALIST:

Detectives, make a note. Drumstick. Witness. Red stain. Drummer sweating.

DRUMMER:

It's the stage lights....

VOCALIST:

Well everyone, the investigation continues, so here's another song from one of Tuentin's favorite movie soundtracks...

SONG: Son of a Preacher Man

AFTER SONG: Clue #4- Keyboard Recording

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

I have something to confess.

VOCALIST:

That sentence never leads anywhere good.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

I recorded backstage audio tonight.

GUITARIST:

Why?

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Because people lie, microphones don't.

BASS PLAYER:

That's terrifying.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Thank you.

VOCALIST:

Do you have anything useful?

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Yes.

(Recording plays)

DRUMMER IS ON THE RECORDING:

"I swear to God, if he says one more thing about my timing, I'm gonna kill him."

(Recording ends. Everyone stares at Drummer)

DRUMMER:

That was taken out of context.

GUITARIST:

What was the context?

DRUMMER:

He said one more thing about my timing.

BASS PLAYER:

That is exactly the context.

DRUMMER:

People say "I'm gonna kill him" all the time.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Usually not thirty minutes before someone dies.

DRUMMER:

I'm being framed by coincidence. And for the record, if I ever *do* decide to murder somebody, I'm not stupid enough to do it before dark.

VOCALIST:

That's right, everyone, because things do tend to get more dangerous.....

Drummer:

Don't say it.

VOCALIST:

After Dark.....

SONG: AFTER DARK *(band manager dances seductively around audience with fake snake)*

ROUND TWO VOTE

VOCALIST:

Detectives, this is Round Two.

You now have: A drumstick. A red stain. A witness. A threatening recording. And a drummer who is one clue away from hiding in the bathroom.

DRUMMER:

I already checked. It's locked.

VOCALIST:

Write down your Round Two accusation.

(Pause for audience)

VOCALIST:

By applause, who now suspects the drummer?

(Audience response)

DRUMMER:

I hate all of you....a little.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Only a little? That's progress.

GUITARIST:

Personally, I still think the drummer did it.

DRUMMER:

I'm beginning to think I should've skipped rehearsal.

VOCALIST:

Maybe, or maybe we're making the same mistake people always make.

We're looking at the loudest suspect...instead of the smartest one.

(Pause.....looks around at the band then Shakes her head)

BASS PLAYER:

The more clues we find...the less this story makes sense.

BAND MANAGER:

Mr. Qarantino always believed a great mystery should change the way you see everything.

~~One new clue...and suddenly the entire picture looks different.~~

(The manager catches himself, realizing he's become emotional.)

VOCALIST:

Maybe that's exactly what's happening. Maybe we've been looking at this case all wrong.

Maybe it's time to stop seeing everything in black and white...

(Pause.)

...and start watching as everything begins to...**paint it black.**

(The iconic guitar riff begins immediately.)

SONG: Paint it Black

BASS PLAYER RED HERRING

BAND MANAGER:

I need to tell everyone something.

(Pause)

I know who the last person was who saw Tuentin alive.

BAND:

Who?!

(Band manager looks at bass player)

BASS PLAYER:

I was the last person who saw Tuentin alive?

DRUMMER:

Oh thank God.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

This doesn't clear you.

DRUMMER:

It clears me emotionally.

BASS PLAYER:

O.K., look, I did confront him before he was killed. He's been a jerk all night, and then he just went on this rant. He said the show was trash, the band was replaceable, and after tonight, he was canceling the whole thing, but I just walked away. He was fine when I left.

BAND MANAGER:

So you argued with him.

BASS PLAYER:

Yes.

BAND MANAGER:

You had motive.

BASS PLAYER:

Yeah, but so did you, and you seem to know everything.

BAND MANAGER:

I already said it was a lucky guess!

VOCALIST:

Well, looks like you guys are stuck in the middle of this!

SONG: Stuck in the Middle With You

GUITARIST SUSPECT SCENE- CLUE #5-
BROKEN GUITAR

BAND MANAGER:

(Band Manager walks to the front of the stage while talking on the phone. He ends the call and looks at the band)

We just received an anonymous tip about something backstage.

(Band manager walks off stage. Band looks confused. Band Manager returns with a visibly smashed guitar.)

GUITARIST:

WHAT THE HELL?! That's mine!

DRUMMER:

Ohhhhhhhh!!!!... welcome to my evening!

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Look, there's something caught in the strings.

(Band Manager pulls out piece of fabric.)

VOCALIST:

That matches what Tuentin was wearing.

(Everyone looks at GUITARIST.)

GUITARIST:

Oh, come on.

DRUMMER:

WELCOME. TO. MY. EVENING.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Your smashed guitar. His clothing. You want to explain that?

GUITARIST:

You seriously think I'd murder somebody with one of MY guitars?

Do you know what those things cost?

I'd hit him with the drummer first.

DRUMMER:

WHY AM I THE BACKUP MURDER WEAPON?!

VOCALIST:

Well, detectives... looks like our rock god just made the suspect list.

GUITARIST:

Fine. Accuse me.

I've spent my whole life playing too loud, looking too good, and making questionable decisions.

So if I'm going down...

(Grabs performance guitar.)

...I'm taking the **Highway to Hell**.

DRUMMER:

How long have you been rehearsing that?

(GUITARIST immediately hits opening riff.)

SONG: HIGHWAY TO HELL

CLUE #6- ENVELOPE #3

VOCALIST:

We are ready for our next audience clue. Will the table with clue #3 please open and read your envelope?

Clue #3 Witness Statement:

"Tuentin kept his ideas and notes in his travel coconut"

GUITARIST:

A Coconut??

BAND MANAGER:

Wait! Yes! He carried one everywhere!

GUITARIST:

A coconut.....

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

No he did not.....

BAND MANAGER:

Yes, he did! He said every creative genius needs something completely ridiculous to remind them not to take themselves too seriously. His must have been a coconut. It must be around here somewhere! Everyone start looking!!

(Coconut song starts)

VOCALIST:

O.k., everyone get up and look for the coconut!

SONG: Coconut

(audience looks for the coconut)

(after song)

VOCALIST:

Can you read what's inside the coconut?

audience member reads the clue, a production note, from the found coconut).

Clue: "Replace the manager. After tonight I don't want her involved anymore. — T.Q."

GUITARIST:

He was firing you?

BAND MANAGER:

No, he's just emotional

BASS PLAYER:

He's just dead...

DRUMMER:

Also emotional, probably.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

You had motive.

BAND MANAGER:

Everyone has a motive.

VOCALIST:

Maybe the killer acted out of anger. Maybe revenge. Maybe heartbreak.

Or maybe...one of these nights...everything finally caught up with them.

*(The band immediately starts **One of These Nights**.)*

SONG: One of These Nights

ACT 4- CONCLUSION

FINAL CLUE BUILD

BAND MANAGER:

We should not jump to conclusions. The victim was struck from behind with the guitar, which means—

(Everyone stops and looks at each other, then looks at the band manager)

VOCALIST:

Wait. How do you know he was struck from behind with the guitar?

(Pause)

BAND MANAGER:

Lucky guess.

(Audience may react)

DRUMMER:

That is a lot of lucky guesses.

BASS PLAYER:

Casino lucky.

GUITARIST:

Suspicious lucky.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Murder lucky.

BAND MANAGER:

I am trying to help.

VOCALIST:

Are you? Because every time we find a new clue...You seem to know just a little bit more than the rest of us.

BAND MANAGER:

I'm just paying attention.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Sometimes...People who pay the closest attention...Sees things nobody else does.

BASS PLAYER:

Or....murderers know things nobody else should..

DRUMMER:

I'm lost, what's happening?

(Long pause.)

BASS PLAYER:

You're not lost, you're just taking the scenic route.

(Drummer looks offended, then nods in agreement)

GUITARIST:

Hey, if tonight has taught us anything...it's that sooner or later, death comes for everybody.

DRUMMER:

Really?

(Guitarist immediately begins guitar riff into song)

SONG: DON'T FEAR THE REAPER

CLUE #7 ENVELOPE #4

VOCALIST:

All right, detectives, it's time for our final piece of evidence. Clue Envelope #4, please open your envelope.

(Pause while envelope is opened)

VOCALIST:

Would someone at the table please read it out loud?

AUDIENCE MEMBER READS:

EMAIL RECOVERED FROM TUENTIN QARANTINO'S LAPTOP

Subject: The Screenplay

Manager, Good news. I finally finished your screenplay. Bad news. I didn't bother seeing if it got any better after page 2. Stop sending revisions.

-T.Q.

(Silence. The band members exchange uncomfortable looks)

DRUMMER:

Ouch.

BASS PLAYER:

That wasn't an email. That was a nail in the coffin...pun intended

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Remind me never to ask him for feedback.

VOCALIST:

Manager.....

MANAGER:

Are we done here?

VOCALIST:

Not quite. Detectives...

Let's review what we've learned tonight. The drummer is a suspect, the bass player is a suspect, the keyboard player is a suspect, and your rock god is a suspect.

(Pause.)

VOCALIST:

This is your final vote. Who killed Tuentin Qarantino? Why? And what clue convinced you?

Take a minute and discuss it with your table. We'll collect your answers after the next song.

SONG: You Never Can Tell

FINAL REVEAL

VOCALIST:

Let's solve this. The drummer looked guilty.....

DRUMMER:

Thank you?

VOCALIST:

The drumstick, the recording, the witness...

DRUMMER:

I hated this journey.

VOCALIST:

But the drummer was too obvious. The drumstick could have belonged to anyone backstage. And the red stain? (vocalist smells drumstick) It is hot sauce.

DRUMMER:

I told you I live a full life.

VOCALIST:

The bass player had an argument. The keyboard player secretly recorded everyone, and the guitarist's instrument was used in the crime. But one person kept knowing details before they were revealed. (Turns to Manager) You knew the weapon. You knew he was struck from behind. You knew who the last person was who saw him alive before he was killed.

BAND MANAGER:

Lucky guesses.

VOCALIST:

One lucky guess is luck. Two is suspicious. Three is a confession wearing a cheap hat.

BAND MANAGER:

You don't understand.

VOCALIST:

Then explain it.

(Long pause)

BAND MANAGER:

I wrote a screenplay. One dream. One chance. I sent it to him. I waited and waited and tonight, he finally admitted he read it. He read it.....and you heard what he thought about it.....

GUITARIST:

You killed him over a bad review?

BAND MANAGER:

No, I killed him because it was a bad review, AND he was going to fire me on top of it!

DRUMMER:

For what it's worth, I hated parts of your script too.

BAND MANAGER:

Shut it

DRUMMER:

Sorry. Trying to be supportive.

BAND MANAGER:

I gave that man my dream. He humiliated me.

VOCALIST:

Ladies and gentlemen...We have our killer.

BAND MANAGER:

No you don't.

(Manager looks around)

BAND MANAGER:

I'm leaving.

(Band manager starts gathering his items from stage)

BASS PLAYER:

Bold choice.

GUITARIST:

And people say I'm dramatic

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Terrible plan.

DRUMMER:

I support it only because it's not me.

(Manager bolts through the audience)

VOCALIST:

HE'S RUNNING! Someone pull up the security cameras

SECURITY VIDEO

Pre-recorded video plays on screens.

Video shows Band Manager running outside.

Suggested video beats:

- Manager runs dramatically across parking lot.
- Trips over curb.
- Gets up and looks around like an action hero.
- Runs into trash can.
- Tries to hide behind a tiny object.
- Gets chased by “police” or staff.
- Slips.
- Gets tackled in slow motion.
- Freeze frame.

Text on screen:

CASE CLOSED

FINALE

Band Manager returns wearing fake handcuffs or being escorted back in.

VOCALIST:

Ladies and gentlemen, justice has been served. Let’s give a round of applause to our detectives!

(Audience applause)

DRUMMER:

I would like everyone to know I was innocent the entire time. *(Pause)* That has never happened before.

BASS PLAYER:

Enjoy it.

GUITARIST:

It may not happen again.

KEYBOARD PLAYER:

Statistically unlikely.

VOCALIST:

Tonight's final song is dedicated to the late, great, difficult, dramatic, deeply inappropriate, and occasionally brilliant...Tuentin Qarantino!

FINAL SONG MISIRLOU

After song:

- Cast bows.
 - Audience detective winner announced after song or before encore.
 - Band Manager bows last in fake handcuffs.
-

END