

DEATH MATCH of the STARS
TEEN MYSTERY NIGHT XI

Lights off.

♪ 1: Intro – Voice over – Achy Breaky Heart ♪

Lights on.

Voice Over: Ladies and Gentlemen, your co-host, Billy Ray Cyrus!

[Billy Ray enters from puppet room, crosses to center stage]

Billy Ray: Welcome and hello America! THIS IS American Gladiators Death Match of the Stars! I'm your host Billy Ray Cyrus and here with me is my co-host, Dora the Explorer.

♪ 2: Dora the Explorer theme ♪

[Dora enters from puppet room, crosses to center stage]

Dora: Hola, amigos! Soy Dora!

Billy Ray Cyrus: We have four celebrity challengers competing tonight for one million dollars and the title of Celebrity Gladiator. Let's meet them now! First, the most beautiful and talented of our celebrity challengers: you know her from her television show, merchandise, stunning voice, triple platinum selling albums, 572 magazine covers, youngest person to have a Hollywood Walk of Fame star, and the muse for a new theme park, Hannah Montanaland...

I love her from the bottom of my achy breaky heart, put your hands together for my daughter: Miley Cyrus Hannah Montana!

♪ 3: "Best of Both Worlds" ♪

[Miley enters from kitchen, crosses to center stage by Billy Ray]

Miley: I won't let you down, America!

[Miley crosses to Challenger dugout]

Dora: Gracias, Miley. Heartbroken from his recent breakup with su novia, his girlfriend, Jessica Simpson, our next celebrity challenger came out of nowhere to become the star quarterback of the Dallas Vacqueros, you know them as the Dallas Cowboys. He's numero nueve in the program, but numero UNO in our hearts, Tony Rrrromo!

♪ 4: Sunday Night Football theme ♪

[Tony enters from kitchen, crosses to center stage]

Tony: Yeah! I'm gonna win this! In your face, Jessica Simpson! You may have distracted me from getting to the Super Bowl, but now that you're gone, nothing's going to distract me from winning this one. Go Cowboys!

[Tony crosses to Challenger dugout]

Billy Ray: Our next challenger is the cleverest witch of her age, but still recovering from a tragic event. [♪ 5: Hermione sad music/intro theme ♪] Last year, when Muggles were being pursued by dark wizards, she was forced to perform a memory charm on her parents and now they have no idea who she is. She's hoping that today's television appearance will jog their memories and remind them of the daughter they never knew they lost. Here she is, Hermione Granger!

[Hermione enters from kitchen, crosses to center stage]

Hermione: I've read every book written about American Gladiators and am confident that I will perform at the best of my abilities and win this competition.

[Hermione crosses to Challenger dugout]

Dora: Last and least, our ultimo challenger was raised on the mean street of Sesame where he lives alone with his goldfish. [sarcastically] He's everyone's favorite furry friend, he tickles y giggles y here he is! El rojo dynamo... Elmo!

♪ 6: Elmo's Song ♪

[Elmo enters from kitchen, crosses center stage right in front of Dora, blocking her]

Elmo: Hi everybody! Elmo so happy to be here! Elmo ready to kick some gladiator--

Dora: [pushing him aside] Gracias, Elmo!

[Elmo crosses to Challenger dugout]

Billy Ray: As you know, all of our matches are monitored by qualified referees. Presiding over tonight's matches we have Count von Count!

[Count enters from puppet room, crosses to Billy Ray]

Count: Hah, ah, ah. Greetings. Yes, I have been a referee for ONE, TWO, THREE years, and I LOV it! Hah, ah, ah. [Count crosses back to puppet stage doors]

Dora: Coming up soon, we have our first event, and it's a Death Match de las Estrellas favorite. But primero, let's introduce the gladiators, Billy Rrray!

Billy Ray: [stilted] Grass-e-ass, Do-ra. Facing off against Hermione is one of our most fearsome gladiators, but a creature she has met before, that creature of the night... Werewolf!

[Stage hands hold up white sheet in front of Gladiator dugout. Back light/strobes. Werewolf poses, howls. Stage hands drop sheet and he comes through to center stage]

♪ 7: Werewolves of London ♪

Hermione: [steps forward from dugout] I know how to handle you! I read about it in Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them!

Werewolf: menacing noises.

[Werewolf crosses far left, to the side of the sheet setup]

Dora: Y facing Señor Romo, reigning from my home country, the warrior mas peligroso in all of Mexico, el luchador...Diablo!

[Stage hands hold up white sheet in front of Gladiator dugout. Back light/strobes. Luchador poses, etc. Stage hands drop sheet and he comes through to center stage]

♪ 8: Luchador theme ♪

Diablo: Each of these stars on my cape represents a cowboy I have vanquished in battle. There is room for uno mas.

Dora: [enraptured] Ay, Dios Mio!

Tony: [stepping forward from the dugout] Hey! Remember the Alamo? Well, you're about to get the Alamo all over your face!

Dora: [exasperated] Ay, Dios Mio.

[Diablo crosses far left, next to Werewolf]

Billy Ray: Matching up against my own little girl, Destiny Hope –

Miley: Daddy!

Billy Ray: Sorry, sorry. Matching up against Miley. Don't let her disposition fool you, there's a dark side to this gladiator. A four foot-six ball of fury, Sunshine!

[Stage hands hold up white sheet in front of Gladiator dugout. Back light/strobes. Sunshine poses, etc. Stage hands drop sheet and she comes through to center stage]

♪ 9: Sunshine ♪

[Sunshine flounces innocently]

Miley: [stepping out from dugout] You're about to get the best of both worlds!

[Sunshine doesn't speak, but makes menacing face, hissing as knife blades come out of lollipop]

Miley: [scared] Daddy!

[Sunshine crosses far left, next to Diablo]

Dora: And our last gladiator, facing off against Elmo, is a righter of wrongs, the diapered defender of doody and justice for all... Captain Underpants!

[Stage hands hold up white sheet in front of Gladiator dugout. Back light/strobes. Captain U. poses, cape flying. Stage hands drop sheet and he comes through to center stage]

♪ 10: Captain U. theme ♪

Captain: [striking superman-ish pose] Wedgie Power!

Elmo: [stepping out from dugout] Elmo give you such a wedgie!

Captain: [takes a step toward Elmo] No, I'll give you a wedgie!

Elmo: [getting close to Captain U.] Elmo give you wedgie you never forget!

Captain: [in Elmo's face] Wedgie war is on!

Billy Ray: [stepping between them] Okay, I hate to break up you two geniuses, but Destiny Hope has to be at a mall opening at 8.

[Elmo and Captain U. cross to respective dugouts]

Miley: Daddy!

Billy Ray: What, cupcake???

[Miley shakes her head at him, groans, and rolls her eyes]

Dora: Our first event is a sport dating back to ancient Greece. To win this contest, you must have endurance, guile, and strength.

Billy Ray: Destiny Hope has all them things!

Miley: [stepping forward from dugout] Daddy! I want to be called Miley! Don't make me call my lawyer!

Dora: Silencio! [Miley returns to dugout, scorned] And now, our first event begins!

Count: Gladiators! [Gladiators take places left of center] Challengers! [Gladiators take places right of center] Face off! Gladiators ready! [Gladiators snarl, etc.] Challengers ready! [Challengers cheer.] Three, two, one... WRESTLE!

♪ 11: O Fortuna - Fight music ♪

[Each pair does some menacing circling, then thumbwrestling begins]

[after a bit, Werewolf and Hermione wrestle toward center and Hermione goes down in a thumb lock]

Hermione: Owwww! Drat!

Werewolf: [celebrating] Awwwwwooooo!

Billy Ray: Hermione is out early! I guess they don't teach thumbwrestling at that fancy school of hers!

[Hermione and Werewolf cross to respective dugouts to cheer]

[Miley and Sunshine wrestle toward center, Miley grabs thumb, crying in pain]

Dora: Oh, no! Miley is out with a thumb cramp!

Billy Ray: [to Miley] Oh, lemon drop!

[Miley and Sunshine cross to respective dugouts to cheer]

[Romo and Diablo wrestle toward center, Romo dominating]

Billy Ray: I see Romo is using his patented Texas Twister technique.

[Elmo and Captain U. wrestle toward center, pulling back and forth]

Dora: Elmo and Captain Underpants are locked in a titanic struggle.

Elmo: Tickle this baldy! [Elmo rears back and head-butts Captain U., Captain goes down dramatically]

Billy Ray: Holy cow, Elmo wins with a head butt!

Elmo: Hee-hee-hee-hee-hee! [Elmo crosses to dugout smugly]

Dora: [to Count] Señor Count, is that against the rules?

Count: There are no rules in thumbwrestling! Match over! [Captain U. crawls to dugout]

Billy Ray: Let's turn it over to the Count to review our scores at the end of round one.

Count: In fourth place, with ONE point, Hermione! [cheering] In third place with TWO points, Miley Cyrus Hannah Montana! [cheering]

Billy Ray: You'da won, punkin', if you hadn't cramped up.

Miley: Oh, Daddy.

Count: In second place with THREE points, Tony Romo, [cheering] and in first place with FOUR points, Elmo! [cheering, Elmo crosses center in victory]

Dora: Boooooo! [crosses right to stools and pouts]

Billy Ray: Elmo, how did it feel to head butt Captain Underpants?

Elmo: A little squishy! But Elmo don't care because Elmo won! High four, Billy Ray! [Elmo high-fours then crosses to dugout]

[stage hands bring pool and noodles to center stage]

Billy Ray: [crossing right to stools with Dora] I didn't know the little furball had it in him. Our next event harkens back to the knights of old and to summer fun everywhere. A one-on-one test of balance and skill. It's one of our most popular events: the joust! [cheering] First up, fresh off a thumbwrestling injury, Destiny Hope!

Miley: Daddy! Lawyer!

Billy Ray: Sorry. Miley Cyrus Hannah Montana...facing off against Captain Underpants.

[Miley and Captain meet center and pick up noodles]

Count: Gladiator! Challenger! Face off! [both step into kiddie pool] Gladiator ready!

Captain Underpants: Wedgie Power!

Count: Challenger ready!

Miley: Y'all know it!

Count: Three, two, one... JOUST!

♪ 12: Fight music – Fast tempo... ♪

[They fight a while. Miley knocks Captain U. out. Captain dramatically falls out of pool.]

Count: Match over! Vinner: Miley!

Dora: Muy bien, Miley! How did you win?

Miley: You don't survive Tennessee trailer park pool parties without picking up some serious pool noodle skills, y'all!

Dora: Well, great job! Back to you, Billy for our next match up!

Billy Ray: Good job, honeybun!

Dora: Billy Rrrray!

Miley: Daddy! [Miley crosses to dugout for high-fives/fours]

Billy Ray: Fine. For our next fight, we have Hermione, still reeling from her devastating thumbwrestling loss, versus Diablo, the masked terror.

[They meet center and pick up noodles]

Count: Gladiator! Challenger! Face off!! [they both step into pool] Challenger ready!

Hermione: This is just like a wand! [makes wand-y movements] Swish and flick! Brilliant!

Count: Gladiator ready!

Diablo: That's not a wand. THIS is a wand! [holds it like a gun]

Count: Three, two, one... JOUST!

♪ 13: Fight music – Middle break ♪

[They fight a while. Hermione tries to use noodle like a wand.]

[stage hands bring strobe light up behind the pool]

Hermione: Wingardium leviosa! This isn't working! ... Wingardium leviosaaaaahh! Blimey! [turns back to audience to fiddle with noodle and puts chiclets in mouth.]

Diablo: Say hello to my leetle friend!

[strobe light on]

[Slow-motion. Diablo smacks her. She falls out of the pool, spits out teeth and staggers out of pool, falling down.]

Count: Match over! [strobe off] Vinner: Diablo! And on the floor, I count ONE, TWO teeth. [Diablo goes to dugout for high fives]

Billy Ray: Hey, Pickle, can you help get her out of here? [Miley helps Hermione into kitchen]
She's such a good person. Looks like Hermione may be out for the rest of the match. Well, that's
one less person standing between the million dollars and my Destiny Hope.

Miley; [from off-stage] Daddy! Lawyer!

Dora: Our next match up is fur on fuzz, mano y muppet, Elmo vs. the Werewolf!

[They meet center and pick up noodles]

Count: Gladiator! Challenger! Face off! [they step into pool] Gladiator ready!

Werewolf: Awwooooo!

Count: Challenger ready!

Elmo: Elmo got a silver bullet with your name on it!

Count: Three, two, one... JOUST!

♪ 14: Fight music – Metal ♪

[They fight a while. Werewolf knock away Elmo's noodle. Elmo jumps onto Werewolf's noodle
and Werewolf holds Elmo's hands to his noodle pulling the puppet off the puppeteer's hand]

[Werewolf spins in circles, swinging Elmo around violently]

Elmo: Uh-oh. Elmo in trouble!

[Werewolf throws him out of the ring, smacking him against the far left wall.]

Count: Match over! Vinner: Volfman! [puppeteer puts Elmo back on and he stays slumped
against wall]

Werewolf: Awwooooo!

Elmo: Owwwwwww!

Dora: [gleeful] Elmo, that looked like it really hurt! Oh, no, your adorable looks will be ruined.
Dora still has her looks. Maybe you should rretire! Don't worry. I'll take good care of your fans.
Then Dora will be the numero uno children's character in todo el mundo!

Elmo: [crossing toward Dora] Elmo never retire! Dora can't handle Elmo's fans! Dora can kiss
Elmo's furry red—

Billy Ray: [coming between them] Shut your mouth!

Elmo: Just talking about Elmo! [Elmo crosses to dugout while Dora glares at him]

Billy Ray: Our next match-up is the All-American football star, Tony Romo, versus the gladiator next door, Sunshine!

[They meet center and pick up noodles]

Count: Gladiator! Challenger! Face off! [both step into pool] Challenger ready!

Romo: I'll go easy on you, cupcake.

Count: Gladiator ready!

Sunshine: Cupcake? Mmm, I love *dessert!*

Count: Three, two, one... JOUST!

♪ 15: Fight music – Steady tempo...♪

[They joust. Romo gets in one good hit, then they get locked in noodlelock.]

Romo: [stopping] Wait a minute... you smell really familiar. What is that alluring yet cheap scent?

[While he's distracted, Sunshine smacks him with the noodle, knocks noodle out of his hands.]

Billy Ray: He's fumbled his noodle!

Sunshine: It's not my fault, y'all! Take that Tony-kins! [Sunshine smacks him with noodle, Romo falls out of pool.]

Count: Match over! Vinner: Sunshine!

[Sunshine struts to dugout]

Billy Ray: [calling Tony over] Tony? What happened in that match?

[stage hands remove pool and noodles, take to puppet room]

Tony: It was the strangest thing, she smelled so familiar. Kind of... fancy.

Billy Ray: Interesting. [pushes him toward dugout] Count, give us the standings!

Count: [crossing front and center] First, we have ONE casualty! Hermione is TOO injured TO go on. The remaining THREE challengers are tied FOR first place with SIX points each! I'm sorry, I don't have a five. [crosses back to puppet stage doors]

[stage hands and Count set up Gauntlet, set strobe by basketball hoop]

Dora: What a situation muy interesante! Everyone is tied going into the gauntlet! While the Count is inspecting the course, let's talk to our challengers! Miley, [Miley crosses to Dora] how do you feel going into the gauntlet?

Miley: I feel real good, y'all. Daddy says it's in the bag.

Billy Ray: Hush up, pork chop. [shooing Miley off to dugout] These emancipated teens, they'll say anything. Tony, [Tony comes up to Billy Ray] you had some trouble in the last round. How do you feel going into the gauntlet?

Romo: I'm telling you, it was that Sunshine! She anticipated my every move! It was like she knew me!

Billy Ray: Speaking of your moves, now I remember where I've seen that butterfinger move before! Your fumble in that playoff game cost me ten G's, fumblefingers!

Romo: It wasn't my fault! Like the papers and the t.v. said, that Jessica was bad luck! But now that I'm out of that, you can double down next season, Billy Ray!

Dora: Pues, Elmo! [Elmo crosses to Dora] After your crushing defeat in the last event – tut, tut, how embarrassing! – how can you possible have the courage to go on?

Elmo: [in Dora's face] Elmo gets his strength from alllllll his millions and millions and millions of fans!

Dora: You're not THAT big. I sell almost as much merchandise as you.

Elmo: When people lining up for Tickle Me Dora dolls, THEN talk to me, chica!

Dora: Why you little! [grabs him by the throat]

Billy Ray: [pulling her off, Elmo returns to dugout] Easy there, hot tamale. It looks like the Count has finished checking the course, let's begin the gauntlet!

Count: [crossing to hosts] I've checked the course ONE, TWO, THREE times! We are ready FOR the final event.

[During the following dialogue, Sunshine is seen wandering the gauntlet course, her back to the audience a lot]

Dora: Because our challengers are tied, we'll draw names to see who goes first! Billy Ray, will you do the honors? [Dora turns around so he can draw names from her backpack]

Billy Ray: Going into the gauntlet first is...the first in my heart, Destiny Hope!

Miley: Daddy!

Billy Ray: Miley Cyrus Hannah Montana. And next up is... a person who's used to coming in second, Tony Romo! At that leaves last –

Dora: And least!

Billy Ray: Elmo!

Elmo: Elmo hate you, too, Dora!

[Gladiators take places on gauntlet course]

Billy Ray: Let's turn it over to the Count to tell us about the gauntlet!

♪ 16: Underscore music – Slow organ ♪

Count: FIRST, each challenger must survive the gnashing teeth and ripping claws of the Verevolf, SECOND, they must use the super-spitwad blowgun to shoot the aromatic and agile Captain Underpants, THIRD, they must dribble past not ONE, but TWO gladiators and dunk the Deathball into the hoop of DOOM! Fastest time wins. FIRST, Miley, take your place! Gladiators ready? [growl, etc.] Challenger ready?

Miley: Y'all know it!

Count: On my mark, you may begin. THREE, TWO, ONE, GO!

♪ 17: Fight music - Wildcat ♪

[Miley starts, bounces off the Werewolf a few times.]

Billy Ray: Here, puddin' cup, use this! [Throws her a dog bone. Miley throws it to Werewolf's side, he chases it, Miley runs past.]

Dora: Miley has successfully dodged the dog and is heading into the Spit and Run!

Captain Underpants: I'm rubber you're glue, what ever you spit bounces off me and sticks on you!

[Miley starts shooting and missing.]

Billy Ray: Use the technique I showed you, tater tot!

[Miley hits Captain Underpants.]

Count: Hit! Move on to challenge number THREE!

[Miley runs to Deathball, picks up basketball. Aims, shoots, misses once.]

Billy Ray: Use my mullet mist, pot pie! [Billy Ray sprays his own hair with hairspray, then tosses it to Miley]

[Miley sprays hairspray in Sunshine and Diablo's faces.]

Sunshine: Aaaaah! Someone bring me some Proactiv! This might make me break out!
[Miley misses a few, then makes basket.]

Count: Gauntlet complete! You have a time of ONE minute and THREE seconds.

[Miley crosses to dad for high five, then to dugout]

Billy Ray: Way to go, corn dog! Romo's gonna have a hard time beating that!

Dora: Next up is Tony Rrrromo!

Count: Tony, take your place! Gladiators ready? Challenger ready? On my mark, you may begin.
THREE, TWO... [phone rings]

Romo: [answering phone] Hello? ... It's the Giants calling about a trade. Hang on, I've got to take this. [Tony runs off to kitchen]

Dora: [long pause] Well, this is unusual! We've never had a challenger leave before running the gauntlet!

Count: Elmo, instead of going THIRD, you're going to have to go SECOND! You're the only ONE left!

Elmo: That okay. Elmo born ready!

Dora: [aside to Boots] I hope he goes into the gauntlet and never comes out! [Boots laughs]

Count: Elmo, take your place! Gladiators ready? [growl, etc.] Challenger ready?

Elmo: Elmo ready, Count old buddy!

Count: On my mark, you may begin. THREE, TWO, ONE, GO!

♪ 18: Fight music – Elmo Gauntlet ♪

[Elmo runs to Werewolf. Bounces off a few times, a bit of a struggle.]

Elmo: Elmo go downtown!

[Puppeteer takes Elmo off, throws Elmo between Werewolf's legs to get past him.]

Elmo: Wheeeee! Oooh, Werewolf stink! [put puppet back on]

Dora: I hope you got fleas, raton!

Billy: He's approaching the Spit and Run, already ahead of Miley's time. I hate to think what might happen to him if he beats my little sweet-tart!

[Elmo starts shooting. Captain Underpants does dramatic dodging.]

Elmo: These spitwads are brought to you by the letter D for Dora stinks!

Boots: Hissssss!

[Sunshine finally gets eyes cleared. Elmo hits CU.]

Count: Hit! Move on to challenge number THREE!

[Elmo runs on to Deathball, picks up 2nd basketball—bomb.]

Sunshine: [confused] Hey, what are you doing here? It's not your turn. Where's Tony?

Elmo: Hmmm, Elmo's ball ticking!

[Elmo dodges past Diablo first]

[Strobe on. Elmo goes into slow-motion as he approaches Sunshine. Elmo knocks Sunshine out of the way, she falls backward. Elmo reaches up to dunk.]

Sunshine: Nooooo!

Elmo: [as he slam-dunks] Uh-oh! [Lights out]

♪ 19: Explosion ♪

♪ 20: Death of Elmo ♪

[Stage hands set out Elmo pieces and put head in basket.]

[Music ends. Lights come back up. Everyone looks stunned, slowly recovers, coughing. Tony comes out of kitchen holding phone. Hermione comes out of kitchen with front teeth blacked out.]

Count: Is everyONE all right?

[All kind of murmur that they're ok.]

Dora: Que pasa? What happened?

Billy Ray: [pointing to Elmo head] Look at that!

Stan: [from back of room] Oh my god! They killed Elmo!

[All gather around Elmo bits.]

Billy: [to Miley] We won, French fry!

Tony: Hey, man. Have a little respect for the dead Muppet.

Billy Ray: You're right, sorry. Somebody call the fuzz.

Count: The fuzz is on the floor!

Nancy Drew: [standing up in audience] Everybody freeze! Just kidding, I've always wanted to say that. As an All-American teen, I was just attending your super event! And by the way, I can't wait for the Bella Cullen band, but that's tomorrow afternoon. I'll be there and so should all of you. But for now, it seems you have a mystery that needs solving!

Dora: Who are you?

♪ 21: Nancy Drew Intro ♪

[Nancy slowly walks to front of room using right aisle, a hair toss or two.]

Nancy: [shaking hands with Billy Ray then Dora] Nancy Drew, super sleuth! Hola, Dora!

Dora: Hola, Nancy Drew.

Nancy: So what happened here? [crosses center, pulls out clues pad]

[Everyone looks at each other.]

Billy Ray: Uh, well, the Muppet blew up.

Nancy: Well, I can see that, silly! The question is *why* did he blow up? Do Muppets usually blow up by themselves?

Count: [stepping forward] No ONE I know ever has.

Nancy: Well, that rules out spontaneous combustion, so that means somebody had to blow him up. And the next question is WHO blew him up?

♪ 22: Crickets sound effect ♪

[All look at each other]

Nancy: I guess no one is going to confess. Did anyone see anything odd?

Diablo: *mumbles*

Nancy: I'm sorry, would you please speak clearly? Perhaps if you straightened your mask?

[Diablo crosses to Nancy, adjusting mask]

Diablo: [with British accent?] As the little bloke picked up his basketball, I noticed that it was different.

Count: You mean ONE of those balls was not like the others?

Nancy: Oh my goodness! How so?

Diablo: Well, it had a tail and it had a rather distinct smell.

Nancy: Hmmm, did it smell like sulfur?

Diablo: No. Actually, it smelled like perfume.

Nancy: Very interesting. Any particular kind?

Diablo: Dunno. It sort of smelled like a blonde done up fancy.

Billy Ray: Wait, didn't the Count inspect all that stuff before the gauntlet started?

Nancy: So did you notice anything different, Mr. Von Count?

Count: I didn't see ONE thing. Sorry TO disappoint. Ah, but I did notice that perfume TOO. I've smelled that beFORE! It smelled like...like...Sunshine! [Count starts picking up Elmo bits, slowly and reverently]

Nancy: [center, to audience] All this talk of perfume stinks of foul play. I have a hunch that who ever did this did it on purpose. And I'm a girl who's used to believing in her hunches. I need to sniff out the person would want Elmo dead. If I'm going to catch an Elmo-killer, I've got to THINK like an Elmo-killer!

Captain U: [stepping forward] Don't look at me! I fight for all that is pre-shrunk and cottony! Besides I was never even near those basketballs...not even BRIEFLY! [giggling as he steps backward]

Werewolf: [stepping forward] Same here. I was at the start of the gauntlet the whole time. Plus, I would never harm another member of the fraternal brotherhood of fur. I mean come on, throw me a bone here people!

[Billy Ray throws him another dog bone, Werewolf steps back and turns back to audience, eating bone]

Nancy: [to suspects] Since none of you have done the right thing, like good Americans, and confessed, we are going to have to do this the hard way. A full-blown interrogation! But don't worry, I brought snacks!

Dora: [crossing to Nancy, panicked] Interrogation! But I'm a legalized citizen...don't call interrogation!

Nancy: No, Dora, not *immigration*. Interrogation is where I ask you all questions one at a time to gather clues.

Dora: Ohhhhh. Bueno then. [skips back to stool]

Nancy: My super-sleuthing skills tell me to agree with you Captain Underpants and Werewolf—neither of you had the means or motive to fit this crime. And Diablo, since you offered up the information about the tampered basketball, deductive reasoning says you are in the clear as well. Romo was away on a phone call, Hermione was out with that pool noodle injury, and Miley was too busy running the gauntlet herself to have been able to set a booby trap for Elmo.

Miley: Yeah, y'all.

Nancy: So that leaves us with four...

Count: Hah, ah, ah

Nancy:...four viable suspects. [pointing] Billy Ray.

Miley: [running to him, scared] Daddy!

Nancy: Dora.

Dora: Yo?

Nancy: Count.

Count: This is TOO much.

Nancy: And Sunshine.

Sunshine: [innocently] Little old me?

Nancy: My housekeeper, Hannah, is backstage whipping up some cheesecake. While I'm chewing on evidence, everyone but these four suspects may go enjoy the sweet taste of innocence. [as the innocent exit to kids room] Thank you for not killing anyone today. [waving] Courtesy counts and murder is rude! Buh-bye!

[stage hands bring pool to stage left]

[The four suspects remain, stage right]

Nancy: Billy Ray, come with me. The other three of you must sit in the holding tank. [Billy Ray brings stools to center and sits by Nancy, others sit in pool]

[Nancy puts sleuth kit on extra stool. During each interrogation, Nancy offers the suspect a baked goodie from the tin in her sleuth kit. Also pulls out a cocktail napkin to serve each on.]

Nancy: Billy Ray, have a seat. [offering to suspect] Lemon bar?

Billy Ray: [He takes it.] Lemon bar, that's a good one. I'll have to use that for Miley...my little lemon bar.

Nancy: All right Mr. Cyrus, try to focus. Speaking of Miley, you would do anything to have your daughter win this competition, wouldn't you? You threw her a dog bone to help her get past the Werewolf. That looked like cheating to me.

Billy Ray: That's not cheating! That's just hedging the bets.

Nancy: A-ha! So you're a betting man, Mr. Cyrus?

Billy Ray: Only on a sure thing like my Destiny Hope.

Nancy: Do I read between the lines that you had money riding on your daughter's performance in this televised sporting event?

Billy Ray: Well...maybe just a couple...hundred...thousand.

Nancy: [gasp] I'm shocked and appalled. Not only is that illegal, but you're setting a terrible example for your young child. Perhaps you'd even go as far as *killing* an innocent Muppet to secure your daughter's victory!?

Billy Ray: No way! I wouldn't set off a bomb that close to my Destiny Hope and risk blowing her into a million achy breaky pieces. Besides, Elmo wasn't even supposed to be going second. Oh my gosh! That could've been my little green bean casserole! (crying)

Nancy: That's right, it was *supposed* to be Tony Romo going second in the Gauntlet! Pull yourself together, Mr. Cyrus. Here's a hanky. I think we're finished here. I'll let you know if I have any more questions for you. And by the way, here's the number for Gamblers Anonymous. Tell them Nancy sent you.

[Billy Ray goes back to holding tank.]

Nancy: Count, please come have a seat. Blondie?

Count: No, thank you, I prefer brunettes.

Nancy: Count, although you do admit to smelling perfume around the Deathball court, it seems very suspicious that you claim not to have *seen* the **bomb** during your inspection.

Count: I am not the ONE who did it.

Nancy: Why should I believe you? You have got TO prove it to me.

Count: Good ONE! Well, I'm a little embarrassed, but, uh, to be honest, I actually, more or less... forgot my glasses TOday.

Nancy: You wear glasses?

Count: See how good your vision is when YOU are ONE, TWO, THREE hundred years old!

Nancy: [accusatory] A likely story. It's awfully *convenient* that a mathematical genius like yourself just HAPPENED to forget his glasses on the day when a *bomb* ended up on the gauntlet.

Count: Hey, it could happen TO anyone. Besides, Elmo is my little buddy! We've worked together for FIVE, SIX, SEVEN years! I love him! Hah, ah, ah. How will I ever break this to Cooookie Monster and Biiig Bird? Boo, hoo, hoo.

Nancy: There, there, Mr. Von Count. That's enough for now. Here, have a hanky.

[Count goes back to holding tank, crying.]

Nancy: Dora, could I speak to you aqui, por favor?

Dora: [sings her own theme song.] D-D-D-D-D-Dora the Explorer, yay!

Nancy: You seem very happy, Dora, considering that a fellow children's television star was very recently murdered.

Dora: Si! I guess Elmo finally spread himself too thin! Hee hee hee... Silencio, Boots!

Nancy: Snickerdoodle?

Dora: No sopapilla?

Nancy: Now, Dora. My super sleuthing skills tell me that you were a bit jealous of Elmo's international success and his place in the hearts of millions, nay, billions of children!

Dora: Elmo was overrated! What do they see in him? He's not even bilingual!

Nancy: Aha! So you WERE jealous! Jealous enough to *kill* your number one rival?

Dora: Just because I wished on many, many estrellas for Elmo's HAIR to fall out, leaving him ugly and unlovable doesn't mean I'd try to kill him! I'm only a preschooler, for crying out loud!

Nancy: Then you wouldn't mind if I looked in your backpack?

Dora: Por supuesto! I have nothing to hide!

[Nancy pulls out Elmo doll with bald patches and pins sticking out. GASP!]

Dora: Si, si, I may dabble in dark magic, but I wanted Elmo to be *disgraced*, not dead. I couldn't fully and truly enjoy his exquisite humiliation if he were dead!

Nancy: I'm utterly shocked and appalled at how you speak of Elmo. As a role model to American's youth, you of all people should know that courtesy counts!

Count: Hey, I'm the **one** who does the counting around here!

Dora: And besides, it wasn't even Elmo's turn! That Tony Rrrrrromo got a phone call and just left! And Elmo had to take his turn! If he hadn't gotten a call that ball would have been Tony's! And he's soooooo guapo! I would neeeeeever have tried to kill Tony!

[Sunshine hisses.]

Nancy: Now, ladies! Manners! That's enough for now, Dora. You can return to the holding tank. [Nancy picks Boots up from chair] And your little monkey, too.

[Dora takes Boots to holding tank.]

Nancy: Sunshine, could I have a word with you please?

Sunshine: [as Sunshine comes over.] Man, that holding tank stinks! [sprays herself with perfume]

[Nancy sneezes.]

Nancy: I'm sorry, I'm allergic to ethanol #12. I find they use it in most cheap perfumes.

Sunshine: Whatever. It makes me feel fancy. [sitting]

Nancy: [offering her a pastry] Cream Puff?

Sunshine: Hey, who you callin' Cream Puff, you goodie-two-shirts!

Nancy: No, no, I was offering you a baked good. Now, *you* were the person physically closest to Elmo when the bomb went off, which makes you a key suspect. But, you don't appear to have a motive to harm him. Can you tell me how you knew Elmo?

Sunshine: I only just met him tonight! Why does everyone always blame me for everything? I'm not a distraction, I'm supportive! I'm not to blame for the loss!

Nancy: I have no idea what you're talking about. Did you notice anything about the ball that blew up?

Sunshine: Yes, I noticed that it was *supposed* to be everybody's All-American, Tooony the phony, who would pick up that ball. So why aren't you questioning him?

Nancy: Because he was nowhere near the ball. He was on the phone the whole time.

Sunshine: Pshaw. Probably talking to his new girlfriend! Those lyin', cheatin', no good, half-rate Quarterbacks...[stands up, hair flip] come on boots, let's start walkin'! [saunters off to holding tank]

Nancy: Well, it seems that you didn't have a motive to kill Elmo after all. And this interrogation is going nowhere. I need to review my notes. [crosses to center stage]

Nancy: [to audience] All of you are now members of the Nancy Drew Super Sleuth Club! I'm going to review my notes and do a little research. When I return, I want all of you to tell me who committed this heinous crime. The suspects are Dora, Billy Ray, Count, and Sunshine! Thank you for your help! Oh, and my housekeeper Hannah sent snacks for everyone. [Nancy ushers suspects out to kid's room]

[15 min. Intermission]

♪ Nancy Drew soundtrack ♪

[During intermission, Nancy comes back with a laptop, moves stool away, takes finger print samples, makes a phone call, uses chemistry set. After teams have picked a suspect, Nancy records their guesses.]

Nancy: Thank you for your hard work, Nancy Drew Super Sleuth Club! I now know who the killer is! I'm going to bring everyone back in and reveal the truth of this mystery!

♪ 23: Suspicion Music – Slow organ ♪

[Nancy brings cast back in from kid's room. Four suspects sit in pool, separated from the rest. Remaining Gladiators and Challengers stand in front of respective dugouts, Count is in usual spot in front of puppet stage doors.]

Nancy: [pacing, center] When you've solved as many mysteries as I have, you develop a sixth sense about these things.

Count: [crossing to Nancy] Ah, SIX! One of my FAVORITE numbers!

Nancy: Ah, yes, Count! How many fingers am I holding up?

Count: ONE, TWO...SEVEN?

Nancy: Sorry, that's wrong! Try it again with these! [hands him glasses out of the sleuth kit, he puts them on] I always keep an extra pair of glasses in my sleuth kit! You never know when you'll need to see things more clearly. *Now* how many fingers am I holding up?

Count: Ah! ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE!

Nancy: I believe you were telling the truth when you said that you forgot your glasses. You really *weren't* able to see the bomb during your inspection. Also, I called Big Bird during the break and he confirmed that you and Elmo were very good friends. I'm so sorry for your loss.

Count: Thank you. He was ONE of a kind! I will never FORget him! Now I must go and bury my poor dead friend. His career is now over.

Nancy: Speaking of dead careers, Billy Ray?

Billy Ray: [crossing to Nancy] Hey, that's the nature of show business. Now it's Destiny Hope's turn to shine.

Miley: Daddy!

Billy Ray: Miley's.

Nancy: Mr. Cyrus, even though you have proven that you are not above cheating to advance your daughter's career—in fact, you would not have a career now without her—so your assertion that

you would not have put a bomb that close to your daughter (and meal ticket I might add) rings true. Additionally, I took some fingerprint samples during the break and yours were nowhere near the Deathball court. Besides, why would you put money on your daughter to win this competition and then risk blowing her up? That's a bad bet, Mr. Cyrus.

Billy Ray: [sigh] I may have a gambling problem, but Lady Luck was on my side tonight.
Destiny Hope –

Miley: Daddy!

Billy Ray: Miley is safe and that's what matters.

Miley: Oh, Daddy. [goes to hug him.]

Nancy: Billy Ray, Count von Count, it is clear that neither of you are the Elmo killer. You are both free to go. You are safe.

[Billy, Miley, and Count cross right to stools]

Nancy: However, Dora...Sunshine, one of you will not be going home tonight.

Dora: Ay, Dios Mio!

Sunshine: OMG!

Nancy: [pacing center] One of you had the motive, one of you had the means. Dora...you haaated Elmo with the passion of a thousand telenovelas. Sunshine, *you* were the closest to Elmo at the time of the explosion, *but* you tried to stop him from slam dunking that bomb! Dora, I found an Elmo voodoo doll in your backpack, while Sunshine had never met Elmo before tonight! Dora, you would have given anything to take Elmo's place as the number one children's star. Sunshine, *you* were on the Deathball court. You had plenty of opportunity to set the bomb.

[long pause]

Nancy: But there's one key that unlocks this whole puzzle. Perfume. Several people reported smelling a cheap, yet "fancy" perfume in the Deathball arena. The same smell Tony Romo said distracted him during the jousting event. The same smell that I had an allergic reaction to during interrogations. I did an experiment using the chemistry set I keep in my sleuth kit. I compared a perfume sample taken from the bomb fragments to the National Perfume Registry Database and found that it was an exact match to the perfume...Fancy made by Parlux Fragrances.

[pause]

Nancy: We have proven that Sunshine had the opportunity. But what about her motive? To answer that question, I have one question for you, Sunshine! [Pulls can of tuna from Sleuth Kit.] What...is...this? Chicken? Or tuna?

Sunshine: [standing in pool] Noooo! It smells like tuna, but it says CHICKEN! Why do you keep hounding me with this? It's not my fault! [Sunshine freaks out.]

Tony: [crossing to Sunshine] Oh, no. I know that whining anywhere! [Pulls off Sunshine's wig. GASP!] JESSICA!

Nancy: That's right. I checked the FBI database and there is no "Sunshine." You were Jessica Simpson all along! Jessica planted that bomb of bitterness for Tony. But when he was called away to the phone, Elmo took his place and became a dead Muppet walking. By the time Jessica discovered the order change, it was too late to stop Elmo from blowing into little red bits. Jessica Simpson killed Elmo with a bomb she meant for her ex-boyfriend Tony...Romo.

Sunshine: And I would have gotten away with it, too, if it wasn't for that meddling Muppet!

Tony: You've changed, Jessica.

Count: [stepping forward to grab Jessica along with Billy Ray] Let's take this ONE TO prison FOREver! I still don't have a three.

[Sunshine hauled off to lobby by Count and Billy Ray]

Sunshine: ad lib...It's not my fault...I knew you'd drop the ball, Tony...one of these days these boots are gonna walk all over yooooooooo! [yells at Tony all the way out of the room.]

[Elmo skips in from lobby as Sunshine finishes yelling.]

Elmo: Elmo baaaaaa-aaaack! [crosses to center by Nancy]

[All: gasp, "wow," "Elmo!" etc.]

Dora: Ay dios mio! Elmo is alive!

Elmo: 'Course Elmo alive. [laughs] Elmo just a *puppet*, silly. You can't KILL a puppet! [laugh]

Romo: [confused] B-b-but we all saw you in a billion little pieces, muppet man.

Elmo: Elmo went to Sesame Street General Hospital and they sew him all up. Elmo BETTER than new Dora.

Dora: [cries]

Nancy: Well, that's another case sewn up! [Sigh.] I always get depressed after solving a mystery—I'm only truly happy when there's trouble.

Billy Ray: [reentering from lobby] Excuse me, Nancy Drew? ♪ 24: End music and bows ♪

There's a call for you from Scotland...something about the Loch Ness monster and some missing diamonds.

Nancy: Oh goodie! Another case! Ta-ta everyone. A sleuth's work is never done! [She exits to lobby]

[Lights out. Cast line up for bows. Lights on.]

Bows. [fade out music for] Announcements.

♪ Resume End music and bows ♪

[Cast exits to kid's room]