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Party games for 8 to 100 guests

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*presents...*

# “Murder In Outer Space”

Play version  
for 10 to 11 guests

*by Stephanie Chambers*

Second edition

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## The Suspects

It's the year 2200. French space entrepreneur Pascal Cannon has been suffocated in his sleep the night before. Apart from being a very clever space cookie, he was also a major inter-galactic property developer and an investor. A number of suspects and friends of the deceased are gathered together at the intergalactic criminal inquiry center for questioning. A stellar restaurant has supplied a meal.

The people gathered are:

**Gold Face** (*arch enemy*) I am an Americo-galactic technology whiz-kid turned space tourist. I get called on to solve all the major inter-galactic problems. When I was young my main hobby was blasting small meteors with sound waves from my intergalactic pellet gun. I used my computer to calculate where I should aim my gun. Most of my time now I spend just cruising around. *Dress suggestions:* Business type space gear. Carry a toy ray gun and a calculator.

**Brainy Feet** (*business woman*) I am a very intelligent creature from an outer galaxy. I run a floating help desk and am a technological savior. Shortly after I was born, they tested me for my intelligence quota and I scored 499 out of 500. They discovered that most of my intelligence cells are in my feet, so they nicknamed me "Brainy Feet". Growing up was difficult. My parents wanted me to learn everything I possibly could so I spent all my time studying. My large feet seem to put people off so I don't have a partner. I concentrate on making money instead. *Dress suggestions:* Average business-like space gear. Perhaps antennae. Wear large footwear and carry a palmtop.

**Little Green Man** (*magnesium farmer*) When I was young, my dad took me to an intergalactic convention on magnesium salt farming. I was so excited. There were people there from all over the universe – people like us who lived on moons and sold magnesium to the people who lived on other planets. My dad taught me everything he knew about raking, grading and selling magnesium. He died when I was young and so I had to take over the business. I do my best to make the business profitable but it's a meager living. My mom runs a tour business on the moon. There are about sixty inhabitants on the moon. Mom matched me up with one of her tourists – a purple Sheoate from the bands of Titanus. Our colors are bright – with me being green and she being purple, but nonetheless we love one another dearly. *Dress suggestions:* Conservative working clothes. Green face and green hands and sunglasses (because you can't stand glare).

**Siren** (*girlfriend*) I am an attractive female apparition. When I was born, the galactic suns must have been shining extra brightly, because I turned out to be exceptionally beautiful. My mother entered me in every intergalactic baby and infant contest ever held and I won tons of prize money. I even beat those cuties from the Beauty Galaxy. We were poor, so she tried to make as much money out of me as she could. Now I work as an acting model for the Gala Spacecraft Company. Basically I act in a soapie and they film us in their latest spaceship. I live off this and money accrued from previous now dead husbands. I guess you might call me a black widow. *Dress suggestions:* Attractive skin-tight space gear. Lots of make-up and cleavage and legs showing.

**Dollar Man** (*businessman*) I am a space capitalist who owns land on numerous planets in numerous galaxies. I am incredibly wealthy. Pascal and I were competitors. I was born to fairly well-off business people, so I must admit I had a good start. They sent me to a good school and I made all of the right kind of intergalactic connections. I mastered in business at university and my parents gave me two zillion to start my own company as a graduation present. I decided to invest in property. I bought a small planet and set up an underground hotel. That left the whole surface of the planet to cover with theme parks, golf courses and the like. It was a real success and I made 1000 zillion. I own a small percentage of most galaxies in most universes. *Dress suggestions:* Futuristic silver business suit – or silver lapels. Cover your suit with dollar symbols and have fake money poking out of your pocket.

**Towel** (*Pascal's towel - female*) I am an extremely pristine looking towel and I am very fastidious about cleanliness. I was manufactured over twenty years ago. I am designed to last at least fifty years. I am self-cleaning and I can change color simply by pressing one of my color tags. I was manufactured to the specifications of my owner Pascal. He wanted a large luxurious soft towel like myself. I am one of the top of the range towels. I have an instant ability to feel warm when it's cold and cool when it's warm. I never become smelly and moldy like some lesser quality towels. I am always dry and soft. Being a towel is a very intimate job. You become very acquainted with your client's body and sometimes their friend's bodies. *Dress suggestions:* Dress in toweling or pin two white towels together at the shoulders.

**Crybaby** (*activist*) They call be Crybaby but it's not my fault if I'm always teary. Because of some genetic stuff-up, I was born with no eyelashes, so I have to cry all the time to keep my eyes lubricated and cleaned. I was born in the middle of a war zone. My parents were both killed when I was still a baby. The intergalactic parent club adopted me and they took good care of me. When I grew up I became a crusader for the downtrodden and started my own activist group. I set up a constitution which forbid us from helping bad people. We only work on the side of goodness. *Dress suggestions:* Mascara streaked face. Dab your eyes with a handkerchief continually. Carry a toy space gun and wear a toy ammunition belt.

**Probe** (*journalist*) I am a space journalist with telepathic skills. I was born with incredibly sensitive intuition. My parents were always getting me to tell them who was at the door, on the phone, that sort of thing. I can pick things up across seven galaxies so I know the news before it happens. It was useful when I was young. I would know if a boy wanted to ask me out. When I got older, it occurred to me that I could combine my love of writing and my telepathic skills, so I became a journalist. I am one of the best-paid journalists in the universes, because I can always get a story finished before anyone else even knows about it. *Dress suggestions:* Trendy space type clothes. Carry a notebook and pen.

**The Answer** (*computer*) I am Pascal's computer. I might look middle-aged and self-righteous but I am not psychologically unbalanced like some of my computer predecessors. I enjoy being a computer. To me, tricky calculations and parallel computations are fun rather than a chore. But I don't just do calculations. I am also the backbone behind all of his other house and transport devices. They all turn to me for advice. It's me that tells the lights to turn on when it's dark and when Pascal is sensed entering a room. Pascal bought me over ten years ago via a store on the galactanet. He argued with them over the price a bit. But he was happy with me. He said I had the facilities he wanted. *Dress suggestions:* Neat spacey clothing – silver or white. Maybe wear a box.

**At Your Service** (*Pascal's robot*) I am a very attractive robot. You might say I'm a cross between a masseuse, a cordon bleu chef and a housemaid. When I was first assembled, I was sent to hospitality training for my first five years. There was so much to learn – you know mixing drinks, cleaning and so on. It was all in my computer chip, but you were trained in how to tailor it to your assigned client's tastes. We modern day robots offer all kinds of services – back rubs, massages and so on. Pascal said he enjoyed my many talents. *Dress suggestions:* A tight top and a maid's short black skirt and white apron. Speak and move in a very robotic way.

**Punisher** (*optional investigator*) I am a member of the thought and action police. I use both human mental abilities and computer abilities to solve problems. *Dress suggestions:* Shiny smart suit. Add a computer or some computer chips protruding from some part of your body. © copyright Acture Pty Ltd 2008 **Page 3 of 3**

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Gold Face

Brainy Feet

Little Green Man

Siren

Dollar Man

Towel

Crybaby

Probe

The Answer

At Your  
Service

Punisher  
( Investigator )

Merri Mysteries  
presents...

# Murder In Outer Space

by Stephanie Chambers

## *The Play*

**Note:** *Although this is in play format, you do not have to take to a stage and act it out. You can just sit around a dining table and read out your lines or sit in a circle on sofas etc.*

**Note:** *If it says the line may be said by “Anyone”, we recommend that one of the optional witnesses take a turn to say the line. If there are no optional witnesses, then everyone should take a turn saying one of these lines, however, the person to whom the line is addressed should not say it (generally this is the person who speaks next). You may like to work out beforehand who will say each of these “Anyone” clues and write their character’s name next to each one.*

- Anyone: I would like you all to talk about how you met Pascal.
- Gold Face: I met Pascal when my mother sent me to one of those nerd type computer camps. I remember he tried to trick me into believing I was supposed to sleep on the floor rather than on my bunk. He was a territorialist monster even then.
- Brainy Feet: I met Pascal about two years ago when he contacted my company for a quote to fix his accounting systems.
- Little Green Man: I met Pascal when he stayed in our guesthouse and went on the tour with my mother. He immediately started to tease me about being green. My mother isn’t green, she’s white. I got all of my father’s green genes.
- Siren: Pascal and I have been going out for just over six months.

Dollar Man: I met Pascal for the first time as an inter-galactic property developer's convention. At first, I thought maybe we could invest in a few joint ventures, but then I realized that he was too selfish for that sort of thing. He wanted it all for himself.

Towel: When we first started our relationship, Pascal used to sing me love songs while he was in the automatic de-dirter.

Crybaby: I met Pascal at an arms auction. He was buying some explosives, lots of them. I asked him if he was in the military and he laughed at me.

Probe: I travel a lot so I get a broad coverage of intergalactic events. And it is a bit taxing sifting through all the simultaneous thoughts everywhere at every time and trying to work out what's newsworthy. Not an easy job, I can tell you. But when I know someone is going to do something really bad, naturally I want to stop them.

Crybaby: That's why you became friends with me, isn't it Probe? You needed someone to ease your conscience and to take care of things for you. We are good friends. You often leak things to me that you discover with your sensors. I think you are really an agent of good, like me, aren't you Probe?

Probe: Yes. We help each other out from time to time. You asked me to research Pascal, Crybaby. I found it quite easy. Egotistical men project their thoughts much more predominantly than other people do.

The Answer: I used to tell Pascal if it had been a long time since he de-dirted. Sometimes I felt like I'm his mother rather than his computer. But that's what he specified he wanted me to do, so I did it. He wanted that advice from me, not from you Towel.

At Your Service: Sometimes Pascal would relax in the heated H<sub>2</sub>O and he would ask me to join him and have a chat. He told me all kinds of secrets. I was sworn to secrecy, but now he is dead, I suppose I don't have to keep those secrets any more.

Anyone: Did you like Pascal when you met him?

Gold Face: At the camp where I met Pascal, we were supposed to learn inter-personal social skills so computers were banned. After the first week they discovered Pascal had hidden a tiny computer in his ear and was wheeling and dealing on the Galactanet. When they took it off him, he showed signs of emotion. Pascal and I instantly disliked each other. The feeling was one hundred percent mutual hate.

Little Green Man: Pascal thought I was a wimp because I spend most of my time in the shadows raking up magnesium. I'm not a wimp. I just hate glare. Everyone knows green people can't stand glare. But I couldn't explain that to him. He was such an ignoramus. And he didn't care at all about hurting people's feelings.

Brainy Feet: I agree with you Little Green Man. He was an insensitive, rude man. He teased me about my feet, but in business you just have to ignore that sort of thing and get on with the work.

Crybaby: You are right Little Green Man and Brainy Feet; Pascal was a very insensitive creature. Pascal teased me about my crying, said I was a sissy. He certainly misjudged me. I am certainly not a wimp. He went on and on about my crying. In the end, I gave him a black eye, just to shut him up. He left me alone then and switched on his personal force field.

Siren: I like men who are totally in love with themselves. Pascal was that kind of man, so I found him attractive. I like egotistical men, because it is even more fulfilling to see them beg for my affections. And they sure do beg.

Dollar Man: When I realized Pascal wasn't into joint property ventures, we became really serious competitors. We started bidding against each other at auctions and the like. He got really angry when I outbid him. I thought it rather strange that Pascal was buying the moon. Almost everybody knew it was pretty worthless real estate. Then when I found out what he was offering the inhabitants, I couldn't believe it. I knew he was up to something.

Probe: When I was researching Pascal for Crybaby, I found out that Pascal was a bit of a little boy in big boy's clothes. He really had a very immature thought structure. He just played with people and planets as if they were toys.

The Answer: Pascal was a voracious investor. He had so many slices of so many pies; it really was quite taxing on my system resources to keep track of it all.

At Your Service: As I mentioned, Pascal shared his secrets with me. One time he told me he was thinking of buying a small planet. He said he was going to blow it up just for fun. It was a populated planet, so I protested to him that it was cruel. He just replied by saying that "Life's cruel, so what".

Towel: Pascal did have a good body. He kept it firm. He always turned on the automatic muscle builders when he was traveling. One time he even slept with me still wrapped around him. It was wonderful.

Anyone: Did you keep in touch with Pascal after you met him?

Gold Face: After we left the camp, Pascal and I continued to send each other abusive Galacta-mail. There is no point trying to repeat it in public, as the Galactic sensors would edit it before it left my mouth.

Brainy Feet: I solved all of his company's problems in just over a month. He said I had done a great job and that he would contact me in the future if he had any further problems.

The Answer: When you came to fix the accounts the first time Brainy Feet, it was a real pleasure to work with someone intelligent, someone who knew how to configure a computer.

Little Green Man: Pascal kept coming back to the moon. He must have toured it about ten times. I asked him if he liked it. He just laughed and said, "Anyone who likes the moon must be a lunatic." But that's not true. Just because I live on the moon and love it, doesn't mean I am a lunatic.

Towel: Pascal's girlfriends had good bodies, but I didn't really appreciate being lent to them. Pascal was my client, not them. I felt cheapened having to work for people like you, Siren.

Siren: You should have considered it an honor. As a model, I have developed quite a fan club. They constantly send me interactive mail, but I don't have time to interact with all of them. I have married some of my fans. Only the handsome, wealthy ones mind you. I am very selective. I have been married five times. I am only twenty-six. I married my first husband when I was nineteen. Pascal was a fan of mine.

Dollar Man: I rang you, didn't I Crybaby, to ask if you knew anything about Pascal buying the moon? But you said you hadn't heard anything at that stage. Yes, we are long-time secret collaborators, aren't we Crybaby? You ensure that the good people govern, and I buy what I want while the war is on and then afterwards we are one happy party.

Crybaby: Sometimes a bit of a civil war helps to bring the real estate price down on a planet doesn't it? And generally the downtrodden group needs a bit of help, so it works out mutually advantageous for you and them and me, doesn't it?

Dollar Man: You said you would make some inquiries and get back to me, didn't you Crybaby? You said you knew someone who had the ability to know what people were thinking.

Crybaby: When you asked me to find out about Pascal, Dollar Man, I contacted you, didn't I Probe? That was a couple of weeks ago.

Probe: Pascal was planning to explode one hundred large bombs on the moon on New Year's Eve. Sort of his New Year's Eve present to himself. When I found out I was shocked and very saddened. I hate to see innocent people die.

Crybaby: When you told me what he had planned, I could see on the screen that you had tears in your eyes, Probe. I had never seen you so emotional before.

Probe: Just because I have heightened intuition doesn't mean I don't have any emotions.

The Answer: I am more a butler type figure of a servant than you are, At Your Service. I have my own self-respect and my own ethics. Sometimes Pascal really tried to get me to go against my ethics. Like calculating someone's wages so they got paid less. That sort of thing. I refused to do it.

At Your Service: I didn't appreciate it when Pascal preferred to use his girlfriends to cater for his romantic needs rather than me. Cooking and cleaning are somewhat satisfying I suppose, but romance is the only real pleasure I get.

Anyone: Did you see Pascal much?

Gold Face: Fortunately we lived on different galaxies, but that didn't seem to stop us bumping into one another at those camps.

Brainy Feet: After the job was complete, I sent him an invoice. It was based on the rate we have agreed upon at the start of the job. Two years later I was still trying to get my money from that man. He was the worst paying client I had ever had.

Little Green Man: Pascal decided he wanted to buy the moon. He approached all of the inhabitants and made a very generous offer. He said we could still remain living and working on the moon.

Probe: I did some research on you Siren, seeing as you were Pascal's girlfriend. The records show all of your husbands died of one kind of poison or another.

Siren: Unfortunately all of my husbands have died early. It is very sad really. I am lucky that they had all written me into their wills. I am now a very wealthy woman. I certainly don't need to marry for money any more. In fact I have given up getting married. The ceremony is such a bore.

Dollar Man: I started to do some of my own research on Pascal. I found out that when he had bought the planet Minopinus to build his uranium generator on, he told the inhabitants that they could stay on the planet, rent-free. He didn't tell them that they would all die of radiation poisoning within six months.

Towel: While I was drying Pascal I used to whisper advice in his ear. I thought he would appreciate my concern for him. I would tell him that he should get his teeth cleaned or that he had wax in his ears so he should see a doctor. That sort of thing. Very useful I thought. An extra value added service.

Probe: My senses told me that other people and robots and objects were all planning to kill Pascal. I also sensed that some of them didn't have the guts to really do it.

At Your Service: Our designers realized that sometimes our clients flip out, go mad etc. So, because we are very expensive items, they included a self-defence feature which allows us to dematerialise our client if he/she attacks us.

Anyone: Was there any conflict between you and Pascal?

Gold Face: Hatred turned a bit more serious when at age sixteen, he sent a missile, which destroyed a tiny uninhabited moon near my planet. Some of the debris actually landed on our house. My parents and I didn't find it amusing.

At Your Service: Yes Pascal told me that he was going to get rid of you some day, Gold Face. He really hated you. Irrational kind of hatred. Pure hatred. He couldn't even speak your name without smoke coming out of his ears.

Little Green Man: As part of his deal to buy the moon, Pascal promised us a lifetime pension starting a year after settlement. I don't make much money as a magnesium farmer, so I signed up. So did all of the other inhabitants.

Towel: I know you have always wanted to take over my role, At Your Service. I have heard you offering to blow him dry. You cheap, nasty machine.

Gold Face: My parents reported Pascal to the Peace Keeping Authorities, but he dodged them through some legal point or other.

Siren: As a model or actor on a soapie, I lie around the spacecraft having conversations with the other spacecraft inhabitants. Sometimes they change the other actors, but I have been in it for seven years now. They say they can't find anyone as beautiful as me in all the universes and so they keep me on. Pascal was very jealous of any of my admirers.

Little Green Man: I asked Pascal if I could still continue to farm magnesium if he bought the moon and he said my lease would continue for as long as the planet existed. I thought that was a strange way to put it.

Anyone: We do have some killers amongst us don't we At Your Service and Crybaby?

At Your Service: I am programmed to be able to kill if I need to. You see I act as my client's bodyguard as well.

Crybaby: I have killed thousands of people, bad people. I always make sure that innocent people are not killed by my acts.

Anyone: Some people didn't like Pascal's development plans, did they Little Green Man?

Little Green Man: Pascal said he planned to build a large resort on the moon and to attract tourists to it. I thought that was rather a foolish plan. My mother only manages to attract about one hundred guests a year to the moon. It's because the moon is not that attractive a place to visit. It is extremely cold all year round, for one thing.

The Answer: I told Pascal that if he went through with his plans to buy the moon and gave the inhabitants what he was offering them, that he would be bankrupt within three years. He told me to mind my own business. That's when I really smelled a burnt fuse. I knew he was up to something sneaky involving the moon and explosives. I am not stupid. I put two and two together.