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Party games for 8 to 100 guests

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presents...

“Murder In Outer Space”

Meet and mingle version
for 17 to 30 guests

by Stephanie Chambers

First 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 - male*) 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. I am a space capitalist and I own a small percentage of most galaxies in most universes. I am incredibly wealthy. Pascal and I were competitors. 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 (*tech nerd - female*) 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 - male*) 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). © Merri Mysteries Inc 2020

Siren (*girlfriend - female*) I'm 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 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 soap opera 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.

Towel (*Pascal's towel - female*) I am an extremely pristine looking towel and I am very fastidious about cleanliness. I was manufactured over 20 ago. I am designed to last at least 50 years. I am self-cleaning and I can change color. 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 am very thick with lots of self-drying wiring. I am not passive. I am strong and dynamic. I rub as I dry. It's good for the body to be rubbed vigorously. I 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. We modern day devices offer all kinds of services – back rubs, massages and so on. Pascal said he enjoyed my many talents. *Dress suggestions:* Dress in toweling or pin two white towels together at the shoulders. Speak and move in a very robotic way.

Crybaby (*activist - male*) They call me 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. 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. I am strong, but I prefer to use technology to do my actual work, rather than muscles, because once you wreck your body, that's it. *Dress suggestions:* Mascara streaked face. Dab your eyes with a handkerchief continually. Carry a toy space gun and wear a toy ammunition belt.

22 Witnesses (optional roles)

Probe (*journalist - female*) 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. I use my intuition to also keep me out of trouble, because like the Little Green Man, I am a bit of a wimp. *Dress suggestions:* Trendy space type clothes. Carry a notebook and pen. Make a blue or black bruise mark on your leg.

The Answer (*computer - male*) 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.

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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. I was sent to hospitality training. 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. I was off the spaceship at the time of the murder. *Dress suggestions:* A tight top and a maid's short black skirt and white apron. Speak and move in a very robotic way.

Punisher (*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.

Musical Mask (*male or female witness*) I've been Pascal's in-house entertainer for some time. I am a skilled musician and I can play all the latest hits across the galaxy. I don't just play the music; I morph into the person I am imitating so you have real "live music" experience. Siren told me to have the night off so I went to a club on a nearby planet. *Dress suggestions:* White modern suit outfit and as many instruments as you can gather.

Groove Move (*male or female witness*) I am Pascal's personal trainer and resident para-medic. I only work mornings. I spend my afternoons comet riding. I go home to my mother in the evenings. I am a trained dancer as well as a personal trainer. Pascal liked the way I make exercising a fun artistic, creative experience. He preferred me to machine movers. *Dress suggestions:* Wear a combination of gym gear and a flowing modern dance outfit. Also carry some small weights.

Couch Buddy (*male or female witness*) I am in-house therapist. I have helped everyone on board both robots and people to deal with their problems and to maintain their sanity in the midst of the constant changing environment of cruising around the universe. I took the night off as per Siren's instruction. *Dress suggestions:* You can either make yourself look like a couch (but one that has a face on it) or dress in any zany way you like.

Sustainer (*male or female witness*) I am a gardener and farmer and I keep the green things on board alive. Otherwise we would all run out of oxygen. It is a totally sustainable system. The water run off goes to the fish pond and the fish excrements fertilize the plants. Pascal also collected orchids even though I pointed out to him that they were totally unproductive in terms of food. I had the night off. *Dress suggestions:* Dress in green clothes and add some real or fake plants such as leaves and vines. Carry a watering can and gardening tools.

Stinky (*male or female witness*) I am a hybrid cross between a robot and an animal. In my case, I am part skunk. Pascal liked having me as a pet because I was loyal to him and if anyone ever attacked him, I sprayed my notorious smell over them and they never attacked again. *Dress suggestions:* Dress in black clothes but have a white stripe up the back made from cardboard or material. If the clothes can be a little furry, that would help. Maybe have a leash on yourself so you can be taken for a walk.

Dollar Man (*male 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.

Sparkle (*male or female cleaner*) Sure spaceships are designed to be self-cleaning both inside and outside, but nothings perfect you know and there's lots of space dust. So I come by every year or so. This job involves a lot of travel, so I bring my family with me. I call my company "Glowing Orbs". I just turned up, so that's why I'm not a suspect. *Dress suggestions:* Futuristic overalls (maybe staple aluminum foil to some old overalls). Carry a feather duster and/or mop.

Demerie (*Pascal's mother*) He hardly ever video-chats with me. He's always been a terrible son – never remembers my birthday or anything. I'm just lucky his sister is the opposite. I am a retired geologist. I still love rocks! *Dress suggestions:* Wear conservative but futuristic clothes. Carry some rocks you have collected.

Lena (*Pascal's sister*) Pascal and I are fraternal twins. We're definitely not identical in any way. I run a non-profit helping the poor whereas he was focused on making money by exploiting and terrorizing the poor. He kept increasing the number of poor in the universe. *Dress suggestions:* Wear futuristic clothes. Carry some food to give the poor.

Uberto (*Pascal's father*) I paid for him to have a good education. I thought he might become a doctor like me and help the sick. But he's never grasped the idea of helping others. It was like a concept he just couldn't relate to. *Dress suggestions:* Wear futuristic clothes under a white coat. Carry a thermometer.

Pascal (*Pascal's ghost*) I hate being a ghost. I thought I'd be able to rattle chains or something, but I just keep passing through everything. It's very frustrating. My attacker came at me from behind, so I don't know who did it. But once I do, I will make him or her or it pay for it, although I am not sure how exactly. *Dress suggestions:* Wear a white sheet and put white powder on your face.

Rawley (*Pascal's male mentor*) I'm a retired tyrant dictator in voluntary lavishly wealthy exile. Pascal always admired how I decimated democracy and just kept ruling and accumulating more and more money. He was always asking me for ideas on how to destroy the media, free speech, democracy, the environment and all that other nonsense. *Dress suggestions:* Wear futuristic clothes with lots of gold chains and signs of wealth.

Dynam (*ammunitions expert – male or female*) My company – Bombs-R-US has a stellar reputation for blowing up small planets. Pascal was a client. We will miss him and his money. *Dress suggestions:* Wear futuristic clothes and carry rolls of fake dynamite with fuses.

Redding (*interior designer – male or female*) Because these days most of us spend our days on spaceships, its become crucial to make them as beautiful and stimulating as possible. Lately indoor jungles have become all the rage. Last year it was African desert-scapes with indoor sand dunes. *Dress suggestions:* Wear futuristic clothes and carry lots of fabric samples and pictures of jungles.

Affi-david (*lawyer – male*) I helped Pascal with his will and other contracts. He was always trying to pay me less than my usual rate by talking so fast I could barely understand him. Not my favorite client. *Dress suggestions:* Wear a futuristic suit and tie.

Astral (*travel agent – male or female*) Pascal always had me scouting the universe for a place he could visit with a view to destroying it later on. I always stayed there first myself to check it met his elaborate requirements. Then I would book his accommodation and tours. *Dress suggestions:* Wear futuristic clothes with a travel pillow around your neck.

Gorey (*autopsy expert – male*) I spend my days traveling the universe and cutting, poking and probing bodies to determine the cause of death. Sometimes it's a puzzle. Sometimes it's easy. *Dress suggestions:* Wear futuristic clothes with a white coat over them. Carry scissors.

Snippy (*Pascal's hairdresser – female*) Cutting hair is one thing you can't do remotely so this job involves a lot of travel. I bring my own scissors, sink, hair-dryer and so on. Pascal had hair that grew fast so I come here often. I just arrived. No one told me he had died. *Dress suggestions:* Wear futuristic clothes. Carry scissors and/or a hair dryer.

Name Tags

Bonita (*Pascal's ex-wife*) Pascal refused to acknowledge his son even though I was seven month's pregnant when we divorced and after the paternity test confirmed he was his father. So he wouldn't pay any of the child support. He was so stingy; I have certainly enjoyed life more since I divorced him. I am an artist. *Dress suggestions:* Wear futuristic clothes and carry an artist's palette.

Squire (*Pascal's son*) I have never met my Dad. Mom says I look like him. I want to be the conductor of an orchestra when I grow up. *Dress suggestions:* Wear futuristic little boy clothes. Carry a baton (a single chopstick will work).

Gold Face

Brainy Feet

Little
Green Man

Siren

Towel

Crybaby
Probe
The Answer

22 optional witnesses

At Your Service	Punisher
Musical Mask	Groove Move
Couch Buddy	Sustainer

Stinky	Dollar Man
Sparkle	Demerie
Lena	Uberto
Pascal	Rawley
Dynam	Redding
Affi-david	Astral
Gorey	Snippy
Bonita	Squire

Merri Mysteries presents...

“Murder in Outer Space”

by Stephanie Chambers

These are the:

Clues

Merri Mysteries presents...

“Murder in Outer Space”

Clue page for the witnesses

*Print as many copies as you need.
Staple a copy of their nametag here*

What I can reveal

Staple their clues here

What I need to do

- 1 When you arrive, listen to what the person in charge tells you to do.
- 2 Talk to everyone, not just the suspects & tell them about yourself and what you know and find out what they know.
- 3 If you have a question for a suspect, briefly meet with them to ask them your question and then move on to talk with other people. Tell the suspect to let other people know what you have asked them and what they said in reply.
- 4 *When asked:* If you are an investigator, you should help read out the Investigators report. If you are the lawyer, read out the will.

Gold Face

You should divide these 67 clues amongst the witnesses (if you have one). Please make sure they are all given out. If you don't have many witnesses, you may like to also share them with the suspects.

What I can reveal

I met Pascal at a camp for nerds. He tried to trick me into sleeping on the floor rather than on my bunk. He was a territorialist monster even then. We were supposed to learn social skills so computers were banned. But Pascal hid a computer in his ear and was wheeling and dealing on the Galactanet. We disliked each other. The feeling was 100% mutual hate. We used to send each other abusive Galacta-mail. At age sixteen, he sent a missile, which destroyed a tiny uninhabited moon near my planet. Some of the debris landed on our house. My parents reported Pascal to the Peace Keeping Authorities, but he dodged them through some legal point or other. Pascal got angry when I outbid him at auctions. I thought it strange that he was buying the moon. It's worthless. When I found out what he was offering the inhabitants; I knew he was up to something. I rang Crybaby who said Probe had the ability to know what people were thinking. Pascal planned to destroy me, so I've been plotting to get rid of him. But plotting and doing are different things. Pascal was so into money. For me it's just a commodity you earn and then spend. My main aim was to find a way to bankrupt him and then to kill him. I knew that taking away his money would really hurt him.

Brainy Feet and I are friends. Two heads are better than one, or should I say one head and two feet are... well you know what I mean.

What I need to do

- 1 Talk to everyone, not just other suspects & tell them what you know & find out what they know.
- 2 *If Probe says she bumped into you, say, "I'm sorry, I didn't know I bumped into you. I hope it didn't hurt. Clumsy klutz I am. Please don't write anything bad about me in the press because of it. When you were with Pascal Probe, you were very quiet about it."*
- 3 *Say to Brainy Feet, "We should go on a trip, get to know each other, have a good time – throw comets across the oceans of time."*

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

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.

Pascal's arsenal is a hundred times more than most spacecrafts have for self-defense.

The Answer said he couldn't let Pascal bomb the moon. He knew that the only way to stop him would be to kill him.

The Answer knew you were his hacker Brainy Feet, but you were such a nice one. And he thought you might help him get rid of Pascal. When Pascal heard about the accounts and being bankrupt, he blamed The Answer. That really made The Answer fume. If he'd bought the right security package, no one, not even you, Brainy Feet could have infected him.

Brainy Feet discovered that The Answer was also plotting to get rid of Pascal. The Answer preferred to work as part of a team, so they plotted how to kill him.

Now that Pascal is dead, The Answer will be given to one of his relatives. It doesn't matter what his will says. Physical possessions are required by law to be given to relatives. Most of them seem to have more intelligence genes than he did, so it shouldn't be too bad.

Probe said that Little Green Man was arriving just as she was leaving the meeting room, though she didn't think you noticed her. Instead of leaving, she hid in the female visitor's bathroom. Little Green Man must have been just across the wall from her.