



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).

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 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. 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 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 - 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. *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.



Décor and Food (optional)

Décor suggestions

These are suggestions you might like to follow to make your place look as if its outer space:

- Drape shiny materials over your normal furniture.
- Gather as many pictures of the planets, spaceships etc as you can to place around the room and on the dinner table.
- Make some paper placemats with a stencil of space creatures, spaceships etc.
- Play electronic space-age music.

Menu suggestions

Any sort of food will do for “outer space” food. If you want to go all out, you could add some food coloring, but try and not make the food too unappealing.

Search for recipes on the Internet (e.g., search for “unusual recipes” on www.google.com).

Name Tags (optional)

**Gold
Face**

**Brainy
Feet**

**Little
Green Man**

Siren

Towel

Crybaby

Probe

**The
Answer**

Notes (optional)

| Facts which could be important | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Suspect | Motive | Why they could have done it | Why they couldn't have done it |
| Gold Face | | | |
| Brainy Feet | | | |
| Little Green Man | | | |
| Siren | | | |
| Towel | | | |
| Crybaby | | | |
| Probe | | | |
| The Answer | | | |