

Death Calls At Dinner - Story Script

Narrator: An anniversary party is going on at the Brown's household around the corner. One of the guests, George Taylor, pauses while eating his desert, saying ...

George: "Mmm best lemon pie I've ever tasted Mary."

Mary: "Oh Really!"

George: "I wish my wife could do as well. Hey it doesn't look as if Sam is appreciating it much though."

Mary: "Goodness dear, is my cooking that bad? Sam, your head is practically in your plate. I guess he's fallen asleep everyone. I'm so sorry. Sam, Sam, Sam, dreadful, I'd better shake him. Sam, SAM!"

George: "Great Gauche! He's dead!"

Sgt. Parker: "How you do? I'm Sergeant Parker, the homicide division and this is one of my boys, Mike Grady. Where's the body?"

George: "In the dining room at the table. We didn't move him."

Sgt. Parker: "Hmm, You might as well be comfortable everybody, this will take just a little while. Hmm dead alright, peaceful too. Who's Mrs. Sam Brown?"

Mary: "I am."

Sgt. Parker: "You mind telling me what happened?"

Mary: "I guess not, I'm so shocked, that I don't know where to begin or what to tell you."

Sgt. Parker: "Well, you might as well begin by telling me what you served for dinner."

Mary: "Well ah, we had soup first ..."

Sgt. Parker: "Soup, what kind?"

Mary: "Mushroom and then roast chicken, green peas, mashed potatoes and then I served him coffee but I don't see how this could mean anything."

Sgt. Parker: "Just routine Mrs. Brown. Did Mr. Brown eat everything?"

Mary: "Yes he did. He seemed to fall asleep over his coffee."

Sgt. Parker: "Hmm"

Mary: "And when I tried to wake him, I found he's had a heart attack."

Sgt. Parker: "That will be all for a few minutes Mrs. Brown, we want to take a look around. Ah, notice anything about this table Mike?"

Mike: "No Chief can't say as I do."

Sgt. Parker: "Neither do I. Let's look in this kitchen. An orderly person isn't she, stacked dishes after each course."

Mike: "Yes and here's the silverware over here. Ah look, look Chief, one of these soup spoons has turned black."

Sgt. Parker: "Black? Let me see it. The only spoon that's tarnished too. Well I was beginning to think it was a heart attack or a perfect murder! But this silver soup spoon is evidence enough.

Err.. Mrs. Brown."

Mary: "Yes Sergeant Parker."

Sgt. Parker: "I'm sorry to interrupt your little party Mrs. Brown but I'm sure your guests won't mind."

Mary: "Ah ... I don't understand."

Sgt. Parker: "You will Mrs. Brown, you will, you see you're under arrest for the murder of your husband!"

Narrator: Do you know why Sergeant Parker accused Mrs. Brown of murder?

Mike: "Sgt. Parker, how do you know it was homicide?"

Sgt. Parker: "Well, Mrs Brown took careful pains to wash the soup pans and soup dishes before she served the rest of the meal."

Mike: "Ah yes, I can see that."

Sgt. Parker: "But she forgot one thing, to wash the silver soup spoon. What she didn't realize was that an hour later by the end of dinner, the spoon her husband had used to eat his toadstool soup would give her away. She didn't know that toadstools make silver turn black. Mrs. Brown almost committed the perfect murder but she forgot to wash one spoon!"