AL LITERATION, PRIVATE EYE:
THE CASE OF
By J.J. Jonas

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AL LITERATION, PRIVATE EYE: THE CASE OF BOY BLUE

A Comedy Monologue

By Forrest Musselman

SYNOPSIS: Lips still limber? This silly sequel to Al Literation, Private Eye delves deeper into the detective's deeds as he decodes the case of the disappearing Boy Blue. This tough tongue twister works well as a comic monologue or duet in this fun, forensic folly.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1-2 Either)

AL LITERATION (m) ......................... A private detective. (40 lines)
SALLY (f) ........................................... Al’s new love interest? (14 lines)
BOB (m) ............................................ Al’s favorite bartender. (5 lines)
MR. FISTER (m) ................................. Sally’s sister. (9 lines)
HANK (m) .......................................... The hired hand. (7 lines)
BOY BLAINE BLUE (m) ...................... Is missing and a crybaby. (3 lines)
ROBERTA (f) ....................................... Boy Blue’s mom. (1 line)

PRODUCTION NOTES

While this was designed as a monologue, it can certainly be done as a duet with one person playing the detective and the other person playing the other characters. Further modifications could be made so that every part would be play by separate people.

Special Thanks To

Kollin Holtz, once again, who graciously allowed me to steal this idea so many years ago.

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My name is Al. Al Literation, Private-Eye. It was another one of those dark dog days of summer, where the blackness buried its bleak life into my sorry soul. Perhaps if I casually unenclosed the curtains to my window, I’d feel more chipper, but not today. I was busy boiling some rutabagas when she sauntered into my office. I squinted against the light streaming through the doorway. Say, what kind of dame leaves the door open anyway?

How dare you call me a dame? You know my name.

Sure, sweetheart. You’re Sally. Last time we spoke, you slapped me silly down by the sea shore. That’s the thanks I get for securing the case of your missing seashells.

I was insulted by the whole slimy situation. You harassed my honor, and thus dishonoring my rare reputation.

Sorry, Sally. My hands have a hankering of their own. Could you possibly procure my apology?

I’m not here to nicely negotiate. My bosom buddy, Roberta Blue, needs your business.

The same Roberta that runs rings around the Roman ruins?

Yes, Roberta from Alberta that sleeps on a Serta.

Why? What’s wrong?

Her baby, little boy Blue, has disabbeared. (Yes, spelling error intentional.)

Blaine?

Yes, baby boy Blaine Blue.

What went wrong?

No one noticed until noon. Six sick sheep snuck sneakily into the meadow. Blain Blue should have blown his bugle to notify the neighbors.

You mean horn?

I meant bugle. When Roberta ran to Blaine’s abode, Blaine be gone.

This is certainly a serious situation. I’ll see what I can shake up.

That’s your directive, Detective.
AS AL LITERATION: (If this piece is being done as a Duo, the second person can act out or adlib lines during this section while Al talks.) I hurried hectically to my fast and furious shiny Chevy with real weird rear wheels. This was a dire dilemma. Blaine Blue was a big-league baby in this burg. The Blues abided by a barn at the tip of town. They were truly rural, living on Urban Boulevard. I drove daringly through town, knowing I didn’t have much time. I steadily stared searchingly down the side streets, seeing if something surfaced. I saw Susie sitting in a shoe shine shop, shining where she sits and sitting where she shines. I watched window washers wash windows with warm washing water on Washington Street. I sped sadly past the silver steps of Billy Burgess’s fish sauce shop, where I remembered mimicking him hiccupping. I wanted to stop by Frank’s Fry Shop for some fresh, french-fried fly fritters, but floored it instead, flying furiously by. All this scurrying and hurrying got me hankering for a hot dog. And a big beer. I braked at Bob’s bar. Hey, Bob.

AS BOB: Hey, Al. What will you wet your whistle with?

AS AL LITERATION: I’d like a big, brimming beer, Bob.

AS BOB: How about some clams in a clean, cream can?

AS AL LITERATION: I’d rather sip on a sultry stout.

AS BOB: You need to live a little, Al. Lighten up and loosen the load.

AS AL LITERATION: I let loose in the lavatory, Bob. I’ll buy a beer.

AS BOB: What are you working on this wonderful Wednesday?

AS AL LITERATION: Little Boy Blaine Blue is absent, Bob. Heard anything?

AS BOB: No, but maybe you might make mouthing motions with the man next to you.

AS AL LITERATION: Howdy, hombre.

AS MR. FISTER: Morning... I’m Mr. Fister.

AS AL LITERATION: Mr. Fister? Is Sally your sister?

AS MR. FISTER: She is.

AS AL LITERATION: You sell seashells by the seashore too?

AS MR. FISTER: Actually, I sell silk sheets by the seashore.

AS AL LITERATION: Is the selling solid?

AS MR. FISTER: I sold six silk sheets to six sheiks yesterday.
AS AL LITERATION: Sweet. So, Fister, what do you know about Boy Blue?

AS MR. FISTER: Boy Blue may have been missing before.

AS AL LITERATION: Continue conversing.

AS MR. FISTER: I should sustain from such snitching servitude.

AS AL LITERATION: Are you obstructing some juicy, judicial justice, junior?

AS MR. FISTER: And risk my reputation as being a rat. Forget it.

AS AL LITERATION: You gotta give me some significant gold, guy. Why would knowing where Boy Blue is wreck your reputation?

AS MR. FISTER: Okay, fine. Make passage to the pumpkin patch pasture, and you’ll probably procure your prize.

AS AL LITERATION: Fine, thanks for the enigmatic information.

AS MR. FISTER: No problem.

AS AL LITERATION: I left with my lead foot and hurried to outside of town. Fister and his sister were infuriating me. Sure, the gist here was I missed her. I could make a list of the times she dissed me, so I decided to delist her. I pulled in at the pumpkin patch pasture and proceeded to poke around the place. There were a couple of cows cooing and mooing in the corner of a cultivated corn crop. A pink pig poured out of his pig-pen to poke prolifically through the pea patch. Some shifty sheep were meandering in the meadow. That’s when I saw Hank. Hank was the hired help and a bit of a hick. Hi, Hank.

AS HANK: Whaddya’ want?

AS AL LITERATION: It looks like you got your hands awash with issues, Hank, so I won’t waste your wiles. Spill the story on Boy Blaine Blue.

AS HANK: I ain’t gonna give voice to that vocation.


AS HANK: I like my livelihood and I’m not going to rat out an unreasonable ruffian and risk injuring my income, you understand?

AS AL LITERATION: Okay, I get it. Can you at least say the specifics previous to his disappearance?
AS HANK: Well, it was another delightful day on the plentiful plantation when suddenly a slew of evil events erupted everywhere. The cows corralled into the corn and they’re still sticking in the stalks! And the sheep slipped out of their sty and marched to the meadow. Normally, it’s Boy Blue’s business to blow his bugle and then we all bolt from the barn and brandish our bludgeons and back them into the barn. But not today, buddy.

AS AL LITERATION: You witnessed him walk to his watch this morning, wight? (Again, spelling is intentional.)

AS HANK: I perhaps perceived his appearance. He was pretty peaked and pale.

AS AL LITERATION: Too tired?

AS HANK: Tired as turtle on a treadmill. Some may say he was super sleepy. Others might mention he mysteriously dematerialized to the hayfield. But don’t mind my musings. I’m keeping my kisser locked.

AS AL LITERATION: Why would you get in trouble for telling the truth?

AS HANK: And receive the wrath of Roberta? She’s blames everybody but her own boy. Some parents are preposterous!

AS AL LITERATION: I headed for the hayfield. There were acres of alfalfa all around, so I wandered awhile but didn’t discern any evident evidence except a ground gopher gallivanting about, grabbing grubs. I was about call it quits when I saw a sliver of silver by one of the haystacks. I stepped closer and saw it was Boy Blue’s bugle. And bordering the bugle, ousting out from under the haystack was a pair of blue shoes shackled to some shanks. I took a tug.

AS BOY BLAINE BLUE: Hey, pal, you probably don’t have to pull so punishingly. (Begins to cry.)

AS AL LITERATION: Take it easy. I barely brushed you, Blue. You have no cause to cry.

AS BOY BLAINE BLUE: (Still crying.) I was cozily copping some zzz’s and you brutishly burst in on my beauty sleep. How dare you! How... dare.... you!

AS AL LITERATION: How dare me? Listen little lamb, no one knew you were napping. Your kin concluded you had been kidnapped. Come here, you scamp.
AS BOY BLAINE BLUE: Oh, easy on my ear. It hurts. It hurts!

AS AL LITERATION: Sure, I was angry with the ankle-biter, but he had it coming. Nothing gets my goat more than an uncontrollable kid. I dragged his derriere down to the dwelling and into the loving limbs of his mother, Roberta.

AS ROBERTA: (Meanly.) Come here, you little twerp! (Slapping noise.)

AS AL LITERATION: I didn’t stick around for the slapping. I just wished to wash the farm stink from my clothes. I vaulted to my vehicle. I started the Chevy, but stalled with Sally came sliding in.

AS SALLY: Did you find him?

AS AL LITERATION: Yeah, I found him. That beastly brat was honking zzz’s in the hay.

AS SALLY: I knew you could undertake this task. You’re positively priceless in your profession.

AS AL LITERATION: I’m superior at a lot of things, sweetheart. Maybe I could show you sometime.

AS SALLY: Ugh. You’re such a sow!

AS AL LITERATION: This country conduct is conveying my accordant colors.

AS SALLY: Fine. I’ve heard enough of your harassment.

AS AL LITERATION: Suit yourself, Sally. Some other time.

AS SALLY: (Pause.) I’d consider it if you queried in a more courteous cast.

AS AL LITERATION: I was stunned. She strode swiftly away, not supplying me a second to respond. Sally DID have the hots for me. Now I had to know how to be nice. It’s strange what ensues when love looms. But that’s just me. Al Literation, Private Eye.

THE END