

From the Casebook of Elliot Brick:

The Case of the Maltese Ferret

by Butch Maxwell and Bert Furioli

Cast of Characters

Principal Cast

Elliot Brick — Private Detective

A self-appointed master detective whose certainty bears only a passing relationship to reality. Brick narrates the evening directly to the audience, constructing elaborate theories from the flimsiest evidence and treating every coincidence as proof he was right all along. He is endlessly resourceful, blissfully overconfident, and never lets facts interfere with a good deduction. Cast an actor with exceptional comic timing, improvisational confidence, and the ability to build instant rapport with an audience while keeping the action moving.

Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Do — Wealthy Widow

The eccentric matriarch of Peacock Manor and keeper of its many secrets. Fiercely independent, delightfully unpredictable, and surrounded by relatives and hangers-on who seem far more interested in her fortune than her well-being, she dominates every room she enters. Her sudden bouts of narcolepsy become both a running gag and an unexpected source of chaos. Cast an actor with impeccable comic instincts, strong character work, and the authority to command the stage through personality alone.

Colonel Condiment — Family Friend

A flamboyant adventurer with boundless confidence and questionable judgment. Convinced that the legendary Maltese Ferret possesses extraordinary power, the Colonel pursues every clue with complete sincerity, no matter how absurd the premise becomes. Equal parts melodramatic and ridiculous, he thrives on exaggerated reactions and theatrical bravado.

Miss Scarletta — Granddaughter

Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Do's glamorous and unapologetically self-interested granddaughter. She is dramatic, impulsive, and always calculating how every development might improve her inheritance. Beneath the charm lies an endless supply of schemes, each only marginally more practical than the last. Cast an actor with strong comic energy and a flair for broad farce.

Professor Plumb-loco — Scientist

An enthusiastic inventor whose confidence in his own brilliance consistently exceeds his scientific rigor. His improbable experiments and wildly optimistic conclusions contribute generously to the evening's confusion. He approaches every catastrophe as though it were merely another promising research opportunity. The role rewards bold physical comedy and complete commitment to outrageous dialogue.

Cast of Characters

Audience Participants

Audience participation has been a hallmark of Mystery Theatre Unlimited productions for more than three decades. Audience participants are guests, not actors. Performers should always adapt to the volunteers rather than expecting volunteers to adapt to the performance.

Volunteers should be selected for enthusiasm rather than theatrical experience. Their success contributes directly to the audience's enjoyment of the evening.

Three Fingers — Newsboy

Brick's favorite source of neighborhood gossip and unreliable intelligence. Three Fingers always seems to know what's happening around town, though collecting payment for that information is usually a greater priority than sharing it.

Blinkie the Stoolie — Informant

A streetwise source with one eye on the conversation and the other on self-preservation. Blinkie knows far more than he should and parts with information only after extracting the highest possible price—or at least attempting to.

Translator — Interpreter

One of the evening's signature comic roles. Armed with a small glossary card, the Translator is called upon whenever Brick's hard-boiled detective slang becomes unintelligible. The humor comes from delivering perfectly straightforward translations with complete sincerity while Brick treats the interruptions as an entirely reasonable part of detective work.

Lieutenant Cleftjaw — Police Officer

Brick's long-suffering law-enforcement counterpart and perennial rival. Cleftjaw believes in rules, procedure, and proper police work, while Brick believes those are all flexible suggestions. Their constant bickering forms one of the evening's most reliable comic engines.

Mrs. Whitebread — Client

Brick's first client of the evening, convinced her fiancé is being unfaithful and determined to prove it. Equal parts melodramatic and impulsive, Mrs. Whitebread unintentionally propels Brick into the mystery at Peacock Manor while providing one comic complication after another.

Mr. Greenjeans — Attorney

Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Do's bewildered attorney and one of the evening's most important victims. Greenjeans spends much of the story reacting with good humor to increasingly absurd circumstances before becoming the catalyst for the murder investigation itself.

Setting

Peacock Manor, the sprawling home of the eccentric Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Do, where every hallway seems to conceal a secret, every family member has an agenda, and every conversation threatens to become a catastrophe. Although the play affectionately parodies classic 1940s detective films, it is designed specifically for interactive dinner theatre. Audience members become Brick's witnesses, informants, suspects, and occasional accomplices as the investigation unfolds around them, blurring the line between the mystery and the guests attending.

Performance Structure

Pre-Show Mingle

Audience members meet the characters before the mystery begins.

Act One

Brick accepts what appears to be a routine surveillance case, only to become trapped inside Peacock Manor when murder interrupts a birthday celebration.

Dinner/Intermission

Act Two

Brick investigates the suspects, audience members question the cast, and the detective cards become the centerpiece of the evening.

Audience Question Period

Guessing Break

Guests identify the killer, weapon, location, and explain the reasoning behind their conclusions.

Act Three

Brick reveals how the clues fit together before exposing the murderer.

Fun Facts

Each individual “Fun Fact” clue should be placed on tables, only one clue per table. This will encourage audience members to talk to one another and begin gathering evidence.

The information in the Fun Facts is intended to enrich character interactions during the pre-show mingle and throughout the evening.

Most of these details are never spoken during the script itself. They exist to provide background, inspire improvisation, create believable conversations with guests, and occasionally reinforce fair-play clues.

Actors are encouraged to use these details naturally while remaining consistent with the events of the script.

Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Do – Plagued by an anger disorder, she calms herself with her collection of Exotic Vegetables of the World. Still, her last two lawyers have died mysteriously.

Professor Plumbloco – A scientist endowed by Peacock to discover the secret of eternal youth, he is a connoisseur of fine foods, and is eagerly awaiting arrival of a new chef.

Miss Scarletta – Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Do’s granddaughter comes from a long line of gold-diggers.

Colonel Condiment – Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Do’s late husband’s nephew is on a secret mission. He has hidden video cameras all over the house.

Mrs. Whitebread – The widow to Wally “Wonder” Whitebread, she was a championship rope-jumper and lasso artist.

Mr. Greenjeans – The son of a famous television sidekick, he disappointed his family by shunning show business and studying law

Act One

SFX: Music – “Harlem Nocturne” [Fades under as Elliot speaks.]

ELLIOT BRICK enters.

BRICK

[At large.]

“Long, long ago, in a galaxy far, far away...” No, wait. That’s not right. “In the Beginning...” Uh, no. Not that either. There are a million stories in the Naked City, and most of them are dirty. But that doesn’t scare me, because I’m Elliot Brick, Private Dick. “Dirty” is my middle name. Well, actually, “dirty” is also describes my office.

It was another day in the city that never sleeps. And when a city doesn’t sleep, it gets cranky, like a senior citizen waiting for the buffet. The critical cure for cranky is a java fix. With that in mind, I stopped at the newsstand on my way to the office early that –

He checks his watch.

– evening. The pulp palace was a shabby shack occupied by a nasty newsie known as Three Fingers – a foul-tempered street vendor with a sadistic streak.

THREE FINGERS

[An audience member.]

It could be worse, Brick. I could be a broken-down Private Eye on a losing streak.

BRICK

Pass me a cup of Joe and spare me the insults, Three Fingers.

He takes a sip of coffee and then spits it back into the cup.

This coffee tastes like motor oil.

THREE FINGERS

10W-40, Brick. You just said I was sadistic. Let’s not disappoint everyone in the first scene.

BRICK

I’m a little late to the office today, Three Fingers. Anybody been around?

THREE FINGERS

What am I, your secretary? Yeah, Brick, the phone company came to shut you off. Then some guys came in and repossessed your furniture. But the good news is – the blond you’ve been avoiding came by – looking to borrow money.

BRICK

That’s why I was ditching the dame. That babe was behind the eight ball with the bookies after betting on the bangtails. Now she was blinking her bloodshots at the Big House.

THREE FINGERS

Brick – I didn’t understand a word you said.

BRICK

Well, Three Fingers, fortunately, we have a translator.

[Away.]

Translator! What did I just say?

TRANSLATOR

[An audience member.]

You said, “Fortunately, we have a translator.”

BRICK

No, no, I mean the jargon. Like “bangtails.”

TRANSLATOR

“Bangtails” – “Race horses.”

BRICK

Good. So, Three Fingers, do you get the grift?

TRANSLATOR

“Grift” – “Swindle.”

BRICK

I could see this Translator was going to be trouble. But he might come in handy later. That’s the crop, Translator.

TRANSLATOR

“That’s all, Translator.”

BRICK

But before I could take the Translator’s little plastic card away from him and beat him senseless, a dame with a diamond the size of a doorknob danced into my drama.

MRS. WHITEBREAD

[An audience member.]

You must be Elliot Brick. Your alliteration is as alarming as your jumbled jargon.

BRICK

You've pegged me perfectly, Petunia. How can I help you?

MRS. WHITEBREAD

I'm Wanda Whitebread, a widow and heir to the Wonder fortunes. I have a new fiancé but I'm convinced he's having an affair

BRICK

Wonder, eh? So, you think he's spreading his butter on another slice of bread? Maybe another muffin rising his yeast?

MRS. WHITEBREAD

Stop it or you'll be toast, Mr. Bread.

BRICK

So, who is this crumb?

MRS. WHITEBREAD

His name is Greenjeans. He told me he is visiting a client tonight, but I don't believe him. I want you to follow him with a camera and get proof of his infidelity. Then I can sue him for breach of promise – or kill him.

BRICK

You've got the wrong palooka, princess. I'm a private dick, not a hit man. I have ethics. I have standards. I have –

MRS. WHITEBREAD

– No furniture in your office. See this engagement ring, Mr. Brick? I can afford to pay you very well. Refuse me, and I swear I'll kill myself. And that will throw this whole murder mystery off at the beginning of the show.

BRICK

This broad brandished a brutal bargain. I decided to take the case. But little did I know where it was about to lead me – to the strange and spooky Peacock Manor.

[Aside to female audience member.]

Don't be frightened – I'm packing a rod.

TRANSLATOR

You don't want me to translate that, do you?

BRICK

No, let's not beat a dead horse. *[Exit.]*

SFX: Music – “Harlem Nocturne (uptempo)”

COLONEL CONDIMENT enters, carrying some envelopes.

COLONEL CONDIMENT

Let’s see here. Bills, junk mail, greeting cards –

[Pulling out a KNIFE and furiously stabbing the envelopes.]

It’s not here! Arrghh!

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO enters. She is ancient, but flamboyantly dressed, and uses a walker to get around.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

What are you stabbing, there, Colonel Condiment? If I lose any more cats –

COLONEL CONDIMENT

[Filing nails with knife.]

Ah, Felicia, I was just filing my nails!

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

Good grooming is very important. I lick my cats clean every morning.

COLONEL CONDIMENT

[Aside.]

That’s not an image you want before dinner.

[Handing her the envelopes.]

I took the liberty of retrieving your mail.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

[Scanning through them.]

Oh, look, a letter to my nephew from England! He must be coming for my 99th birthday after all!

[Pocketing envelope.]

My nephew is the only one in this family who cares about me!

COLONEL CONDIMENT

I care, Felicia.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

Don’t make me laugh! Ha ha! There! You made me laugh. All you care about is my money.

COLONEL CONDIMENT

Money needs lovin' too.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

There will be no money loving here, Colonel. Keep your roll of quarters in your pants.

COLONEL CONDIMENT

Felicia, I'm not here for your money. I just want to see the Maltese Ferret. You do have it hidden somewhere in the house, don't you?

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

The Maltese Ferret? There is no Maltese Ferret. I don't know how these rumors get started.

COLONEL CONDIMENT

That's not true, my uncle – your late husband, Periwinkle Peacock-a-Doodle Doo – of Kalamazoo – told me about it.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

[Angrily.]

The Maltese Ferret is a myth. It doesn't exist! It's like Big Foot! Like Moth Man! Like Compassionate Conservatives!

COLONEL CONDIMENT

I must see the Ferret.

[Aside.]

The Ferret holds the secret to unlimited power! Power that can stop –

[Significantly]

Them –

[Bowing]

– from taking over the world.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

“Them?”

COLONEL CONDIMENT

[Nodding head towards the ground.]

Them! Them!

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

[Nodding head towards the ground.]

“Them? Them?”

COLONEL CONDIMENT

Them! The Mole People! Rodent mutants from beneath the ground conspiring with the Skunk People to create a New World Odor!

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

That stinks.

[With increasing anger.]

Mole People? Maltese Ferrets? Am I the only sane person in this house? You make me so mad! I could just about –

She stops mid-sentence and slumps over on her walker.

COLONEL CONDIMENT

[Running to her.]

Oh my God, she's – she's –

[Calling out.]

Help! Felicia's dead!

MISS SCARLETTA enters.

MISS SCARLETTA

Grandma! Grandma!

[To Colonel Condiment.]

Is she really dead?

COLONEL CONDIMENT

At her age, it's hard to tell.

MISS SCARLETTA

[To Colonel Condiment.]

Quick, give her mouth-to-mouth.

COLONEL CONDIMENT

You mean my lips on her lips?

[Shuddering.]

I can't. I have a cold sore.

[Showing lip.]

See?

MISS SCARLETTA

But she'll die. And then, as her only heir, it will be up to me to take care of her entire estate. All the money, all the jewels, all the cars –

[Pause, then to Colonel Condiment.]

It's too bad you have a cold sore. Oh, well – kay Sara Sara.

Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Do snores loudly. Colonel Condiment and Miss Scarletta look at her incredulously.

[To Colonel Condiment.]
You're not a ventriloquist, are you?

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO enters.

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO
What happened?

[Going to her.]
Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Do!

MISS SCARLETTA
She's dead, Professor Plumb-loco!

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO
[To others.]
You didn't excite her, did you?

COLONEL CONDIMENT
Well, she did see my roll of quarters.

MISS SCARLETTA
What's happened to her?

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO
When she gets upset, she lapses into spontaneous narcolepsy. The scientific name for it is *Pee-oh-dickus Sand-man-i-cus*.

COLONEL CONDIMENT
What I want to know is, how can she sleep standing up like that?

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO
[Giving Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Do smelling salts.]
This is an unfortunate side effect of the anti-aging medication I've been giving her. When she gets very upset, she falls into spontaneous narcolepsy.

[Pause.]
It's odd, but at least she stops yelling.

MISS SCARLETTA
Professor Plumb-loco, have you been giving my grandmother some of your vile concoctions again?

Remember what happened last time? You gave her a potion to make her hair thicker and she grew a beard!

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO

Ah, this is different, my dear. I have discovered the secret of eternal youth. Why, just look at her! She's 99 years old and doesn't look a day over 93!

MISS SCARLETTA

You're just taking her for her money. You, sir, are nothing but a quack!

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO

I am a scientist!

MISS SCARLETTA

Quack! Quack! Quack!

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO

I have a master's degree!

COLONEL CONDIMENT

Yeah, in interpretive dance.

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO

[Putting forearm over forehead dramatically, one leg back.]

Alas, yes.

COLONEL CONDIMENT

That guy floats like Ivory soap.

MISS SCARLETTA

Or a duck! Quack! Quack! Quack!

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

[Awakening.]

Quack!

[Coming out of it.]

Oh, where am I?

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO

Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Doo, you're awake! Did you have a nice nap?

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

I was dreaming about ducks.

MISS SCARLETTA

Oh, Grandma, I'm so relieved you are all right!

[Crying.]
I thought we'd lost you.

COLONEL CONDIMENT
[To Miss Scarlett.]
Nice waterworks, Sabrina. Do you have an onion up your sleeve?

MISS SCARLETTA
[Going for him.]
No, I have a fist up my sleeve!

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO
[Jumping between them.]
Please stop! Don't upset Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Do!
She'll start quacking again.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
[Attacking them with walker.]
Stop it! Stop this instant! You people are heathens! Now I know I made the right decision about changing my will.

MISS SCARLETTA
Changing your will? You can't! I deserve jewels and cars!

[Pause.]
I mean – Grandma, is that a new walker? It really brings out the blue in your eyes.

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO
[To Colonel.]
Classic schizoid personality. Probably a bed wetter, too.

COLONEL CONDIMENT
Takes one to know one.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
My lawyer will be here soon. And then my money will be safe from you gold-diggers!

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO
But what about my experiments?

MISS SCARLETTA
And my jet-set lifestyle?

COLONEL CONDIMENT
And my Maltese Ferret!

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

[Increasingly furious.]
Kaput! Finito! The –

She stops mid-sentence and slumps over on her walker.

MISS SCARLETTA
She's not – ?

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
[Snoring loudly.]

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO
My experiments can't end! They're at a critical stage. There could be – dire consequences.

[Striking dance pose.]
Alas!

MISS SCARLETTA
We need to get to the lawyer and make sure the will isn't changed.

Colonel Condiment and Professor Plumb-loco agree.

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO
How are you going to do that?

MISS SCARLETTA
[Seductively.]
Oh, I have my ways. *[Exit.]*

COLONEL CONDIMENT
Hope that lawyer had all his shots.

PROFESSOR PLUMB-LOCO
[Dancing to exit.]
I must fly! Science calls me! *[Exit.]*

COLONEL CONDIMENT
I think science got a wrong number. *[Exit]*

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
[Awakening.]
– End!

[Looking around.]
Where did everyone go? It's time for my foot rub. Sabrina! Grab the loofa! *[Exit.]*

SFX: Music – “Harlem Nocturne” [Fades under as Brick speaks.]

BRICK

[Enter.]

“Meanwhile, back at the ranch...” No, that’s not right.

“Call me Ishmael.” That’s still not it.

It was a square scenario for a shamus – a gal hired me to get the grift on a goon called Greenpeace – or something. But I had no idea where to find him, so, even though it was going to cost me – I decided to check in with my favorite informer, Blinkie the Stoolie – a snitch with an itch for scratch.

BLINKIE

[An audience member.]

Don’t mix metaphors, Brick. The audience is confused enough already.

BRICK

Put me wise, Blinkie.

BLINKIE

Impossible, Brick. But I can tell you – your old friend Lieutenant Cleftjaw is working on a plan to get your Private Eye license revoked.

BRICK

Cleftjaw! He’s been busting my chops for years. He won’t rest ‘til he pulls my ticket.

BLINKIE

That’s what I just said, Brick. And as for your buddy Greenjeans, I ain’t singing ‘til you cough up the two C’s you owe me.

BRICK

Blinkie – I didn’t understand a word you said.

BLINKIE

You can’t pull that on me, Brick.

[Calling off.]

Translator!

TRANSLATOR

He wants you to pay him \$200 before he will tell you anything.

BRICK

Put it on my tab, Blinkie.

BLINKIE

No Tab for me, Brick. I'm strictly Diet Pepsi.

BRICK

[Threateningly.]

Tell me where Greenday is going tonight, or I'll pop you.

BLINKIE

Don't go Red Bull on me, Brick. He's going to the strange and spooky Peacock Manor.

BRICK

The strange and spooky Peacock Manor, eh? Thanks, Blinkie.

[Done with him.]

I'll square up with you if I get paid.

BLINKIE

What do you mean "if"? I'll get you, Brick! The translator is on my side!

BRICK

[Calling over.]

Hey Translator – which way to Peacock Manor?

TRANSLATOR

I just translate. I don't navigate.

BRICK

All right for you. Take a powder, Translator.

TRANSLATOR

"Get lost, Translator."

BRICK

Even without the Translator's help, I found the strange and spooky Peacock Manor – and decided to peek around to see if Greensleeves had arrived. Suddenly, I remembered –

[Checking his pockets.]

I had forgotten to bring my camera!

[Pulling out a REVOLVER.]

And that's not the kind of shooting I planned to do tonight.

[Putting it away.]

Camera or not, I couldn't see him through any of the windows anyway. I was just about to check the front door

to see if it was unlocked when I was interrupted by yet another member of the audience with a little plastic card.

CLEFTJAW

[An audience member.]

Did you ever hear of the law against breaking-and-entering, Brick?

BRICK

Lieutenant Cleftjaw!

CLEFTJAW

That's right, Brick. I knew you'd turn to a life of crime when it didn't work out being "The Cheaper Peeper."

BRICK

You've got it all wrong, Cleftjaw. I'm an invited guest here.

CLEFTJAW

Then why are you snooping in the windows, gumshoe?

BRICK

I locked myself out, flatfoot. So have a little soul and stop flapping your tongue. You're tying me up here, you heel.

CLEFTJAW

Just for that, I'm not gonna let you open that lock with my little plastic card.

Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Doo enters.

BRICK

With Cleftjaw gone, I contemplated what my next move would be. Leaning against the door –

Brick leans against an imaginary door and falls as it gives way.

Mrs. Peacock-a-Doodle-Doo leans down, looking at Brick.

[From the floor.]

I hope you don't mind my dropping in like this.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

Well, look at you! Upside down, I'd know you anywhere! My grand-nephew Nigel! Welcome, Nigel! Welcome!

BRICK

[Standing]

I quickly played along to get the juice.

[To Peacock-a-Doodle-Do]
Thank you, Auntie.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
After all these years! Little Nigel! All the way from England.

BRICK
[English accent.]
Right-o, ma'am. Long live the king and all that rot.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
[Handing him an envelope.]
I knew you were coming Nigel, when I received this letter addressed to you.

BRICK
[Examining envelope.]
It's not "**to** Nigel" it's "**from** Nig –"
[Pause, then quickly pocketing it.]
Thanks.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
How are things back in Oldcastle-on-the-Mudbog?

BRICK
Where? Oh! Fine, fine – er, **bloody** fine.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
Dear Nigel, sweet, Nigel. You look different when you're upside up. Remember how you used to hang upside down from that tree in my yard?

BRICK
Yes, yes. Back in jolly old Oddcastle-on-the-Warthog.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
And you fell down and broke your – ?

BRICK
Arm?

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
Leg.

BRICK
That, too. Yes. Broke my **bloody** leg.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
They said it would be crooked forever.

BRICK

[Twisting his leg.]

And it still is.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

I'm so pleased you came all the way here to help me celebrate my birthday.

BRICK

[Walking around with leg crooked.]

How could I miss your birthday? This year you must be – bloody old.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

Ninety-nine, Nigel. But of course, you knew that, didn't you? Oh, Nigel! Let me tell your cousin you are here.

BRICK

Oh, yes, of course. I can hardly wait to see him.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

Her.

BRICK

Her, yes.

MRS. PEACOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

Your cousin Sabrina Scarletta. I'll have her give you the grand tour!

SFX: Doorbell

Nigel, be a darling and answer the door will you? I'm expecting my attorney.

BRICK

[Aside.]

As I opened the door, I pondered my peril. Who was this strange old lady? Where was Greenspleen? Was he having an affair with this old kook? And how long could I get away with talking to the audience right in front of the other characters?

Brick opens the door.

MR. GREENJEANS

[An audience member.]

I could hear you narrating right through the pantomime door.

BRICK