

Scene 3:

(Back at the office where Bill was killed. Claude and Bobbo enter, but are stopped by a security guard.)

SG: Halt! I'll need to see your identification.

Claude: Right. Um. Identification. Yes, okay. Bob?

Bobbo: Yes, sir?

Claude: Do you still have the ID?

Bobbo: Right here. It's a bit sticky. It was in the pocket with the lollipop in it.

(He hands it to Claude, who takes it carefully.)

Claude: Right... okay, here you go.

(He and Bobbo enter as the security guard struggles to open the ID.)

Claude: Right, Bob, we don't have much time. I want you to see to the weapon and any other evidence you find.

Bobbo: Yessir!

Claude: I'll go find the body. (He walks over to the security guard, who is still struggling with the ID.)

(Bobbo takes all the evidence, gun and paperweight and all, and puts it in a neat pile on Bill's desk. Then he begins to sweep the floor.)

Claude: Excuse me, sir, where is the deceased?

SG: Dang-thing-won't-open... sorry, sir?

Claude: Where is the deceased?

SG: What does that mean?

Claude (staring in disbelief): All right then.... where is the stiff, the body, the victim, etc.?

SG: Oh! The etc., as you call it, was taken away.

Claude: Taken away! By who? Oh, wait... I think I know.

SG: Some guy in a detective hat. Huge nose. Kind of fat. Named... Sam, I think...

Claude: Not... Sam the Sleuth!!!

SG: That's right! You know him?

Claude: Know him? That greedy chicken-livered donut brain is.. for lack of a better word.. my competitor. But he's a liar and a fool!

Bobbo: (coming up behind him.) And he's a foolish liar and a lying fool! (he looks very pleased about thinking of that.)

Claude: Exactly, Bob. Now, what have you- Bob?!

Bobbo: What, sir?

Claude: You... you messed up the evidence! You made it into a little pile!!! Bob, you-, you-, you....

Bobbo (starts crying): I'm sorry, sir! My ma always said idle hands are the devil's... mop pot!

Claude: I'm sorry, Bob! Its okay. I shouldn't have got angry. I think Sam already messed up the evidence quite a bit, anyway....

Bobbo: (brightening up) I'm sure he did, sir!

Claude: I think we need to have a little chat with Sam. 'Cause this is our case, and he's messing with our evidence! Come on...

(They exit.)

SG: (Calling after them) Could either of you get this darn sticky ID card off my hand? No? Rats...

(He exits.)