

## INVESTIGATOR Q by JJ Allen

Characters:

NARRATOR

INVESTIGATOR Q

MR. PRESIDENT

MRS. PRESIDENT

PETCO OWNER

MONIQUE

TRANSLATOR

MRS. WHISKERS

MONICA

FORENSIC EMPLOYEE

KID

DEEP THROAT

NARRATOR. It all started one day in Investigator Q's office...

INVESTIGATOR Q. I was assigned the case about two months ago, and finally, today, I know who did it. Who committed this terrible crime they call murder. This was possibly the most complicated and strenuous case I've ever had. The twists of this trial may confuse you. What I did to get some of the information for this case isn't my proudest work. But here, Mr. President, is who committed the crime. (Sliding file across desk).

President: Are you positive this is who killed Mr. Whiskers? (taking the file but NOT opening it!)

INVESTIGATOR Q. I'm positive this is who killed your cat, Mr. President. But let me explain how I realized who killed Mr. Whiskers, before you open the file. I started by investigating the scene of the crime. I went straight to the Petco, on 24th avenue. After looking around for a little while, and buying a new litter box for my cat, I began my questioning. I started by questioning your wife, who was there with him when he was brutally murdered.

(at the Petco)

MRS. PRESIDENT. (sobbing) Ahhhh! Mr. Whiskers! Mr. Whiskers!!

INVESTIGATOR Q. Mrs. President, please calm down.

MRS. PRESIDENT. *How the hell am I supposed to calm down!?* My cat is dead. My cat is (sobbing) dead.

INVESTIGATOR Q. How would you describe your reaction to his death, Mrs. President?

MRS. PRESIDENT. (sarcastically) Well, seeing as he died seven minutes ago, I'm pretty upset.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Understandable. now how would you describe your relationship with Mr. Whiskers?

MRS. PRESIDENT. What do you mean, relationship?

INVESTIGATOR Q. Well was it a friendship, or sexual, or platon-

MRS. PRESIDENT. What in the world? Are you crazy? What type of nutcase are you!? Sexual relations with a cat?

INVESTIGATOR Q. Just asking ma'am. Just asking.

INVESTIGATOR Q. I knew that I wasn't going to be able to get any information out of her, so I approached the store owner.

INVESTIGATOR Q. How was Mr. Whiskers murdered, sir?

PETCO OWNER. A man with a black mask on ran in here and shot that kitty!

INVESTIGATOR Q. Ok, for this investigation, don't refer to Mr. Whiskers as kitty. He was a full-grown cat, with three children! Have some respect.

PETCO OWNER. Sorry? A man came in and shot that cat - I mean Mr. Whiskers, right over there.

INVESTIGATOR Q. So tell me sir, how do you know it was a man? You told me he was wearing a mask.

PETCO OWNER. Well, I don't know. How he walked?

INVESTIGATOR Q. Oh, so you're able to tell the sex of a person by how they walk?

PETCO OWNER. Um, well *not* nece-

INVESTIGATOR Q. (pacing very femininely) So tell me, am I a man or a woman? A man or a woman!?

INVESTIGATOR Q. I could tell that the Petco Owner wasn't going to be of much assistance. I took my investigation onto someone who was present at the scene of the crime.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Tell me exactly what you saw.

MONIQUE. Well, a guy with a black mask came in and shot that cat.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Which feline sir? We are in a pet store therefore there may be numerous "cats" here.

MONIQUE. The dead one.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Right. So describe this "guy with a black mask" to me.

MONIQUE. Well he had a black mask.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Are you being sarcastic with me.

MONIQUE. No I'm not being sarcastic at all.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Wow, I don't like your attitude at all.

MONIQUE. I don't like you at all.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Wow sugar dumplings let's calm down.

MONIQUE. Did you just call me sugar dumplings.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Yes sugar dumplings, I just called you sugar dumplings. NOW, how would describe this guy.

MONIQUE. He was probably 6'2, 6'3 pretty hefty guy.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Can you tell me the ethnicity of this man?

MONIQUE. Oh well he was wearing all black so I wasn't able to really tell.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Oh, so he was an African-American.

MONIQUE. Well, not necessarily.

INVESTIGATOR Q. But you said he was black.

MONIQUE. Well he was wearing all black, I couldn't see his skin.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Right. Well then, sir, that was probably his skin. He probably was naked. We now have a naked cat murderer. Perfect.

INVESTIGATOR Q. I took my investigation elsewhere to get a little more background information on Mr. Whiskers. I wanted to find out why somebody would want Mr. Whiskers dead. First I asked Mrs. Whiskers. Now as you know Mr. President, Mrs. Whiskers is a cat so she doesn't speak English. She probably speaks Spanish or Portuguese or Italian or something foreign like that. So I brought in a translator to help our interview.

INVESTIGATOR Q. So how many languages can you translate?

TRANSLATOR. About three hundred.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Good, very very good. (opens the door) Hi, Mrs. Whiskers, how are you?

MRS. WHISKERS. Meow...

TRANSLATOR. We're interrogating a cat?

INVESTIGATOR Q. Do you have a problem with that?

TRANSLATOR. Unless this cat has learned how to speak-

Investigator: Hey, hey, hey. Don't discriminate against cats who don't know how to speak English. That doesn't make them any less of a cat. Now, let's get back to the interrogation.

INVESTIGATOR Q. So, Mrs. Whiskers, how long were you and Mr. Whiskers married?

MRS. WHISKERS. (licks herself)

TRANSLATOR. (says nothing)

INVESTIGATOR Q. What did she say?

TRANSLATOR. Nothing.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Then what was all that licking about?

TRANSLATOR. Well she's a cat.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Is she flirting with me? Because I am very willing to flirt back.....to solve this case. (begins to lick himself) Do you like this Mrs. Whiskers? Is this what you want me to do?

INVESTIGATOR Q. As I told you, Mr. President, I'm not proud of what I had to do to get the information, but Mrs. Whiskers provided us with valuable details: Mr. Whiskers was a cat, who sadly could not speak. The next person I knew I needed to interview was someone who has dealt with presidential scandals before. Therefore I hunted down Monica Lewinsky for an interview. It was very difficult to find her, but I did.

INVESTIGATOR Q. (knocks on door) Monica! Monica!

MONICA. (opens door) Hello?

INVESTIGATOR Q. Hi, I'm Investigator Q; I've got a few questions for you Ms. Lewinsky.

MONICA. Is this a joke?

INVESTIGATOR Q. Have you ever met Mr. Whiskers?

MONICA. What? Who?

INVESTIGATOR Q. Mr. Whiskers, the president's feline friend.

MONICA. Ok, how did you even find out where I lived?

INVESTIGATOR Q. Ok, Ma'am. My name is Investigator Q. Your name is Monica. Investigator.

Monica. I am an investigator, therefore I ask the questions ok!?

MONICA. I'm calling the cops.

INVESTIGATOR Q. After two weeks in jail for allegedly stalking Ms. Lewinsky I began to wonder if there was anything I could do to find out who killed Mr. Whiskers. I had tried everything. But then I realized that I hadn't tested any evidence. So I collected the most important items from the crime scene. Chew toys, fur, Mr. Whiskers himself, and other important items. I took them to a place called "Forensics Galore". I assumed they did forensic investigations for crime scenes. I was very wrong.

INVESTIGATOR Q. So, can you do some testing for me?

FORENSIC EMPLOYEE. Um. I'm sorry?

INVESTIGATOR Q. I've got all the evidence right here, (pulling the items out of the bag, and placing them on the table). Can you do some basic tests for me?

FORENSIC EMPLOYEE. You just emptied a dead cat on my table dude!

INVESTIGATOR Q. So?

FORENSIC EMPLOYEE. Look dude, if you're looking for a humorous interpretation piece, I can help you but otherwise-

INVESTIGATOR Q. What, you think this is funny? You think the president's cat being killed, and me trying to collect evidence is humorous. You are ridiculous sir. Absolutely ridiculous.

INVESTIGATOR Q. I was struggling to come up with any new leads. I began to ponder. Who knows animals the best? Kids! First, seeing as I don't have any kids of my own, I had to find a kid. I pulled up in my 1998 blue Mazda MPV, to the local elementary school.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Hey you!

KID. Me?

INVESTIGATOR Q. Yeah you! Come here!

KID. Well, I'm not supposed to talk to strangers.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Well I'm Investigator Q. See, now I'm not a stranger anymore.

KID. Well, I don't know if that counts.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Well it does.

KID. I'm gonna go...

INVESTIGATOR Q. WAIT! Well, just answer one question for me.

KID. Well, what do I get out of it?

INVESTIGATOR Q. I've got some candy!

KID. Candy? Candy? Is that it? I mean seriously, candy?

INVESTIGATOR Q. What? I thought kids like candy?

KID. Well yeah but, *come on, nowadays we're expecting you to bribe us with a sack of money or a computer or something nice. Not candy. I mean seriously? I mean you're already a big enough loser to try and kidnap little kids. But are you SO cheap that you're offering us jolly ranchers and junior mints??*

INVESTIGATOR Q. After spending two more weeks in jail for assaulting a minor, I had time to think. But because I'm not very good at that, I called an old informant. Deep Throat. He agreed to meet with me, disguised of course.

DEEP THROAT. I've got some information that I think will help you solve the case.

INVESTIGATOR Q. (laughing) You have a really high voice.

DEEP THROAT. It's a serious vocal chord disorder.

INVESTIGATOR Q. RIGHT!!

DEEP THROAT. But this news can't get out...I need it to be confidential. Nobody can know who told you this.

INVESTIGATOR Q. That's fine Deep Throat... I mean I don't even know who you are!

DEEP THROAT. Good, good. Now, I spoke to the Petco Owner and he said he had a tape from the day Mr. Whiskers was killed.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Wow! Why didn't I think of that!

DEEP THROAT. I don't know because you're stupid.

INVESTIGATOR Q. St...st...stupid? (in disbelief)

DEEP THROAT. Uh...yeah...as in...not intelligent.

INVESTIGATOR Q. After... (crying) I got over the whole...stupid thing, I rushed over to the Petco Store to get the video tape.

PETCO OWNER. Oh god, *not you again.*

INVESTIGATOR Q. I can tell you're glad to see me. Now I need to see the video tape from the night of the crime.

PETCO OWNER. Oh, deep...throat told you! Here's the tape from that night.

INVESTIGATOR Q. (placing it in VHS) Um...this looks like a bar mitzvah?

PETCO OWNER. Oops! Wrong tape, here you go.

INVESTIGATOR Q. Thank you. Did you notice anything strange on the tape?

PETCO OWNER. Well, I realized that Mr. Whiskers and Mrs. President weren't alone that night. Mr. President was with them.

MR. PRESIDENT. (nervously) *What? No, no, I wasn't!*

INVESTIGATOR Q. Yep. I even brought the tape here with me.....(pulls tape out of bag, places in VCR...)... You can be seen right here (pointing at the screen) with your wife, and Mr. Whiskers. You and your wife appear to be getting into an argument. You storm off into the car. Now we don't see what happens in between, but we can assume you went into the car and placed a mask over your face. Then you

came back into the store, shot Mr. Whiskers, and ran away.

MR. PRESIDENT. But why would I kill Mr. Whiskers? My best friend?

INVESTIGATOR Q. See, he used to be your best friend. But you became jealous of how much time Mrs. President spent with Mr. Whiskers, and so you killed him.

MR. PRESIDENT. Well...now that you've caught me...I'm going to have to kill you.

INVESTIGATOR Q. with a...

MR. PRESIDENT. What?

INVESTIGATOR Q. Well usually when you kill someone... you kill them with something.....What, you haven't thought (starts opening window) about how your going to kill me?

MR. PRESIDENT. Well look I wasn't expecting to kill anyone..

INVESTIGATOR Q. (slowly getting out window) Oh great so I can now say. I was killed my by the president, in the white house, with a NOTHING. Great work...

MR. PRESIDENT. Well look I'll shoot y-

INVESTIGATOR Q. (jumps out window) AHHHHHHHHHHH!

NARRATOR. *The Investigator rushed to the police office, and told them the whole story. The President was arrested, eventually impeached, and his political career was ruined. But most importantly the case of Mr. Whiskers was solved, and Investigator Q was very, very happy. Very happy indeed.*