

SESAME : **LIFE ON THE STREET**

by Andrew Messer

Detective: I had just wrapped up a long day at the office when my secretary, Doris, came in...

Doris: Sir, you have a phone call.

Det: ...and told me I had a phone call.

Doris: Yes, sir... you do... line four, and he said it was urgent.

Det: Right. (phone) Hello? Yes. Murder you say? And where are you? I'll be right there! (hangs up)
This night was about to get a lot more interesting. I quickly grabbed my hat, said goodnight to Doris...

Doris: Goodnight, sir!

Det: Goodnight, Doris.

Doris: (same inflection, but more confused) Goodnight, sir!

Det: And I went for the door. But the hallway was full of coats.

Doris: Sir, why are you in the closet?

Det: I'm... not in the closet, Doris. (slowly closing door) Right. Doris, can you tell me how to get...

Doris: How to get to?

Det: Sesame Street.

Det: The caller had said to meet right here, at the corner of Sesame Street and Avenue Q. It turns out my client was a bird. A... big... bird...

Big Bird: That's right... Let's get out of the light, I'm trying to keep a low profile...

Det: Good luck with that. So you told me there's been a murder?

B.B: Yeah, up the street (motion with beak) I'd take you all the way to the body, but there are police officers and news reporters everywhere...

Kermit: This is Kermit the Frog here with a Sesame Street News Flash. We're here live on the scene of a horrific murder. It seems the body of long time resident Snuffalupagus has been found in an alley off Sesame Street. The police are actively searching for winged suspects with bright yellow feathers, as bright yellow feathers were found near the body. Due to this feather threat, the Sesame Street Terror Threat Level has been elevated to Fuschia, as it appears that this bird flew. Bird flu? AHHH!

Det: So that's why you called me. And you didn't do it?

B.B: Of course not! Snuffy was my best friend! I was molting when I found his body this morning... you have to help me find out who killed him so I can clear my name and solve Snuffy's murder!

Det: Well, when was the last time you saw Mr. Snuffalupagus... alive?

B.B: Last night... he said he had a birthday surprise for Elmo.

Det: Well, then... it's off to Elmo's.

(Elmo plays with tickle me elmo dolls, rips the head off one)

Elmo: Stupid doll...

(knocks)

Elmo: Hello? Who is it?

B.B: It's me, Elmo! Big Bird!

Elmo: Just a minute! (hides doll, goes to door) Hi! What's wrong, Big Bird?

B.B: Snuffy's dead.

Elmo: Oh no... Elmo sad!

Det: Technically, Elmo, that sentence needs a verb. It would be Elmo is sad... You know what, nevermind... Did you see Snuffy last night?

Elmo: No... but when Oscar wished me a happy birthday he said he thought Snuffy's surprise was stupid. I didn't know what he meant.

B.B: Maybe we should go talk to Oscar.

Det: Oh, well then we're sorry to have bothered you and your, ah... dolls. Bye now!

Oscar: (opens can lid) Ugh. (closes lid)

B.B: Oscar, wake up!

Oscar: Ugh, what do you want? You're not here to evict me, are you?

B.B: We don't want your can, Oscar! Snuffy's dead!

Kermit: This is Kermit the Frog here with another Sesame Street News Flash on the scene of the murder of Snuffalupagus. The police have just released information stating that a mashed piece of birthday cake and several candles were found near the body. Due to this baked good threat, the Sesame Street Terror Threat Level has been elevated to Neon Goldenrod.

Det: Look, we need to get moving on this. Tell us what we wanna know, grouch, or it's the trash compactor for you!

Oscar: Agh. Fine. I saw him last night. He was carrying a lopsided, smelly cake cut into a lot of slices, he said it was a surprise for Elmo.

Det: Oh? How many slices?

Oscar: Definitely more than three...

Det: How can you be so sure?

Oscar: Because that's as high as I can count...

B.B: I know someone who can help us with numbers!

Det: Lead the way, birdie!

Count: HA, HA, HAAA... Big Bird! And a friend! One! Two!

B.B: Hi, Count.

Det: Count, we have a few questions for you.

Count: Ah, a few? Is that two? Three? Two-thousand four-hundred and ninety-six?

B.B: (whispers) We don't have two-thousand four-hundred and ninety-six questions, do we?

Det: No, Birdie, we don't. We have two.

Count: Ah, two. One. Two.

Det: That's right. First, did you see Mr. Snuffalupagus last night?

Count: Ah, yes. He had a cake cut into many slices. I helped him count the slices!

Det: I see. And how many slices were there?

Count: Thirty-six. One. Two. Three.

BB: Just use a calculator, Count, it's much faster...

Count: I can't afford educational technology... ha ha ha. Oh no! I lost count! One... two...

Det: Thirty six pieces of birthday cake? Birdie, I think the count just solved our case... it's back to Elmo's!

B.B: Wait, you think Elmo killed Snuffy?!

Det: Run with me on this one. (they start running) You heard the Count... there were 36 slices of cake...

B.B: Yeah? So?

Det: But there were only 35 at the scene of the crime... I think Elmo killed Snuffy, ditched the body along with the cake, but couldn't resist having a slice first...

B.B.: But why?

Det: Because everybody loves cake...

B.B.: No. I mean why would Elmo kill Snuffy?

Det: That's what we're about to find out.

(stops running, opens door)

Det: Start talking, Elmo! You did see Snuffy last night, didn't you?!

Elmo: Elmo doesn't know what you're talking about! Elmo didn't see Snuffy or eat his cake!

Det: Oh? Then how'd you know there was a cake?

Elmo: A lucky guess?

Det: I think that cake tickled your fancy, just like those little red dolls...

Elmo: These dolls are stupid! Come on, Tickle Me Elmo? Whose brilliant idea was that? Did anybody ever ask Elmo if he liked being tickled? No... but if you rip the stuffing out there is a lot of space inside and the dogs can only smell the fur... uh oh...

Det: Toss me one of those dolls, Birdie! 'Tickle Me Elmo, Tickle Me Elmo' (sfx) (rips doll's head off, tastes contents)

This is pure Colombian!

B.B.: WHAT?!

Det: You know, Bogota Bang Bang, Amazon Angeldust, Shanghai Susan, the Devil's Dandruff...

B.B.: Yes. I know what you meant! I was saying "what" to express shock and horror!

Det: I think Snuffy walked in on your little operation and had to be silenced! You've been caught red-handed, Elmo! Why'd you do it?

Elmo: AARRGHHH! I thought it was the feds and I just started shooting!

Det: I mean why'd you start smuggling the Chippy Chum?

Elmo: Ever since they started cutting the funding for PBS, Elmo's been struggling just to get by... we all have! Take a look around this street! Bad housing, bad schools, no jobs and no hope... it's like the people on Easy Street forgot about Sesame Street...

Det: You make a point, Elmo... it shouldn't take a murder for us to see the poverty right in front of our eyes. But that doesn't justify what you did to Snuffy... you took a life, Elmo... and now you have to face the consequences.

Elmo: No, I won't! Freeze, detective! You, too, Big Bird! (pointing gun)

Kermit: This is Kermit the Frog here with another Sesame Street News Flash. We're here (gulps and looks around) live on the scene of a hostage situation. It seems the Snuffalupagus killer has taken hostages on Sesame Street! Due to this tense situation, the Sesame Street Terror Threat Level has been elevated to Ultra Bright Neon Green! (looks down) Uh oh!

Det: Hey, can we have a little help here, Kermit?!

Elmo: Hold it right there, frog! ((turns his head))

Det: Tickle his feet, Birdie! (tickles)

B.B: This one's for Snuffy! (kung fu tickle)

Elmo: Okay, okay! Elmo surrenders!!!! (handcuffs)

Det: I walked back into the office full of confidence after solving the case...

Doris: Sir! You solved the case?!

Det: Hey Doris. I solved the case!

Doris: Yes sir, you just... nevermind. Oh, by the way, you have a call holding.

Det: Brick Laine, private eye. Breaking and entering? In your neighborhood? And the name?

Rogers? I'll be right there. (hangs up) Doris, get me a cardigan, I'm goin' undercover.