

## A Case of Time©

A totally off-the-wall dinner theatre script designed for a good, clean, fun, evening's entertainment.

### Cast

- Gramps (senior)
- Nancy / Nasty (middle age)
- Willie Watchman the town watchmaker
- Tim Thom
- Pastor O. Ver Thyme
- Mayor Gerda Clockenspiel
- Grant Gumshoe the PI
- Narrator / Normie

**Sound, Lighting and Costumes** all standard

**Props:** large watch for Willie  
rocking chair

Note: throughout the drama when any actor says the word "time" they strongly emphasize it.

### Script:

*Gramps is in rocking chair, dozing, snoring, Nancy comes on stage.*

Nancy: Hey Gramps, how's things at Command Central?  
(shakes Gramps)  
Gramps! Gramps! How are you supposed to hear me, making so much noise!

Gramps, *wakes*: Wha . . . what . . . hey, Nancy, that you, why I musta dropped off for a second there seems like.

Nancy: A second? I don't think so Gramps, it was a long, long time!

Gramps: A long time? Nope, sure it wasn't a long time! Was just a second and a second is a short time.

Nancy: So, anyhow, what's happening for you today Gramps?

Gramps: Not sure, Nancy. Let's see, here, what day is it? Wednesday the 18<sup>th</sup> as I recall.

Nancy: Nope, Friday the 29<sup>th</sup>. (*use the day on which the drama will be performed*)

Gramps: You're not serious, Friday 29<sup>th</sup> you say? Oh my, I must get going this minute!

Nancy: Why is Friday the 29<sup>th</sup> so special? Mind telling me what's happening Friday 29<sup>th</sup>?

Gramps: What's happening you ask? Why, it's Friday 29<sup>th</sup> and that means we . . . . let's see here, nothing at all special I guess. It's March, right? Whew, here I got myself all into a lather for no good reason.

Nancy: Nope, September. (*use current month*)

Gramps: Oh, please! Tell me it ain't true! I can't believe that here I am, just a-sittin' here, it bein' September, Friday 29<sup>th</sup> no less, and I gotta go get . . .

Nancy: Slow down, Gramps! Why are you so worried about it being September?

Gramps: You young folks! No perception of time, do you? I gotta tell you, if it is September then it is time to . . . . .

Nancy: Time to what Gramps? Just you slow down, take it easy, tell me why you are so worried that the time is September.

Gramps: Well, just look here, if the time is September, why then doncha see, it means that . . . it means . . .

Nancy: . . . it means what Gramps?

Gramps: . . . means . . . somethin', . . . . . somethin' I have no recollection of is what!

Nancy: Look Gramps, you are getting all worked up, and for nothing! You know this isn't good for your heart!

Gramps: Have to admit you're right there all right! Ol' Doc Iverson he told me, watch that old pa dum heart a yours, he said, plain as day, more'n one time, he sure did say it. Ol' Doc he says, "one day, you don't control your excitement it will be: pa dum pa dum pa dum pa . . . . . zeeeeooooongggggggggg!

Nancy: "pa dum pa . . . . . zeeeeooooongggggggggg? Just what does the "pa dum pa . . . . . zeeeeooooongggggggggg" mean?

Gramps: Means my old heart is pumpin' away, then in the midst of all the excitement, why it just . . . zeeeeooooongggggggggg! Quits on the spot. Pa dum for the last time! And I'm a goner, I am!

Nancy: Well, you watch it then Gramps! No more worrying about what day or month or time it is, understand?

Gramps: There you go Nancy, right as usual you are. (*pause, think*) Anyhow, it's still just 1993, right?

Nancy: 1993? Where have you been all this time Gramps? It's 2002! (*current year*) Not 1993!

Gramps, *jumps out of chair, excited*: 2002? It's 2002? Don't just sit there! It's 2002! This is scary, is what! It's time!

Nancy: See, there you go again! You had a fit when you found out it was Friday the 29<sup>th</sup>, then you really lost it 'cause it was September. Now, just 'cause it happens to be the year 2002 you are flipping out! Chill, Gramps! Chill!

Gramps, *agitated*: You do not understand! It is the 29<sup>th</sup>!

Nancy: Yes, we went through that already! 29<sup>th</sup>'s happen nearly every month, no biggie!

Gramps: No, no biggie on its own but, listen! It is Friday the 29<sup>th</sup>!

Nancy: You may remember we went through that as well. Friday the 29ths are not all that rare either . . . . .

Gramps: Listen up! The time is . . . Friday, September 29<sup>th</sup> . . .in the year . . .2002!

Nancy: Yes, it is. Which means . . . nothing special really, you said so yourself last time!

Gramps: That was before it sunk in! It is 2002! Repeat after me . . .(*slowly mouths the words in Nancy's face*) 2002!

Nancy: 2002.

Gramps: No, say it like I do, slowly, carefully, think it through! 2 – 0 – 0 – 2!

Nancy: 2 – 0 – 0 – 2.

Gramps: There you go, you got it this time, didn't you?

Nancy, *nods head affirmative, says*: Noooooooooo I did not!

Gramps: I simply can not figure you out! How can you sit there and be so calm while meanwhile it is Friday, September 29<sup>th</sup>, 2002, and that means that . . .

Nancy: . . . means that what, Gramps?

Gramps, *slowly slides back into chair, holds hands over heart*: . . . time to kill!

Nancy: Time to kill?

Gramps: Yes . . . . time . . . .time to kill.

Nancy: Which means . . . .?

Gramps: Time is up!

Nancy: Time? Up?

Gramps: Sorry to tell, yes!

Nancy: I think you lost me on that one that time Gramps.

Gramps: That's exactly it, time! Friday, September 29<sup>th</sup>! It's that time!

Nancy: Time to what?

Gramps: Time to . . . . . kill!

Nancy: Uh . . . right! . . .Sooooooooooooooooo, anywhooooooooooooo . .

Gramps: I can see you don't understand!

Nancy: Read right through me, didn't you?

Gramps: It's been 25 years!

Nancy: 25 years? Whatever are you talking about?

Gramps: It's all about time.

Nancy: Care to explain?

Gramps, *looks over shoulder*: It's the old clock on the wall. Been there more'n a hundred years now, it has.

Nancy: Gramps, I have never figured out why you keep the old clock. In case you didn't notice it has no hour hand.

Gramps: Been like that 25 years to the day.

Nancy: And you have never in all that time had it fixed?

Gramps: Dursent.

Nancy: Dursent? You don't dare have your own clock fixed?

Gramps, *takes piece of paper from underneath clock, hands to Nancy:*  
Read.

Nancy: What's this? I can hardly read this paper, it's so yellowed with age.

Says:

"Take your time

Don't touch my hands

Forever more this warning stands

To he who tinkers with this clock

Bad times will come, your life to rock

Five and twenty years from this day hence

Shall come retribution at your expense.

This quarter century, time shall fill

So dread this time, this time to kill!"

Wow!

Sounds creepy Gramps! What does it mean? Who wrote the poem?

Gramps: Believed to be the words of Nasty Nordstrum.

Nancy: Nasty . . . Nordstrum? Who . . . or what, was that?

Gramps: Nasty was the town beautician back in 1977, she was. Back then she was known by name of Natasha. After September 29<sup>th</sup> folks just called her Nasty, seems like.

Nancy, *moves downstage, back to Gramps, takes something out of pocket, plays with it in her hand:* Natasha, pretty name that. What happened, caused her to go from Natasha to Nasty, I ask you.

*Grant Gumshoe comes on stage, approaches Nancy from behind*

Grant: No one knows for sure. It happened night of the fish fry and bag lunch social down to the Baptist Church.

*Nancy, frightened, reacts to the voice behind her, quickly slides something from her hand into her pocket.*

Grant: You look a mite uncomfortable, maybe even scared, Miss Nancy. You maybe remember Nasty Nordstrum, Miss Nancy?

Nancy, *acts suspicious*: No! No, never heard of her in my life, why, I do not know whatever you are talking about, asking foolish questions, prying into the lives of decent folks! Just who is this person Gramps?

Gramps: Like for you to meet Grant Gumshoe, private eye I brought in from the city, try to find out what's behind this mystery. Nancy, Grant. Grant, Nancy.

Nancy: Grant Nancy? Your name is Grant Nancy?

Grant: Nope, Grant Gumshoe here. No idea where Gramps got the Grant Nancy name from. Likewise I am intrigued by your name, young lady. So, Nancy Grant is it? Phoney name I ever heard of one.

Nancy: Phoney! You call my name phoney! Why I will have you know that I have had that name for all my life, I mean . . .I mean, . . . wait a minute! Nancy Grant. That isn't my name, it's . . . .

Grant: So ho! Changing the moniker again are we? Sus . . . pish . . us, seems to me!

Nancy: Changing? Why, I will have you know that my name has always been, and always will be, Nancy Northstrings.

Grant, *takes out notebook, leafs through it*: Northstrings, Nancy Northstrings . . hummmm . . . something about that name . .let me see, write that down here, I will get back to that later, but first, I wanna know, what's with the Grant name?

Nancy, *frustrated*: Gramps, this man is driving me insane!

Gramps: Whoa there boy, slow down! Her name is Nancy Northstrings, just like yours is Grant Gumshoe. See I was introducing you to younguns and I guess that . . .

*Willie Watchman comes on stage, Grant Gumshoe wheels around, pins Willie against wall and frisks him*

Grant: Up against the wall fella! Time for truth here! Now then, name, occupation and social security number, give!

Willie: Willie Watchman. Town watchmaker. 3456789 . . . . or is it 2345678 . . .  
no, I am almost sure it is . . . Let me check, I have it in my wallet.

Grant: Real slow moves there watch boy! Just take your time.

Willie: I am a watchmaker, I have nothing but time. Get it? Nothing but time? A  
watchmaker. Nothing but time. It's an industry joke. You may not get it.

Grant, Nancy & Gramps together: We didn't take the time. We are grateful for that.

Willie: Love to stay and chat but I don't have the time. Gotta go make time.

Grant: Not so fast watch boy! I have a question or two for you before you haul  
outta here!

Willie: Questions for me? What questions would a private eye have for me this  
time?

Grant: Aha! And just how did you know that I am a private eye, wanna tell me?

Willie: Just a lucky guess . . .and the fact that you have it embroidered on the back  
of your shirt.

Grant: Just as I thought! Never trust a watchmaker goes reading the back of  
people's shirts. I will have you know that's what we in the biz call an 8-4-  
3!

Gramps: 8-4-3? What's 8-4-3?

Willie: 8-4-3? I know that one!

Grant: I will just bet you do watch boy! My guess is you have seen a few 8-4-3's  
in your day!

Willie: Yep, sure have. Two everyday, matter of fact.

Nancy: You've had two 8-4-3's every single day? Wow! (*pause*) Wait a minute .  
. .what is 8-4-3, that it happens twice everyday?

Grant: Yeh, watch boy, wanna come clean on that, tell us all about the two 8-4-  
3's you have everyday?

Willie: Sure, I have two 8-4-3's everyday, but I don't see what's the big deal!

Grant: Oh you snivelling little parasite, you see nothing wrong in having two 8-4-3's every day do you? You know, I have a good mind to clean your clock!

Willie, *holds up his watch*: I would be much obliged Mr. PI guy, but careful, don't want my face scratched this time.

Nancy: I am dying of curiosity, pulleeeaaassee, tell me Willie Watchman, what is 8-4-3, and just how does it happen to you twice in every single day??

Willie: Easy. 8-4-3 is seventeen minutes of nine, and one happens in the AM and another in the PM. You didn't know that after all this time? But whatever, I would love to stay and **watch** what is going on here but, sorry, my hands are full at the moment. Get it? Hands. Full. Watchmaker's hands. Get it? Clocks have hands . . . . It's an industry joke. You may not get it.

Grant, Nancy & Gramps together: We didn't take the time. We are grateful for that.

Willie: Well, anyhow, here I go, watch me fly.

*Willie leaves*

Nancy: Different kinda fella, that one.

Gramps: Two tick-tocks short of a full bong-bong, you ask me.

*Tim Thom comes on stage*

Tim: Hey fellas, Miss Nancy, shore are looking mighty swell today, I do declare!

Nancy: Why Tim Thom! How grand of you to say so.

Grant: Hey, you just look here you guys, this isn't a comin' out soiree we are havin' here! So happens, I am looking for the man, (*looks at Nancy*), or woman, that wrote that note.

Nancy: Why surely you don't think I had anything to do with that note and the death threat!

Grant: As sure as my name is Grant, I am not talking anything for granted, I will have you know. And besides . . . . hey, wait a minute, who said the note was a death threat? Only the true guilty one would know that! Want to explain your way outta that one little lady?

Nancy: I'm not sure I can. But I guess you have me dead to rights so I might as well fess up!

Grant: Likely go easier on you that way.

Nancy: Fine. Reason I said it was a death threat is . . . .

*All other actors lean in, expectantly say: Yessssssssssssssssss?*

Nancy: The reason is that . . it is marked in big red letters on the back of the note, I saw it when I read it.

Grant: Well, I will be hog-tied! See it, right there, written in B65 dash 4 red marker I would say.

Tim: B65 dash 8 actually.

*Tim looks guilty, starts to sneak off stage*

Grant: Don't you so much as wiggle a muscle there Timmy ma boy! You come on back here, got a lot of explaining to do, I tell you! Let me see what I got written up on Timmy boy in my handy-dandy official PI notepad.

Tim: You've got nothing on me, nothing!

Grant: Actually I have peanut butter on you. Musta dropped it on your page when I was having breakfast this morning. No matter, doesn't change a thing! Here we are . . . Tim Thom, (*pronounce thom*).

Tim: Pronounced like tom, not thom.

Grantt: Doesn't make any sense. Why would it be written like thom if it sounds like tom?

Nancy: I like that. It has a beat to it.

*All actors get in a line and high kick to the beat while singing:*

Written like thom but it sounds like tom.  
Written like thom but it sounds like tom.  
Written like thom but it sounds like tom.  
Written like thom but it sounds like tom.

Gramps, *wheezing, trying to catch breath*: Hey, time out! Ol' pa dum not gonna stand this prancin' around!

Grant: Anyhow, I have some questions for . . . oh and who do we have here?

*Pastor Thyme comes on stage*

Grant: I do believe it is Pastor Thyme (*pronounce it thime*).

Nancy: No, it is written like thime but it sounds like time.

*All actors except the Pastor get in a line and high kick to the beat while singing:*

Written like thime but it sounds like time  
Written like thime but it sounds like . . . . .

*Pastor crowds in among the others, keeps them from dancing*

Pastor: Please, please people! We are from the (*denomination*) church and we do not believe in dancing! Sinful, sinful!

Tim: That's awful! Whatever can we do this time? (*pause*) Wait! I have an idea! We don't have to call it dance, we can call it interpretive movement, then it will be acceptable!

Pastor: Brilliant! Simply brilliant! Tell me young man, has anyone approached you about becoming a deacon? Fine mind you have on your shoulders, you will go far!

*Mayor Gerda rushes on stage*

Mayor: Vaateffer is happenink here? All off dis noise, da citizens off da townen of Tick are hup in arms, dey are! As mayor off da townen of Tick I svore a solemn oat', no noise gonna be happenink. Now vaat is happenink? Noise is vaat!

Grant, *looks in notepad*: Mayor Gerda Glockenspiel, I understand.

Mayor: Clockenspiel. Clockenspiel! Like dat dere tick-tock clock. Not Glockenspiel, like da ting goes zoomsie, zoomsie, make all dat noise, vee don't like dat noise in da townen of Tick, vee don't!

Grant: Got a noise problem I see. HmMMMMMMMMMMMM, interesting!

*Narrator's voice offstage, all actors look around, look up, under tables, trying to find the source of the voice, react appropriately to various things the narrator says*

Narrator: Interesting indeed! Interesting also how there are people to be fed. Good, decent, upstanding people who have not received their meals.

So what we shall do is put this criminal investigation on hold until meals  
have been served, appetites satisfied.  
But fear not, justice shall prevail.  
Immediately following the luscious meal we will return, at which time we  
will ask the tough questions. Questions like:

*Spotlight goes on each actor in turn, actors will cower, act guilty*

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