

# AL LITERATION, PRIVATE EYE: THE CASE OF BLUE BOY

By Forrest Musselman

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# AL LITERATION, PRIVATE EYE: THE CASE OF BLUE BOY

*A Comedy Monologue*  
**By Forrest Musselman**

**SYNOPSIS:** Lips still limber? This silly sequel to *Al Literation, Private Eye* delves deeper into the detective's deeds as he decodes the case of the disappearing Boy Blue. This tough tongue twister works well as a comic monologue or duet in this fun, forensic folly.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1-2 Either)*

AL LITERATION (m)..... A private detective. *(40 lines)*

SALLY (f)..... Al's new love interest?

*(14 lines)*

BOB (m) ..... Al's favorite bartender. *(5 lines)*

MR. FISTER (m) ..... Sally's sister. *(9 lines)*

HANK (m) ..... The hired hand. *(7 lines)*

BOY BLAINE BLUE (m) ..... Is missing and a crybaby.

*(3 lines)*

ROBERTA (f) ..... Boy Blue's mom. *(1 line)*

## PRODUCTION NOTES

While this was designed as a monologue, it can certainly be done as a duet with one person playing the detective and the other person playing the other characters. Further modifications could be made so that every part would be play by separate people.

### *Special Thanks To*

*Kollin Holtz, once again, who graciously allowed me to steal  
this idea so many years ago.*

**AS AL LITERATION:** My name is Al. Al Literation, Private-Eye. It was another one of those dark dog days of summer, where the blackness buried its bleak life into my sorry soul. Perhaps if I casually unenclosed the curtains to my window, I'd feel more chipper, but not today. I was busy boiling some rutabagas when she sauntered into my office. I squinted against the light streaming through the doorway. Say, what kind of dame leaves the door open anyway?

**AS SALLY:** How dare you call me a dame? You know my name.

**AS AL LITERATION:** Sure, sweetheart. You're Sally. Last time we spoke, you slapped me silly down by the sea shore. That's the thanks I get for securing the case of your missing seashells.

**AS SALLY:** I was insulted by the whole slimy situation. You harassed my honor, and thus dishonoring my rare reputation.

**AS AL LITERATION:** Sorry, Sally. My hands have a hankering of their own. Could you possibly procure my apology?

**AS SALLY:** I'm not here to nicely negotiate. My bosom buddy, Roberta Blue, needs your business.

**AS AL LITERATION:** The same Roberta that runs rings around the Roman ruins?

**AS SALLY:** Yes, Roberta from Alberta that sleeps on a Serta.

**AS AL LITERATION:** Why? What's wrong?

**AS SALLY:** Her baby, little boy Blue, has disabbeared. (Yes, *spelling error intentional.*)

**AS AL LITERATION:** Blaine?

**AS SALLY:** Yes, baby boy Blaine Blue.

**AS AL LITERATION:** What went wrong?

**AS SALLY:** No one noticed until noon. Six sick sheep snuck sneakily into the meadow. Blain Blue should have blown his bugle to notify the neighbors.

**AS AL LITERATION:** You mean horn?

**AS SALLY:** I meant bugle. When Roberta ran to Blaine's abode, Blaine be gone.

**AS AL LITERATION:** This is certainly a serious situation. I'll see what I can shake up.

**AS SALLY:** That's your directive, Detective.

**AS AL LITERATION:** *(If this piece is being done as a Duo, the second person can act out or adlib lines during this section while Al talks.)* I hurried hectically to my fast and furious shiny Chevy with real weird rear wheels. This was a dire dilemma. Blaine Blue was a big-league baby in this burg. The Blues abided by a barn at the tip of town. They were truly rural, living on Urban Boulevard. I drove daringly through town, knowing I didn't have much time. I steadily stared searchingly down the side streets, seeing if something surfaced. I saw Susie sitting in a shoe shine shop, shining where she sits and sitting where she shines. I watched window washers wash windows with warm washing water on Washington Street. I sped sadly past the silver steps of Billy Burgess's fish sauce shop, where I remembered mimicking him hiccupping. I wanted to stop by Frank's Fry Shop for some fresh, french-fried fly fritters, but floored it instead, flying furiously by. All this scurrying and hurrying got me hankering for a hot dog. And a big beer. I braked at Bob's bar. Hey, Bob.

**AS BOB:** Hey, Al. What will you wet your whistle with?

**AS AL LITERATION:** I'd like a big, brimming beer, Bob.

**AS BOB:** How about some clams in a clean, cream can?

**AS AL LITERATION:** I'd rather sip on a sultry stout.

**AS BOB:** You need to live a little, Al. Lighten up and loosen the load.

**AS AL LITERATION:** I let loose in the lavatory, Bob. I'll buy a beer.

**AS BOB:** What are you working on this wonderful Wednesday?

**AS AL LITERATION:** Little Boy Blaine Blue is absent, Bob. Heard anything?

**AS BOB:** No, but maybe you might make mouthing motions with the man next to you.

**AS AL LITERATION:** Howdy, hombre.

**AS MR. FISTER:** Morning... I'm Mr. Fister.

**AS AL LITERATION:** Mr. Fister? Is Sally your sister?

**AS MR. FISTER:** She is.

**AS AL LITERATION:** You sell seashells by the seashore too?

**AS MR. FISTER:** Actually, I sell silk sheets by the seashore.

**AS AL LITERATION:** Is the selling solid?

**AS MR. FISTER:** I sold six silk sheets to six sheiks yesterday.

**AS AL LITERATION:** Sweet. So, Fister, what do you know about Boy Blue?

**AS MR. FISTER:** Boy Blue may have been missing before.

**AS AL LITERATION:** Continue conversing.

**AS MR. FISTER:** I should sustain from such snitching servitude.

**AS AL LITERATION:** Are you obstructing some juicy, judicial justice, junior?

**AS MR. FISTER:** And risk my reputation as being a rat. Forget it.

**AS AL LITERATION:** You gotta give me some significant gold, guy. Why would knowing where Boy Blue is wreck your reputation?

**AS MR. FISTER:** Okay, fine. Make passage to the pumpkin patch pasture, and you'll probably procure your prize.

**AS AL LITERATION:** Fine, thanks for the enigmatic information.

**AS MR. FISTER:** No problem.

**AS AL LITERATION:** I left with my lead foot and hurried to outside of town. Fister and his sister were infuriating me. Sure, the gist here was I missed her. I could make a list of the times she dissed me, so I decided to delist her. I pulled in at the pumpkin patch pasture and proceeded to poke around the place. There were a couple of cows cooing and mooing in the corner of a cultivated corn crop. A pink pig poured out of his pig-pen to poke prolifically through the pea patch. Some shifty sheep were meandering in the meadow. That's when I saw Hank. Hank was the hired help and a bit of a hick. Hi, Hank.

**AS HANK:** Whaddya' want?

**AS AL LITERATION:** It looks like you got your hands awash with issues, Hank, so I won't waste your wiles. Spill the story on Boy Blaine Blue.

**AS HANK:** I ain't gonna give voice to that vocation.

**AS AL LITERATION:** What? Why would you meddle in this mess? Spill the particulars.

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