

The Malicious Maine Murder Mystery

Multimillionaire lobster mogul Delbert “Red” Claus has been murdered. He was found in the living room of his palatial home in Kennebunkport, Maine, poisoned, strangled, shot, in an aquarium, painted red, with rubber bands around his hands and a butter sauce on the side. At first, area lobsters were the prime suspects, but one by one they came up with airtight alibis. As time went by, the trail grew cold and the police, despairing of ever finding the killer, went back to prosecuting moose for loitering near local convenience stores.

It’s now three months later, and eight of Red’s friends and acquaintances, frustrated at the ineptitude of the police, have decided to get together for a lighthearted evening of good food and wild accusations.

The Cast of Characters:

Margie Gustafson – A world-famous curler who has a dark secret.

Professor Roderick Weems-Westinghouse – A Physics professor who has a light secret.

Lucy Lippman – A reformed loose woman who has no secrets.

Grant Cash – A successful stockbroker who has a beige secret.

Jimmy Kim – A software/tortilla salesman who doesn’t have a secret but says he does.

Conchita Kim – A tortilla heiress who wears Secret deodorant.

Sister Shannon – A nun who very well could be hiding lots of secrets under that habit.

Ulf Schnitzelbank – A strong man who everyone wishes would keep a few more secrets.

Margie Gustafson

What the world sees:

I'm a world-famous curler. I grew up here in Kennebunkport and led the Kennebunkport High Weasels to four state curling championships, three of which were actually won over other schools. I have since won two gold medals, five world championships, and signed an endorsement deal with Spam, but I still make my home here. I knew Red well. His company, Claus Lobsters, sponsored my club curling team when we first got started. He also paid for new brooms when our moms kept complaining about how we got them all frizzy.

I was also the spokesman for his lobster breakfast cereal until he died. I really hated it, because I thought that it ruined my chances for better endorsement deals when people kept getting sick after eating the stuff. I mean, everybody who ever ate this cereal had to check himself or herself into the hospital, and here I was saying I ate it all the time!

The truth, do not reveal: Several times, in important curling competitions, you have cheated by either greasing up your stone or using non-regulation extra wide brooms. If your adoring public discovered this secret, you would be ruined. Red found out about it and had been blackmailing you ever since. That was how he forced you into taking the Lobster Flakes endorsement deal. Now that he's dead and you don't have your name associated with it anymore, your phone has been ringing off the hook.

Professor Roderick Weems- Westinghouse

What the world sees:

I'm a Physics professor from England. I taught for many years at Oxford, and then was a visiting professor at the University of Maine. When I was finished with my time there, I decided that I would like to stay in the States a bit longer because the earth's electromagnetic field above Maine is particularly conducive to the sort of work I do. My time couldn't be extended at UMaine, so Red was kind enough to get me a position at Kennebunkport Kommunity Kollege. I've been teaching there for the past couple of years.

I was very sad to her of Red's death, since he was the chief patron of my research. Though now, if I can find another patron, I'll be able to do better research since I won't have to relate everything to lobsters.

The truth, do not reveal: You're really a woman. Just kidding! Seriously, you were once a professor at Oxford, but you also spent four years in a mental institution before that. There were some irregularities in your behavior while you were teaching and Oxford decided to let you go, but not before the University of Maine allowed you to join their faculty temporarily. After just a semester, they decided that you were too unstable for them as well, and you drifted on to KKK. There, you've been on your best behavior, and no one found out your secret, except Red. He threatened to get you fired again if you didn't involve lobsters in all your research. This was a definite hindrance, since you're not even a biologist.

Lucy Lippman

What the world sees:

Red and I were engaged to be married. I met him while I was working on one of his boats. He visited his boats randomly from time to time, and when someone told me the owner of the company was on board, I had to meet him. It was love at first sight. Let me tell you, it's hard to be seductive when you smell like fish, but I pulled it off. We were supposed to be married three days after he was killed. In all the confusion and distress, I forgot to call the guests, so we ended up having a big party when everyone got into town. Our hearts really weren't in it, though.

I'll be the first to admit it; I used to fool around with all kinds of guys, but then I discovered that that behavior was really just me subconsciously reacting against an undemonstrative father. Now I want to be a psychologist so I can help other floozies break "The Floozy Cycle," which will be, incidentally, the name of my first book. I was working my way through Kennebunkport Community College when I met Red. I'm planning on transferring next year.

The truth, do not reveal: You're a lot shrewder than you look. The whole floozy thing was an act from the beginning; you've always wanted to be a famous psychologist and just wanted to have a dramatic background so your books would sell, and so you would have more credibility.

Even though you weren't really a floozy, you certainly are a gold digger. You planned to marry Red for financial stability to help you through school, then dump him first chance you got. The way he talked about lobsters all the time was incredibly boring. And he also did this thing where he stuck olives on forks and put them against his forehead and called himself "your little lobster wobster," which drove you nuts.

Grant Cash

What the world sees:

I'm a stockbroker from New York. Even though I could have houses anywhere in the world because I'm incredibly rich, I choose to spend my vacations in Kennebunkport.

The atmosphere is a relaxing one in which I can fish and read and count my money (which can take a lot of time, because there's so much of it).

Red and I both had yachts down at the Kennebunkport Marina. One day we got into an argument about whose boat was longer. I'm pretty sure I had him beat, but he pushed me in the water while I was still fooling around with the tape measure.

We got to be friends after that though; we had plans to make a fortune from Lobster Lunchmeat. I guess now that he's dead I'll just have to go it alone, and add to my already considerable wealth.

The truth, do not reveal: Known in some circles as the "Lobster Mobster," you've been trying to horn in on Red's territory for years through shady business dealings, but he never knew it was you. You've wanted his downfall ever since the discovery by one of his fishing boats of the body of a man you had had knocked off. The trail led back to you, and if you hadn't had your secretary take the rap, you would still be in the slammer.

Now that he is out of the picture, you're free to make a killing on Lobster Lunchmeat, a product that the public has been demanding for decades.

Jimmy Kim

What the world sees:

I grew up in Seattle, but moved to Mexico when I married my wife, Conchita. We met when I went south of the border on a business trip for my software company employer, Micropoly. They had me selling their new Drug Trafficking EZ package door-to-door. When I rang the doorbell and Conchita answered, it was love at first sight. It was a pure love, too, because it wasn't until afterwards that I discovered she was heiress

to the Gonzalez tortilla fortune. Since we got married, I've been working for her father, traveling around and doing my best to expand his business.

We've been here in Kennebunkport for a few months, looking into forming a partnership with Red in the lobster tortilla trade. It's a shame someone killed him; now I suppose we might have to buy his company instead of merely partnering with him.

The truth, do not reveal: Even though you used to work for Micropoly, you're not really from Seattle. You are Jocko Jazmondo, "The Mad Mongolian," "The Rabid Russian," "The Crazy Canadian," "Man of Many Faces," "Man of Many Nicknames." You are a suave con artist and international sex symbol. You did, indeed, marry Conchita for her money; you do everything for money. This tortilla gig is great because it gives you the chance to hobnob with the rich and plan the theft of their valuables.

Conchita Kim

What the world sees:

I come from Mexico, where my father is a tortilla tycoon. We had a luxurious lifestyle. Our family lacked nothing we wanted with all the money rolling in from my father's worldwide tortilla empire. The secret to his success was having children work 18 hours a day in sweatshop conditions. Then some human rights groups found out about it, so now his secret is training monkeys to make the tortillas. I don't know what his secret will be when animal rights groups get wind of that.

Jimmy and I have been married for two wonderful years, both of them spent steadily working to expand my father's tortilla business. Red's death might hurt our plans for world tortilla domination; but I'm sure that will only be temporary. I hope they catch whichever local person undoubtedly did it.

The truth, do not reveal: You are really a spy for the Mexican government. You travel around the world, working for your father's tortilla business, but also reporting everything you see to the Office of International Shady Dealings in Mexico City. Many years ago, on a vacation to Cancun, Red and a group of local banditos terrorized the populace for three months, looting and pillaging everything in sight. Later, he characterized this period as "an innocent attempt to have a little fun." Your mission in coming to Maine was to kill Red for both that and for making insulting comments about the President of Mexico's Chihuahua.

Sister Shannon

What the world sees:

I'm a nun in the only convent in town, across the street from Kennebunkport Kommunity Kollege. I never thought about becoming a nun when I was a kid, but I felt the call when my parents told me I needed to curb my shopaholic tendencies and lead a simpler life. It has worked, for the most part, but I must admit that I have more clothes than anyone else in the convent. I just can't resist those sales at my favorite store, The Tattered Habit.

I knew Red because he had been to the convent a few times asking for advice on which charities to give his money to. He had apparently gotten very wealthy lately, and

was looking to give some of his money away. I also advised him on a few spiritual issues that came up.

The truth, do not reveal: For several years, you've been conducting a lucrative maple syrup smuggling operation. Your operatives, dressed as moose, get you the good stuff from Canada and you sell it at a profit. Red found out about it, and wanted a piece of the action. You begged him not to tell anyone. If the authorities found out, you wouldn't be able to indulge your exotic taste in habits on a nun's meager salary. On the surface, you were his spiritual advisor. But he was really blackmailing you.

Ulf Schnitzelbank

What the world sees:

I am from Stuttgart, Germany, and participate in World's Strongest Man competitions. Before I was able to compete full time on the World's Strongest Man circuit, I used to run a butcher shop and write romance novels. I started training here in Maine a few years ago because I like to train by pulling logs through the woods in the snow, and no place has better logs or snow than here. I also like to wrestle moose.

Red and I became friends not long after I started training here. He was a big fan of my romance novels. Even though I wrote them under the name Colette Chambers, he found out who I was and asked me for an autograph while I was wrestling a moose one afternoon. After that, we struck up a friendship. He kept begging me to write another steamy novel, but I never got around to it. And now he's dead. I wish I had made the time sooner.

The truth, do not reveal: You've never written a romance novel in your life. In fact, you can barely write at all. Colette Chambers was the pen name of your former girlfriend in Germany who wrote romance novels. When she died in a car accident, you decided to pretend that you had written all of her books. You submitted her final manuscript, made it public that you were a strongman who wrote romance novels, and reaped the publicity.

Red found out eventually that you could never have written the books that brought him so much joy. He was blackmailing you to keep him quiet.

What Really Happened:

10:30 – Roderick arrives at house to have drinks with Red.

10:45 – Lucy comes downstairs, prepares bowl of artery-clogging butter sauce for Red as snack. Leaves.

10:50 – Jimmy comes to door, Red remembers he had invited him to look at art.

10:50:02 – Roderick slips poison into drink.

10:55 – Grant hops wall, sneaks toward patio.

11:00 – Shannon comes to door, knock only heard by Roderick, who does not answer. She goes around back.

11:01 – Grant chased by dogs across lawn.

11:02 – Red goes outside to see what problem is. Sees dogs barking at something on wall, comes up next to dogs in time for bucket of paint to empty on head.

11:03 – Ulf, strolling around grounds, sees Red disoriented by bucket and paint, sees opportunity to strangle Red. Proceeds to do so.

11:04 – Roderick leaves.

11:05 – Conchita arrives to check out house.

11:06 – Red, nearly dead, manages to escape Ulf's clutches when Ulf trips over Shannon in bushes.

11:07 – Ulf leaves.

11:08 – Red returns to art gallery; Jimmy fires shot at him but misses because of poor lighting. Also does not realize he missed because of poor lighting.

11:08 – Jimmy leaves.

11:09 – Red, distraught, finishes drink.

11:11 – Margie comes to door, slaps rubber bands on Red's hands, leaves.

11:15 – Red, convalescing on couch because of slow-working poison, sees Shannon come through open door to patio.

11:16 – Shannon shoots Red, observes he is already red and with rubber bands on his hands, drags him to aquarium for effect.

11:17 – Shannon leaves.

11:20 – Conchita, satisfied that either she has checked out the house well enough or that Red has just been killed, leaves.