

SLAY RIDE IV: CSI NORTH POLE

Slay Ride IV

CSI North Pole

An Interactive Musical-Comedy Murder Mystery

by Butch Maxwell & Bert Furioli

At a Glance

Genre: Interactive Comedy Murder Mystery (Police-Procedural Parody)

Running Time:

Scripted elements: 75 minutes

Entire experience with dinner/intermission: 2–2½ hours

Cast: 4M, 1W. Participation is collective and table-based throughout — no volunteers are singled out.

Setting: The North Pole, Christmas Eve, framed as a police-procedural investigation into the death of Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer

Audience Participation: Distributed rather than staged — the audience sings along table by table in a “Twelve Days of Christmas”-style parody built from clues gathered over the course of the investigation, plus a Q&A period and Detective Cards

Music: Eight musical parodies (“It’s Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas,” “Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer,” “Winter Wonderland,” “White Christmas,” “Rockin’ Around the Christmas Tree,” “Feliz Navidad,” “The Nutcracker (Finale),” and a Twelve-Days-of-Christmas finale) performed by the cast, with prerecorded accompaniment, plus a running “Dragnet” theme used as scene-break punctuation throughout

Technical Requirements: Recorded music and extensive sound-effects playback (Dragnet stings, a gunshot, a cell phone ring), chalk or tape for a crime-scene outline, plus hand props. Unlike most MTU shows, where cues typically run from offstage, this show calls for frequent cues while all characters are in the performance area — we recommend setting up the sound system to support cueing from the performance space itself.

Ideal Venues

- Dinner theatres
- Community theatres
- Fundraisers
- Performing arts organizations
- Civic organizations
- Corporate and private holiday events

The Mystery Theatre Experience

An evening with Mystery Theatre Unlimited begins before the first scene. Upon arrival, guests are seated and receive a program, Detective Card, pen, and one Character Fun Fact Card at their place setting. As the cast mingles in character, guests are encouraged to read their Fun Fact aloud, exchange cards with other tables, and meet the suspects before the mystery officially begins.

The Evening's Format

A typical performance follows this sequence:

1. Guest Arrival & Character Mingling – Characters circulate, meet the audience, and establish relationships before the scripted action begins.
2. Act One – Frank and Joe arrive at the North Pole on a secret mission, and Rudolph turns up shot dead in the toy shop.
3. Dinner / Intermission – Characters may remain available for informal interaction as appropriate.
4. Act Two – The investigation unfolds through flashback and cross-examination as Santa, Elfie, and Rudolph's ghost each offer their version of events.
5. Question & Answer Period – Audience members question the suspects directly.
6. Guessing Break – Guests complete Detective Cards identifying the killer and explaining their deductions.
7. Act Three – The solution is revealed, followed by recognition of the evening's successful detectives.

Audience Participants

Slay Ride IV doesn't single out individual volunteers. Participation stays at the tables throughout — the audience cheers, calls out, questions the suspects after Act Two, completes Detective Cards, and, in Act Three, sings table by table as part of the “Twelve Days of Christmas” clue recap. No advance preparation or theatrical experience is required.

Characters

The cast consists of five principal characters.

Santa Claus

Weathered by decades on the job and one troubled reindeer short of a full sleigh team, Santa finds himself the target of a labor dispute, a corporate shakeup, and — before the night is through — a murder investigation, all under one roof.

Elfish Prezley

Santa's efficiency-minded Chief of Staff, fresh off an MBA and a résumé that includes surviving the Keebler tainted-cookie scandal of 1992. Sharp, businesslike, and armed with a mobile phone she isn't afraid to use.

Rudolph “Rudy” the Red-Nosed Reindeer

A once-humble celebrity gone thoroughly to his head, and the North Pole's newly minted shop steward — right up until he turns up shot dead in the toy shop, nose no longer shining.

Sgt. Joe Friedegg

A government agent on an unauthorized secret mission to the North Pole, deadly serious, badge always at the ready, and entirely unwilling to loosen up to a Christmas carol.

Detective Frank Cannon

Friedegg's easily distracted sidekick — a police academy washout who talks a big game, dances when he shouldn't, and never quite gets his hands on a gun.

Character Fun Facts

Before the performance begins, each guest table receives one Character Fun Fact Card. The cards introduce the suspects, encourage conversation among guests, and give performers natural material for the pre-show mingle. Cast members should be familiar with every Fun Fact.

- Santa Claus: It is a well-kept secret that he has had his problems with animal rights activists who insist he keeps his reindeer airborne too long without refueling.
- Santa Claus has a big belly as a cushion because he falls off roofs a lot.
- Elfish Prezley: An efficiency expert and author of Seven Habits of Highly Effective Elves, Elfish left Keebler after the tainted chocolate chip cookie scandal of 1992.
- Rudolph: Years of celebrity gone to his head. He got in trouble recently for divebombing Frosty the Snowman.
- Joe Friedegg: He has memorized the entire penal code of every law on the books. Unfortunately, he studied the law of gravity.
- Frank Cannon: Failed his marksmanship training at police academy, but managed to get hired anyway due to his interpretive dancing skills.

Key Props and Sound Needs

- Two detective/government badges (plus a novelty prize badge as a gag)
- Mobile phone (practical)
- Prop gun
- Chalk or white tape for a crime-scene outline
- A pitch pipe
- Rudolph costume piece: glowing red nose, antlers
- Santa's red suit
- Playback for the “Dragnet” theme (multiple cuts), a cell phone ring, a gunshot, and the show's musical parodies

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Act One

FRANK CANNON enters.

SFX: Music – Jingle bell sound segue ways into “Dragnet” opening bars – Cut 1.

FRANK

The story you are about to see is not true. Only the names have been protected to change the innocent.

SFX: “Dragnet” full theme

JOE FRIEDEGG enters, stiffly. Frank is moving and generally enjoying the music. Joe walks rigidly to his position, pauses and beholds Frank as he becomes more animated to the theme music. Frank gestures to Joe, urging him to loosen up and have fun, but Joe glares at him, finally turns down the music before returning to his position.

JOE

This is the City. The North Pole. Actually it's not a city at all. It's a nondescript polar ice cap where the average annual temperature is 70 below Fahrenheit. Daylight lasts about six months and nighttime is even longer for a guy like me. My name is Friedegg. I carry a badge.

Frank cues the music again.

SFX: “Dragnet theme”

Not that again. I'm afraid you might start voguing again.

Frank sheepishly turns the music off.

It was Saturday, December 24 – 11:37 a.m. We were working the day watch on the polar ice caps – a tough shift, since this time of year, the days are twenty-three hours and fifty eight minutes long. My partner's name is Cannon. My name's Friedegg.

FRANK

You already said that, Joe.

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JOE

Said what, Frank?

FRANK

Your name, Joe. Want me to cue the music again?

JOE

No. We've been out here for one minute and twenty nine seconds and we're already going around in circles.

FRANK

Then maybe I ***should*** cue the music again.

[Dancing around a little.]

I've got some new dance moves I want to try out.

JOE

There's no music where we are headed, Mister. We're about to infiltrate one of the tightest natural security zones on Earth with a mission of the highest government priority.

FRANK

And I thought we were just going to see if the North Pole had barber stripes.

JOE

The only stripes I want to see is a perp in prison stripes.

FRANK

That's good, Joe. Stripes are "in" this year. Hey, Joe, why did headquarters send us to the North Pole?

JOE

Actually, they didn't. This is my own idea. Sometimes a cop's gotta do what a cop's gotta do.

FRANK

But, Joe, we're not really cops anymore. We got busted for gross incompetency.

JOE

"We," Frank? You're the one who opened the levees.

FRANK

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I was thirsty. Joe, we were busted down to forest rangers.

JOE

And it's a privilege to carry a Department of Forestry badge, buster. We've sworn to preserve, protect and defend the Alaskan frontier – but this is bigger than you and me, Frank. It's bigger than Alaska. It's bigger than – than –

FRANK

Bigger than a bread box?

JOE

Good save, Frank. That's it. Bigger than a bread box.

FRANK

I have seen some pretty big bread boxes, Joe.

[Gesturing.]

They've got boxes for French bread that are this big.

JOE

Frank, you're impeding the exposition. This is our chance too get back on the force. You know what that means?

FRANK

All the free donuts we can eat?

JOE

Yes, Frank. You'll be rolling Krispy Kremes. And when we get back on the force, we'll be able to write our own ticket.

FRANK

Why would I want to write myself a ticket, Joe?

JOE

I'll explain it to you later. I've got flash cards. The first thing we have to do is locate the business-slash-residence of one Mister Santa Claus.

FRANK

Great! I forgot to mail him my Christmas list. Now I can tell him in person. I hope he lets me sit on his lap.

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Frank and Joe start to exit.

Hey, Joe, if we get back on the force, will I get my gun back?

JOE

Why do you want a gun? You'll shoot your eye out.

SFX: Music – “Dragnet” march segue ways into jingling bells.

They exit.

SANTA CLAUS enters.

SANTA

Hello boys and girls! *[They greet him.]* Ho ho ho! Not with your mouths full!

SFX: Song – “It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas”

Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer and ELFISH PREZLEY enter.

[Singing.]

It's beginning to look a lot like a Christmas

ELFISH, RUDY & SANTA

[Singing.]

Murder mystery

ELFISH

[Singing.]

Take a look at the audience – waiting in sheer suspense

RUDY

[Singing.]

Poised for lots of laughs and gluttony

SANTA

[Singing.]

It's beginning to look a lot like a Christmas – (show)

ELFISH, RUDY & SANTA

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[Singing.]

Fun and food and more

SANTA

*[Singing.]*But the silliest sight to see is the murder that will be
Right here on the floor.

ELFISH

*[Singing.]*Murder and laughs, some pratfalls and gaffs
It all will be happening here

RUDY

*[Singing.]*Music and jokes, dinners and Cokes
Desserts and maybe a beer

ELFISH

*[Singing.]*And all the folks can hardly wait to see who's killed
this year*Elfish, Rudy and Santa all point to each other.*

SANTA

[Singing.]

It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas

ELFISH, RUDY & SANTA

[Singing.]

Time to do a show

RUDY

*[Singing.]*There's a mystery in the brew –
And one in your salad too
I'm kidding, that's the dressing, don't you know

SANTA

[Singing.]

It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas

ELFISH, RUDY & SANTA

[Singing.]

Soon you will believe

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ELFISH

[Singing.]

And what makes it all worthwhile
Is just bringing you a smile
And the tip you leave –

ELFISH, RUDY & SANTA

[Singing.]

And the tip you leave!

Elfish exits.

RUDY

Hey, Claus, nice signin'. Who was your music teacher?
Myron Cope? Well, you may be singin' another tune in
a couple of minutes.

SANTA

Rudy! What is it? You have another verse to sing? You
better get your fuzzy white tale back to the stables.

RUDY

I really don't know how much flyin' we're gonna be
doin' tonight.

SANTA

What is it? Are Dasher and Dancer fighting again? I
don't need any lover's quarrels. Get Cupid in there to
patch things up.

RUDY

That ain't it, Claus. You see, our labor contract has
expired. And I have been elected the new shop
steward of the Amalgamated Reindeer Local Number
112.

SANTA

Congratulations. I'll put an extra sugar cube in your
stocking.

RUDY

[Handing him the contract.]

Claus, me an' the rest of the boys have a few demands
and we've outlined them in our new labor contract.

SANTA

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What do you want? More time off? You're already on vacation 364 days a year.

SFX: Music – “Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer”

RUDY

[Singing.]

I'm Rudy the new shop steward,
Yeah, I got a shiny nose.
And if you guys don't like it,
Well that's just the way it goes

All of the other reindeer
Look to me to use my wits
They want me to get raises,
Vacation time and benefits.

So, this foggy Christmas Eve
Santa's gonna say:
“Rudy, with your grace and tact –
Let me sign that new contract.”

Then all the reindeer loved him
As they shouted out with glee,
Rudy the new shop steward,
You'll get better hours for me!

SANTA

[To audience.]

I ought to fire him just for his singing.

RUDY

So, just sign the contract now, Claus, and everybody's happy.

SANTA

I'll have my new chief elf look this over.

RUDY

Oh, no, not that jingle bell bruise. I smell trouble.

[Aside.]

Or is that your dinner cooking?

[To Santa.]

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You got until the time these people get their dinners, Claus. If you don't sign it by then, we don't fly. Now, if you'll excuse me, your immenseness, I gotta go place some bets on the Reindeer Games. *[Exit.]*

SANTA

[Yelling after Rudy.]

Hey! Those bets are for entertainment purposes only – right?

[To audience.]

Man, I need a nip o' the nog.

[Drinking from a mug.]

This eggnog tastes terrible!

[Pouring rum into it and drinking.]

Ah! That's better! Nectar of the nog!

Elfish enters talking on her mobile phone.

ELFISH

I'm telling you – we're going to cut them off and hang them from his rear view mirror.

[Looking at Santa.]

Oops – gotta go. Bye, Hillary.

[Putting phone away.]

Ah, just the man I wanted to see! Now that my first Christmas as your chief of staff is smoothly synergized, synchronized and operationalized, it's time we potentialized and future-ized

SANTA

I'm stupifized – speak English, please

ELFISH

[Speaking very slowly.]

We've got to bring you up to date.

SANTA

Oh no. Last time I heard that – the elves were cloning snowmen. There were snow clones everywhere!

[To audience.]

Snow Clones – get it?

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[Pause.]

You don't have to be so frosty.

ELFISH

Santa, get with the program. Cloning is **so** last century.

SANTA

I guess I missed that one.

ELFISH

You sure did. You do know that we had a couple of World Wars?

SANTA

Well, of course! Little Adolph was on the top of my naughty list for years.

ELFISH

Santa, I've analyzed your operation from top to bottom, and do you know what I found?

SANTA

I can explain! I just grow those plants for medicinal purposes.

ELFISH

Santa what I found was waste! It takes four elves to build one toy.

SANTA

Well, elves are short. They have to stand on each other's shoulders to reach the work bench.

ELFISH

It's time to make toys the 21st Century way! No more elves! We're out-sourcing.

SANTA

No more elves? Who will I play poker with?

[Pause.]

I mean – What about tradition?

ELFISH

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[Singing the tune from "Fiddler on the Roof."]
Tradition? **Tradition?** Ha! You say that like it's a **good** thing. This is the new millennium! This isn't a paradigm shift, its a megadigm phonality!

SANTA

[To audience.]
Something's phony, all right.

ELFISH

That's not the only change we're making. These clothes have to go.

SANTA

Oh no you don't! No one likes a naked Santa. Not even **Mrs.** Claus.

ELFISH

Santa, kids don't relate to a fat man in red. You should wear all black. Very goth.

[Pulling at the back of his pants.]
Can you sling these a little lower?

SANTA

[Pulling his pants back up.]
You're gonna sling something else if you're not careful!

ELFISH

[Inspecting him.]
Have you ever considered shaving?

SANTA

My beard?

ELFISH

Your head.

Elfish pulls his cap off.

SANTA

You want Santa to shave his head? I can't! I have lumps. I fall out of the sleigh a lot.

ELFISH

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Of course, your image is only a part of it. Santa, you're out of the loop. Its time to get heads-up ramp up and push the envelope through low-hanging fruit outside the box!

SANTA

You're making me dizzy! And hungry.

ELFISH

We're talking maximizing North Pole productivity for positive proactive potential!

SANTA

Now I gotta pee.

ELFISH

What I am saying is at the end of the day, the bottom line is achieved by mind set on core competencies with due diligence to empower the fast track game plan with a solid results-driven, revenue-positive enterprise!

SANTA

The only word you said that I understood was "enterprise." Are you talking about "Star Trek?"

ELFISH

We just have to take advantage of market conditions.

SANTA

I wouldn't know about that. Mrs. Claus always goes to the market.

ELFISH

Do you realize that Easter has a 42.3% share of the holiday gift-giving market? We could easily own a piece of that pie chart.

SANTA

Sound like a cow pie.

ELFISH

This is a win/win value-added leverage! We could position ourselves to take over all the holidays. Valentines Day. Mothers Day. Even – Arbor Day!

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SFX: Song – “Winter Wonderland”

[Singing.]

Marketing – are you listening?
It’s the thing – and you’re missin’ it
Your old fashion ways – They’ve seen better days –
We’re making you a corporate wonder brand
Gone away – is your old sleigh –
Here to stay the Fed Ex way –
We’ll ship overnight – on a charter flight –
Making you a corporate wonder brand

Even though your stock is in the basement –
We’ll pretend that you are made of gold
I see lots of cash from product placement –
The stocks will split and double what we’ve sold
Later on – we’ll conspire – as we dream by the fire
We’ll pay dividends – to all of our friends –
Making you a corporate wonder brand

SANTA

You want me to work year round? No way! I’m not giving up my vacations to South Beach! After a few weeks in this fur suit, I’m ready to slip into my Speedos.

ELFISH

[To audience.]

The management would like to apologize for ruining your appetites with that image.

SANTA

Listen, you’re really starting to jingle my bells. Okay, Miz Know It All – what are we gonna do about the reindeer strike?

ELFISH

That could be bad. I’ve studied the contracts. If the reindeer go on strike, the elves won’t cross the picket lines to the stables.

SANTA

Well, how am I going to get loaded?

[Pause.]

My sleigh! Get my sleigh loaded.

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ELFISH

I'll Google for some ideas. Maybe we could bring in replacement elves from Norway.

SANTA

Scab elves? But what if my elves quit? Some of those elves have worked for me for over 300 years.

ELFISH

Ouch. Imagine all of them drawing pensions.

SANTA

This is all Rudy's fault! You've got to make this Rudy problem disappear!

ELFISH

Boss, I know exactly what you mean. I'll have it accountably audited and strategically targeted and resulted with extreme prejudice by C-O-B. *[Exit.]*

SANTA

Did she just talk dirty to me?

Santa drifts back in the room as Joe and Frank enter.

SFX: Music – “Dragnet” opening bars – Cut 2.

Santa looks around for where the music is coming from.

JOE

[To audience.]

Two thirty-eight p.m.

SANTA

[To audience.]

He's like one of those Swiss cuckoo clocks.

JOE

[To audience.]

We arrived at the house of Jolly Old St. Nicklas, a.k.a. Kris Kringle, a.k.a. Santa Claus.

SANTA

[To Joe and Frank.]

What can I do for you unexpected visitors?

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JOE

Hello, Mr. Claus. We're the exterminators.

SANTA

I didn't call for any terminators. Besides, Little Arnold is a governor now.

FRANK

No, no, Mr. Claus. We're here to take care of your pests.

SANTA

Good! You can start by getting rid of my chief reindeer.

JOE

We understand your records room is infested with snow worms.

SANTA

Snow worms?

FRANK

Pesky little creatures.

SANTA

I haven't seen anything like that.

JOE

They're white, sir. Very hard to see.

FRANK

But they get everywhere! They may even be in your beard.

SANTA

Not in my beard! Why, I rinse and repeat every day!

JOE

If you could just direct us to your record room, we'll be out of your beard – er, your hair.

SANTA

Come back after New Years. I don't have time for this. I have to go set some deer traps – I mean – fly traps!

[Swatting the air.]

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Pesky buggers.

FRANK

I'm afraid it can't wait, Mr. Claus. Those snow worms can gnaw down the North Pole to a stump in no time flat.

SANTA

You're not exterminators! I smell a rat.

FRANK

It's worse than I thought, Joe. He's got snow rats, too.

SANTA

You boys don't know who you're messing with. I'm Santa Claus. I know what evil lurks in the hearts of men – no, wait! That's the Shadow. What do I know? Oh, yeah!

[Counting on fingers.]

Sleeping – waking – good – bad – I know it all, boys.

Joe and Frank shrug to each other and produce badges. Santa looks at badges

JOE

Mr. Claus, we are here on a very important government mission.

SANTA

So, you're with the government. Why are there trees on your badges? And what is that bear doing in the woods?

JOE

[Pulling badge back.]

Sorry. Wrong badge. I got that one in my Cracker Jacks. I can see, Mr. Claus, its time to be perfectly frank with you.

FRANK

No, I'll be Frank. You be Joe and you be Santa.

JOE

We believe you have information that could help us apprehend the world's most evil villain.

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SANTA

Now, look, Martha Stewart served her time.

JOE

I'll cut to the chase. Make a long story short. Haste makes waste. A stitch in time saves nine.

Frank nudges Joe.

Oh, yes. Mr. Claus, we're looking for the evil terrorist – Obama Sin Llama.

FRANK

Since you know where everyone in the world lives. We were hoping you'd help us find him.

JOE

We intend to apprehend him and put him into custody, according to Section 42, paragraph A, line 73 of the No Terrorist Left Behind Act.

SANTA

And you want me to tell you where he is? Ho ho **no**. I never give anyone that information. Imagine what would happen if my addresses fell into the hands of telemarketers.

JOE

Mr. Claus, we would really appreciate your assistance with this.

FRANK

Pretty please? With sugar on top?

SANTA

Why? So you can get back on the force?

JOE

How did you know that?

SANTA

I'm Santa Claus. I know everything. We just went through this!

[Counting on fingers again.]

If you're sleeping – if you're awake – if you've been bad – or if you're good –

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[Pointing to them]
And I know if you're a fake.

FRANK
So help us out, for goodness' sake.

SANTA
You just want to get back on the force so you'll get
issued a gun. You don't need a gun. You'll shoot your
eye out. *[Exit.]*

FRANK
I guess we'll have to go to Plan C, Joe.

JOE
Plan C? What about Plan B?

FRANK
That one didn't work out so good. You told the truth.
Never a good idea, Joe.

RUDY
[Enters, talking on mobile phone.]
Vito! Your boys are late.

[Pause.]
Oh – they had to make a deposit in the river?

[Seeing Joe and Frank.]
Hey, Vito – they're here. Later.

[Disconnecting, then to Joe and Frank.]
Are you the boys from the union headquarters?

*Joe shakes his head "no" and Frank nods his head
"yes." They see each other and then reverse the
action. They see what they've done and reverse
again.*

Unless you're a couple of Big Al's goons, leanin' on me
for the money. Listen, I'll get the cash! I thought
Seabriscuit was a sure thing in the 5th – I had no idea
the nag had only three legs.

FRANK
[Suddenly Humphry Bogart.]

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That's right, reindeer. We're here to collect.

[Now Edward G. Robinson]

And we're gonna get that money, see?

[Pause, back to Bogart.]

Or else.

RUDY

Those were the worst gangster imitations I ever heard. You ain't those thugs bilking me. There were eight of them. And they all did better Cagneys than you.

FRANK

Cagney?

RUDY

You look more like a couple of dumb cops.

FRANK

No we're not! Tell him, Joe. We're not cops anymore.

RUDY

I bet you don't even have guns.

[To Frank.]

Hell – you'd shoot your eye out!

JOE

[Strong-arming Rudy.]

Look, antler head, you can save us all a lot of time if you'll just tell us where the old man keeps his delivery list.

RUDY

I don't know nothin' about no stinkin' delivery list. I just fly where he tells me. Now stop suppressin' the working class!

[To audience.]

You see this? You see this? He's trying to repress me, here!

Elfish enters.

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There's the one you wanna talk to. But you ain't gonna understand her.

Joe releases Rudy, who exits.

FRANK

Excuse me, ma'am. But we're from the government and we need to inspect your delivery list.

ELFISH

Sorry, but that's a real asynchronous budget-dust zerotask.

JOE

[To Frank.]

The reindeer was right.

[To Elfish.]

What was that, ma'am?

FRANK

[Annoyed.]

An asynchronous budget-dust zerotask, Joe.

[To Elfish.]

I just want to touch base with the grid rage. Is this an operational maturationalism at a critical benchmark?

ELFISH

[Delighted he speaks the language.]

From Day One this is no a win/win twenty-four-seven unactionable slash solutionable strategic fit.

FRANK

[Smiling pleasantly.]

Oh, well that's a new paradigm.

ELFISH

[Smiling, too.]

Ha! It's a risk-management resource-constrained megabust.

JOE

[Confidentially to Frank.]

What did she say?

FRANK

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[Still smiling pleasantly.]

She said she'd help us when hell freezes over.

[To Elfish.]

Is it actionable to facilitate real-time armature?

ELFISH

Negative risk management. You jeopardize
projectizing your optical visioning.

FRANK

She said I'll shoot my eye out.

ELFISH

[To both of them.]

I mean, **there's** a knowledge management brain
drain core objective with a value-added potential
that's positively spamish!

JOE

Sorry, ma'am. I don't speak Spamish.

ELFISH

[Speaking loudly and slowly to him.]

Would you like a drink?

[Gesturing to exit.]

Help yourselves to the cappuccino bar.

FRANK

Oh, no coffee for me. But if there's a donut out there,
that would be swell.

ELFISH

How about you? Café latte and sticky buns?

JOE

Just the snacks, ma'am.

SFX: "Dragnet" opening bars and march.

Joe and Frank exit.