

The right note for murder by Tom Hitchcock

Presenter:

Ladies and Gentlemen. I regret to announce that it appears that the great, talented Mr. Luigi Crotchet has been murdered! He was found in the concert hall slumped over his music stand with his composers baton tight in his grasp.

It would appear that his breve was cut short due to a blow to the head from a xylophone drum stick and strangulation from the bow of a cello. The cleaner says she heard him scream in a fortepiano followed by silence. (*Beat*) for those of you who aren't musical, a fortepiano indicates that a note is to be played with a loud attack and then immediately becomes soft, most males here will have some experience of that.

At the time Mr. Crotchet was the only one in the concert hall. He was practicing on his own before the rehearsal was to start in half an hour's time for his brand new piece of music. Now we shall never know what his new masterpiece would sound like as the music papers are missing. So my dear friends, we ask, neigh demand you to don your detective hats and solve this terrible case.

To aid you in your quest to solve the murder, you shall now hear some extracts from throughout the day, leading up to the discovery of the death of the late, great Mr Luigi Crotchet.

Scene 1:

SFX – Symphony No.5 in C Minor op.67 "Fate"

Mr Treble Clef:

Cor Blimey! What a bleedin' mess in here!! It's disgraceful the state that lot leave rehearsal room 1 in! I mean it's filthy! Looks like an orgy has taken place. Ol' Luigi is going to have to start coughing up more money for all of these repairs. The ol tight wad still owes me for the last two times it's happened. (*does an Italian accent*) "I'lla paya you backa, as soona asa my master piece is finished; hay!"

I reckon things are going down the swanny rather quick for him unless he can get this new album finished, AND, if he don't pay me soon I'll shove that flute, Miss Toot plays, so far up his whatnot that he'll be able to talk and make a tune at the same time.

Hello, what's this? Not like him to leave that little statue of a Crotchet laying around. He normally takes it to every rehearsal and puts it next to his music stand for luck and then locks it in his office for safe keeping after.

Solid gold that. Would be a shame if it somehow got lost whilst cleaning.! Nah I can't do that to him no matter how much he owes me.... Or can I? ... What if it fell in the bin like? And accidentally, got thrown out with all the other rubbish in 'ere? (*chuckles to himself*) Whoops! Did something fall in my bin? Oh dear!! (*Loudly*) Hello who's that?! Oh it's you! I want a word with you!

Presenter: Whilst in rehearsal room 3.

Mr Bello: (*Loudly*) Here, did you just see that?

Mr Quaver: See what?

Mr Bello: Oi Miss Saxophone and Jim Mix-it come out of the recording booth together. Oh she didn't half look flustered – hair a mess and him doing his tie up!

Mrs. Double Sharp: Absolutely no shame that woman! She will do anything to get a recording deal. She must have got halfway through the men's voice choir by now, as well as the orchestra!

Mr Quaver: Keeps her busy I guess.

Mr Bello: What are you doing there?

Mr Quaver: Polishing my triangle.

Mr Keys: oooo Slow down else you'll wear the metal down dear. I thought I was the only one who could move my hands like that!

Mrs Natural: All the excitement of Miss Saxophone's escapades lighting a fire within hey Quiver, I mean Quaver?

Mr Quaver: err...

Mrs Natural: She's all false you know. You need something more natural to think about. Far less complicated that way.

Mr Quaver: It's a nervous disposition I have.

Mr Bello: (*Loudly*) I know what you mean. I'm quite a shy and timid beast myself!

Mr Bash: They've got to be careful you know. Luigi won't be happy if he finds out. He's already stressed out enough as it is. I heard him having ago at Mrs Double reed this morning. Tore a strip right off her. Something to do with the choice of colour of her oboe, wasn't suited to his orchestra.

Mr Bello: (*loudly*) You don't mean.

Mr Bash: Shhsss. Yes I do. He shouted at her that she will be kicked out if she doesn't change it!

Mrs Natural: Anything the length of an oboe should definitely be black in colour – stands to reason.

Mr Keys: Couldn't agree more.

Mr Quaver: I did think getting her pink oboe out in public was a little too risky .

Mr Keys: Depends what party you're at!

Mrs Double Sharp: Enough of this nonsense and tittle tattle. Luigi can't get rid of her just because of the colour of her oboe – its obscene. I shall have a stern word with him.

Mr Keys: Last time she had a stern word with luigi she verbally attacked him in a Glissando fashion and branded him with a bold double bar line across the forehead before leaving the room.

Mr Quaver: And bent my triangle whilst at it. Took me weeks to straighten it.

Presenter: Whilst we leave those in rehearsal room Two, floundering with tittle tattle, may I direct you towards the corridor. Just outside Mr Crotchet's office, where we find Ms Semi-Quaver waiting out of sight, poised like a panther.

SFX – door opening, and footsteps.

Ms Semi-quaver: And what do you think you're doing?

Miss Toot: Oh Ms Semi-Quaver, you startled me.

Ms Semi-quaver: What have you been up to in Mr Crotchets office?

Miss Toot: I..Err..what I mean to say is. I've been having a discussion with Mr Crotch ... I mean Mr Crotchet about the upcoming rehearsal on his new piece of music. Most interesting. I fell to my knees with joy when hearing it.

Ms Semi-quaver: I bet you did... You know Miss Toot, There are certain rumours beginning to emerge around you and Mr Luigi. You know you should be careful, as he isn't completely decided upon which team he wishes to play for. You could get hurt.

Miss Toot: What are you insinuating?

Ms Semi-Quaver: I insinuate nothing my dear girl. Too many players are upon that pitch trying to establish a team. You would become known as a Triplet! Three quarter notes played in the space that would normally contain two! So heed my warning.

Miss Toot: Is that a threat?

Ms Semi-Quaver: Believe what you will. But one of you will come off worse if you carry on this behaviour, mark my words.

Miss Toot: Why you're nothing but a flow of air across an opening. Making a noise but no real note as you haven't got your fingers pressing the right keys.

Ms Semi-Quaver: I did not get to become his promotions manager without knowing exactly what I am promoting. He knows already that he mustn't meddle else he will fall into troubles that you aren't aware of.

Miss Toot: What do you mean?

Ms Semi-quaver: Nothing that needs concern you, but one way or another you will find out.

SFX – Carmina Burana "O Fortuna" plays briefly.

Presenter: It would appear that the mouse has been caught by the cat! However, further down the corridor we twist and turn dear guests, till we come across...

Mr Alto: *(as if calling after him)* Mr Mix-it! *(Surprised)* Oh hello Miss Saxophone. Didn't realise you were there. You look ...er... I'll come back later.

Mr Mix-it: No, No, it's fine we were er, just finishing up a recording of her solo. Showing me how good her blowing capacity was, now she's done her breathing exercises. Improved no end!

Miss Saxophone: I aim to please. Got to give the sound guys what they want!

Mr Alto: Especially if you want a record deal – hey, hey!

Miss Saxophone: I don't know what you mean!

Mr Alto: Look we all know how you got this gig – lets just say your mouth piece made a good vibration along the instrument of someone's body.

Miss Saxophone: How dare you!

Mr Alto: That's how you play the saxophone isn't it? Sound is made when a reed on a mouth piece vibrates to create a sound wave down the instruments body? Then it's all the fingering to master to create different notes?

Mr Mix-it: Yes, I think we will leave that conversation there.

Miss Saxophone: I am not done with you Mr Alto! I shall speak to Luigi about this, this harassment! You keep doing this to me – bullying in the workplace.

Mr Mix-it: Now calm down Miss Saxophone, I am sure its all in good humour. After all I'm sure you give as good, if not better, than you get.

Miss Saxophone: I am a professional saxophonist! I am good at my job and I will have my way with Mr Luigi Crotchet and have you dismissed Mr Alto. Good day to you!

Mr Alto: I wonder what's got up her today? Seems very out of sorts.

Mr Mix-it: You were looking for me?

Mr Alto: Yes I was. I was wondering, have you had a look at this?

Mr Mix-it: Is that the account book? Why have you got that?

Mr Alto: It just happened to be laying around and I stumbled upon it. Thought you may be interested to know a few things. Not that I am one to meddle with other peoples affairs; but, as one man to another, it wouldn't be cricket if I didn't inform you of an peculiarities in the monetary area.

Mr Mix-it: And what do you get out of this exchange ?

Mr Alto: Now, that is for your ears only! Shall we conflag in your booth?

Mr Mix-it: I believe we better.

Presenter: And off they went to Mr Mix-it's recording booth to discuss in private.

Mrs Double Reed: How dare you. I shall take you to court over this you utter bastard!

SFX – Door slamming

Miss Saxophone: Mrs Double Reed! Whatever is the matter?

Mrs Double Reed: Its that self-righteous PIG in there! He doesn't like the colour of my oboe and has said if I don't change it I'm gone from his orchestra!

Miss Saxophone: Surely he can't do that to you! What did you say?

Mrs Double Reed: I told him in no uncertain terms am I changing the colour – orange with blue spots and yellow stars is perfectly fine to have in this present day and age of multi acceptance. If my oboe wants to identify as a child's kaleidoscope in design, then it shall. I will not tolerate any hatred to my oboe! Honestly people these days are so terrible - they'll be gluing themselves to roads next!

Miss Saxophone: Well, that was very brave of you. I mean we all know Luigi can have a fearful temper on him when he wants too. But perhaps, a duller colour would more suit your oboe for this new piece of music?

Mrs Double Reed: You're just the same as him – prejudice! I thought you were my friend. I will now leave you with the same words I did him : If you don't stop being oboephobic I will shove that conductors baton where the sun doesn't shine you git!