

Decoding a Murder

Make Your own Murder Party was a unique program released by Electronic Arts in 1986. It contained two mysteries, "The Big Kill" written by Ron Martinez and "Empire" written by Ann-Byrd Platt, and was programmed by Martinez and Bill Herdle. It was unique because the computer was not used to play the game, it was a tool used to fashion and print a seemingly unending supply of original scenarios, tailored to the group of friends who would gather to try and sort out the mystery. The program would pull from a plethora of random story elements to create personalized invitations, clue booklets and props, host instructions, and would even print the envelopes for you.

"The Big Kill" features the apparent unexpected suicide of famed Hollywood actor Jeremy Summers, and some surprisingly racy themes! "Empire" features the startling accidental overdose and death of the exceedingly wealthy Rose Hips, recent widow of pharmaceutical tycoon Ferris Smith.

As a teenager in high school my friends and I gathered to play a game of "Empire" and we had a lot of fun. I was hooked on the concept of murder parties, plus I was fascinated to know how the game could sculpt a truly unique mystery... and wondered what text was actually on the disk? I looked at the data in a hex editor and tried to see if there was any pattern to it, but I had no idea about text compression at the time, and little understanding of assembly language (ASM). Recently over Christmas break of 2022 I found my original disk, and with a better understanding I resolved to finally have a real look at it.

Remember: You don't just play MURDER PARTY. You live it.

And now, after a week of digging through the program's code and comparing several different disk images for the Commodore, Apple and IBM PC versions, I have finally deciphered the elusive elements that are used to create every Murder Party! (The text data is the same for all three computer systems, by the way. Also the extracted text isn't a particularly engaging read... It's sort of a random jumble of sentences and phrases which are chosen by the program as needed.)

In deciding how to proceed, I knew that the screen text had to be compressed on the same disk along with the story text, so it would be a good place to start. I fired up the Commodore emulator and loaded up a disk image of Murder Party. When the program started printing the descriptive text on the screen, I broke into the monitor and stepped through the code, saving it to a file as I went. ASM is fascinatingly simple: imagine that you have just three boxes (A, X and Y) which hold just one number each, and everything that happens in the computer must be done within these boxes in tiny little incremental steps which are taken at incredible speed. But the steps are so very simple that it quickly becomes overwhelming to follow along — imagine learning to play piano, but you must be told how to move every joint in your fingers!

After a few iterations I could see that there was bit-isolation and bit-shifting going on, so I could tell that the text was likely compressed using a short bit pattern system. I saw the standard Commodore \$FFD2 routine which is used to print a character to the screen. By using the Monitor output file I was able to follow the values printed and trace them backward to see where they originated. In this way I was able to home in on the actual bit manipulation routines, and figure out how the compression was decoded. Murder Party manages to cram nearly 200,000 characters — 85 pages of raw text when printed as Courier 11 point — on one side of an 80s floppy disk with plenty of room to spare! But how?

A Brief and Simplified Explanation of Characters, Bytes, Bits and Compression

We'll need a quick explanation of bits, bytes and compression, but it will be necessarily simplistic both for brevity's sake and so as not to bore the mildly curious non-programmer.

Every letter on the screen of a C64, Apple II and presumably an IBM PC of the era (I'm just a Commodore and Apple II user) is represented by a number — called a "byte" by us nerdy programmer types. We rarely talk about these bytes in the normal, 0-9 "decimal" way. No, we prefer to speak in "hexadecimal notation" of \$00-\$FF, just to keep normal people on their toes! (\$00-\$FF are the decimal numbers 0-255

by the way.) A byte is made up of a series of eight bits — 1s and 0s — which collectively represent that number. But one byte can represent a whopping 255 different characters, and since we only need about 90 characters in English including lowercase, caps, symbols and numbers, it isn't necessary to use all 8 bits to represent a letter. (In fact they rarely are, and it would be wasteful to do so! Nowadays this often happens in the background without the programmer needing to put much thought into it.) Since disk space was at such a premium in the 80s, if a program used lots of text, it was important to save as much room as possible when storing it.

Murder Party uses five bits to represent each character, which allows values from 0 to 31. So a total of 32 "codes" to represent our character set... Codes 6-31 cover the 26 letters of the alphabet in lowercase, but leaves only 6 codes available. How are numbers, punctuation and uppercase encoded? Recall that we need about 90 codes! Murder Party uses code 3 to turn capitalization on and off, so now all the uppercase letters can use the same codes they used when they were little. So 52 characters down, but only 4 codes left. Code 5 is used for a "space" character, and code 4 represents a space followed by a single uppercase letter — a memory-saving luxury, but now we're down to only 3 codes! No need to worry, code 2 represents shifting to an alternate character set; which means another 31 characters to play with! These alternate-codes give us all the punctuation and numbers we'll need.

The remaining two codes are 0 — which is the standard "end of line" indicator for the end of a block of text, such as a sentence, paragraph or short phrase depending on the program's needs — and 1, a very special code which represents to Murder Party that it must make a choice between multiple pieces of text, or customize the text with a player's name or a characteristic about them.

You may recall that I stated that each byte is represented by 8 bits, and that each code uses only 5 bits to represent a character, and you may be thinking that the compression is wasting 3 bits. But Murder Party doesn't waste a single one of those bits. This is how bit compression works: for the remaining 3 bits, we steal three from the next code to fill that space. The remaining two bits are put in the next byte, leaving 6 bits free. We put the next code, all 5 bits, right after the first two, then steal the next bit from the next code. This process of stealing bits continues until we have 8 character codes made up of 5 bits each lined up in 5 bytes: 11111222 22333334 44445555 56666677 77788888 Eight characters represented by five bits each, packed into only five bytes; we just saved 3 whole bytes! It may not seem like much, but after Murder Party's roughly 200,000 characters are condensed, it really adds up!

Decoding the Compressed Text

That was how the text was encoded on the back side of the disk. How do we then decode it? In ASM, Murder Party uses creative bit-shifting. Remember those three boxes I spoke of earlier? Well, I might have lied a bit there. (I did warn you that it was an overly simplistic explanation!) There is also the Flag Register, which contains a few more tools — eight of them to be exact — called flags which are used to indicate various important things. These flags can be up or down, 1 or 0. Does this sound familiar? The flags are bits, and the Flag Register is just a byte in disguise! The Flag Register is used to indicate when certain conditions have occurred, like that we performed a mathematical calculation which resulted in either a negative value, or a value greater than 255. Some of the flags can even be used to temporarily hold a bit or two, which we'll be doing a lot of soon.

Byte 1: 11111222

Byte 2: 22333334

Byte 3: 44445555

Byte 4: 56666677

Byte 5: 77788888

Using our bit patterns above, it's very easy to get codes 1, 3, 6 and 8. We just erase the unwanted bits and push the remaining bits to the right. This all happens in the A box, or the Accumulator Register, as it's

the only register which can manipulate bits. (This process doesn't alter the original value, "A" just contains a copy of the byte. The X and Y Registers do important things too, but A is the real workhorse with several more tools available.) The remaining codes 2, 4, 5 and 7 require a few simple additional steps. I say "simple", but in ASM the incremental steps required to perform these simple processes can end up looking a little like spaghetti; confusing and difficult to follow.

Here is the exact method Murder Party uses to decode the text data:

Step 1: First we copy our byte into the Accumulator so we can manipulate the bits. We only need the left 5 bits, but they need to be on the right. So we push them over with three LSRs — Logical Shift Right — which forces the three bits on the right to fall off into the void never to be seen again. (Actually each discarded bit goes briefly into the Flag Register — specifically into the Carry Flag — one by one, pushing the previous bit into oblivion. Zeros will fill in the newly-vacated leftmost bits.) Now we have our code. We store it somewhere and can then go evaluate it further. But first, let's see how the other codes are isolated.

Here's the ASM for Code 1:

```
LDA byte (LoaD byte into A) 11111222 get First Byte
LSR A 01111122 Carry Flag: 2
LSR A 00111112 Carry Flag: 2 gone forever: 2
LSR A 00011111 Carry Flag: 2 gone forever: 2
```

*(The numbers in the 2nd column just tell us which bit belongs to which code. Bits can **only** be 1 or 0. In this step we don't really care about the Carry Flag, but I show it for completeness.)*

Step 2: We copy our previous byte back into A to get the last three bits. We need to erase — or mask out — the 5 leftmost bits. To mask these bits, we AND the byte with \$07 (decimal 7), which has the bit pattern: 00000111. The zeros will turn off all the bits we don't care about, turning them all to zeros, and the ones will retain whatever pattern is already there. We store the result somewhere in Zero Page (the first 255 bytes of memory).

Now we get our next byte into A. We need the left 2 bits, so we mask out the rest with AND \$C0 (decimal 192). You can probably already guess, but \$C0's bit pattern is 11000000.

Now things get complicated! We start with CLC, or CLear the Carry Flag. This clears all the cobwebs out of the Carry Flag bit and sets it to zero. Next we push the bit pattern to the *left*, but this time we want to save the leftmost bit from falling away into the ether and store it safely in the Carry Flag so we can use it later. For this we use ROL, or ROTate Left. This will push the pattern left, kick the zero bit in the Carry Flag out, and "rotate" the saved bit into it. The evicted Carry Flag bit is not lost forever with a ROL, instead it is "rotated" into the rightmost position of our byte (which is why we CLear the Carry to zero before we shifted our bits.).

Now we have Code 2 broken up into three places: one bit in A, one bit in the Carry Flag and three bits in Zero Page. With ORA, we overlay our Zero Page value onto the byte in A, which seems to be nonsensical, but it will all come together soon enough:

```
A: 20000000
ORA Zero Pg: 00000222
A = 20000222
```

We ROL twice more, which shuffles the leftmost bits through the Carry, and onto the right side of the Accumulator bit pattern:

```
Carry: 2
A: 20000222
```

Carry: 2
A: 00002222

Carry: 0
A: 00022222

Code 2 is now complete! Here's the ASM:

```
LDA byte           11111222           get First Byte again
AND #07           00000111 (mask; 0=erase, 1=keep)
A = 00000222
STA $00,X           (Store the Accumulator in the Xth position of Zero Page)
LDA next byte      22333334           get Second Byte
AND #C0           11000000 (mask)
A = 22000000
CLC               Carry: 0
ROL A             20000000           Carry: 2
ORA $00,X         20000222 (OR A with the value we stored in Zero Page: 00000222)
ROL A             00002222           Carry: 2
ROL A             00022222           Carry: 0
(in "AND #07" and "AND #C0" above, the # means to use the value 7 or 192, not the contents of memory location $07 or $C0.)
```

Step 3: This one's easy. We just want the middle 5 bits, so we copy our current byte back into A, mask away the bits we don't need and push the whole thing right. (We don't strictly need to mask the bits on the right, and Murder Party didn't do it for Code 1, but it's Good Programming Practice. Pushing bits around affects flags which might confuse our program later. Better safe than sorry!)

Here's the ASM:

```
LDA byte           22333334           get Second Byte again
AND #3E           00111110 (mask)
A = 00333330
LSR A             00033333           Carry Flag: 0 (we don't really care about the Carry)
```

Step 4: We copy our current byte into A for one more dissection. We only want the very first bit on the right, so we AND it with \$01. Again not strictly necessary but good practice. We need to save this bit in the Carry, so we ROR it — ROTate Right (ROR also happens to move whatever is in the Carry into the leftmost bit of the Accumulator, but we don't care about that in this step, since all we wanted was to save the one bit we put in the Carry Flag.)

Now that we have our single bit stored safely in the Carry register, we get our next byte. We need the four bytes on the left, so we mask out the four on the right. Then we ROL the pattern to push it left, moving the saved Carry bit onto the right side. We ROL another four times, spinning the bits off the left side of our Accumulator byte, through the Carry, and back onto the right side. Now we have our fourth code.

Again, the ASM:

```
LDA byte           22333334           Second Byte
AND #01           00000001
A = 00000004
ROR A             00000000           Carry: 4
LDA $00,X         44445555           Carry: 4           Third Byte
```

```

AND #$0F          11110000 (mask)
                   A =  44440000
ROL A             44400004    Carry: 4
ROL A             44000044    Carry: 4
ROL A             40000444    Carry: 4
ROL A             00004444    Carry: 4
ROL A             00044444    Carry: 0

```

Step 5: We're now halfway through a set of codes, and the decoding process is mirrored. And just to be confusing, here instead of continuing with the current byte, we need to get the *next one first*, and come back to the current byte in a moment. We only want the leftmost bit of this brand-new byte, so once again we'll ROL it into the Carry. Now we go back to the *previous* byte, AND it with \$0F to mask out the 4 bits on the left, and ROL it to bring the Carry into the right side. Code 5 is *accompli!*

```

LDA next byte    56666677          Fourth Byte
ROL A             66666770    Carry:5
LDA previous byte 44445555    Carry:5    Third Byte again
AND #$0F          00001111 (mask)
                   A =  00005555    Carry:5
ROL A             00055555    Carry:0

```

Step 6: Another easy one. We get the **most recent (or current)** byte again, AND it with \$7C to mask all but the middle bytes, and LSR it twice to push it to the right.

```

LDA current byte 56666677          Fourth Byte makes a comeback
AND #$7C          01111100 (mask)
                   A =  06666600
LSR A             00666660    Carry Flag: 0 (again, we don't care about the Carry in Step 6.)
LSR A             00066666    Carry Flag: 0 gone forever: 0

```

Step 7: Now we're in the home stretch! We get our current byte again, AND it with \$03 to mask out all but the rightmost 2 bytes, and store the result in Zero Page.

We get the next and final byte into the Accumulator, AND it with \$E0 to mask the right 5 bits, and CLEAr the Carry. Then we ROL the leftmost bit into the Carry, which also moves all the bits to the left. We then ORA our previously saved byte, overlaying that bit pattern on the one in the accumulator. Another three ROLs (“♪ ROL ROL ROL your byte! ♪”) gives us our seventh pattern by bringing the Carry bit into the right side, and moving the leftmost bit through the Carry and onto the right end.

```

LDA current byte    56666677          Fourth Byte yet again
AND #$03          00000011 (mask)
                   A =  00000077
STA $00,X          (STore the Accumulator in the Xth position of Zero Page)
LDA next byte      77788888          Fifth Byte
AND #$E0          11100000
                   A =  77700000
CLC                Carry:0
ROL A             77000000    Carry:7
ORA $00,X          77000077 (OR A with the value we STored in Zero Page: 00000077)

```

ROL A	7000777	Carry 7
ROL A	0007777	Carry 7
ROL A	0077777	Carry 0

Step 8: Finally, our last code is “super easy, barely an inconvenience!” We get our current byte, AND it with \$1F to retain the right five bits, and we’re done. Then it’s Wash, Rinse and Repeat until we’ve decoded as much text as needed.

LDA byte	7788888	Fifth Byte again
AND #\$1F	0001111	
A =	0008888	

Once we have our codes, we can’t just print them to the screen. Each code is a compressed value, and the computer doesn’t know anything about compression schemes. It needs the original 8-bit value of the character before it can print it.

First Murder Party determines if the code represents a capital or lowercase letter, alternate character set, or a special code. If it’s a printable character, Murder Party adds a value to the code to turn it into a standard ASCII value. Then the character is stored in a mini buffer. When that buffer is full, these bytes are copied to the screen with proper formatting. On the Commodore 64 an additional step is performed as the characters are copied to the screen, because the C64 uses a character table which differs from ASCII, called PETSCII — “PET” for the original Commodore PET computer.

The special codes (1 and 0) are acted upon depending on the part of the program being used. The following is a Pretty Good Guess on how they work most of the time for The Big Kill. (Empire uses some of these techniques, but mostly relies upon a Search and Replace method of personalizing each game.)

Code 0 indicates that the end of the current text has been reached. The program will then do whatever it needs to do: search for the next text string, get user input, send a form feed to the printer, etc. Code 0 also resets the decoder to start at the beginning of the decoding process for the next section of encoded text. Code 0 is often followed by one, two or three “space” characters (hex \$20, or decimal 32) which may indicate something to the program, but they are not part of the printed text.

Code 1 indicates that the program must either insert a specific bit of text or make a choice between multiple phrases. Inserted text can include user-typed text such as a player’s name, hair color, school attended or favorite magazine, or it can mean inserting an identifying word such as “he” or “she.” Choices are often an incomplete sentence followed by some different phrases to complete the sentence, which are chosen either by random or are written differently depending on the murder scenario or character list. For inserted text, code 1 is always followed by two bytes which I believe may be the memory address of an array entry which either point to the word or name in memory, or point to a routine which handles the insertion. (The bytes are different for each computer system.)

Empire uses some of the above methods, but mostly watches for the original character names and replaces them with the guest names, it uses code 0 not only to indicate the end of text, but also when there are choices and some insertions. It uses code 1 for male/female identifiers and some insertions. This leads me to believe that while The Big Kill seems to be more reactive to the text data and codes, Empire’s programming is much more controlling of the text data, already anticipating the next insertion. Again, this is not a thorough analysis. The program code is quite complicated to sort out, if for no other reason than the fact that it’s ASM spaghetti code.

Other Observations

While looking through the various disk images, I discovered a few interesting things:

The Text: The text is exactly the same for the Apple, Commodore and PC versions. The only differences are the replacements codes, which I believe are memory location pointers to either user-typed personalized text, or to routines which handle the personalized text, perhaps even both. The extracted text is interesting, but not a particularly engaging read; it's just a bunch of paragraphs and phrases seemingly randomly spread across several pages with little coherence. (After all, it must anticipate several different scenarios!)

There are several small text snippets throughout the file which do not appear to be part of the game, such as "STUB" and "This is a test message." Perhaps there are more, longer passages which weren't used?

At one point, a name replacement code appears, followed by the name "Laurie" from The Big Kill. I would imagine that this would print the name of the guest playing Laurie, followed by the character name Laurie. I'm not sure if this is the case or not, a "bug" or perhaps even abandoned/unused text?

Disk Images: Although there are hundreds of download sites with differently-named disk images for Murder Party, when compared digitally there are only four different versions for the C64, and two different versions for the Apple II. One of the C64 disk images contains a long and amusing rant from one hacker complaining about another hacker, which is hidden in the unused areas on Side A. One C64 disk image duplicates a small section of text data right at the very end of the disk; this is just junk data and has no bearing on the actual program.

All of the Apple II DSK* images available online are missing a good portion of text data. This problem can be seen when adding Paba or Thad to Empire, and would cause the document printouts to be missing a great deal of text. To see if your copy is missing text, try adding Paba or Thad to Empire. At the bottom of the screen, the program will ask questions regarding each guests' personal traits, and due to the missing text data, this area ends up blank for Paba and Thad. (My Decoder program will also let you know if your disk image is incomplete.)

[*The "WOZ" disk image shared by PhilZ (aka iatkos) on the AppleFritter forum, as well as my fixed DSK image below are not missing any text data.]

I was able to repair the Apple DSK image by copying the missing data from the Commodore version to the Apple version and updating the replacement text pointers. The resulting data is identical to the WOZ disk image. I have shared the fixed copy of this disk image here:

https://www.mediafire.com/file/lftmj511bt6owx6/Make_Your_Own_Murder_Party_-_Side_B_-_Fixed.dsk/file

However even with the text data repaired, all of the readily-found Apple II disk images online are fundamentally broken (including the WOZ image.) When you have completed entering your guest data and decide to print your documents, the game jumps to an incorrect routine and gets stuck in a loop asking for Side A instead of choosing a murderer and printing your party. I haven't figured out if this is a bug on the disk, or a product of copy protection, but I plan to look into it and post my findings here on the AppleFritter forum: <https://www.applefritter.com/content/murder-party-electronic-arts>

And a final observation: Murder Party has no qualms about erasing the program disk with game data! Of course this doesn't matter nowadays — if you're using a retail disk it's already write-protected, if you're using a disk image with an emulator you can just download it again — but if you find your disk image suddenly starts acting weird, you may have missed a "disk swap" message and it may have written over itself!

Keep it BASIC – The Decoder

I'm a big fan of BASIC, so to decode Murder Party's text data I wrote a simple program in Chipmunk BASIC for Windows. I wouldn't recommend Chipmunk BASIC for serious work — it's quite buggy* — but for quick and dirty projects like this it'll work in a pinch. I've included the BASIC Murder Party Decoder program in this zip file in case anyone wants to play with it. You can download Chipmunk BASIC here:

<http://www.nicholson.com/rhn/basic/>

*[*A quote from Chipmunk BASIC's creator: "Bugs - Many. Perhaps competitive with Central American rain forests."]*

Unfortunately, Chipmunk BASIC's file input method interprets the hex codes \$1A and \$FF as "end of file" markers and won't read beyond them. There are a lot of these codes scattered throughout the Murder Party data. To circumvent this, I have included *text file* versions of each disk image (Apple/Commodore/PC) which are to be used with the decoder program.

If you want to create a text file yourself, you will need to obtain a Commodore D64, Apple DSK or PC IMG disk image (the program doesn't work with G64 or WOZ or any other type of file.) Open the Murder Party Side B disk image in a hex editor such as HxD. (The PC disk image combines Side A and Side B into a single file, so just open that). Copy all the hex codes and paste them into a text document. The new file must follow the pattern of two characters followed by a space. Save the new file as:

"Murder Side B C64.txt "	for the Commodore 64 version,
"Murder Side B Apple.txt "	for Apple II, or
"Murder Side AB PC.txt"	for PC.

All the files must be in the same directory as Chipmunk BASIC's EXE file. Open Chipmunk BASIC and type the following at the ">" prompt:

```
>load "Murder Party Decoder.bas"  
>run
```

At the prompt, choose your data file format — 1 for Commodore, 2 for Apple, and 3 for PC. The Decoder will create a new file called:

```
"Murder Party Text C64.txt"  
"Murder Party Text Apple.txt"  
"Murder Party Text PC.txt"
```

(It will also overwrite any existing files with the same name.)

The Decoder will begin sifting through the data. The Apple version is one solid block of data, the C64 version is two blocks interrupted by the disk directory in the middle, and the PC version is several blocks of text data (Side B) interlaced between several blocks of Murder Party program data (Side A).

When it completes, it will either display a summary of the scan, or it will complain that the end of data or end of file was reached unexpectedly. This can happen if your disk image is corrupt (such as the bad Apple images shared across the internet.) If the text file you created with your hex editor is not formatted properly, the scan may appear to complete successfully, but the output text file will be a mess.

And in Conclusion...

That's it! I hope you enjoyed reading this lengthy description of Murder Party's compression method, and will find something interesting in the Murder Party text! I realize this work will only be of interest to an exceedingly small audience, but I've always wanted to know what's on the data disk, and I might as well share my findings! Perhaps this discussion will inspire someone to decipher how Murder Party creates a new game scenario, or maybe even create a Murder Party construction set! Thanks for joining me on this adventure!

Michael Bean

mikeebear @ Lemon64 forum, gmontag451 @ AppleFritter forum

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Overview of Special Codes

The following chart includes all the special codes for Murder Party and what they appear to be used for. A question mark means I couldn't figure out what it does simply from consulting a sample printout. In Empire, much of the personalized text utilizes search and replace techniques rather than special codes.

A few of the guest traits are handled within the program code with Code 0 locations instead of Code 1:

The Big Kill: what animal Tim resembles, a famous person Allan resembles, and Tom's favorite expression ("Jeremy once said that [Tim] would probably be reincarnated as a [animal]", "He wanted to look like Mel Gibson, but apparently the doc had the shakes and the patient ended up looking sort of like [famous person]", and "This stagehand didn't hear much, but he thinks he heard this: "[expression]").)

Empire: the "month and day of Saturday the week before the invitations will be mailed out" (asked during Carla's data entry — "Rose Hips died mid-afternoon on her birthday, [date]."

There are two guest attributes which I don't believe are used, at least not in the Commodore 64 version*:

The Big Kill: Alexis's hair color; I believe that the following passage refers to Alexis, and there's a zero code in the text data between "lock of" and "hair" which for some reason results in a double-space when printed: "One of the earliest letters contained a tiny dried-up frog's eye, some moldy mushrooms, and a lock of hair."

Empire: The last school Skip attended; "Skip seemed ever so happy at Harvard" Harvard was probably meant to be replaced but for whatever reason it isn't.

[*These issues may have been corrected in the Apple and PC versions. I was only able to generate a printout from the Commodore 64 version; the Apple II disk images shared online appear to be broken, or their copy-protection was not completely defeated; and I didn't feel like finding and learning how to use a PC emulator — I'll leave these mysteries for someone else to solve!]

Apple	Commodore	PC	Used for	# Occurrences
{code 1 \$EE \$26}	{code 1 \$74 \$2A}	{code 1 \$66 \$3A}	Alexis alias	19
{code 1 \$F2 \$26}	{code 1 \$78 \$2A}	{code 1 \$6A \$3A}	Tim alias	21
{code 1 \$F6 \$26}	{code 1 \$7C \$2A}	{code 1 \$6E \$3A}	May alias	19
{code 1 \$FA \$26}	{code 1 \$80 \$2A}	{code 1 \$72 \$3A}	Allan alias	12
{code 1 \$FE \$26}	{code 1 \$84 \$2A}	{code 1 \$76 \$3A}	Laurie alias	14
{code 1 \$02 \$27}	{code 1 \$88 \$2A}	{code 1 \$7A \$3A}	Jackie alias	13
{code 1 \$06 \$27}	{code 1 \$8C \$2A}	{code 1 \$7E \$3A}	Teddy alias	18
{code 1 \$0A \$27}	{code 1 \$90 \$2A}	{code 1 \$82 \$3A}	Tom alias	15
{code 1 \$0E \$27}	{code 1 \$94 \$2A}	{code 1 \$86 \$3A}	Allan name	4
{code 1 \$12 \$27}	{code 1 \$98 \$2A}	{code 1 \$8A \$3A}	?	1
{code 1 \$16 \$27}	{code 1 \$9C \$2A}	{code 1 \$8E \$3A}	Allan alias	1
{code 1 \$1A \$27}	{code 1 \$A0 \$2A}	{code 1 \$92 \$3A}	Director pseudonym (ie. "A. Person")	1
{code 1 \$1E \$27}	{code 1 \$A4 \$2A}	{code 1 \$96 \$3A}	?	1
{code 1 \$22 \$27}	{code 1 \$A8 \$2A}	{code 1 \$9A \$3A}	?	1
{code 1 \$26 \$27}	{code 1 \$AC \$2A}	{code 1 \$9E \$3A}	?	1
{code 1 \$2A \$27}	{code 1 \$B0 \$2A}	{code 1 \$A2 \$3A}	Tim Alias	1
{code 1 \$2E \$27}	{code 1 \$B4 \$2A}	{code 1 \$A6 \$3A}	Jackie Name	8
{code 1 \$32 \$27}	{code 1 \$B8 \$2A}	{code 1 \$AA \$3A}	May alias	1
{code 1 \$36 \$27}	{code 1 \$BC \$2A}	{code 1 \$AE \$3A}	Laurie alias	1
{code 1 \$3A \$27}	{code 1 \$C0 \$2A}	{code 1 \$B2 \$3A}	Alexis alias	1
{code 1 \$3E \$27}	{code 1 \$C4 \$2A}	{code 1 \$B6 \$3A}	Director pseudonym (ie." A. Person")	9
{code 1 \$46 \$27}	{code 1 \$CC \$2A}	{code 1 \$BE \$3A}	Allan alias	1
{code 1 \$4A \$27}	{code 1 \$D0 \$2A}	{code 1 \$C2 \$3A}	Choice	1
{code 1 \$4E \$27}	{code 1 \$D4 \$2A}	{code 1 \$C6 \$3A}	?	1
{code 1 \$52 \$27}	{code 1 \$D8 \$2A}	{code 1 \$CA \$3A}	First initial (ie. "A")	1
{code 1 \$56 \$27}	{code 1 \$DC \$2A}	{code 1 \$CE \$3A}	?	1
{code 1 \$5A \$27}	{code 1 \$E0 \$2A}	{code 1 \$D2 \$3A}	Choice of shoes (wingtip shoes or sneakers)	1
{code 1 \$5E \$27}	{code 1 \$E4 \$2A}	{code 1 \$D6 \$3A}	Alexis alias	1
{code 1 \$62 \$27}	{code 1 \$E8 \$2A}	{code 1 \$DA \$3A}	?	1
{code 1 \$6A \$27}	{code 1 \$F0 \$2A}	{code 1 \$E2 \$3A}	Choice	1
{code 1 \$6E \$27}	{code 1 \$F4 \$2A}	{code 1 \$E6 \$3A}	?	1
{code 1 \$72 \$27}	{code 1 \$F8 \$2A}	{code 1 \$EA \$3A}	Nearly identical choice	1
{code 1 \$76 \$27}	{code 1 \$FC \$2A}	{code 1 \$EE \$3A}	?	1
{code 1 \$7A \$27}	{code 1 \$00 \$2B}	{code 1 \$F2 \$3A}	Tom alias	1
{code 1 \$7E \$27}	{code 1 \$04 \$2B}	{code 1 \$F6 \$3A}	Choice	1
{code 1 \$82 \$27}	{code 1 \$B4 \$2A}	{code 1 \$A6 \$3A}	Allan alias	1
{code 1 \$86 \$27}	{code 1 \$0C \$2B}	{code 1 \$FE \$3A}	Choice	1
{code 1 \$8A \$27}	{code 1 \$10 \$2B}	{code 1 \$02 \$3B}	Choice of shoes (wingtip shoes or sneakers)	1
{code 1 \$8E \$27}	{code 1 \$14 \$2B}	{code 1 \$06 \$3B}	All names for invitation	1
{code 1 \$92 \$27}	{code 1 \$18 \$2B}	{code 1 \$0A \$3B}	Host name for invitation	6
{code 1 \$96 \$27}	{code 1 \$1C \$2B}	{code 1 \$0E \$3B}	Host phone number	1
{code 1 \$9A \$27}	{code 1 \$20 \$2B}	{code 1 \$12 \$3B}	Time of party	1
{code 1 \$9E \$27}	{code 1 \$24 \$2B}	{code 1 \$16 \$3B}	May alias	3
{code 1 \$A2 \$27}	{code 1 \$28 \$2B}	{code 1 \$1A \$3B}	Jackie alias mf	1
{code 1 \$A6 \$27}	{code 1 \$2C \$2B}	{code 1 \$1E \$3B}	Tim alias	1
{code 1 \$AA \$27}	{code 1 \$30 \$2B}	{code 1 \$22 \$3B}	?	1

{code 1 \$AE \$27}	{code 1 \$44 \$2B}	{code 1 \$26 \$3B}	Director pseudonym (ie. "A. Person")	1
{code 1 \$B2 \$27}	{code 1 \$38 \$2B}	{code 1 \$2A \$3B}	Allan alias	1
{code 1 \$B6 \$27}	{code 1 \$3C \$2B}	{code 1 \$2E \$3B}	Tim alias	1
{code 1 \$BA \$27}	{code 1 \$40 \$2B}	{code 1 \$32 \$3B}	Laurie alias/school	1
{code 1 \$BE \$27}	{code 1 \$44 \$2B}	{code 1 \$36 \$3B}	May political party	1
{code 1 \$C2 \$27}	{code 1 \$48 \$2B}	{code 1 \$3A \$3B}	Thelma: company name	27
{code 1 \$C6 \$27}	{code 1 \$4C \$2B}	{code 1 \$3E \$3B}	Roger: capsule name	7
{code 1 \$CA \$27}	{code 1 \$50 \$2B}	{code 1 \$42 \$3B}	Paba car	1
{code 1 \$CE \$27}	{code 1 \$54 \$2B}	{code 1 \$46 \$3B}	Baron hair color	2
{code 1 \$D2 \$27}	{code 1 \$58 \$2B}	{code 1 \$4A \$3B}	Mariel hair color	1
{code 1 \$D6 \$27}	{code 1 \$5C \$2B}	{code 1 \$4E \$3B}	Thad magazine	3

The Complete Text of "Make Your Own Murder Party"

The remaining pages of this document contain the complete decoded text for the Commodore version of Murder Party. The text is exactly the same for the Commodore 64, Apple II and PC versions, except that the Code 1 pointers differ. (In this zip file I have also included simple text files of the decoded output for each system.)

-- and without the pressure of knowing my company's future hung in the balance. So I canceled my stock offering, at least for the time being. Like I said, I'm a realist. If I was going to kill him to protect the stock offering, why would I cancel the stock offering?

I left the theater by way of the stage after Jeremy and I had our little chat, and took a cab up to my New York apartment. I stayed up pretty late, making out checks for various social engineering programs sponsored by my favorite political party, {code 1 \$44 \$2B} {3x\$20} By now you've probably figured out that I was once "{code 1 \$34 \$2B} {2x\$20}," the avant garde filmmaker who made a fortune directing X-rated films. {code 1 \$7C \$2A} was my star.
{code 0} {2x\$20}

I didn't kill Jeremy Summers. That's not my style. When I get into trouble I run. That's what I did years ago when the gangsters who financed my movies decided they wanted their money back. I couldn't part with all that cash, so I fled with the negatives, and had my faced changed by a wino plastic surgeon outside Reno.
{code 0} {2x\$20}

Later, I remembered {code 1 \$7C \$2A} talked about this ditzy girl she once knew, {code 1 \$74 \$2A}. She sounded great, so I tracked her down and married her. It's worked out well. {code 1 \$74 \$2A} {1x\$20} has always been too nuts to realize that her husband secretly runs an X-rated film business.
{code 0}

Everything was fine until Summers called me. He wanted to blackmail me, to pay off someone who was blackmailing him, I think. He threatened to expose me to {code 1 \$74 \$2A}, and that could have gotten me killed, so I went to the theater to meet with him. Summers was arrogant and greedy, and I thought seriously about doing him in.
{code 0} {3x\$20}

But all of a sudden, it didn't matter anymore. The gangsters I've been hiding from all these years tracked me down. A couple of muscleheads grabbed me in the theater lobby. After the show, I met with their boss, and he's given me sixty days to pay off. I'm financially ruined, but at least I'm alive. And for once, I can stop running.
{code 0} {1x\$20}

Okay, I'm a murderer. But I didn't kill Jeremy Summers. {code 1 \$A4 \$2A} {2x\$20}

Let's go back a few years, to that summer when Jeremy and I backpacked cross-country together. One night, we were in North Carolina, asleep in our camp deep in the woods. I was tired, and sleeping peacefully, but some sixth sense roused me. I sat up and saw what I thought was a crazy redneck, like the one in "Easy Rider," about to blow Jeremy's brains out with a rifle! I jumped up and killed him with my knife.
{code 0} {2x\$20}

I lied to Jeremy, so he would help me get rid of the body, but that was no redneck I'd killed. It was Gunter Emmerich, a German exchange student. I kept this a secret for years, but then someone else found out about it, and started sending Jeremy notes that were supposedly from me. Jeremy thought I was trying to drive him crazy, so I went to the theater to straighten things out. But he slapped me down like a dog, and I thought, "I've killed for this guy, and this is the thanks I get..."

{code 0}

It's been tough for me, watching him go on to become a big star, while I push papers around in an IRS field office. But I would never kill the best friend I ever had. I left the theater in a state of shock. And when I leave here tonight, I'm turning myself in for the killing of Gunter Emmerich.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

I loved Gunter Emmerich. He was my fiancee, and I've wanted to avenge his murder ever since that moonlit night so long ago. Gunter hiked into the woods with his walking stick to scout out a place for us to camp. He must have stumbled over Jeremy. When Gunter didn't return, I went in looking for him. I got to Jeremy's camp just in time to see them dragging his body away. I only saw Jeremy's face, but I knew there were two of them. I went for help, but when I got back, the only thing left of Gunter was his crumpled student ID. {code 1 \$A8 \$2A} {1x\$20}

I only recently discovered who Jeremy Summers was, when I recognized his face on the tv screen. He was easy to meet, and attract. The fool fell in love with me, but I hated him. I thought that if I hounded him with notes, hounded him about the killing, he would lead me to his real partner in crime. Well, now I know who that is.

{code 0}

Why should I have? When he died, I still had no idea who his accomplice was. My dropping off that note in his dressing room proves that. No, I returned to my seat after I dropped off the note. And when the curtain rose, I was saddened to see Jeremy dead. Saddened, because I thought then that Gunter's murderers would both escape justice forever.

{code 0}

Listen, I planned to destroy Jeremy Summers, but not by blowing his brains out. Too messy! I had a much cleaner method in mind.

Summers didn't know how completely I controlled his finances. There wasn't a nickel that passed through his operation that I didn't personally get acquainted with. If Summers turned me in for embezzlement, I would have put him in the poorhouse. {code 1 \$AC \$2A} {3x\$20}

Embezzlement, that's a laugh. I just borrowed a few bucks to pay for my prescriptions. That's no reason to send someone to jail.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Sorry. I didn't kill Summers

{code 0}

and here's why: the killer obviously discovered the gun under the couch cushion, and used it to kill Summers. I wouldn't have felt the gun under the cushion, because, since that helicopter I was riding in got shot down over Nam, I've got no feelings from the waist down. Easy come, easy go...

{code 0} {2x\$20}

I guess it looks pretty bad for me. And it should. I am at least partially responsible for the death of that fool, Jeremy Summers. Let me explain.

{code 1 \$B0 \$2A} {2x\$20} and I once got drunk together, and he told me the whole sordid tale of Gunter Emmerich, how he had murdered Emmerich, how Summers helped dispose of the body....He was so drunk that he forgets his indiscretion, but I remember every word. For years, I used this information to blackmail Summers. He was only too happy to pay what I asked. Incidentally, those envelopes full of cash that Jeremy mailed to post office boxes around the country ended up in my bank accounts. The radical actions were just a coincidence.

{code 0}

When I upped my demands, he took the role of A.J. Meat in "Meat for Hire." He made a fortune, and I felt he owed me. After all, he would never have taken such a role if I didn't push him for more cash. But Jeremy wouldn't come across.

{code 0}

I waited for him in his dressing room, to give him one last chance, and it was then that I found the script and discovered that in Act III, Jeremy would put a fake gun to his own head and pull the trigger. I decided that this would be a good opportunity to end Jeremy's life, especially since I was afraid that Jeremy was about to do the same for me.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

I swapped the guns, replacing the dummy MAC 10 with a real one from my collection. I left the theater before the third act. Can't stand the sight of blood. Believe me, I was amazed to learn that he had shot himself before the curtain rose. But when I heard the rest, all those tidbits found in the police report, I knew that someone else had pulled the trigger. The question now is, which one of you really killed Jeremy Summers?

{code 0} {2x\$20}

It could only have been

{code 0}

, because despite

{code 0} {3x\$20}

claims,

{code 0} {1x\$20}

offers us no real proof of innocence. Don't you think it's time to come clean,

{code 0} {2x\$20}

always loved Jeremy. Way back in Berkeley, they'd snuggle up on the couch, and watch monster movies on tv, while {code 1 \$74 \$2A} {2x\$20} rambled on about alchemy or what babies think about, or the benefits of tofu. If he tried to get up, she would talk faster. It was as if she hoped the sound of her voice would magically keep Jeremy forever by her side. But for Jeremy, {code 1 \$74 \$2A} was never more than the kid sister he never had. He would never dream of hurting her, and so their love would remain perfect, pure -- and unconsummated.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

They've stayed in touch over the years, as {code 1 \$74 \$2A} {1x\$20} settled into a fulfilling marriage with real estate entrepreneur {code 1 \$94 \$2A}. But she's still the Aquarian earth mother: between dinner parties and luncheons with {code 1 \$80 \$2A}'s investors, she finds the time to bake natural breads, and raises an organic herb garden on their lush suburban estate.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

has travelled the land in search of "experience," gathering material for the novel he's always promised to write. Even when he was living in that tiny attic bedroom in Berkeley, {code 1 \$90 \$2A} {1x\$20} spoke of "a great novel, a truly American novel, one that will shake this country to its very foundations." His working title: 'Monkeys Grumble'.

{code 1 \$90 \$2A} {3x\$20} has always thought of Jeremy as more than a friend. Indeed, Jeremy has become, over the years, practically {code 1 \$90 \$2A} {2x\$20}'s idol: a living symbol of artistic integrity in a world coarsened by greed and mindless consumerism. He intends to dedicate "Monkeys Grumble," now nearing completion, with these words:

To Jeremy Summers.

We are less than gods, but more than human.

As soon as he heard the news, {code 1 \$90 \$2A} {3x\$20} dropped what he was doing to be near his old friend. Always the intense, tortured artist, {code 1 \$90 \$2A} {2x\$20} is completely devastated.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

is the new woman: conservative, well dressed, self-assured, and a big success. But she started small: In Berkeley, her mail-order company, "The Cutting Edge", was a counter-culture barter service, arranging product swaps between communes in exchange for Swiss Army Knives, which {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {2x\$20} loved. After a review of her operation appeared in The Last Whole Earth Catalog, the Berkeley house was flooded with knives.

A few years later, {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {1x\$20} sold off the knives and used her profits to finance the trendy mail-order catalog that's made her a millionaire. But through it all, {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {2x\$20} has maintained that she was at her best back in her barter days, when she was with the best friends she'll ever have. Though none was dearer than Jeremy Summers, her first true love.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Nobody in Jeremy's circle of friends really knows much about {code 1 \$94 \$2A} {1x\$20}, except that he's married to {code 1 \$74 \$2A} {1x\$20}, and is a big success in the real estate market. He's had his picture in the paper a few times. Tends to wear his hair slicked back with a ton of vaseline, and has strange taste in clothing. Once, it looked like he was going for the Guinness record for "most different plaids worn at the same time."

His wife will probably bring him to the party.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Ever since the third grade, when Jeremy rescued a frail and tearful {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {1x\$20} from the schoolyard bully, the two have been the best of friends. They made model rockets together, broke bottles in the woods, and went to every sci-fi double bill. They cruised through town in Jeremy's Chevy, trying to pick up girls, then hung out behind the high school, getting drunk. When they were older, they went on to Berkeley together.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Even there, {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {1x\$20} and Jeremy were inseperable. They even spent one summer backpacking cross-country, wandering for months, having adventures they've never talked about.

But years later, they drifted into different orbits. Jeremy's star climbed, while {code 1 \$78 \$2A} had to find contentment working as a field auditor for the I.R.S. He's plunged into the role with gusto, and gets a kick out of tearing into other people's finances and personal affairs.

{code 0}

is smart, sophisticated, and aloof. Some might call her a snob. But probably not to her face. They say she's an heiress, though nobody's really clear about which fortune she stands to inherit. It must be a big one. If diamonds were water you'd drown being in the same room with her.

The gossip columnists say that Jeremy was very much in love with her. In fact, the two of them spent most of the week prior to his death alone in her apartment. Who knows? Maybe they would have married...

{code 0} {3x\$20}

The clock radio blared in {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {3x\$20}'s tiny Berkeley apartment. Here it was, the dawning of the Age of Aquarius, and {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {3x\$20} had a mindblowing hangover from the night before.

After a short stint working as a photographer (including an assignment in Viet Nam), {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {2x\$20} was drifting badly. Sure it was fun, hanging out with the boys on Hippie Hill. But another year like this and {code 1 \$8C \$2A} would end up just another drooler on the Haight, hawking plastic love beads to Joe and Mary Sixpak in from Indiana for the Tuna Festival. A little career planning was in order.

The big break came when an all-night rap session led Jeremy to offer {code 1 \$8C \$2A} a job as his agent.

When Jeremy hit the big time, {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {1x\$20} took a walk on the wild side, liked it, bought a house there and moved in permanently. {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {3x\$20} even started telling people (anyone who would listen) that Summers would still be eating granola bars in Berkeley if he didn't have such a great agent.

Despite these wild claims, everyone loves this longtime friend of Jeremy's, and shares what must be an enormous burden, a great sadness and loss.

{code 0}

One night, long ago, Jeremy brought {code 1 \$88 \$2A} home for dinner. Everyone immediately realized that {code 1 \$88 \$2A} {3x\$20} was in fact Terry Merrick, a founder of the People's Underground Army, and a fugitive wanted for the bombing of the Chicago Commodities Exchange. Everyone felt a great warmth emanating from {code 1 \$88 \$2A} {2x\$20}, and could sense the depth of this young radical's commitment to achieving justice for the oppressed.

An unspoken vow was taken that night: {code 1 \$88 \$2A} {3x\$20}'s secret was safe for the time being, and in the future, each one present would do his or her best to offer {code 1 \$88 \$2A} {3x\$20} sanctuary if it was ever needed. {code 1 \$88 \$2A} {2x\$20}'s appearance at the funeral, and at the reunion,

disregarding all thought of personal risk or exposure, is a testament to the fugitive's affection for one-time benefactor, Jeremy Summers.

{code 0}

The Big Kill

Act III Scene 1

than anyone else. Who knows? Maybe it all started here, in this house, and I was just too naive to realize it.

--He reaches under one of the cushions of the couch, and pulls out a gun, a MAC 10 like the one used by "Meat."--

This thing. With make-believe bullets I shot my way to fame and fortune. But where did it get me?

--Holds the gun to his temple, and after a few seconds, pulls the trigger. When the hammer drops he continues his speech. --

Click! As easy as that. But I don't have the nerve. That's for sure.

--He drops the gun on the couch and stands. Then he goes

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{code 0}

Summers:

Another triumph for Jeremy Summers. But what about your victims? Why should Gunter Emmerich die in the cold dark woods while you bask in the limelight? We must speak. Tonight, after the performance.

-- Your partner in crime

{code 0}

Summers:

How can you live with the truth of your crime? And why should Gunter Emmerich die in the cold dark woods while you bask in the limelight? We must speak. Contact me as soon as you can.

-- Your partner in crime

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Police Report: Facts

1. Jeremy Summers was found dead by a stagehand at approximately 9:45 p.m. during the opening night performance of his one-man show, The Big Kill. Death was caused by a gunshot wound to the left temple.

2. The weapon was a silenced MAC 10 semi-automatic pistol identical to a dummy "prop" MAC 10 which was to be used in the dramatic presentation. The weapon was found in the deceased's left hand. The deceased was known to be right-handed.
{code 0} {1x\$20}

3. Particles of a napkin or tissue, soaked in red wine, were found on the weapon. Red wine was served in the theater's bar/lounge located downstairs. It is assumed that anyone in the theatre could have had access to a wine-soaked napkin. Only the deceased's fingerprints could be positively identified on the weapon. Other, smudged prints could have belonged either to the deceased, or to another party or parties.

4. A theater security guard reports the deceased arrived at the downstairs hallway entrance at approximately 7:05 p.m. The performance was scheduled to begin at precisely 8:00 p.m.
{code 0} {2x\$20}

5. At approximately 7:10 p.m., the security guard was told by {code 1 \$B4 \$2A} {2x\$20}, an owner of the Theatre Royale, to leave his post and take up a position on the sidewalk outside the theater, to assist with crowd control. The crowd was large and somewhat unruly.

6. At approximately 7:35 p.m., a second theater security guard stationed at the stage entrance located to the right of the stage was instructed by {code 1 \$B4 \$2A} {3x\$20} to join the other guard outside. Both means of access to the stage and dressing rooms were thus left unguarded throughout the evening.

7. The stagehand reports the deceased arrived on the stage at 7:40 p.m.
{code 0} {1x\$20}

8. A pint-sized bottle of liquid was found on the floor in the deceased's dressing room. It contained a concoction of common herbs such as rosemary, coriander, and basil, which were suspended in safflower oil. The bottle was full to the brim and sealed. Fingerprint analysis revealed the deceased's prints on the bottle, along with the smudged prints of some unidentified party or parties.
{code 0} {3x\$20}

9. An unsigned, typewritten note was found in the deceased's apartment. See attached copy.
{code 0}

9. An unsigned, typewritten note was found in the deceased's pants pocket. See attached copy.
{code 0} {3x\$20}

10. The stagehand reports hearing the deceased arguing with someone prior to the curtain's rise for Act III of The Big Kill. This would be approximately 9:40 p.m. Due to the construction of the set and his disadvantageous position, the stagehand was unable to see either the deceased or the party or parties he was conversing with. At one point, the stagehand heard a sound like "a muffled backfire" which is presumed to be the silenced gunshot. Then there was silence, followed perhaps thirty seconds later by the sound of footsteps.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Conclusions:

Due to the unusual nature of the manner of death, the fact that the deceased was known to be right-handed, and the stagehand's report of argument at the time of the shooting, the general perception of this death as a suicide must be viewed with extreme skepticism.

Signed,

Inspector Ward. D. Udell

Chief Investigating Officer, Homicide Division

New York City Police Department.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You arrived in the theater at around 7:35. You brought that damned love potion with you, and spent most of the first and second acts trying to figure out how to see Jeremy. You wore a blue velvet dress and white evening gloves.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You left your seat at nine o'clock, went downstairs to the lounge and had a glass of red wine. By 9:25, you'd discovered the unlocked doorway leading to the service corridor, and had found your way into Jeremy's dressing room. You sat in a dark corner of the room, waiting nervously for Jeremy, the love of your life.

{code 0}

Jeremy showed up at 9:35, according to the dressing room clock. You offered him your love potion. He took the bottle, and laughing at you, threw it on the floor. It was unbelievable, his scorn, the rejection! He strutted out of the room, leaving you sitting there like a fool.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You saw your husband {code 1 \$80 \$2A} {3x\$20} take a seat in the audience fifteen to twenty minutes before the show started. You hid your face -- you didn't want him to know you were there. If he gets upset now, you might ask him what the hell he was doing there.

{code 0}

You saw {code 1 \$90 \$2A} {3x\$20} leave his seat in the audience, and stagger up the aisle toward the lobby. That would have been about twenty minutes into the performance. {code 1 \$30

\$2B} {3x\$20} When the curtain dropped on Act I (8:30), you saw {code 1 \$7C \$2A} heading up the aisle and out into the lobby.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

The night after Jeremy brought {code 1 \$88 \$2A} home for dinner, Jeremy told you that felt he should do something real to help in the struggle against oppression. You asked him if that meant taking up arms and bombing buildings, and he said "Maybe."

{code 0} {2x\$20}

During intermission between the first and second acts, you saw {code 1 \$84 \$2A} standing at the foot of the aisle, with her back to the stage. She appeared to be studying the crowd, looking for someone. A few moments later, at perhaps 8:40, {code 1 \$84 \$2A} walked around the to the right of the stage and disappeared. (You nervously pulled your bottle of magic herbs from your evening bag, and stared into it. {code 1 \$84 \$2A} , that cheap floozy.)

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Just before the curtain went up on Act II (around 8:45), you saw someone a few rows down from you toss something at the stage. It might have been a small bouquet. It landed in the audience.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You saw {code 1 \$80 \$2A} {3x\$20} come out of the door to the right of the stage as the curtain went up on the second act (8:45). In the harsh, reflected glare of the red-hot footlights, his face was a mask of despair.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Once, {code 1 \$80 \$2A} {3x\$20} asked you if you ever planned to get a job. You mentioned that you knew a woman named {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {1x\$20} who was really sharp when it came to business, but who was probably a big flop at romance. {code 1 \$80 \$2A} {2x\$20} replied: "Yeah, but she takes direction well. And she's quick to learn her lines. . ." You asked him if he knew her, but he changed the subject. Why not ask him about it, now that all three of you are in the room together?

{code 0}

At nine o'clock, as you left your seat and headed out toward the lobby, you saw {code 1 \$8C \$2A} walk down to the doorway located to the right of the stage, open the door, and go in.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

At 9:30 you were standing in Jeremy's dressing room, just inside the doorway. You overheard {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {1x\$20} and Summers arguing. {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {2x\$20} was almost in tears, as Summers ranted: "I'm sick and tired of all this pretending, all these lies! I want you to star in another movie, but this time, without that stupid white mask." {code 1 \$B8 \$2A} {1x\$20} sobbed, "Maybe you're right, Jeremy."

{code 0} {2x\$20}

suddenly snapped at him: "Summers, you're way out of line."

{code 0}

A minute later, you were sitting in a dark corner of the dressing room, waiting for Jeremy. {code 1 \$BC \$2A} walked in, but she didn't see you. She dropped a folded-up piece of paper on Jeremy's makeup table,

{code 0}

then ran out.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

then suddenly stiffened, listening, as if sensing your presence. She picked up the piece of paper and left quickly.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You didn't think much of it at the time.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

When you talked to Jeremy in his dressing room, he complained that all his old friends were going crazy. "Even {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {3x\$20}" he said. "I grew up with this guy, and now he's hounding me with "anonymous" letters. And he denies it!" Summers didn't go into any detail.

{code 0}

You told {code 1 \$74 \$2A} {2x\$20} you were going to New York on a business trip. In a sense you were: you arrived at the Theatre Royale just after about 7:30, intent on getting finished with Summers.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

At approximately 7:40, you were in the Theater Royale lobby, and you saw a person you now recognize as {code 1 \$B4 \$2A}, hurriedly leaving the theater. You took special notice because this person was giggling, and seemed to have a large, leafy twig sticking out of one coat pocket.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

As the curtain rose for the first act, you spotted Summers' girlfriend {code 1 \$84 \$2A} {2x\$20} in the audience, seated just a few rows down from you.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Your wife has been depressed a lot lately, and -- how can you say this tactfully? -- you're concerned for her mental well-being. Make the other guests aware of this, so they'll go easy on her. (Don't reveal this, but the last thing you want her to do is crack up and make a fool of you, or worse.)

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Your wife once told you that {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {2x\$20} was wounded while taking part in a helicopter raid on a Viet Cong stronghold. Ask about it.

{code 0}

was once hospitalized after being injured at a "Save the Whales" rally in Bedford, Massachusetts. Ask her about it.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

When the curtain dropped on the first act (8:30) you noticed a door to right of the stage. You left your seat and went over to it. It was unlocked, so you walked through it, and found yourself backstage. Another doorway at the rear of the stage led to a spiral staircase. You descended the staircase, and stepped through a connecting doorway into a long, deserted corridor. There was an unused dressing room here, and further on, a half-open door with the words "Jeremy Summers" stenciled on it. You heard the sounds of an argument here, and tiptoed closer to hear what was being said.

{code 0}

An acquaintance in the film business, a cameraman you'd met during a real estate deal (actually, one of your film freak buddies, but don't reveal this!), told you about some guy who barged onto the set of Meat For Hire. He was sobbing about how he "couldn't write anymore." Summers apparently knew the guy, but had security throw him off the set anyway. Many onlookers thought Jeremy had acted cruelly.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You recently saw that old movie on tv, "Deliverance," where these vicious hillbillies attacked a group of campers, and the campers killed the hillbillies. Jeremy had a bit part in it, his first film role. You wonder if anyone else has seen it. {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {3x\$20} maybe? Be persistent.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You saw an article about {code 1 \$B4 \$2A} in Real Estate Forum. Nobody knows where the money's coming from, but it seems this smart entrepreneur has been buying up property all over the country for years, and has now settled in New York City.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You were downstairs in the corridor, outside Summers' dressing room. You heard {code 1 \$90 \$2A}'s voice from inside the room, demanding to know if Summers intended to play the male lead in the screen adaptation of 'Monkeys Grumble', {code 1 \$90 \$2A} {2x\$20}'s novel. Summers' reply: "There is no 'Monkeys Grumble'. Now get out of here! I have work to do!" The curtain was about to rise on Act II.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

MESSAGE 153 STUB

{code 0} {2x\$20}

MESSAGE 154 STUB

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Alone now in the corridor, you waited, not sure of the best way to proceed. A moment passed, and Summers came out of his dressing room. You followed him up to the stage, demanding to know what he wanted from you. He told you: fifty percent of the profits from the "Mask" films.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

On the stage, just before the curtain went up on Act II, you pleaded with Summers, begging him not to tell {code 1 \$74 \$2A} {2x\$20} about your secret identity. "Then you'll do as I say," he replied. "And remember, I want small bills, cash in a bag. Now get off this stage..." You went out through the doorway and back to your seat. Throughout the second act, you seethed. It galled you to let Summers get away with blackmail, and you thought hard about silencing him forever.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

At nine o'clock, you saw {code 1 \$C0 \$2A} {3x\$20} leave her seat. You followed her out to the lobby, and watched as she went downstairs to the lounge. You paced back and forth for twenty minutes, and finally made up your mind.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Then suddenly, you realized you weren't alone: two big, ugly thugs blocked your path -- a couple of goons working for the "investors" you'd bilked years ago. They'd worked over one of your film freak buddies and he fingered you. The goons told you they'd wait outside for fifteen minutes, that their boss was out there and he wanted to "talk." Then they left.

{code 0}

About ten minutes into the second act, you saw {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {2x\$20} Jeremy once said that {code 1 \$3C \$2B} {2x\$20} way into the row of seats right in front of you, and drop heavily into an unoccupied seat

{code 0} {2x\$20}

But I'm just not the killing kind.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

--then immediately jump up, cursing.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

gingerly pulled something from

{code 0} {3x\$20}

backside and practically threw it at the woman in the next seat, then stalked off toward the right side of the stage.

{code 0}

At 8:30 you left the bathroom and noticed a doorway leading to the dressing rooms. You wandered back there, and found yourself poking around in an unused dressing room. Outside in the corridor, you heard Jeremy's voice. He was humming a tune: it sounded like "I've Got You Under My Skin." Maybe.

{code 0}

would probably be reincarnated as

{code 0} {1x\$20}

. The woman in the next seat immediately yelped, "Get up, please! You're sitting on a very expensive hat!"

{code 0}

. Why would he say a thing like that?

{code 0} {2x\$20}

(You're pretty sure it was

{code 0}

got up, pulled the hat from

{code 0}

backside, handed it to the woman and angrily walked away toward the right side of the stage.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Shaking her head angrily, the woman stared at her hat: it was completely flattened, and the large, evil-looking hat pins running through it were all bent out of shape.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

At nine o'clock, you saw {code 1 \$74 \$2A} {3x\$20} leave her seat. You followed her out to the lobby, and watched as she went downstairs to the lounge.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You were in the men's room just before the curtain went up on the third and final act. An usher was pleading with some lunatic in one of the stalls -- whoever it was wouldn't come out. He was wearing a tight, unlaced pair of brown wingtips, and (judging by his bare legs), nothing else.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Okay. I killed Jeremy Summers.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I wanted to talk to him just once more, to get it all out in the open, so I went to the stage before the third act, and waited.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Jeremy walked onto the set. He wasn't happy to see me, and asked me to leave. I refused, and sat down on the couch. He sat down beside me, and put his hands over his ears. He began to recite his lines, doing some last-minute rehearsing. It was then that I felt the lump under the cushion. Curious, I reached down and pulled out that pistol. And something in me just snapped.

{code 0}

I pointed the gun at his head, and Jeremy laughed, he slapped his thighs. "That's just a prop!" he said. "Now why don't you put that thing down and get off this stage..." Enraged, feeling stupid, I pulled the trigger. To my amazement, he slumped over, blood pumping from his temple.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

I wiped my fingerprints off the gun with a napkin I had from the lounge, then I put the gun in his left hand. It didn't occur to me that Jeremy was right-handed. I slipped out the door to the right of the stage and bolted. And that's all there is to it.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

But before they take me away, I have one last thing to say:

{code 0} {1x\$20}

This is Gunter's ID. You found it in the bushes on the night of his murder, and have kept it close to you ever since. You might be able to use it on the night of the party to help flush out Jeremy's accomplice.

First, crumple it up into a ball, the way it was when you found it.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Wait a minute: the ID was also smeared with Gunter's blood. It's possible that his blood has dried out and faded after all these years. If you like, you can recreate the original gore with some red food coloring, or a little tomato sauce or catsup (try to spread it thinly so the ID doesn't end up looking like a science fair project). Of course, you can just leave the ID plain vanilla.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

But if you leave it plain, you'll be sacrificing the all-important "shock value." Reconsider. And don't forget to take the ID with you on the night of the party. Don't show it to anyone, and wait for the signal telling you when and how to use this attractive piece of evidence.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT EXCHANGE PROGRAM
TEMPORARY IDENTIFICATION CARD

Carry this at all times until issued official Student Identification Card by participating U.S. educational institution.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

* * * * *

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Name: Gunter Emmerich Date of Birth: 11/9/50 Sex: M
Place of Birth: Weisbaden West Germany Height: 6' 4"
Mother's Maiden Name: Hilda Wenigstens Weight: 225
School: University of California, Berkeley Hair: Blonde
Course of Study: Philosophy ; English Minor
Eyes: Blue

Signed: -- Gunter Emmerich

{code 0} {2x\$20}

At ten to seven you entered the theater. Five minutes later you were in Jeremy's dressing room, waiting. You'd decided to lay down the law, and get the money due you. You picked up a copy of the 'Big Kill' script and leafed through it. One page in particular caught your interest. As you recall, it described the opening monologue in Act III. Summers was to have pulled a dummy MAC 10 pistol from underneath one of the couch cushions, spout some drivel about how he'd shot his way to superstardom with just such a weapon, and then put the barrel to his head and pull the trigger. You tore the page out and stuck it in your pocket.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Summers showed up at about 7:05. You demanded money. He laughed, so smug, so self-assured. Suddenly, {code 1 \$84 \$2A} walked in, just as Summers said: "If blackmail leads to more blackmail, that's fine with me. Now get out of here before I strangle you." You turned and left the room, but as the door swung closed, you heard Summers say "That {code 1 \$88 \$2A}'s gonna be canceled out, real soon now." To your ears, it sounded like he intended to murder you.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You were with Summers in his dressing room just after seven o' clock, discussing some business arrangements. At about ten after, Jeremy's girlfriend {code 1 \$84 \$2A} {3x\$20} walked in, cutting the discussion short.

{code 0}

You saw {code 1 \$84 \$2A} {3x\$20} in the lounge about twenty to eight, guzzling cheap red wine. Well, maybe not "guzzling."

{code 0} {2x\$20}

After leaving Summers' dressing room (7:10), you got rid of the guard at the corridor entrance, and went outside to your car. You deliberated a few minutes over a plastic cup of red wine, then made your decision. The script page and the wine cup went out the window, and you went back to your apartment to pick up the real MAC 10 semi-automatic you'd recently added to your collection of interesting firearms.

{code 0}

By 7:35, you'd returned to the theater, gone backstage, and swapped your MAC 10 for the toy tucked under the seat. Pleased with your work, you plucked a twig from one of the bushes in the Act I set and stuck it in your pocket. You got rid of the second guard (in case you needed to easily get backstage again) and went down the spiral staircase on your way to the lounge. (That red wine wasn't so bad.)

{code 0} {2x\$20}

It strikes you that the blackmail ploy you worked on Summers will also work on {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {2x\$20} You should be able to get him to agree to almost anything, maybe even provide you with an alibi should you need one. But first you might want to let him know that you know he murdered some redneck in the Carolina woods. At the same time, you don't want anyone else to know about his crime.

That would make him less useful to you. So, dream up a few ways to get him by the short hairs.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

After you'd swapped the pistols, you went back to your apartment (by way of your Mercedes) to get rid of the prop. You returned to the theater about 8:35.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Just before the curtain went up for the second act, you entered the theater and sat down. Lo and behold, there was your old pal, {code 1 \$78 \$2A} sitting just a couple of rows down from you. (Don't reveal the following information:) As the houselights dimmed, you saw {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {2x\$20} trembling. For laughs, you tossed the twig you'd taken from the set onto his lap. He gasped -- it was hysterical!

{code 0} {2x\$20}

In your travels, you met up with some underworld types who were looking for some guy who'd run off with their "investment" in the film industry. They said they thought this guy was a real oddball, and the worst-dressed knucklehead they'd ever met.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

About 9:00, you saw {code 1 \$74 \$2A} leave her seat and head out to the lobby. She was wearing a blue velvet dress and a pair of white evening gloves. Tasteless outfit.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

At about 9:20, you left the theater, and hung around outside. Twenty minutes later, a camera crew from the local news show put a camera on you, and interviewed you about the show. While the tape was rolling, people came running from the theater shouting that Summers had killed himself. Amazing. You went home feeling a bit tired, but content.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

At about 9:20, you left the audience and entered the lobby. There, you saw {code 1 \$CC \$2A} pacing back and forth, muttering something like "Summers doesn't have enough. . . he wants mine too. . . "

{code 0}

face to face with two big, ugly thugs. {code 1 \$80 \$2A} {3x\$20} said: "How did you find me here?" One of the thugs grinned and poked {code 1 \$80 \$2A} {1x\$20}'s chest sharply: "One of your old buddies figgered he better start talkin' so's he could keep on walkin' . . . Now you an' us is gonna make us a little deal. . . "

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You left the theater.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You watched an old movie on cable tv the other night, starring some woman in a white satin mask. It was a pretty...unusual film. (You hate to see a woman in that position.) But what's just struck you is the masked star's resemblance to {code 1 \$24 \$2B} {2x\$20}. For the past six weeks, you've been sending notes to Summers, supposedly written by his accomplice in the murder of your fiancée, Gunter Emmerich. You hoped to force Jeremy into contacting his partner in crime, so you could learn his or her identity.

{code 0}

You were with Jeremy in his dressing room before the show, until about 7:40.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You walked into the dressing room before the show (at about 7:10), interrupting an argument between {code 1 \$B4 \$2A} {1x\$20} and Summers. Elegantly dressed in a cashmere coat, {code 1 \$88 \$2A} {3x\$20} demanded money. Jeremy laughed, and said: "If blackmail leads to more blackmail, that's fine with me. Now get out of here before I strangle you." {code 1 \$88 \$2A} stormed out. You stayed behind, and helped Jeremy into his costume.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

About a half-hour later, Jeremy said: "I need a few minutes alone." As you stepped into the corridor, you heard a mettalic clatter. You saw {code 1 \$88 \$2A}, hunched over in the doorway near the spiral staircase, apparently picking up whatever had fallen. This metallic object disappeared inside that cashmere coat. You turned and went out to the lounge for a drink of red wine.

{code 0}

If anyone asks you about that report of a "tragic ending to your first affair," which appeared in "Playbill" magazine, lie, change the subject, make something up. Gunter's murderer {code 1 \$D0 \$2A} {2x\$20} is

{code 0} {2x\$20}

could be

{code 0} {2x\$20}

in this room. That murderer mustn't find out who you are.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You had a couple of glasses of red wine in the lounge, then went upstairs. You sat down in the audience at eight o'clock.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

After the first act, you went down to the stage and surveyed the audience. You didn't find anything interesting, so you went around to the right of the stage and went through the door there.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

At ten to eight, you were downstairs in the lounge having a glass of wine. You noticed Jeremy's agent {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {2x\$20} on the pay phone. When you walked past to go up to your seat, you heard a piece of the conversation: "Don't worry. The way I tangled his books he could never do without me.

Listen to me, did that batch of flake get in from Bogota?"

{code 0} {1x\$20}

out of his dressing room (before the show), he muttered something like: "It'll serve 'em both right...shake down one phoney to pay off another..."

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Backstage, you felt yourself drawn to the densely wooded set used in Act I. You wandered through the underbrush, and remained hidden there throughout the second act.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You happened to be on stage in the wooded set used in the first act of *The Big Kill*. (If anyone asks you what you were doing there, tell them you wanted to be close to Jeremy.) Just before the curtain rose on Act II, you saw {code 1 \$94 \$2A} {1x\$20} and Summers come through the stairway door and up onto the stage. {code 1 \$80 \$2A} {2x\$20} was pleading with Summers: "You can't tell my wife she's living with an impostor! She's not strong enough, you know that!" Summers replied: "Then you'll do as I say. And remember, I want small bills, cash in a bag. Now get off this stage!"

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Jeremy once told you that {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {3x\$20} was in pretty deep with some characters that looked like "extras from *Miami Vice*." And once, when you were in Jeremy's apartment, {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {3x\$20} showed up and bragged about being up for four days straight. It was pretty gross.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You're certain that one of the people here tonight was with Summers when he killed Gunter. You'll never have as good an opportunity as this to flush out Jeremy's accomplice, in front of witnesses. Plant Gunter's identification papers someplace where you know they'll be found -- like in the bathroom, or the refrigerator. DON'T LET ANYONE SEE YOU DOING IT, AND PRETEND YOU'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE!

{code 0}

You went down the spiral staircase in time to see Jeremy's friend {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {2x\$20} babbling about how he would never do anything to hurt Jeremy, how he would never harrass Jeremy with notes. Jeremy slapped him. You retreated into the stairwell and waited until the corridor was clear.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

At 9:25 you entered Jeremy's dressing room and dropped another note on his makeup table. {code 1 \$D4 \$2A} Then you realized that {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {2x\$20} was Jeremy's accomplice in the murder of Gunter Emmerich. So you took the note and left. You went out into the lounge for a badly needed drink. You needed some time to plan your revenge.

{code 0}

You happened to be looking through Jeremy's desk one day, when you found a stack of desperate, pitiful love letters all signed with the initial {code 1 \$D8 \$2A} They'd been mailed to him over the span of many years. One of the earliest letters contained a tiny dried-up frog's eye, some moldy mushrooms, and a lock of

{code 0}

hair. The letters themselves were frequently incoherent.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

In the lounge, at about 9:25, you saw an usher going into the men's room to help a man complaining about a "naked fellow in one of the bathroom stalls. He won't come out -- he sounds quite mad!"

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You went to the opening night performance of "*The Big Kill*" intending to change Summers' mind about revealing your past to the world. You still had no idea why he would put you through such an ordeal.

{code 0}

You got into the theater lobby at about 7:30. You noticed {code 1 \$88 \$2A} heading downstairs toward the lounge.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

When you found your seat in the audience, about 7:35, you noticed {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {3x\$20} sitting several rows down from you, closer to the stage.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

After the first act (which you found boring and self-indulgent), you left your seat and went downstairs to the lounge for a drink. You ended up having four glasses of red wine.

{code 0}

You were pretty well soused when you decided to do something about Jeremy's plan to reveal your past.

{code 1 \$DC \$2A} {2x\$20} You called your business manager in Berkeley and told him to cancel the initial public offering of "Cutting Edge" stock. He argued with you -- he couldn't understand why you'd do such a thing. But you held your ground.

{code 0}

You made up your mind to confront him and -- one way or another -- put an end to his meddling.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Then you had another glass of wine.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You were working on your third glass of wine when you noticed {code 1 \$90 \$2A} {1x\$20} limping through the lounge toward the stairs. You noticed he was wearing {code 1 \$E0 \$2A} {1x\$20} a pair of extremely tight, unlaced brown wingtip shoes. He seemed to be in great pain.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

a pair of red and white hightop Pro Keds sneakers, with red and blue stripes on the sides.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

This was just after the time Act II was scheduled to begin, between 8:45 and 8:50.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You recall the first night you spent with Jeremy in the Berkeley house. He was down the hall in the bathroom, and you lay half asleep in his bed. Suddenly, a barely-dressed woman tiptoed into the dark room. "Jeremy, we're going into our third month," she giggled. "When are you going to tell the world how much you love me?" Confused, you asked her what she was talking about. She gasped and fled the room, but you glimpsed her face: it was {code 1 \$E4 \$2A} At about five to nine, you saw {code 1 \$78 \$2A} stumble into the lounge, a wild, hunted look in his eye. He threw something in a trashcan. On a whim, you took it, and followed him as he headed for the doorway leading to the dressing rooms. {code 1 \$E8 \$2A} {3x\$20} (Don't volunteer this, but in fact, you were wondering how to get backstage.)

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Show everyone the twig you found in the garbage.

{code 0}

Five minutes later, you watched as {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {1x\$20} entered Jeremy's dressing room. He apparently didn't see you, at least, that's what you thought at the time. You went into an unused dressing room, further down the hallway, out of idle curiosity. {code 1 \$EC \$2A} {1x\$20} (Actually, you were looking for a good place to confront Summers.)

{code 0} {2x\$20}

At 9:25, you heard Summers and {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {1x\$20} outside the door of the unused dressing room. {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {2x\$20} was babbling about a "red net" or a "rent check" or something like that. Then he swore hysterically that he wasn't "sending any notes." At this point, you heard a slap, then Summers telling {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {1x\$20} to "get up, and get yourself together. I'll deal with you later." A moment later, you heard a muffled curse, peeked out, and saw {code 1 \$F0 \$2A} {1x\$20} Laurie retreating into the stairwell at the end of the hall, her face grim, full of hatred. And there was

{code 0} {2x\$20}

only

{code 0}

Summers leaning against the wall.

{code 0}

A couple of minutes later, you stepped out of the unused dressing room and confronted Summers. Drunk and confused, you demanded to know why he insisted on revealing your role in the Mask films. He told you he was "tired of all this pretending, all these lies!" He said he wanted you to star in another "Mask" film, but this time "without that stupid white mask..." {code 1 \$F4 \$2A} {2x\$20} The intensity of Jeremy's attack of artistic integrity left you frustrated and bewildered. He seemed intent on this awful invasion of your privacy.

The situation could not be resolved in a five minute conversation. So, in order to buy time, you hit him with your best weeping act (you are a great actress, after all) and told him you thought he might be right, and that you wanted to talk to him about it at length.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You listened with mounting rage, and finally snapped. "Summers, you're way out of line," you said.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

He grinned strangely and went into his dressing room.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

As far as you were concerned, the issue was far from settled. You got a grip on yourself, and made plans to finish your conversation with Jeremy. Then you noticed the spiral staircase leading up to the stage.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You woke up in the Presidential Suite of the Plaza Hotel with a room full of strangers -- deadbeats you'd met at the Palladium disco the night before. {code 1 \$F8 \$2A} {3x\$20} (You met one of them when you worked as a photographer

{code 0} {3x\$20}

(You'd met one of them when you worked as a photographer

{code 0} {1x\$20}

in Vietnam; he was with you in a chopper when it was shot down over Dien Bien Phu.) You threw them out. After all, it was your room. You showered and dressed, and had a little snort of Colombia's finest (direct from your friends on the coca plantation), and got to the Theatre Royale at twenty to eight.

{code 0}

At a quarter to eight, you walked up to the door of the Theatre Royale. As you entered, you happened to see none other than {code 1 \$B4 \$2A} getting into a big, dark colored car. Big shot. Didn't even say hello. You got into the theater, and went down to the lounge for a drink.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Around 8:20, you were downstairs in the lounge sipping a glass of red wine. You noticed {code 1 \$90 \$2A} heading for the men's room, loudly talking to himself in several voices. As he opened the men's room door to enter, {code 1 \$90 \$2A}'s overcoat (which was nearly ankle-length and quite filthy) fell open. He was wearing only running shorts under the coat.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

A few weeks ago, you read in Time magazine that {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {1x\$20} was taking her mail order business public with a huge stock offering. Financial analysts figured {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {2x\$20} could make millions -- if she survived the close scrutiny Wall Street would subject her to in the weeks before the offering.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

At about 8:30 you wandered through an unlocked doorway into a service corridor. Summers' dressing room was back here. You thought about going in there to wait for him, when he appeared in a doorway at

the far end of the corridor. You greeted him, and offered him a little powdered pick-me-up. The ingrate sneered at you. He said you'd been bleeding him for years. "You're finished!" he said. The guy was an animal.

{code 0}

You went back out to the lounge for another drink.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

When you entered the lounge looking for a drink (after your encounter with Summers near his dressing room -- about 8:45), you noticed {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {2x\$20} standing at the bar, guzzling red wine.

{code 1 \$FC \$2A} {2x\$20} You followed her as she made for the public phone (hoping to get some insider stock market tips), and overheard her telling someone on the other end that she wanted to cancel her plans to take 'The Cutting Edge' public. "And I absolutely will not change my mind," she added.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You and some of your Hollywood buddies were cruising Sunset Strip one night in your mint 1924 Hispano-Suiza tulipwood race car. You stopped for a red light and some filthy, drunken derelict stumbled over to wipe your windshield. Your friends tried to chase him off, but you looked away and slipped the guy a twenty. It was {code 1 \$00 \$2B} {1x\$20} Jeremy was always sending envelopes full of money to different post office boxes around the country. And some militant radical action -- like a bombing or an armored car robbery -- would always happen soon after in the area where Jeremy had sent the money.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You saw that article about {code 1 \$84 \$2A} {3x\$20} in "Playbill" too. It was a memoir written by one of {code 1 \$40 \$2B} {3x\$20} girlfriends. She included a snapshot of {code 1 \$84 \$2A} {2x\$20} with her boyfriend, a big blonde guy. The two of them were wearing backpacks and he had a shiny wooden walking stick.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Jeremy once told you back in Berkeley that he'd had a rough time shaking off some crazy young girl who was obsessed with him. She used to tell him: "One way or another, Jeremy, I'm gonna have you." He wouldn't tell you her name.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You finally got to your seat at about five minutes to nine. {code 1 \$04 \$2B} {1x\$20} But when you sat down, the most unbelievable pain shot through your tail-end: this old babe left her hat on your seat, and it was full of hat pins!

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You sat down, but a minute later this old babe was telling you how you were sitting on her expensive headpiece. You got up, and sure enough, there was a hat full of hat pins stuck to your backside. You didn't feel it because you lost all sensation below the waist when you were shot down over that Viet Cong stronghold.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You pulled the thing off your backside and chucked it at her. Then you went over to a door to the right of the stage and went in.

{code 0}

You grabbed a little snort backstage (that's where that door led to), and hung out there for awhile. You figure nobody spotted you. Just as well. If they did, they would have seen the sick grin on your face as you made plans to finish off that strutting ingrate, Jeremy Summers.

{code 0}

As the curtain went up on the second act, someone came rushing up the aisle, clutching a twig or a flower or something, a look of terror on his face. It was {code 1 \$2C \$2B} {3x\$20} Your watch beeped nine o'clock as you stepped through the doorway to the right of the stage, and into the wings. You figured

you'd pop in for a quick plow through the nasal snow. As you took a little snort, you spotted Jeremy's debutante, that crazy babe {code 1 \$84 \$2A}{2x\$20}, hiding in the bushes of the first act's set. Weird. {code 0}{3x\$20}

Jeremy didn't know you were going to the opening night performance of his play, but you were sure that if only you could get together and talk things over, you and he could get on an even keel again. {code 0}{3x\$20}

You stayed in your seat through the entire first act, and through the intermission immediately following. {code 0}{3x\$20}

You were walking up to the theater, at about twenty after seven, and you saw someone toss a balled-up piece of paper and a plastic cup full of red wine out the window of a blue Mercedes stretch limo. As the car pulled away, you idly picked up the piece of paper and stuck it in your pocket. In fact, you have it with you right now. (CAREFULLY! TEAR OFF THE LAST PAGE OF THIS BOOKLET. THIS IS THE PIECE OF PAPER YOU FOUND.) Show it around. {code 0}{3x\$20}

{code 0}{3x\$20}

You noticed {code 1 \$90 \$2A} in the audience at about 7:35. An usher was helping him to his seat. {code 0}{3x\$20}

You noticed {code 1 \$74 \$2A} in the audience about 7:40.

{code 0}{2x\$20}

One day, while you were looking around for something in the dead files at the IRS regional center where you work, you came across a ten-year-old file on {code 1 \$7C \$2A}'s now defunct barter service. It seems she once owed tens of thousands in back taxes, and was about to be prosecuted for nonpayment. Where did she get the money to pay off the IRS?

{code 0}{3x\$20}

About 8:30, just as the first act ended, you happened to notice a man get up and wander to a door to the right of the stage. This man gingerly tried the knob. The door opened, and he walked in. You now realize that man was {code 1 \$08 \$2B}{1x\$20} One weekend a few years ago, {code 1 \$B4 \$2A}{1x\$20} showed up to take advantage of your longstanding offer of sanctuary. You got drunk together, and had a few laughs. Your guest spoke passionately about weapons and armaments, and had evidently built up quite a collection. You can't remember anything you said, but you have the feeling you did a lot of talking.

{code 0}{3x\$20}

Aren't you curious about {code 1 \$90 \$2A}{3x\$20}'s book? Don't you wonder what it's about? Why don't you ask {code 1 \$90 \$2A}{3x\$20} about it?

{code 0}

Just before the curtain went up on the second act, about 8:40, you looked over at {code 1 \$74 \$2A}{1x\$20}. She appeared to be staring at a bottle or something -- it could have been a tumbler of scotch.

{code 0}

A minute after you idly glanced at {code 1 \$74 \$2A}{2x\$20}, someone threw a leafy twig into your lap! Immediately, you were terrified: you were convinced that someone was onto you for your role in the death of Gunter Emmerich. Almost hysterical with fear, you ran up the aisle and out into the lobby.

{code 0}{2x\$20}

You ran downstairs into the lounge, and chucked the twig into a trash can, then found your way into the dressing room corridor. You slumped to the floor in Jeremy's dressing room, and sat there dazed and confused.

{code 0}

At 9:25 you left Jeremy's dressing room, and saw Jeremy appear in a doorway at the far end of the corridor. You grabbed him, and babbled about how much you cared for him, how you would never do anything to hurt him, how you would never harass him with anonymous notes, how -- Slap! He backhanded you so hard you saw stars! Jeremy told you to get up and get yourself together. You got up and {code 1 \$0C \$2B} {3x\$20} ran out to the lounge for a drink.

{code 0}

ran toward the doorway Jeremy had appeared in.

{code 0}

"Enough is enough," you muttered, again and again.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You just remembered that in the IRS file on {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {3x\$20}'s old barter service, you found a third-party check that had been endorsed and sent in by {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {2x\$20} as partial payment of her back taxes. The check was issued by someone named "{code 1 \$C4 \$2A} {2x\$20}," and was drawn against the account of something called the Spawn Ranch Film Collective. You made a mental note of it because it sounded like "Spahn Ranch," where the Manson Family was headquartered.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You woke up in a flophouse on Delancey Street at four o'clock in the afternoon, and discovered that somebody had stolen your clothes. So you tiptoed into the next cubicle and clipped some wino for his running shorts, a long overcoat, and a pair of {code 1 \$10 \$2B} {1x\$20} red sneakers.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

brown wingtips. They were way too small for you.

{code 0}

You got dressed, wandered around town for awhile, and showed up at the Theatre Royale around seven. You picked a ticket from some guy's pocket, and got into "your" seat at seven thirty-five.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Waiting for the show to start was really boring. That's why you fell asleep. You woke up at 8:20, according to the watch you "found" in Macy's the day before. Uh oh, time to drain the monster, so you left your seat and went downstairs to the john.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Just before you passed out -- about 7:40 -- you saw {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {2x\$20} sitting in the audience. She had a starring role in your boozy dream.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You recall you found a copy of "Playbill," the Broadway show guide. There was an article about "The Big Kill" in it, and a puff piece on Summers and his girlfriend {code 1 \$84 \$2A} {2x\$20}. It said that years ago {code 1 \$84 \$2A} {1x\$20} was engaged to some guy, but the "affair ended tragically." Maybe she wants to talk about it.

{code 0}

At 8:30 you left the bathroom and saw {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {1x\$20} heading down the hallway toward the dressing rooms. You followed, and ducked into an unused dressing room when Summers appeared at the foot of the spiral staircase that goes up to the stage. Summers and {code 1 \$8C \$2A} had a short, angry exchange, ending when Summers said: "You've been bleeding me for years, and now you're finished. Get out of here." {code 1 \$8C \$2A} stalked off.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Years ago, you passed through Reno. You stayed with a woman you knew from Chicago. She used to get plastered with the derelict living next door: a former plastic surgeon who'd been stripped of his license for malpractice. He once told you that his favorite movie star was someone named "{code 1 \$7C

\$2A} {2x\$20}," even though, he cackled, he'd "never seen her face!" You thought nothing of it at the time.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

MESSAGE 362 STUB

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Downstairs, you jumped out of the dressing room and confronted Summers. You demanded to know if he would play the lead in the screen adaptation of 'Monkeys Grumble'. Mr. Big Shot told you to beat it, he said "There's no such thing as 'Monkeys Grumble'..." You got fed up with his baloney and stumbled back out into the lounge.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

When you got into the lounge, the lights flashed on and off. At first you thought you were going blind, then you remembered they do that in theaters to let people know the show's about to start.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You just remembered something that plastic surgeon said. He claimed he'd done a "100% face job, total!" on some guy who wouldn't shut up about the movies. The patient said his new name was going to be "{code 1 \$38 \$2B}". He wanted to look like Mel Gibson, but apparently the doc had the shakes and the patient ended up looking sort of like

{code 0}

You got back to your seat, and a couple of minutes later, you saw {code 1 \$80 \$2A} {1x\$20} leave his seat and head up towards the lobby. It was exactly 9:00 o'clock, according to your watch.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

At 9:20, you got up to go -- gee, you forget where...Anyway, you saw {code 1 \$B4 \$2A} {3x\$20} strutting up the aisle in front of you, moving fast. You thought you might say hello, but by the time you made up your mind, you were alone.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You were thinking about getting in to see Summers again, that's why you left your seat.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Dear {code 1 \$14 \$2B} {1x\$20}

I don't know about you, but I'm not going. You all know where {code 1 \$18 \$2B} {3x\$20} lives (I'll write down the address below in case you've forgotten). Why don't you all stop by after the circus, uh, I mean the funeral, and then we can all kill ourselves too.

Sorry about that. But I guess I just don't know how to act. It's cornball, but I don't know whether to laugh or cry. I mean, how could this be? But then, there are a lot of things I would never have believed possible.

{code 0}

You would never have convinced me, back when we all lived together in that old house in Berkeley, that our friend Jeremy would go on from hippie-hood to become the biggest movie star Hollywood has ever seen. Every movie he's appeared in has been a hit, from those obscure art films to last year's box office smash, 'Meat for Hire'. Alright, maybe 'Meat for Hire' was a stupid movie. I never thought Jeremy would get involved with a money-grubbing turkey like that either, but there it is. Smash hit. Jeremy had become a legend, in case you hadn't realized. I don't think he realized it. Or maybe he didn't want to.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Here's some of his obituary from The New York Times. The big film critic Vincent Maslin wrote:
"Jeremy Summers never seemed eager to please his audience, yet he always did so, effortlessly. Many times while watching his early work, I was subtly reminded of James Dean. Like Dean, Summers was a charismatic man engrossed in some great, emotional mystery, a man seemingly driven by an inner vision of what the world should be. But this perception may be nothing more than the tinted light we all project on our celluloid heroes. Perhaps, in the end, Summers was driven only by secret demons, old fears, private obsessions. We may never know what drove him to take his own life, but this writer, for one, will miss him."

{code 0} {1x\$20}

We'll all miss him.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Were you there, the night of his death? I was. I wouldn't have missed that opening night for anything. I think I know how important that play was to Jeremy.

{code 0}

'Meat For Hire' made Jeremy a fortune, but there was talk in the press that he regretted having played the part of "A. J. Meat," a trigger-happy private eye who made Rambo look like a pacifist. After the film was released, he disappeared for almost a year. (Maybe you know all this.) Then he showed up in New York with a new play he'd written, 'The Big Kill'.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

The theater was mobbed when I got there, and it was a great play. The first act was mesmerizing, the second, explosive. Then came the third, and final, act.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

The curtain rose on a quiet stage lit with creepy yellow light -- and the set looked exactly like the living room in our old Berkeley house! Slumped on the couch, Jeremy at first appeared to be asleep, dressed in a pair of jeans, and a white t-shirt silkscreened on the front with the red sun of Japan. Then, I saw the blood trickling down the line of his chin, running drip drip drip, onto his t-shirt. I went numb. Pandemonium broke out, women screamed and men gasped. Some people in the audience laughed, then the house fell into silence as a stage-hand (unsteadily) crossed the floorboards. He stopped and reached out, pushed at our buddy. Jeremy fell over, and a big, black, long-barrelled pistol fell from his hand. The stage-hand turned. He shouted hoarsely, and the curtain fell.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

It was a MAC 10 semi-automatic pistol, fitted out with a silencer -- exactly like the weapon "A.J. Meat" used in 'Meat for Hire'. It's been ruled a suicide, sure, but how could the Jeremy Summers we all know have come to this? What made him do it?

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Look, I doubt if you remember me. I only lived in the Berkeley house for a few weeks. But in recent times I was Jeremy's attorney, and, I hope, I was his friend. He talked about you a lot, and that's why I'd like to meet with you. I don't have a place here in town, but {code 1 \$18 \$2B} {1x\$20} has kindly offered to host

{code 0} {1x\$20}
a little get-together.
{code 0} {3x\$20}

So stop by after the funeral, about {code 1 \$20 \$2B} {2x\$20} We'll have something to eat. Chew the fat. (By that I mean talk; {code 1 \$18 \$2B} {1x\$20}'s cooking isn't that bad.)

{code 0} {3x\$20}

The place (and phone number): {code 1 \$1C \$2B} {3x\$20} Please call, let {code 1 \$18 \$2B} know if you're coming. And if you can't make it, do me a favor...don't kill yourself.

-- Edmund Perilman

Attorney At Law

{code 0} {1x\$20}

By the way, there is no Edmund Perilman. Actually, I arranged this evening, with {code 1 \$18 \$2B} {3x\$20}. I altered my voice, pretending to be Edmund Perilman on the phone, and fooled {code 1 \$18 \$2B}, just as I sought to fool all of you.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Edmund passed through California after a four-year hitch on a Navy supply ship in the South Pacific. He and Jeremy met at a civil rights demonstration, and immediately became close friends. Even though he stayed at the Berkeley house for only a few weeks, (he was due to begin law school in the east), Edmund impressed everyone as a soft-spoken but rugged individual -- the kind of person you can always count on.

{code 0}

A Murder Party!

You've just been invited to a party where the object is murder...

Years ago, back in the heady days of the Woodstock Nation, you rented a room in an old Victorian house in Berkeley. It turned out to be more than just a place to hang your macrame: your housemates were the most far out people you'd ever met.

{code 0}

A Murder Party!

You've just been invited to a party where the object is murder...

Years ago, back in the heady days of the Woodstock Nation, some farout people found themselves sharing a pad in Berkeley: a funky old Victorian house that turned out to be much more than just a place to hang the macrame. Lifelong friendships were born there.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

There was
{code 0} {1x\$20}
, the idealistic young novelist;
{code 0} {1x\$20}
, quick-witted, mischievous;
{code 0} {2x\$20}
: a true innocent, she saw magic everywhere; {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {3x\$20}, inquisitive, loyal, and
adventurous; {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {2x\$20}, who turned an alternative lifestyle into a small fortune; and
{code 1 \$88 \$2A}, whose quest for justice inevitably led to Berkeley.
{code 0} {1x\$20}

But the guru and guiding light was Jeremy Summers. Loved by everyone who met him, he went on from
a life of quiet contemplation to become, incredibly, a great film star.
{code 0} {2x\$20}

And now, years later, even though
{code 0} {1x\$20}
you and the others have
{code 0}
the former soul-mates have
{code 0} {1x\$20}
drifted into separate orbits,
{code 0}
you
{code 0}
they all
{code 0} {1x\$20}
continue to feel somehow linked with one another. Perhaps that link ran most strongly through Jeremy,
the one who brought
{code 0} {1x\$20}
them
{code 0}
together in the first place. What will happen to that binding force now that Jeremy is dead, a suicide, a
person you'd least figure to take his own life..? And why would he kill himself?
{code 0}

You'll have a chance to find that out when you spend a few hours with
{code 0} {3x\$20}
your old pals. Take the time to get re
{code 0} {2x\$20}
Jeremy's old pals. Take the time to get
{code 0} {3x\$20}

acquainted with them. Read the profiles on the next couple of pages, and pay close attention to your own profile (including the "bitter truth"). Who knows? Maybe the answers lie hidden there...

{code 0} {2x\$20}

MURDER PARTY brings the speed and power of personal computing to that age-old pastime: murder. You can invite from five to seven suspects... uh, that is, guests... to a party where the idea is to have a little harmless fun. Unfortunately, someone always turns up dead at your affairs. It could be your fatal attraction, but it isn't. It's murder.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

There are two stories to choose from:

{code 0} {2x\$20}

THE BIG KILL: Guests

{code 0} {1x\$20}

To play MURDER PARTY, you'll need at least six people (yourself included): three female and two male players, and one more player of either sex. To find out more about each role, select from the following:

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You can assign one or two additional roles. One may be played by either a male or female guest:

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Creating a Party

{code 0}

First, you'll have to set the date, time and place of the party. It is a very good idea to check with your prospective guests -- in advance -- to make sure they'll be able to make it. Then:

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Person

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Cause

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Shore

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Light

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Type in the information requested below. Use upper and lower case letters where they would ordinarily occur. For example, capitalize your guest's name. Okay?

{code 0}

Lectric

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Fecht

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Whizz

{code 0} {3x\$20}

O' Trainset

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Mokay

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Walker

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Pasa

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Merfudd

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Bassadore

{code 0}

Emmy

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Noh

{code 0}

Kuliar

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Cumber

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Gang

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Sential

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Rex

{code 0}

Gofirst

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Ment

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Pleasure

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Trem

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Knott

{code 0} {3x\$20}

. Just before lunch you found a folder containing the memo. It was in the desk in Ferris's old room. You took it and headed downstairs. Almost immediately, you ran into Rose and crowed about how she couldn't touch you any longer. Rose snorted, and said, "I have plenty of copies of that memo, young man. So don't get so cocky!"

{code 0} {3x\$20}

453 STUB

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Roe

{code 0}

You noticed Thad catching up on his reading during the party. He would wander off into a corner now and then, and become enormously engrossed in some article in {code 1 \$5C \$2B} {2x\$20}. You noticed he moved his lips while reading.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You stayed close to Rose's side throughout the party because you thought you could charm her into restoring your unlimited and (let's face it) extorted expense account.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

With MURDER PARTY and your computer and printer, you can create everything you'll need to host role-playing murder mystery parties for up to eight players. And you don't even have to invite the computer!

MURDER PARTY will print out:

- Personalized Invitations
- Guest Profiles
- Customized Clue Booklets
- Official Police Reports
- Facsimile Evidence and
- Written Confessions

You supply the suspects. And MURDER PARTY gives you a great deal of flexibility in putting together your guest list. You can host a fast, funny, and intriguing murder with six, seven, or eight players. And two of these roles can be played by guests of either sex.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You'll create personalized dossiers about your friends, and use this information to create new parties that are always different. MURDER PARTY will select the murderer, and change the fictional invitations, clues, and evidence so that your mystery's solution is always satisfyingly air-tight.

From the moment your guests receive their printed invitations, the game is on. Each guest will get a profile of the role you've cast them in, along with descriptions of everyone else you've invited. Guests can use the profiles in deciding how to dress and act on the night of the party.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

When they arrive, you'll hand out customized clue booklets. Each booklet contains four rounds of clues, and a solution. Round by round, you and your guests turn to a fresh page of clues and, through conversation, jokes, innuendo, accusations, and seemingly innocent questions, you reveal what you've learned.

A web of deceit is spun, catching nearly everyone in its sticky network of lies and evasion. But there's only one murderer. And when the confessions are read, the truth is finally known. Justice is served.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Dinner might also be served. That's up to you. Your MURDER PARTY manual will give you tips on what to wear, how to make and use props and evidence, even what records to play.

You'll be plunged into an imaginary, shadowy world where anyone, including you, can be guilty of murder.

There are two great murder mysteries you and your friends can take part in.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

"The Big Kill" by Ron Martinez

Everyone loved Jeremy Summers, your old Berkeley roommate who went on from hippie-hood to become the biggest movie star Hollywood has ever seen. So why would anyone want to murder him, brutally, and on the night of his greatest acting triumph?

You were there, that night, along with the rest of his tightly-knit circle of friends. In an informal get-together following Jeremy's funeral, you'll have the chance to share some memories, laugh about old times, and just maybe force a cold-blooded killer out into the spotlight.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

"Empire" by Ann-Byrd Platt

Rose Hips was only a maid in the mansion owned by your father, Ferris Smith, founder of the huge and powerful pharmaceuticals company, Empire Corp. But Rose polished her way into the old man's heart, and in no time flat, she was his wife. When Daddy died, Rose inherited everything. You were left out in the cold.

Now Rose is dead, and the police think it was murder. You and the others will gather one last time, for the reading of her will. Who knows? Maybe the thorny Rose will seek to avenge her death from beyond the grave.

{code 0}

Remember: You don't just play MURDER PARTY. You live it.

{code 0}

STUB

{code 0} {3x\$20}

STUB

{code 0}

STUB

{code 0}

STUB

{code 0}

This is how the information will read on the invitation:

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Does that look okay?

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Printing the Party

{code 0} {2x\$20}

MURDER PARTY will keep track of what's been printed and what hasn't, so that you can do only as much printing as you want in one sitting.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Please note that each "packet" you print is made up of several different items. If you quit printing in the middle of a packet, MURDER PARTY will act as if no printing of that packet occurred at all. So it's a good idea to see each packet through to completion.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You'll also be able to reprint any packet --a useful feature in the event your dog eats somebody's confession.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

MURDER PARTY will keep track of how many times each packet has been printed, so you don't wander into an endless loop and starve to death. Any time you're ready, select one of the items below and hit RETURN.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Printing Host Materials

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You'll be using the host materials before and during the party, so it's okay to look at them.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

But remember: these materials include props for use on the night of the party. By studying them too closely, you could give yourself an unfair advantage.

{code 0}

To get them out of this machine and onto paper, first turn on your printer. Then line up the first page (and every page if you're feeding each one in by hand) so that the print head is positioned just under the top of the sheet.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Press RETURN when you're ready to print.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

The host materials for this party have been printed

{code 0} {1x\$20}

"P" to Pause Printing, "R" to Resume, "C" to Cancel

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Printing the Invitations For

{code 0}

The invitation for:

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Printing the Invitation For:

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Don't read any invitation other than your own. Invitations contain secret information that only the recipient should know. There will be plenty of time to wring this stuff out of your pals later.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

When printing is completed, separate the pages (if necessary), arrange them in order, and staple them together.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Place them in an envelope and mail them off as soon as you can.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Make sure your printer is turned on. Line up the page so that the print head is just under the top of the sheet.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Printing The Clue Booklets For

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Printing The Clue Booklet For:

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Make sure your printer is turned on. Line up the envelope so that the print head is about half an inch from the top.

{code 0}

Don't read any of these clue booklets! Sure, it's tempting. Armed with this stuff, you'd be able to leave your friends scratching around in the dirt for evidence.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

DON'T DO IT!

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Keep these in a safe place until your guests arrive. You'll be glad you did.

{code 0}

Printing The Envelopes For

{code 0} {1x\$20}

The envelope for:

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Printing An Envelope For:

{code 0} {1x\$20}

For best results, use a legal-size envelope, one roughly nine and a half inches long by four inches wide. Line it up in your printer so that the print head is positioned about a half-inch down from the envelope's edge.

Make sure your printer is powered-up and online. Then hit the button and print. Good luck.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

The clue booklet for:

{code 0}

STB

{code 0}

STB

{code 0}

After all these years, a reunion. Together, you and these people have been through it all: from the first naive days of college, through the birth of the anti-war movement and the founding of the Woodstock Nation. There have never been (6-8) friends who were closer.

Even now, though the timelessness of youth has given way to the demands of life in the real world, those friendships still mean a lot to you. Especially that deep affection you've all felt for Jeremy Summers.

It was Jeremy who brought you all together in the first place. A charismatic, self-absorbed man even then, he perhaps not surprisingly went on to become the biggest film star Hollywood has ever seen. He seemed to have it all.

That's what makes his suicide all the more shocking. That and the fact that he killed himself at the climactic moment of his greatest acting triumph. Hard to believe.

{code 0}

Everyone's getting together after his funeral. To talk about old times, have a couple of laughs, renew old friendships, and make some new ones. But there will be one thing on everyone's mind: what -or who- killed Jeremy Summers?

{code 0} {1x\$20}

But I didn't kill Jeremy.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You just remembered something: after Jeremy ordered {code 1 \$28 \$2B} {3x\$20} This is a test message.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You and Jeremy had a torrid love affair during your first few months in the Berkeley house. None of the others ever knew about it, because Jeremy wanted it to be, as he said then, "our little secret. Trust me, it'll make it more exciting..." It certainly did, until Jeremy abruptly ended it, openly becoming housemate {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {3x\$20}'s lover. By then you were too humiliated to let anyone know of your affair, so you tried to forget it ever happened. But you never got over it, and Jeremy Summers became an obsession.

Over the years, you've been like a sleepwalker, a person without direction. You even drifted into a marriage with {code 1 \$94 \$2A} {3x\$20} but you've never loved him. Still, your marriage kept you occupied, and the years fell painlessly away.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Until several months ago, when {code 1 \$80 \$2A} {1x\$20} inexplicably turned sour and angry with you. The focus of his anger was, unbelievably, Jeremy Summers! {code 1 \$80 \$2A} began to pester you, demanding to know if you still saw Jeremy, or if Jeremy ever called you. He forbade you to even think about Summers. Since {code 1 \$80 \$2A} {3x\$20} was only dimly aware of the fact that you once knew Jeremy, and knew nothing of your affair, his behavior was bizarre. So bizarre, in fact, that it raked over the smoldering embers of your old obsession, causing your passion for Jeremy to blaze anew.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

One day recently, in a fit of depression, you purchased a book at a church bazaar: an old compendium of herbal remedies. In it, you found a chapter devoted to what the author jokingly called "love potions,"

various herbal tonics designed to "stimulate the romantic function." In your confusion, you came to believe that the right combination of freshly mixed herbs would cause the object of your desire to return your passion.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Your rational self argued (feebly) that love potions couldn't be real, and that your interest in them was sort of a private joke. But the sleepwalker in you harvested the herbs, mixed the potion, and dragged you to the opening performance of Jeremy's new play. The sleepwalker in you was determined, one way or another, to release you from your emotional bondage.

{code 0}

You and Jeremy were near the end of your famous cross-country trip, sleeping off the side of the road near Granite Falls, North Carolina, when some sixth sense roused you. You blearily scanned the campsite, and you saw -- it looked like some redneck, pointing a rifle at Jeremy's head!

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You leaped up, grabbed your hunting knife, and plunged it into the intruder's back. He fell, and it was then that you saw his "rifle" was nothing more than a smoothly polished wooden walking stick. Suddenly dizzy, you looked hard at the intruder's face: he wasn't much more than a kid, with blonde hair and clouded, ice-blue eyes. "Why. . . you have killed me?" the boy said with a faint German accent. Choking, he pulled a piece of paper from his jacket. You deciphered it in the rising moonlight. . ."Gunter Emmerich". . . an exchange student!

{code 0}

"I want to cross your country by hithchiking. . ." Emmerich said, and died. Panicked, you balled up the kid's i.d. and threw it into the darkness. Then you woke Jeremy, and convinced him that the corpse belonged to a murderous hillbilly who intended to rob and kill you.

{code 0}

Together, you dragged the young student through the brush to the high embankment's edge. Thundering waters, luminous in the moonlight, cascaded to the whirlpool sixty feet below. You tied off Emmerich's wrist and ankle cuffs with shoelaces, and filled his clothes with stones. The whirlpool swallowed him with a throaty "thunk!"

{code 0} {1x\$20}

It's been your secret, and Jeremy's, all these years. But just two weeks ago, you received a typewritten letter:

Hey!

Are you crazy? Why are you hounding me about that redneck after all these years.

I'm warning you, don't cross me.

-- Jeremy
{code 0} {2x\$20}

You had no idea what he was talking about, and you wanted desperately to clear it up. So you booked a flight to New York, and reserved a ticket to the opening night performance of "The Big Kill"...

{code 0} {1x\$20}

None of your pals ever knew this, but years ago, a grueling IRS audit of your barter operation revealed that you owed thousands of dollars in back taxes. In order to stay out of jail, you were forced to sell off your cutlery holdings. But that didn't bring in nearly enough cash.

{code 0}

Despairing, you found yourself drifting into a commune run by a film freak who called himself "{code 1 \$C4 \$2A} {1x\$20}." You agreed to star in some of his

{code 0} {3x\$20}

"avant garde" films in return for a percentage of the profits. In {code 1 \$C4 \$2A} {1x\$20}'s first feature, "Medium Boiling," you starred as the "ghost of Armageddons past," a masked figure who appeared in the bedrooms of generals and war profiteers, where she would attempt to transform lust and agression into love. One day this opus was released, though retitled by the distributor.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

"Mask Of The Red Hot Lover" hit the strips from L.A. to Motown to Times Square. And the mysterious leading lady, in her white satin mask, was the biggest thing to ever hit the X-Rated circuit.

{code 1 \$C4 \$2A} {1x\$20}'s disappeared, but he writes you regularly. He had his face redone by a plastic surgeon, and started a new life, because, he's written, "{code 1 \$C4 \$2A} had to die. I have taken his place." Nevertheless, {code 1 \$C4 \$2A} {1x\$20} lived long enough to splice together dozens of "Mask" sequels. True to his word, he's mailed your percentage in a timely fashion.

{code 0}

You used some of your profits to pay off the I.R.S., and financed "The Cutting Edge" with the rest. Business has been good. In fact, you planned to take the company public with a huge stock offering. But just two weeks ago, you received a package, sent by Jeremy, that chilled you to the bone. In it, there was a white satin mask, and a short, handwritten note:

{code 0} {3x\$20}

"Who was that masked woman?" the Golden Boy asked, as the Hollywood Stiffs chuckled.

THE WORLD MUST KNOW!

You have nothing to be ashamed of.

(Signed)--Jeremy
{code 0}

You have no idea how Jeremy found out the truth, but one thing is certain: the world must never know who lurks behind the white satin mask.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You are, in fact, the one-time avant garde filmmaker, "{code 1 \$C4 \$2A} {2x\$20}," renowned for your direction of that infamous series of X-rated films which began with "The Mask Of the Red Hot Lover." {code 0} {2x\$20}

Years ago, when you were struggling to establish the Spawn Ranch Film Collective, you accepted a small fortune from a group of underworld investors, a group which had absolutely no interest in your theories of the cinema. What these creeps needed was footage to run in their chain of X-rated movie palaces, and they figured you were just the "flake" to produce it. You took their bread and set about filming Medium Boiling, a surreal political comedy starring {code 1 \$7C \$2A} {2x\$20}, a hot young prospect, who'd wandered onto the commune a few weeks earlier.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

As political art, "Medium Boiling" was a plate of cold farina. But as "erotica," it was a bombshell, so you grabbed the negatives and went underground. You retitled the flick "Mask of the Red Hot Lover," and distributed it through your own shadowy network of counter-culture film freaks. You and your young star (who to this day is anonymous, having worn a white satin mask in every scene), made plenty. Your "investors" never saw a dime. They've hunted you for years, but you haven't worried much about that.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You had your face remade by a wino plastic surgeon living in a trailer park outside Reno, then you tracked down and married {code 1 \$74 \$2A} {3x\$20}, an old friend of {code 1 \$7C \$2A}'s. {code 1 \$74 \$2A} {1x\$20} turned out to be just the kind of confused person you needed to help conceal your true identity.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Everything was peachy until you got a phone call from that creep Summers. He told you he heard from some cameraman (who worked on Meat For Hire) that the mysterious pornographer {code 1 \$C4 \$2A} {3x\$20} was married to a ditzy herb freak named {code 1 \$74 \$2A} {3x\$20}. Summers demanded a percentage of the profits from the "Mask" movies, or he'd expose you to {code 1 \$74 \$2A} {2x\$20}! You made a date to talk about it at the opening of Summers' new play. You had little choice.

{code 1 \$74 \$2A} {1x\$20} must never find out about your past. Such a revelation could easily lead to your death. And you were in no mood to "shed your skin" again. No, {code 1 \$C4 \$2A} {1x\$20} would continue to live, even if it meant, god forbid, the inevitable should happen.

{code 0}

Many years ago, you and your fiancée, a German exchange student named Gunter Emmerich, were hitchhiking across the North American continent. Your eventual destination was Berkeley, California, where Gunter was to complete his graduate studies in philosophy.

{code 0}

One night, in North Carolina, you found yourselves stuck outside the town of Winston-Salem, so you figured you'd set up a little camp in the scrub brush off the road. Gunter waded in to scout out a good spot to pitch the pup tent. After ten minutes, you wondered what was taking Gunter so long, so you picked your way through the undergrowth.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You heard voices in the dark, fevered conversation: ". . . we've gotta get rid of his body. . . listen to me . . . ! " You saw a dark figure, a man on the ground -- it was Gunter! Two shadows lurched above him . ". . . we'll rot in jail. . . Just do what I say. . ! " One shadow turned and caught the moonlight, and you glimpsed a face you'd never forget. Nearly hysterical, you turned and ran back to the road, up toward the dim lights of the distant town...

{code 0} {2x\$20}

By the time you returned with the police, the woods were quiet, empty, except for Gunter's crumpled and bloodstained student ID. They dragged the nearby river, but Gunter was never found, and you went home to your parents' house in Newport, where for years you lived as a virtual recluse. Then, just four months ago, while watching tv (something you rarely do), you recognized the owner of those moonlit features: Jeremy Summers.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

He wasn't hard to find, or, you found, attract. He said you were a little mysterious, and he liked that, it was intriguing. He never detected the hatred submerged just beneath your cool exterior, or your scheme to drive him mad, as he had driven you mad. You would be patient, just long enough to flush out the dark figure who was Summers' accomplice on that terrible night so long ago.

It all came to a head on the opening night of "The Big Kill."

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Jeremy Summers threatened to kill you if he ever laid eyes on you again. You've known for years that Summers and his dimwitted pal {code 1 \$78 \$2A} had, one summer night, murdered themselves a redneck in the Carolina woods. Seems they were camped for the night, having done some hard hitchhiking all day, when some yokel snuck up to get the drop on Jeremy. {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {1x\$20} nailed the yokel with his hunting knife, and the two of them chucked his corpse in the drink.

You heard this revelation at {code 1 \$78 \$2A} {3x\$20}'s house one night, during a bout of sentimental, drunken confessions which {code 1 \$78 \$2A} has completely forgotten. For years, you've been using this tidbit to blackmail Jeremy, and it's worked like a charm. Summers even had to demean himself and play the role of "A.J. Meat" in that piece of garbage that made him a fortune. In fact, that's what started the whole problem.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Summers wouldn't have made all that money with "Meat for Hire" if you hadn't pushed him to give you more cash. And then the greedy animal wouldn't come across when you demanded an additional hundred grand! As if that would have made even a dent...

{code 0}

Well, it was a fine coincidence when Jeremy showed up at the Theatre Royale in New York, which you'd just bought a piece of. You're still a partner there, and it's a shame that "The Big Kill" had to shut down so soon. It was definitely in for a long and profitable run.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

But it was just too tempting, you just had to go backstage and visit Jeremy. It was only fair. You had to give him another chance to be, once again, your big-hearted, generous benefactor. You're just that kind of person...

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Jeremy recently discovered that you've been embezzling from his earnings almost from the very beginning. He threatened to cut you off, and turn you in for, among other things, the hundreds of thousands in back taxes you owed. Back taxes? Didn't that dummy know that embezzlement is a felony? Forget about back taxes.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

No matter what, you could never stand for it. You've become too used to the fast life, and have a terrifically expensive cocaine habit to boot. Your Hollywood cronies like to yuk it up, calling you the "human vacuum cleaner" while they snuffle up line after line of your blow. But they're good guys, at least, not like that no-talent ingrate Jeremy Summers.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

At home alone in your Malibu beach house, after the dinner at which Jeremy threatened to turn you in, you reflected that what Summers was proposing to do was no good. It would put you through too much stress. "Listen," you said to yourself, as yet another nose-sized shipment of Peruvian brainpowder exploded in your skull. "You created this chucklehead. You can destroy him . . . why not in New York?"

{code 0}

You've been unable to write a word since the early days of Jeremy's acting success. Humiliated by your verbal impotence, you took to the road, telling your pals that "a writer needs to live a life as rich and exciting as his fiction."

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Within a year, you'd become an aimless drifter, a loser, a bum. You worked nickel-and-dime jobs in jerkwater hamlets up and down the eastern seaboard, then wandered west through Louisville, Wichita,

and up through Denver to a six month layover in a Reno trailer park, then finally back out to sunny CA, to pluck fruit.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

One drunken night, you hoisted yourself up from an L.A. gutter and hitchhiked to San Francisco, where, you'd read, Jeremy was on location shooting "Meat For Hire". By noon the next day you were lurking around the perimeter of the Fillmore Street set, wearing a ratty sport jacket over a brown and yellow employee's uniform you'd stolen from a McDonald's bathroom. You looked really sharp as you knocked a quarter-million dollar movie camera off its pedestal, scaring the Nikes off Jeremy's co-star, Rebecca Di Tessa. A quick pratfall, and you were face-down in front of an unsmiling Jeremy.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

He helped you up, and walked you off the set. You talked. Hell, you poured out your soul, laid bare the awful truth of your life, how you were terrified that you'd never be able to write your novel. Jeremy listened, then said coldly, "Gee. You could never write before. What makes you think you'll be able to write now?" You stood there dumbfounded as Jeremy turned away. "I have to get back to work, now. Goodbye, and... go home. You look ridiculous." He nodded at a pair of security guards who grinned at you evilly.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

A thought crawled up from the depths of your tortured soul: 'Jeremy Summers is responsible for my failure...'

{code 0} {2x\$20}

When, several months ago, you heard that Jeremy's new play was opening in New York, you decided to make one more cross-country trip. After all, what are friends for?

{code 0} {2x\$20}

HOST INSTRUCTIONS

These printed materials are props you'll use on the night of the party. Your MURDER PARTY manual will tell you exactly what to do with them.

Pay close attention to the manual! You wouldn't want your guests to murder YOU because you didn't plant that vital bit of evidence where it belongs...

{code 0} {3x\$20}

leave her seat and head out to the lobby. She was wearing a tasteless, blue velvet dress.

{code 0}

You arrived in the theater at around 7:35. You brought that damned love potion with you, and spent most of the first and second acts trying to figure out how to see Jeremy. You wore a blue velvet dress.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

{code 0} {2x\$20}

{code 0} {1x\$20}

As he stumbled into the lobby, {code 1 \$90 \$2A} A moment later, you recognized another face in the crowd: {code 1 \$24 \$2B} {2x\$20} Downstairs in the lobby, you saw someone you know. But you don't think she saw you. That was {code 1 \$24 \$2B} {2x\$20} She was on the phone, telling someone on the otherend that she was cancelling her plans to take her business public. "And I absolutely will not change my mind," she added.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You were downstairs in the corridor, outside Summers's dressing room. You heard {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {3x\$20}'s voice from inside the room. Summers was in there too. They had a short, angry exchange, ending when Summers said: "You've been bleeding me for years, and now you're finished. Get out of here." You ducked into a doorway, as {code 1 \$8C \$2A} {3x\$20} followed her up the aisle a moment later.

{code 0}

left the theater, and got into a big blue limo, which immediately sped off.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

For some reason, you found yourself with a particularly good view of the wooded set used in the first act. To your surprise, you were able to make out the crouching figure of {code 1 \$84 \$2A} By the way, there is no Edmund Perilman. I invented him to give me an excuse for this party. I thought if I invited you myself, you might question my motives.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You see, I was afraid that someone had seen me kill Jeremy, and I wanted to find out if any of you suspected me. But it looks like my paranoia has done me in. Do with me what you will, because THIS IS END!

{code 0} {1x\$20}

What color is this guest's hair? (Examples: blonde, black, brown, dirty blonde, etc.)

{code 0} {1x\$20}

What, to the best of your knowledge, is this guest's favorite expression? (Examples: far out, woof, totally radical, gross, give me a break, etc.)

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Most of the birthday celebrants will be at the reading of Rose's will. They wouldn't miss it for anything.

Take the time to get re

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Name a famous person this guest resembles. (Examples: "Cap" Weinberger, Jane Fonda, Moe of the Three Stooges, Dr. Ruth, etc.)

{code 0} {2x\$20}

If this person were an animal, what animal would that be? (Examples: gazelle, parakeet, panda, thoroughbred racehorse, etc.)

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Name any large and well-known pharmaceuticals company -a manufacturer of the kind of everyday cold and headache remedies we've all taken at one time or another.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

What's the last school this guest attended? (Examples: Dorker High, Harvard, Pez Institute, etc.)

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Is your guest male or female? (This is NOT a yes or no question. Type: male or female.)

{code 0} {1x\$20}

What is the month and day of Saturday the week before the invitations will be mailed out? (Example: If you're mailing on Wednesday, May 9, type: May 5

{code 0}

Name a bathroom cabinet staple IN CAPSULE FORM that people take unthinkingly -a cold, headache, hay fever or pain remedy. Don't use the word "capsule" in your answer.

{code 0}

Write a (very) short sentence describing this guest -exactly like the kind of capsule descriptions that appear in yearbooks. (Example: Dogs and children love him.)

{code 0} {2x\$20}

STUB

{code 0}

A Murder Party!

You've just been invited to a party where the object is murder...

{code 0}

What political party does (or would) this guest most likely belong to? (Examples: the Republicans, the Democrats, the Shining Path, the Socialist People's Front, etc.)

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Rose Hips really cleaned up. She was once only a scullery maid in the stately mansion owned by Ferris Smith, founder of the phenomenally huge and powerful pharmaceuticals manufacturer, {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {2x\$20}. But she polished her way into the heart of her employer, and in no time flat, she was his wife.

Smith promptly changed his will, leaving everything to Rose, and disinheriting his children and all other beneficiaries. Then, just as promptly, he died.

There followed a big, ugly court battle as the distraught former heirs attempted to reclaim their inheritance. The judge's ruling: "Forget it."

No one could--least of all Rose. She adored being rich, but she was sure one of the Smiths or Ferris's former associates would make her pay - though certainly none of them thought she was worth much. Rose was mean, petty, and running to fat. She was also very suspicious. To pre-empt any foul play, she liked to keep family and friends under close watch. She allowed them minor roles in {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {2x\$20}'s affairs, and even invited them all to her gala birthday celebration. It was a rather stiff event. But not as stiff as Rose's corpse, discovered by her cook shortly after the last guest left the premises.

The premises and scene of the crime were Rose's stately suburban home. Picture, if you will, the chilly marble hall with its ornate ormolu chest near the entrance and winding stairs at the far end. To the left is the over-decorated living room and guest bath. To the right, the library and the dining room with formal seating for twenty. Off the dining room is an enclosed patio and the kitchen. Upstairs is Thelma's old room and bath on the right. And to the left, Rose's bedroom and Ferris's old room with a connecting bath between.

You were there. Any idea what happened?

{code 0} {1x\$20}

One of the stagehands at the Theatre Royale told you he heard someone talking on the stage just before Jeremy's death was discovered. This stagehand didn't hear much, but he thinks he heard this: "

{code 0} {2x\$20}

OK, no legalese, no forthwiths, no hereinafters, no fine print. As you undoubtedly know already, Rose Hips is dead. This is a surprise to everyone, but especially to those of us who were with her at her birthday lunch only hours before she died last Saturday.

{code 0}

What is not a surprise is that Rose's will poses almost as many legal problems as that of her late husband (

{code 0} {2x\$20}
) Ferris Smith. Given what we're still thrashing through with his estate, I'm not sure I have the strength to contest this one as well, but that's a decision we should make together.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

The police suspect the cause of death was Digoxin poisoning in {code 1 \$4C \$2B} {2x\$20} capsule. We all remember Ferris's heart condition and how much Digitalis he took every day. Everyone also knows Rose never threw anything out so enough stuff with scary warning labels was obviously still lying around on his bathroom shelf last Saturday to kill all of us. It seems unlikely she would have taken anything lethal by mistake, although, God knows, she swallowed fistfuls of just about everything else ten times a day. Nor can I imagine anyone murdering Rose. It must have been a suicide. But why? She had everything.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Eight years ago when she was swabbing kitchen floors for Mr. and Mrs. Ferris Smith, she might have had a reason to toss in the towel. But Ferris left Sulfa, his wife of 26 years, to marry her. Then, as you all well know, he changed his will, disinheriting his family and friends, and bequeathed her everything.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Maybe she missed him after his death much more than she ever let on. Maybe there were other reasons. If you can think of any, this is the time to confide in your attorney. But the Why and the Was aren't as important right now as the Will. Rather than go over the details with each of you separately, I think it makes more sense for us to meet, at

{code 0} {1x\$20}

This is important. If you think for some reason you may not be able to make it, please call the above number as soon as possible.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Don't schedule anything else that evening. This may take a while.

{code 0}

(Yes, there will be ample food and drink.)

{code 0} {1x\$20}

(By the way, this is BYOB and BYOFood - OK?).

{code 0} {3x\$20}

First we have to read and discuss the will. Then we need to decide what to do next and how to avoid the mistakes which cost us Smith et al v. Estate of Smith. We may still win that one on appeal but, believe me, Estate of Hips is going to be one round only. If any of you have information pertaining to her will or Rose's death, speak when we meet or you too may rest in peace.

{code 0}

Call me if you have any questions and I'll try to be helpful (at the usual consultation fee, of course). My sympathy, condolences and/or whatever other sentiments are appropriate during this difficult time.

Regards,

{code 0} {2x\$20}

As you can tell from your invitation, Alex is a bit brash at times and not overly concerned with social niceties. This is mostly on purpose. Alex's idol is Richard Nixon. Cunning, callous and unquashable.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Alex began a distinguished career as an in-house counsel for {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {2x\$20} with special responsibilities in Drugs and Pharmaceuticals. But Alex's motto has always been, "Better to litigate than to mitigate." Alex left the company shortly before the founder and chief executive Ferris Smith died, and went into private practice as a plaintiff's attorney. Alex is the family attorney for Ferris Smith's children and continues to represent several {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {2x\$20} executives, including Roger and Carla. When Ferris changed his will to benefit Rose and Rose alone, and then died several months later, Alex was the one called upon to contest the document.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Thelma is the eldest of the Smith offspring and, when it suits her, an ardent feminist. She was married briefly to a Vietnam War veteran Newt Trient, but he turned bright orange and died on the island of Curacao several years ago. Most people assume it was his exposure to Agent Orange in 'Nam. Thelma has shed her wedding ring, Newt's Viet Cong flag and his last name, but she campaigns tirelessly on behalf of Agent Orange research and afflicted veterans.

{code 0}

She has other causes as well, including the plight of women at {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {1x\$20} and other large corporations. Like all the Smith children, Thelma is only an honorary director of the company and therefore supposed to limit her involvement to deferential questions at board meetings. But as anyone in her family will tell you, Thelma defers to no one. As the oldest sister, she's just naturally bossy.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Thad, the second son, is rather shy and sweet. Many think he is the "Smart Smith," the research genius who may one day invent something extraordinary in the company labs. He sometimes behaves oddly but most people forgive him his little eccentricities. Ever since he was a small child, Thad has been getting away with murder. He has a lovely smile.

{code 0}

After his discharge from the Army in 1973, Thad has worked off and on in the {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {2x\$20} labs as a research scientist. (He also has a lab in his basement at home.) Most of his experiments aren't too practical, but no one, not even Marketing, would dare say so. Thad hates being criticized.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Paba, the family baby and beauty, is having a hard time finding happiness. She refuses to work ("too middle class") and most men lose interest in her as soon as they discover her father left her penniless. But Paba gets by somehow. She always has some male on hand, even if it's just an investment banker or some old castoff of Princess Caroline of Monaco, and the ever-mounting bills for clothes, travel, health spas and hair care do always seem to get paid.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

The one great love of her life, an antiwar activist, died quite suddenly several years ago. (Paba had to spend months at the Golden Door and Georgette Klinger's before she could face the world again.) Right now she's seeing an Italian baron who wears strange pointy shoes and wraparound shades. Paba has decided to trust in his aura anyway and continues to introduce him by his full title.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Roger, {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {3x\$20}'s chief operating officer, is a real Organization Man, but in an 80s New Man sort of way. He works late, goes to lunch with boring but important people, tries not to think about the mindless stupidity of most of his job, and always says nice things in public about his company. He also drinks herb tea, wears bikini underwear (in loud colors) and makes a point of referring to the 19-year-old word processors as "women" and "the support staff."

{code 0} {1x\$20}

A woman he holds in especially high esteem is Carla, whom he has known (and pined for) ever since their earliest days in pharmacy research. She hasn't really done much as head of product development except waste a lot of paper on spreadsheets, but Roger likes to think that this work brings them closer together.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Carla is one of those amazing young women who manage to look gorgeous and intellectual in a white lab coat and equally stunning and competent in a boxy gray suit. Not too surprisingly, females hate her and men are fascinated. Carla's rise within {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {3x\$20} from promising pharmacology researcher (lab coat) to head of product development (gray suit) hinged in part on her brilliant chemical breakthroughs and in part on company founder and chief executive Ferris Smith.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Even while the bloom was still very much on Rose, Ferris was interested in Carla. (Rose was a lot smarter than most people gave her credit for, but how could she compete with a Ph.D. in organic chemistry AND business administration?) Carla did nothing to rebuff his attentions. And Ferris in turn rewarded her

handsomely in his original will with profit sharing and residuals. Nevertheless, Carla likes to think she arrived at her current pinnacle of success due to her wonderful mind, not her even more wonderful body.

How Paba could possibly think this guy was nobility baffles her friends and family, but he seems to take good care of her so they put up with him. Il Barone, as he likes to be called, carries her bundles and pocketbook whenever they go out, never lets her cocktail or wine glass dip below half full, and even insists on accompanying her to directors' meetings and other tedious functions.

(Like all the Smith children, Paba has certain corporate titles and duties which she doesn't take very seriously.)

On these and other occasions, Paba has tried to discourage Il Barone's tight silk shirts (open to the navel), greased-back Mariel went to art school for a while but that's about the only thing interesting or unconventional about her. No one has any idea why Thad married her and everyone feels very smug and "I told you so" now that they've separated. Mariel takes a lot of valium and other antidotes to ease the pain. She is also concerned about labels on clothes, fake vs. real leather in a Mercedes, invitations to the right parties, money, and her hair (but not in that order).

She married Thad, much against her better judgement, because she assumed he had lots and stood to inherit more. And she hasn't divorced him on the off chance that his prospects may improve. Mariel tries to keep up to date on affairs and the status of Smith et al v. Estate of Smith so that when and if this happens, she will be one of the first to know. She suffered through Rose's birthday party last Saturday for this reason, and nothing, not even a ranch weekend with Ron and Nance, could keep her away from a reading of this new will.

Everyone knows a case like Skip. Lots of promise, the favorite son, a scholar-athlete with smooth skin and straight teeth, who just ups one day and chucks it all for no apparent reason. Skip seemed ever so happy at Harvard--and then one reading period he disappeared, and didn't resurface until several months later in Big Sur.

He's been there ever since fighting to save endangered species, eating macrobiotic, and trying to find his innermost self. (So far, no luck.) He has also been experimenting with herb potions and root cures and has treated several nerve cases in the Big Sur community quite successfully. Skip has only been back home once, for his father's funeral. He was upset that Ferris's will contained no provisions for whales or Bengal tigers, but the big surprise was how well he and Rose got on. She made him carob cookies and special seaweed shakes. In return, he told her all about his personal odyssey and ongoing search for meaning. Rose invited him to her birthday party last Saturday and included a little note along with the bag of yogurt candy.

You did not leave your cushy job at because you were ambitious and wanted more action (though that is certainly what you would have people believe). Ferris Smith had found out that you were processing and distributing certain of his pharmaceutical supplies for recreational and other

uses. Nothing major or messy - you weren't that stupid - just a lucrative little sideline for some gentlemen in New York and Miami.

{code 0}

Ferris was also discreet about such things. You and he agreed that resignation was the least embarrassing for all concerned and, for a long time, no one knew the truth. Then, quite recently, Rose found a memo marked "Confidential" with information about your own and others' sensitive dismissals.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Needless to say, you and Rose have not been the best of friends ever since Ferris's death and the estate imbroglio that ensued. You certainly weren't pleased about losing the first round on a technicality and nothing, but nothing, is going to stand in the way of the upcoming appeal. Your fledgling practice, which derives a substantial hunk of its income from the hours billable to the Smith children, would also suffer - maybe even collapse - if this secret ever leaked.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

The day before Rose's birthday, she seemed to have every intention of leaking and leaking loudly to anyone who would listen. (Despite her rapid rise from rags to riches, Rose was not a generous person. In fact, she was a bit of a sneak and quite a stickler when it came to ethics.) You decided if anyone was going to deliver a surprise last Saturday, it was going to be you, not Rose. After all, she was the birthday girl.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

One of the more unusual test products to emerge from the {code 1 \$48 \$2B} labs in the early 1970s was a tanning capsule. It didn't last long, however. Rats and mice, after several days of small doses, quickly turned bright orange and perished. As Ferris's daughter and part of your graduate work in women's studies, you were allowed to follow the capsule's progress closely.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You weren't overly surprised when the rodent results were deemed inconclusive and the capsule was launched in limited test markets around the country. Humans suffered the same fate. Fortunately for {code 1 \$48 \$2B}, their deaths coincided nicely with the Red Dye #6 scare and the first reports of Agent Orange. No one thought to blame the tanning capsule.

{code 0}

You considered citing it in your thesis ("Female Bodies: Everybody's Business") but shortly after the capsule was yanked off the shelves, you discovered Newt was completely smitten with and probably intending to leave you for your younger (much prettier) sister Paba. Desperate, you suggested two weeks in Curacao to "try and work things out." Newt got much tanner than usual and keeled over dead the night before you were due to come home.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Everyone accepted your explanation that it was Agent Orange that did Newt in. Rose, however, was always suspicious. (Trust Rose to be suspicious about everything: the literature you so generously loaned her back in her class oppression period, the weather, money, her interior decorator's taste, everything.) Rose recently saw an in-depth interview on the Phil Donahue show all about one Vietnam vet's slow and agonizing battle with Agent Orange exposure. She knew this was not how Newt died.

{code 0}

When she finally figured out how he did die, Rose was outraged. She was particularly upset about your fundraising and other good works on behalf of Agent Orange victims. Several days before her birthday, she pulled you aside at a family directors' meeting and threatened to tell all if you didn't confess to your crime. The night before the party, you considered dropping by and appealing to her sense of sisterhood, but something stopped you. You decided to wait until her birthday lunch to make her see things your way.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You may be shy and sweet, but you're also weird. Usually nothing happens because you're Ferris Smith's son. Like the time you decided the house across the street was just too ugly so you waited for the owners to go away for the weekend and you blew it up. Or your latest lab experiments - that cream to lavishly increase female facial hair and the powder that enlarges and reproduces bunions. Who else would be allowed to get away with these little caprices?

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Every now and again, you do get caught and punished but your pride absolutely cannot abide it. You are terrified people may one day find out you were sent home from Saigon for running a sideline taxidermy service. (You specialized in ears but, for a fee, would prepare, stuff and mount just about any part of the human anatomy.)

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Like the U.S. Army, Rose was on to you. When she declared last week at the board meeting, in her official capacity as {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {3x\$20} chairperson, that you were unfit to continue serving as a company director, you were devastated. In front of everyone else, she announced that she was removing your red leather chair with brass name plate in back. Immediately. No other Smith in the history of {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {2x\$20} has ever suffered such disgrace. Even Skip, your totally irresponsible older brother who dropped out of school and went to find himself in Big Sur, has an honorary (always vacant) chair at the far end of the table. But then Rose has always liked Skip better than you. Another reason to hate her.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You have been pondering what could have triggered such an arbitrary and unfair decision on her part. Was she so offended by the female facial hair stimulant? Or did she somehow find out what you did to that irritating little MBA in the hang glider last month? You considered blowing up the board room just to make a statement, but decided against it. Her birthday last Saturday was a much more appropriate time and place to make your feelings known.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You have lots. The first is what you knew about Rose. As the youngest, you were always very close to Rose growing up. She let you watch female wrestling on her TV in the laundry after school. She also once confided in a weak moment about her secret, no-good, crazy husband who was locked up for life on an axe murder charge. She never told anyone else for fear of losing her job.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

During the first days of Smith et al v. Estate of Smith, you suddenly realized that Rose had TWO husbands, your father and the axe murderer, thereby complicating if not completely invalidating Daddy's will. Your first thought was to tell Alex and the others right away. Your second thought was the amount outstanding on your American Express bill. After searching your conscience, you decided there was really no reason to share Daddy's money with all the others. None of them needed it as badly as you.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Rose, of course, had no choice but to comply with your demands. Even the really outrageous ones like the new pink Jaguar (the old one had a dent) and the Paloma Picasso chain-mail outfit. Her business manager, Mr. Ernest Wilson, never suspected and always paid without a peep. But would he next month? Rose took you aside after the directors' meeting last week and told you both husbands were now dead (she didn't elaborate on how the axe murderer had died) and you were officially off the payroll. This was very bad news. Not only had you just signed up for a diet cruise in the Bering Sea, but you knew what this would mean for you-and Daddy's will-if the others found out. Your fragile psyche can't take much more of this.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You've already had an amazingly difficult and traumatic life. Every therapist says so. First your father dumped Mummy for the maid. Then Mummy died (of grief and social embarrassment). Several years later, you fell in love with a Vietnam vet and antiwar activist who also happened to be your sister Thelma's husband. But, of course, as soon as he decided to leave her for you, he died too. Thelma always claimed it was his exposure to Agent Orange in 'Nam, yet lately you've been wondering.

{code 0}

Not too long ago, the Phil Donahue show had this distraught mother on who told everyone, in detail, about her son's death by Agent Orange. It didn't sound anything like the way Newt died. You're still unsure what all this means, but an invitation to one of Thelma's A.O. fundraisers last week made you feel queasy. Rose's news made you feel much worse.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

At the board meeting last week, you wept hysterically and begged for a few months to straighten out your life and finances. The night before her birthday party, you went over to her house to plead your case more privately and calmly. But Rose, prickly to the last, remained adamant. There was one obvious way to deal with Rose on Saturday. There was no way you could deal without her money.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

The bitter truth about you is that you're a fraud, a living lie. Sure, you like to pretend you're a laid-back kind of a guy, not someone with a lot of stress in your life, but in fact you're rabid with ambition. You've read In Search of Excellence three times and are still searching. You've been marketing your mother for years on a local game show for geriatrics. The sight of corner windows, lush carpeting and a totally

impractical designer desk makes you weak in the knees with desire. The sight of Rose has made you insanely, almost uncontrollably furious ever since Ferris died.

{code 0}

The deal was that you were supposed to inherit the mantle of CEO and all the other responsibilities for which Ferris so carefully groomed you. No one, least of all you, expected Rose to exercise a little-known clause in the company bylaws which gives first precedence to spouses in succession of power. Rose was not one to take power lightly either. She was the boss and you reported to her. You have really tried to be rational about this, but you just can't respect a female without an MBA from a prestige business school. Even someone like Carla, whom you respect enormously, would be real tough to perform under. If you're not on top, you're just not happy.

{code 0}

For a long time now, you have sought to resolve this untenable underling position with Rose. You have inquired regularly and solicitously about her impending mid-life crisis. You have urged the Junior League to recruit her. You have encouraged her to take world cruises and/or long trips involving airports with minimal security. Your favorite fantasy has been that Rose would become incurably ill.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Then last week you decided Rose already was incurably ill and it was time to put her out of her and your misery. Not only did she spend the entire board meeting off in corners chatting with people, so of course, as usual, nothing got done, but she also had the gall to fire Carla - without your permission - for some minor lapse of judgement aeons ago. Back when you were both still working in the labs, Carla authorized a market test for a tanning capsule that probably wasn't quite ready yet for the outside world. (All the mice and rats had turned bright orange and died after several days of small doses in the lab.) A tiny market sample suffered the same fate before the capsule was yanked and buried.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Big deal, right? Certainly nothing to warrant such drastic measures long after the fact. However, at that point, you were quite ready to consider drastic measures yourself. The woman understood nothing about business, nothing about executive management, and certainly nothing about your dangerously thwarted need to achieve. Her birthday was going to be Retirement Day.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You actually have several. Back in the early 1970s, one of your many impressive lab achievements was a tanning capsule. (This was before skin cancer and wrinkles became important marketing considerations.) To shield the discovery from industrial spies and competitors, all tests were conducted under a heavy veil of secrecy. Almost no one knew that the rats and mice, after several days of the tanning capsule, turned bright orange and died. Even fewer were aware that you went ahead with limited test markets anyway. (You maintain to this day the preliminary evidence was inconclusive.) Humans suffered the same fate as the rodents.

Happily for you and {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {1x\$20}, their deaths coincided nicely with the Red Dye #6 scare and the first reports of Agent Orange. The tanning capsule quietly disappeared. Alex, your attorney, knows what happened, as do Thelma, Thad and Roger who were all working in the lab on other projects

at the time. You assume they've all forgotten about it since no one has mentioned the tests or the tanning capsule in years.

{code 0}

Ferris didn't find out until shortly before his death. When he did, however, he was so upset he cut you out of all your rightful profit sharing and residuals. (OK, so ToxiTan was a mistake. But there were dozens of other pharmaceutical triumphs of which you are justly proud.) You fought tooth and claw to contest Ferris's revised will and hold out more hope than most that you'll win on appeal.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Rose always wondered why Ferris expunged you from his will so abruptly. She hated you worse than washing windows, but Rose was fair. She was willing to concede that, unlike any of his children, you had at least worked hard for your money. Then, quite recently, in connection with something else, she figured it all out. Rose was appalled. (In addition to being fair, she was also very righteous.)

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Last week before the directors' meeting, she pulled you aside and announced that as chairperson and chief executive she was hereby relieving of your duties as head of product development. Then she told you why. She also made it clear what she would do if you continued to fight Ferris's will at the appeal level.

{code 0}

You were furious. Here was this maid not only refusing you a chance at money that was certainly yours, but also destroying your career for a decision any ambitious corporate climber might have made. You take a lot laying down, but not this. You determined then and there that Rose was not going to have a happy birthday.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Oh God, where to start? You have such a long and colorful career. Before you decided to become a baron, you dabbled in loan sharking, pyramid schemes, escort services and jewelry heists off lonely old ladies in grand hotels.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Your most recent scam involved selling hot insider info about {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {2x\$20} to any broker or analyst who would buy. (You don't accompany Paba to those board meetings and company functions because you enjoy them or her. This is strictly business.) Like all drug stocks, {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {1x\$20} has had its ups and downs in recent years. Just about everyone in the investment community was willing to pay for what you knew to hedge their downside risk.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Everything was going just fine. You were even thinking of giving up your title and Eurotrash image and buying a serious suit so you could do this kind of work full-time. Then Rose caught you. You have no idea how she figured it out. Maybe it was just a lucky guess or maybe she didn't like the look of the

notepad and your frequent absences to use the phone during directors' meetings. You didn't expect her to be so sharp. (No one else in the family is.) Nor did you expect her terms to be so harsh and swift.

Rose wanted you out of Paba's life, the state, and preferably the country by close of business Friday. But these were not terms you could accept. First of all, because you're Italian and you don't take orders from women like Rose. Second, because Paba has other uses as well and you have no intention of giving her up just yet. Your counter-offer, which you planned to present at Rose's birthday on Saturday, was to relinquish your tipster activities in return for two years at the business school of your choice.

If Rose wasn't willing to listen to reason, you weren't going to waste a lot of time trying to persuade her. You've had this problem before with little old ladies suddenly missing their diamonds late at night and creating a fuss. You silence them.

The real reason you put up with Thad, his family and all the company goings on is not because you think they're going to benefit you in any serious way (though there's always that hope), but because you earn your living off them. As the estranged Mrs. Smith, you have an image to maintain and it's expensive. Part-time work in an art gallery and Thad's monthly pittance don't begin to pay your platinum Am-Ex bill.

A while back you read an article in The Wall Street Journal about this guy with the inside dope on various large corporations who was making a fortune selling hot tips to stockbrokers. Unfortunately, he got greedy and got caught. You thought about this for a while and realized the potential income to be derived from all those hideously boring directors' meetings and Smith

family functions. Especially if you kept things under control and never called the same source twice in one week.

For almost a year, you had zero problems. (A) You were a female with an art background and thereby credited with no brains at all. Certainly not enough smarts to pull off a stunt like insider trading. (B) At least once a quarter, you let the stock take a bath and told no one. (The article explained that consistently high performance is something that makes the SEC very, very suspicious.) (C) You spend half your life on the phone anyway yakking with your friends and decorator so another hour or so a day has attracted no attention.

Then last week it all fell apart. That idiot Rose told Thad he was no longer fit to serve as a company director. Moreover, she was going to take away his red leather chair with brass name plate on the back by Friday. It probably has something to do with one of his weirdo lab inventions or weirdo behavior in general. The man is impossible. He is, nonetheless, your only conduit to all the meetings, people and

precious information you need to continue this lucrative little enterprise. The linchpin was Rose. But you couldn't think of any way to make her change her mind without somehow blowing your cover. Only one other option remained.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You have never been one to balk at the difficult and unappealing. (You married Thad, after all.) You were also very interested in seeing Ferris's will finally settled. At least for you, Rose's birthday was going to be a happy one.

{code 0}

You have two terrible truths on your conscience: limited and disappointing personal development, and the big mess with Rose. You can live with the fact that you still haven't found your center (lots of people never do), but the hideously tangled financial and emotional involvement with Rose was really inexcusable.

{code 0}

It all started so innocently. You needed money for the whale hatchery, the herb clinic and the new solar-heating panels and Rose needed someone to love. She was so terribly alone after your father died and even more alone during the court battle over his will. You felt sorry for her and wrote long, caring letters, which, in retrospect, you realize could have been misinterpreted. She wrote checks in return which you also failed to understand properly.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

When you saw the proposal she included with the last check and an invitation to her birthday, you were aghast. But also tempted. Basically she was offering to turn over her entire fortune to you in exchange for your unwavering devotion. At first you thought this meant you could continue to live in separate domiciles and just call each other more often. Upon more careful reading, you realized this was not what she had in mind. Still, you were torn. You had come to depend on Rose's money far more than you liked to admit. It would be so awful to give up your solar hacienda and return to the trailer park. Also, at this point in your personal development, inner journeys in a mobile home would be unthinkable.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

So you went to the birthday party, though you arrived about an hour after everyone else had left. Things did not get off to a good start. Rose showed you the first page of her new will and, sure enough, there you were in the form of a special foundation you and she had set up earlier, but she snatched the parchment away before you could read the whole thing carefully. She then sniffed at your birthday bouquet of white foxglove flowers and pronounced them smelly. Carelessly she tossed them on top of her alligator bag and mink and bid you come upstairs. You hesitated. Here was a woman who disdained the scent of herbs and butchered helpless beasts for clothing, but she had also just shown you a piece of paper that promised you an irresistably better world.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You listened for a moment to your most basic, primeval self, a level of self you had never found before, and knew what you had to do.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

WINTHROP, WEINSTEIN & WALLECHINSKY

Attorneys at Law

Trusts and Estates

I, ROSE HIPS, being of sound mind and body, do hereby make, publish and declare this as my Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all other wills and codicils heretofore made by me.

ONE. In the event of my natural death and no issue, I bequeath all of my estate and personal property, of whatever nature and wherever situate, to THE FOXGLOVE FOUNDATION to be disposed of as this institution sees fit.

{code 0}

TWO. If, however, my death is determined to be of unnatural causes, I revoke all bequests to the above FOXGLOVE FOUNDATION and leave my estate, property and all income deriving therefrom to that individual who can conclusively identify the perpetrator of my demise.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

THREE. Should a spontaneous confession occur and the agent of the crime be brought to justice in this way, my estate and all its income shall then revert to {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {2x\$20}

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I, ROSE HIPS have hereunto set my hand and seal and signed my name.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

POLICE REPORT

(1) Rose Hips died mid-afternoon on her birthday,

{code 0} {3x\$20}

. Forensic specialists believe she died of a toxic overdose of Digoxin.

(2) Digoxin, a somewhat weaker form of Digitoxin, is found in Digitalis, a common cardiac stimulant. Digoxin originates in the foxglove plant. Several open bottles of Digitalis prescribed for the late Mr. Ferris Smith were discovered in the deceased's bathroom. All were clearly marked by the pharmacist as dangerous in excessive or extended doses.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

A bouquet of foxglove flowers was found on top of the deceased's mink coat in the living room.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

A mangled bouquet of foxgloves was found on the kitchen counter.

{code 0}

A small spill of crushed digitalis pills was evident on the sink and floor beneath.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

A cyanide capsule was uncovered in the corner of the third bathroom shelf, far right hand side.

{code 0}

Lab experts are still investigating a peculiar greenish cream found in a jar of Clinique. They believe the unguent may induce abnormal facial hair growth.

{code 0}

(3) According to confirmed reports, the deceased gave her entire staff the afternoon off after her birthday lunch. Her cook, Ms. Charlotte Russo, discovered the body upon returning shortly after 6 PM. No one was apparently in the house at the time of her death. Dishes and other party debris had not yet been cleaned up when Ms. Russo phoned headquarters.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

A large dose of Digoxin was found in a half-full cup of the decaffeinated blend Ms. Hips was said to prefer.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Small shreds of what may have been foxglove leaves or may have been hibiscus flowers were detected in a cup of herb tea by the deceased's bedside. Lab experts are still checking.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

(4) Ms. Hips was known to be something of a hypochondriac. The array of medications in her bedroom and bath and reports of Ms. Russo and other household staff confirm this supposition. Nevertheless, it seems improbable she would have ingested such a large quantity of Digoxin by accident. Her personal physician and household staff maintain suicide would have been equally out of character and unlikely.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

(5) Although the Smith children all serve on the {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {2x\$20} board of directors in an honorary capacity and derive modest independent incomes from their stock holdings, they do not share in the late Mr. Smith's vast pharmaceutical fortune which was left solely to the deceased. The lengthy and acrimonious court battle, brought by his children and several company executives against Ms. Hips, remains unresolved.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

CONCLUSIONS:

We have thus far reached no conclusions on this case and will await further evidence before proceeding. Meanwhile, investigative efforts continue under the direction of the Investigation Division.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Carla - When you left Rose's birthday last Saturday, you accidentally took her purse instead of your own. Inside, you found this phone message. Don't reveal knowledge of either the mixup or the message until your clue booklet, which you'll receive at the Murder Party, tells you to. But do bring this and the purse you normally carry around with you.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

TO: ROSE

AT: Saturday, 11:55 am

FROM: Dr. Jaruselski, Neurosurgery

Call Dr. J. as soon as possible to schedule CAT scan. He has "bad news" to share with you...

{code 0}

EAR-DAY ATS-SLAY,

O-YAY! EED-NAY A-AY AVOR-FAY, OK? EASE-PLAY END-SAY E-MAY A-AY EADY-RAY
ADE-MAY APSULE-CAY ON-CAY AINING-TAY 100 MLLG.S OF-AY YANIDE-CAY. ANY-MAY
ANKS-THAY.

(CODE NAME:) Alex

{code 0} {1x\$20}

EAR-DAY ATS-SLAY,

O-YAY! EED-NAY A-AY AVOR-FAY, OK? EASE-PLAY END-SAY E-MAY A-AY EADY-RAY
ADE-MAY APSULE-CAY ON-CAY AINING-TAY 100 MLLG.S OF-AY IGOXIN-DAY. ANY-MAY
ANKS-THAY.

(CODE NAME:) Alex

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Personnel Records

For Internal Use Only

PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL

June 12

To Whom It May Concern:

Ms. Melody Manson, formerly of Accounts Receivable, has been dismissed, effective immediately, for slovenly work habits, most notably placing gum wads in the accounting and inventory records. Please decline all requests for recommendations from prospective employers.

William Butt
Accounts Receivable
{code 0} {2x\$20}

Personnel Records For Internal Use Only

PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL

October 15

Dear Paula,

I don't care where he went to school or who his mother is. I want him out. (You know who I mean.) The business with the Coke machine coin return last month was bad enough, (see my memo and warning letter dated 9/21). But yesterday's incident with the meatballs in the cafeteria was inexcusable. This is not the kind of "team play" we like to foster here at the company. He's through. As of now.

If anyone else is stupid enough to want to hire him, I can't be reached for recommendation. Better yet, you never heard of the guy.

Cheers,

Buck
{code 0}

Personnel Records For Internal Use Only

PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL

August 8

Dear Ms. Rockway,

Please be advised that we will be seeking a replacement for {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {2x\$20} chief in-house counsel. It has come to my attention that
{code 0} {1x\$20}

has been involved in the use of the pharmacology supply center for
{code 0}
own personal gain for some time now. This is a regrettable situation which we both seek to terminate as quickly as possible. For the official record, please note that
{code 0}
has tendered
{code 0} {2x\$20}
resignation and I have accepted it.

As always, I hope I may trust in your complete discretion on this matter. Thank you.

Ferris Smith
Chairman and Chief Executive Officer

{code 0} {1x\$20}
. Please see Appendix A for the building and development program to be instituted in my name (and my name only) under such circumstances.

{code 0} {3x\$20}
The "handfed" option will cause the printer to pause between pages. When this happens, feed in a new sheet, then press any key to continue printing. The "continuous-feed" option will allow you to print through to completion without pausing.

To change the current setup, select one option and press ESC.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

How To Be A Good Suspect

If you've never been suspected of murder before, you might appreciate some of these tips:

Don't give away too much information about yourself. Make people work to get at your secrets.

Take notes. Pay attention. Listen for clues.

Don't let people off the hook too easily. Be persistent. Remember: a murder has been committed and you need to get to the bottom of it.

Stay in character. If you don't know the answer to someone's questions, bluff. Say something your character might say, but don't lie just to confuse people.

Be evasive, put some spin on the truth, but try to stay within the bounds of "reality."

If you like, carefully detach the chart on the last page of this clue booklet, and use it to keep track of everyone's movements.

Above all, relax and have fun. You're only facing possible life in prison without parole.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

MURDER PARTY VERDICT SHEET

Your Name:
{code 0} {1x\$20}

Who Did It?

Why?

- Blind (or, at least, nearsighted) Ambition
- Fear of Exposure (of one kind or another)
- Revenge (for real or imagined offenses)
- Unrequited Love (it happens to the best of us)
- Self-preservation (the physical kind)
- Greed (you know what that is)
- Consuming Envy (not very pretty, is it?)

Explain:

You may want to cast one of these optional votes. (This is a good opportunity to make up for some of the awful things you may have said or done during the party.)

Best Actress

Best Actor

Best Costume

Most Likely To Commit Murder

Thanks for your time! Carefully detach this sheet from your clue booklet and present it to your host.
Then, on to the thrilling conclusion...

{code 0}

By the way, for those of you keeping score, my motive was

{code 0} {2x\$20}

ambition.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

fear of exposure.

{code 0}

revenge.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

greed.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

unrequited love.

{code 0}

envy.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Remember, MURDER PARTY has selected a culprit and assembled a party based on the information you've already entered. If you make changes in that information (for example, if you eliminate a guest, add a new one, or reassign a role cast for a female guest to a male guest), previously printed materials may no longer make sense. Rule of thumb: when you make changes, reprint what you've already printed. MURDER PARTY will alter the game where necessary.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

About Save Disks: Don't use any disk containing other data! MURDER PARTY may alter files you've previously saved using another applications program. Do you want to continue

{code 0} {2x\$20}

{code 0} {2x\$20}

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You arrived at Rose's imposing pink marble portico just before noon on Saturday. Paba and that strange boyfriend of hers, the so-called Baron, were there already and Rose was screaming at him. Something about feeding him to her dobermans instead of birthday cake if he didn't leave immediately. According to Rose, he was supposed to have checked out of town the day before, never to return. The baron was protesting loudly, waving his arms about, and tearing at his {code 1 \$54 \$2B} hair. In the process he accidentally knocked over Rose's purse. You saw him help pick up all the scattered contents and put them back in the purse, and then, with with profuse apologies, hastily leave.

{code 0}

hair. In the process he accidentally knocked over Rose's purse. You saw him back away still pleading and gesticulating wildly while Paba and Rose picked up the strewn contents of the purse.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Not too long ago, you ran into Ernest Wilson, Rose's business manager. He seemed quite upset about the cash torrent pouring out of her account each month. Whether Rose was spending this money or someone was spending it for her remained unclear. But as everyone knows, Rose was much too stingy to squander money.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

During the cocktail hour at Saturday's birthday lunch, around 12:25, you stepped out into the front hall just in time to see Roger slip something into Rose's purse on the ormolu chest in the entrance hall.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

If anyone asks you what you were doing in the library - or anywhere else in the house - rifling through old documents, you might want to tell them you were doing research for the appeal of Ferris's will. Anything would be better than the truth.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

One of your main tasks last Saturday was to find the incriminating memo about your dismissal from {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {2x\$20} Make a point of remarking on the obviously new, obviously expensive outfit Paba is wearing. (Be as catty as you like.) Ask her who pays for these outrageous getups. And while

you're at it, where did she get the money for that shiny new {code 1 \$50 \$2B} {2x\$20} Remark that during the party on Saturday, Paba never once left Rose's side. Why? This was unusually clingy, toadying behavior even for Paba.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Around 12:25, you spotted Mariel emerging from the bathroom in your old room upstairs. She seemed to be looking for something in the bottom of her purse, and didn't notice your presence. She left and you saw her begin to head downstairs and then, after a pause on the landing, turn back and slip into Rose's bathroom. She came out almost immediately and you heard her high heels clicking on the marble steps going downstairs. Afterwards, you went into your old bathroom to freshen up.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Just after 12:30, as you were leaving your old room to go downstairs, you saw Thad disappear into Rose's bathroom across the hall. He was carrying a small black bag.

{code 0}

You made several trips upstairs during the cocktail hour. Rose's bathroom was occupied the first time you went up, so you used the one in your old room across the hall instead.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

If anyone mentions the name ERNEST WILSON, you should promptly identify him as Rose's business manager, the wormy little guy who paid all her bills.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

At the directors' meeting last week, you noticed Rose come over to the Baron, who was seated behind you, and snatch away a notebook he was scribbling in. Then, about five minutes later, she refused to excuse him from the meeting to make a quick phone call. Both acts seemed a bit extreme, even for Rose.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

If dirt seems to be flying fast and furious, ask your estranged wife Mariel why she hasn't left to make a phone call. Everytime anything interesting happens in this family, she always seems to have to go call her decorator.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

If anyone makes snide remarks about your choice of footwear this evening, you shouldn't just ignore it. Insults like this are not to be taken lightly. Let people know you have feelings, too.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Around 12:30, you went upstairs to Rose's bathroom with a small black bag in tow. You often lock yourself in bathrooms during family functions to work on experiments or catch up on certain reading you can't do elsewhere. Usually this doesn't attract much attention. No need to make a big deal out of it now.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

The purse Carla brought to this gathering looks just like Rose's!

{code 0} {3x\$20}

In fact, Rose was missing her purse after coffee at lunch on Saturday. You had seen her put it on the ormolu chest in the front hall at the beginning of the party, but not since then. Rose went upstairs to look for it, but never found it.

Ask Carla if she took it.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

In fact, when Rose asked Roger for {code 1 \$4C \$2B} {1x\$20} capsule after lunch, he brought in what he thought was her purse from the chest in the hall, but she insisted it wasn't hers. Ask Carla if it was hers.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Something odd about Carla's behavior recently: she was unusually quiet and white around the mouth at the directors' meeting last week. She didn't even do one of her peppy New Products presentations like she always does. You noticed Rose talking to her before the meeting. What did Rose say?

{code 0} {3x\$20}

When you arrived early at Rose's stately suburban home on Saturday and that whole awful scene ensued between Rose and the Baron, you made no effort to come to the Baron's defense and were most helpful about picking up the contents of Rose's purse.

{code 0}

When Rose asked you to run upstairs and get her

{code 0}

capsule, you were very happy to be able to supply one of your own. But if anyone asks, you don't remember what you gave her. Who could possibly keep track of all the things Rose asked for and took every day?

{code 0} {1x\$20}

When Rose asked you to run upstairs and get her

{code 0}

capsule at the very beginning of the party, you gave her one of your own. If anyone asks, you don't remember what you gave her. Rose was always asking for something. Who could possibly keep track?

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Obviously Rose (through Ernest Wilson) paid for your car and what you have on, but who foots your clothing and other bills is no one's business. Certainly no one here in this room.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You were distraught at the directors' meeting last week because Rose had just informed you that the cozy arrangement with Ernest was at an end. That is no one's business, either.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You arrived at Rose's stately suburban home on Saturday just in time to witness the end of some big scene with Paba's boyfriend the Baron. He was leaving very upset as you approached the pink marble portico.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Paba was down on her hands and knees picking up the contents of Rose's purse which apparently fell during the fight. Paba never left her side for the rest of the party. Why? No one could stand Rose's company for 15 minutes unless they really wanted something very, very badly.

{code 0}

You heard Rose ask Paba to run upstairs for some pill, but Paba surprisingly had one with her and gave it to Rose. Ask Paba what Rose wanted and how she just happened to have it so handy?

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You arrived at Rose's stately suburban home just before noon and found Rose and Paba in the imposing entrance hall.

{code 0}

As far as you could tell, Paba stayed glued to her side for the next two hours. Why? No one could stand Rose's close company for 15 minutes unless they really wanted something very, very badly.

{code 0}

If Alex gives you a hard time about slipping something into Rose's purse during the cocktail hour, ask

{code 0}

was holed up in the library and not out on the patio with everyone else.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

When you went upstairs to Rose's room about 12:20, you thought you heard high heels clicking across the tile in her bathroom. But no one came out and when you poked your head in a few minutes later,

{code 0}

the bathroom was empty.

{code 0}

the mirror looked like someone had been breathing on it hard and there was a black stick on the sink.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You recall a puzzling scene after lunch on Saturday when Rose asked for some pills and you went to fetch her purse out in the hall. You picked up the one you thought was hers, but Rose claimed emphatically it was not. She went upstairs later to look for hers, but couldn't find it.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Why is Skip not saying much? Try to get him to talk about his herb treatments and research in Big Sur. Press him if he acts shy.

{code 0}

When Alex saw you in the front hall, you had just come from a brief visit in Rose's room upstairs. You did slip something into Rose's purse on the ormolu chest when you thought no one was looking: a little note you'd forged, ostensibly written by Rose's personal physician, Dr. Jaruselski. It mentioned something about "bad news" he had to share with her. You thought it might frighten Rose into taking even more medication than she ordinarily did.

{code 0}

Last month you ran into Paba at the jeweler. You were there to have your watch repaired. Paba was there trying on emeralds to go with some new outfit. You thought she was just having fun, but she actually picked out something priced only slightly under the company's first quarter earnings, and charged it to Ernest Wilson. Who is Ernest Wilson? Some new admirer?

{code 0} {1x\$20}

After the directors' meeting last week you hear Rose tell Paba, "Now that my husband is dead, you're through, young lady." And then something about, "you mustn't bother Ernest anymore." What does this mean? Why was Paba weeping and wringing her wrists?

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You have noticed whenever anything interesting happens at board meetings or any other family gathering, Mariel always has to go call her decorator. Ask her why she's not rushing off to the phone right now. (This is an unkind remark, but then you've never had much use for Mariel anyway.)

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Ask the Baron where his little notebook is. He always seems to have one handy at every family function. Did Rose take it? At the directors' meeting last week, you noticed Rose go over to the Baron and snatch away the notebook he was scribbling in. Then, about five minutes later, she refused to excuse him from the meeting to make a quick phone call. Both acts seemed a bit extreme, even for Rose.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

After all that hard drinking, you weren't seeing too straight. You left Rose's party and accidentally you grabbed the wrong purse off the ormolu chest in the hall. You returned it later that afternoon, but you're not quite ready to talk about any of that right now.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

The fact that Rose fired you last week made you very unsure whether you should show up either here or at the birthday party on Saturday. Except for Roger, you're pretty sure no one else knows about your dismissal and you don't want them to find out. You arrived late on Saturday, hoping Rose might have reconsidered. She obviously hadn't so you drank far too much and left before the cake was served. This little gathering may be equally dicey.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Carla's purse looks amazingly like Rose's old purse! As a male you wouldn't ordinarily notice such things, but on Saturday, just after you and Paba arrived at the party, you had the misfortune of knocking Rose's purse off her arm. You had a good look at it as the contents spilled all over the pink marble portico.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Whenever you and Paba go out shopping - which is constantly - you have observed she never uses regular credit cards or checks. (And, of course, she would never consider using cash.) She always charges everything to a Mr. Ernest Wilson. In the beginning, you were very upset and jealous. Who was this Ernest Wilson? Why was he paying all of Paba's bills? But then you realized it was some sort of special arrangement. Very silly to continue making a fuss. So you didn't.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You and Paba arrived at Rose's pink marble portico just before noon on Saturday. Immediately, this Rose started screaming at you. Well, it was Saturday and she'd told you she wanted you out of the country by Friday. But, you are a man, and naturally you defended yourself from her verbal assault. In the process, you waved your arms wildly about and accidentally knocked Rose's purse to the ground, spilling its contents.

You saw how easy it would be to, in helping her put everything back in the purse, slip in a capsule like those she was always taking. A capsule containing something which would silence her screams forever.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

If anyone asks about that idiot notebook you carry around (to jot down insider trading info), you might tell them you use it to write down interior decorating ideas that come to you now and then. (As a matter of fact, look around you. This place could use some work. Why not offer your host some ideas on refurbishing this little palace?)

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Just after 12:30, you headed into Rose's bathroom carrying a little black bag containing all kinds of neat stuff from the lab: tweezers, eyedroppers, and a vial of the female facial hair stimulant you've been perfecting. There was even a packet of digoxin in there --you never know when you might have need of a lethal dose of something or other.

While in the bathroom, you read your favorite magazine for awhile, then cracked open your bag of tricks and went to work. (It was a little hard to get anything done, what with all Rose's capsules all over the counter.) Halfway through your labors, Alex walked in, apologized for the disturbance, and left. You realize a suspicious lawyerly mind like Alex's might have jumped to all kinds of conclusions, including the right one..."

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Every now and again you enjoy going shopping with Paba. She has such a wonderful attitude towards clothes and money. One thing that's always puzzled you, though. She never uses credit cards or checks to pay for merchandise. Instead, she just has the bill sent to some guy named Ernest Wilson. Wonder who he is.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You noticed Paba almost never left Rose's side on Saturday. (Rose did go upstairs alone at one point after coffee to look for her purse or something, but Paba waited for her in the hall.) This was very odd behavior for someone as social as Paba. She usually loves to flutter about and have a good time at parties. The Baron wasn't around either. Maybe all this means something.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Around 12:25, you went upstairs, first to Rose's bathroom, where you noticed the profusion of digitalis pills once belonging to Ferris. You knew, from time spent around all these pharmaceutical types, that

digitalis could be deadly, and noted how easy it would be to grind up some pills and stuff the powder into a common household remedy's capsule. After a few moments, you went to Thelma's bathroom.

And why not? The mirrors downstairs and in Rose's bath are hopeless. You thought the one in Thelma's room might be more useful when putting on eye makeup. In trying to do so in Rose's bathroom, you left your mascara wand on the sink and had to go back to retrieve it.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

As for your lengthy phone conversations, your insider trading partners just want numbers and earnings projections. Of course the only time money and numbers come up is during the big family fights, but you're totally professional. Personalities never enter into your reports.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

If anyone asks you about your herb research, be truthful and say you're just an amateur. If pressed, concede that you've been lucky enough to have a few people interested in your work but your real expertise lies in saving whales and other endangered species.

{code 0}

Remark in a jocular brotherly tone about Thad's mismatched shoes. What would Dad have thought?

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Obviously you don't want people to know YOU are the Foxglove Foundation and the only person who has ever been remotely interested in your work was Rose. In fact, the less mention of herbs the better.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

For the moment at least, you'd also just as soon the others didn't know about your belated visit to Rose on Saturday. Until someone else brings it up, you shouldn't.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Carla's purse, Rose's purse, what difference does it make? All women's purses look alike as far as you can tell.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

For the moment at least, you'd also just as soon the others didn't know about your belated visit to Rose on Saturday. Until someone else brings it up, you shouldn't.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

There should be a bowl of mixed nuts near you. Pick it up and (surreptitiously so as not to attract notice) look through it for anything interesting. If you find something but don't know what it is, ask the others.

{code 0}

Hoping to secure some small bequests for whales or Bengal tigers, you've been following the notes Alex has sent you about the trial and Dad's contested will quite carefully. Why didn't Carla include this tanning capsule along with her many other lab development projects in her claim?

{code 0}

It occurs to you that Rose once saw an interview on the Donahue show about Agent Orange exposure. She was so upset about it, in fact, she spent almost an hour on the phone with you one morning talking about it. She wanted to know if you knew anyone who had died from the stuff and how long they had suffered. Rose wasn't one to get exercised about other people's problems. You were quite puzzled at the time.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

(Try to wait until the baron is out of the room before you bring this up:) This baron boyfriend of Paba's seems a little weird. Last you heard she was in love with an antiwar activist. Ask her what happened to him.

{code 0}

If someone turns up an old orange capsule, recognize it immediately as one of those top-secret projects Carla was working on in the labs back in the early 70s. A tanning capsule or something. It disappeared without a trace after some early tests. Why?

{code 0}

Around 12:30, you were up in Ferris's old room and, thinking Rose's bathroom was empty, walked in from the south side. There was Thad hunched over the sink doing something strange with

{code 0} {3x\$20}

tweezers and an eyedropper.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

a cosmetics jar and spatula.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

He smiled and said hello. You apologized and left. Ten minutes later you heard him leave and went in to use the bath yourself.

{code 0}

Around 12:45, you were in Rose's bathroom and heard a knock on the door from Rose's side. It was Thelma, clutching her purse and looking nervous. You went back to Ferris's room and

{code 0} {1x\$20}

noted you didn't hear the door shut again on Rose's side for at least 10 minutes. What was she doing in there for that long?

{code 0} {2x\$20}

noted that she left shortly thereafter.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Just after 1:00, Carla stumbled into Ferris's room from Rose's bathroom with big wet blotches on her skirt. She looked slightly smashed and also very surprised to see you.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Rose's bathroom was amazingly busy between 12:30 and 1:05. All you wanted was to slip in for a minute, but you kept intruding on people or having them intrude on you. When Thelma walked in, you were just washing your hands - taking care not to splash the capsules and other stuff laying around on the sink. You hoped she and the others would be as careful. Also that they would all leave you in peace to search for the incriminating memo.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

If the memo shows up, deny all knowledge of it. Some sick prankster obviously. If it were serious, why would it be here, of all places? Remind everyone of the official reason you left the company.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Around 12:45, you went back upstairs again, this time to Rose's bathroom for some aspirin. The door was shut so you knocked and then hearing only running water, walked in to find Alex. Alex left through Ferris's door and seemed to be going through some papers in there.

On the sink were several capsules and other toiletries.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Afraid they might get wet or fall off, you moved them all onto a cabinet shelf.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Nothing that looked like the aspirin you wanted so you took something out of the cabinet instead.

{code 0}

If someone turns up an old tanning capsule, don't play games and pretend you've never seen one before, but don't rush to be the first to identify it either. Acknowledge that you were working in the labs at the

time on your thesis ("Female Bodies: Everybody's Business") and you do vaguely remember some tanning research going on. (You didn't include it in your paper, though.)

{code 0} {1x\$20}

It took you a while to find exactly what you were looking for in Rose's bathroom. Don't let Alex or anyone else ruffle you with a lot of questions about those ten minutes. All females spend a lot of time in bathrooms. Even you.

{code 0}

If Paba starts talking about her affair with Newt or anyone starts talking about his death and Agent Orange, you should probably get up and walk around a bit. Maybe pour yourself another drink. Don't sit still or people may start grilling you. Absolutely refuse to answer any of Paba's stupid questions.

{code 0}

If anyone is tacky enough to mention Rose publicly threatening to kick you off the board of directors, act cool. Allow as how the whole thing is a stupid waste of time and you're just as happy to be rid of the obligation. History remembers great scientists, not corporate directors. (Try not to sound too defensive.)

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Readily acknowledge the tanning capsule if it happens to turn up this round. Ask Carla why the thing never took off. It was actually one of her better ideas.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Though you were eager for Rose and everyone else to know you were hard at work at the labs last Saturday morning, what you were actually doing there might be misinterpreted. No one seems to be able to grasp the important concepts behind female facial hair and bunion stimulants. Don't people realize what amazing amazing breakthroughs these are?

{code 0} {3x\$20}

In addition to your hours in the lab, you also went by the board room to check on your chair. Amazingly IT - your precious, beautiful, red-leather chair - was still there. Moreover, the guy in the Buildings & Grounds office claimed he'd received no orders to remove it. That meant Rose never kicked you off the board of directors after all!

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Maribel managed to worm this good news out of you before lunch on Saturday, but you have no wish to share it with the others. Then they'd know how much you care.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Rose more or less confirmed this out on the patio before lunch. You had no wish to share this good news with anyone on Saturday, nor do you wish to share it now. Then they'd know how much you care.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

If anyone asks you about the antiwar activist and love of your life, say as much as you dare without mentioning any names. You don't want Thelma to get violent.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

The Baron also becomes hysterically jealous about this sort of thing.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

By all means, mention that until recently you thought this man had died tragically of Agent Orange exposure, but a recent in-depth interview on the Phil Donahue show made you wonder. Ask Thelma if she saw the show and what makes her so certain her husband Newt died from Agent Orange.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Out on the patio during cocktails on Saturday, you couldn't help but overhear Thad bragging to Rose about all the hours he had spent at the lab that morning working on a special project. Rose looked pleased

and interested and wanted to know what the project was. Thad suddenly got nervous and wouldn't tell. Maybe he will now.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You also noticed Carla out on the patio. She arrived late, drank an amazing amount very fast and kept giving Rose the evil eye. She never moved except to refill her drink. You can tell her now this was NOT the way to endear herself to Rose.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You also noticed Carla stumble downstairs just before lunch with white powder all over her shoes. She arrived late, drank an amazing amount very fast and now this. You can tell her now this was NOT the way to endear herself to Rose.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

It would be a serious mistake to reveal the true identity of your former lover at this juncture. (Even if some of the smarter types figure it out, your lips are sealed.)

{code 0}

An extraordinary thing happened at the board of directors meeting last week. Rose threatened to boot Thad off the board! This has never happened to a family member since the founding of the company. Why would she do such a thing?

{code 0}

Out on the patio before lunch on Saturday, you saw Mariel draw Thad aside and ask him if IT were still there. Thad smiled sheepishly and said IT was. Moreover, IT was probably going to stay there for a while. Ask them both what this cryptic conversation meant. Does it have anything to do with Rose's precipitous action last week?

{code 0} {3x\$20}

At one point out on the patio before lunch on Saturday, you saw Thad go up to Rose and heard him ask her why IT was still there. Rose just waved him away with her drink and said she didn't want to talk about IT anymore. So what is IT? Try to find out.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Last month you were surprised to see

{code 0} {3x\$20}

hunched in a phone booth outside the board room leafing through the big red Standard & Poors Securities Dealers of North America. This was right after a meeting had adjourned and you were in a hurry so you didn't stop to investigate. Ask

{code 0} {3x\$20}

was doing with the Red Book, the professional stock trader's bible.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

If someone finds an old tanning capsule like the one Carla got into trouble with in the 1970s, be protective of Carla and her feelings. This is obviously someone's idea of a very sick joke.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

If anyone asks you about the big wet blotches on your skirt and white specks on your shoes at the party on Saturday, tell them you spilled some talcum powder by accident. No need to let anyone know you'd had too much to drink and you botched the first two efforts at your special birthday present for Rose up in her bathroom before lunch.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

At a point when no one is bothering you, go look around for a folder. Inside you may find something interesting. Make sure all the others see it and ask lots of questions. Don't be put off. You want answers.

{code 0}

If someone unearths an old tanning capsule, recognize it very reluctantly. Let the others know it could well be any number of other pharmaceutical products. There's no conclusive evidence to indicate this is YOUR tanning capsule. Moreover, what's it doing here and now in a bowl of nuts? Probably isn't ToxiTan at all.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Sure, you had too much to drink at Rose's party. What better way to get through these ghastly family functions?

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Ask Alex what

{code 0} {1x\$20}

was doing up in Ferris's room before lunch. What was

{code 0}

looking for amidst all those old papers in the desk?

{code 0} {1x\$20}

If no one is bothering you right now, go look around for a folder. Inside you may find something worth sharing with the rest of the group. Do not let the party in question here get away with no answers.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Someone may ask you what you were doing with Standard & Poors Securities Dealers of North America after a board meeting last month. Act as foreign and confused as possible. The only Red Book you know is Mao's and you think it's terrible poetry. (Offer up a brief prayer of thanksgiving that you didn't lug the damn thing along tonight. Usually you make a point of bringing the Red Book with you to all family functions so as to have all your brokers and sources on hand for any hot tips that come your way.)

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You know from your research into company business that Carla once invented some sort of miracle tanning capsule. But for some reason she never included this breakthrough in her long list of claims when contesting Ferris's will. Odd. It seems like the sort of thing she should get money and credit for.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Before lunch you and Thad a nice conversation about company earnings next quarter. (Your insider trading partners will be thrilled with the information.) It also seems that Thad is still on the board of directors! He told you his red-leather chair hadn't been removed from the boardroom after all.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

If anyone asks what you were doing with Standard & Poors Securities Dealers of North America in a phone booth after a board meeting last month, act dumb. Obviously a prior occupant left it behind. Maybe what this person saw was a book of wallpaper samples. You were in the midst of redecorating the hall closet last month. (Offer up a brief prayer of thanksgiving that you didn't lug the damn thing along tonight. Usually you make a point of bringing the Red Book with you to all family functions so as to have all your brokers and sources on hand for any hot tips that come your way.)

{code 0}

You should also talk about Carla out on the patio before lunch on Saturday (just to be mean). She arrived late, drank an amazing amount very fast and kept giving Rose the evil eye. She never moved except to refill her drink. You can tell her now this was NOT the way to endear herself to Rose.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You should also mention (just to be mean) that you saw Carla stumble downstairs right before lunch on Saturday with white powder all over her shoes. She arrived late, drank an amazing amount very fast and now this. You can tell her now this was NOT the way to endear herself to Rose.

{code 0}

On Saturday Carla didn't even stay for the cake cutting. She drank lunch and then something must have upset her, because she suddenly just up and left about 1:35. You saw her storm out into the front hall, grab a purse off the ormolu chest and slam the front door hard behind her. Why did she leave in such a huff?

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Around six months ago, during the height of Ferris's estate trial, the papers were full of some story about an axe murderer. He was wreaking havoc in nearby communities and no one could catch him or identify him. For some reason, Rose and Paba were riveted by this story and would come to court each morning with their tabloids to pore over the latest grisly details. They both seemed hugely relieved when it turned out to be a 19-year-old psychopath. Why did they care?

{code 0}

If someone comes across a ludicrous note written in Pig Latin, dismiss it out of hand. You are a serious and practicing member of the legal profession. You don't write notes in Pig Latin. You certainly don't sign them "Code Name: Alex."

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Sad to say, you DID write the note in Pig Latin and, to be super sneaky, you used your own name as the code name. The gentlemen from New York and Miami with whom you dealt back in your drugstore days at the company have sort of a retarded sense of humor. When you place a special order with them, you like to keep them happy.

And the capsule you requested, with which you planned to silence Rose forever, was very special indeed. You placed it carefully on the sink in her bathroom, knowing that sooner or later she would swallow it. Rose would be in for a shock. It was packed with something very pure, and very lethal.

{code 0}

The night before the party you drove over to Rose's in hopes of having a long woman-to-woman chat. Imagine your surprise and chagrin to find

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Paba had beat you to it.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

both Paba and that idiot Baron had beat you to it.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You didn't actually go inside, but you could see the two of them sitting in the living room. As you debated whether or not to butt in, you heard Paba snuffling into her Giorgio Armani hankie and whining. Something stupid like, "I'll forgive you your past marriage mistake if you'll forgive me for using it against you." Rose just laughed at her and this seemed to send Paba round the bend.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

But what did this mean? What past mistake?

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Puzzled by all this, you left.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

And that Baron. You saw him through an open window, upstairs in Rose's bathroom. He seemed to be going through the medicine cabinet where Ferris's old Digitalis pills are kept.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

While coffee was being served after lunch, Rose asked you for {code 1 \$4C \$2B} Several weeks ago you were home sick and watching daytime TV. You were amazed (and appalled) to see Roger's mother, of all

people, hostessing a local game show for geriatrics. To the old lady's credit, she looked pretty miserable and disgusted herself. Why is she subjecting herself to such embarrassment? How could Roger let her?

Obviously the reason the capsules you gave Rose with her coffee looked so funny is because you mangled them upstairs in her bathroom. You're not very dextrous with people, pills or anything else.

The reason the capsules you gave Rose looked so funny is because you grabbed them in haste from upstairs, stuck them in your purse and they got a bit squashed on the bottom.

On Saturday Carla didn't even stay for the cake cutting. She drank lunch and then something must have upset her, because she suddenly just up and left about 1:35. You saw her storm out into the front hall, grab a purse off the ormolu chest and slam the front door hard behind her. Why did she leave in such a huff?

Just before Ferris died, he and Carla had some big upset. Up until that point, she had been one of his favorites. He always used lots of pictures of her every year for the annual report and liked her to accompany him on out-of-town sales trips. What went wrong?

Certain people this round may try to dredge up unfortunate incidents in your past you'd just as soon forget (your taxidermy service in Saigon, the hideous house across the street which is no more, etc.). Try to remain calm and not overreact. They WANT you to overreact. Pretend they're talking about someone else. (If really pressed about the house, you should remind them that you waited until the owners and their dog were away for the weekend. No one was maimed or killed or anything.)

Just before 1:30, Rose asked for {code 1 \$4C \$2B} capsule in her purse and Roger was up and out in the hall before anyone else had a chance to comply. He came back with her purse, handed her a capsule, poured her some more water, and even went back and returned the purse to the ormolu chest. Chivalry is not dead, even if Rose is.

Just after the cake was cut and coffee was served, Rose asked for {code 1 \$4C \$2B} {2x\$20} capsule and Roger was quick to comply. He brought back what he thought was her purse from the ormolu chest in the hall and handed it to her. Rose looked through it puzzled. This wasn't her purse. Apparently it was Carla's, who of course had already left.

Later, Rose asked Thelma for another capsule (she ate them like jellybeans). Thelma complied, bringing several, which Rose dumped in her coffee. She shuddered and made the most horrible face when she first sipped it, like she'd just eaten a rotten oyster.

Unfortunately, at least one person saw you the night before the party having your frank and open discussion with Rose. (And you even wore black to better slip through the dark unnoticed.)

Except for the tears and loud wails, you really have nothing to be embarrassed about. You left after an inconclusive and awful evening, vowing to do better on Saturday.

You hope all they saw were the tears and histrionics downstairs. If anyone had seen you upstairs groping around in Rose's medicine cabinet before you left, you might really be in trouble.

Try to remain calm if someone starts talking about axe murderers. It's true that during the trial six months ago, both you and Rose - for very different reasons - were fixated with the reports of an axe-wielding maniac in the vicinity. But it wasn't Rose's first husband after all (even Rose wouldn't marry a 19-year-old psychopath, which THIS axe murderer turned out to be).

{code 0} {3x\$20}

If someone asks whether or not you were previously married, emphatically deny it.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

While coffee was being served after lunch on Saturday, you heard Rose ask Thelma for

{code 0}

capsule since you hadn't been able to furnish one.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

yet another

{code 0} {3x\$20}

capsule. (The woman was insatiable.)

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Thelma went out upstairs with her purse clutched under her arm and returned almost immediately with several mashed capsules in hand. She apologized for their appearance, but Rose just shrugged and dumped them in her coffee.

{code 0}

You nurture a secret and sincere admiration for men like J.R. Ewing, always have. (You foolishly admitted as much during a Power Breakfast with Carla some time ago.) Most people think your real hero is that wimp, Gary Hart. Hah!

{code 0} {2x\$20}

When it comes to marketing your mother on a local TV show, well, so what? . Everyone has the right to market their mom. Think how much marketing she did for you.

{code 0}

Not too long ago, you were having a Power Breakfast with Roger to discuss corporate strategy and the thorny issue of Rose as CEO. Roger was speculating what J.R. Ewing (that ruthless tycoon in the tv show "Dallas") would do in a situation like this. You told him to stop kidding around. Roger said, with a perfectly straight face, that he really admired men like J.R. {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {1x\$20} could use that kind of tough, virile management style. You were shocked. Sweet, pokey old Roger. Was he kidding or what?

{code 0}

You left Rose's party early on Saturday because you were having a rotten time and you just wanted to get out of there as fast as possible.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Maybe it's time someone made public all the weird stuff Thad has been concocting in the labs and in his basement all these years. You like Thad but he really is a bit scary. Pet projects have included a formula to enlarge and reproduce bunions and a more recent effort to lavishly stimulate the growth of female facial hair. Rumor also has it that he once blew up a house across the street because he thought it was ugly. Anyone who would do something so senseless is certainly capable of mundane murder.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Yes, you and Ferris did have a very special understanding all those years he ran {code 1 \$48 \$2B}.

Unfortunately, just before he died, he found out that you had launched a market test on the tanning capsule, knowing full well what had happened to all the cute little mice in the lab tests. Ferris was a good businessman, but this he couldn't tolerate. He cut you out of his will and his life.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

The night before Rose's party, Paba refused to see you. Said she had something more important to do that night. You were, of course, convinced she was seeing someone else and shadowed her closely all evening. To your surprise, the only place she went was Rose's and by the time you had sneaked in past the dobermans in back, she and Rose were in the living room having some baffling conversation about husbands and money and wills. The husband they were talking about was not Ferris, but someone else. Was Paba secretly married before? Try to find out what this was all about.

{code 0}

After 10 minutes or so of eavesdropping on Rose and Paba, you gave up and went upstairs to Rose's room to see if there was anything interesting in her drawers with which to counter-blackmail her. You also went through the medicine cabinets in the bathroom.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You quickly found what you wanted and left the same stealthy way you had entered.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

No good dirt anywhere. Frustrated, you left the same stealthy way you had entered.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Make a point of coughing loudly several times throughout this round. See what happens.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

You feel just awful doing this but perhaps, given the conditions of Rose's will, the time has come to tell the truth about Thad. No need to finger the man, just let it be known that he spends all his spare time developing potions to enlarge and reproduce bunions or, most recently, lavishly increase female facial hair. You might also mention the time he blew up the house across the street because he couldn't stand looking at it. Just blew it up one Saturday and then went out back and took a long nap in the hammock.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

This is probably as good a time as any to thank Thad for all those stuffed parts of the anatomy he used to send you from Saigon. Some of them were quite unusual. Apparently he used to do all the work himself or so he said in his covering letters. You can't help but wonder if this little hobby had anything to do with his unexpectedly early discharge from the U.S. Armed Forces and Vietnam.

{code 0}

Someone may find a check made out to the Foxglove Foundation and signed by Rose. If so, hotly deny you have anything to do with such a foundation. You've never heard of foxgloves before.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Guests began leaving the party around 2:15 on Saturday. You were one of the last to leave at, 2:30.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

If a dispute arises over who penned a nasty little note to Rose, be judicious and lawyerly and suggest handwriting samples from all those present. Whoever objects strenuously is obviously the guilty party.

{code 0}

Family lore has it that Skip was always interested in plant life in general, and unusual herbs in particular. In fact, when he was a child he used to bring his parents bouquets composed of weeds he'd harvested on the estate. Things like figworts and dandelions.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Several people may have noticed you (foolishly) rushing upstairs right after Rose had returned to the front hall from her room shortly after 2:00. Upon your own return downstairs, you may also have showed too much obvious pleasure that she had found and presumably taken the little birthday present you had left for her in her bathroom.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

When Rose returned downstairs from her room shortly after 2:00, she remarked that SOMEONE had spilled talcum powder (or some other fine white substance) all over the bathroom floor by the sink. Rose

hadn't been a maid all those years for nothing. She was very upset by mess. Everyone started leaving at that point and she never found out who was the culprit. Wonder who did it?

{code 0} {1x\$20}

You recall that Roger has the messiest, most illegible handwriting you've ever seen. He used to write like that on all his beaker labels back when he worked in the labs so no one would steal his ideas. At least, that's what he claimed then.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

If someone brings up Paba's very embarrassing behavior at Newt's funeral years ago, make her explain it. It would help to clear the air. Maybe.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

The even more sordid subject of Newt's death may also come up. Maintain your dignity on this one. You don't wish to discuss the matter. It's too painful.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Since this seems to be the occasion to bring up embarrassing and puzzling particulars from the past, one thing you've always wondered about is Paba's behavior at Newt's funeral. Now, Paba has always been very emotional, everyone knows that, but the way she threw herself on Newt's grave and declared her undying grief and devotion was pretty excessive, even for her. What did Thelma think of all this at the time? Why was Paba so unhinged by Newt's death?

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Around 2:00 on Saturday Rose went upstairs to take her after-lunch pills and

{code 0} {2x\$20}

to look for her purse after Roger brought in the wrong one from the hall chest. She was very upset that hers seemed to be missing.

{code 0}

to look for her purse. She had gone out to the front hall chest and found only Carla's.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

She didn't find her purse upstairs. Ask Carla if she took it and why?

{code 0} {2x\$20}

The painful subject of Newt and your shameless behavior at his funeral may come up this round. It's probably time to admit that you and Newt were "close." Don't embarrass poor Thelma, but intimate that Newt was not happy in his marriage. In fact, if he hadn't died so abruptly, he probably would have left her. But why did he die? You can state here and now you don't believe for one minute Newt died of Agent Orange exposure.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Rose briefly went up to her room just before the party broke up, around 2:00 on Saturday. Two seconds after she returned to the party downstairs, you saw Alex charge upstairs in her wake. A few minutes later, Alex came back down looking very smug indeed. What was going on?

{code 0}

Someone may try to pin a phony phone message on you on the basis of the handwriting. Argue heatedly, but do not offer to submit a current sample of your penmanship to a test. Someone in the group may actually know enough about graphology to see immediately the note was yours.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

When pressure becomes very intense to explain about the purse mixup, you may as well do so. Be truthful and say that you took Rose's purse off the ormolu chest by mistake. You were in a foul mood and, well,

maybe just a tiny bit toasted. You didn't even notice you had the wrong purse until several hours after you got home.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

(CAREFULLY REMOVE THE LAST SHEET OF THIS CLUE BOOKLET AND EXAMINE IT CLOSELY. THEN CONTINUE.) You did find one thing of interest in Rose's purse which you'd like to share with everyone else. It was obviously meant to scare Rose. But who would have written such a thing? (Pass the note you found around.) Does anyone recognize the handwriting?

{code 0} {2x\$20}

When you realized you had the wrong purse, you went straight back to Rose's - this was about 3:45 - and as you entered the front hall, you heard Skip - yes, Skip - and Rose arguing in the living room. Rose insisted her will was "the proof" of her love, and then said something like she didn't want "a bouquet of smelly flowers." She wanted to be "loved like anyone else."

They both got up to leave. Rose went upstairs and you saw Skip

{code 0}

head towards the kitchen with a bouquet of strange-looking flowers.

{code 0}

head towards the kitchen.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Five minutes later saw Skip on the stairs with a teacup in hand. You dropped Rose's purse on the chest and left.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Ever since you first started seeing Paba, you have noticed she does not like her sister Thelma. Even more so than normal for sisters. You feel a little sorry for Thelma and try to be nice to her. (She is not so pretty and will probably never find another husband.) But you are aware that Paba becomes very jealous and upset whenever you so much as smile at Thelma or tell her that her Italian shoes are made of very good leather. Why is this?

{code 0} {3x\$20}

If a dispute arises over who penned a nasty little note to Rose, you should suggest handwriting samples from all those present. Whoever objects may be the guilty party.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Now may be the time to mention that you saw Carla returning Rose's purse shortly after 4:00 on Saturday.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

If Carla turns around and starts asking you a lot of difficult questions about what YOU were doing there at the time, just say you dropped in to wish her a happy birthday. When she saw you on the stairs, you were bringing Rose a cup of special herb tea to soothe her at the end of a long and difficult day.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Someone may ask you a question about the birthday bouquet you brought Rose. Acknowledge only that it was of the figwort family, maybe foxgloves, maybe not. You really don't remember.

{code 0}

OK, no forthwiths, no fine print, probably no hereinafter either. I did it.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

I've always believed either You Beat The Law or The Law Beats You, but Rose was trying to beat me out of the law altogether. Somehow she got a hold of that memo detailing why I really had to leave the company, and last week she threatened to destroy my practice by telling all. I realized if I got rid of the memo - and her - permanently, I'd be safe.

{code 0}

So I contacted some gentlemen in New York and Miami - the same people I used to do business with when I was still with the firm. Unlike the rest of you, I didn't grow up in a lab and I have no idea how to concoct a poison pill. The note was a little juvenile, I admit, but these guys like things simple.

{code 0}

Cyanide seemed the best idea

{code 0}

Digoxin seemed the best idea - it takes a lot longer than cyanide or strychnine

{code 0}

, so that's what I ordered. As you all may have guessed by now, I spent most of the party in the library and in Ferris's old room trying to find that damn memo, but when Rose's bathroom was free for a moment, I did slip in and leave my little custom job on the sink. Thelma, that's when you saw me.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

How it got from the sink to the third shelf, right-hand side is a mystery. Obviously, it was supposed to end up somewhere else.

I have to go check my LaFave's Hornbook on Criminal Law, but I think I'm innocent. After all, she didn't die of cyanide poisoning, did she?

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Others of you saw me when I went upstairs just before the party broke up to check if Rose had found my birthday present. She had.

I just hope none of this stands up in a court of law. Probably won't. Anyone know a good criminal lawyer?

{code 0} {1x\$20}

The second time is always easier. At least for me it was. The first time was very awkward. I felt so much passion and ambivalence. This was nothing. No thrill, no guilt, no pain.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

My motive is obvious. Rose found out Newt didn't die from Agent Orange. It's very embarrassing that she found this out from the Phil Donahue Show, but no crime is perfect. I knew all about Carla's toxic tanning capsule way back when she was first developing it in the labs. When Newt told me he was leaving me for Paba, I just couldn't bear it. Paba! Of all people! I suggested we go to Curacao for two weeks to work things out and then, just in case we didn't, I stopped by the labs beforehand to load up on some old ToxiTan. We didn't work things out. How Rose deduced it was the tanning capsule amazes me. But no one thought she was smart enough to trap Daddy the way she did either.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Anyway, I was a little nervous when she pulled me aside at the meeting last week and threatened to expose me. Right before our big "Agent Orange Is Agony" fundraiser, too. It would have looked just terrible for the cause.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

But with the possible exception of my sneaky snake of a sister Paba, I don't believe in killing other sisters. From a feminist point of view, it's very wrong. The only opportunity I had was her after-lunch coffee. And, as you all know, the police found nothing in the cup. They were just boring old

{code 0} {3x\$20}

capsules, a little worse for wear but perfectly harmless.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

By Saturday I had it all planned out. I went upstairs several times before lunch - that bathroom was certainly busy, busy, busy - and finally had a chance to make my capsule with Daddy's old Digitalis. It didn't come out looking perfect, but Rose didn't seem to mind. How was I to know no one was going to wash the cup out afterwards? You just can't trust the help.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

By the way, Alex, I was the one who put your cyanide capsule up on the shelf. I was afraid it might fall off or get wet. Besides, given her past, Rose just hated a cluttered sink. Some things never die.

{code 0}

This suspense is killing all of us. I dunnit.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Why would I want to kill Rose? Very simple. (A) She didn't like me. and (B) She threatened to take away my red-leather director's chair.

Mind you, she never took away Skip's chair. Or any of the other lunatic members on that board. Only me. I didn't see why I should stand for it. So I didn't.

{code 0}

Don't get me wrong. I didn't do anything drastic. (Nothing like what I did to the house across the street or the Viet Cong.) I found out on Saturday morning my chair was still there and she was probably just trying to discourage my latest experiment. I decided the fair thing would be to allow her to try it herself. So I mixed up a super-strength batch of my soon-to-be-famous female facial hair stimulant in the lab and transferred it to a Clinique jar in Rose's bathroom before lunch on Saturday. I guess Alex saw me mid-mix, but was too polite to ask.

I'm only sorry Rosie never lived long enough to apply her nightly face cream. To finally beard her properly would have made me so very happy.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

I went to the lab early Saturday morning and got what I needed and then put some finishing touches on the deadly little darling up in Rosie's powder room before lunch. I take great pride in this sort of work, as you all know, and was even a tad disappointed when Alex left so hastily after walking in on me and my ministrations with the tweezers. Alex could obviously use some pointers on technique.

Of course, no jury is going to believe this any more than the neighbors believed I blew up the house across the street. The right crime for all the wrong reasons is something no one can figure out.

{code 0}

I never thought a Smith would have to murder for money. It seems so unnecessary. But you know how American Express is if you're even the teensiest bit overdue on your bill. I guess I just panicked.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Oh God, this is so complicated and difficult and embarrassing. How should I begin? I guess with Rose's first husband, the axe murderer. That's what all the axe murderer business was about. You see, before Rose came to work for us, she was married to this complete crazy, but he went to jail and she never got herself unmarried. We used to talk about him sometimes when I was little. Then she married Daddy and I forgot all about it until the will was being contested.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

This is the embarrassing part. I realized if anyone found out she had TWO husbands she would probably lose the case and all of Daddy's money, so we made a little arrangement. Mr. Wilson would cover my expenses, and I would cover for Rose. Well, then at the directors' meeting last week Rose informs me that Husband Number One is now also dead, and I can't have any more money. What was I to do? I was desperate.

{code 0}

I tried to reason with her the night before the party - that's when you saw me, Thelma - but it didn't work.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

So I left, vowing to try harder on Saturday. I really did try to be so nice at the party. I never left her side. Even if I had wanted to, how could I have possibly poisoned her? I never went upstairs. It also would have been a dumb thing to do. I wouldn't get money from Daddy's will or Rose or anybody and there wouldn't be any more Mr. Wilson either.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

She was threatening not only to cancel all my charge accounts but also to tell the lawyers I withheld information during the trial. I was really scared. So I went upstairs and got some of Daddy's old pills before leaving and stayed up all night making one little capsule. God, it was impossible. I almost gave up and went out to buy a face mask and an axe. Anyway, Saturday, just as the party was beginning,

{code 0}

she asked for {code 1 \$4C \$2B} capsule after the whole scene with the Baron and I just happened to have one on hand.

{code 0}

capsule and I just happened to have one on hand.

{code 0}

Let's get one thing straight from the start. I never wanted a dead Rose on my hands, just the thorn removed from my side. I wanted to run {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {3x\$20} my way. The Frank Sinatra-J.R. Ewing way. The way Ferris intended for me to run it before Rose found that ridiculous clause in the by-laws which allowed her to become CEO instead. Having a woman on top was intolerable. I just couldn't perform.

Actually, even if I was on top, I didn't want Rose underneath. I wanted her home helplessly ill or off on a convalescent cruise somewhere. She obviously loved taking pills and pretending to be sick. I thought I'd be doing her a favor by giving her a real disease to believe in.

So I wrote the kickoff note in my brain tumor campaign and slipped it inside her purse before lunch.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

(I had already arranged with the good doctor for several months of debilitating CAT scans.) Too bad Carla walked off with the purse and the note. I wanted so badly to see Rose's reaction. There was nothing in Carla's purse when I handed it to Rose by mistake after lunch except her wallet and a Mark Cross gold pen. I suppose that's my alibi, though.

By the way, whoever DID the deed, should send me a resume ASAP. Under my management, the company is going to be looking for just this sort of aggressive, can-do approach to problems!

{code 0} {2x\$20}

I really didn't expect the little potion I prepared upstairs before lunch to do much except slow her down for a while and let me get through the next earnings period without her help. This wasn't murder, it was just taming the shrew. Maybe I'll get lucky and have an all-male, all-management jury. They'll understand.

{code 0}

Sure, I could have killed Rose.

{code 0}

Of course, I killed Rose. As a high-ranking corporate official and former research scientist, I've been trained to eliminate waste and harmful bacteria. Rose was a totally toxic waste.

{code 0} {3x\$20}

Last week she took away my job and threatened to prosecute if I didn't drop all claims against Ferris's will. I thought at first it might be some lingering jealousy about Ferris and my close working relationship. But, no. For some reason, years after the fact, she decided she didn't like the way I had handled the tanning capsule market test. It's true all the rats and mice did die after only a few doses of ToxiTan, but how was I to know the same thing would happen to humans? As it turned out, the test results coincided very nicely with the first Red Dye Number 6 and Agent Orange scares so no one ever blamed the company--or me. Until Rose.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

But I did nothing. I went to the party late in hopes that she might be made to see reason. I'd hoped Roger would try to explain that this was just one of those compromises all big businesses have to make. But it never occurred to him. I planted myself out on the patio with a nice fortifying drink for almost an hour so she could come over and apologize. But she never did. I wish now I'd known about all those digitalis pills upstairs, I might have stopped on my way out. Instead, I left too fast to even notice what purse I was taking. I probably wouldn't have even bothered to come back for mine, except it had my new Mark Cross gold pen inside. Rose took everything else, but she wasn't getting that.

{code 0}

I didn't have any more ToxiTan - which takes too long anyway - so I went up to Rose's bathroom just before lunch and ground up half a bottle of Ferris's old digitalis pills. I guess it was the drink or two I had had beforehand, or maybe it was just nerves, but I spilled the powder all over the place. I thought I cleaned it up before leaving the capsule for Rose to find later, but I was in a hurry and worried someone might see me. Of course, Alex did - with big wet blotches on my skirt, but what does that prove? People drop drinks and melted brie on themselves all the time at parties. It was probably the shoes that gave me away. No one in upper management would ever wear speckled shoes.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

How could I kill La Rosa? I never even got inside the front door, much less upstairs on Saturday. She wouldn't let me give her an explanation for what happened at the directors' meeting. Why would she let me give her such a capsule?

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Yes, I killed la Rosa, but only because she threatened to kill me first.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Here is what happened. For a long time, no one noticed that I wrote down anything important about the earnings per share that came up at meetings and family parties. Then I would call up stockbrokers and sometimes the other big drug companies and we all made money. Nice little business. No harm to anyone. Until Rose found out out last week. Lots of noise about the Commission for the Exchange of Securities, prison, large fines and other unpleasanties

{code 0}

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My plan, I thought, was very good. I would leave the city and state and Paba - a very supreme sacrifice - in return for two years at the business school of my choice. Unfortunately, as many of you saw, I never had a chance to present this excellent plan. Maybe now is a good time to discuss it with all of you, yes?

{code 0} {2x\$20}

, including death to me and my residence permit if I did not leave the country immediately.

Of course, this I could not do. There is Paba and my plan now to get an M of BA as soon as possible. The night before the party I went upstairs while she and Paba were being boring in the living room. I hoped very much to find something for a counter-blackmail, but instead I discovered Mr. Smith's old medicines - the ones marked WARNING. I left very quietly and went home to make up a little sopresa for her birthday. The next morning I slipped it in with all the other pills when I made her purse fall out on the portico. So simple. I don't know why no one thought of it a long time ago.

{code 0}

Who would want to murder the maid? Except possibly the butler, and Rose was always too insecure to hire one. Actually, as it turned out, I also had very little reason to want Rose out of the way.

{code 0}

I admit last week when she kicked poor Thad off the board of directors I felt rather differently. Not only for his pride and mine, but also because - how shall I phrase this delicately? - I have a special interest in {code 1 \$48 \$2B} {2x\$20}'s affairs. I also have an image to maintain and it's a rather expensive one. For the past several years, I've been selling insider information to the securities industry and the competition.

Always very discreet, nothing that would ever embarrass you all, but I needed Thad on the board to continue doing so... Thad, don't look so shocked, sweetheart. All women are smarter than they look.

The conversation you overheard, Roger, concerned Thad's red leather director's chair. When he found out at work that morning, Rose really had no intention of removing it after all, we both breathed much easier. As for my visits upstairs to various powder rooms, I really was looking for a decent mirror to refresh my eye makeup. I went back to Rose's after running into Thelma because I realized I'd left my mascara on the sink. That sink was already cluttered enough as it was. Murder is even messier and there's really no money in it.

I can't imagine why any of you bothered.

Rose was always too insecure to hire a butler so he didn't do it. I did. Why? you may well ask. Obviously I didn't profit much from the will we heard tonight. But I have profited immensely over the years from my close association with {code 1 \$48 \$2B}.

Through Thad and his seat on the board of directors and these otherwise ghastly family gatherings, I've been selling insider information to the securities industry and the competition. Always very discreet, nothing that would ever embarrass you all, but I needed Thad on the board to continue doing so... Thad, don't look so shocked, sweetheart. All women are smarter than they look.

When Rose dismissed Thad so unceremoniously last week, I was devastated. Knowing Rose, I also didn't expect her to change her mind. There seemed only one logical recourse. Dismiss Rose just as unceremoniously. I went up to Rose's bathroom before lunch but it hardly seemed the most peaceful place to work, so I removed myself, some of Ferris's old digitalis pills, and one of Rose's capsules, and went to Thelma's room to prepare Rose's little surprise. I guess Thelma saw me coming out of her old bathroom, and she noted my brief return visit to Rose's bathroom to leave {code 1 \$4C \$2B} capsule on the sink before I went back downstairs. Alas, nothing in this life is perfect. Caviar comes from Russia. Contacts in the brokerage business are rude. Crime is clumsy.

There is a lot of bad karma in this room. A LOT of bad karma. I want to dispel some of it by saying that IF the Foxglove Foundation actually inherits Rose's estate, we are a totally non-profit, totally organic organization. You all certainly don't have to worry about the family fortune being put to anything but the most worthwhile and sincere causes.

Rose suggested I set up the foundation several years ago and she was very generous about supporting the whale hatchery and herb research and even my solar hacienda. All she wanted in return was love. Rose was a very beautiful person, something the rest of you probably don't realize. Unfortunately, Rose's interpretation of love and mine sometimes differed - her understanding of spiritual bonding was pretty limited - but when she asked me to come to her birthday last Saturday, I thought it was important to accept.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Time is a relative concept out in Big Sur country so I arrived a little late. What you overheard, Carla, was a small misunderstanding on Rose's part. She thought that by showing me the first part of her will, she could own my inner being. (In other words, she wanted me to marry her in return for the money.) Of course, this just wasn't possible. She also spurned my lovely birthday bouquet of foxglove blossoms.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Just tossed them on top of her mink. A helpless, slaughtered mink. The police found them there, untouched, several hours later.

Rose went upstairs and I spent a few moments listening to my most primeval self. I realized all I had to do was offer to share my life with her in one of the smellier beach caves - no minks, no medicines, no nothing - and she'd leave me alone. So I went to make her some herb tea, took it upstairs, and that's exactly what happened. In fact, she started feeling very sick about 10 minutes after I made my proposal so I left her in peace.

{code 0}

I knew then and there we could never share a life together.

I also knew the really profound and important work the Foxglove Foundation - and I - could do with her money. My most basic and primeval self gave me the direction I needed. I took the foxglove bouquet I brought for Rose out into the kitchen and ground them into a soothing herbal brew. I have always believed that death should be as private and personal an experience as possible, so after I took the tea up to her, I left her in peace.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

I didn't really mean for her to DIE. I only wanted our secret and my allowance to be safe. Now I've lost both. Maybe I'll just commit suicide.

{code 0}

As for my affair with Newt, it had nothing to do with any of this and I think it's pretty obvious who committed the worse crime in that case. Certainly not me!

{code 0} {1x\$20}

. You arrived at the party early so you could slip unnoticed into the library, just off the front hall, and, if necessary later, spend some time upstairs in Ferris's old room. (There seemed the two most logical places to hunt for the document.)

{code 0} {3x\$20}

What car does this person drive (or if she doesn't have a car, what would be her dream mobile)?

{code 0} {3x\$20}

What magazine would you most likely find this guest reading?

{code 0}

hair, cheap pointy shoes with two inch heels and wraparound Silva Thin shades, but she isn't making much headway. She is also at a loss about what to do when, in an effort to please her, he imitates the gestures, small talk, table manners and general social etiquette of everyone in her family. Sometimes this can be quite embarrassing but no one has the heart to tell him so.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

At the directors' meeting last week, you overheard Rose and Carla talking afterwards. Rose had obviously just said something to upset Carla, then she added that she had "another bitter pill" for her to swallow. Something about Carla not contesting Ferris's will any further or Rose would reveal her "colorful secret."

Last week's directors' meeting was even worse than your chemistry orals. Not only did Rose take away your job, she also warned you not to continue contesting Ferris's will. It was bad enough Rose finding out about the ToxiTan test and ruining you.

You know that Carla DID take Rose's purse when she left the party on Saturday because you saw her return it later that afternoon. Save this tidbit for later.

You also noticed a copy of *Success* in Rose's bathroom before lunch. This is not the sort of magazine Rose would ever read. What was it doing there?

Few people know this, but you are quite an avid reader. In fact, on the day of the party you spent a good deal of time reading the latest issue of *Success*. You even read a couple of articles while in Rose's upstairs bathroom. You don't see anything wrong with this. If anybody disagrees they're probably just out to get you.

You don't pretend to know much about business, but for the last eighteen months the company's stock has been acting very strangely. Everytime you wanted to sell some shares, all the big institutional investors seem to have the same idea - a good day or so before you do. The price swings have been pretty extreme and you certainly aren't profiting. Very puzzling.

When you submitted your research expenses to Accounting last week, Rose's snippy little business manager Ernest Wilson, the one who pays all her bills, mentioned that you too might be off the payroll soon if you didn't watch it. He claimed no one was safe anymore.

Something on Carla: last week at the directors' meeting, you overheard Rose tell her that she was "relieved" of all Product Development responsibilities forthwith. When Carla demanded to know why, Rose said something about how tan AND healthy Carla looked. Carla went white.

Just before lunch, you were in the dining room about to follow Rose out into the hall for a private word with her when you saw Alex come downstairs clutching an old manilla folder, looking very smug. "You can't touch me," Alex told Rose. "I found it!"

Rose snorted with scorn and something about "lots of copies." Alex just stared at her in disbelief. What did all this mean?

Mariel also quizzed you about what you had learned at the meeting last week about the stock dividend next quarter. You shouldn't have told her. Not only is it against company policy, but it also probably means she's going to ask for more alimony. Mariel always has an unhealthy interest in the company's financial status.

While you were out on the patio drinking lunch, you happened to overhear Thad actually telling Mariel the company's earning projections for the next quarter. Two things amazed you: (1) that Thad would be blabbing this very classified information, and (2) that an airhead like Mariel would want to know.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

Someone may ask about the notebook you carry around to jot down important insider company info. Tell them you use it to write down unfamiliar words in English to practice later. Or make up something more imaginative.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

If you find any evidence relating to the Foxglove Foundation, leave it alone, ignore it. You don't want to be connected to it.

{code 0}

Tell Carla you've been giving some thought to her role in this Toxitan business and you're really not sure you want to represent her in the contesting of Ferris's will. It all sounds pretty unsavory, whatever it is.

{code 0}

Someone may wrongly infer that it was you, not Rose, who was secretly married in the past. Without spelling it out (and thereby getting yourself in serious legal trouble), let it be known that you have NEVER been married before.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

Fascinated, you watched as Rose haughtily walked from the room. Paba did likewise. Then a moment later you saw your little sister through an open window, upstairs in Rose's bathroom. She was going through the medicine chest where Ferris's old Digitalis pills are kept, a look of grim determination on her face.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

After he disappeared, Paba appeared in the window, and went through almost precisely the same motions! Extremely puzzled by all this, you left.

{code 0} {1x\$20}

. You took your purse and went upstairs to Rose's bathroom (where Ferris's old Digitalis pills are kept) to get her one, returning a few moments later with several mashed-up capsules. Rose dumped them into her decaf coffee, took a sip, and made an awful face. And why not? The insides of capsules always taste disgusting.

{code 0} {2x\$20}

You went to Rose's after the party broke up, bearing a gift: a lovely bouquet of foxgloves. Rose greeted you warmly, and immediately showed you the paragraph in her will leaving everything to the Foxglove Foundation should she die. You were feeling a peculiar blend of joy and mounting apprehension, the latter intensifying when Rose demanded you marry her in return for her generosity.

{code 0}

Rose's intended bequest to the Foxglove Foundation did nothing to mitigate your horror at the thought of spending your life as Rose's beloved, and your conversation in the living room quickly turned to bitter argument. Rose ended it, going upstairs to her room. You gazed forlornly at your spurned foxglove bouquet and decided then and there that what Rose really needed was a hot, soothing cup of herb tea.

{code 0}