

**THE SCOOPY-DOO ENDING**

*(to be read by BURT REYNOLDS)*

BURT REYNOLDS:

Well you guessed it. Well you didn't but, since I, Burt Reynolds get to read this ending, clearly I am not the guilty one.

But who? Who would have stolen Mister Punch? And why?

We can safely rule out DALAI LAMA, GANDHI, YODA and SPOCK. They are truthful and honest to their cores. This would be one dark and cynical play if either of those four were the evil-doer.

And along those same lines, we can rule out the revolutionaries and anarchists: CHE, EMMA and FIDEL. They're probably too busy endorsing Bernie Sanders.

HOMER, you're just not clever enough to have done it, though it is possible that you might have accidentally let Mister Punch out of the house, and not known it.

But it is even more likely that PUNKY! ... would have done the same.

But this is a murder mystery play posing as a doggy-napping mystery not a Who-Let-The-Dogs-Out site-specific immersive thing. Yawn.

Mister Punch's disappearance is no mistake... So I'll cut right to the chase—our culprit, is none other than,

EDITH HEAD! But who, really, is EDITH HEAD? No seriously, does anyone other than Jenna know anything about Edith Head?

Edith Head! Take off your hat! Reveal yourself.

*(EDITH HEAD removes her hat and prop, revealing her true identity: and must adlib a reason for having taken Mister Punch)*

**THE DADA-IST 'POST-MODERN'**  
**COP-OUT ENDING THAT**  
**THE PLAYWRIGHT'S MOM**  
**WILL PROBABLY HATE**  
*(to be read by SALVADOR DALI`)*

SALVADOR DALI`

Amongst all of your brilliant conspiracy theories, it appears that you might have overlooked the most likely of possibilities.

That a dog is a dog is a dog.

And You are You if your Dog Knows You.

And don't we all know Mister Punch? Don't we believe that Mister Punch knows each and every one of us?

Our wants. Our needs. Our desires. Calm down Katharine.

Perhaps, just for a moment, that this whole event was a sham, an act of deceit,

A game of trickery, staged by none other than... Mister Punch himself.

Or, perhaps. Mister Punch was not dog-napped,

but rather having a dog nap,

somewhere away from all of our Jenna-Marcel-ian chaos.

The answer herein lies in the dog himself. So let us all...

gather around Mister Punch,

who has been here this whole time,

and look to him for the answer.

*(all the Guests gather around Mister Punch and stare at him for an extended period of time)*

# **THE DAVID BOWIE ENDING**

(to be ready by DAVID BOWIE)

DAVID BOWIE:

What kind of magic spell to use?

Slime and snails.

Puppy dogs tails.

Thunder or lightning?

*(walking towards characters as they are mentioned)*

What kind of magic spell to use?

My crystal ball tells me that it was not the DALAI LAMA, YODA, GANDHI or SPOCK, though I had my suspicions about those pointy ears and that cold stare.

What kind of magic spell to use?

HOMER?

Nah he would have burped out a confession by now.

What kind of magic spell to use?

CLEOPATRA, hasn't really said much, which makes her suspicious, but her silence is really because the playwright couldn't find any Cleopatra quotes, and wouldn't dare turn to Shakespeare for help.

What kind of magic spell to use?

EDITH HEAD? Too obscure. Too random.

As if this play wasn't random.

What kind of magic spell to use?

Not EMMA. No, not FIDEL, not CHE neither.

What kind of magic spell to use?

BURT. Oh, Burt. Would you? Really? Could it be you?

No. You actually wish it was you, so you could be the centre of this moment.

What kind of magic spell to use?

Who does that leave?

RU PAUL, who has rubbed me the wrong way since this party started.

I I could point my finger at you, but I am looking for a Babe.

And a babe you are not.

What kind of magic spell to use?

Our two artists, Da Vinci and Dali`... You both are innocent.

Hmmm... What kind of magic spell to use?

Slime and snails.

Puppy dogs tails.

Thunder or lightning?

That leaves only one person!

The original owner of Mister Punch, formerly known as Maxy.

PUNKY BREWSTER! Yes, it was PUNKY BREWSTER.

What do you have to say for yourself PUNKY?!

*(PUNKY may or may not respond)*

Well I say, job well done, kid! Cue the Music!

*(Magic Dance plays and everybody has a dance)*