

Narrator: Anyway, I am getting ahead of myself. Sit back and get comfortable and I will tell you the story of how C. Auguste Dupin solved the murder case that everyone, including the Paris Police, thought was totally unsolvable—**The Murders in the Rue Morgue.**

It all started one morning when Dupin and I were sitting down to our ritual of breakfast and reading the newspaper...

Dupin enters stage right and takes a seat at the table while the Narrator crosses to the other seat. The Narrator picks up the newspaper. Dupin is also dressed in a suit. He is energetic and very confident, bordering on pompous, but likeable.

Narrator: Which would you prefer first, Dupin, the news or the society page and editorials?

Dupin: The news please! You know I am not interested in the gossip of Paris society, but I would like to read the editorials after you are finished.

They each take sections of the paper and begin reading, eating, and drinking their coffee. The Narrator puts down the paper in a huff, and speaks indignantly.

Narrator: Listen to this..."Madame Aucoin was seen at the theater with a much younger man, Jacque Bizet. Is there a scandal afoot?"...Well, I never! Hmmph!

Dupin does not appear to be listening. They both resume reading. A short time later, Dupin responds.

Dupin: ...The answer is Le Beau Garcon.

Narrator: How did you know I was thinking of that restaurant?

Dupin: Deductive reasoning, my friend. You were thinking about the time this same newspaper printed a false story in the society pages, linking you romantically with a Mademoiselle Beauchamp, just because you were both eating dinner at the same restaurant, several tables apart. That set you to thinking about the delicious lamb dinner you had that evening, which in turn made you remember that the best lamb you ever had was at that restaurant we visited while on vacation in Normandy two years ago—Le Beau Garcon. Simple deductive reasoning!

Narrator: You never cease to amaze me Dupin! That is exactly the process of my thinking!

They continue reading for a short time.

Dupin: Ah, here is a tragic story:
“Extraordinary Murders—This morning, at 3:00 A.M., the inhabitants of the Rue Morgue were aroused from sleep by numerous horrendous screams and shrieks, coming from a nearby residence. After considerable difficulty, police and witnesses entered the home to find the dead body of Mademoiselle Camille L’Espanaye. Her mother, Madame L’Espanaye was found dead outside of the residence. Both victims were brutally murdered. The events defy explanation since the door was locked from the inside, and the windows were nailed shut!”

Dupin suddenly gets up, exits stage right, then returns with his hat and scarf on and hands the Narrator his hat and scarf. The Narrator looks surprised.

Narrator: But Dupin, where are we going?

Dupin: I am certain Police Chief Gaudette will be here any minute to ask our assistance in interrogating witnesses, so we may as well be ready.

Just then a knock is heard, and one of the servants enters with the Police Chief in a uniform with ostentatious braid or fringe on the shoulders, and Officer Muset 1 and Officer Bercume 1 in regular uniforms.

Servant: Police Chief Gaudette, Officer Muset, and Officer Bercume to see you, Monsieurs.

Dupin: Good morning, Police Chief Gaudette, Officers. You are here to ask for our help in solving the Rue Morgue murders?

Chief Gaudette: Uh...why, yes...we are.

Dupin: Well, then, let’s be off. You can tell us of the events of the case as we walk to the station.

Chief Gaudette: There are numerous facts. Don’t you need a pen and paper to keep track of all the information?

Dupin: Nonsense! My mind is capable of taking in and sorting millions of pieces of information. Now, tell us the **facts**, no conjectures or suppositions. I want to make my own analysis and conclusions.

The five men exit stage right. The Narrator grabs a last sip of coffee and a bite of pastry, and then runs after the others.

CURTAIN CLOSES.