

**Enter Bogart**  
**The Most Spectacularly**  
**Misfit Adventure in the History**  
**of High School Crime**

Jacqueline Goldfinger and  
 Jennifer MacMillan

**Comic**

**FALCON:** 13

**SAM:** 13

**JANELLE:** 13

All the characters are girls.

*SAM and FALCON are on a mission to find a third student to add to their crime-investigating team. FALCON picks up a magic eight ball from a box next to her. She shakes it and concentrates. They meet JANELLE.*

**FALCON:** Will we ever find a third person who will help us solve this mystery? [*Flips it over and reads.*] It is decidedly so!

*[There is a knock at the door. It is JANELLE POPADOPALINSKI—aka Head Gear Girl who has a lisp due to her orthodontics. She opens the door gingerly—pokes her head in.]*

**JANELLE:** Am I too late? I got thuck in Civics. Like actually rather literally thuck. Ith a long thory. I won't bother you. Here. [*She hands FALCON her resume, who examines it quickly and excitedly passes it off to SAM. SAM examines it. Sniffs it.*]

**SAM:** Smells like . . . coffee. And . . . doughnuts?

**JANELLE:** Oh right! Here, I brought you the, the . . . [*Pulls coffee and doughnuts from her backpack.*] I don't know. I jutht figured you guyth were in here all afternoon and well . . . I heard the choir's audition becauthe I mean, how could you not, am I right? And I just thought . . . Be a team member! Be a team member, Janelle Popadopalinthki, and go the extra mile!

**FALCON:** Wow! Boston crème. The good stuff! [*She goes to take a bite and SAM slaps it out of her hand.*]

**SAM:** Um. Well thank you for those, but let's talk about your qualifications.

**JANELLE:** Oh yeth, of course. Well, I livh with my grandmother. She's raithing me. And well she lotht her glaththeth and her inhaler and her dentureth all the time. I always find them. Even when they're in the freezer or in the glove box of the old '79 Thingray that's on blocks in our front yard. It doethn't run but . . .

**FALCON:** A '79 Stingray?!? You have a '79 . . .

**SAM:** Well. I'm not sure that's really enough, um, qualifications, see? I mean it takes a lot to be a detective. Cunning, stealth, superior intelligence—

**JANELLE:** Here. [*JANELLE picks up the giant ring of school keys that the janitor left behind.*]

**SAM:** What's that? Some old keys to . . . [*It dawns of her.*]  
Holy cow, Batman. These keys, these keys open . . .

[*The three share a look.*]

**SAM, FALCON, and JANELLE:** Everything!

**JANELLE:** And then I said to myself, "Janelle Popadopalinthki, make a list of poththible thuspectth! That will wow them!" But then I said, "No Popadopalinthki, make the litht, but then whittle it down! Do the rethearch! Go for the Gold! Be the change you withh to thee in the world!"

[*She hands over a short list to SAM.*]

**SAM:** Wow. This is. A pretty decent start. And Bridget and Thursby are at the top of our list, too. But what about your ability to be stealthy. I mean . . . your . . . your um . . . [*She points to the headgear.*] . . . I'm sorry. It's just . . .

**JANELLE:** No. No it'th okay. My headgear. You can thay it. It'th not tho bad actually. Other than having to thleep on it at night. But it'th thort of helpful becauthe no one theeth me. No one really ever lookth at me. I think they think they'll embarrathth me if they look at me and it. At firtht it wath kind of hard but then I noticed. I could go placeth, blend in, be everyone and no one. Be everywhere and nowhere.

**SAM:** Thanks for coming in.

**JANELLE:** [*Crestfallen as they push her out the door.*] Oh. That'th it? I mean I can . . . I can . . . anthwer some more interview queththionth. I have a 3.957 GPA. I can drive a car. I'm a polymathhhhhhh!

**SAM:** That's great. Thanks so much. We'll just [*She's ushering JANELLE out.*] call you—if we need you—at some point in time. But don' call us, you see, we're pretty busy, and um, hard to find really, hard to pin down, all that slinking about the shadows and stuff, and so, happy holidays and um, drive safe.

**JANELLE:** [*From the doorway.*] Um, but, okay, bye!

[*A beat. SAM sighs. Exhausted. And then from offstage we hear:*]

**JANELLE:** Very few of uth are what we seem. That'th Agatha Chrithie.

[*SAM looks to FALCON.*]

**FALCON:** I don't do an English accent.

**SAM:** Phew. That was close.

**FALCON:** [*Double-fisting doughnuts.*] I don't know. She was funny. She has some real guts. I think she was the best candidate for the job.

**SAM:** That's only because we had no quality candidates. What's going on here?

**FALCON:** Yeah, good question. What is going on here, Sam?

**SAM:** All right, well . . . truth?



**FALCON:** Truth.

**SAM:** She's . . . she's a weirdo. She's embarrassing. I mean, sure she's nice and everything. And smart. And helpful.

**FALCON:** [*With a mouth full.*] And doughnuts!

**SAM:** But once we hire her, we have to sit with her at lunch [*Or insert the name of your free period here*]. And it's a slippery slope from there, my friend. We'll end up on her dodgeball team [*Or insert other sport name here.*] in gym! And after that no one will ask us to the Winter Formal, not if they think Head Gear Girl is going to tag along. And who can blame them really?

**FALCON:** I guess you're right. We can't really hire her. It's not our fault. Our hands are tied here. She'll understand that, I'm sure. Right? Right? I mean, she did notice the janitor's keys that will get us into Mr. A's room. And she did have a list of suspects. And she did bring the snacks but . . .

**SAM:** [*Unsure.*] We'll be fine alone.

**FALCON:** We have ideas.

**SAM:** We have observations. Just the two of us.

[*A beat.*]

**FALCON:** Just the two of us. Like Han Solo and Chewbacca!

[*A quick beat.*]

**SAM and FALCON:** I'm Han!

**SAM and FALCON:** No. I'm HAN.

**SAM and FALCON:** I'm. NO. I'm.

**SAM:** Never mind. Just the two of us.

**FALCON:** Yeah! Like Sherlock and Watson!

**SAM and FALCON:** I'M

**SAM and FALCON:** Uggghhhh! I'M. NO. YOUR. I'M SHERLOCK! [*A beat.*] Let's just investigate.