Scary Adventure Kid Detective
(title provided by my five-year-old son Moe)

Written by
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NOTE 1: In this script, Miles is identified as a boy, with a sister, mother and father. However, full permission is given for edits along gender, age and relationship lines, as applicable. If your household requires that Miles be played by twin girls, say, who live with their grandparents and a roommate, then go with that option. Pronouns and descriptions can of course be changed accordingly.

NOTE 2: Thanks for bringing it to life – sure you’ll do wonderfully.

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Scene One – kitchen

Miles, a ten-year-old boy in a trenchcoat and trilby, heads for the kitchen while addressing an unseen audience in a detective voice.

If keen to depict, the scene is bathed in a noir light, the shadows long.

Miles: The day started like any other – too early…

Spring had sprung and the boids were building their new fancy nests, without worrying ‘bout me, trying to get some shut-eye in mine. I poured myself a tall glass of milk, and regretted what I’d drunk the night before…

Which was also milk. What can I say – I’m a dairy kind of guy.

Miles’s 15-year-old sister Meghan enters, sporting bed hair and watching him, unimpressed.

Meghan: Mom – Miles is being weird again.

Miles: Out the corner of my eye, I saw a crazy-looking broad sizing me up.

Meghan: Can you please make him stop?

Miles: You could tell the girl had enemies. Most recently – a hairdresser.

Meghan: Ugh. Just give me the milk.

Miles: She cut to the chase and asked me for a drink. Being a gentleman, I obliged.

He slides the milk carton to her, but it falls over, spilling everywhere. The siblings shoot accusatory stares back and forth before...

Miles: There was no way I was cleaning it up.

Meghan: You’re cleaning it up. [She exits]

Miles: …I cleaned it up. But not ‘cause she told me to.

He kneels, using paper towel to mop up the puddle on the kitchen floor.
Miles: The day was looking about as innaresting as… a real uninnaresting thing when…

_He rises again, discovers a note made from cut-up letters on the bench, and reads it._

Miles: ‘You best take note… To find a case… But it’s remote… This hiding plaice’.

‘I best take note’ (I gotta pay attention). ‘To find a case’ (if I want a mission). ‘But it’s remote’ (chances are slim). ‘This hiding plaice’ (…of finding what I’m after).

_He shakes his fist at the heavens._

Miles: Your days are numbered, faceless villain who would torment me with a cruel test of wits! (But who’s also kind of helping me out ‘cause I am really _bored_ after four _boring_ weeks stuck at home with my _boring_ family so actually thanks a lot as well).

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**Scene Two – dining-room**

*Miles goes to the dining-room where Dad is rifling through his briefcase.*

Dad: Hey, Miles – still being a detective?

Miles: _[Shrugs and keeps up the accent]_ I didn’t choose the life – the life chose me.

Dad: …Sure. Listen, I’m just looking for some spreadsheets for work so/

*The briefcase is slammed shut by Miles, and a lamp is shone in Dad’s face.*

Miles: /Cut the back-talk, Padre!

Dad: Hey Miles, that’s kind of bright so maybe/

Miles: /Now my files say you go by the name ‘Dad’.

Dad: Yeah?

Miles: But is it or is it not true that your _real name_… IS KEVIN SANDESON!?

Dad: Also yeah…

Miles: So why the fake name, pops? You got something to hide? Huh? Huh!?

Dad: ‘Dad’ is kind of my… job title?

Miles: Very suspicious. Ya see me going round getting people to call me ‘detective’?

Dad: You… literally asked all of us to do that last night at dinner.

Miles: The guy was smart. Almost... _too_ smart.
Dad: Who are you talking to?

Miles: I could see he was stalling for time.

Dad: I’m… really not.

Miles: So I decided to quit playing nice – and attack him with a cushion.

Dad: I can actually hear what you’re saying. And also, no, don’t do that.

Miles: Then… I decided against it. But not ‘cause he told me. [To Dad] Listen, old man.

Dad: I’m 43?

Miles: You seen anyone suspicious in the kitchen this morning?

Dad: Well there was this kid in a big hat who spilt milk everywh…

Miles: …

Dad: No, just a regular-looking detective guy and a grumpy teenaged girl.

Miles: Did she have ginormous hair?

Dad: She did have ginormous hair.

Miles: I knew the dame alright, and she was bad news.

Meghan: I heard that!

Miles: …with surprisingly good hearing.

Dad: There was this mom-looking woman in there earlier. She seemed pretty suspicious.

Miles: Is that right? Word on the street is this ‘mom’ is trouble – one minute she’s acting all nice like helping you make Lego, and the next she discovers an egg sandwich you left under your bed for three to four weeks and: Snap! [Beat] Or so I heard.

Thanks for the tip-off, big guy. [Gives briefcase to Dad, exiting] For your troubles.

Dad: This is… already mine?

Dad shakes his head and returns to work.

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Scene Three – lounge

Miles enters the lounge where Mom watches telly. He sits beside her but avoids eye contact.
Miles: Psst.

Mom: Hi, Miles.

Miles: [Ignoring that and keeping eyes forward] Psst. The crow, flies low, at dawn.

Mom: Right then. Are you into birdwatching now? Ornithology I think it’s called. Or twitching – that’s the informal name for it.

*He stealthily moves along the couch and leans in to whisper.*

Miles: I don’t suppose you like… notes?

Mom: What, like banknotes? They’re wonderful. Or musical notes. I do love a good tune. The Notebook!? Ooh, the chemistry between Ryan Gosling and Rachel McAdams – but I didn’t think you like kissing films? What, do you want to watch it with m/

*He snatches the TV remote out of her hand.*

Miles: /Woah there, lady! Firstly: gross. And second: I’m talking about… [Presents the note] This note!

Mom: Is it a ransom one?

Miles: No! Or I don’t think so. It’s like a… secret mission note, like Mission Impossible!

Mom: [Gasps] Is it going to explode in ten seconds?!

Miles: No! Or I don’t think so. I’ve been carrying it round for like five minutes and yeah… definitely not exploded.

Mom: Phew.

Miles: Good point though.

*He carefully sets it on the coffee table.*

Mom: So what’s the mission?

Miles: Not sure. I’m still kind of waiting for it to start, to be honest.

Mom: Oh right. Unless…

Miles: …What?

Mom: Well, unless it has already.

Miles: [Shakes his head] I knew something wasn’t right with the old lady.
Mom: I’m 41?

Miles: What do you mean, ‘unless it has already’?

Mom: Well, have you been interrogating witnesses?

Miles: Yeah, three pretty shady characters.

Mom: Did you follow a trail?

Miles: Sort of.

Mom: You got any leads?

Miles: Just this old thing. But all it says is: ‘You best take note, to find a case. But it’s remote, this hiding plaise’. And all I know is, the writer isn’t clever ’cause they spelled ‘place’ wrong. Other than that I’m right back to where I starte…

He rises, intrigued, and grabs the note.

Miles: ‘Back to where I started…’ See you round, Mom-lady.

Mom: Okay… Son-boy?

She returns to watching TV.

Scene Four – kitchen (again)

Miles enters the kitchen and carefully places the note down on the benchtop.

Miles: I found the note… here. But the milk also spilt here. Meaning for it not to be wet, it had to have been put down after I wiped the benchtop. While I was cleaning the floor. And the only person round then was… Meghan!

Unnoticed, Meghan enters smiling.

Miles: And then after her I went to interrogate Dad, who was looking in his…

[Rereads and gasps] ‘You best take note, to find a case’ doesn’t mean: I’ve got to pay attention to start a mission. It’s literal! I best take note – like ‘carry this note’! To find a case – to find a briefcase! Dad’s one!

Dad enters also, and stands with her.

Miles: And then he sent me to…

[Rereads] But it’s remote… That’s literal again! Remote doesn’t mean ‘the chances are slim’ – it means Mom’s remote control!
Mom joins her husband and daughter.

Miles: And that means, the last clue is literal as well. ‘This hiding plaice’ is meant to have an ‘i’ – a plaice as in a fish. Which must be hiding in…

He goes to the freezer and opens it. Inside sits a new magnifying glass to complement his detective’s outfit. He studies it excitedly and his family clap. Miles spins around.

Meghan: Well done… Detective Sanderson.

Miles: [Back in detective speak] Well if it isn’t my ole buddies Big Hair, Spreadsheets and… Kissin’ Films. You planned this whole thing.

Mom: We saw how bored you were, since school’s been out.

Dad: And we know it’s hard not seeing your friends.

Meghan: And we knew you were desperate for a case.

Miles: Well… thanks.

Meghan: It’s okay. But you are still weird.

Miles: [Shrugs] And you still look electrocuted.

Both smile. Meghan, Mom and Dad leave, only Detective Miles Sanderson remaining.

Miles: And just like that, another case was cracked. As I sat there with my feet up, drinking a well-deserved tall glass of milk, I couldn’t help thinking…

Sure, the whole world might feel a bit funny right now. Yeah, people are worried and stuck inside, with only their imaginations and the folks they hold dear. But maybe that was just it: sometimes imagination, and the folks we hold dear… [Shrugs] …Are all we need.

He drains his milk and rises.

Miles: But enough yapping. The day was getting on, my milk was empty, and I still had to attack an old guy with a cushion.

He wanders off.

Dad: [Unseen] I can hear you. 43 isn’t old. And no, you definitely can’t.

The End