

Annrcr: The following episode of *Guy Noir, Private Eye* is totally unauthorized by *The Prairie Home Companion*. Any resemblance to an actual episode would be a miracle.

A dark and stormy night, in a church that knows how to keep its secrets. But one man is still trying to find the answers to life's persistent questions. *Guy Noir, Private Eye*.

Guy: I'd been hired by the local Unitarian Church to find their long-range plans. Someone had stolen the only copy of the plans, and the church was unable to function. I've had a love/hate relationship with U-U's for years. You know what a U-U is, don't you? A Quaker with Attention Deficit Disorder. But, I figured "what the heck". [*SH, Dr. W and MM enter*] I knew this would be a tough caper, and that I'd need some extra help. All the other Albany detectives were busy investigating the Governor, so I brought in three detectives from across the sea; Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Watson and Miss Marple. We'd been searching for the plans for awhile and it was time to talk to the most likely suspects. [*FUUSANs enter*]

THE SLEUTHS ARE WE

Guy I've come with my sleuth buds three, to search here in Albany
Around FUUSA's halls we will roam.
You say you are fans, and you've lost your plans.
It's time to pay us, or else we'll go home.

SH We'll keep checking out your church, see just how far we get
Interview all the perps, see what we find.
Let us inside, just swallow your pride
Don't feel so broke up, just trust in our minds.

Dr. W To keep up this little dance, we just need a cash advance,
To search all the crannies and nooks, looking for crooks.
We'll solve the crime, your plans will be fine.
Cough up the moolah—we're wasting our time.

MM The bad guys will scatter like leaves
We'll find the culprits and thieves
Who stole all the plans you need to forge on ahead
Then we'll go home, we'll gladly go home
You'll have all the answers—and we'll have our bread

Detectives We'll keep checking out your church, see just how far we get
Interview all the perps, see what we find.
Let us inside, just swallow your pride
Don't feel so broke up, just trust in our minds.

P1: Well, Mr. Noir, we're all here as you requested.

SH: I don't believe that is the whole truth. I notice that your nametags are Avery 5160, two and a half inch labels, which come in a sheet of 16, but there are only 15 people here. The sheet the labels came from is empty, therefore I deduce that one of your group is missing.

P1: Yes, Mr. Holmes, you are correct. Professor Plum is not here.

Dr.W: Brilliant, Holmes! Where did you learn about labels?

SH: Something I picked up in school.

Dr.W: High school, Holmes?

SH: Elementary, my dear Watson.

MM: So where is Professor Plum?

P2: He is in the Library. We're having a birthday celebration for our RE Director and the Professor has gone to slice the cake.

Guy: But that means...Professor Plum, in the Library, with the knife.

P3: Just a minute. Why are you talking to us? We resent the fact that we are under suspicion. Look around all you want, I don't intend to cooperate.

Guy: H-m-m. U-U's who don't want to talk? Very suspicious.

P3: You'll never get a thing out of me. Anyone with me? [*Cheers from the FUUSANs*]

THE LYIN' STARTS TONIGHT

Wi di di di di di di di di di, We are bummed today
Wi di di di di di di di di di, We are bummed today
A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh,
A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh

When you question, just ask your question, the lyin' starts tonight
When you question, just ask your question, the lyin' starts tonight

A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh,
A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh

You want answers, you won't get answers, the lyin' starts tonight
You want answers, you won't get answers, the lyin' starts tonight

A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh,
A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh, A-wi-mo-weh

Hush detectives, good luck detectives, the lyin' starts tonight.
Hush detectives, good luck detectives, the lyin' starts tonight.

Wi di di di di di di di di di, We are bummed today
Wi di di di di di di di di di, We are bummed today

MM: But certainly, U-U's value Truth and Meaning, don't they?

Guy: Sure they do. Why did the Unitarian cross the road? To support the chicken in its search for its own path.

MM: Well, I know you love committee work. Why can't your Planning Committee just recreate the plans?

P4: The Long-range Planning Committee is in no position to do this. Recently, Sam gave a moving sermon on Buddhism, and the Planning Committee immediately embraced that culture and embarked on a three year vow of silence.

P5: We've tried to do it ourselves. One of our members, Nancy Woods, attempted to create a detailed flowchart of the planning outcomes. *[Holds up chart]*

Dr. W.: You mean...Nancy Drew this?

P6: It's just not the same. You've got to find those plans. Without them, we are losing our focus as a church. The liberal religious beacon that used to shine in Albany may go out. Our Democratic politicians are going down in flames. The health care debate has us confused as to which side to believe. Karl Rove was considered for the Jeanne Blank Lecture at Silver Bay Weekend. And I almost sent a huge campaign contribution to Sarah Palin.

VOTING REPUBLICAN

I was afraid that country was going the wrong way.
No peace, no health insurance, and not a living wage.
I voted for Obama, because I wanted change.
But it has been a whole year - things are still the same.

Voting Republican, never wanted to
What am I to do, I can't help it
Left is the way I leaned, now it seems so far
I hate NPR, I can't help it

Taxing and spending no longer make my day
I love Rush Limbaugh, I've joined the NRA

Voting Republican, never wanted to
What am I to do, I can't help it

Cutting entitlements, always make them pay
'Til they go away, I can't help it
Long live the GOP, give Barack the sack
I want Dub-ya back, I can't help it

I've started reading *The National Review*
Let's turn the clock back to 1952

Voting Republican, never wanted to
What am I to do, I can't help it

P5: Oh, you poor thing. Just know that we will still accept you. *[Makes gagging gesture]*

Dr. W.: Plans, plans. What are you so worried about...beside the Republican thing?

Sam: We're worried about stagnating. Our congregation wants to move fully into the 21st Century. I think I've taken the lead, technologically. I'm announcing tonight a new program to Tweet all my sermons. From now on, they will be a maximum of 140 characters. They will be uploaded to my blog and I won't have to show up on Sunday mornings. For instance, I've rewritten David Weissbard's lecture on The Ten Commandments:

I'm Number 1
Hooray for Mom and Pop
Don't even think about it
Keep your hands to yourself
Oh, just behave
Don't make me come back there

P4: Whatever else, he sure is wired.

SAMMY

We've heard the podcasts and read the blogs, too
Sammy, Sammy, web-wide U_U
An i-Phone with extra RAM up the whazoo
Sammy, Sammy, web-wide U_U

Does our Sammy need lightening speed
When he's on-line?
The church bought a server farm
He says that suits him fine

Wish I knew if he knew what he's surfing for
Sammy, Sammy, websites galore.

Macintosh, Macintosh notebook in hand
Sammy, Sammy, isn't it grand?
With wi-fi he can link up throughout the land
Sammy, Sammy, broadest of band

When the night is warm, soft and warm
Sending out tweets
He updates his Facebook page
His day is now complete

Life's biggest questions
Are not on his i-Pod
Sammy, Sammy, is there an i-God?

MM: On the way in, I noticed a section of the garden that looks recently dug up. It is too early for Spring planting. Could someone have been burying evidence of the theft out there? I also found this. [*Holds up shovel*]

P7: Oh, that is just the shovel from our ceremonial groundbreaking a few years ago. Its supposed to be kept in Sam's office.

MM: You mean...this is Sam's Spade?

P8: Excuse me. I'm new around here and I just don't understand the panic about a plan. Do you need the paper to tell you what to do? Can't you all just be? I for one don't need long-range plans before I join this church. I guess I understand you better than you understand yourselves.

I COULD SIGN THE BOOK

If you ask me, I would sign the book
Because I like your style and that's all it took
I would tell the world just why I'm here
And I'd make it perfectly clear

And the simple secret that I know
Is just that here is a place where I can grow
As I sign the world will surely see
How to make a FUUSAN of me

And the simple secret that I know
Is just that here is a place where we can grow
As I sign the world will surely see
How to make a FUUSAN of me

Guy: I agree with her. For Unitarians, you have been acting strangely. I'm not sure if you really want these plans found. When you discovered that they were gone, did you form a Missing Plans Sub-Committee? *[No]* Did you have your Search Committee search for them? *[No]* Well then, you don't need them. Plans are just projected blueprints for future action. They are always changing and being re-written.

MM: But your dreams are always there for you to chase. You have a Dream Catcher program. Try and catch your dreams, whatever they may be.

P9: You know, they're right! Plans are just what we hope will happen. Our dreams are what we want. Dreams are who we are, what we believe in. Just like the 7 Principals on this piece of paper, they are our core, our essence, our selves.

THE IMPROBABLE DREAM

To dream the improbable dream
To get budget costs in the black
To bring new folks in through the front door
And pray they don't flee out the back

To know that the bagels are fresh
To have ample parking for all
To strive when there isn't consensus
To decorate Emerson Hall

We are U-Us
We sometimes try hard
To follow the seven
Rules here on this card

Let's start here tonight
We don't know when to quit
Let's be will to march into Hell
Just to shorten this skit

And I hope, when I pledge 4 per cent
For the Canvass request
That they'll let me lie peaceful and calm
And not take all the rest

And our church will be better for this
Though we are frayed a bit at the seams
We turn bravely facing the future
And dream our improbable dreams

- P10: Dreams are fine, but who's gonna dream up the money to make them come true? In case you haven't noticed, there is a recession going on. Unemployment is up, taxes are up, and money is tight. What is the Canvass gonna do this year?
- P11: The Canvass has a new plan. All the canvassers had secret UUA pledge training. Instead of the old "meet in your home, coffee and cookies" Canvass discussion, we have perfected a new physical approach to asking for money. We expect it to be very effective.

THE TWIST

When you Canvass, just do The Twist
When you Canvass, just do The Twist
Take them by their little arm, and go like this.

Ee aw twist, baby baby twist
O-h-h-h, yeah-h-h, just like this

Just grab the wrist, and do The Twist

While Sammy is preachin' and Matty's playin' songs
While Sammy is preachin' and Matty's playin' songs
We're gonna twist and twist and twist and,
'Til the mortgage is gone.

Ee aw twist, baby baby twist
O-h-h-h, yeah-h-h, just like this
Just grab the wrist, and do The Twist

- P12: We didn't find out who stole the plans, but it really doesn't matter. You've saved us. We can't thank you enough. [*FUUSANs exit*]
- MM: My word, they certainly are an unusual group, aren't they?
- Guy: Why are Unitarians like a box of granola? Because when you take away the fruits and the nuts, you still have the flakes.
- SH: Come along, Watson, Miss Marple. Our work is finished here. Its time to go. Besides, I have a doctor's appointment.
- DrW: Something wrong, Holmes?
- SH: Nothing serious. I have a slight blockage in one of my canals.
- DrW: Ear canal, Holmes?
- SH: Alimentary, my dear Watson. [*SH, Dr. W. and MM exit*]

Anncr: *[As GN slowly exits]* A dark and stormy night, in a church that knows how to keep its secrets. But one man is still trying to find the answers to life's persistent questions. Guy Noir, Private Eye.