

Wadsworth : Page 65-66 monologue

Yvette : Page 34-35. Scene 4 to bottom of pg 35

Scarlett. : Page 51-53. Scene 10 to bottom of page 53

Peacock. : Page 17-18. From "What is that smell" to bottom of page 18

White. : Page 49. Page 10-11. From "You know who I am" on page 10 to "More?" on page 11

Colonel Mustard. : Page 51-53. Scene 10 to "Get me out of here" on page 53

Professor Plum : Page 50. Page 69. From "That's not how it happened" to "...and that wrench belongs to you"

Green. : Page 74-75.

Boddy. : Page 29-31. From mid 29 "You agree to double down" to end of page 31

Motorist. : Page 46-47 From bottom of page 46 to "Thank you" bottom of page 47

Unexpected Cop. : Page 56-58.

WADSWORTH. At the start of the evening, there was thunder, lightning, the dogs barked.

(Imitating the doorbell:) DING DONG

(As Mustard:) Colonel Mustard.

(Imitating the doorbell:) DING DONG.

(As White:) Mrs. White.

(As himself:) Who noticed Yvette.

(He replicates the music sting.)

(As Peacock:) Mrs. Peacock.

(As himself:) Who noticed . . .

(As Cook:) The Cook.

(He replicates the music sting.)

(As himself:) Then . . .

(As Green:) Mr. Green.

(He barks.)

(As himself:) Sit!

(He sits—then stands.)

(As himself:) No, not you sir. Please, come in.

(As Plum:) Then, Professor Plum.

(As Scarlet:) Miss Scarlet.

(He hits a gong, surprising the GUESTS.)

(As Cook:) Then, dinner is served.

(As Plum:) Well, that was more like a cocktail minute.

(As himself:) To the Dining Room!

(He moves. The GUESTS follow.)

(As Yvette:) Shark's fin soup.

(As Peacock, slurping:) Ooo. Yummy yum yum. My favorite!

(As himself:) Then Mr. Boddy arrived and we all went to the Study.

(He moves in a circle around the GUESTS.)

(As Yvette:) Coffee? Brandy?

(As Scarlet:) Who is this Mr. Boddy, butler?

(As Boddy:) How d'you do?

(As himself:) Then Mr. Boddy asked me to pass out packages.

(He "passes" out packages swiftly.)

(As White:) Ahhhh! A snake! No. It's a Rope.

(As himself:) Then Mr. Boddy switched off the lights.

(As Boddy:) Now!

(He switches off the lights. Lights go black. They scream!)

(Lights up. WADSWORTH lies dead on the floor. They scream again!)

(WADSWORTH sits up suddenly.)

WADSWORTH. Mr. Boddy was dead. But not really. Really he was alive. But we didn't know it. Then, Mrs. Peacock drank his drink . . .

(He drinks from Peacock's flask and spits all over the GUESTS.)

(As Peacock:) Poison!

(He screams, PEACOCK screams, he screams. He slaps himself.)

(As Scarlet:) Well, someone had to stop her screaming!

(As himself:) And then we heard . . .

(He lip syncs to a sound cue of Yvette screaming.)

(As himself:) To the Billiard Room! But Mrs. Peacock joined late.

(As Peacock:) I'm an old woman who may or may not have been poisoned.

(As himself:) Then Mrs. White asked . . .

(As White:) Who else is in the house?

(As himself:) To which we all replied . . .

ALL. *(They look out:) ZE COOK!*

(He moves.)

WADSWORTH. Who we found knifed in the back!

(He mimes stabbing her, then imitates the Cook falling dead out of the freezer onto Green.)

WADSWORTH. *(As Green:) Oh God. Oh God. So gross. Blood. Germs. (Muffled by his own arm:) Will somebody help me up!*

(As himself, miming dragging the Cook:) I suggested we take the Cook's body into the Study.

(He lies as "dead" Boddy, then hops up, revealing a blank space!)

(As himself:) But Boddy's body was gone!

(He mimes draping himself over an imaginary Peacock.)

(As himself:) Then Mrs. Peacock entered with Boddy on her body because Boddy had been bludgeoned in his bean.

(Then:)

(As himself:) Then, the briefcase!

(He mimes opening the briefcase at the desk. They gasp.)

(SCARLET takes over, pushing GREEN out of the way. She slaps PEACOCK who falls onto the sofa, silenced, as the GUESTS gasp.)

SCARLET. (Offering an excuse:) Well, someone had to stop her screaming.

PLUM. (To GREEN:) Was the brandy poisoned?

GREEN. How should I know?

SCARLET. Looks like now we'll never know.

GREEN. Unless she dies too.

(They all hurry over to the sofa and stare at PEACOCK. Suddenly SOMEONE [YVETTE] SCREAMS from another part of the house. They all look out, terror on their faces.)

[MUSIC CUE #17]

(Transition music.)

WADSWORTH. The screams are coming from the Billiard Room!

(The GUESTS rush out, GREEN has the Lead Pipe in his hand. They move to outside the Billiard Room. The Study module retreats as the Hall wall flies in.)

Scene 4

(The Hall outside the Billiard Room)

(YVETTE's screams are louder now as WADSWORTH and the GUESTS [except PEACOCK] arrive at the door of the Billiard Room. WADSWORTH tries the handle. The door is locked.)

WADSWORTH. It's locked!

(Into the door:)

Who's in there? Who's screaming?

YVETTE. (From inside:) C'est moi!

WADSWORTH. Yvette?!

YVETTE. Oui!

WADSWORTH. (Into the door:) Yvette, are you all right?!

YVETTE. (From inside:) No!

MUSTARD. Yvette?! Are you alive?!

(YVETTE opens the door, revealing herself, in a puddle of tears, fuming!)

YVETTE. Of course I'm alive, you ee-diot!

(Turning to WADSWORTH:)

No zanks to you—Wadsworth! You've locked us up in zis house wiz a murderer!

WHITE. So the murderer is here?

YVETTE. Ouil!

GREEN. Where?

YVETTE. Where? Here! We're all looking at him.

(PEACOCK enters, out of breath.)

YVETTE. Or her . . .

MUSTARD. What took you so long?

PEACOCK, (*Winded and hysterical!*) I'm an old woman who may or may not have been poisoned! It's amazing I'm anywhere!

YVETTE. (*Back to her point!*) I heard you all in ze Study—one of you is ze killer!

PLUM. How could you hear us in "ze" Study?

YVETTE. I was listening! I have a tape recorder in ze Billiard Room connected to ze Study! Monsieur Boddy asked me to record your converzation!

PLUM. Why would he ask you to do that?!

YVETTE. For more evidence, of course! Wadsworth revealed your secrets in ze Study; now zey are all recorded.

PLUM. What a snake! I've got to destroy them! Where are the tapes?

YVETTE. Who cares about ze tapes?! What about ze body?!

MUSTARD. What body?

ALL. Boddy's body!

WHITE. But, Yvette, why were you screaming in there, all by yourself?

YVETTE. Because I was frightened! I also drank ze Cognac. Maybe I am poisoned too!

(*And more to the point!*)

Plus, one of you is ze killer! Monsieur Boddy is dead!

(The music shifts to sinister, as the Lounge module opens and we find the MOTORIST on the phone.)

MOTORIST. I'm a little nervous. I'm at that big house on the hill, and I've been locked in the Lounge. I didn't expect there'd be a whole group of people here—I think they're having some sort of party; and the funny thing is, I think one of them is my customer.

(As he's talking, the portrait behind him opens and a gloved hand appears behind him with a raised Wrench . . .)

MOTORIST. Yeah, my regular Tuesday night passenger . . .

(The Wrench comes down on the MOTORIST'S head. BLACK-OUT. The Lounge retreats.)

[MUSIC CUE #26]

(Search music continues as the Conservatory wall flies in and the lights shift to find SCARLET and MUSTARD in the Conservatory.)

Scene 10

(The Conservatory.)

(MUSTARD searches the Conservatory floor. SCARLET enters slyly, holding Plum's pipe.)

SCARLET. *(Whispering conspiratorially.)* Psst!

MUSTARD. Oh, there you are.

SCARLET. You'll never believe what I found in the hallway.

(Showing:)

Professor Plum's stupid tobacco pipe!

MUSTARD. Huh. What do you think that means?

SCARLET. Who knows! But it seems suspicious if you ask me.

MUSTARD. I just did.

SCARLET. Honest to God, Colonel.

MUSTARD. Hey—what room is this anyway?

SCARLET. Search me.

MUSTARD. *(Frisking her.)* All right.

SCARLET. Hey! Get your mitts off me! It's just an expression!

MUSTARD. My apologies, Miss Scarlet. I struggle with nuance.

SCARLET. *(Moving on:)* This is the last room left to search in this beastly mansion and we still haven't found the evidence.

MUSTARD. I think this time has been productive nevertheless.

SCARLET. Aren't you a Pollyanna.

MUSTARD. You're a brave and determined lady, Miss Scarlet. I've really enjoyed our time together. I hope after this expedition ends we can remain friends.

(SCARLET continues intensely searching.)

I mean, really, murders aside, it's just been a lovely group of people all in all. I suppose I would like to hear Mrs. White explain when and how she lost her veil in the Billiard Room, but . . .

SCARLET. *(Grabbing the veil:)* You found White's veil in the Billiard Room? Odd.

MUSTARD. Odd?

SCARLET. Odd.

(MUSTARD accidentally leans on the wall sconce, which moves like a lever.)

(A trap door in the floor opens.)

SCARLET. *(Gasp:)* A trap door!

(Then:)

A trap door leading to a secret passagel C'mon!

MUSTARD. *(Clearing his throat:)* Uh . . . Ladies first, Miss Scarlet.

SCARLET. *(Rolling her eyes:)* How heroic.

[MUSIC CUE #27]

(SCARLET steps into the passage, MUSTARD follows her. Blackout as music continues. The Conservatory wall flies up as the Lounge module opens.)

Scene 11

(The Lounge.)

(The painting opens and [AUXILIARY] SCARLET and MUSTARD climb out of it. The room is dark. The dead MOTORIST in the chair is unnoticed . . . for now.)

(Please note: SCARLET and MUSTARD are substituted by an auxiliary man and woman, dressed as Scarlet and Mustard. The lighting is such that we can't see their faces and the real Scarlet and Mustard continue their dialogue from offstage or via pre-recorded voiceover.)

MUSTARD. Where are we now?

SCARLET. How should I know? The lights are off.

MUSTARD. Well turn them on!

SCARLET. I would if I could see anything!

MUSTARD. Well I'm going to feel my way around.

SCARLET. Don't get any funny ideas.

MUSTARD. *(Feeling:)* A table . . .

SCARLET. *(Feeling:)* A telephone . . .

MUSTARD. A chair . . .

SCARLET. A body . . .

(SCARLET and MUSTARD stop dead in their tracks.)

SCARLET/MUSTARD. A body!!! Ahhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[MUSIC CUE #28]

SCARLET. Find the door!

MUSTARD. Get me out of here!

(They find the door but the door is locked.)

SCARLET/MUSTARD. HELP! HELP! MURDER! MURDER!

(The stage is now divided in two, with inside the Lounge being stage left, and outside the Lounge being stage right.)

(The GUESTS scurry towards the Lounge from all over the house, ad-libbing, as they make their way to the door—realizing the door is locked . . . As WADSWORTH approaches the Lounge door, the Lounge module closes back up, so only the Hall is visible.)

ALL GUESTS. LET US IN! LET US IN!

SCARLET/MUSTARD. *(Voices:)* LET US OUT! LET US OUT!

WADSWORTH. We can't let you out! The door to the Lounge is locked!

SCARLET. *(Through the door:)* You had the key, Wadsworth! You locked the Motorist in here!

SCARLET. I prefer Kipling myself.

(Offering a basket of dinner rolls to MUSTARD:)

Do you like Kipling, Colonel?

MUSTARD. *(Helping himself:)* Sure, I'll eat anything.

(Then:)

So, who is our host? Is this where he sits?

WADSWORTH. *(Pouring wine:)* All in good time, sir.

(As YVETTE serves soup to PEACOCK—)

PEACOCK. What is that smell? It's something . . . familiar.

YVETTE. Shark's fin soup.

PEACOCK. *(Gleefully:)* My favorite!

COOK. *(Deliberately:)* I know.

[MUSIC CUE #11]

(With the music sting, COOK/PEACOCK exchange a sinister glance.)

YVETTE. Bon appetit!

(YVETTE and COOK exit. The GUESTS sip their soup. PEACOCK slurps.)

PEACOCK. *(Slurping slightly—muttering:)* This is delicious.

(Slurping louder now—under her breath:)

Oooh, this is yum yum yummy yum yum yum.

(Finally, she slurps so intensely it causes her to choke a bit as the GUESTS stare.)

PEACOCK. *(Recovering—then, all in nearly one breath, as WADSWORTH pours wine:)* Well, I guess I'll break the ice, I mean, I'll be the one to get the ball rolling, I mean, I'm used to being a hostess; it's an integral part of my life as the wife of a . . .

(Declining wine with a gesture, carrying on talking without pause:)

Oh, I forgot we're not supposed to say who we really are. But, oh well, I mean, I have no idea what we're doing here, but I'm very intrigued and oh, my, this soup is delicious isn't it?

(The GUESTS stare at her, bewildered.)

GREEN. I know who you are.

PEACOCK. You do?

GREEN. I work in Washington.

PLUM. Washington?

(To PEACOCK:)

So you must be a politician's wife, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK. (*With renewed confidence:*) Yes, I am.

SCARLET. (*Cheekily:*) Who's your husband? Maybe I know him.

PEACOCK. I . . . well, he's . . .

(*Deflecting:*)

Mrs. White, you've been awfully quiet. What does your husband do?

WHITE. Nothing.

PLUM. Nothing?

WHITE. Well, he . . . just lies around on his back all day.

PEACOCK. How lazy!

SCARLET. (*With snark:*) Not necessarily.

(*Thunder/lightning. GREEN spills his drink all over SCARLET's chest.*)

GREEN. (*Mopping up SCARLET's chest with his napkin:*) Sorry, sorry—I'm afraid I'm a little accident-prone.

SCARLET. (*Relishing his discomfort:*) That'll be five dollars, Mister.

GREEN. (*Awkwardly mortified:*) Sorry?!

PEACOCK. (*Tapping him on the shoulder:*) Mr. Green—what do you do in Washington?

GREEN. Oh, I'd better not say. I like to follow the rules.

PEACOCK. (*Frustrated:*) Well, if I wasn't trying to keep the conversation going, then we would just be sitting here in an embarrassed silence.

PLUM. Are you afraid of silence, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK. (*Anxiously:*) Yes. No. Why?

PLUM. In my professional opinion, it seems you suffer from what we call "pressure of speech."

MUSTARD. Is that an official diagnosis?

WHITE. Are you a doctor, Professor?

PLUM. In psychological medicine.

Scene 9

(The Hall.)

(The pairs search the house through an elaborate musical montage of choreographed, door slamming, tomfoolery, punctuated by brief vignettes.)

(After an initial series of highly stylized crosses and door openings, the Hall wall flies in and focus shifts to WHITE and WADSWORTH, now alone in the Hall facing two doors.)

WHITE. Go on. I'll be right behind you.

WADSWORTH. That's why I'm nervous.

WHITE. But why? It's just us. We're alone.

WADSWORTH. That's just it, Mrs. White. No man in his right mind would ever be alone with you.

WHITE. Fine. You go in there and I'll go in here.

(They go to two doors. They don't go in.)

WHITE. Are you going in?

WADSWORTH. Yes, are you?

WHITE. Yes.

(They fake each other out three times in quick succession. Then . . .)

WADSWORTH. On the count of three. One . . . Three!

(A beat and then WADSWORTH and WHITE enter and exit their respective rooms abruptly.)

WHITE. Nothing in that room.

WADSWORTH. Nothing in that room either.

WHITE. Shall we search the Ballroom?

[MUSIC CUE #24]

WADSWORTH. *(Gesturing for her to go first:)* After you.

(WHITE and WADSWORTH's stylized movement lead them into an elaborate tango as they exit.)

(As the Hall wall flies out, The GUESTS crisscross the entry Hall causing each other to startle.)

(MUSTARD and SCARLET meet in the middle, each holding a notebook and a tiny golf pencil [from the CLUE board game].)

MUSTARD. With pleasure, my dear.

(YVETTE opens the Lounge door, escorting MUSTARD inside.)

(WADSWORTH opens the front door to a music sting.)

[MUSIC CUE #4]

(Rain storms. MRS. WHITE stands, tragic and morbid, dressed in funeral clothing, guarding herself from the rain. Over her face is a mesh black veil.)

WADSWORTH. Do come in, madam. You are expected.

(She enters more fully, WADSWORTH at her heels.)

WADSWORTH. Welcome.

WHITE. *(With a confident mystique:)* Do you know who I am?

(She pulls back her veil, to reveal her face.)

WADSWORTH. Only that you are a socialite to be known this evening as Mrs. White.

(She slips off her cloak, black with a brilliantly white inside.)

WHITE. Yes.

(WADSWORTH catches it gracefully.)

WHITE. It said so in my letter. But, why—?

WADSWORTH. *(Interrupting:)* May I introduce you? Mrs. White, this is the maid, Yvette.

[MUSIC CUE #5]

(Music sting as the women notice each other and flinch.)

WADSWORTH. I see you two know each other.

WHITE. *(Deliberately lying:)* We've never met.

YVETTE. *(Cheekily:)* Champagne?

WHITE. *(Pointedly:)* I think not.

WADSWORTH. Please, warm yourself in the Lounge.

WHITE. Why, do I look cold?

WADSWORTH. A bit.

(Shepherding her into the Lounge—then:)

WADSWORTH. I'll be right with you.

(The module of the set containing the door to the Lounge, now pulls open slightly, making the interior of the Lounge partially visible as WHITE steps through the door, noticing MUSTARD.)

WHITE. Oh. Hello.

MUSTARD. Hello. Pleased to meet you.

WHITE. I'm rarely pleased to meet anyone.

(Doorbell rings. They look out.)

WHITE. More?

WADSWORTH. Oh, yes.

(WADSWORTH shuts the Lounge door, closing the module back up.)

[MUSIC CUE #6]

(Rain storms. YVETTE opens the front door to a music sting. MRS. PEACOCK, middle-aged, wealthy, and batty, stands, covered in jewels, a fox-tail fur stole, and a hat of PEACOCK feathers, shielding herself from the rain with a box of candy.)

YVETTE. Bonjour Madame. Please, come in from ze rain.

(As PEACOCK enters . . .)

WADSWORTH. Mrs. Peacock, I presume.

PEACOCK. Who? *(Realizing:)* Oh yes! That's me!

WADSWORTH. Cook, will you please take Mrs. Peacock's stole.

(With a music sting, the women recognize each other. They flinch!)

[MUSIC CUE #7]

WADSWORTH. I see you two know each other.

PEACOCK. *(Discarding her stole into the COOK's arms:)* Don't be ridiculous, I've never seen this woman before in my life.

YVETTE. *(Offering:)* Champagne?

PEACOCK. My lips belong to the Lord!

WADSWORTH. Please, make yourself comfortable in the Lounge.

PEACOCK. Thank you.

(As WADSWORTH escorts her to the Lounge, she remembers the lavishly wrapped box of chocolates in her hands.)

PEACOCK. Oh! For your hospitality . . . *(An aside:)* And there's a couple Benjamins hidden under the caramels for you, butler.

(The music shifts to sinister, as the Lounge module opens and we find the MOTORIST on the phone.)

MOTORIST. I'm a little nervous. I'm at that big house on the hill, and I've been locked in the Lounge. I didn't expect there'd be a whole group of people here—I think they're having some sort of party; and the funny thing is, I think one of them is my customer.

(As he's talking, the portrait behind him opens and a gloved hand appears behind him with a raised Wrench . . .)

MOTORIST. Yeah, my regular Tuesday night passenger . . .

(The Wrench comes down on the MOTORIST'S head. BLACK-OUT. The Lounge retreats.)

[MUSIC CUE #26]

(Search music continues as the Conservatory wall flies in and the lights shift to find SCARLET and MUSTARD in the Conservatory.)

Scene 10

(The Conservatory.)

(MUSTARD searches the Conservatory floor. SCARLET enters slyly, holding Plum's pipe.)

SCARLET. *(Whispering conspiratorially.)* Psst!

MUSTARD. Oh, there you are.

SCARLET. You'll never believe what I found in the hallway.

(Showing.)

Professor Plum's stupid tobacco pipe!

MUSTARD. Huh. What do you think that means?

SCARLET. Who knows! But it seems suspicious if you ask me.

MUSTARD. I just did.

SCARLET. Honest to God, Colonel.

MUSTARD. Hey—what room is this anyway?

SCARLET. Search me.

MUSTARD. *(Frisking her.)* All right.

SCARLET. Hey! Get your mitts off me! It's just an expression!

MUSTARD. My apologies, Miss Scarlet. I struggle with nuance.

SCARLET. (*Moving on:*) This is the last room left to search in this beastly mansion and we still haven't found the evidence.

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SCARLET. Aren't you a Pollyanna.

MUSTARD. You're a brave and determined lady, Miss Scarlet. I've really enjoyed our time together. I hope after this expedition ends we can remain friends.

(SCARLET continues intensely searching.)

I mean, really, murders aside, it's just been a lovely group of people all in all, I suppose I would like to hear Mrs. White explain when and how she lost her veil in the Billiard Room, but . . .

SCARLET. (*Grabbing the veil:*) You found White's veil in the Billiard Room? Odd.

MUSTARD. Odd?

SCARLET. Odd.

(MUSTARD accidentally leans on the wall sconce, which moves like a lever.)

(A trap door in the floor opens.)

SCARLET. (*Gasp:*) A trap door!

(Then:)

A trap door leading to a secret passage! C'mon!

MUSTARD. (*Clearing his throat:*) Uh . . . Ladies first, Miss Scarlet.

SCARLET. (*Rolling her eyes:*) How heroic.

[MUSIC CUE #27]

(SCARLET steps into the passage, MUSTARD follows her. Blackout as music continues. The Conservatory wall flies up as the Lounge module opens.)

Scene 11

(The Lounge.)

(The painting opens and [AUXILIARY] SCARLET and MUSTARD climb out of it. The room is dark. The dead MOTORIST in the chair is unnoticed . . . for now.)

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MUSTARD. Where are we now?

SCARLET. How should I know? The lights are off.

MUSTARD. Well turn them on!

SCARLET. I would if I could see anything!

MUSTARD. Well I'm going to feel my way around.

SCARLET. Don't get any funny ideas.

MUSTARD. *(Feeling:)* A table . . .

SCARLET. *(Feeling:)* A telephone . . .

MUSTARD. A chair . . .

SCARLET. A body . . .

(SCARLET and MUSTARD stop dead in their tracks.)

SCARLET/MUSTARD. A body!!! Ahhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[MUSIC CUE #28]

SCARLET. Find the door!

MUSTARD. Get me out of here!

(They find the door but the door is locked.)

SCARLET/MUSTARD. HELP! HELP! MURDER! MURDER!

(The stage is now divided in two, with inside the Lounge being stage left, and outside the Lounge being stage right.)

(The GUESTS scurry towards the Lounge from all over the house, ad-libbing, as they make their way to the door—realizing the door is locked . . . As WADSWORTH approaches the Lounge door, the Lounge module closes back up, so only the Hall is visible.)

ALL GUESTS. LET US IN! LET US IN!

SCARLET/MUSTARD. *(Voices:)* LET US OUT! LET US OUT!

WADSWORTH. We can't let you out! The door to the Lounge is locked!

SCARLET. *(Through the door:)* You had the key, Wadsworth! You locked the Motorist in here!

(They compare their notes and each exit separately as the Library module slides into place.)

(Focus shifts to: PEACOCK and PLUM in the Library.)

PLUM. *(Seated in an arm chair:)* This is quite an impressive Library.

(PEACOCK puts a book back in the bookshelf, triggering an elaborate, FBI-style secret panel labeled "EVIDENCE," plastered with headshots [in the style of the CLUE game cards] and notes detailing the guests' crimes, to flip and appear in the wall directly behind them. They do not see it.)

PEACOCK. *(Her back now to the secret panel:)* How can I find anything if I don't even know what I'm looking for!

PLUM. *(Reading from a book:)* "Civilized society is perpetually menaced with disintegration through this primary hostility of men towards one another."

PEACOCK. Your fancy words don't intimidate me, Professor!

PLUM. I take no credit, Mrs. Peacock.

(Re: the book:)

Freud, I think he's on to something.

PEACOCK. Now is not the time for academic pursuits! We're supposed to find the evidence!

PLUM. It's a fruitless search, if you ask me. I mean, it's not like we're just gonna walk into a room and find the evidence plastered on the wall.

PEACOCK. I suppose you're right.

PLUM. C'mon, let's go upstairs. Maybe we'll be excited by something in a bedroom.

PEACOCK. I haven't been excited by something in a bedroom for years.

(They exit the Library as the module retreats.)

(The GUESTS crisscross once more, featuring an unexpected, split-second connection between YVETTE and WADSWORTH.)

(Then, MUSTARD, solo, crosses the Hall studying an enlarged map of Boddy Manor [looking identical to the CLUE board game].)

(To the music, each GUEST round-robins through every door in choreographed mayhem. The group ends with ALL their heads poking out of one door, which WADSWORTH shuts.)

[MUSIC CUE #25]

(Music sting. Cast freezes. PLUM breaks the freeze to step forward and say . . .)

PLUM. That's not how it happened! It happened like this . . .

(They physically rewind—to the sound of a tape rewinding—back to their positions.)

WADSWORTH. All right then. We're listening, Professor Plum. Who do you accuse?

(PLUM waves Mustard's medal.)

PLUM. It was COLONEL MUSTARD, IN THE LOUNGE, WITH THE WRENCH!

MUSTARD. I never lounge!

PLUM. I found your medal of honor in the Lounge where the Motorist was killed by a Wrench to the head; and that Wrench belongs to you!

MUSTARD. That's a lie!

WADSWORTH. The Wrench is missing. Gentlemen, turn out your pockets. Ladies, empty your purses. Whoever has the Wrench, is the murderer.

(They all do. MUSTARD pulls out the Wrench with a threatening grunt.)

(They look/gasp! A bit faster.)

GREEN. Well done, Wadsworth!

(COPS enter. Guns and badge revealed.)

WADSWORTH. There's your man, officer. Not a colonel of truth in him.

CHIEF. Well done, Wadsworth!

GREEN. That's what I said!

CHIEF. Yes, well, I'm saying it now. Gil T. Verdict. Chief of Police.

(Disarming/cuffing MUSTARD:)

Colonel Mustard, you're coming with me.

[MUSIC CUE #37]

(Music sting. Cast freezes. MUSTARD breaks the freeze to step forward and say . . .)

MUSTARD. You have it all wrong! It happened like this . . .

GREEN. Apparently I'm a dead-ringer for Green. He got a letter just like each of you. But he came to the Bureau to ask for help. I took his place tonight so we could have a sting operation.

PEACOCK. Some sting! Six people died on your watch!

GREEN. I usually work the desk.

(Then:)

My beat is property crime—ya' know theft, fraud. That's why I was so tickled when the real Mr. Wadsworth risked his neck to drop off a whole briefcase worth of evidence last night.

PLUM. You've had the evidence this whole time?!

GREEN. It's all here.

(Pulling from a pocket:)

Miss Scarlet's books—including client names and dates of "service," proving she's one of D.C.'s top madams and justifying why she killed the Cop—who's listed here, on her payroll.

SCARLET. Gimme that!

(SCARLET lunges at GREEN. He staves her off with his gun.)

GREEN. *(Pulling from another pocket:)* Ooo, and a love letter addressed to Professor Plum . . .

PLUM. That's private property!

GREEN. That Singing Telegram Girl was the underage daughter of the head of the U-NO WHO, *who* woulda come clean to Daddy—*who* woulda cleaned out Professor Plum. So, you killed her.

PLUM. Now see here . . .

(WADSWORTH makes an attempt to escape—GREEN trains the gun on him again, grounding him.)

GREEN. *(To WADSWORTH:)* Uh uh uh . . .

(Now to MUSTARD—trying to pull negatives out of his sock:)

And these negatives . . .

(He can't pull them out so he tries again.)

And these negati . . .

(One more time—success.)

And these negatives, Colonel. Quite the regular at Miss Scarlet's "establishment." Bet you couldn't be a Colonel anymore if that

Motorist had informed your General where he drives you on Tuesday nights.

MUSTARD. I just wanted somebody to talk with!

(WADSWORTH takes a step toward GREEN's gun. GREEN thwarts his attempt with ninja-like moves and carries on with a flourish.)

GREEN. Shark's fin soup indeed, Mrs. Peacock. Too bad your old Cook couldn't keep quiet. If only she hadn't blabbed about your briberies, maybe you wouldn't have killed her—just before joining us outside the Billiard Room. Now we know what really took you so long.

PEACOCK. Circumstantial evidence will never hold up in a court of law!

GREEN. *(Unzipping his pants and pulling it out from his crotch:)* But this notarized record from the Cook will.

(Off of PEACOCK's disgusted reaction, now to WHITE.)

And Mrs. White . . .

(He zips his fly.)

. . . You weren't lying, were you? You really did hate Yvette.

WHITE. *(Reprising her moment:)* Flames . . . flames on the side—

GREEN. OK, we get it.

(Revealing a vial, seemingly out of thin air:)

Here's a container holding fingerprints collected at the scenes of your previous murders—

WHITE. I never murdered my husbands!

GREEN. Fingerprints I'm sure the FBI will be able to match to those found on the noose tied around Yvette's neck.

WHITE. I wore gloves!

GREEN. *(Tearing open his vest to reveal White's gloves pinned to his chest:)* You mean these?

(WHITE turns away a la "Damn.")

GREEN. And last, but not least, Mr. Bobby Boddy.

WADSWORTH. It's Robert.

GREEN. Now you didn't hate Yvette at all, did you Mr. Boddy?

WADSWORTH. What's it to you?

MUSTARD.

Bribing all these good people?
I don't get it! What's in it for you?!

WHITE.

You're such a typical man!
Better off dead!

(WHITE emerges at the front of the group to expertly kneel BODDY in the groin.)

SCARLET. *(Impressed!)* Ooooh. Mrs. White, in the Study with her kneel

WHITE. Thank you. I've studied martial arts.

(They take a wary step away from WHITE.)

WADSWORTH. *(Getting their attention once more!)* There is one more piece of information you may like to have.

ALL. What?!

WADSWORTH. The police are coming in less than an hour!

ALL. What? / Why? / The police?! / What are you talking about? *(Etc.)*

BODDY. *(Recovering!)* Unless . . .

ALL. Unless, what?

(BODDY refers to his briefcase.)

BODDY. You agree to double down.

SCARLET. And why would we agree to that?

BODDY. Because if you don't, I'll put this briefcase—containing all the evidence needed to expose your wrongdoings—in the hands of the police, the press, and the House Un-American committee. With the right spin, those fellas can make a commie outta anyone. I think some of you would face a lifetime of jail, and others, a lifetime of shame.

ALL. That's why you've brought us all here?! / You bastard! / Get that briefcase! / You're taking advantage of a tenuous political situation! *(Etc.)*

BODDY. Unless . . .

ALL. *(Including WADSWORTH!)* Unless what?!

BODDY. Well, there is something you could do for me that would change the game. Something I just can't bear to do myself.

ALL. *(Including WADSWORTH!)* What?!

BODDY. *(To GUESTS!)* Have a seat, please.

(The GUESTS move to the sofa. The ladies sit, the gentlemen stand behind. After a brief silence . . .)

GREEN. (*Re: a side table behind the sofa:*) Is it all right if I sit here . . .

(*Before he can get the word out, GREEN sits on the edge of the table which surprisingly collapses noisily.*)

GREEN. (*Bouncing back up:*) Sorry, sorry. Little accident prone. Sorry.

WADSWORTH. (*Then—genuine to BODDY:*) What's this about, sir?

BODDY. In this bag, there are six packages that I thought our guests might find useful this evening.

(*BODDY begins to empty a duffle bag full of packages into the arms of WADSWORTH.*)

WADSWORTH. Packages?

BODDY. Presents, if you will. I'm a generous sort of fellow.

WADSWORTH. Are you?

BODDY. Wadsworth, will you please see to it that each guest receives a gift?

WADSWORTH. Gladly.

(*WADSWORTH moves to distribute the gifts.*)

BODDY. (*Pouring himself a brandy:*) Anyone wanna make a guess as to what's in your boxes?

SCARLET. Perfume?

WHITE. Candy?

PEACOCK. A rare single-malt Scotch whiskey?

BODDY. (*With a laugh:*) Aren't guessing games fun?

(*Then:*)

Please—open them.

(*SCARLET opens her box. Puzzled, she lifts out a heavy brass Candlestick.*)

[*MUSIC CUE #16*]

(*Music sting. She looks at BODDY.*)

SCARLET. A Candlestick? What's this for?)

(*One by one, with a music sting, each of the GUESTS open their boxes, pulling out their "gift."*)

MUSTARD. A Wrench . . .

GREEN. A Lead Pipe . . .

PEACOCK. A Dagger . . .

PLUM. A Revolver . . .

WHITE. Ahhhhhh! A snake! Oh, no. It's a Rope.

(Then:)

BODDY. In your hands you each have a lethal weapon.

(They gasp.)

BODDY. You all came tonight because you believed the evidence against you was so terrible that you would do anything to keep it a secret. I'm putting that theory to the test.

WADSWORTH. You are?

BODDY. Mr. Wadsworth here is the only other person who knows your secrets; and it's costing us all dearly to keep him quiet.

GREEN. What do you mean?

BODDY. I wouldn't have to double your payments if I didn't have to pay Mr. Wadsworth for his silence.

ALL. Wadsworth?!

WADSWORTH. That's a lie!

BODDY. He may look suave and charming . . .

WADSWORTH. Thank you . . .

BODDY. But really he's conniving and manipulative.

WADSWORTH. False!

BODDY. Why do you think he's called the police?

PLUM. *(To WADSWORTH:)* You called the police?

WADSWORTH. Only because HE instructed me to do so!

BODDY. Did I?

(Then:)

Ladies and gentlemen . . . if you can manage to get rid of Mr. Wadsworth, I'll have no need to increase your blackmail or expose you to the police.

PLUM. Get rid of?

PEACOCK. *(To WHITE:)* Does he mean . . . kill him?!

BODDY. In fact, if you can eliminate Wadsworth . . .

WHITE. Yes, I think that's what he means.

WHITE. But maybe, if we open the door, we'd encourage the killer to go out!

SCARLET. The killer seems to be doing a fine job of opening and closing doors all by himself. I don't see how us opening the door for one tiny second could possibly make any sort of a difference.

MUSTARD. But what if we open the door, throw away the key, and the killer catches it. Then the killer would have the key we're trying to confiscate!

WADSWORTH. We might be overthinking this.

(Then:)

I'm going to throw away the key. Follow me.

[MUSIC CUE #23]

(Transition music as the GUESTS run towards the front door as the Hall wall flies up.)

Scene 8

(The Front Door.)

(WADSWORTH leads YVETTE and the GUESTS toward the front door. He opens the door to throw away the safe key, but shockingly, a MOTORIST stands at the door, poised to knock. The GUESTS scream.)

WADSWORTH. *(Screaming!)* Not now!

(WADSWORTH slams the door on the MOTORIST's face. The GUESTS are breathless with fear.)

GREEN. Was that the killer?!

WHITE. He didn't look like a killer.

PLUM. *(A dig:)* Takes one to know one.

MUSTARD. Leave him to me. Interrogation is my speciality.

(MUSTARD opens the door.)

MUSTARD. How do you do?

MOTORIST. I'm sorry . . .

(As he enters, searching for words:)

I didn't mean to disturb the whole household, but my car broke down out here, and I was wondering if I could use your phone.

MUSTARD. (*Accusatorially:*) Are you a killer?

MOTORIST. What? No!

MUSTARD. (*Entirely convinced:*) All right.

(*Showing him in:*)

This way please.

(*As the others start to protest . . .*)

MOTORIST. Thank you.

(*He steps fully into the mansion.*)

MOTORIST. Well? Where is it?

MUSTARD. What? The body?

(*The others gasp!*)

MOTORIST. (*Realizing:*) The phone. What body?

WADSWORTH. What? There's no body. There's nobody.

MUSTARD. Right. There's nobody in the Study.

(*MUSTARD has inadvertently pointed to the Study. The MOTORIST starts walking towards it. EVERYONE realizes that's where the bodies are!*)

ALL. (*Preventing him from going to the Study:*) No!!!

WADSWORTH. No, no that phone's been disconnected. But I think there's one in the Lounge.

MOTORIST. Alrighty then.

(*WADSWORTH brings the MOTORIST to the door of the Lounge as the others look on.*)

WADSWORTH. Right through this door.

MOTORIST. Thank you.

(*WADSWORTH opens the door, lets the MOTORIST in. Closes and locks the door.*)

WADSWORTH. (*To GUESTS with renewed intense urgency:*) Now listen . . . we haven't much time. Our task is twofold. ONE: Find the evidence! TWO: Find the murderer!

PLUM. We've got one potential suspect contained in the Lounge—but that leaves the whole rest of this place up for grabs. Who knows what's behind all these doors.

(They wait. And hope. Doorbell again. They look to the front door. Doorbell rings a third time. They huddle, worrying aloud.)

ALL. *(Ad-libbing:)* What should we do? / Let's hide! / Shhhh! / You're being too loud! / Maybe this time it's the killer! *(Etc.)*

PLUM. *(Within the melee, taking the gun from YVETTE and stashing it on his body:)* Quick! I'll hide the gun!

(KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.)

WADSWORTH. Don't worry, it's not the police.

COP. It's the police!

(EVERYONE gasps!)

GREEN. I'm going to open the door.

ALL. No!

GREEN. It's the decent thing to do.

(Hes run up to the front door, the GUESTS at his heels.)

COP. Open the door!

(GREEN opens the front door. A COP stands there.)

COP. Good evening, sir.

GREEN. Good evening, Officer. We've been expecting you.

COP. You have?

GREEN. We haven't?

COP. I got a tip about an abandoned car near the gates of this house. Did a motorist stop by for help, by any chance?

(They try to smooth away his suspicions.)

ALL. No.

GREEN. *(On the heels of "No":)* Yes.

COP. *(Skeptically:)* There seems to be some disagreement. At any rate, can I come in and use the phone?

ALL. No!

GREEN. Of course you may, sir. There's a phone in the Lounge.

(SCARLET, who is closest to the Lounge door, blocks it.)

SCARLET. Out of order.

GREEN. Of course. My mistake. You can use the phone in the Study.

(PLUM, who is closest to the Study door, blocks it.)

PLUM. Occupied.

GREEN. Uhhh . . .

WADSWORTH. *(Taking over:)* If you please, sir, you may use the phone in the Library. Right this way.

COP. You're all acting rather peculiar.

WADSWORTH. It's because our chandelier fell down.

ALL. Yes / Exactly / That's true / We loved that chandelier. *(Etc.)*

WADSWORTH. It could have killed us. But don't worry, the maid will clean it up.

COP. That's all well and good, but . . . what's going on in the Lounge and Study?

WADSWORTH. Lounging, Studying. This way . . .

COP. Let me have a look.

WADSWORTH. No thank you.

COP. What?

WADSWORTH. *(Deflective:)* Hm?

(Then:)

This way, please.

COP. Actually, I'd like to take a look around if you don't mind.

WADSWORTH. Of course, officer.

(Forcibly walking him downstage—slowly)

Follow me. I'll take you on a grand tour of Boddy Manor.

(Simultaneously, the GUESTS, huddle up, quietly whispering together to come up with a plan, while YVETTE uses a pulley system by the front door to raise the chandelier back into position.)

WADSWORTH. This home was built by Lord Reginald Boddy in 1784 . . .

SCARLET. We've got to cover our tracks and get rid of this guy!

WADSWORTH. This way please. *(Distracting him:)* Lord Boddy had been declared Lord Boddy after somebody discovered an antibody that would save everybody.

(WHITE, PEACOCK, MUSTARD and YVETTE head to the Study where BODDY and COOK's bodies remain.)

(PLUM, SCARLET, and GREEN head to the Lounge where the MOTORIST's body remains.)

WADSWORTH. *(Desperately trying to distract—he drops to the floor—nearly singing/doing snow angels:)* Notice the mahogany floor.

(Then—vibrantly:)

Did you know, in the 17th century, the buccaneer John Esquemeling recorded the use of mahogany for making canoes?

(He mimes rowing a canoe.)

Can you canoe?

COP. *(Baffled:)* What?

(The two groups have each entered their respective rooms. The COP turns around to find the stage bare.)

COP. Hey—where'd everybody go?

WADSWORTH. *(Continuing his desperate tour:)* Notice the brass door-knobs. Crafted specifically for Lord Boddy by his buddy in 1878—

COP. *(Irritated:)* I don't care about the doorknobs, mister! What's going on around here? What are you hiding in those two rooms?!

WADSWORTH. *(Trying to cover:)* Uh . . . which two rooms?

COP. The Lounge and the Study!

WADSWORTH. Oh . . . Oh. Ohhhhh. Those two rooms—

COP. Yes!

(COP approaches the Study door, WADSWORTH blocks his path.)

WADSWORTH. No! Officer, I don't think you should go in there.

COP. Why not?

WADSWORTH. Because it's . . . all too shocking!

(COP shoves WADSWORTH aside as a Study module opens. As the COP enters, the GUESTS puppeteer the dead bodies of BODDY and COOK so they appear to be alive.)

[MUSIC CUE #30 (recorded)]

(We hear 1950s rock-and-roll on the radio.)

(YVETTE dusts the furniture to the beat of the music. She waves flirtatiously at COP.)