

WADSWORTH. I don't mean to alarm anybody, but we do currently have the small issue of two dead bodies: one missing, one present—and the imminent arrival of the police . . .

SCARLET. The bridge is washed out; that should buy us some extra time.

YVETTE. But I don't want extra time! I want ze polize to arrive! I am trapped in zis houze wiz a murderer!

PLUM. But once the police get here, the rest of us are doomed.

MUSTARD. (*Taking charge:*) Wadsworth, am I right in thinking that there is nobody else in this house?

WADSWORTH. Um, no.

MUSTARD. Then there is someone else in this house?

WADSWORTH. Sorry, I said "no" meaning "yes."

MUSTARD. "No," meaning "yes"?

WADSWORTH. Yes.

MUSTARD. Look, I want a straight answer.

GREEN. Don't look at me.

(*They look at him.*)

MUSTARD. Wadsworth—is there someone else in this house, yes or no?

(*WADSWORTH considers this carefully.*)

WADSWORTH. Um . . . No.

MUSTARD. No, there is? Or no, there isn't?

WADSWORTH. Yes.

MUSTARD. There seems to be some confusion about whether or not we are the only people in this house.

WADSWORTH. There isn't.

MUSTARD. There isn't any confusion or there isn't anybody else?

WADSWORTH. Either. Both.

MUSTARD. Just give me a clear answer.

WADSWORTH. What was the question?

MUSTARD. Is there anyone else in the house?

ALL. No!

MUSTARD. That's what he says, but does he know!?

*(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 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.)*

*(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!

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

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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!

PEACOCK. How awful! You know, someday there will be a reckoning for men like you!

WHITE. I hope so.

SCARLET. (*A la the hashtag:*) Me too.

PEACOCK. (*Harshly whispered:*) You're disgusting.

WADSWORTH. Are you making moral judgements, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK. Well, I –

WADSWORTH. (*Interrupting:*) How then, do you justify taking bribes in return for delivering Senator Peacock's votes to certain lobbyists?

PEACOCK. (*Defensive:*) My husband is a paid consultant. There's nothing sinful about that!

WADSWORTH. Not if it's publicly declared. But if you slip cash under the stall door at Old Ebbitt's Grill? How would you describe that transaction?

SCARLET. I'd say it stinks.

PEACOCK. (*Accusatorially:*) When were you in that men's room?

PLUM. So, it's true!

PEACOCK. No, it's a vicious lie!

WADSWORTH. But you've been paying blackmail for over a year now to keep that story out of the papers. Seems a little . . . sticky, no?

PEACOCK. Now see here –

WHITE. (*Interrupting:*) Well, I'm willing to believe you. I too am being blackmailed for something I didn't do.

GREEN/MUSTARD. (*Piping up at the same moment:*) So am I.

SCARLET. Not me.

WADSWORTH. You're not being blackmailed?

SCARLET. Oh, I'm being blackmailed, all right. But I did what I'm being blackmailed for.

PLUM. What did you do?

SCARLET. I run my own business.

WHITE. That's not a crime.

SCARLET. You didn't ask what kind of a business I run.

PLUM. All right, what kind of business do you run?



SCARLET. I provide gentlemen with the company of a young lady.

PEACOCK. (*Outraged.*) An escort service?! In Washington?!

WHITE. How scurrilous.

MUSTARD. I'm sure some people are just a little lonely.

PLUM. (*Scoffing.*) A man who needs to pay to spend time with a woman. That's a problem I'll never have.

(*He slyly takes a business card SCARLET has pulled from her cleavage and tucks it in his coat pocket.*)

GREEN. Is that how you knew Colonel Mustard works in Washington? Is he one of your clients?

MUSTARD. Certainly not!

GREEN. I was asking Miss Scarlet.

MUSTARD. (*To SCARLET.*) Well, you tell him it's not true!

SCARLET. "It's not true."

PLUM. Is that true?

SCARLET. No, it's not true.

GREEN. Ha-hah! So it is true!

WADSWORTH. A double negative!

MUSTARD. Double "negative"? You mean you have—photographs?

WADSWORTH. That sounds like a confession to me. In fact, the double negative has led to proof positive. I'm afraid you gave yourself away.

MUSTARD. Are you trying to make me look stupid in front of the other guests?

WADSWORTH. You don't need any help from me, sir.

(*MUSTARD starts to register the insult—but . . .*)

Colonel, looks like you hold a sensitive security post in the Pentagon. Those "negatives" would most certainly compromise your position.

PLUM. (*With a wink.*) And what position exactly were you caught in, Colonel?

MUSTARD. This is an outrage!

WADSWORTH. (*Changing focus.*) Let's see, who's next?

(*He charges towards GREEN but spins on a dime at the last moment to . . .*)

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.

*(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]**

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MUSTARD. Is that an official diagnosis?

WHITE. Are you a doctor, Professor?

PLUM. In psychological medicine.



WHITE. Do you practice?

PLUM. *(Laced with shame:)* Not anymore.

*(Then:)*

I currently work for the government.

WHITE. Ah, another politician.

PLUM. Not exactly. I do research for U-NO WHO.

WHITE. *(Genuine:)* Who?

PLUM. *(Explaining:)* A branch of the United Nations Organization: the World Health Organization.

WHITE. *(Putting it together:)* Ahh. "U-NO WHO." *(Explaining to the table:)* It's an acronym.

MUSTARD. *(From the other side of the table—densely:)* I have a sister who was a gymnast.

PLUM. *(Flummoxed by MUSTARD:)* You are a *real* colonel, aren't you?

MUSTARD. *(Officiously:)* I am, sir.

SCARLET. Aren't you gonna mention the coincidence that you also live in Washington, D.C., Colonel?

MUSTARD. How did you know that?

SCARLET. *(With a twinkle:)* Oh, I've seen you before.

GREEN. So, Miss Scarlet, does this mean that you live in Washington, too?

SCARLET. *(With a sly smile:)* Sure do.

PEACOCK. Does anyone here not live in Washington?

*(They ALL look at each other, putting together the coincidence.)*

PLUM. *(Fearfully:)* Oh. Then, is this about the Red Scare?

GREEN. I'm not a Communist! I'm a Republican.

*(Thunder.)*

*(MUSTARD stands, fed up.)*

MUSTARD. Wadsworth, we've had about enough of this! Where's our host, and why have we been brought here?!

*(The doorbell rings. They look out.)*

WADSWORTH. Ah, speak of the devil. Pardon me, please.

*(WADSWORTH exits through the door.)*

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 coupla Benjamins hidden under the caramels for you, butler.

WADSWORTH. Mrs. White, you've been paying our friend the blackmailer ever since your husband died under, shall we say, mysterious circumstances.

WHITE. Say what you want. I didn't kill him.

MUSTARD. Then why are you paying the blackmailer?

WHITE. I don't want another scandal, do I?

PLUM. Another?

WHITE. We had a very humiliating confrontation. He had threatened to kill me in public.

SCARLET. Why would he want to kill you in public?

WADSWORTH. I think she meant that he had threatened, in public, to kill her.

*(They all react with understanding.)*

WHITE. It was all over the papers.

WADSWORTH. And yet he was the one who died. Not you, Mrs. White, not you.

WHITE. He was found dead at home. Unclothed. His head had been cut off and so had his . . . you know.

*(She gestures in the direction of her groin. They all react.)*

WHITE. But, I didn't do it. I'd been out all evening, at the movies.

SCARLET. What was showing?

WHITE. *The Naked Alibi.*

SCARLET. A likely story.

WADSWORTH. But he was your second husband. Your first also disappeared.

WHITE. That was his job—he was an illusionist.

WADSWORTH. But he never reappeared.

WHITE. He wasn't a very good illusionist.

WADSWORTH. *(Now to GREEN:)* And lastly, Mr. Green, who is a . . .

GREEN. I don't need you to unmask me, Wadsworth. I know what you're gonna say about me!

WADSWORTH. What's that?

GREEN. "Mr. Green, who is a homosexual."

WADSWORTH. How . . . sticky.

PEACOCK. I expect to be treated like the wife of a . . .

*(The doorbell rings. They look out.)*

WADSWORTH. Hold that thought. Right this way. After you, Mrs. Peacock.

*(He opens the door [module] to the Lounge, the interior becomes halfway visible.)*

PEACOCK. *(Enamored by the doorframe:)* Oh my, look at the detail of this molding; this is quite a magnificent mansion, isn't it . . .

*(She screams, startled to find WHITE and MUSTARD.)*

Who are you?!

WHITE. Welcome to the party.

MUSTARD. *(Tickled pink:)* This is turning out to be quite the crowd.

*(As YVETTE closes the Lounge door [module retreats], dogs bark. Rain storms. WADSWORTH opens the front door to a music sting.)*

[MUSIC CUE #8]

*(MR. GREEN, straight as an arrow, stands in a trench coat, holding an umbrella. He does not enter, but remains in the doorway, anxious.)*

GREEN. Is this the right address to meet a . . . Mr. Boddy?

*(The dogs bark wildly.)*

WADSWORTH. *(To dogs:)* Sit!

*(GREEN frantically sits. Dogs stop barking.)*

WADSWORTH. No. Not you, sir.

*(GREEN stands sheepishly.)*

GREEN. Sorry, sorry.

WADSWORTH. Please, come in.

GREEN. *(Entering more fully:)* Excuse me, I suppose this letter has me rather anxious.

WADSWORTH. You must be Mr. Green.

GREEN. *(Painfully lying:)* Yes. That's exactly who I am.

WADSWORTH. Welcome, sir.

*(GREEN hands his umbrella to YVETTE as he steps into the Hall.)*

*(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! / Shhh! / 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.)*



*(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. Oui!

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!

WADSWORTH. That's right! I did! I do!

*(He checks his pockets.)*

I don't! The keys are gone!

ALL. Gone?!

YVETTE. I have an idea!

*(YVETTE runs offstage.)*

SCARLET. *(Through the door.)* There's a murderer on the loose!  
Please get us out of here!

*(PLUM walks back from the door, at his most macho.)*

PLUM. There's no alternative. I'm just gonna have to break down the door.

*(To the others.)*

Stand back! I'm a doctor!

*(Just as he backs up to prepare to run, YVETTE, runs on holding the gun.)*

YVETTE. Stand back! I'm a woman!

*(PLUM backs into YVETTE. Their crash causes her gun to go off, firing upwards. The chandelier above—in slo-mo—falls, pinning GREEN beneath it as the GUESTS react [also in slo-mo]!)*

GREEN. *(In slo-mo via V.O.)* Can somebody please help me?

*(We restore to regular speed. All the GUESTS scream as GREEN rolls out from beneath the chandelier which nearly crushed him!)*

SCARLET/MUSTARD. *(Through the door.)* What happened?! What was that?! Help! Murder! Help! *(Etc.)*

YVETTE. I will help you!

*(YVETTE still determined to save the day, points the gun to the Lounge door. With surprising expertise, She fires the gun twice at the lock.)*

YVETTE. I'm done shooting at you! Ze door is open! You can come out now!

*(The real MUSTARD and SCARLET exit the Lounge.)*

MUSTARD. *(Angrily, to YVETTE.)* Why were you shooting at us?

YVETTE. To open ze door!

MUSTARD. But you could have killed us!

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 knee BODDY in the groin.)*

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

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.



**BODDY.** . . . Who not only knows all of your secrets, but also mine—then I will eliminate your blackmail altogether and be done with this terrible business once and for all.

**WADSWORTH.** You would never!

**PLUM.** But why make us do it, Boddy?! Why don't you do your dirty work yourself?

**GREEN.** Yeah!

**BODDY.** Why should I when the six of you are so uniquely motivated . . . and armed?

**SCARLET.** What a patriot.

**WADSWORTH.** After all I've done for you?!

*(To GUESTS:)*

He's a liar! I'm one of you! I'm not a butler! I'm an indentured servant!

**BODDY.** A familiar refrain.

*(Darkly:)*

Don't make a scene, Wadsworth. It's over.

*(To GUESTS:)*

The police are on their way. Now's your chance. The only way for you to end your blackmail and avoid finding yourselves on the front pages is for one of you to kill Wadsworth . . . NOW!

*(He switches off the lights. BLACKNESS. CHAOS. SCREAMS. A GUNSHOT. MORE CHAOS AND SCREAMS. Lights.)*

*(BODDY lies on the floor. Prone. Face down. EVERYONE else is spread throughout the Study.)*

**WHITE.** It's Mr. Boddy!

**WADSWORTH.** *(Enormously relieved:)* Oh thank God.

**SCARLET.** Is he breathing?!

*(They rush to him in a hubbub.)*

**PLUM.** *(Cutting off the hoopla:)* Stand back, I'm a doctor!

*(They move back. PLUM gives BODDY a cursory examination.)*

**PLUM.** He's dead.

**WHITE.** Who had the gun?

**PLUM.** I did.

**PEACOCK.** So you shot him!

*(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! / Shhh! / 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.)*

SCARLET. How'd you do that? I thought you didn't have the keys!

WADSWORTH. I didn't have my right-pocket keys.

*(Revealing keys from his other pocket:)*

But my left-pocket keys are intact.

*(Then:)*

Now—let's finish searching the Manor! The police are on their way!

PLUM. But, the police already came!

GREEN. Not the "broken-down car" police, the "criminal investigation" police.

WADSWORTH. Precisely.

*(Then:)*

We must find the evidence and we can't afford to have any more murders! This is getting dangerous. Now go!

[MUSIC CUE #32]

*(Transition music. The GUESTS disperse to search the house!  
Both the Library module and the Billiard Room module push on.)*

## Scene 12

*(The Library/The Billiard Room)*

*(The COP dials the phone. Sinister music underscores.)*

COP. Hello . . . hello . . .

*(The lights go out!)*

COP. A power outage?! Must be the storm.

*(Then into the phone:)*

Oh, hello Chief? Yes, this is . . .

*(Then:)*

Hello? Hello? Are you still there? Is this phone working?

*(A dim light now rises on YVETTE in the Billiard Room.)*

YVETTE. *(Alarmed by the darkness:)* E-lo? Oo turned out ze lights?! E-lo?!

*(She sees someone in the doorway.)*

YVETTE. Oh! It's only you. You scared me! I zought you were ze killer!

*(Back to the COP [a dual scene].)*

COP. Did somebody cut the line? Hello?

*(Back to YVETTE . . .)*

YVETTE. Oh, did you find a clue? What is zat in your hand?)

*(A gloved hand holding the Rope emerges from behind YVETTE. A noose flies onto her neck! She struggles! Music sting. Lights out. The Billiard Room module retreats in darkness as . . .)*

COP. *(Into phone:)* Oh, good you can hear me. You see, I found an abandoned car and wound up in an old mansion, where all the lights just went out. I'm telling you, Chief, there's something funny going on around here.

*(A gloved hand holding a Candlestick emerges from a trap door in the bookshelf.)*

COP. They're having some sort of a party and you'll never believe who I just saw . . .

UNSEEN MURDERER. Psst.

*(The COP turns around at the sound. The Candlestick descends on the COP. Music sting.)*

COP. No!

*(BLACKOUT.)*

### Scene 13: The Hall

*(The pulsating tone of a telephone off-the-hook is heard. A lighter flickers. In the light of the flame we see WADSWORTH's face. He finds the light panel. Suddenly, the lights turn back on revealing WADSWORTH fully. The GUESTS pour back on stage.)*

ALL. *(Relieved at the lights:)* Ahhh / Oh, there we are! / Must've been a short in a wire. *(Etc.)*

PEACOCK. Let there be light!

WHITE. *(Quieting everyone:)* Shhh . . .

*(Everyone listens:)*

Do you hear that?

GREEN. Sounds like a telephone is off the hook.

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.)*

MUSTARD. I make a good living.

PLUM. Oh, out with it, Wadsworth!

WADSWORTH. Ladies and gentlemen, these instructions are clear.

SCARLET. I'm glad something is.

WADSWORTH. It seems the six of you have all received the same letter.

*(They all reveal their letter on a music sting.)*

[MUSIC CUE #13]

*(WADSWORTH takes the letter from PLUM and reads from it.)*

WADSWORTH. "It will be to your advantage to be present on this date because a Mr. Boddy will bring to end a certain long standing confidential and painful financial liability."

ALL. *(Ad-libbing:)* Yes! / Yes, that's what my letter said / Indeed! *(Etc.)*

WADSWORTH. As it turns out, you all have one thing in common.

MUSTARD. That bastard McCarthy! We're all being blacklisted, aren't we?

WADSWORTH. Close, Colonel.

*(Their proximity is such that WADSWORTH's spit has gotten in MUSTARD's eye. He wipes it clean.)*

WADSWORTH. You're all being blackmailed.

[MUSIC CUE #13]

*(Sinister music underscores.)*

WADSWORTH. For some considerable time all of you have been paying more than you can afford to someone who threatens to expose you.

PEACOCK. Oh, please! What's someone going to blackmail me for? I go to church every Sunday!

SCARLET. Yeah lady, don't we all.

WADSWORTH. Anybody else wish to deny it?

*(They don't.)*

WADSWORTH. Until you'd received your letters, you hadn't known who was blackmailing you. But now, I'm sure that even the least discerning amongst you has determined that the man behind your ransom . . . is Mr. Boddy himself.

*(Music out. They speak at once.)*

PEACOCK.

Yes, I figured as much,  
but who is this fellow?!

PLUM.

And who are you, his henchman?  
You pompous, British bastard!

MUSTARD. It's Mr. Boddy? What a scoundrel!!

GREEN.

All this stress is not good  
for my blood pressure!

WHITE.

You think I can't handle  
a little blackmail?!

SCARLET. (*Taking the reins:*) Who is this Boddy fella, you brutish butler?!

WADSWORTH. Who Mr. Boddy is, is no concern of yours. Suffice it to say, he's a supporter of the House Un-American Activities Committee—and he feels your *activities* have been decidedly un-American.

(*They ALL begin to protest . . .*)

WADSWORTH. (*Interrupting:*) My task this evening is to expose your secrets to each other—rendering you all culpable in each others' indiscretions.

PLUM. But we hardly know each other.

WADSWORTH. Precisely.

WHITE. Don't you think that you might spare us this humiliation?

WADSWORTH. I'm afraid I have no choice. We'll start with you, Professor Plum.

SCARLET. (*Perching on the desk:*) Oooh, this oughta be good.

WADSWORTH. It says here you were once a professor of psychiatry, specializing in pathological, lying lunatics suffering from delusions of grandeur.

PLUM. Yes, but now I work for the U.S. government.

WADSWORTH. So, your work has not changed.

(*Then:*)

But you can't practice medicine anymore, can you? Your license has been lifted, correct?

SCARLET. Why? What'd he do?

WADSWORTH. You know what male doctors aren't supposed to do with their lady patients?

SCARLET. Yeah?

WADSWORTH. Yeah, well, he did.

*(The GUESTS scream! Transition music. The Billiard Room module retreats as the GUESTS run to the Hall, continuing to scream, exiting, individually, through all remaining doors. The house is quiet.)*

*(Just then . . . the doorbell rings. The front door opens on its own. A cute, perky SINGING TELEGRAM GIRL tap dances in the door frame.)*

YOUNG WOMAN. *(Singing:)* I . . . am . . . YOUR SINGING TELEGRAM . . .

*(GUNSHOT! The YOUNG WOMAN falls dead in the doorway.)*

*(Slowly and dejectedly, the GUESTS come out of all the doors, and notice the sixth dead body in the doorway.)*

#### Scene 14

*(The Conclusion.)*

*(They collectively take a breath. WADSWORTH, pushing the GIRL's legs out of the way, shuts the front door. They are eerily calm.)*

WADSWORTH. Three murders in three minutes.

MUSTARD. That's our best record.

GREEN. Three murders.

PLUM. Six altogether.

SCARLET. The Cook, Mr. Boddy, the Motorist, the Cop, Yvette, and the Singing Telegram Girl.

PEACOCK. But who is the murderer?!

SCARLET. Ain't that the million dollar question.

WADSWORTH. Sometimes the most obvious answer is right under our noses. I think the best course of action is to retrace our steps.

*(WADSWORTH retraces the entire play, with recreations of benchmark moments and imitations galore, starting at a normal pace and building to a frenzied pace.)*

WADSWORTH. It all started like this . . .

[MUSIC CUE #35]

*(Thunder. Lightning. music underscores.)*

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:)* Ahhh! 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.)*



WADSWORTH. *(As himself:)* Empty!

*(Then:)*

*(As himself:)* Next the Motorist arrived . . .

*(As Mustard:)* Are you a killer?

*(As himself:)* And I locked him in the Lounge!

*(He fake-kills GREEN a la the Motorist, with a mimed Wrench to the head. GREEN drops "dead" a la the Motorist.)*

WADSWORTH. Dead!

*(He moves to the front door.)*

*(As himself:)* That's when the unexpected Cop showed up.

*(As Cop:)* Hello . . . you're all acting rather peculiar.

*(As himself:)* Can you canoe?

*(He fake-kills PLUM with a mimed Candlestick to the head—PLUM drops "dead" a la the Cop.)*

WADSWORTH. Dead! Then the maid got strangled in the Billiard Room!

*(He fake-strangles SCARLET with a mimed Rope—SCARLET drops "dead" a la Yvette.)*

WADSWORTH. *(As himself:)* Dead! Which brings us to . . .

*(As Singing Telegram Girl:)* I am . . .

*(Fake shooting.)*

BANG!

*(WHITE goes down as if shot.)*

*(EVERYONE is down except MUSTARD and PEACOCK.)*

WADSWORTH. And here we all are.

MUSTARD. *(Clapping:)* Bravo!

*(As they speak, they slowly rise back up.)*

WHITE. Impressive, Wadsworth.

PLUM. But what does it prove?!

GREEN. Nothing!

WADSWORTH. Well . . .

SCARLET. *(Interrupting:)* Enough of this! I know who the murderer is!

ALL. You do?!

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WADSWORTH. Wouldn't want to frighten anyone to death. There are so many better ways to die.

[MUSIC CUE #2]

(Then:)

WADSWORTH. Yvette! Cook! Is everything ready?

YVETTE. Oui, Monsieur.

WADSWORTH. You have your instructions?

(They nod.)

COOK. You want the dogs fed before the guests arrive?

WADSWORTH. No, I want them . . . hungry.

(Dogs bark.)

WADSWORTH. Cook— Dinner will be served at 7:30?

COOK. Sharp.

(COOK and YVETTE exit through the doorway. Thunder/lightning. WADSWORTH steps forward to address the audience.)

WADSWORTH. My apologies, ladies and gentlemen. I've been awfully rude. You've no idea why you're here do you? You see, it is the butler's job to make everyone comfortable. And from the looks of your faces . . . I'd venture to guess, you haven't got a *clue*. But don't worry. You're not alone. We're all in this together.

(Thunder/lightning. A dead body is revealed in the balcony.)

[MUSIC CUE #3]

WADSWORTH. Well, not him.

[MUSIC CUE #4]

WADSWORTH. (Looking at his pocket watch without pause:) At any rate, not to fear . . . if I've done my calculations correctly . . .

(The doorbell rings, proving his point.)

WADSWORTH. . . . The guests are on their way.

(Dogs bark. A bang.)

WADSWORTH. (Addressing the audience:) Don't be alarmed! It's just the Maid, in the Hall, with the Champagne Cork! Time to meet our guests!

[MUSIC CUE #5]

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**YOUNG WOMAN.** *(Singing:)* I . . . am . . . YOUR SINGING TELEGRAM . . .

*(Crack! A gunshot! The YOUNG WOMAN falls dead. The GUESTS come out of all the doors, and gather around the sixth dead body.)*

## SCENE 12

*(The Conclusion.)*

**MUSTARD.** Three murders in three minutes. That's our best record.

**WADSWORTH.** This is getting serious.

*(Lights shift. The GUESTS freeze.)*

**[MUSIC CUE #44]**

**WADSWORTH.** Six suspects. Six murders. Mr. Boddy in the Billiard Room. The Cook in the Kitchen. The Motorist in the Lounge. The Cop in the Library. Yvette in the Ballroom. And the Singing Telegram Girl in the Hall. Not to mention *one* "confidential" envelope of missing, damning evidence. Our evening's guests maybe gifted at breaking the *law*, but they clearly need work on breaking a *case*. So, who is the killer you may ask? I'm sure you have your suspicions. But, we've no time to discuss that now. *(Looks at his watch.)* The police are nearly here.

*(Turns to the audience.)*

Very well.

*(Music out. The GUESTS unfreeze.)*

**WADSWORTH.** In order to figure out who the murderer is, I believe the best course of action is to start at the beginning. Sometimes the most obvious answer . . .

*(GREEN sneezes.)*

. . . is right under our noses.

*(WADSWORTH hands GREEN a tissue.)*

**MUSTARD.** I thought the cat was dead.

**WADSWORTH.** Yes. Thank you, Colonel. So nice of you to join us. *(Moving on:)* I shall take you through the events of the evening . . . step by step.

*(Thunder/lightning. "Rewind" sound cue. Lights shift as we watch the stage rewind right in front of us. The SINGING TELEGRAM*

PEACOCK. But what if you're the murderer?

WADSWORTH. I'm not.

PEACOCK. But what if you are?

WADSWORTH. I've an idea—we'll throw it away.

ALL. "Good idea!" "Excellent!" "That's great." (Etc.)

[MUSIC CUE #31]

*(Lights shift. WADSWORTH leads the GUESTS towards the Hall but he momentarily forgets where it is. He stops. YVETTE and all the GUESTS crash, one by one, into each other. WADSWORTH then comes to his senses and leads them back through the door in the foyer wall. The foyer wall rises and we are now in the Hall.)*

## SCENE 7

*(The Hall.)*

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

WADSWORTH. How do you do? Can we help?

MOTORIST. I'm sorry, 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.

WADSWORTH. Right. Just a moment, please.

*(He turns to the GUESTS in a huddle. They whisper. He returns to the MOTORIST.)*

WADSWORTH. Very well, sir. Would you care to come in?

MOTORIST. Thank you.

*(He steps fully into the mansion.)*

MOTORIST. Well? Where is it?

WADSWORTH. What, the body?

MOTORIST. The phone. What body?

WADSWORTH. What? There's no body. There's nobody. There's nobody in the Study.

**ALL.** No!

**WADSWORTH.** But I think there's a phone in the Lounge.

**MOTORIST.** Thank you.

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

**WADSWORTH.** Right through this door. When you've made your call, perhaps you would be good enough to wait in there?

**MOTORIST.** Certainly.

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

**WADSWORTH.** Now listen . . .

*(The GUESTS crouch down together in one move.)*

**WADSWORTH.** . . . The police are on their way. *(Checks his watch:)* I estimate in another 29 minutes or so. That gives us plenty of time.

**PEACOCK.** To do what? Get killed?

**WADSWORTH.** It's true we must identify the murderer but my immediate concern is recovering the evidence!

**PEACOCK.** But how?!

**MUSTARD.** I suggest we handle this in proper military fashion. We split up, and search the house.

**PEACOCK.** Split up!?

**MUSTARD.** Yes!

**PEACOCK.** But one of us might run into the murderer!

**YVETTE.** Mon Dieu!

**MUSTARD.** Then one of us will have discovered who the murderer is!

**PEACOCK.** But then one of us will be dead!

**MUSTARD.** This is war, Peacock! Casualties are inevitable. You cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs—every cook will tell you that.

**PEACOCK.** But look what happened to the cook!

**GREEN.** Colonel, are you willing to take that chance?

**MUSTARD.** What choice do we have?

**SCARLET.** None.