

CLUE

ON STAGE

BASED ON THE SCREENPLAY BY

Jonathan Lynn

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL BY

Hunter Foster, Eric Price, & Sandy Rustin

BASED ON THE PARAMOUNT PICTURES MOTION PICTURE

BASED ON THE HASBRO BOARD GAME CLUE

BROADWAY
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PRODUCTION NOTES

Cast of Characters

WADSWORTH, a traditional British butler in every sense: uptight, formal and “by the book.” He is the driving force in the play.

YVETTE, a sexy French maid with her own secret aspirations. (Also plays the REPORTER in the final scene.)

MISS SCARLET, a dry, sardonic D.C. madam who is more interested in secrets than sex.

MRS. PEACOCK, the churchgoing wife of a senator. A bit batty, neurotic, and quick to hysteria.

MRS. WHITE, a pale, morbid, and tragic woman. Mrs. White may or may not be the murderer of her five ex-husbands.

COLONEL MUSTARD, a puffy, pompous, dense blowhard of a military man.

PROFESSOR PLUM, an academic Casanova who woos women with his big . . . brain.

MR. GREEN, a timid, yet officious, rule follower. He’s a bit of a klutz and awfully anxious.

ENSEMBLE WOMAN, to play:

THE COOK, a threatening presence.

THE MOTORIST, a benign gentleman who rings the wrong doorbell.

AUXILIARY SCARLET, the back of Miss Scarlet during a scene of theatrical trickery.

AUXILIARY WADSWORTH, Wadsworth during two scenes of theatrical trickery.

SINGING TELEGRAM GIRL, a cute, perky tap dancer.

AN AGENT, an FBI agent who helps to save the day.

ENSEMBLE MAN, to play:

MR. BODDY, a slick, James Bond-type fella.

THE COP, a “Regular Joe.”

AUXILIARY MUSTARD, the back of Colonel Mustard during a scene of theatrical trickery.

AUXILIARY WADSWORTH, Wadsworth during two scenes of theatrical trickery.

AN AGENT, an FBI agent who helps to save the day.

Setting

A deserted mansion.

New England, 1954.

Music Credit

“Clue (Alternate 1)” (a/k/a “Clue Main Title”)

Written by John Morris

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CLUE: ON STAGE

based on the screenplay by Jonathan Lynn

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PROLOGUE

[MUSIC CUE #1]

(We hear the sound of a raging storm. Thunder/lightning.)

(Images of the torrential rainfall are projected onto a darkened scrim. Through the scrim, dim lighting reveals the foyer; it consists of a red drape that is swagged with an opening off-center. Several lit sconces line the walls.)

(Thunder/lightning. Dogs barking.)

(Music begins.)

(At the height of the music, more thunder/lightning, and all the sconces go out.)

(When the music winds down, the scrim rises. We hear the sound of a door creaking open. We hear footsteps. A SHADOWY FIGURE appears in the opening of the red drape. He enters, walking "in-step" with the sound of the footsteps. He stops but the footsteps continue! He looks around for the source of the footsteps. Suddenly, the footsteps stop.)

(Thunder/lightning. In the flash, we see the man clearly. This is WADSWORTH, the butler.)

(Lights rise fully. We see that YVETTE, a sexy French maid, stands with her hand on a panel of light switches.)

(YVETTE notices WADSWORTH and screams!)

(WADSWORTH, startled by her scream, also screams! At the sound of the screams, the COOK, a sourpuss of a woman, enters from the kitchen, wielding a butcher's knife, also screaming. When they realize that it is only the three of them, startling each other . . .)

YVETTE. Monsieur! Why are you standing here in ze dark?! You frightened us half to death!

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]

SCENE I

(The Hall.)

(WADSWORTH crosses upstage through the opening as the red drape flies out, revealing the Hall—a rather large gothic entrance room to a dark and mysterious mansion.)

(Lightning continues to flash through a pair of stained-glass windows. Strange paintings and various taxidermy adorn the upper walls. There are a total of seven doors in the Hall, three stage right and three stage left. At center, there are steps that lead to a rounded platform where we find the front door. A suit of armor is stage left and a love seat is stage right.)

(There is a bit of stage choreography as YVETTE pushes a bar cart from one side of the stage to the other, crossing COOK who passes by her, sharpening her knives. WADSWORTH crosses between them and up the steps to the front door.)¹

WADSWORTH. *(Sly:)* Right on time.

(WADSWORTH straightens his jacket, smooths his hair, looks at his pocket watch, and grandly opens the door.)

[MUSIC CUE #6]

(Dogs bark. Rain storms. COLONEL MUSTARD, officious yet disheveled, stands baffled in the doorway, shielding himself from the rain. He wears a medallion around his neck with a red-white-and-blue ribbon.)

WADSWORTH. Good evening.

(MUSTARD walks right in.)

MUSTARD. Good evening. I'm not sure if I'm in the right—

WADSWORTH. Yes, indeed, sir, you are expected, Colonel. May I take your coat? It is Colonel Mustard, isn't it?

MUSTARD. No, that's not my name. My name is Colonel—

WADSWORTH. *(Putting up a hand to stop him from continuing:)* Pardon me, sir, but tonight you may well feel obliged to my employer for the use of a pseudonym.

MUSTARD. Oh, no, thank you. I took an antihistamine before I came. *(He inhales to demonstrate cleared sinus passages.)*

¹ Please note: Starting here, each time the doorbell rings, the cast inside Boddy Manor has a deliberate look to the door and then a look out to the audience (or some such consistent head-ograbhv.)

WADSWORTH. (*Turning to YVETTE:*) Yvette, will you attend to the Colonel and give him anything he requires.

YVETTE. (*Flirtatiously:*) Oui, Monsieur.

WADSWORTH. Within reason, that is.

YVETTE. You spoil all my fun!

(Disappointed, YVETTE takes a confused MUSTARD's coat and offers him a glass of champagne, just as the doorbell simultaneously rings once more. ALL look to the door. Look out.)

WADSWORTH. Ah.

(WADSWORTH straightens his jacket, smooths his hair, glances at his watch, and opens the door.)

(Dogs bark. 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.)

[MUSIC CUE #7]

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

(WHITE enters fully with a confident mystique.)

WHITE. (*Pulling back her veil, to reveal her face:*) Do you know who I am?

WADSWORTH. Only that you are to be known as Mrs. White.

WHITE. Ironic, isn't it?

(WADSWORTH removes her coat, with a brilliantly white inside.)

WHITE. The letter I received said I should refer to myself by that name, but, why . . . ?

WADSWORTH. May I introduce you? Mrs. White, this is the maid –Yvette.

[MUSIC CUE #8]

(The women flinch in disgust.)

WADSWORTH. I see you two know each other.

WHITE. Don't be ridiculous, I've never seen this woman before in my life!

(The women turn away from each other with dramatic flair. WHITE notices MUSTARD.)

WHITE. Hello.

MUSTARD. Hello.

(Simultaneously, the doorbell rings again. All look to the door. Then out. WADSWORTH straightens jacket, smooths hair, looks at watch, opens door.)

(Dogs bark. Rain storms. MRS. PEACOCK, middle-aged and rather batty, stands in a ridiculous hat, with distinct peacock feathers poking out. She wears a gigantic crucifix necklace and black-rimmed glasses. She desperately shields herself from the rain.)

[MUSIC CUE #9]

PEACOCK. *(Dramatically:)* "Behold," said the Lord, "I am bringing the flood of water upon the earth, to destroy all flesh."

YVETTE. Bonjour Madame.

PEACOCK. *(Reacting to YVETTE's skimpy uniform)* Speaking of "flesh!"

WADSWORTH. Mrs. Peacock, I presume.

COOK. *(Removing PEACOCK's cloak and offering to take her Bible:)* Book?

PEACOCK. *(Noticing the COOK with surprise and clinging to her Bible:)* Cook!

[MUSIC CUE #10]

WADSWORTH. *(Relishing the rhyme:)* Look! You two know each other.

PEACOCK. *(Perfectly normal:)* Don't be ridiculous, I've never seen this woman before in my life!

(The women turn away from each other with dramatic flair, causing PEACOCK to notice WHITE and MUSTARD for the first time.)

PEACOCK. *(Bordering hysteria:)* Who are you?!

(Before anyone can respond, the doorbell rings again. All look to the door. Then out.)

WADSWORTH. *(To PEACOCK:)* Hold that thought.

(Even faster now, WADSWORTH straightens, smooths, looks, and opens the door.)

(Dogs bark. Rain storms. MR. GREEN, straight as an arrow, serious and smart-looking, stands in a trench coat, holding an umbrella raised above his head. He does not enter, but remains in the doorway. He sneezes, takes out a hanky and wipes his nose.)

[MUSIC CUE #11]

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

WADSWORTH. You must be Mr. Green.

GREEN. Yes . . .

(The door remains open and the dogs are still barking wildly.)

WADSWORTH. *(To dogs:)* Sit!

(GREEN frantically sits on the loveseat. Dogs stop barking.)

WADSWORTH. No. Not you, sir.

(GREEN sheepishly stands up.)

GREEN. Oh . . . Excuse me. I'm rather clumsy at parties, I'm afraid.

WADSWORTH. Not to worry, sir.

GREEN. *(Wiping his nose:)* Oh dear. Is there a cat? I'm afraid I'm highly allergic.

MUSTARD. *(To WADSWORTH:)* Give him a pseudonym. *(To GREEN:)* Clears it right up.

(MUSTARD inhales deeply again.)

WADSWORTH. *(Prompting:)* Cook? Coat?

COOK. *(Still wielding the knife – to GREEN:)* Kindly.

(GREEN, spooked, hands over his coat to the COOK.)

(Lightning crashes, illuminating the house. The doorbell rings once more. All look to the door. Then out. Impossibly fast, WADSWORTH goes to the door, opens it. MISS SCARLET and PROFESSOR PLUM burst through the doorway, nearly knocking over WADSWORTH. He tumbles down the stairs.)

[MUSIC CUE #12]

(Despite the unruly entrance, SCARLET appears elegant. If she weren't such a hopeless broad, she'd be classy. She inhales a long thin cigarette in a fancy cigarette holder. PLUM wears a plum-colored beret. If he weren't such an arrogant cad, he'd be charming.)

PROFESSOR PLUM. Greetings all. It's a pleasure for you to see me.

WADSWORTH. *(Struggling to his feet:)* Ah! Professor Plum! Miss Scarlet. Welcome. I didn't realize you were acquainted.

SCARLET. We weren't.

(SCARLET and PLUM dump their coats on WADSWORTH.)

(SCARLET, red headed, looks positively Hollywood in a provocative velvet green dress. PLUM, in his black tuxedo with plum-colored cummerbund and bow-tie, is quite the debonair academic.)

SCARLET. My car broke down, and this . . . professor . . . gave me a ride.

PLUM. (*With a smarmy wink:*) Naughty, naughty, Miss Scarlet. And the party's barely begun . . .

(Before she can reply—he notices cocktails.)

Oooh, Cocktail hour! I only drink on two occasions. Day . . . and night.

(PLUM, oozing charm from all the wrong places, has entered fully now, and just as GREEN is about to take a sip of his champagne, PLUM thoughtlessly takes it from him, downs it, and returns the glass empty.)

SCARLET. (*Soaking in the mansion and other guests:*) Good lord, this really is a party.

(Taking a glass of champagne off of YVETTE's tray.)

Jesus Christ, what is this godforsaken place anyway?

PEACOCK. (*Crossing herself:*) I'll thank you to keep our Lord, Jesus Christ, out of this!

WADSWORTH. This old place? Oh, this . . . is Boddy Manor.

(Thunder/lightning.)

(WADSWORTH checks his pocket watch, handing COOK the extra coats.)

WADSWORTH. Cook. Dinner?

COOK. Directly.

(YVETTE and COOK exit.)

WADSWORTH. Now, ladies and gentlemen, we are all met. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Wadsworth. The butler. (*Then:*) You may have realized that tonight, nobody is being addressed by their real name. I suggest you refrain from revealing too much about yourselves this evening.

(The GUESTS glance around suspiciously. The sound of a gong. The GUESTS jump! GREEN spills champagne all over himself. PEACOCK and PLUM help him to mop himself up as . . .)

WADSWORTH. (*Calmly, as always:*) Ah. Dinner.

SCARLET. (*Put out:*) I haven't even finished my champagne!

PLUM. That was more like a cocktail minute!

(Just as GREEN has mopped himself up, the sound of the gong again. The GUESTS jump! PLUM and PEACOCK spill their drinks on GREEN.)

WADSWORTH. *(Carrying on without pause:)* We really oughtn't to keep her waiting. Cook can get cranky. Follow me, please. The dining room is right this way.

[MUSIC CUE #13]

(As GREEN mops himself up, WADSWORTH leads the GUESTS downstage. A scrim of an ornate textured wall flies in behind them. From opposite downstage wings, the COOK and YVETTE push on two sides of a dining room table.)

(During this transition, the GUESTS have lined up across the edge of the stage.)

(WADSWORTH walks to center, and calls their names off, one by one. Lights bump up on each guest.)

[MUSIC CUE #14]

Colonel Mustard.

(Poses "at attention," but hits himself in the head.)

Mrs. White.

(Lowers the black mesh veil over her face.)

Mrs. Peacock.

(She throws a prayer up to her Lord and Savior.)

Mr. Green.

(Blows his nose.)

Miss Scarlet.

(Blows a puff of smoke from her cigarette.)

Professor Plum.

(Slicks his hair in the reflection of a spoon.)

WADSWORTH. You will find your names by your places.

[MUSIC CUE #15]

(We transition to the Dining Room.)

SCENE 2

(The Dining Room.)

(Lights reveal the Dining Room, and a long, beautifully-set table with six chairs set side by side, facing the audience. Soup bowls are set at the table.)

WADSWORTH. Please be seated.

(The GUESTS move upstage and around the table.)

ALL. *(Ad-libbing:)* "Do you see my tag?" "Is that me?" "Is that you?" "Oh, here you are, Mr. Green." *(Etc.)*

(The GUESTS sit. MUSTARD sits on the far stage right side of the table. SCARLET sits next to him, followed by GREEN, PEACOCK, PLUM, and then WHITE, who is on the stage left side of the table.)

WADSWORTH. Dinner is served.

PEACOCK. Well, what's all this about, Butler; this dinner party?

(Dogs bark.)

WADSWORTH. All in good time, Madam. *(In response to the barking:)* Excuse me, if you will.

YVETTE. *(Presenting:)* Shark's fin soup.

PEACOCK. My favorite!

(WADSWORTH exits.)

YVETTE. Bon appetit.

(YVETTE and COOK exit. For a moment, the GUESTS anxiously await what to do next.)

PLUM. I say we eat it while it's hot.

(He slurps a sip too loudly.)

SCARLET. I like things hot.

(She slurps a sip too loudly.)

MUSTARD. But isn't soup supposed to be hot?

(He slurps a sip too loudly.)

PEACOCK. Thank you, Lord, for this meal we are about to receive and for the gracious host, whomever he is, that has invited us here tonight.

(She slurps a sip too loudly.)

WHITE. Maybe the host isn't here because the host is dead.

(She slurps a sip too loudly.)

GREEN. I'm feeling awfully anxious.

(He slurps a sip too loudly.)

(PEACOCK, ever enjoying her soup, continues her slurping. The other GUESTS begin making sounds of their own: the tapping of a plate, the scuff of a chair, the clink of a wine glass, the opening and closing of a zippo lighter. Perhaps we hear the click click click of YVETTE's heels as she comes out to fill wine glasses. We may even hear a cat sound. The sounds build in intensity as they begin to sound quite rhythmic and musical.)

(After reaching a cacophony, WADSWORTH enters and strikes the gong. The COOK enters with a silver tray of food – six plates of drab-looking noodles. She slams down the plates in rhythm, moving from stage right to stage left. When she has placed all the noodles, she turns and walks back stage right, the silver tray hitting the heads of all six GUESTS – also in rhythm.)

(WADSWORTH, YVETTE, and the COOK exit. The GUESTS continue with their rhythmic sounds as they eat and drink. At certain moments throughout, each guest picks up an item from the table, lights shift and the guest strikes a threatening pose. The remaining guests react in horror. For example, WHITE picks up a butter knife and holds it above her head before she butters a roll. MUSTARD struggles to open a jar, but it looks like he is strangling someone. YVETTE enters with a large pepper shaker and it looks like she might strike PEACOCK with it. PEACOCK screams!)

(Meanwhile, we see GREEN begin to choke on a piece of food. He gets up and works his way to the end of the table. He motions towards the other GUESTS for help. Thus begins a game of charades as the GUESTS try to figure out what's wrong with him.)

(When GREEN finally convinces the GUESTS that he's choking, MUSTARD runs around behind him and begins giving him the Heimlich maneuver. WADSWORTH enters, sees MUSTARD behind GREEN in a sexually suggestive position, and exits. Finally, the piece of food comes flying out of GREEN's mouth and lands in WHITE's wine glass [if possible].)

(GREEN recovers. He and the GUESTS eventually sit and eat quietly.)

(After a moment of uncomfortable silence, PEACOCK can stand it no longer . . .)

PEACOCK. (*Nearing hysteria, all in nearly one breath:*) Well, I guess I'll break the ice, I mean, I'm used to being a hostess; it's part of my husband's work, plus I always host the ladies' group from my church on Sundays. It's difficult when a group of new friends meet for the first time, so I'll start the ball rolling . . . I mean, I have no idea what we're doing here, but I'm very intrigued and oh, my, this soup's delicious isn't it?

(The GUESTS stare at her, bewildered.)

WHITE. I think hosting parties is deathly boring.

PEACOCK. Well, it's an integral part of my life as the wife of a . . . oh, I forgot we're not supposed to say who we really are.

GREEN. I know who you are.

[MUSIC CUE #16]

PEACOCK. (*Removing her glasses nervously:*) How do you know who I am?

GREEN. I work in Washington, too.

PLUM. Oh, so you're a politician's wife?

PEACOCK. (*Put off by PLUM:*) Yes, I—I am.

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

PEACOCK. (*Vaguely offended, changing the subject:*) Mrs. White, what does your husband do?

WHITE. Nothing.

PEACOCK. Nothing?

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

SCARLET. (*With a sexy wink:*) Sounds like hard work to me.

WHITE. He lies around on his back because he's no longer alive.

(Thunder/lightning.)

PEACOCK. So, what do you do in Washington, D.C., Mr. Green?

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

PEACOCK. Oh, come on. How are we to get acquainted if we don't say anything about ourselves? No judgments here; we're all God's children.

WHITE. I don't believe in God.

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

PLUM. In my professional opinion, it sounds like you have a case of “fear-of-silence-itis.”

MUSTARD. Is that an official diagnosis?

WHITE. Are you a doctor, Professor?

PLUM. I know a little bit about psychological medicine, yes.

WHITE. Do you practice?

PLUM. Not anymore. I currently work for the government.

MUSTARD. Another politician!

PLUM. Not exactly. I do research for the office of Social and Behavioral Studies. In other words, I study “crazy” and I’m good at it. *(He winks.)*

MUSTARD. Sounds fascinating.

PLUM. Thank you, Colonel. You are a real colonel, aren’t you?

MUSTARD. *(Suddenly serious:)* I am, sir.

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

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:)* I do *everything* in Washington, Mr. Green.

PEACOCK. *(Deliberately moving on . . . :)* Does anyone here not live in Washington, D.C.?

(They all look at each other, putting together the coincidence.

MUSTARD stands, fed up, addressing WADSWORTH.)

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

(The doorbell rings. They all look to the right. Look out. WADSWORTH straightens his jacket, smooths his hair, checks his watch and . . .)

WADSWORTH. Pardon me, please.

[MUSIC CUE #17]

(WADSWORTH exits through the door. Quickly SCARLET dumps the contents of her glass and runs to the door. She places her ear against her glass against the door. The GUESTS follow suit. The

all turn their glasses upside down and line up, single file, behind SCARLET, ears to glasses against the backs of the guest in front of them, as though they are able to hear through the glass, through the guest, through the door. As the GUESTS are listening, we bleed through the scrim to see the front door. WADSWORTH opens it to reveal, MR. BODDY—handsome, suave, and mysterious. He holds a briefcase and duffle bag.)

WADSWORTH. Good evening, sir. You are eagerly awaited.

BODDY. Thank you, Wadsworth. It's good to be home.

(WADSWORTH takes his coat. As they speak, they slowly make their way downstage.)

BODDY. Are the guests all here?

WADSWORTH. In the Dining Room, sir.

BODDY. Right on schedule. I'll meet you in the Study then, as planned.

WADSWORTH. May I take your bags?

BODDY. No, Wadsworth, I'll keep them with me.

WADSWORTH. They contain more evidence, I assume?

BODDY. *(As BODDY opens the door into the Study:)* Never assume, Wadsworth. It's much more fun to be surprised.

*(BODDY steps through the door of the Study, thus disappearing offstage. The scrim wall becomes opaque.)*¹

(The GUESTS scramble back to their seats, bumbling about trying to seem as though they had not been eavesdropping. WADSWORTH re-enters the Dining Room.)

PEACOCK. *(Hysterically, slamming the table:)* For God's sake! I demand to know what's going on!

WADSWORTH. Right. *(Clearing his throat and then . . .)* I believe you've all received a letter, yes?

GUESTS. *(In various ways:)* "Yes." "I did." "I did too!" *(Etc.)*

WADSWORTH. Do you have them with you?

(As the GUESTS reveal their letters in one motion:)

[MUSIC CUE #18]

¹ Note: At this moment, the Study furniture can be set behind the opaque scrim.

WADSWORTH. And am I correct that each of your letters advised you to be present this evening, because a certain—Mr. Boddy—has offered to bring an end to a long-standing, confidential and painful financial liability?

ALL GUESTS. “Yes!” “Oh, yes!” “That’s what my letter says!” “Mine too.” (Etc.)

WADSWORTH. (*Evermore the butler:*) Can I interest any of you in fruit or dessert?

ALL GUESTS. No!

(*Thunder/lightning.*)

WADSWORTH. In that case, may I suggest we adjourn to the Study for coffee and brandy, at which point I believe your letters will be explained and . . . the game will be afoot.

(*Thunder/lightning!*)

[**MUSIC CUE #19**]

(*The GUESTS move downstage and, again, line up across the edge of the stage. Still mumbling about . . .*)

ALL GUESTS. “The game?” “What game?” “What’s he talking about?” “I love games!” (Etc.)

(*Behind them, YVETTE and COOK split the dining room table and push each side offstage.*)

(*The GUESTS hold their letters in the air. WADSWORTH crosses in front of them, taking their letters with an air of officiousness. The scrim behind them rises as he leads them upstage and into the Study.*)

SCENE 3

(*The Study.*)

(*The GUESTS find themselves in a fully realized Study. Stage right, there is a small desk and chair. A large fireplace is center, and, stage left, there is a sofa facing parallel to the edge of the stage.*)

(*YVETTE stands by her bar cart passing out brandies to MUSTARD, PLUM, and SCARLET.*)

WADSWORTH. Thank you, Yvette. That will be all.

(*YVETTE exits.*)

GREEN. Well, where is our host?

PEACOCK. He's not here! Nobody's here! What is happening?!

WADSWORTH. Please, Mrs. Peacock. Have a drink.

PEACOCK. My lips belong to the Lord!

SCARLET. *(She downs a drink:)* Well, mine don't! Mind if I smoke?

(PLUM lights SCARLET's cigarette while MUSTARD finds a string and button closure envelope [a la the envelope placed in the center of the Clue board game] on the desk. The envelope reads "CONFIDENTIAL" in large red letters.)

MUSTARD. *(Reading:)* "For Wadsworth. Open After Dinner."

(Handing it to WADSWORTH:)

It's for you.

(WADSWORTH opens and reads it while the GUESTS crowd around him. GREEN sneezes.)

ALL. Gesundheit.

GREEN Sorry. There really must be a cat somewhere.

WADSWORTH. *(Having finished the letter:)* Right then. Are you comfortable?

MUSTARD. I make a good living.

PLUM. Oh, out with it, Wadsworth!

WADSWORTH. Ladies and gentlemen, my instructions are clear. It seems the six of you have one thing in common. You are all being blackmailed. For some considerable time all of you have been paying what you can afford—and, in some cases, more than you can afford—to someone who threatens to expose you.

PEACOCK. Oh, please! I've never heard anything so ridiculous. I mean, nobody could blackmail me. I go to church every Sunday!

SCARLET. Yeah lady, don't we all.

WADSWORTH. Anybody else wish to deny it?

(The GUESTS anxiously exchange glances in silence.)

WADSWORTH. Until tonight, none of you knew *who* was blackmailing you. I hope I'm correct that the more deductive among you have reasoned in the last several moments that it was, of course, Mr. Boddy himself—and that the less discerning members of our cadre are experiencing that particular revelation right about . . .

MUSTARD. It was Mr. Boddy!

WADSWORTH. . . . NOW.

(The GUESTS speak simultaneously.)

PEACOCK.

I have half a mind to call the
Congressman right now and—

PLUM.

What are you? His henchman?
You pompous, British—

GREEN.

All this stress is not good for
my blood pressure! What do
we do now?!

WADSWORTH. ENOUGH!

(Then:)

My task this evening is to expose your secrets to each other, rendering you all culpable in each others' indiscretions.

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

WADSWORTH. I'm sorry but I have my orders. We'll start with you, Professor Plum.

SCARLET. Lucky you.

PLUM. *(With a smarmy wink)* Luck's got nothing to do with it.

(SCARLET, disgustedly rolls her eyes— "Ugh.")

WADSWORTH. You were once a professor of psychiatry, specializing in helping 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 did he do?

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

SCARLET. Yeah?

WADSWORTH. Well, he did.

PLUM. She couldn't help falling in love with me! It's not my fault I was born this attractive.

PEACOCK. How disgusting.

SCARLET.

Who is this Boddy fella, you
shivering little—

MUSTARD.

What is going on here?!
I demand to know!!

WHITE.

I've buried five husbands,
you think I can't handle a little
blackmail?!—

WADSWORTH. Are you making moral judgements, Mrs. Peacock? How, then, do you justify taking bribes in return for delivering Senator Peacock's votes to certain lobbyists?

PEACOCK. My husband is a paid consultant. There's nothing sinful about that!

WADSWORTH. Not if it's publicly declared, perhaps. But isn't it a sin if certain lobbyists are slipping payments to a sneaky Senator's wife under the stall of the men's room at the Old Ebbitt Grill? How would you describe that transaction?

SCARLET. I'd say it stinks.

PEACOCK. 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.

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

GREEN. Me too.

MUSTARD. And me.

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 a specialized service which provides gentlemen with . . . the company of a young lady.

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

PLUM. How pathetic! A man who needs to pay for women to spend time with him. That's a problem I'll never have.

(SCARLET pulls a card from her cleavage and hands it to PLUM, who takes it sheepishly.)

GREEN. *(Carrying on without pause:)* Is that how you knew Colonel Mustard works in Washington? Is he one of your clients?

MUSTARD. *(Incredulous:)* 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. That's right!

(MUSTARD realizes what he just said.)

WADSWORTH. *(Carrying on:)* Colonel, you hold a sensitive security post in the Pentagon. Those "negatives" would most certainly compromise your position.

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

MUSTARD. This is an outrage!

WADSWORTH. *(Now to WHITE:)* Mrs. White, you've been paying our friend the blackmailer ever since your husband died under, shall we say, mysterious circumstances.

WHITE. I didn't kill him.

MUSTARD. Then why are you paying the blackmailer?

WHITE. I don't want a scandal. We had a very humiliating public confrontation. He was deranged. He was a lunatic. He didn't actually seem to like me that much. 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.

SCARLET. And was that his final word on the matter?

WHITE. Being killed is pretty final, wouldn't you say?

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

PLUM. What did the poor chap do for a living?

WHITE. He was a scientist. Nuclear physics.

SCARLET. What was he like?

WHITE. He was a stupidly optimistic man. I'm afraid it came as a great shock to him when he died. He was found dead at home. He was unclothed. His head had been cut off. So had his . . . you know.

(She gestures in the direction of her groin. The men, horrified, cross their legs in unison.)

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

SCARLET. What was showing?

WHITE. *The Naked Alibi.*

SCARLET. A likely story.

PEACOCK. Do you miss him?

WHITE. It's a matter of life after death. Now that he's dead I have a life.

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. *(Then:)* But my third husband, I miss him the most. He was an electrician . . . well—until he was electrocuted.

WADSWORTH. *(Moving on—now to GREEN:)* And lastly, Mr. Green. Who is a homosexual.

MUSTARD. Not me.

WADSWORTH. Beg your pardon?

MUSTARD. You asked—“Who is a homosexual?”—and I said—“Not me.”

PEACOCK. And I'm saying you're an idiot.

GREEN. Wadsworth here is right. I am a homosexual. I feel no personal shame or guilt about this, but I must keep it a secret or I will lose my job on security grounds (Even though that's ridiculous because homosexuality is not a choice, but a genetic predisposition.)

(A slight pause.)

GREEN. Thank you.

(He sits. Sneezes.)

ALL. Gesundheit!

SCARLET. Well, all right then, Wadsworth, you've spilled our beans. Now what?

WHITE. Where's this Mr. Boddy?

PLUM. And what does he want from us?

PEACOCK. Who cares?! I'm not waiting to find out! I've done nothing wrong! I'm leaving!

WADSWORTH. I'm sorry, Madam. You can stay in denial, but you cannot leave this house!

PEACOCK. I am the wife of the great Senator from Tennessee! You can't tell me what to do!

(PEACOCK is at the Study door. She tries to open it, but it is locked.)

PEACOCK. Locked?!

ALL. Locked?!

WADSWORTH. Indeed. All the doors are locked. The windows are barred. And the grounds are patrolled by vicious dogs.

(Dogs barking.)

WADSWORTH. There's no way out!

(Lightning. They all begin screaming at WADSWORTH.)

ALL. "Locked?!" "This is an outrage!" "You can't hold us hostage!" "Why?!" *(Etc.)*

(As the GUESTS are screaming at WADSWORTH stage left, BODDY enters from the stage right door.)

(WADSWORTH whistles loudly through his teeth! The commotion ceases.)

WADSWORTH. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce . . . Mr. Boddy.

[MUSIC CUE #20]

(The GUESTS turn their bodies as one to see BODDY behind them.)

WADSWORTH. Your host for the evening, and your blackmailer for life.

BODDY. *(With a confident charm:)* How do you do?

(Lightning crashes.)

PEACOCK.

Who do you think you are?
I'll have you brought before
Congress!

GREEN.

Your home is disgusting!
Haven't you ever heard of
a vacuum cleaner?!

MUSTARD.

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

PLUM.

I thought millionaires were
supposed to be good-looking,
you swine!

SCARLET.

Why are you blackmailing us?
I'm frustrated that I find you
attractive!

WHITE.

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

(WHITE comes forward and kneels BODDY in the groin. BODDY goes down.)

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

WADSWORTH. Pardon me, everybody, but there is one more piece of information you all may like to have.

ALL. What?!

WADSWORTH. The police are coming!

ALL. "What?" "Why?" "What are you talking about?" *(Etc.)*

MUSTARD. Why are the police coming? When are the police coming?!

(WADSWORTH moves them, as one, rhythmically in step with the cadence of his speech.)

WADSWORTH. In less than an hour the police will arrive . . .

The bridge washed out from the rain . . .

They're expecting to find . . .

One mastermind . . .

And the criminals he's detained . . .

ALL GUESTS. That's us!

WADSWORTH. He's made it clear . . .

That there's evidence here . . .

And that they have much to gain . . .

ALL GUESTS. Oh no!

BODDY. *(From the floor:)* Unless . . .

ALL. Unless, what?

(BODDY stands up and dusts himself off. He holds his briefcase.)

BODDY. You agree to double down.

MUSTARD. Double what?

BODDY. You each pay me twice what you've been paying, and I'll tell the police it was a phony call and send them on their way. You refuse . . . and I put this briefcase—containing all the evidence needed to expose your wrongdoings—in the hands of the police and the press. I believe some of you would face a lifetime of jail, and others, a lifetime of shame.

(A moment of silence as they all soak it in. Then they all move to attack BODDY.)

ALL. "That's why you've brought us all here?!" "You bastard!" "Get that briefcase!" *(Etc.)*

BODDY. Unless . . .

ALL. Unless what?!

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

ALL. What?!

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

[MUSIC CUE #21]

(The GUESTS walk to the couch. The men all sit as the women, with arms raised, glare at them with venom in their eyes. After a beat, the men realize their mistake and move to stand behind the couch. The women sit.)

WADSWORTH. What's this about, sir?

BODDY. *(Ignoring WADSWORTH:)* In this bag there are six gifts I've brought you from Washington. Things I thought you might find useful this evening.

(BODDY opens the duffle bag. He hands out six gift-wrapped parcels, one to each guest.)

BODDY. Open them.

SCARLET. Why not? I enjoy getting presents from strange men.

[MUSIC CUE #22]

(She carefully removes the ribbon, the wrapping paper and comes to a cardboard box. Slowly, she lifts the lid. Puzzled, she lifts out a heavy brass Candlestick. She looks at BODDY.)

SCARLET. A Candlestick? What's this for?

(One by one, each of the GUESTS open their presents, holding them up in the air.)

(A musical sting supersedes each reveal of a weapon.)

MUSTARD. A Wrench . . .

GREEN. A Lead Pipe . . .

PEACOCK. A Dagger . . .

PLUM. A Revolver . . .

WHITE. Ahhhhhh! It's a snake! It's a snake!!!

(She peers back into her box.)

Nope. It's a Rope.

BODDY. In your hands you each have a lethal weapon. You all showed up here tonight because you believed the evidence against you was so terrible that you would do almost anything to keep it a secret. I'm putting that theory to the test. Mr. Wadsworth here is the only other person who knows your secrets; and it's costing me—and you—dearly to keep him quiet. You see, I wouldn't have to double your payments if I didn't have to pay Mr. Wadsworth for his silence.

ALL. Mr. 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? Or did Mr. Wadsworth call the police here himself, so that he can carry out his greedy threat: Pay him more—or he reveals us—and all our questionably legal behavior—to the police.

WADSWORTH. I would never!

BODDY. Ladies and gentlemen . . .

[MUSIC CUE #23]

BODDY. . . . If you can manage to . . . *somehow* . . . get rid of Mr. Wadsworth, I'll have no need to increase your blackmail or expose you to the police. As a matter of truth, if you can help me *eliminate* Wadsworth, who not only knows all of your secrets, but also mine . . . perhaps I can find it in my heart to *eliminate* your blackmail altogether and be done with this terrible business once and for all.

WADSWORTH. You would never!

PLUM. Why us, Boddy?! Why don't you do your dirty work yourself?

BODDY. Why should I, when the six of you are so uniquely motivated?

WADSWORTH. After all I've done for you?! This is how you repay me?!

(To GUESTS:)

Don't listen to him! He's a liar!

(*Music becomes more dramatic.*)

I'm one of you! He's been blackmailing me along with the rest of you.

SCARLET. Oh yeah? What'd you do?

WADSWORTH. That's neither here nor there! The point is—I'm not a butler! I'm an indentured servant!

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

(To GUESTS:)

The police are on their way, ladies and gentlemen. Now's your chance. Kill Wadsworth and end your blackmail . . . FOREVER!

(*He switches off the lights. Blackness. Thuds. Gasps. Screams. A gunshot. Scuffles. Groans. The lights are switched back on.*)

[MUSIC CUE #24]

(*BODDY lies on the floor. Prone. Face down. Everyone else remains as they were.*)

WHITE. It's Mr. Boddy!

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

SCARLET. Is he breathing?!

PLUM. Stand back!

(They move back. PLUM gives BODDY a cursory examination, checking his neck and his pulse.)

PLUM. He's dead.

WHITE. Who had the gun?

PLUM. I did.

PEACOCK. So you shot him!

PLUM. I didn't!

PEACOCK. Well, you had the gun. If you didn't, who did?

PLUM. Somebody grabbed it from my hand, and the next thing I knew the gun went off.

(WADSWORTH turns BODDY over.)

WADSWORTH. There's no gunshot wound.

WHITE. He's right. There isn't.

SCARLET. *(Pointing to a hole in the wall:)* Look, there's a bullet lodged here.

GREEN. So how did he die?

PLUM. I don't know. Being unbearably handsome doesn't make me a forensic expert!

WHITE. One of *us* must have killed him.

(This quiet observation produces a fearful silence. They all look at each other nervously, aware that a murderer is present amongst them.)

GREEN. I didn't do it!!!

PEACOCK. I need a drink.

(PEACOCK goes to BODDY's body, who is still holding the brandy goblet. She pries the goblet from his hand, raises it to her lips and drinks.)

PLUM, Maybe he was poisoned! By the brandy!

(PEACOCK screams, and drops the glass. She continues screaming, hysterically. She runs around. GREEN chases her, trying to calm her down.)

GREEN. It's all right Mrs. Peacock, it's all right, it's all right. Calm down!

(After some moments of continued screaming, GREEN slaps her face and she goes flying onto the couch. Everyone looks at GREEN accusingly.)

GREEN. *(Defensively:)* I had to stop her screaming.

MUSTARD. Was the brandy poisoned?

(PLUM turns the goblet over. It is empty.)

PLUM. Looks like we'll never know.

GREEN. Unless *she* dies too.

(They all hurry over to the sofa and stare at PEACOCK. Suddenly we hear a scream. They all stand straight up, with terror on their faces.)

[MUSIC CUE #25]

(The GUESTS rush out, nearly tripping over each other. GREEN has the Lead Pipe in his hand.)

PEACOCK. *(Calling after them:)* Wait for me!

(PEACOCK runs after them. The scrim flies as we transition to the corridor—outside the Billiard Room.)

SCENE 4

(The corridor—outside the Billiard Room.)

(WADSWORTH and the GUESTS enter downstage of the scrim. They run stage right to the door of the Billiard Room. WADSWORTH tries the handle. The door is locked. Music ends.)

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! (*Turning to WADSWORTH:*) No zanks to you, Wadsworth, you ee-diot! 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 in an aggravated state of shock! It's amazing I'm anywhere!

YVETTE. (*Back to her point:*) I heard you 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! Monsieur Boddy asked me to tape-record your conversation.

PLUM. Why would he ask you to record our conversation?

YVETTE. For more evidence, of course! When Wadsworth revealed your secrets in ze Study, zey were all recorded.

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

YVETTE. 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! Mon Dieu! (*She starts to weep.*) I can't stay in zere alone.

(*PLUM goes to comfort her.*)

PLUM. There's safety in numbers. Don't worry, I'll protect you. I'm *very* strong.

(*He puts his arm around her. She throws him off.*)

YVETTE. But one of you is ze killer! Monsieur Boddy is dead!

GREEN. (To YVETTE:) And we have to figure out which one of *them* did it!

PEACOCK. What do you mean “which one of *them*”?

GREEN. Well, I didn’t do it!

WADSWORTH. Well, one of us did. We all had the opportunity. And the motive. Mr. Boddy was a bully and a liar to us all. I would have killed him myself, but I didn’t have access to a weapon. Only the six of you had the means to do it.

SCARLET. Don’t look at me! All I got was a Candlestick!

PLUM. Maybe it wasn’t one of us!

WHITE. Who else could it have been?

PEACOCK. Who else is in the house?

WADSWORTH/YVETTE. Only the/ze cook.

ALL. THE COOK!

[MUSIC CUE #26]

(WADSWORTH leads the GUESTS in an elaborate choreographed sequence which moves them from stage right to stage left just as we transition to the Kitchen.)

SCENE 5

(The Kitchen.)

(WADSWORTH, YVETTE, and the GUESTS enter the Kitchen. A kitchen rack of pots and pans flies in. A freezer appears in the stage left door.)

(GREEN no longer has the Lead Pipe.)

GREEN. The Cook’s not here.

(The door to the freezer starts to open. The COOK’s body, Dagger in her back, tumbles out onto a quite unsuspecting GREEN, who can barely stand under her weight. PEACOCK screams!)

SCARLET. There’s a Dagger in her back!

GREEN. (Descending to the floor under COOK’s weight) I didn’t do it!

(GREEN lands on the ground beneath the COOK. Nobody moves.)

GREEN. Will somebody help me, PLEASE?!

MUSTARD. (*Ignoring GREEN, turning to WADSWORTH:*) I think you'd better explain yourself, Wadsworth.

WADSWORTH. Me? Why me?!

MUSTARD. Who else would want to kill the Cook?

SCARLET. (*A little laugh:*) Dinner wasn't that bad.

MUSTARD. How can you make jokes at a time like this?

SCARLET. It's my defense mechanism.

MUSTARD. Some defense! If I were the killer I'd kill you next.

(EVERYONE GASPS!)

MUSTARD. I said "if." "If." That's all. There's only one admitted killer here, and that's not me. (*Pointing to WHITE:*) It's Mrs. White!

(EVERYONE GASPS!)

WHITE. I've admitted nothing.

MUSTARD. You paid the blackmail. How many husbands have you had?

WHITE. Mine or other women's?

MUSTARD. Yours.

WHITE. Five.

MUSTARD. Five?

WHITE. Yes, just the five. Husbands should be like Kleenex—soft, strong and disposable.

MUSTARD. Well, if it wasn't you, who was it? Who had the Dagger?

PLUM. It was Mrs. Peacock!

(EVERYONE GASPS!)

PEACOCK. Yes. But I put it down.

MUSTARD. Where?

PEACOCK. In the Study.

SCARLET. When?

PEACOCK. I don't know! Before he slapped me, after I was assaulted, who knows? But any of us could have picked it up. It must have been . . . Mr. Green!

(EVERYONE GASPS! *They turn to where GREEN ought to be. He's not there.*)

MUSTARD Where is Mr. Green?

GREEN. (*Under the COOK's body—muffled:*) Can somebody please help me?

WADSWORTH. Here, here. Get him up.

(*MUSTARD and PLUM help GREEN up.*)

WADSWORTH. Gentlemen, might I suggest we take the Cook's body into the Study.

MUSTARD. Why?

WADSWORTH. Well for starters, when the police arrive, if they find this, we'll all be in custody and under suspicion for murder!

PEACOCK. Murder!

WADSWORTH. And secondly, I'm the butler. I like to keep the kitchen tidy.

[*MUSIC CUE #27*]

(*They all heave-ho the COOK's body and move from the Kitchen back to the Study. Grumbling and grunting as they go. The wall scrim flies out as we transition back to the Study.*)

SCENE 6

(*The Study.*)

(*The GUESTS enter the Study talking loudly amongst themselves about the events of the evening and how to correctly carry a dead body. They cross to the center of the room and then stop. Silent. They slowly look back to the spot where BODDY was. HE'S GONE!*)¹

PLUM. The body's gone!

(*They freeze! They drop COOK to the ground with a thud! Just then, WADSWORTH enters, breathless. PLUM turns to him.*)

PLUM. There's nobody.

PEACOCK. (*Panic-stricken:*) Nobody. No body. Mr. Boddy's body. It's gone!

WHITE. Maybe he wasn't dead.

WADSWORTH. He was!

SCARLET. Well, where is he?

¹ Note: The COOK's body is now a dummy.

GREEN. He couldn't have been dead.

WADSWORTH. He was! At least, I thought he was.

MUSTARD. Maybe there *is* life after death.

WHITE. Life after death is as improbable as sex after marriage.

PEACOCK. Well if you'll excuse me, I have to er . . . to . . . er . . . is there a little girl's room?

YVETTE. Oui oui, madame.

PEACOCK. No, I just want to powder my nose.

YVETTE. Zere's a toilette in ze Billiard Room.

(PEACOCK *exits.*)

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 . . . (He glances at his pocket watch:) . . . who by my calculations ought to be here in 37 minutes.

MUSTARD. 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. No. Sorry, I said "no" meaning "yes."

MUSTARD. "No," meaning "yes"? Look, I want a straight answer. Is there someone else in the 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 confusion about whether or not we are the only people in this house.

WADSWORTH. There isn't.

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

WADSWORTH. Either. Or both.

MUSTARD. Just give me a clear answer.

WADSWORTH. Certainly! (*Beat.*) What was the question?

MUSTARD. Is there anyone else in the house?

ALL. NO!

MUSTARD. That's what he says! But does he know? Look, we've got a killer and a missing dead body on the loose, one dead cook, and all these weapons—the Rope, the Dagger, the Revolver, the Candlestick, the Wrench—and—hey, where's the Lead Pipe?

(Suddenly, we hear a scream.)

[MUSIC CUE #28]

(PEACOCK comes stumbling into the room with BODDY hanging all over her. It looks like BODDY is attacking her.)

PLUM. It's Mr. Boddy!

GREEN. He's attacking her.

(WADSWORTH and GREEN pull him off her. He has visible, bloody injuries. The Lead Pipe is protruding from his skull.)

WHITE. No, he's not. He's dead.

(They lay him down.)

WADSWORTH. Mr. Boddy? Dead? Again?

PEACOCK. Oh my God!

(PEACOCK totters as if about to faint.)

PLUM. Somebody catch her!

WADSWORTH. I'll catch you. Fall into my arms.

(Standing behind her, WADSWORTH holds out his arms to catch her. She faints straight through them and ends upon the floor in a heap.)

WADSWORTH. Sorry.

WHITE. Where did this happen, Mrs. Peacock?!

PEACOCK. In the bathroom! I opened the door and there he was! I thought he was attacking me. He . . . he . . . he lunged.

WHITE. Dead people don't lunge.

PLUM. Well, he's certainly dead now. Who would want to kill him twice?

SCARLET. It's what we call overkill.

GREEN. And why?!

PLUM. What's the difference?

SCARLET. Makes a difference to him!

WADSWORTH. (*Losing it:*) Makes a difference to us! We've got to find out *who* killed him, *where* and *with what*!

PLUM. (*Gingerly removing the Lead Pipe from BODDY's head:*) Seems like it was probably the Lead Pipe.

WADSWORTH. Ten points, Professor Plum.

MUSTARD. What kind of game are you playing, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH. (*Shouting:*) This isn't a game!

PLUM. (*To GREEN:*) You! The Lead Pipe belonged to you!

GREEN. But I dropped it while we were running to the kitchen!

WADSWORTH. (*Shouting:*) So anyone could have picked it up!!!!

PLUM. There's no need to shout!

WADSWORTH. I'm not shouting! (*Getting truly hysterical:*) All right, I am! I'm shouting! I'm shouting!! I'm shouting!!!!

(*SCARLET tries to open Boddy's briefcase.*)

SCARLET. Hey! While you clowns lose your marbles, I'm over here trying to do something useful! Have you all forgotten about the evidence against us?

ALL. The evidence!

SCARLET. Boddy's briefcase is locked.

WHITE. There must be a key!

WADSWORTH. The key! Mr. Green, would you be so kind as to check Mr. Boddy's pockets for the key to the briefcase which contains the evidence to our past transgressions—so that we may destroy said evidence forever, and free ourselves from any chance of future blackmail!

GREEN. (*Grossed out:*) But he's so bloody!

(*SCARLET goes to check the body.*)

SCARLET. I'll do it. Won't be the first time I've had my hands on a stiff body. (*Then:*) It's not here.

WADSWORTH. It's not? I see. (*Then:*) Hand me the Wrench.

(*MUSTARD hands WADSWORTH the Wrench. He holds it in one hand as he clicks open the briefcase with the other hand. He hands the Wrench back to MUSTARD. He opens the briefcase. EVERYONE leans in to look.*)

[**MUSIC CUE #29**]

WADSWORTH. It's empty!

PLUM. Empty?!

MUSTARD. Then where's all the evidence?

WADSWORTH. Ha! I told you Boddy was a liar! Had the evidence in his briefcase, my foot!

PEACOCK. Well then where is it? What does he have on us? I can't stand all this uncertainty!

WADSWORTH. I can assure you that Mr. Boddy possesses—*ahem*—possessed—individual files containing devastating, incriminating evidence against each of us, kept in one large, beastly blackmail envelope marked, "Confidential." But where that envelope is now and precisely what it contains, I could not say. All I know, is that if found, we all are goners.

GREEN. We must find that evidence and destroy it!

WHITE. Then we can put all of this behind us and move forward with our miserable lives!

MUSTARD. (*Becoming officious:*) Evidence aside, first things first. We're in a room with two dead bodies and six murderous weapons, and the cops are on their way!

WADSWORTH. Not to mention there's a homicidal maniac about! Let's put the weapons back in Boddy's bag and bring it to the broom closet.

[MUSIC CUE #30]

(He puts the weapons back in BODDY's bag. The foyer scrim flies in. WADSWORTH, YVETTE, and the GUESTS exit from the door in the foyer and into a corridor.)

SCENE 6-A

(The corridor.)

(The GUESTS head stage right towards the broom closet. YVETTE opens the closet and WADSWORTH throws the bag in. He locks the door.)

WADSWORTH. There!

MUSTARD. Wait! What are you going to do with the key to the closet, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH. I'll put it in my pocket.

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.

GREEN. I suppose you're right.

(GREEN sneezes again.)

ALL. Gesundheit.

GREEN. I swear to God there's a cat in this house.

MUSTARD. All right, Troops. Divide and conquer.

WADSWORTH. And remember, no funny business! We must work as a team!

(Then—cautiously.)

Oh, what am I saying? It's not like any of you would come upon the missing envelope and purposely hide it so you could clear yourself of blame and then blackmail the rest of us to secure yourself an unseemly but substantial fortune.

ALL. (Mumbling:) "No," "We wouldn't do that," "Who'd ever think of such a thing?" (Etc.)

WADSWORTH. Good! Now, you'll know you've found the dirt when you find an envelope marked, "Confidential!"

GREEN. That's essential.

WADSWORTH. And consequential.

PLUM. Let's meet back here in ten minutes.

PEACOCK. But what if someone doesn't come back?

WADSWORTH. We'll remember you fondly!

[MUSIC CUE #32]

(The GUESTS freeze in a pose.)

SCENE 8

(The Hall.)

WADSWORTH. (Addressing the audience:) Six suspects. Two murders. And an envelope of damning evidence hidden somewhere in this house. With the police due in . . . (Checks his watch.) . . . 25 minutes, we can't take any chances. My deepest apologies, ladies and gentlemen. (Calling out:) Ushers, lock the doors!

(Multiple door locking noises.)

Now we're all in this together.

(The GUESTS unfreeze as they begin to search the house.)

[MUSIC CUE #33]

(The situation remains tense, stakes high. There's a strange sense that this montage has been hijacked by the ghost of Jerome Robbins. Over the course of this door-opening, staircase-climbing, search-every-room number, the "Confidential" envelope is found and lost again repeatedly.)

(Lights find PEACOCK who enters, nervously, [hoping not to run into the killer] and attempting to hide herself behind a small potted plant. She crosses the stage.)

(Lights find GREEN. He holds up a feather from PEACOCK's hat. He puts the feather in his coat pocket.)

(Lights find WADSWORTH, who holds up the "Confidential" envelope. He sighs with relief.)

(As WADSWORTH moves to exit, WHITE runs by him, waving GREEN's disgusting hanky in the air. She notices the envelope and grabs it! WADSWORTH chases after her.)

(Just then MUSTARD comes running across the stage wearing WHITE's veil. Unable to see properly, he struggles to search the house, bumping into things, including WHITE, who has now re-entered holding the envelope.)

(A cat crosses the stage and GREEN chases it.)

(PLUM, now waving MUSTARD's medallion, sneaks behind WHITE, taps her on the shoulder and grabs the envelope. He runs offstage with WHITE in hot pursuit.)

(MUSTARD crosses once more, still blinded by the veil, and now runs into SCARLET, who has entered wearing PLUM's beret.)

(PLUM re-enters with the envelope. He notices SCARLET wearing his beret and goes to her. She distracts him by trying to kiss him and snatches the envelope when his eyes are closed.)

(PEACOCK enters hiding behind an even bigger potted plant, now with SCARLET's cigarette holder in her mouth. She exits.)

(SCARLET re-enters with the envelope and pauses by the suit-of-armor. Suddenly, the suit-of-armor comes to life! It's MUSTARD! He grabs the envelope and moves to quickly exit.)

(The cat crosses the stage again with GREEN in hot pursuit!)

(PEACOCK enters and takes out the envelope marked "Confidential." She looks at it and smiles. She puts it back in the plant and exits.)

(GREEN *re-enters, now in hot pursuit of PEACOCK!*)

(The GUESTS enter for one last chase sequence, ending with their hands in the air, revealing that GREEN holds PEACOCK's feather, PEACOCK holds SCARLET's cigarette holder, SCARLET holds PLUM's beret, PLUM holds MUSTARD's medallion, MUSTARD holds WHITE's veil, WHITE holds GREEN's hanky, WADSWORTH holds the toilet plunger—and no one has the envelope.)

(Blackout. They exit.)

SCENE 8-A

(Corridor outside the broom closet / the Lounge)

(Ominous music begins as the scrim wall flies in.)¹

(A DARK FIGURE enters from the stage left door and goes to the broom closet. The DARK FIGURE unlocks the broom closet, takes out Boddy's bag, retrieving the Wrench. The DARK FIGURE puts the bag back in the closet and exits. The scrim wall rises.)

(Lights rise on the Lounge where we see a floor lamp and a small table with a phone next to a wingback chair. a small fire burns in the fireplace. The MOTORIST is on the phone.)

MOTORIST. I'm a little nervous. I'm in this big house and I've been locked in the Lounge. And the funny thing is, there's a whole group of people here having some sort of party and one of them is my old boss from—

[MUSIC CUE #34]

(The DARK FIGURE appears behind the MOTORIST. It raises the Wrench and brings it down on the MOTORIST's head. A large red drape flies in covering the Lounge. Lights transition us to the Conservatory.)²

¹ Note: while the scrim wall is in, two rooms have been set upstage: the Lounge, stage right, and the Conservatory, stage left.

² Note: Shelves with potted plants have been added to one of the stage right doors so it looks like a wall in the Conservatory.

SCENE 9

(The Conservatory.)

(Lights find MUSTARD, who is searching the Conservatory, which, like a greenhouse, has windows that curve up to the ceiling. On one wall are shelves of potted scarlet flowers. We may or may not notice that a petal on one of the flowers is missing. SCARLET enters.)

SCARLET. Where is it?

MUSTARD. Where's what?

SCARLET. The evidence you snatched out of my hands, you idiot!

MUSTARD. I don't know what you're talking about—

SCARLET. *(Threatening:)* Either give it up or I'll have you singing soprano!

MUSTARD. Alright! I snatched it! But someone snatched it from me.

SCARLET. Who?

MUSTARD. Don't look at me!

SCARLET. I'm not looking at you!

MUSTARD. Yes you are! You're looking at me right now!

(She looks away, pointedly, and in doing so spots the shelves of scarlet flowers against the wall.)

SCARLET. Hey, look! Scarlet flowers. *(With a wink:)* My favorite *(Leaning in to smell them:)* They smell divine. You know, if you rub the petals on your neck, the smell is irresistible to men.

(She plucks a petal deliberately. The "pluck" action causes the whole potted plant shelving unit to open up revealing a secret passage.)

SCARLET. *(Tickled by her own discovery:)* Oh my God and garters!

MUSTARD. *(Oblivious to the secret passage:)* Oh, c'mon it's just a little flower, you don't have to get emotional.

SCARLET. No, not the flower, Colonel Smarty Pants! A secret passage! C'mon!

MUSTARD. *(Scared:)* Uh . . . Ladies first, Miss Scarlet.

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

(SCARLET steps into the passage, MUSTARD follows her, timidly. The shelves close behind them. Lights shift back to the Lounge. The Conservatory flies out.)

SCENE 10

(The Lounge.)

*(Lights shift. The large red drape rises revealing the Lounge. The fireplace rotates and SCARLET and MUSTARD exit from behind the fireplace. The room is dark. SCARLET and MUSTARD are unaware of the dead MOTORIST in the wingback chair.)*¹

MUSTARD. Where are we?

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

MUSTARD. Well turn them on!

SCARLET. I would if I could see anything!

MUSTARD. Well here, maybe this will help!

(MUSTARD turns on a lamp next to the dead MOTORIST.)

[MUSIC CUE #35]

SCARLET. The Lounge! Oh, of course . . . we forgot to look in the Lounge.

MUSTARD. Quite an oversight considering the dead Motorist in the chair.

(SCARLET and MUSTARD stop dead in their tracks. They look at each other.)

SCARLET/MUSTARD. Dead Motorist!!! Ahhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[MUSIC CUE #36]

(They run to the door of the Lounge. It's LOCKED.)

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

(Lights have now divided the stage 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. PLUM and WADSWORTH arrive at the Lounge door first.)

WADSWORTH/PLUM. LET US IN! LET US IN!

SCARLET/MUSTARD. LET US OUT! LET US OUT!

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

¹ Please note: SCARLET and MUSTARD are now substituted by the AUXILIARY MAN and WOMAN, dressed as SCARLET and MUSTARD. The lighting is such that we can't see their faces. The real SCARLET and MUSTARD continue their dialogue from offstage.

SCARLET. You had the key, Wadsworth! You locked the Motorist in here!

WADSWORTH. That's right! I did! I do! *(He checks his pockets—no key.)* I don't! The key is gone!

SCARLET/MUSTARD. Gone?!

(YVETTE runs offstage.)

GREEN/WHITE/PEACOCK/PLUM. Gone?!

SCARLET. There's a murderer on the loose!! Please get us out of here!!!

(WADSWORTH walks firmly back from the door. He is at his most macho.)

WADSWORTH. There's no alternative. I'm just gonna have to break down the door. *(To the others:)* Stand back!

(He runs at full speed for the door. He hits it and falls to the floor, holding his shoulder. YVETTE, now runs on holding the gun.)

YVETTE. I have an idea!

(YVETTE trips over the still-sprawled WADSWORTH, whom she does not see writhing on the floor. The gun goes off as she falls, firing upwards. There is a screech from above and a cat falls onto the stage. Dead!)

[MUSIC CUE #37]

GREEN. I knew it.

(YVETTE picks herself up, and points the gun to the Lounge door.)

SCARLET/MUSTARD. Help! Murder! Help!

YVETTE. Everyone! STAND BACK!

(She fires the gun twice at the lock.)

MUSTARD. I think they're shooting at us!

SCARLET. You don't say, Sherlock!

YVETTE. Come out. Ze door is open. I'm done shooting.

[MUSIC CUE #38]

(MUSTARD and SCARLET exit the Lounge. Lights shift, returning the entire stage to the Hall.)¹

¹ Please note: The AUXILIARY MAN and WOMAN exit through the stage left door as the real MUSTARD and SCARLET exit the stage right door.

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

YVETTE. To open ze door!

MUSTARD. But you could have killed us! I could've been killed! This is not a battlefield!

PLUM. Well, la-di-dah. You're really somethin' else, huh, Frenchie? (*A realization.*) Say—where did you get that gun anyway?

YVETTE. Ze broom closet. It was unlocked!

ALL. Unlocked!?!?

WADSWORTH. Impossible! I have the key! (*He checks his pocket—no key.*) No I haven't! It's gone!

ALL. Gone?!

PLUM. I thought you said you'd throw away the key to the broom closet, Wadsworth!

WADSWORTH. I did say that! But I didn't do that! We got distracted by the Motorist at the door and I forgot. One of you must have snatched the keys from my pocket when we were searching the house.

PLUM. So whoever took the keys, is the killer.

WADSWORTH. Precisely.

PLUM. I am *so* smart, sometimes I impress myself.

SCARLET. Uhhhh . . . Speaking of the killer, there's a dead body in the Lounge, ya know!

PEACOCK. Again?!

SCARLET. The Motorist is dead!

(*WADSWORTH checks the Lounge.*)

WADSWORTH. It's true. Now there are three unsolved murders.

ALL. Three!!

PEACOCK. Which one of you killed him?

SCARLET. (*Outraged.*) We found him, together!

GREEN. The door was locked!

WHITE. Great trick, getting through a locked door. My husband would have appreciated that.

SCARLET. We went through a secret passage from the Conservatory to the Lounge.

PLUM. Who designed this place?

WADSWORTH. The Parker Brothers.

(The doorbell rings. They all stand still, frozen in terror.)

SCARLET. Maybe they'll go away.

(They wait. And hope. It rings again.)

GREEN. I'm going to open the door. It's the decent thing to do.

[MUSIC CUE #39]

(Music begins as the GUESTS rather clumsily run in to each other as they make their way to the front door. We may take note of the fact that PLUM runs into YVETTE and takes off his beret. The GUESTS eventually take their positions by the front door.)

WADSWORTH. *(Checking his watch:)* Don't worry, it's not the police.

COP. It's the police!

(EVERYONE GASPS!)

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

COP. Good evening, sir.

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

COP. You have?

GREEN. We haven't?

COP. I was just passing through and found an abandoned car near the gates of this house. Did a motorist come here for help, by any chance?

(They all try to smooth away his suspicions.)

ALL. *(Together, but not in unison:)* No, no, no, no, no.

GREEN. Well, actually, yes.

ALL. No!

COP. *(Eyeing the group skeptically:)* There seems to be some disagreement.

ALL. No, no, no.

GREEN. Yes. Yes. Yes.

COP. Can I come in and use the phone?

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

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

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, slams it shut.)

PLUM. Occupied.

GREEN. Uhhh . . .

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

COP. You're all acting rather peculiar. What's going on in the Lounge and the 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 quietly whisper together to come up with a plan.*)

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

SCARLET.
We've got to cover our tracks! We
can't get rid of the bodies, so we've
got to make them seem alive!

ALL. "Yes!" "Good idea!"

(*They break into two groups. WHITE, PEACOCK, MUSTARD, and YVETTE head to the Study with BODDY and COOK's bodies. PLUM, SCARLET, and GREEN head to the Lounge with the MOTORIST's body.*)

WADSWORTH. Lord Boddy had been declared Lord Boddy after somebody discovered an antibody that would save everybody. Notice the mahogany floor. Did you know, in the 17th century, the buccaneer John Esquemeling recorded the use of mahogany for making canoes? Can you canoe?

COP. What?

(The two groups have each entered their respective rooms and slams the doors behind them, startling the COP, who now turns to find the stage bare.)

COP. Where'd everybody go?

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

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

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

COP. The Lounge and the Study!

WADSWORTH. Oh . . . those two rooms . . .

COP. Yes!

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

WADSWORTH. Officer, I don't think you should go in there.

COP. Why not?

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

(COP shoves WADSWORTH aside.)

(This section of heightened physicality, is hereafter known as "EVERYTHING'S FINE OFFICER.")

(The COP opens the Study door, and peers into the room.)

[MUSIC CUE #40]

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

(YVETTE, WHITE, MUSTARD, and PEACOCK have entered from the stage right doors. Lights rise. The interior of the Study is now stage right.)

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

YVETTE. Hello, Officer! Welcome to ze party!

(WHITE has set herself up with the dead BODDY on top of her, to make it appear as if they're making out. [In this case BODDY is played by a dummy that is costumed to look like Boddy's body].)

(MUSTARD appears to be making out with the dead COOK [also a dummy] while PEACOCK, unseen by COP, puppets COOK's arms from behind.)

(The COP shuts the Study door. Music stops.)

(WHITE shoves BODDY off her immediately, disgustedly, and MUSTARD releases the COOK, who falls with a thud, revealing a nearly hysterical, yet silent, PEACOCK. They exit quickly through the stage left doors as lights go down on the Study.)

COP. It's not all that shocking. These folks are just having a good time. It's a free country.

WADSWORTH. (*Shocked:*) I didn't know it was that free.

COP. Why didn't you tell me this was a party?

WADSWORTH. My apologies sir.

(COP crosses the Hall to the Lounge door.)

(Once again, the COP opens the door, and peers inside, as lights shift to interior Lounge.)

[MUSIC CUE #41]

(We hear more music being played on a record player.)

(GREEN, PLUM, and SCARLET enter from the stage left doors. The interior of the Lounge is now represented stage left. GREEN rolls on the wingback chair with the dead MOTORIST. Lights rise.)

(The MOTORIST, an alcohol bottle in hand, appears to be drunk. He is propped up in a chair, by GREEN, who shares the chair with him, also pretending to drunk. PLUM and SCARLET are slow dancing to the music behind him.)

COP. (*Speaking into the doorway:*) Excuse me?

GREEN. (*Slurring his words:*) Ev'ning Officer. How d'ya do.

COP. Are these men drunk?

SCARLET. Dead drunk.

GREEN. (*Offering the booze from BODDY's limp hand:*) Wanna sip?

COP. Oh, I can't drink while on the job. The Chief would kill me.

GREEN. Killed if you do, killed if you don't . . .

COP. What?

PLUM. Have a lovely evening, Officer.

COP. *(With a tip of his hat:)* Same to you.

(COP shuts the door. Music stops. SCARLET and PLUM high five! GREEN fist pumps "YES!" They quickly exit as lights go down on the Lounge and return the full stage to the Hall.)

COP. Well, I don't know what you were so worried about. There's nothing illegal about any of this. Just make sure you don't let those fellas drive home drunk. Call them a car.

WADSWORTH. *(Under his breath:)* A long black car.

COP. Terrific! May I use your phone now?

WADSWORTH. Certainly!

(WADSWORTH leads COP to the Library.)

WADSWORTH. *(Opening the door for him:)* The Library, Officer.

COP. Thank you.

(WADSWORTH closes and locks the door behind him. He runs to the Study and Lounge doors respectively.)

WADSWORTH. All's clear! You can come out now. Well done, all of you. Impressive! The criminal mind is an incredible beast.

(All the GUESTS emerge into the Hall congratulating themselves.)

ALL. "You really pulled that off!" "Nice touch with the alcohol bottle." "I didn't know you had it in you." *(Etc.)*

WADSWORTH. Alright! Now—Let's finish searching the Manor! The police will be here in . . . *(Checking his watch:)* . . . 17 minutes.

GREEN. But, the police already came!

WADSWORTH. Not the "broken-down car" police, the "criminal investigation" police! We must find the evidence and we can't afford to have any more murders!

(WADSWORTH, YVETTE, and the GUESTS exit. Lights shift as we see the DARK FIGURE sneak on and go to a panel on the wall. The DARK FIGURE opens the panel and pulls a lever. Suddenly, the lights go out.)

SCENE 10-A

(The Library / The Ballroom)

(Music begins as the Library unit rolls on stage left.)

(The lights rise on the COP, who stands in front of a bookcase. He is on the phone.)

COP. *(Alarmed by the darkness, into the phone:)* Hello? Hello? Is this phone working?

(A red drape flies in stage right. YVETTE enters in front of them. We are now in the Ballroom.)

YVETTE. *(Alarmed by the sudden darkness:)* E-lo? E-lo?!

(A WHISPERING VOICE speaks back to her. It should sound muffled as if it has an effect on it to protect its identity.)

WHISPERING VOICE. It's me.

YVETTE. Oh! You scared me! I zought you were ze killer!

(Back to the COP . . .)

COP. Did somebody cut the line? Hello?

(Back to YVETTE . . .)

WHISPERING VOICE. You "zought" right!

(A DARK FIGURE holding the Rope emerges from behind YVETTE. A noose flies onto her neck!)

(She struggles! Lights out.)

COP. *(Whispering into phone:)* Oh, good you can hear me. There's something funny going on around here. The lights just went out and . . .

(A DARK FIGURE holding a Candlestick emerges from around the bookshelf.)

COP. You see, I found this abandoned car. You know that big, mansion on top—

(The Candlestick descends on the COP. The sound of a phone off the hook is heard. The Library unit revolves around. There is a door on the other side of the bookcase unit.)

(BLACKOUT.)

SCENE II

(The Hall.)

(In black. The pulsating tone of the telephone is still heard. A match is lit. In the light of the flame we see WADSWORTH's face. He uses the flame to find the light panel. Suddenly the lights turn back on revealing WADSWORTH fully. The GUESTS pour back onstage, drawn to the Hall by the sound of the off-the-hook telephone coming from the Library.)

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

PEACOCK. And the Lord said, "Let there be light."

PLUM. Did the Lord happen to mention why the lights were shut off to begin with?

SCARLET. Oh, who cares?! We're still in the dark anyway! We're no closer to solving our murder mysteries or unearthing the evidence against us.

WHITE. Shhh . . .

(EVERYONE listens.)

Do you hear that?

GREEN. Sounds like a telephone is off the hook.

SCARLET. It's coming from the Library.

MRS. PEACOCK. That's where the killer must be!

(WADSWORTH straightens his jacket and smooths his hair in the same manner as when the doorbell rings.)

WADSWORTH. *(Aimed toward the Library door:)* Guard me. I'm going in!

SCARLET. What are you afraid of?

PLUM. A fate worse than death?

WADSWORTH. No . . . just death.

[MUSIC CUE #42]

(Music begins as they creep downstage. WADSWORTH goes to the door of the Library. He pushes on the handle as if he's going into the room, but in actuality, he's rotating the Library unit around so the bookcase is now facing the audience. WADSWORTH is on

the stage left side of the COP while the GUESTS are on the stage right side.)¹

WADSWORTH. (*Timidly*;) Excuse me, Mr. Cop. Are you all right? Do you need assistance? A phone book perhaps?

PEACOCK. (*Pushing past WADSWORTH*;) Hey! The butler asked you a question, Copper! Hang up the telephone already, or I will!

(PEACOCK taps the COP on the shoulder. His head falls off and into PEACOCK's arms! She screams! The GUESTS scream! They run out of the Library.)

(Frantic music begins.)

(In this next sequence, the GUESTS run around the house with PEACOCK frantically behind them holding the COP's head. At some point during the chase, lights shift to slo-mo with a strobe light. After several moments of hysterically running in and out of doors and rooms, the GUESTS, except PEACOCK, find themselves in the Ballroom. Two large red drapes fly in with several ropes attached. They all breathe heavily.)

WADSWORTH. We should be safe here in the Ballroom.

SCARLET. (*Noticing the drapes*;) I'm going to open the drapes. Maybe we can escape through the window!

ALL. "Good idea!" "Yes, an escape!" (*Etc.*)

[MUSIC CUE #43]

(SCARLET pulls on one of the ropes to open the drapes. As she does, YVETTE [now played by a dummy] falls from the ceiling with the Rope wrapped around her neck. The GUESTS scream!)

[MUSIC CUE #43A]

(They all run out, just as PEACOCK runs in—still holding the COP's head. PEACOCK sees YVETTE and screams throwing the COP's head in the air. The head is caught by GREEN who tosses it—then caught by WHITE—etc.,—a game of Cop's Head "Hot Potato" ensues! Ultimately the head is left in the Billiard Room as the GUESTS run back to the Hall, continuing to scream as they each exit, individually, through all remaining doors.)

(Just then . . . the doorbell rings. A cute, perky SINGING TELEGRAM GIRL enters and tap dances downstage.)

¹ Note: at this moment, the COP has now been replaced by a dummy, which stands with the receiver still pressed to his ear.

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*

GIRL rises and backs out the front door. We see the cast briskly walking through the various bits of staging until they arrive at the exact positions they were in from the beginning of the play.)

WADSWORTH. Now—try to stay with me.

[MUSIC CUE #45]

WADSWORTH. At the start of the evening Yvette was here, waiting to offer you all a glass of champagne. The doorbell rang. It was you.

(He points to MUSTARD.)

I recognized you as Colonel Mustard. Yvette gave you a drink. Doorbell! Mrs. White, pale and tragic. I introduced her to Yvette. They both flinched! A-rumble-of-thunder! A-crash-of-lightning! Peacock, Green, Scarlet, Plum all arrived!

(He ridiculously continues to mime his way through each segment of this recap.)

That's when the Cook banged the gong.

(He goes to the Kitchen and gongs the gong. Everyone jumps.)

And we all adjourned to the Dining Room!

[MUSIC CUE #46]

(The GUESTS run downstage and line up as they did when they were originally at the Dining Room table.)

WADSWORTH. You found your names beside your places.

(Imitating Yvette and Peacock:)

"Shark's Fin Soup." "My favorite!"

(They step downstage for the "letter" moment.)

And you'd-had-a-letter-and-you'd-had-a-letter-and-you'd . . .

ALL. GET ON WITH IT!

(Music out.)

WADSWORTH. We all went to the Study!

[MUSIC CUE #47]

(The GUESTS move upstage into their earlier positions in the Study.)

(Music out.)

WADSWORTH. Mr. Boddy gave you gifts and you opened them.

[MUSIC CUE #48]

(Then:)

WADSWORTH. Then Mr. Boddy switched off the lights.

(He switches out the lights. They all scream. SCARLET switches the lights on.)

(WADSWORTH lies prone on the floor. They stare at him in silence, horrified.)

ALL. "Good God!" "Is he dead?" "What's happened?" *(Etc.)*

(WADSWORTH sits up.)

WADSWORTH. Mr. Boddy lay on the floor, apparently dead. But, he wasn't really dead. He was really alive. But we didn't know it. Next—Mrs. Peacock drank his drink . . .

[MUSIC CUE #49]

WADSWORTH. *(Mimes taking a drink like PEACOCK:)* Mr. Green suggested the drink might be poisoned . . .

(Screams as PEACOCK—then mimics GREEN:)

"I had to stop her screaming!"

(Slaps his own face.)

Suddenly, we heard *more* screaming from Yvette! We ran to the Billiard Room!

[MUSIC CUE #50]

(The GUESTS run towards the Billiard Room door the same way they did earlier in the play.)

(WADSWORTH imitates YVETTE:)

WADSWORTH. "You lock me in with a murderer, you ee-diot!"
BUT one of us wasn't there!

ALL. Who?

GREEN. Mrs. Peacock!

(The GUESTS gasp!)

(Music out.)

PEACOCK. *(Catching on:)* I was there with the rest of you!

GREEN. When we heard Yvette scream, we all ran from the Study . . . But you lagged behind.

(Imitating PEACOCK:)

"I'm in an aggravated state of shock."

(To ALL:)

It was a perfect time to commit MURDER!

(GREEN *looks to* WADSWORTH.)

GREEN. May I?

WADSWORTH. (*Delighted:*) Be my guest.

(GREEN *holds high the peacock's feather. The GUESTS gasp!*)

GREEN. It was MRS. PEACOCK, IN THE KITCHEN, WITH THE DAGGER!

[MUSIC CUE #51]

PEACOCK. God forbid!

GREEN. I found your feather in the freezer, Mrs. Peacock! And it was your Dagger that stabbed the Cook in the back.

WADSWORTH. Poor woman, I thought you liked her soup!

PEACOCK. It was my favorite!

WADSWORTH. Then we ran to the Kitchen!!

[MUSIC CUE #52]

(*In one choreographed sequence, the GUESTS frantically rush to the Kitchen. WADSWORTH throws himself onto the floor.*)

WADSWORTH. Mr. Green, you were under the Cook's corpse for approximately two minutes and 57 seconds while the rest of us never even realized you were gone. I suggested that we bring the Cook back to the Study.

[MUSIC CUE #53]

(WADSWORTH *and the GUESTS move upstage.*)

(*They all look over their shoulders to the floor to where Boddy's body was missing.*)

WADSWORTH. But Boddy's body was gone! Then Mrs. Peacock stumbled into the room . . .

(*He screams at PEACOCK:*)

. . . with Boddy on her body because Boddy had been bludgeoned by the bathroom in his bean with a Lead Pipe.

SCARLET. By whom?

WHITE. It was MR. GREEN, IN THE BILLIARD ROOM, WITH THE LEAD PIPE.

[MUSIC CUE #54]

GREEN. Preposterous!

(WHITE holds high GREEN's disgusting hanky.)

WHITE. I found your disgusting hanky just outside the bathroom door in the Billiard Room—right where Mrs. Peacock was attacked by Mr. Boddy the second time he died! And it was your Lead Pipe found in his skull! Couldn't stand the thought of Boddy getting away, huh? So you bashed his brains out!

GREEN. Don't be ridiculous! I can't stand the sight of blood. It wasn't me!

WADSWORTH. That's when we decided to destroy the evidence in Boddy's briefcase!

SCARLET. But the briefcase was empty!

WADSWORTH. Correct! The evidence Boddy had been holding against us was gone!

PLUM. That's when we locked away the murder weapons and ran to the front door to throw away the key. To the Hall!

[MUSIC CUE #55]

(The GUESTS run to the front door.)

WADSWORTH. We opened the door and discovered the Motorist!

(Music out.)

WHITE. Who got killed in the Lounge!

GREEN. But who killed him? That door was locked.

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

[MUSIC CUE #56]

MUSTARD. I never lounge!

PLUM. You stole the key to the broom closet, grabbed the Wrench, and *did* the deed!

MUSTARD. Did not! I didn't even know the man.

(PLUM takes out MUSTARD's medallion. He reads something engraved on its edge.)

PLUM. "To Colonel Mustard. Your driver for life. Mike the Motorist."

MUSTARD. Give me that!

(He grabs the medallion from PLUM.)

SCARLET. Plus I found you lurking conspicuously in the Conservatory. The scarlet flowers opened the secret passage to the Lounge, but if I remember correctly . . .

[MUSIC CUE #57]

(Out of the stage right door comes a shelf with the scarlet flower. Lights reveal that a petal is missing.)

SCARLET. . . . Scarlet flowers always have five petals. This one only had four! Meaning you had already plucked a petal to the passage to the Lounge, where you pummeled the Motorist to death with the Wrench.

(Scarlet flower goes back in the door.)

PLUM. Never underestimate what you can do with a Wrench, Mustard.

MUSTARD. I know! How do you think I fixed the sink?

WADSWORTH. Then the doorbell rang!

(He mimics the doorbell.)

“Doorbell.”

(Then:)

And the Cop arrived!

GREEN. That Cop who got killed in the Library!

PEACOCK. It was MISS SCARLET, IN THE LIBRARY, WITH THE CANDLESTICK!

[MUSIC CUE #58]

SCARLET. I didn't do it!

PEACOCK. Oh yeah?! Then how'd the Cop wind up decapitated? *(Evermore hysterical—revealing the cigarette.)* And why'd I find your cigarette holder in a stack of books in the Library?

SCARLET. Oh gimme a break, you found my cigarette holder before the Cop even arrived!

PEACOCK. Aha! So you admit you were in the Library?! What were you doing, huh? Plotting a murder?

SCARLET. *(Baffled by PEACOCK's stupidity.)* How could I plot a murder of a Cop, I didn't even know was coming?

PEACOCK. I rest my case!

SCARLET. I didn't kill him! But I do know who killed the Singing Telegram Girl!

ALL. You do?

SCARLET. It was PROFESSOR PLUM, IN THE HALL, WITH THE REVOLVER.

[MUSIC CUE #59]

PLUM. How could I? Yvette had the gun when she shot the Lounge door.

SCARLET. But when the Cop arrived, she passed it to you when we ran to the front door. Hiding it in that stupid French hat of yours. I found it when we were searching the house.

[MUSIC CUE #60]

(All the GUESTS run to the front door in real time.)

PLUM. Proves nothing.

(PLUM crosses back downstage. The GUESTS follow.)

SCARLET. Maybe we should slow things down.

(Lights shift. In slow motion, the GUESTS—along with YVETTE—run to the front door in the same exact way they did in the earlier scene, but this time we see YVETTE rather obviously passing the Revolver to PLUM. PLUM takes off his beret and she places the Revolver inside it. He then puts the beret on his head.)¹

(YVETTE then exits as lights return to normal.)

SCARLET. Then you shot the Singing Telegram Girl before she could finish her cramprolls! Wonder what kinda dirt she had on you. Bet she was an old patient of yours, or something right?

PLUM. I never saw that girl before in my life! This is ridiculous! It wasn't me . . .

MUSTARD. *(A realization—pulling out the veil:)* I know! It was MRS. WHITE, WITH THE ROPE, IN THE BALLROOM!

[MUSIC CUE #61]

WHITE. I'd rather die!

MUSTARD. I saw how you cringed when you came in tonight and noticed Yvette.

(Somewhere on the set, MUSTARD grabs WHITE's veil and puts it on. He then begins to mimic WHITE going to the electric panel.)

¹ Note: There can be a bit of magic here. YVETTE can place the gun in the beret, and then in the slow-mo to the door, when she's not in view of the audience, take the gun back.

MUSTARD. You mentioned that your third husband was an electrician. Stands to reason, you'd know your way around an electrical panel. So it was you who switched off the lights and strangled Yvette with a Rope!

WHITE. I did not! I mean . . . yes, I'll admit it—I recognized Yvette . . . she had a torrid love affair with my late husband. I hated her. I hated her SO MUCH. It . . . it . . . the . . . FLAMES. On the side of my face. Breathing. HEAVING . . . breaths . . .

GREEN. Mrs. White?

WHITE. But I didn't kill her!

WADSWORTH. So in summation . . .

SCARLET. Thank God.

WADSWORTH. It was Mrs. Peacock, in the Kitchen, with the Dagger!

(PEACOCK steps downstage raising her arm as if she has the Dagger in her hand.)

[MUSIC CUE #62]

WADSWORTH. Colonel Mustard in the Lounge with the Wrench!

(MUSTARD steps downstage raising his arm as if he has the Wrench.)

[MUSIC CUE #63]

WADSWORTH. Miss Scarlet in the Library with the Candlestick!

(SCARLET steps downstage raising his arm as if she has the Candlestick.)

[MUSIC CUE #64]

WADSWORTH. Professor Plum in the Hall with the Revolver.

(PLUM points his hand and finger out to the audience as if he has the Revolver.)

[MUSIC CUE #65]

WADSWORTH. Mrs. White in the Ballroom with the Rope.

(WHITE steps downstage making a choking motion as if she has the Rope.)

[MUSIC CUE #66]

WADSWORTH. And Mr. Green in the Billiard Room with the Lead Pipe.

[MUSIC CUE #67]

MUSTARD. Wait a minute!

(Music out.)

MUSTARD. There's still one thing I don't understand!

PEACOCK. One thing?

(WADSWORTH suddenly produces the Revolver from his pocket. He clears his throat. The GUESTS GASP!)

MUSTARD. Now two.

WADSWORTH. Freeze. Nobody move!

PLUM. *(Takes off his beret to look for gun.)* How did you—

SCARLET. Wadsworth!

WADSWORTH. You can call me Wadsworth if you want to.

MUSTARD. That's your name isn't it?!

(WADSWORTH laughs maniacally.)

WADSWORTH. You all thought it was Mr. Boddy who was killed tonight. But that's impossible!

PEACOCK. But he bled all over me!

WADSWORTH. But it wasn't Boddy who was bleeding.

MUSTARD. But if Boddy wasn't Boddy . . . then who was he?

WADSWORTH. *(Now with an American accent.)* He was Wadsworth. My butler.

(They gasp!)

GREEN. You're Mr. Boddy!

MUSTARD. *(Delayed.)* OH!

(WADSWORTH nods, with a smile. They are all horrified!)

WADSWORTH. I want to thank you for killing off my network of spies and informers. Which you all did splendidly, by the way. And so, of course, the added bonus of our evening together, is that now I have each of you on the hook for murder!

ALL. Murder?!

GREEN. *(Looking at his watch.)* But the police will be here any minute. You'll never get away with this.

WADSWORTH. Why should the police come?

PEACOCK. (*A realization.*) Oh my God!

PLUM. Of course!

MUSTARD. What?

WADSWORTH. Nobody's called them. They were never on their way.

MUSTARD. (*Putting it together.*) Ohhhh!

WADSWORTH. So, here's what we're gonna do, kids. We're gonna stack the bodies in the cellar, we're gonna lock the cellar door, and then we're gonna leave quietly—one at a time—and forget that any of this ever happened.

MUSTARD. I can't forget all this!

WADSWORTH. Oh—I almost forgot the best part; now with murder on the menu, the price of blackmail just tripled. Now move!

SCARLET. Wait a minute! We can all rush him. He's got no more bullets left in that gun.

WADSWORTH. Oh come on, you don't think I'm gonna fall for that old trick.

SCARLET. It's not a trick. (*She holds up her fingers.*) There was one shot at Mr. Boddy in the Study, two for the cat, two at the Lounge door and one for the singing telegram.

WADSWORTH. That's not six.

SCARLET. One plus two plus two plus one.

WADSWORTH. Uh-uh. There was only one shot that got the cat, that's one plus two plus ONE plus one.

SCARLET. Even if you were right, that would be one plus one plus two plus one not one plus two plus one plus one.

WADSWORTH. Okay fine. One plus two plus—SHUT UP! Point is, there is one bullet left in this gun, and anybody who moves is gonna get it!

GREEN. So, you're gonna keep blackmailing us, and we'll pretend that this never happened? That's the plan?

WADSWORTH. Of course. Why not?

GREEN. I'll tell you why not.

(*He draws a gun.*)

Larry Goodman! FBI!

(*Lights shift. Spotlight on WADSWORTH.*)

WADSWORTH. (*Addressing the audience:*) Mr. Green! FBI?! That sniffing stooge!

(To a gentleman in the audience:)

Did you see this coming?

(To all:)

Neither did I. Ushers, quick! UN-lock the . . .

(But before he can finish his thought, the lights shift back. GREEN has his gun trained on WADSWORTH.)

GREEN. Quit talking to the audience, Wadsworth! Or should I call you, Mr. Boddy?! The jig is up!

MUSTARD. You're really FBI?!

GREEN. That's right. The real Mr. Green got a letter just like each of you. Only he came to the Bureau to ask for help. I'm an agent out of the Hartford office who's apparently a dead-ringer for Green. I took his place tonight so we could have a sting operation.

PEACOCK. Some sting! Six people died on your watch! Not to mention that poor cat!

GREEN. They had to use me 'cause the real Mr. Boddy here knew what Green actually looked like. I usually work the Hartford desk on property crime—ya know theft, fraud, and the like.

(Revealing a large envelope marked "Confidential".)

I've become a bit of an expert on the art of pickpocketing. That's how this large envelope marked "Confidential" ended up with me tonight and not any of you.

PLUM. You have the evidence?!

GREEN. It's all here. We had our suspicions of what we might find here, but I never imagined it would be this rich.

PLUM. (*Lunging towards GREEN:*) Let me see that!

GREEN. (*Putting him off with his pistol*) Let's all take a look, shall we? (*Revealing it all:*) Here's Miss. Scarlet's accounting book, including client names and dates of "service," proving she is one of D.C.'s highest-grossing madams. And giving plenty of motivation as to why she killed the Cop, who's listed right here, on her payroll.

SCARLET. Gimme that!

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

GREEN. Then we have this love letter addressed to Professor Plum . . .

PLUM. That's private property!

GREEN. Seems that singing telegram girl was the underage daughter of the Head of the U.S. Department of Social and Behavioral Sciences. Looks like she was just about to come clean to Daddy—who most certainly would have cleaned out Professor Plum. Guess that's why you killed her.

PLUM. Now see here . . .

GREEN. And these negatives. My, oh, my Colonel. You were quite the regular at Miss Scarlet's establishment. Guess you wouldn't have gotten to keep your important military title if your old driver, that unfortunate Motorist who stopped by the house tonight, had informed your Major General where he drove you every Tuesday night.

MUSTARD. I just wanted somebody to talk to!

GREEN. (*Looking at the negatives:*) "Talk," huh? That's a democratic way to put it.

MUSTARD. I'm a Republican!

GREEN. And poor Mrs. Peacock. Here's your bible.

(*He opens to reveal a trick bible—no pages.*)

Made it pretty easy to stash your cash for bribery, no? Too bad your old Cook couldn't keep her mouth shut, huh? If only she hadn't told Boddy your secrets, maybe she would still be alive today.

PEACOCK. (*Sobbing:*) God forgives all!

GREEN. And Mrs. White, you weren't lying, were you. You really did hate Yvette.

WHITE. (*Reprising her moment:*) So much! Flames . . . flames on the side of my . . .

GREEN. Here's a container holding your fingerprints, collected at the crime scenes of your previous murders . . .

WHITE. I never murdered my husbands!

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

WHITE. I wore gloves!

GREEN. (*Whipping out the gloves*) You mean these?

WHITE. Damn!

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

WADSWORTH. It's Robert!

GREEN. I hold in my hand an FBI file on the whole big Boddy family. Your butler, Wadsworth, had been feeding us information for months. I can see why you killed him. Your shot missed him in the Study, but he wisely played dead. Awfully good actor. Had us all convinced. But while we were all racing from the kitchen with the dead Cook, you found your sneaky butler trying to make his escape by the bathroom, and bludgeoned him to death with the Lead Pipe I'd dropped on the hallway floor while running to the kitchen.

WADSWORTH. That was convenient.

GREEN. And you left him, dead, in the bathroom, propped up against the door, for poor Mrs. Peacock to encounter moments later.

PEACOCK. You swine!

GREEN. The Boddy family has been wanted for organized crime—blackmail and murder—for generations. But they've always eluded the law. Until now. Tonight, the Boddy "family business" has reached . . . a dead end.

WADSWORTH. You leave my family out of this!

(WADSWORTH, enraged, lunges and fires his gun at GREEN, who fires back as he simultaneously dives to the floor. WADSWORTH misses—but GREEN has hit WADSWORTH.)

WADSWORTH. *(Reeling from his wound:)* I'm hit!

(EVERYONE GASPS!)

WADSWORTH. *(Dying:)* I'm melting. I'm slain. I'm dust. I'm food for worms. Not dead. Close. Almost there. Probably about 32 more seconds. Yes, here we go. I'm gone.

(He appears dead.)

PLUM. He's dead!

WADSWORTH. *(Back up again:)* Not yet.

(A beat.)

Now.

(He groans and dies.)

GREEN. I tell ya, this was the most exciting night I've had in a long time. *(Then:)* And now, you're all under arrest.

(Towards the front door:)

Boys . . .

[MUSIC CUE #68]

(Two AGENTS with weapons burst through the front door. The GUESTS hold up their hands.)

GREEN. . . . Here are the criminals you've been looking for. And here's all the evidence against them. Oh, and there are some tapes in the Billiard Room you might find useful as well.

PLUM. (*Doh!*) The tapes!

(A REPORTER walks in the door.)

REPORTER. Alright. Whodunit?

ALL. (*Each pointing at one or two of the others:*) He/she did!

(*The AGENTS wave guns wildly and indecisively from one suspect to another.*)

GREEN. They all did! But if you want to know who killed Mr. Boddy . . .

(*Indicates WADSWORTH:*)

I did—in the Hall,

[MUSIC CUE #69]

. . . with the Revolver. Okay Chief, take 'em away. I'm gonna go home and sleep with my wife.

(*Blackout.*)

End of Play