**West Bend Theatre Company Holds Open Auditions for *Clue On Stage***

West Bend Theatre Company will hold open auditions for its season-opening production of Clue On Stage. These auditions will be held Monday, August 15 and Tuesday, August 16 starting at 6:30 pm at the West Bend Masonic Center, 301 University Drive in West Bend. Actors only need to attend one of these two audition evenings. Callbacks will be on Wednesday, August 17 at the Masonic Center at 6:30 pm.

Clue On Stage is based on the 1985 movie Clue, which in turn is based on the Parker Brothers board game. This murder mystery comedy is zany and fast-paced. As such, actors must possess excellent comic timing and high energy. Actors are encouraged to audition for all roles in which they are interested.

We are casting for all roles. These include:

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **CHARACTER** | **DESCRIPTION** | **LINK TO AUDITION SIDES** |
| **THE STAFF**: | | |
| Wadsworth | A proper and formal British butler; he is a driving force | [Wadsworth Side #1](#Wadsworth_Side_1)  [Wadsworth Side #2](#Wadsworth_Side_2) |
| Yvette | A loyal and sexy French maid. | [Yvette Side](#Yvette_Side) |
| Cook | A gruff woman with a threatening presence | [Cook\_Side](#Cook_Side) |
| **THE HOST:** | | |
| Mr. Boddy | A distinctly unlikeable character. | [Mr Boddy Side](#Boddy_Side) |
| **THE INVITED GUESTS:** | | |
| Colonel Mustard | Puffy, pompous and dense. | [Col Mustard\_Side](#Mustard_Side) |
| Mrs. White | A pale, morbid, tragic, and slightly psychotic widow. | [Mrs\_White\_Side](#White_Side) |
| Professor Plum | An arrogant academician, easily impressed with himself. | [Prof Plum\_Side](#Plum_Side) |
| Miss Scarlet | A sultry and sardonic “madam.” | [Miss Scarlet\_Side](#Scarlet_Side) |
| Mrs. Peacock | A batty, neurotic and wealthy wife of a politician; is prone to hysteria. | [Mrs\_Peacock\_Side](#Peacock_Side) |
| Mr. Green | An anxious and timid government employee. | [Mr Green\_Side](#Green_Side) |
| **THE UNEXPECTED VISITORS:** | | |
| The Motorist | A professional driver | [Motorist\_Side](#Motorist_Side) |
| The Cop | Performing his duties… | [Cop\_Side](#Cop_Side) |
| The Singing Telegram Girl | A tap-dancing, singing telegram | [Singing Telegram\_Side](#Telegram_Side) |
| Chief of Police | A cop who saves the day | [Chief of Police\_Side](#Chief_Side) |
| Police Officers | Helps the Chief apprehend the murderer |  |

**WADSWORTH side #1(with dinner guests)**

WADSWORTH. Ladies and gentlemen, these instructions are clear.

SCARLET. I'm glad something is.

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

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

[MUSIC CUE #13]

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

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

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

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

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

WADSWORTH. Close, Colonel.

(Their proximity is such that WADSWORTH's spit has gotten in

MUSTARD's eye. He wipes it clean.)

WADSWORTH. You're all being blackmailed.

(Sinister music underscores.)

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

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

SCARLET. Yeah lady, don't we all.

WADSWORTH. Anybody else wish to deny it?

(They don't.)

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

PEACOCK. PLUM.

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

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

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

GREEN. WHITE.

All this stress is not good for my blood pressure! You think I can't handle a little blackmail?!

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

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

(They ALL begin to protest ...)

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

PLUM. But we hardly know each other.

WADSWORTH. Precisely.

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

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

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

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

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

WADSWORTH. So, your work has not changed. But you can't practice medicine anymore, can you? Your license has been lifted, correct?

SCARLET. Why? What'd he do?

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

SCARLET. Yeah?

WADSWORTH. Yeah, well, he did.

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**WADSWORTH side #2**

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

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

WADSWORTH. It all started like this ...

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

(Imitating the doorbell:) DING DONG

(As Mustard:) Colonel Mustard.

(Imitating the doorbell:) DING DONG.

(As White:) Mrs. White.

(As himself:) Who noticed Yvette.

(He replicates the music sting.) (As Peacock:) Mrs. Peacock.

(As himself) Who noticed ...

(As Cook:) The Cook.

(He replicates the music sting.) (As himself:) Then ...

(As Green:) Mr. Green.

(He barks.) (As himself:) Sit!

(He sits - then stands.)

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

(As Plum:) Then, Professor Plum.

(As Scarlet:) Miss Scarlet.

(He hits a gong, surprising the GUESTS.)

(As Cook:) Then, dinner is served.

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

(As himself:) To the Dining Room!

(He moves. The GUESTS follow.) (As Yvette:) Shark's fin soup.

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

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

(He moves in a circle around the GUESTS.)

(As Yvette:) Coffee? Brandy?

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

(As Boddy:) How d'you do?

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

(He "passes" out packages swiftly.) (As White:) Ahhh! A snake! No. It's a Rope.

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

(As Boddy:) Now!

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

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

(WADSWORTH sits up suddenly.)

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

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

(As Peacock:) Poison!

(He screams, PEACOCK screams, he screams. He slaps himself.) (As Scarlet:) Well, someone had to stop her screaming!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALL. (They look out:) ZE COOK!

(He moves.)

WADSWORTH. Who we found knifed in the back!

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

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

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

(He lies as "dead" Boddy, then hops up, revealing a blank space!) (As himself:) But Boddy's body was gone!

(He mimes draping himself over an imaginary Peacock.)

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

(Then:)

(As himself:) Then, the briefcase!

He mimes opening the briefcase at the desk. They gasp

WADSWORTH. (As himself) Empty! [Back to Top](#Back_to_top)

**Yvette** side

Scene 4

(The Hall outside the Billiard Room)

**WADSWORTH**. It's locked! (Into the door) Who's in there? Who's screaming?

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

**WADSWORTH.** Yvette?!

**YVETTE**. Oui!

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

**YVETTE.** (From inside:) No!

**MUSTARD.** Yvette?! Are you alive?!

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

**YVETTE.** Of course I'm alive, you ee-diot! (Turning to WADSWORTH:) No zanks to you-Wadsworth! You've locked us up in zis house wiz a murderer!

**WHITE.** So the murderer is here?

**YVETTE.** Oui!

**GREE**N. Where?

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

(PEACOCK enters, out of breath.) YVETTE. Or her ...

MUSTARD. What took you so long?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MUSTARD. What body?

ALL. Boddy's body!

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

YVETTE. Because I was frightened! I also drank ze Cognac. Maybe I am poisoned too! Plus, one of you is ze killer! Monsieur Boddy is dead!

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**Cook Side**

WADSWORTH. Is everything ready?

YVETTE. Oui.

WADSWORTH. Good. (Calling off:) Cook?

(In a flash of thunder/lightning, a formidable COOK, dressed perfectly, appears from the Kitchen.)

COOK. You called, sir?

WADSWORTH. Everything on schedule?

COOK. Dinner will be ready at 7:30. (Revealing a butcher knife on a music sting:) Sharp.

(Just then, the doorbell rings. They look out.)

WADSWORTH. Ah. Right on time. You have your instructions?

YVETTE. Oui.

WADSWORTH. Very well then. Let the game begin.

You'll find your names beside your places. Please be seated.

MUSTARD. (Not yet seated:) This place-at the head of the table-is that for you?

WADSWORTH. Indeed no, sir. I don't sit. I am merely a humble butler.

MUSTARD. What exactly do you do?

WADSWORTH. I buttle, sir.

COOK. (Presenting the meal grandly:) Dinner is served.

WADSWORTH. Thank you, Cook.

(As the GUESTS settle in their seats, YVETTE and COOK serve them soup [off of trays].)

PEACOCK. (Tucking a napkin in at her neck a la a bib:) All right then, what's all this about, butler; this dinner party?

WADSWORTH. "Ours not to reason why, Ours but to do and die ... "

GREEN. (Anxiously:) Die?

WADSWORTH. Merely quoting, sir, from Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

SCARLET. I prefer Kipling myself. (Offering a basket of dinner rolls to MUSTARD) Do you like Kipling, Colonel?

MUSTARD. (Helping himself) Sure, I'll eat anything. So, who is our host? Is this where he sits?

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

(As YVETTE serves soup to PEACOCK-) PEACOCK. What is that smell? It's something ... familiar.

YVETTE. Shark's fin soup.

PEACOCK. (Gleefully:) My favorite!

COOK. (Deliberately:) I know. [Back to Top](#Back_to_top)

**Mr. Boddy** side

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

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

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

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

(They take a wary step away from WHITE.)

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

ALL. What?!

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

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

BODDY. (Recovering:) Unless ...

ALL. Unless, what?

(BODDY refers to his briefcase.) BODDY. You agree to double down.

SCARLET. And why would we agree to that?

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

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

BODDY. Unless ...

ALL. (Including WADSWORTH:) Unless what?!

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

ALL. (Including WADSWORTH:) What?!

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

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

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

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

WADSWORTH. Packages?

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

WADSWORTH. Are you?

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

WADSWORTH. Gladly. (WADSWORTH moves to distribute the gifts.)

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

SCARLET. Perfume?

WHITE. Candy?

PEACOCK. A rare single-malt Scotch whiskey?

BODDY. (With a laugh:) Aren't guessing games fun? Please-open them.

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

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

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

MUSTARD. A Wrench .. .

GREEN. A Lead Pipe .. .

PEACOCK. A Dagger .. .

PLUM. A Revolver ...

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

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

WADSWORTH. You are?

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

GREEN. What do you mean?

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

ALL. Wadsworth?!

WADSWORTH. That's a lie!

BODDY. He may look suave and charming ...

WADSWORTH. Thank you ...

BODDY. But really he's conniving and manipulative.

WADSWORTH. False!

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

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

WADSWORTH. Only because HE instructed me to do so!

BODDY. Did I? Ladies and gentlemen . . . if you can manage to get rid of Mr. Wadsworth, I'll have no need to increase your blackmail or expose you to the police. [Back to Top](#Back_to_top)

**Colonel Mustard**

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

**WADSWORTH.** Um, no.

**MUSTARD.** Then there is someone else in this house?

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

**MUSTARD.** "No," meaning "yes"?

**WADSWORTH.** Yes.

**MUSTARD.** Look, I want a straight answer.

**GREEN.** Don't look at me. (They look at him.)

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

**WADSWORTH**. (WADSWORTH considers this carefully.) Um ... No.

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

**WADSWORTH.** Yes.

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

**WADSWORTH.** There isn't.

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

**WADSWORTH.** Either. Both.

..

**MUSTARD.** Just give me a clear answer.

**WADSWORTH.** What was the question?

**MUSTARD**. Is there anyone else in the house?

**ALL**. Nol

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

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**Miss Scarlet** side

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

SCARLET. (Whispering conspiratorially:) Psst!

MUSTARD. Oh, there you are.

SCARLET. You'll never believe what I found in the hallway. Professor Plum's stupid tobacco pipe!

MUSTARD. Huh. What do you think that means?

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

MUSTARD. I just did.

SCARLET. Honest to God, Colonel. MUSTARD. Hey-what room is this anyway?

SCARLET. Search me.

MUSTARD. (Frisking her:) All right.

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

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

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

MUSTARD. I think this time has been productive nevertheless.

SCARLET. Aren't you a Pollyanna.

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

(SCARLET continues intensely searching.)

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

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

MUSTARD. Odd?

SCARLET. Odd.

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

(A trap door in the floor opens.)

SCARLET. (Gasp:) A trap door! A trap door leading to a secret passage! C'mon!

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

SCARLET. (Rolling her eyes:) How heroic.

MUSTARD. Where are we now?

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

MUSTARD. Well turn them on!

SCARLET. I would if I could see anything! MUSTARD. Well I'm going to feel my way around. SCARLET. Don't get any funny ideas.

MUSTARD. (Feeling:) A table ... SCARLET. (Feeling:) A telephone ... MUSTARD. A chair .. .

SCARLET. A body .. .

(SCARLET and MUSTARD stop dead in their tracks.)

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

SCARLET. Find the door!

MUSTARD. Get me out of here!

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

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

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**Mrs. Peacock** side

(PEACOCK taps her knife against her glass to get the GUESTS' attention. [The waving of her knife is a bit threatening to GREEN beside her.])

PEACOCK. (Tucking a napkin in at her neck a la a bib:) All right then, what's all this about, butler; this dinner party?

WADSWORTH. "Ours not to reason why, Ours but to do and die ... "

GREEN. (Anxiously:) Die?

WADSWORTH. Merely quoting, sir, from Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

SCARLET. I prefer Kipling myself. (Offering a basket of dinner rolls to MUSTARD:)

Do you like Kipling, Colonel?

MUSTARD. (Helping himself) Sure, I'll eat anything. So, who is our host? Is this where he sits?

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

(As YVETTE serves soup to PEACOCK-)

PEACOCK. What is that smell? It's something ... familiar. YVETTE. Shark's fin soup.

PEACOCK. (Gleefully:) My favorite!

COOK. (Deliberately:) I know.

YVETTE. Bon appetit!

(The GUESTS sip their soup. PEACOCK slurps.)

PEACOCK. (Slurping slightly-muttering:) This is delicious. (Slurping louder now-under her breath:)

Oooh, this is yum yum yummy yum yum yum.

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

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

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

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

(The GUESTS stare at her, bewildered.)

GREEN. I know who you are.

PEACOCK. You do?

GREEN. I work in Washington.

PLUM. Washington? (To PEACOCK:) So you must be a politician's wife, Mrs. Peacock?

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

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

PEACOCK. I ... well, he's ... (Deflecting:) Mrs. White, you've been awfully quiet. What does your husband do?

WHITE. Nothing.

PLUM. Nothing?

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

PEACOCK. How lazy!

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**Mrs. White** side

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

WHITE. Say what you want. I didn't kill him. MUSTARD. Then why are you paying the blackmailer? WHITE. I don't want another scandal, do I?

PLUM. Another?

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

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

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

WHITE. It was all over the papers.

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

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

(She gestures in the direction of her groin. They all react.) But, I didn't do it. I'd been out all evening, at the movies.

SCARLET. What was showing?

WHITE. The Naked Alibi.

SCARLET. A likely story.

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

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

WADSWORTH. But he never reappeared.

WHITE. He wasn't a very good illusionist.

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WADSWORTH. We're listening, Colonel. Who do you accuse? (MUSTARD holds high White's veil.)

MUSTARD. It was MRS. WHITE, IN THE BILLIARD ROOM, WITH THE ROPE!

WHITE. I'd rather die!

MUSTARD. I found your veil in the Billiard Room! And I saw how you cringed tonight when Yvette served you dinner.

WHITE. Yes, it's true, I knew 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 ... But just because I hated her, doesn't mean I killed her!

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**Professor Plum** side

(WADSWORTH opens the door [music sting] to find PROFESSOR PLUM [smoking a pipe} with MISS SCARLET [smoking a long, thin cigarette] standing behind him.)

WADSWORTH. Good evening.

PLUM. (Reading authoritatively from his letter in the doorway:) "Please arrive at 7:30 sharp on Saturday evening." (A glance to his watch:) Well, here I am ...

WADSWORTH. Professor Plum.

PLUM. If you say so.

SCARLET. (Stepping in more fully:) Well, well, well. And I thought I'd seen everything ...

WADSWORTH. Miss Scarlet. Welcome. I didn't realize you and the Professor were acquainted.

SCARLET. We're not.

(SCARLET continues as PLUM gives his coat to COOK. He wears an academic suit. If he weren't so off putting, he'd be charming.)

SCARLET. The bridge is washed out from the rain. My car broke down, and this Professor offered to give me a ride.

PLUM. (Smarmily to GREEN:) I'm hoping she'll return the favor one day.

SCARLET. Subtle. (Back to WADSWORTH.) I didn't realize we were headed to the same place until ... we arrived.

WADSWORTH. (To PLUM:) How was your drive?

PLUM. It's a long haul.

WADSWORTH. Indeed, it is a long hall. But then, it's a very large house.

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

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

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

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

PLUM. I take no credit, Mrs. Peacock. (Re: the book:) Freud. I think he's on to something.

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

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

PEACOCK. I suppose you're right.

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

PEACOCK. I haven't been excited by something in a bedroom for years. [Back to Top](#Back_to_top)

**Mr. Green** side

GREEN. So, you're just gonna keep blackmailing us and we're all supposed to pretend this never happened?

WADSWORTH. Of course. Why not?

GREEN. I'll tell you why not. Larry Goodman! FBI! (He draws a gun.)

GREEN. The jig is up!

(They gasp [except WADSWORTH].)

WADSWORTH. Or is it?! (WADSWORTH turns and shoots GREEN! GREEN dodges with Matrix-esque finesse.)

GREEN. (Smugly:) Missed me. (GREEN trains his gun on WADSWORTH, who is genuinely now frightened.)

MUSTARD. You're FBI?!

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

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

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

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

GREEN. It's all here. (Pulling from a pocket:) Miss Scarlet's books-including client names and dates of "service," proving she's one of D.C.'s top madams and justifying why she killed the Cop-who's listed here, on her payroll.

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

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

PLUM. That's private property!

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

PLUM. Now see here ...

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

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

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

And these negatives ...

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**Motorist** side

(The Front Door.)

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

WADSWORTH. (Screaming:) Not now!

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

GREEN. Was that the killer?!

WHITE. He didn't look like a killer.

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

MUSTARD. Leave him to me. Interrogation is my specialty. (MUSTARD opens the door.)

MUSTARD. How do you do?

MOTORIST. I'm sorry ... (As he enters, searching for words.) I didn't mean to disturb the whole household, but my car broke down out here, and I was wondering if I could use your phone.

MUSTARD. (Accusatorially:) Are you a killer?

MOTORIST. What? No!

MUSTARD. (Entirely convinced:) All right. (Showing him in:) This way please.

(As the others start to protest ...)

MOTORIST. Thank you. (He steps fully into the mansion.)

MOTORIST. Well? Where is it?

MUSTARD. What? The body? (The others gasp!)

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

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

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

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

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

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

MOTORIST. Alrighty then.

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

WADSWORTH. Right through this door.

MOTORIST. Thank you.

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**Cop** side

(KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.)

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

COP. It's the police!

(EVERYONE gasps!) GREEN. I'm going to open the door.

ALL.No!

GREEN. It's the decent thing to do. (Hes run up to the front door, the GUESTS at his heels.)

COP. Open the door!

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

COP. Good evening, sir.

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

COP. You have?

GREEN. We haven't?

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

ALL. No.

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

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

ALL.No!

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

PLUM. Occupied.

GREEN. Uhhh ...

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

COP. You're all acting rather peculiar.

WADSWORTH. It's because our chandelier fell down.

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

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

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

WADSWORTH. Lounging. Studying. This way ...

COP. Let me have a look.

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**Chief of Police** side

(He opens the door. The CHIEF OF POLICE and his BACKUP COP enter, guns and badge revealed, stepping over the dead SINGING TELEGRAM GIRL on their way in.)

WADSWORTH. Officers. (Pointing at PLUM:) There's your man.

CHIEF. Well done, Wadsworth!

GREEN. That's what I said!

CHIEF. Yes, well, I'm saying it now. I'm Hank Cuffs, Chief of Police.

(Disarming/cuffing PLUM:)

And Professor Plum, you're coming with me.

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WADSWORTH. The Rope is missing. Gentlemen, turn out your pockets. Ladies ...

(WHITE pulls out the Rope with a yelp. They gasp as she waves it threateningly.)

GREEN. Well done, Wadsworth!

(COPS burst in, faster now.)

CHIEF. (Nearly at the same time:) Well done, Wadsworth!

GREEN. That's what I said!

CHIEF. (Nearly at the same time:) Yes, well, I'm saying it now. Mark M'Words, Chief of Police. ·

(Disarming/cuffing WHITE:)

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WADSWORTH. Gentlemen, turn out your pockets ...

(PEACOCK reveals a Dagger with a shout.)

GREEN/CHIEF. Well done, Wadsworth!

(COPS enter on GREEN's line, disarming and cuffing PEACOCK.)

GREEN/CHIEF. That's what I said! Yes, well, I'm saying it now.

CHIEF. I'm Barry D. Hatchett.

ALL. Chief of Police!

PEACOCK. But that's not how it happened!

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**Singing Telegram Girl** side

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

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

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

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

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

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