

CLUE On Stage

By Sandy Rustin, Jonathan Lynn, Hunter Foster & Eric Price

February 12, 13, 14, 19, 20, 21

Little Theatre of Owatonna, Owatonna, MN

AUDITION FORM

(Please Print Legibly)

Zackery Knapton, Artistic Director

Sandee Hardy-Hagen, Technical Director

Name: _____

(As you would like it to appear in the program)

Age: _____ Height: _____ Gender: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Best Time of Day to Reach You: _____

Have you Read, Seen, or Performed in this Play Before:

Read _____ Seen _____ Performed _____

What Role? _____

Role(s) You are Auditioning For _____

Will you accept another role? Yes _____ No _____

For Women Only:

Can you do a French Accent?

Yes, Of Course _____

I've Never Tried _____

No, but willing to learn _____

For Men Only:

Do you have Facial Hair? Yes _____ No _____

If yes, would you be willing to shave? Yes _____ No _____

If no, would you be willing to grow it? Yes _____ No _____

For Everyone:

What age are you willing to play? _____

Are you willing to cut your hair? Yes _____ No _____

Are you willing to dye your hair? Yes _____ No _____

Do you wear eyeglasses Yes _____ No _____

If so, can you see well enough without them to perform on stage? Yes _____ No _____

RECENT THEATRE EXPERIENCE OR ROLES

_____ Theatre _____ Year _____

Anything else you'd like us to know?

Please look at the Rehearsal/Performance Schedule. What dates would you not be available? (Full Schedule Available at Auditions)

If you are not cast in the show, would you be willing to work in the crew?

Yes _____ No _____

If so, in what capacity? Circle any that apply

Props Back-stage crew Set Costumes Usher
Lighting Publicity Make-up Hair Painting
Sound General Awesomeness Other: _____

How did you hear about our auditions?

Newspaper Facebook LTO Website Friend
Other: _____

Emergency Contact:

Name: _____

Parent or Guardian info (If Under 18): _____

Phone: _____ Relationship: _____

Signature: _____ Date: _____

*Background checks are performed every three years and will be done on all new volunteers at no cost to the volunteers.
Thank you for auditioning!*

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 loyal and sexy French maid.

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

MRS. PEACOCK, the wealthy 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 arrogant academic, easily impressed by himself.

MR. GREEN, a timid yet officious rule follower. He’s awfully anxious.

ENSEMBLE WOMAN:

THE COOK, a gruff woman with a threatening presence. (Alive and Dead.)

SINGING TELEGRAM GIRL, a tap dancer with a heart of gold. (Alive and Dead.)

ENSEMBLE MAN 1:

MR. BODDY, a slick, Frank Sinatra, film noir-esque type fella. (Alive and Dead.)

THE MOTORIST, a benign gentleman who rings the wrong doorbell. (Alive and Dead.)

CHIEF OF POLICE, a cop who helps to save the day.

ENSEMBLE MAN 2:

THE “BROKEN DOWN CAR” COP, a regular Joe. (Alive and Dead.)

BACKUP COP, backup for the chief.

NOTE: A 3rd Ensemble Man will be cast. One Ensemble Man will take the role of Mr. Boddy and Cop. The Other will be The Motorist and Chief of Police.

WADSWORTH. Yvette?

(YVETTE yelps, startled!)

NEWSCASTER.

(The broadcast continues under the dialogue until the TV is turned off:)

In a letter to his brother, however, Eisenhower explains, "As for McCarthy—only a short-sighted or completely inexperienced individual would urge the use of the office of the presidency to give an opponent the publicity he so avidly desires."

YVETTE.

Monsieur! I didn't hear you come in! You frightened me half to death!

WADSWORTH. Wouldn't want to do that. There are so many better ways to die. Please turn off that noise.

(YVETTE turns off the TV—cutting off the news.)

WADSWORTH. Is everything ready?

YVETTE. Oui.

WADSWORTH. *(Calling off:)* Good. Cook?

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

COOK. You called, sir?

WADSWORTH. Everything on schedule?

COOK. Dinner will be ready at 7:30.

(Revealing a butcher knife:)

Sharp.

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

WADSWORTH. *(Glancing at his pocket watch:)* Ah. Right on time. You have your instructions?

(They all assume their positions.)

WADSWORTH. Let the game begin.

(YVETTE pushes off the TV stand. COOK shields her knife. WADSWORTH smooths his hair.)

[MUSIC CUE #2]

Scene 1

(The Hall / The Lounge.)

(Dogs bark. Rain storms.)

(The ominous music takes on a new tone, underscoring the following "introductions" almost as if we're in a musical. Almost.)

(WADSWORTH straightens his jacket and grandly opens the front door.)

[MUSIC CUE #3]

(COLONEL MUSTARD, officious, stands in the doorway, shielding himself from the rain. He wears a decorated Colonel's uniform.)

WADSWORTH. Good evening.

MUSTARD. *(Entering fully:)* Good evening. I'm not sure if I'm in the right—

WADSWORTH. Yes, indeed you are expected, Colonel.

MUSTARD. How do you— *(know who I am?)*

WADSWORTH. *(Interrupting:)* It is Colonel Mustard, isn't it?

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

WADSWORTH. *(Interrupting:)* May I take your coat?

MUSTARD. *(Handing over his coat:)* Oh. All right, I suppose I . . .

(As WADSWORTH takes his coat, YVETTE, who has wheeled on a bar cart, now pops open a bottle of champagne, startling MUSTARD who yelps.)

WADSWORTH. Not to worry, Colonel. It's just the maid, in the Hall, with the champagne cork.

YVETTE. Champagne?

MUSTARD. *(Taking the glass, flummoxed:)* Oh, uh, don't mind if I . . .

YVETTE. *(Interrupting:)* Zis way Monsieur.

(YVETTE escorts MUSTARD to the Lounge. As MUSTARD enters . . . The doorbell interrupts.)

MUSTARD. Are you expecting someone else?

WADSWORTH. Indeed. We'll be with you in a moment.

(WADSWORTH shuts MUSTARD in the Lounge; the interior is visible to the audience.)

(WADSWORTH straightens his jacket, smooths his hair, glances at his watch and opens the front 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 #4]

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

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

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

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

(WADSWORTH removes WHITE's coat, black with a brilliant white inside.)

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

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

[MUSIC CUE #5]

(Music sting. The women flinch.)

WADSWORTH. I see you two know each other.

(WHITE turns away from YVETTE with dramatic flare.)

YVETTE. (Cheekily:) Champagne?

WHITE. (Pointedly:) I think not.

WADSWORTH. (Showing WHITE to the Lounge:) Please, make yourself comfortable in the Lounge. I'll be right with you.

(WADSWORTH opens the door. WHITE steps inside the Lounge, startling MUSTARD.)

WHITE. Oh. Hello.

MUSTARD. Hello. Pleased to meet you.

WHITE. I'm rarely pleased to meet anyone.

(Doorbell rings again, surprising WHITE.)

WHITE. More?

WADSWORTH. Oh, yes.

(WADSWORTH shuts the Lounge door.)

(Dogs bark. Rain storms. YVETTE opens the front door.)

[MUSIC CUE #6]

(MRS. PEACOCK, middle-aged, wealthy, and batty, stands covered in jewels, a foxtail fur stole, and a hat of peacock feathers, shielding herself from the rain.)

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

(As PEACOCK enters . . .)

WADSWORTH. Mrs. Peacock, I presume.

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

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

(PEACOCK turns to give COOK her coat, recognizes COOK and flinches! Music sting.)

[MUSIC CUE #7]

WADSWORTH. I see you two know each other.

(The women turn away from each other with dramatic flare.)

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

COOK. (Deliberately—offering:) Champagne?

PEACOCK. My lips belong to the Lord!

WADSWORTH. Please, come warm yourself in the Lounge.

PEACOCK. Thank you.

(As WADSWORTH escorts her to the Lounge, PEACOCK reveals a lavishly wrapped box of chocolates.)

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

WADSWORTH. How . . . sticky.

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

(The doorbell rings, interrupting PEACOCK.)

WADSWORTH. Hold that thought.

(WADSWORTH shuts PEACOCK in the Lounge. She is startled to notice WHITE and MUSTARD.)

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

WHITE. Welcome to the party.

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

(Dogs bark. Rain storms. WADSWORTH opens the front door.)

[MUSIC CUE #8]

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

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

(The door remains open and the dogs bark wildly.)

WADSWORTH. *(To dogs:)* Sit!

(GREEN frantically sits. Dogs stop barking.)

WADSWORTH. No. Not you, sir.

(GREEN sheepishly stands up, entering more fully.)

GREEN. Oh . . . excuse me. I suppose this letter has me rather anxious.

WADSWORTH. You must be Mr. Green.

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

WADSWORTH. Welcome, sir.

(The doorbell rings once more.)

WADSWORTH. Pardon me, sir.

(WADSWORTH opens the door.)

[MUSIC CUE #9]

(MISS SCARLET and PROFESSOR PLUM burst through the doorway.)

(Despite the unruly entrance, SCARLET appears elegant. If she weren't such a hopeless broad, she'd be classy. In the doorway, she inhales a long thin cigarette in a fancy cigarette holder.)

(PLUM, smoking a pipe, wears glasses and an academic suit. If he weren't so off-putting, he'd be charming. He pushes past SCARLET and reads authoritatively from his letter in the doorway.)

PLUM. "Please arrive at 7:30 sharp on Saturday evening." Well, here I am . . .

WADSWORTH. *(A formal bow:)* Professor Plum.

PLUM. *(With a "whatever you say, kid" air:)* Sure.

SCARLET. *(Stepping in more fully—taking it in:)* 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.

(They give their coats to YVETTE. SCARLET looks positively Hollywood in a provocative velvet dress.)

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

PLUM. *(Smarmily:)* 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. *(As he looks around:)* It's a long haul.

WADSWORTH. *(Looking around as well:)* Indeed, it is a long hall. But then, it's a very large house. This way please.

(WADSWORTH points the way to the Lounge. SCARLET absorbs the grandeur of the manor.)

SCARLET. Say . . . what is this godforsaken place anyway?

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

(Thunder/lightning. They jump. GREEN more so than the others.)

WADSWORTH. Cook. Dinner?

COOK. Directly.

[MUSIC CUE #10]

(COOK moves to exit.)

WADSWORTH. *(Showing SCARLET, PLUM, and GREEN to the Lounge:)* Appetizers in the Lounge. After you.

(WADSWORTH opens the door to the Lounge, allowing them to enter.)

SCARLET. *(Noticing the others:)* My, my, this really is a party.

PLUM. Well, greetings all. It's a pleasure for you to see me.

(Noticing drinks, he helps himself:)

Oooh, cocktail hour!

GREEN. There are so many of you—I didn't realize . . .

WADSWORTH. *(Interrupting:)* Right. Good then. You're all here.

(As he mentions each GUEST by name, they strike a telling pose.)

[MUSIC CUE #11]

WADSWORTH. Colonel Mustard. Miss Scarlet. Mrs. White. Professor Plum. Mr. Green. Mrs. Peacock.

(With a formal bow:)

Greetings. I am Wadsworth, the butler.

MUSTARD / GREEN / PLUM. PEACOCK / SCARLET / WHITE.
Hello. How'd you do?

WADSWORTH. Tonight, as you may have surmised, nobody is being addressed by their real name. A courtesy your host has provided to ensure your privacy. I suggest you follow his lead and refrain from revealing too much about yourselves this evening. You never know when—

(COOK strikes gong, interrupting. They jump! GREEN spills champagne all over himself.)

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

GREEN. *(Wiping himself up:)* Oh, sorry. Sorry. I'm a bit clumsy, I suppose.

SCARLET. Mr. Wadsworth, you were saying . . . "You never know when" . . . what?

WADSWORTH. What?

SCARLET. What?

WADSWORTH. Hm?

(Then—showing the way:)

This way please.

PLUM. That was more like a cocktail minute!

(YVETTE has handed GREEN a fresh glass of champagne just in time for the sound of the gong again. They jump! GREEN spills his drink again.)

WADSWORTH. We really oughtn't keep her waiting. Cook can get cranky. Follow me, please. The Dining Room is right this way.

[MUSIC CUE #12]

(The CAST moves from the Lounge to the Dining Room.)

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

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

(They gasp.)

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

WADSWORTH. You are?

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

GREEN. What do you mean?

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

ALL. Wadsworth?!

WADSWORTH. That's a lie!

BODDY. He may look suave and charming . . .

WADSWORTH. Thank you . . .

BODDY. But really he's conniving and manipulative.

WADSWORTH. False!

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

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

WADSWORTH. Only because *HE* instructed me to do so!

BODDY. Did I?

(The GUESTS are thoroughly confused.)

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

PLUM. Get rid of?

PEACOCK. You mean . . . kill him?!

BODDY. If you can *eliminate* Wadsworth . . .

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

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

WADSWORTH. You would never!

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

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

WADSWORTH. After all I've done for you!

(To GUESTS:)

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

BODDY. A familiar refrain.

(Darkly:)

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

(To GUESTS:)

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

(He switches off the lights. BLACKNESS. Thuds. Gasps. Screams. A GUNSHOT. Chaos. The lights are switched back on.)

(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?!

(They rush to him, in a hubbub, examining him in inappropriate ways.)

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

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

PLUM. He's dead.

WHITE. Who had the gun?

MUSTARD. Yvette?! Are you alive?!

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

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

(Turning to WADSWORTH:)

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

WHITE. So the murderer is here?

YVETTE. Oui!

GREEN. Where?

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

(PEACOCK enters, out of breath.)

YVETTE. Or *her* . . .

MUSTARD. What took you so long?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MUSTARD. What body?

ALL. Boddy's body!!

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

YVETTE. Because I was frightened! I *also* drank ze cognac. Maybe I am poisoned too! Mon dieu!

(She starts to weep. PLUM goes to comfort her.)

PLUM. Don't worry, I'll protect you. I'm a doctor.

(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:)* 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 you did. I would have killed him myself, but I didn't have access to a weapon.

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 #19]

(WADSWORTH leads as the GUESTS run to the Kitchen.)

[REDACTED]

MOTORIST. Well? Where is it?

WADSWORTH. What? The body?

(The others gasp!)

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

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

(WADSWORTH 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. All righty then.

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

WADSWORTH. Right through this door.

MOTORIST. Thank you.

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

WADSWORTH. *(To GUESTS with renewed intense urgency:)* Now listen . . . our task is twofold. ONE: Find the evidence! TWO: Find the murderer!

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! We'll split up into pairs. That way none of us will be alone.

PLUM. But if we split up into pairs, whichever one of us is paired with the killer might get killed!

YVETTE. Mon dieu!

MUSTARD. But then we would have discovered who the murderer is!

PEACOCK. But the other half of the pair would be dead!

MUSTARD. This is war, Peacock! Casualties are inevitable. You cannot make an omelette 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.

MUSTARD. All right, troops. Divide and conquer. I'll split us into pairs. Eenie-meenie-miney . . .

WADSWORTH. (*In rhythm—as if the “moe”:*) No!

(*Then:*)

Mrs. White, you come with me. Professor Plum, you're with Mrs. Peacock. Yvette, you go with Mr. Green; and Miss. Scarlet you're with Eenie-Meenie.

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

WADSWORTH. We'll remember you fondly! Let's go!

(*They go!*)

[**MUSIC CUE #25**]

Scene 8

(*The Hall.*)

(*Lights shift. The pairs search the house. They search the house through an elaborate musical montage of choreographed, door-slamming tomfoolery, punctuated by brief vignettes:*)

(*YVETTE and GREEN in the Hall.*)

(*GREEN opens the Study door. [BODDY and COOK still lie dead on the sofa.]*)

GREEN. Just checking.

YVETTE. Everyzing all right?

GREEN. Yep. Two corpses. Everything's fine.

YVETTE. Oh good.

GREEN. Good?! Did you even hear me?! There are two corpses in there! Nothing's fine! God, I hate searching this house!

(Focus shifts to: WHITE and WADSWORTH in the Hall facing a door.)

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

WADSWORTH. That's why I'm nervous.

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

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

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

(They face two doors, side by side. They don't go in.)

WHITE. Are you going in?

WADSWORTH. Yes, are you?

WHITE. Yes.

(They don't move.)

WADSWORTH. *(A beat and then:)* On the count of three. Three!

(They quickly open their respective doors, enter their rooms, shut their doors, wait approximately half a second and then jump out simultaneously, slamming the doors behind them.)

WHITE. Nothing in that room.

WADSWORTH. Nothing in there either.

(They deeply inhale and exhale. Relaxed.)

(Just then an insane cuckoo bird juts out of a cuckoo clock positioned on the wall between the two doors, scaring them both half to death.)

(They scream/jump.)

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

PEACOCK. *(Hysterical:)* How can I find anything if I don't even know what I'm looking for!

(PEACOCK takes a flask out of her pocket and guzzles while PLUM reads a book.)

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

PEACOCK. Now is not the time for academic pursuits!

(PLUM notices and pulls a cigarette from a cigarette holder off a shelf.)

PLUM. (*Re: the cigarette:*) Huh. These look like the cigarettes Miss Scarlet smokes.

[MUSIC CUE #26]

(PLUM has inadvertently triggered the reveal of an elaborate, FBI-style secret panel plastered with headshots and notes detailing the guests' crimes. If PEACOCK and PLUM noticed it, it would explain everything. But . . .)

PLUM. (*Re: the cigarettes:*) Welp, I think we've found the most compelling thing we could possibly find in here. Let's go.

(As PEACOCK takes another swig, they exit the Library.)

(The music shifts to sinister, as we find the MOTORIST on the phone, locked in the Lounge.)

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 I think one of them is my customer.

(A DARK FIGURE appears behind the MOTORIST with a raised Wrench . . .)

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

[MUSIC CUE #27]

(The Wrench comes down on the MOTORIST's head. Blackout.)

(After the death of the MOTORIST, the GUESTS' search of the manor builds to a frenzied, mysterious, yet hilarious, climax.)

(Lights shift to SCARLET and MUSTARD in the Conservatory.)

(Please note: after the above search, PLUM no longer has his pipe, SCARLET no longer has her cigarette, MUSTARD is missing his medal of honor, and WHITE no longer has her veil.)

Scene 9

(The Conservatory.)

(Scene shifts to SCARLET and MUSTARD [each holding their found clue] searching the Conservatory.)

MUSTARD. What room is this?

SCARLET. Search me.

MUSTARD. *(Frisking her:)* OK.

SCARLET. 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.

(Revealing WHITE's veil:)

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.

(Revealing PLUM's pipe:)

And I found Professor Plum's stupid tobacco pipe abandoned in the hallway. Seems suspicious if you ask me.

(SCARLET gestures, accidentally touching a trigger on the wall which now reveals a secret passage. Startled, SCARLET screams!)

MUSTARD. *(Oblivious to the secret passage – but scared by SCARLET's scream:)* Duck and cover! Murder! Murder!

SCARLET. There's no murder, Colonel Smarty-Pants! It's just a passage!

MUSTARD. *(Sheepishly:)* Classic misunderstanding.

SCARLET. A secret passage! C'mon!

MUSTARD. *(Clearing his throat—gesturing for her to go first:)* Uh . . . Ladies first, Miss Scarlet.

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

(SCARLET steps into the passage, MUSTARD follows her, timidly. The passage closes behind them. Lights shift back to the Lounge.)

Scene 10

(The Lounge.)

(Lights shift. A painting opens and SCARLET and MUSTARD climb out of it. The room is dark. SCARLET and MUSTARD are unaware of the dead MOTORIST in the chair.)

(Please note: SCARLET and MUSTARD may now be substituted by an AUXILIARY MAN and WOMAN, dressed as SCARLET and MUSTARD. If this trick is pursued, the lighting is such that we can't see their faces and the real SCARLET and MUSTARD continue their dialogue from offstage or via pre-recorded voiceover.)

MUSTARD. Where are we?

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 light next to the dead MOTORIST.)

[MUSIC CUE #28]

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 #29]

(The door of the Lounge is 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 colliding ridiculously outside the door – then recovering quickly to shout . . .)

ALL GUESTS. 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!

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!

ALL. Gone?!

YVETTE. I have an idea!

(YVETTE runs offstage.)

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

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

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

(Just as he starts to run full speed for the door, YVETTE, runs on holding the gun, shouting nearly simultaneously.)

YVETTE. Stand back! I'm a woman!

(YVETTE and PLUM run into each other! The gun YVETTE holds goes off as she falls backwards, firing upwards. The chandelier above starts slowly revolving – unnoticed by those below.)

[MUSIC CUE #30]

PLUM. Is anybody shot?!

(They all check themselves for a gunshot wound.)

ALL. *(Ad-lib:)* I'm OK. / No shot, here. / I'm all right. *(Etc.)*

GREEN. Oh, thank God. I don't think I could take any more *(shocks).*

(Before he can finish his sentence, the chandelier falls on GREEN! EVERYONE screams!)