PEACOCK:

Well, somebody's got to break the ice, might as well be me. I mean, I'm used to being a hostess, it's part of my husband's work, so I'm perfectly prepared to get the ball rolling, I mean, I have absolutely no idea what we're all doing here but I'm determined to enjoy myself and I'm very intrigued and oh,my, this soup is *delicious*, isn't it?

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.

START

spread throughout the study.

WHITE. It's Mr. Boddy!

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

SCARLET. Is he breathing?!

They rush to him in a hubbub.

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

They move back. Plum gives Boddy a cursory examination.

He's dead.

WHITE. Who had the gun?

PLUM. I did.

PEACOCK. So you shot him!

PLUM. I didn't!

PEACOCK. If you didn't, who did?

PLUM. Somebody grabbed it from my hand, and the next thing I knew there was a shot!

Wadsworth turns Boddy over.

WADSWORTH. There's no gunshot wound.

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

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

MUSTARD. Eagle eye, Miss Scarlet.

GREEN. Well, if the bullet's over there, then how did he die over here?

PLUM. I don't know! I'm not a forensics expert.

SCARLET. Something else must have killed him.

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

They all look at each other—and their weapons—nervously aware that a murderer is present amongst them.

GREEN. Well, don't look at me! I didn't do it!

ALL. *(Joining in; ad-libbing.)* Me neither! / I didn't do it! / What're you looking at me for?! *(Etc.)*

Peacock, unable to find a drink elsewhere, goes to Boddy's body (who is still holding a goblet).

PEACOCK. I need a drink!

She pries the goblet from Boddy's dead hand, raises it to her lips... She downs it just as...

PLUM. Maybe Mr. Boddy was poisoned by the brandy!

Peacock spits out the brandy!

PEACOCK. *(Screaming.)* Poison!?!

Peacock continues to scream. Green tries to comfort her...

GREEN. There, there, Mrs. Peacock—

She still screams.

I'm sure you'll be just fine—

She still screams.

There's nothing to—

Scarlet takes over, pushing Green out of the way. She slaps Peacock, who falls onto the sofa, silenced, as the guests gasp.

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

PLUM. *(To Green.)* Was the brandy poisoned?

GREEN. How should I know?

SCARLET. Looks like now we'll never know.

GREEN. Unless *she* dies too.

They all hurry over to the sofa and stare at Peacock. Suddenly someone (Yvette) screams from another part of the house. They all look out, terror on their faces.

START

WHITE. Who would do such a thing?

PLUM. Takes a lotta guts to kill someone twice.

SCARLET. It's what we call overkill.

GREEN. But 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*!

Referencing the Lead Pipe in Boddy's head.

PLUM. Seems like it was probably the Lead Pipe.

WADSWORTH. Ten points, Professor Plum.

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

WADSWORTH. This isn't a game!

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

GREEN. But I dropped it while running to the Kitchen!

PLUM. People don't just drop murder weapons!

GREEN. I didn't know it was a murder weapon when I dropped it!

WHITE. So anyone could have picked it up?

WADSWORTH. *(Becoming unhinged.)* Yes of course, but who did?!? Who did pick up the Lead Pipe? Who picked up the Lead Pipe and brutally murdered Mr. Boddy, leaving him dead and bloodied in the bathroom? Who did that? Who?! Who?!?! Who?!?!?!

SCARLET. *(From the desk.)* Cool it, Butler! While you lose your marbles, I'm over here trying to do something useful! Have you all forgotten about the evidence against us?

ALL. The evidence!

They move toward Scarlet. Scarlet twists to

END

GREEN

START

WHITE. He wasn't a very good [illegible]

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

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

WADSWORTH. What's that?

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

MUSTARD. Not me.

GREEN. I beg your pardon?

MUSTARD. You asked, "Who is a homosexual," and I said, not me.

Green and Wadsworth share a baffled moment.

WADSWORTH. Yes, thank you, Colonel. *(To Green.)* But, there's more to it than that, Mr. Green.

GREEN. How do you mean?

WADSWORTH. There's evidence to support the question of… your politics.

GREEN. My politics?! Since when is working for the Republican party a crime?

WADSWORTH. You swore an oath of allegiance to the Republican

party, but neglected to vote for Eisenhower in the last election. That's grounds for an ousting if ever there was one.

GREEN. But voting records are confidential!

PEACOCK. Everything has its price, Mr. Green.

WADSWORTH. We might be overthinking this. *(Then.)* I'm going to throw away the key. Follow me.

Transition music as the guests run toward the front door as the Hall wall flies up.

Scene 8

The Front Door.

Wadsworth leads Yvette and the guests toward the front door. He opens the door to throw away the safe key, but shockingly, a motorist stands at the door, poised to knock. The guests scream.

WADSWORTH. *(Screaming.)* Not now!

Wadsworth slams the door in the Motorist's face. The guests are breathless with fear.

GREEN. Was that the killer?!

WHITE. He didn't look like a killer.

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

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

Mustard opens the door.

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 then. This way please.

He shows him in as the others start to protest...

MOTORIST. Thank you.

He steps fully into the mansion.

Well? Where is it?

MUSTARD. What? The body?

The others gasp!

MOTORIST. The phone. *(Realizing.)* 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 toward it. Everyone realizes that's where the bodies are!

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

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

MOTORIST. Alrighty then.

Wadsworth brings the Motorist to the door of the Lounge as the others look on.

WADSWORTH. Right through this door.

MOTORIST. Thank you.

Wadsworth opens the door, lets the Motorist in. Closes and locks the door. Mustard has simultaneously poked his head into the Study so that as Wadsworth turns around he notices...

WADSWORTH. Everything all right?

MUSTARD. *(Shutting the door behind him.)* Yep. Two corpses. Everything's fine.

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

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

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. *(Officious.)* All right, troops. Divide and conquer. I'll split us into pairs. *(Now childish.)* One potato, two potato, three pota...

WADSWORTH. *(Interrupting, completing the rhyme.)* No more! *(Then taking the reins.)* 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 Mr. Potato Head.

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

WADSWORTH. We'll remember you fondly. Now, leave no door unopened. And...cherish your partner. This might be the last person you ever see.

They go!

WHITE

START

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

He charges toward Green but spins on a dime at the last moment to...

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

SCARLET. *(Laughing.)* That's why he's lying on his back all day! He's in a coffin.

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

MUSTARD. Then why are you paying the blackmailer?

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

PLUM. Another?

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

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

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

They all react with understanding.

WHITE. It was all over the papers.

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

WHITE. He was found dead at home. Unclothed. *(Then.)* 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.

END

MUSTARD. What took you so long?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MUSTARD. What body?

ALL. Boddy's body!!

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

YVETTE. Because I was frightened! I also drank ze Cognac. Maybe I am poisoned too! *(And more to the point.)* Plus, one of you is ze killer! Monsieur Boddy is dead!

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!

GREEN. Who else could it have been?

WHITE. Who else is in the house?

YVETTE. Only ze Cook.