

Part 1

PEACOCK. *(Harshly whispering.)* You're disgusting.
WADSWORTH. Are you making moral judgements, Mrs. Peacock?
PEACOCK. Well, I --

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

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

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

SCARLET. I'd say it stinks.

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

GREEN ~~Peacock~~. So, it's true!

PEACOCK. No, it's a vicious lie!

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

PEACOCK. Now see here --

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

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

SCARLET. Not me.

WADSWORTH. You're not being blackmailed?

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

GREEN ~~Peacock~~. What did you do?

SCARLET. I run a non-governmental agency that handles... classified affairs.

PEACOCK. Affairs? In Washington?

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

MUSTARD. Certainly not!

GREEN. I was asking Miss Scarlet.

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

SCARLET. "It's not true."

GREEN ~~Peacock~~. 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.

end

Sc. 1
Peacock/
Wadsworth/
Scarlet/
Mustard/
Green

Start

SCARLET. *(Whispering conspiratorially.)* Pssst!

MUSTARD. Oh, there you are.

SCARLET. You'll never believe what I found in the hallway.

(Showing.)

Professor Plum's stupid tobacco pipe!

MUSTARD. Huh. What do you think that means?

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

MUSTARD. I just did.

SCARLET. Honestly, Colonel.

(Moving on.)

This is the last room left to search in this beastly mansion and 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 really enjoyed our time together. I hope after this expedition 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 why 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 he like a lever.)

(A trap door in the floor opens.)

SCARLET. *(Gasps.)* A trap door!

(Then.)

A trap door leading to a secret passage!

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

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

end

Sc. 2
Scarlet
Mustard

Wadsworth / Scarlet

Sc. 3

WADSWORTH. (Changing focus.) Let's see, who's next? (He charges towards GREEN but spins on a dime at the last moment to...)

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

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

SCARLET. Then why are you paying the blackmailler?

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

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. ~~He~~ His head had been cut off! But, I didn't do it. I'd been out all evening, at the movies.

SCARLET. What was showing?

WHITE. The Naked Aibi.

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*

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!

PLUM. 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!

PLUM. So the murderer is here?

YVETTE. Oui!

WADSWORTH. Where?

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

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 Boddie asked me to record your conversation!

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?

PLUM. What body?

YVETTE. ~~What body?~~

WADSWORTH. 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!

(And more to the point.)

Plus, one of you is ze killer! Monsieur Boddie is dead!

Sc. 4

Wadsworth

Yvette

end