

Miss Scarlet #1

Clue: On Stage

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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. (*Crossed 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]

Start
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STOP

miss Scarlet #2

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

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.)

start
▷

STOP

MISS SCARLET #3

Chic: On Stage

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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—**STOP** 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.)

STAY
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