

Prof. Plum #1

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

GREEN. Yes...

(The door remains open and the dogs are still barking wildly.)

WADSWORTH. *(To dogs:)* Sit!

(GREEN frantically sits on the loveseat. Dogs stop barking.)

WADSWORTH. No. Not you, sir.

(GREEN sheepishly stands up.)

GREEN. Oh... Excuse me. I'm rather clumsy at parties, I'm afraid.

WADSWORTH. Not to worry, sir.

GREEN. *(Wiping his nose:)* Oh dear. Is there a cat? I'm afraid I'm highly allergic.

MUSTARD. *(To WADSWORTH:)* Give him a pseudonym. *(To GREEN:)* Clears it right up.

(MUSTARD inhales deeply again.)

WADSWORTH. *(Prompting:)* Cook? Coat?

COOK. *(Still wielding the knife—to GREEN:)* Kindly.

(GREEN, spooked, hands over his coat to the COOK.)

(Lightning crashes, illuminating the house. The doorbell rings once more. All look to the door. Then out, impossibly fast, WADSWORTH goes to the door, opens it. MISS SCARLET and PROFESSOR PLUM burst through the doorway, nearly knocking over WADSWORTH. He tumbles down the stairs.)

[MUSIC CUE #12]

(Despite the unruly entrance, SCARLET appears elegant. If she weren't such a hopeless broad, she'd be classy. She inhales a long thin cigarette in a fancy cigarette holder. PLUM wears a plum-colored beret. If he weren't such an arrogant cad, he'd be charming.)

PROFESSOR PLUM. Greetings all. It's a pleasure for you to see me.

WADSWORTH. *(Struggling to his feet:)* Ah! Professor Plum! Miss Scarlet. Welcome. I didn't realize you were acquainted.

SCARLET. We weren't.

(SCARLET and PLUM dump their coats on WADSWORTH.)

(SCARLET, red headed, looks positively Hollywood in a provocative velvet green dress. PLUM, in his black tuxedo with plum-colored cummerbund and bow-tie, is quite the debonair academic.)

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SCARLET. My car broke down, and this . . . professor . . . gave me a ride.

PLUM. *(With a smarmy wink:)* Naughty, naughty, Miss Scarlet. And the party's barely begun . . .

(Before she can reply—he notices cocktails.)

Oooh, Cocktail hour! I only drink on two occasions. Day . . . and night.

(PLUM, oozing charm from all the wrong places, has entered fully now, and just as GREEN is about to take a sip of his champagne, PLUM thoughtlessly takes it from him, downs it, and returns the glass empty.)

~~SCARLET. *(Soaking in the mansion and other guests:)* Good lord, this really is a party.~~

(Taking a glass of champagne off of YVETTE's tray:)

~~Jesus Christ, what is this godforsaken place anyway?~~

~~PEACOCK. *(Crossing herself:)* I'll thank you to keep our Lord, Jesus Christ, out of this!~~

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

(Thunder/lightning.)

(WADSWORTH checks his pocket watch, handing COOK the extra coats.)

~~WADSWORTH. Cook. Dinner?~~

~~COOK. Directly.~~

(YVETTE and COOK exit.)

~~WADSWORTH. Now, ladies and gentlemen, we are all met. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Wadsworth. The butler. *(Then.)* You may have realized that tonight, nobody is being addressed by their real name. I suggest you refrain from revealing too much about yourselves this evening.~~

(The GUESTS glance around suspiciously. The sound of a gong. The GUESTS jump! GREEN spills champagne all over himself. PEACOCK and PLUM help him to mop himself up as . . .)

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

SCARLET. *(Put out:)* I haven't even finished my champagne!

PLUM. That was more like a cocktail minute!

Stop

1107
4

Prof. Plum #2

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

start
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PLUM. In my professional opinion, it sounds like you have a case of "fear-of-silence-itis."

MUSTARD. Is that an official diagnosis?

WHITE. Are you a doctor, Professor?

PLUM. I know a little bit about psychological medicine, yes.

WHITE. Do you practice?

PLUM. Not anymore. I currently work for the government.

MUSTARD. Another politician!

PLUM. Not exactly. I do research for the office of Social and Behavioral Studies. In other words, I study "crazy" and I'm good at it. *(He winks.)*

MUSTARD. Sounds fascinating.

PLUM. Thank you, Colonel. You are a real colonel, aren't you?

MUSTARD. *(Suddenly serious:)* I am, sir.

STOP

SCARLET. Aren't you gonna mention the coincidence that you also live in Washington, D.C.?

MUSTARD. How did you know that?

SCARLET. *(With a twinkle:)* Oh, I've seen you before.

GREEN. So, Miss Scarlet, does this mean that you live in Washington, too?

SCARLET. *(With a sly smile:)* I do everything in Washington, Mr. Green.

PEACOCK. *(Deliberately moving on . . . :)* Does anyone here not live in Washington, D.C.?

(They all look at each other, putting together the coincidence. MUSTARD stands, fed up, addressing WADSWORTH.)

MUSTARD. Wadsworth, we've had about enough of this! Where's our host, and why have we been brought here?!

(The doorbell rings. They all look to the right. Look out. WADSWORTH straightens his jacket, smooths his hair, checks his watch and . . .)

WADSWORTH. Pardon me, please.

[MUSIC CUE #17]

(WADSWORTH exits through the door. Quickly SCARLET dumps the contents of her glass and runs to the door. She places her ear against her glass against the door. The GUESTS follow suit. The