

# woman #1 (motorist)

Clue: On Stage

41

PEACOCK. But what if you're the murderer?

WADSWORTH. I'm not.

PEACOCK. But what if you are?

WADSWORTH. I've an idea—we'll throw it away.

ALL. "Good idea!" "Excellent!" "That's great." (Etc.)

[MUSIC CUE #31]

(Lights shift. WADSWORTH leads the GUESTS towards the Hall but he momentarily forgets where it is. He stops. YVETTE and all the GUESTS crash, one by one, into each other. WADSWORTH then comes to his senses and leads them back through the door in the foyer wall. The foyer wall rises and we are now in the Hall.)

## SCENE 7

(The Hall.)

(WADSWORTH leads YVETTE and the GUESTS toward the front door. He opens it to throw away the key, but shockingly, a MOTORIST stands at the door, poised to knock. The GUESTS gasp.)

WADSWORTH. How do you do? Can we help?

MOTORIST. I'm sorry, 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.

WADSWORTH. Right. Just a moment, please.

(He turns to the GUESTS in a huddle. They whisper. He returns to the MOTORIST.)

WADSWORTH. Very well, sir. Would you care to come in?

MOTORIST. Thank you.

(He steps fully into the mansion.)

MOTORIST. Well? Where is it?

WADSWORTH. What, the body?

MOTORIST. The phone. What body?

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

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ALL. No!

WADSWORTH. But I think there's a phone in the Lounge.

MOTORIST. Thank you.

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

WADSWORTH. Right through this door. When you've made your call, perhaps you would be good enough to wait in there?

MOTORIST. Certainly.

**STOP**

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

WADSWORTH. Now listen . . .

*(The GUESTS crouch down together in one move.)*

WADSWORTH. . . . The police are on their way. *(Checks his watch.)* I estimate in another 29 minutes or so. That gives us plenty of time.

PEACOCK. To do what? Get killed?

WADSWORTH. It's true we must identify the murderer but my immediate concern is recovering the evidence!

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!

PEACOCK. But one of us might run into the murderer!

YVETTE. Mon Dieu!

MUSTARD. Then one of us will have discovered who the murderer is!

PEACOCK. But then one of us will be dead!

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

# woman #2 (telegram)

the stage left side of the COP while the GUESTS are on the stage right side.)<sup>1</sup>

WADSWORTH. (Timidly:) Excuse me, Mr. Cop. Are you all right? Do you need assistance? A phone book perhaps?

PEACOCK. (Pushing past WADSWORTH:) Hey! The butler asked you a question, Copper! Hang up the telephone already, or I will!

(PEACOCK taps the COP on the shoulder. His head falls off and into PEACOCK's arms! She screams! The GUESTS scream! They run out of the Library.)

(Frantic music begins.)

(In this next sequence, the GUESTS run around the house with PEACOCK frantically behind them holding the COP's head. At some point during the chase, lights shift to slo-mo with a strobe light. After several moments of hysterically running in and out of doors and rooms, the GUESTS, except PEACOCK, find themselves in the Ballroom. Two large red drapes fly in with several ropes attached. They all breathe heavily.)

WADSWORTH. We should be safe here in the Ballroom.

SCARLET. (Noticing the drapes:) I'm going to open the drapes. Maybe we can escape through the window!

ALL. "Good idea!" "Yes, an escape!" (Etc.)

[MUSIC CUE #43]

(SCARLET pulls on one of the ropes to open the drapes. As she does, YVETTE [now played by a dummy] falls from the ceiling with the Rope wrapped around her neck. The GUESTS scream!)

[MUSIC CUE #43.A]

(They all run out, just as PEACOCK runs in—still holding the COP's head. PEACOCK sees YVETTE and screams throwing the COP's head in the air. The head is caught by GREEN who tosses it—then caught by WHITE—etc.—a game of Cop's Head "Hot Potato" ensues! Ultimately the head is left in the Billiard Room as the GUESTS run back to the Hall, continuing to scream as they each exit, individually, through all remaining doors.)

(Just then . . . the doorbell rings. A cute, perky SINGING TELEGRAM GIRL enters and tap dances downstage.)

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<sup>1</sup> Note: at this moment, the COP has now been replaced by a dummy, which stands with the receiver still pressed to his ear.

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YOUNG WOMAN. *(Singing.)* I . . . am . . . YOUR SINGING TELEGRAM . . .

**STOP**

*(Crack! A gunshot! The YOUNG WOMAN falls dead. The GUESTS come out of all the doors, and gather around the sixth dead body.)*

SCENE 12

*(The Conclusion.)*

MUSTARD. Three murders in three minutes. That's our best record.

WADSWORTH. This is getting serious.

*(Lights shift. The GUESTS freeze.)*

[MUSIC CUE #44]

WADSWORTH. Six suspects. Six murders. Mr. Boddy in the Billiard Room. The Cook in the Kitchen. The Motorist in the Lounge. The Cop in the Library. Yvette in the Ballroom. And the Singing Telegram Girl in the Hall. Not to mention one "confidential" envelope of missing, damning evidence. Our evening's guests maybe gifted at breaking the law, but they clearly need work on breaking a case. So, who is the killer you may ask? I'm sure you have your suspicions. But, we've no time to discuss that now. *(Looks at his watch.)* The police are nearly here.

*(Turns to the audience.)*

Very well.

*(Music out. The GUESTS unfreeze.)*

WADSWORTH. In order to figure out who the murderer is, I believe the best course of action is to start at the beginning. Sometimes the most obvious answer . . .

*(GREEN sneezes.)*

is right under our noses.

*(WADSWORTH hands GREEN a tissue.)*

MUSTARD. I thought the cat was dead.

WADSWORTH. Yes. Thank you, Colonel. So nice of you to join us. *(Moving on.)* I shall take you through the events of the evening . . . step by step.

*(Thunder/lightning. "Rewind" sound cue. Lights shift as we watch the stage rewind right in front of us. The SINGING TELEGRAM*

STOP