Scene 1

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The Hall/The Lounge.

Wadsworth grandly opens the front door to a music sting.

Colonel Mustard, officious, stands in the doorway, shielding himself from the rain. He wears a decorated Colonel's uniform.

The Cook reenters during the following to assist with coats and such.

WADSWORTH. Good evening.

MUSTARD. *(Entering fully.)* Good evening. I'm not sure if I'm in the right—

WADSWORTH. Yes, indeed you are expected, Colonel.

MUSTARD. How do you— *(Know who I am?)*

WADSWORTH. *(Interrupting.)* It is Colonel Mustard, isn't it?

MUSTARD. No, that's not my name. My name is Colonel—

WADSWORTH. *(Interrupting again.)* I believe it's been recommended that tonight you use a pseudonym.

MUSTARD. Oh, no thank you. I took an antihistamine before I came.

WADSWORTH. *(Taking his coat.)* May I take your coat?

MUSTARD. Oh. All right. I suppose I...

Yvette, at the bar cart, now pops open a bottle of champagne, á la a gunshot, startling Mustard, who yelps—interrupting himself.

WADSWORTH. Not to worry, Colonel. It's just the maid, in the Hall, with the champagne cork.

YVETTE. *(Offering.)* Champagne?

MUSTARD. *(Taking the glass, flummoxed by her beauty.)* Oh, uh, don't mind if I...

YVETTE. *(Interrupting.)* Zis way monsieur.

MUSTARD. *(Following her anywhere.)* Ah. Thank you.

Yvette escorts Mustard to the door of the Lounge. The doorbell interrupts. They look out.

Are you expecting someone else?

WADSWORTH. Indeed. I'll be with you in a moment.

YVETTE. Follow me, Colonel.

MUSTARD. With pleasure, my dear.

Yvette opens the Lounge door, escorting Mustard inside.

Wadsworth opens the front door to a music sting.

Mrs. White stands, tragic and morbid, dressed in funeral clothing, guarding herself from the rain. Over her face is a mesh black veil.

WADSWORTH. Do come in, madam. You are expected.

She enters more fully, Wadsworth at her heels.

Welcome.

WHITE. *(With a confident mystique.)* Do you know who I am?

She pulls back her veil to reveal her face.

WADSWORTH. Only that you are a socialite to be known this evening as Mrs. White.

She slips off her cloak, black with a brilliantly white inside.

WHITE. Yes.

Wadsworth catches it gracefully.

It said so in my letter. But, why—?

WADSWORTH. *(Interrupting.)* May I introduce you? Mrs. White, this is the maid, Yvette.

Music sting as the women notice each other and flinch.

I see you two know each other.

WHITE. *(Deliberately lying.)* We've never met.

YVETTE. *(Cheekily.)* Champagne?

WHITE. *(Pointedly.)* I think not.

WADSWORTH. Please, warm yourself in the Lounge.

WHITE. Why? Do I look cold?

WADSWORTH. A bit. *(Shepherding her into the Lounge—then.)* I'll be right with you. This way please.

The module of the set containing the door to the Lounge now pulls open slightly, making the interior of the Lounge partially visible as White steps through the door, noticing Mustard.

WHITE. Oh. Hello.

MUSTARD. Hello. Pleased to meet you.

WHITE. I'm rarely pleased to meet anyone.

Doorbell rings. They look out.

More?

WADSWORTH. Oh, yes.

Wadsworth shuts the Lounge door, closing the module back up. Yvette opens the front door to a music sting. Mrs. Peacock, middle-aged, wealthy, batty, and impressed with herself, stands covered in jewels, a foxtail-fur stole, and a hat of peacock feathers, shielding herself from the rain with a box of candy.

YVETTE. Bonjour madame. Pleaze, come in from ze rain.

As Peacock enters...

WADSWORTH. Mrs. Peacock, I presume.

PEACOCK. Who?! *(Realizing.)* Oh yes! That's me!

WADSWORTH. Cook, will you please take Mrs. Peacock's stole.

With a music sting, the women recognize each other. They flinch!

I see you two know each other.

PEACOCK. *(Discarding her stole into the Cook's arms.)* Don't be ridiculous, I've never seen this woman before in my life.

YVETTE. *(Offering.)* Champagne?

PEACOCK. My lips belong to the Lord!

WADSWORTH. Please, make yourself comfortable in the Lounge.

PEACOCK. Thank you.

As Wadsworth escorts her to the Lounge, she remembers the lavishly wrapped box of chocolates in her hands.

Oh! For your hospitality... *(An aside.)* And there's a coupla Benjamins hidden under the caramels for you, Butler.

WADSWORTH. How...sticky.

PEACOCK. I expect to be treated like the wife of a...

The doorbell rings, interrupting her. They look out.

WADSWORTH. Hold that thought. This way please. After you, Mrs. Peacock.

He opens the door (module) to the Lounge; the interior becomes halfway visible.

PEACOCK. *(Enamored by the doorframe.)* Oh my, look at the detail of this molding; this is quite a magnificent mansion, isn't it...

She screams, startled to find White and Mustard.

Who are you?!

WHITE. Welcome to the party.

MUSTARD. *(Tickled pink.)* This is turning out to be quite the crowd.

Yvette closes the Lounge door (module retreats). Wadsworth opens the front door to a music sting, Rottweiler dogs bark. Mr. Green, straight as an arrow, stands in a trench coat, holding an umbrella. He does not enter, but remains in the doorway, anxious.

GREEN. Is this the right address to meet a...Mr. Boddy?

The dogs bark wildly.

WADSWORTH. *(To dogs.)* Sit!

Green frantically sits. Dogs stop barking.

No. Not you, sir.

Green stands sheepishly.

GREEN. Sorry, sorry.

WADSWORTH. Please, come in.

GREEN. *(Entering more fully.)* Excuse me, I suppose this letter has me rather anxious.

WADSWORTH. You must be Mr. Green.

GREEN. *(Painfully lying.)* Yes. That's exactly who I am.

WADSWORTH. Welcome, sir.

Green hands his umbrella to Yvette as he steps into the Hall.

GREEN. *(Noticing the interior.)* Whoa. This isn't at all what I expected.

WADSWORTH. I find if you expect nothing, you're never disappointed.

GREEN. *(Not to be misunderstood.)* Oh, I'm not disappointed...

The doorbell rings, interrupting.

They look out.

WADSWORTH. Pardon me, sir.

Wadsworth moves up to the door.

GREEN. *(Overwhelmed by the expansive mansion—to himself.)* Holy cow...

Wadsworth opens the door (music sting) to find Professor Plum (smoking a pipe) with Miss Scarlet (smoking a long, thin cigarette) standing behind him.

WADSWORTH. Good evening.

PLUM. *(Reading authoritatively from his letter in the doorway.)* "Please arrive at 7:30 sharp on Saturday evening." *(A glance to his watch.)* Well, here I am...

WADSWORTH. Professor Plum.

PLUM. If you say so.

SCARLET. *(Stepping in more fully.)* Well, well, well. And I thought I'd seen everything...

WADSWORTH. Miss Scarlet. Welcome. I didn't realize you and the Professor were acquainted.

SCARLET. We're not.

Scarlet continues as Plum gives his coat to Cook. He wears an academic suit. If he weren't so off-putting, he'd be charming.

The bridge is washed out from the rain. My car broke down, and this Professor offered to give me a ride.

PLUM. *(Smarmily to Green.)* I'm hoping she'll return the favor one day.

SCARLET. Subtle. *(Back to Wadsworth.)* I didn't realize we were headed to the same place until...we arrived.

Dialogue continues as Scarlet gives her coat to the Cook. She looks positively Hollywood in a provocative dress. If she

weren't such a broad, she'd be classy. Green also hands his coat to the Cook.

WADSWORTH. *(To Plum.)* How was your drive?

PLUM. It's a long haul.

WADSWORTH. Indeed, it is a long hall. But then, it's a very large house. *(Then.)* This way please.

Wadsworth points the way to the Lounge. Scarlet absorbs the grandeur of the manor.

SCARLET. Say...what is this godforsaken place anyway?

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

Thunder/lightning. They jump. Green more so than the others.

Cook. Dinner?

COOK. Directly.

The Cook moves to exit.

WADSWORTH. *(Showing Scarlet, Plum, and Green to the Lounge.)* Appetizers in the Lounge. After you.

The Lounge module now opens fully to reveal the interior.

PLUM. Hors d'oeuvres. Good. I'm starving.

GREEN. Funny. I haven't much of an appetite at all.

SCARLET. *(Entering the Lounge and noticing the others.)* My, my, this really is a party.

PLUM. *(As he enters the Lounge.)* Well, greetings all. It's a pleasure for you to see me. *(Noticing drinks, he helps himself.)* Oooh, cocktail hour!

GREEN. *(As he enters the Lounge.)* There are so many of you—I didn't realize...

WADSWORTH. *(Interrupting.)* Right. Good then. You're all here. *(Then, swiftly paced.)* Colonel Mustard.

MUSTARD. Present.

WADSWORTH. Miss Scarlet.

SCARLET. Hmm.

WADSWORTH. Mrs. White.

WHITE. Yes.

WADSWORTH. Professor Plum.

PLUM. Right.

WADSWORTH. Mr. Green.

GREEN. That's me.

WADSWORTH. Mrs. Peacock.

PEACOCK. *(With a rather formal, yet floppy, curtsey.)* How d'you do?

WADSWORTH. Greetings. I am Wadsworth, the butler. *(Then.)* Tonight, as you may have surmised, nobody is being addressed by their real name. A courtesy your host has provided to ensure your privacy. I suggest you follow his lead and refrain from revealing too much about yourselves this evening. For you never know when—

The Cook strikes a gong, interrupting. They jump! Green spills champagne all over himself.

(Calmly, as always,) Ah. Dinner.

GREEN. *(Wiping himself up.)* Oh, sorry. Sorry. I'm a bit clumsy, I suppose.

PLUM. Dinner? That was more like a cocktail minute.

SCARLET. Mr. Wadsworth, you were saying..."You never know when"...what?

WADSWORTH. What?

SCARLET. What?

WADSWORTH. Hm? *(Then—showing the way.)* This way please.

Yvette has handed Green a fresh glass of champagne just in time for the Cook (who has reentered) to hit the gong again. They jump! Green spills his drink again.

We really oughtn't keep her waiting. Cook can get cranky. Ladies and gentlemen, follow me. The Dining Room is right this way.

Transition music. The cast follows Wadsworth from the Lounge to the Dining Room. Behind them as the Lounge module closes, the Dining Room wall flies in, and Yvette and the Cook each push on one side of a Dining Room table (with chairs) that meets in the middle.