

PEACOCK ①

Clue

17

SCARLET. I prefer Kipling myself.

(Offering a basket of dinner rolls to MUSTARD:)

Do you like Kipling, Colonel?

MUSTARD. *(Helping himself:)* Sure, I'll eat anything.

(Then:)

So, who is our host? Is this where he sits?

WADSWORTH. *(Pouring wine:)* All in good time, sir.

(As YVETTE serves soup to PEACOCK—)

PEACOCK. What is that smell? It's something . . . familiar.

YVETTE. Shark's fin soup.

PEACOCK. *(Gleefully:)* My favorite!

COOK. *(Deliberately:)* I know.

[MUSIC CUE #11]

(With the music sting, COOK/PEACOCK exchange a sinister glance.)

YVETTE. Bon appetit!

(YVETTE and COOK exit. The GUESTS sip their soup. PEACOCK slurps.)

PEACOCK. *(Slurping slightly—muttering:)* This is delicious.

(Slurping louder now—under her breath:)

Oooh, this is yum yum yummy yum yum yum.

(Finally, she slurps so intensely it causes her to choke a bit as the GUESTS stare.)

PEACOCK. *(Recovering—then, all in nearly one breath, as WADSWORTH pours wine:)* Well, I guess I'll break the ice, I mean, I'll be the one to get the ball rolling, I mean, I'm used to being a hostess; it's an integral part of my life as the wife of a . . .

(Declining wine with a gesture, carrying on talking without pause:)

Oh, I forgot we're not supposed to say who we really are. But, oh well, I mean, I have no idea what we're doing here, but I'm very intrigued and oh, my, this soup is delicious isn't it?

(The GUESTS stare at her, bewildered.)

GREEN. I know who you are.

PEACOCK. You do?

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GREEN. I work in Washington.

PLUM. Washington?

(To PEACOCK:)

So you must be a politician's wife, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK. (With renewed confidence:) Yes, I am.

SCARLET. (Cheekily:) Who's your husband? Maybe I know him.

PEACOCK. I . . . well, he's . . .

(Deflecting:)

Mrs. White, you've been awfully quiet. What does your husband do?

WHITE. Nothing.

PLUM. Nothing?

WHITE. Well, he . . . just lies around on his back all day.

PEACOCK. How lazy!

SCARLET. (With snark:) Not necessarily.

(Thunder/lightning. GREEN spills his drink all over SCARLET's chest.)

GREEN. (Mopping up SCARLET's chest with his napkin:) Sorry, sorry—I'm afraid I'm a little accident-prone.

SCARLET. (Relishing his discomfort:) That'll be five dollars, Mister.

GREEN. (Awkwardly mortified:) Sorry?!

PEACOCK. (Tapping him on the shoulder:) Mr. Green—what do you do in Washington?

GREEN. Oh, I'd better not say. I like to follow the rules.

PEACOCK. (Frustrated:) Well, if I wasn't trying to keep the conversation going, then we would just be sitting here in an embarrassed silence.

PLUM. Are you afraid of silence, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK. (Anxiously:) Yes. No. Why?

PLUM. In my professional opinion, it seems you suffer from what we call "pressure of speech."

MUSTARD. Is that an official diagnosis?

WHITE. Are you a doctor, Professor?

PLUM. In psychological medicine.

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(They compare their notes and each exit separately as the Library module slides into place.)

(Focus shifts to: PEACOCK and PLUM in the Library.)

PLUM. *(Seated in an arm chair:)* This is quite an impressive Library.

(PEACOCK puts a book back in the bookshelf, triggering an elaborate, FBI-style secret panel labeled "EVIDENCE," plastered with headshots [in the style of the CLUE game cards] and notes detailing the guests' crimes, to flip and appear in the wall directly behind them. They do not see it.)

PEACOCK. *(Her back now to the secret panel:)* How can I find anything if I don't even know what I'm looking for!

PLUM. *(Reading from a book:)* "Civilized society is perpetually menaced with disintegration through this primary hostility of men towards one another."

PEACOCK. Your fancy words don't intimidate me, Professor!

PLUM. I take no credit, Mrs. Peacock.

(Re: the book:)

Freud. I think he's on to something.

PEACOCK. Now is not the time for academic pursuits! We're supposed to find the evidence!

PLUM. It's a fruitless search, if you ask me. I mean, it's not like we're just gonna walk into a room and find the evidence plastered on the wall.

PEACOCK. I suppose you're right.

PLUM. C'mon, let's go upstairs. Maybe we'll be excited by something in a bedroom.

PEACOCK. I haven't been excited by something in a bedroom for years.

(They exit the Library as the module retreats.)

(The GUESTS crisscross once more, featuring an unexpected, split-second connection between YVETTE and WADSWORTH.)

(Then, MUSTARD, solo, crosses the Hall studying an enlarged map of Boddy Manor [looking identical to the CLUE board game].)

(To the music, each GUEST round-robins through every door in choreographed mayhem. The group ends with ALL their heads poking out of one door, which WADSWORTH shuts.)

[MUSIC CUE #25]

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