

START
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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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END

BODDY

Prof. Plum #2 -
Read as Boddy

Clue

MUSTARD.

Bribing all these good people?
I don't get it! What's in it for you?!

WHITE.

You're such a typical man!
Better off dead!

(WHITE emerges at the front of the group to expertly kneel BODDY in the groin.)

SCARLET. *(Impressed:)* Ooooh. Mrs. White, in the Study with her knee!

WHITE. Thank you. I've studied martial arts.

(They take a wary step away from WHITE.)

WADSWORTH. *(Getting their attention once more:)* There is one more piece of information you may like to have.

ALL. What?!

WADSWORTH. The police are coming in less than an hour!

~~**ALL.** What? / Why? / The police?! / What are you talking about? *(Etc.)*~~

BODDY. *(Recovering:)* Unless . . .

ALL. Unless, what?

(BODDY refers to his briefcase.)

BODDY. You agree to double down.

SCARLET. And why would we agree to that?

BODDY. Because if you don't, I'll put this briefcase—containing all the evidence needed to expose your wrongdoings—in the hands of the police, the press, and the House Un-American committee. With the right spin, those fellas can make a commie outta anyone. I think some of you would face a lifetime of jail, and others, a lifetime of shame.

ALL. That's why you've brought us all here?! / You bastard! / Get that briefcase! / You're taking advantage of a tenuous political situation! *(Etc.)*

BODDY. Unless . . .

ALL. *(Including WADSWORTH:)* Unless what?!

BODDY. Well, there is something you could do for me that would change the game. Something I just can't bear to do myself.

ALL. *(Including WADSWORTH:)* What?!

BODDY. *(To GUESTS:)* Have a seat, please.

(The GUESTS move to the sofa. The ladies sit, the gentlemen stand behind. After a brief silence . . .)

START

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GREEN. (*Re: a side table behind the sofa:*) Is it all right if I sit here . . .

(Before he can get the word out, GREEN sits on the edge of the table which surprisingly collapses noisily.)

GREEN. (*Bouncing back up:*) Sorry, sorry. Little accident prone. Sorry.

WADSWORTH. (*Then—genuine to BODDY:*) What's this about, sir?

BODDY. In this bag, there are six packages that I thought our guests might find useful this evening.

(BODDY begins to empty a duffle bag full of packages into the arms of WADSWORTH.)

WADSWORTH. Packages?

BODDY. Presents, if you will. I'm a generous sort of fellow.

WADSWORTH. Are you?

BODDY. Wadsworth, will you please see to it that each guest receives a gift?

WADSWORTH. Gladly.

(WADSWORTH moves to distribute the gifts.)

BODDY. (*Pouring himself a brandy:*) Anyone wanna make a guess as to what's in your boxes?

SCARLET. Perfume?

WHITE. Candy?

PEACOCK. A rare single-malt Scotch whiskey?

BODDY. (*With a laugh:*) Aren't guessing games fun?

(Then:)

Please—open them. **J E N D**

(SCARLET opens her box. Puzzled, she lifts out a heavy brass Candlestick.)

[MUSIC CUE #16]

(Music sting. She looks at BODDY.)

SCARLET. A Candlestick? What's this for?)

(One by one, with a music sting, each of the GUESTS open their boxes, pulling out their "gift.")

MUSTARD. A Wrench . . .

GREEN. A Lead Pipe . . .

PEACOCK. A Dagger . . .