

MUSTARD. With pleasure, my dear.

(YVETTE opens the Lounge door, escorting MUSTARD inside.)

(WADSWORTH opens the front door to a music sting.)

[MUSIC CUE #4]

(Rain storms. MRS. WHITE stands, tragic and morbid, dressed in funeral clothing, guarding herself from the rain. Over her face is a mesh black veil.)

START

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

(She enters more fully, WADSWORTH at her heels.)

WADSWORTH. 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.)

WHITE. It said so in my letter. But, why—?

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

[MUSIC CUE #5]

(Music sting as the women notice each other and flinch.)

WADSWORTH. 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:)

WADSWORTH. I'll be right with you.



(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.)

WHITE. More?

WADSWORTH. Oh, yes.] END

(WADSWORTH shuts the Lounge door, closing the module back up.)

[MUSIC CUE #6]

(Rain storms. YVETTE opens the front door to a music sting. MRS. PEACOCK, middle-aged, wealthy, and batty, stands, covered in jewels, a fox-tail fur stole, and a hat of PEACOCK feathers, shielding herself from the rain with a box of candy.)

YVETTE. Bonjour Madame. Please, 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!)

[MUSIC CUE #7]

WADSWORTH. 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.)

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

WHITE ②

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Clue

WADSWORTH. Mrs. White, you've been paying our friend the blackmailer ever since your husband died under, shall we say, mysterious circumstances.

WHITE. Say what you want. I didn't kill him.

MUSTARD. Then why are you paying the blackmailer?

WHITE. I don't want another scandal, do I?

PLUM. Another?

WHITE. We had a very humiliating confrontation. He had threatened to kill me in public.

SCARLET. Why would he want to kill you in public?

WADSWORTH. I think she meant that he had threatened, in public, to kill her.

(They all react with understanding.)

WHITE. It was all over the papers.

WADSWORTH. And yet he was the one who died. Not you, Mrs. White, not you.

WHITE. He was found dead at home. Unclothed. His head had been cut off and so had his . . . you know.

(She gestures in the direction of her groin. They all react.)

WHITE. But, I didn't do it. I'd been out all evening, at the movies.

SCARLET. What was showing?

WHITE. *The Naked Alibi.*

SCARLET. A likely story.

WADSWORTH. But he was your second husband. Your first also disappeared.

WHITE. That was his job—he was an illusionist.

WADSWORTH. But he never reappeared.

WHITE. He wasn't a very good illusionist.] END

WADSWORTH. *(Now to GREEN:)* And lastly, Mr. Green, who is a . . .

GREEN. I don't need you to unmask me, Wadsworth. I know what you're gonna say about me!

WADSWORTH. What's that?

GREEN. "Mr. Green, who is a homosexual."