

MUSTARD ①

Clue

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Scene 1

(The Hall/The Lounge)

(Dogs bark. Rain storms.)

(WADSWORTH grandly opens the front door.)

(COLONEL MUSTARD, officious, stands in the doorway, shielding himself from the rain. He wears a decorated Colonel's uniform.)

(COOK reenters during the following to assist with coats and such.)

START

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. 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, a la a gunshot, startling MUSTARD who yelps.)

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.)

MUSTARD. Are you expecting someone else?

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

YVETTE. Follow me, Colonel.

— END

MUSTARD ②

Clue

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(GREEN lands on the ground beneath the COOK. Nobody moves.)

WADSWORTH. This makes two.

PLUM. Two what?

WADSWORTH. Murders.

START

PEACOCK. (*Hysterical!*) I hate murders!

MUSTARD. I think you'd better explain yourself, Wadsworth.

WADSWORTH. Me?

MUSTARD. Well, who else would want to kill the Cook?

SCARLET. (*A little laugh!*) Dinner wasn't that bad.

MUSTARD. How can you make jokes at a time like this?

SCARLET. It's my defense mechanism.

MUSTARD. Some defense! If I were the killer I'd kill you next.

(EVERYONE gasps!)

MUSTARD. I said "if." There's only one admitted killer here, and it's not me.

(*Pointing to WHITE!*)

It's Mrs. White!

(EVERYONE gasps!)

WHITE. I've admitted nothing.

MUSTARD. You paid the blackmail. How many husbands have you had?

WHITE. Mine or other women's?

MUSTARD. Yours.

WHITE. Five.

MUSTARD. Five?

WHITE. Yes, just the five. Husbands should be like Kleenex—soft, strong and disposable.

MUSTARD. Well, if it wasn't you, who was it? Who had the Dagger?

PLUM. It was Mrs. Peacock!

(EVERYONE gasps!)] END

PEACOCK. Yes. But I put it down.

MUSTARD. Where?