

**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.

[**MUSIC CUE #9**]

(*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 . . .

START

**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.*)

**SCARLET.** 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 COOK. She looks positively Hollywood in a provocative dress. If she wasn't such a broad, she'd be classy.*)

(*GREEN also hands his coat to COOK.*)

**WADSWORTH.** (*To PLUM:*) How was your drive?

END

**WADSWORTH.** *(As himself:)* Empty!

*(Then:)*

*(As himself:)* Next the Motorist arrived . . .

*(As Mustard:)* Are you a killer?

*(As himself:)* And I locked him in the Lounge!

*(He fake-kills GREEN a la the Motorist, with a mimed Wrench to the head. GREEN drops "dead" a la the Motorist.)*

**WADSWORTH.** Dead!

*(He moves to the front door.)*

*(As himself:)* That's when the unexpected Cop showed up.

*(As Cop:)* Hello . . . you're all acting rather peculiar.

*(As himself:)* Can you canoe?

*(He fake-kills PLUM with a mimed Candlestick to the head— PLUM drops "dead" a la the Cop.)*

**WADSWORTH.** Dead! Then the maid got strangled in the Billiard Room!

*(He fake-strangles SCARLET with a mimed Rope—SCARLET drops "dead" a la Yvette.)*

**WADSWORTH.** *(As himself:)* Dead! Which brings us to . . .

*(As Singing Telegram Girl:)* I am . . .

*(Fake shooting.)*

BANG!

*(WHITE goes down as if shot.)*

*(EVERYONE is down except MUSTARD and PEACOCK.)*

**WADSWORTH.** And here we all are.

**MUSTARD.** *(Clapping:)* Bravo!

*(As they speak, they slowly rise back up.)*

**WHITE.** Impressive, Wadsworth.

**PLUM.** But what does it prove?!

**GREEN.** Nothing!

**WADSWORTH.** Well . . .

**SCARLET.** *(Interrupting:)* Enough of this! I know who the murderer is!

**ALL.** You do?!

START

1/2

**SCARLET.** I do!

**WADSWORTH.** All right then. We're listening, Miss. Scarlet. Who do you accuse?

*(SCARLET reveals Plum's pipe, pointing it at PLUM.)*

**SCARLET.** It was PROFESSOR PLUM, IN THE HALL, WITH THE REVOLVER!

*(They look/gasp.)*

**PLUM.** Liar!

**SCARLET.** We all heard the gun go off, Professor! And I found your stupid tobacco pipe here when we were searching the house. When'd you drop it, huh? While scoping out the best vantage point to kill your next victim?! I bet that poor Singing Telegram Girl was an old patient of yours, right?

**PLUM.** I never saw that girl before in my life! It wasn't me . . .

J E N D

**WADSWORTH.** Well. The gun is missing. Gentlemen, turn out your pockets. Ladies, empty your purses. Whoever has the gun is the murderer.

*(They all do so. PLUM pulls out the Revolver with a grunt. He points it at WADSWORTH. The GUESTS gasp!)*

**GREEN.** Well done, Wadsworth!

**PLUM.** *(Threatening:)* You won't be able to prove anything if you're all dead!

**WADSWORTH.** That may be so, Professor Plum.

*(With condescending confidence as he crosses to the front door:)*

But if we're alive . . .

*(He opens the door. The CHIEF OF POLICE and his BACKUP COP enter, guns and badge revealed, stepping over the dead SINGING TELEGRAM GIRL on their way in.)*

**WADSWORTH.** Officers. *(Pointing at PLUM:)* There's your man.

**CHIEF.** Well done, Wadsworth!

**GREEN.** That's what I said!

**CHIEF.** Yes, well, I'm saying it now. I'm Hank Cuffs, Chief of Police.

*(Disarming/cuffing PLUM:)*

And Professor Plum, you're coming with me.

**[MUSIC CUE #36]**