

GREEN. (*Under the COOK's body—muffled.*) Can somebody please help me?

WADSWORTH. Here, here. Get him up.

(*MUSTARD and PLUM help GREEN up.*)

WADSWORTH. Gentlemen, might I suggest we take the Cook's body into the Study.

MUSTARD. Why?

WADSWORTH. Well for starters, when the police arrive, if they find this, we'll all be in custody and under suspicion for murder!

PEACOCK. Murder!

WADSWORTH. And secondly, I'm the butler. I like to keep the kitchen tidy.

[**MUSIC CUE #27**]

(*They all heave-ho the COOK's body and move from the Kitchen back to the Study. Grumbling and grunting as they go. The wall scrim flies out as we transition back to the Study.*)

(*The Study.*)

SCENE 6

(*The GUESTS enter the Study talking loudly amongst themselves about the events of the evening and how to correctly carry a dead body. They cross to the center of the room and then stop. Silent. They slowly look back to the spot where BODDY was. HE'S GONE!*)¹

PLUM. The body's gone!

(*They freeze! They drop COOK to the ground with a thud! Just then, WADSWORTH enters, breathless. PLUM turns to him.*)

PLUM. There's nobody.

PEACOCK. (*Panic-stricken.*) Nobody. No body. Mr. Boddy's body. It's gone!

WHITE. Maybe he wasn't dead.

WADSWORTH. He was!

SCARLET. Well, where is he?

GREEN. He couldn't have been dead.

WADSWORTH. He was! At least, I thought he was.

MUSTARD. Maybe there *is* life after death.

WHITE. Life after death is as improbable as sex after marriage.

PEACOCK. Well if you'll excuse me, I have to er . . . to . . . er . . . is there a little girl's room?

YVETTE. Oui oui, madame.

PEACOCK. No, I just want to powder my nose.

YVETTE. Zere's a toilette in ze Billiard Room.

(*PEACOCK exits.*)

WADSWORTH. I don't mean to alarm anybody, but we do currently have the small issue of two dead bodies: one missing, one present—and the imminent arrival of the police . . . (*He glances at his pocket watch.*) . . . who by my calculations ought to be here in 37 minutes.

MUSTARD. Wadsworth, am I right in thinking that there is nobody else in this house?

WADSWORTH. Um, no.

MUSTARD. Then there is someone else in this house?

WADSWORTH. No. Sorry, I said "no" meaning "yes."

MUSTARD. "No," meaning "yes"? Look, I want a straight answer. Is there someone else in the house, yes or no?

(*WADSWORTH considers this carefully.*)

WADSWORTH. Um . . . No.

MUSTARD. No, there is? Or no, there isn't?

WADSWORTH. Yes.

MUSTARD. There seems to be confusion about whether or not we are the only people in this house.

WADSWORTH. There isn't.

MUSTARD. You mean there isn't any confusion or there isn't anybody else?

WADSWORTH. Either. Or both.

MUSTARD. Just give me a clear answer.

WADSWORTH. Certainly! (*Beat.*) What was the question?

MUSTARD. Is there anyone else in the house?

¹ Note: The COOK's body is now a dummy.

ALL. NO!

MUSTARD. That's what he says! But does he know? Look, we've got a killer and a missing dead body on the loose, one dead cook, and all these weapons—the Rope, the Dagger, the Revolver, the Candlestick, the Wrench—and—hey, where's the Lead Pipe?

(Suddenly, we hear a scream.)

[MUSIC CUE #28]

(PEACOCK comes stumbling into the room with BODDY hanging all over her. It looks like BODDY is attacking her.)

PLUM. It's Mr. Boddy!

GREEN. He's attacking her.

(WADSWORTH and GREEN pull him off her. He has visible, bloody injuries. The Lead Pipe is protruding from his skull.)

WHITE. No, he's not. He's dead.

(They lay him down.)

WADSWORTH. Mr. Boddy? Dead? Again?

PEACOCK. Oh my God!

(PEACOCK totters as if about to faint.)

PLUM. Somebody catch her!

WADSWORTH. I'll catch you. Fall into my arms.

(Standing behind her, WADSWORTH holds out his arms to catch her. She faints straight through them and ends upon the floor in a heap.)

WADSWORTH. Sorry.

WHITE. Where did this happen, Mrs. Peacock?!

PEACOCK. In the bathroom! I opened the door and there he was! I thought he was attacking me. He . . . he . . . he lunged.

WHITE. Dead people don't lunge.

PLUM. Well, he's certainly dead now. Who would want to kill him twice?

SCARLET. It's what we call overkill.

GREEN. And why?!

PLUM. What's the difference?

SCARLET. Makes a difference to him!

WADSWORTH. *(Losing it:)* Makes a difference to us! We've got to find out *who* killed him, *where* and *with what*!

PLUM. *(Gingerly removing the Lead Pipe from BODDY's head:)* Seems like it was probably the Lead Pipe.

WADSWORTH. Ten points, Professor Plum.

MUSTARD. What kind of game are you playing, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH. *(Shouting:)* This isn't a game!

PLUM. *(To GREEN:)* You! The Lead Pipe belonged to you!

GREEN. But I dropped it while we were running to the kitchen!

WADSWORTH. *(Shouting:)* So anyone could have picked it up!!!!

PLUM. There's no need to shout!

WADSWORTH. I'm not shouting! *(Getting truly hysterical:)* All right, I am! I'm shouting! I'm shouting!! I'm shouting!!!!

(SCARLET tries to open Boddy's briefcase.)

SCARLET. Hey! While you clowns lose your marbles, I'm over here trying to do something useful! Have you all forgotten about the evidence against us?

ALL. The evidence!

SCARLET. Boddy's briefcase is locked.

WHITE. There must be a key!

WADSWORTH. The key! Mr. Green, would you be so kind as to check Mr. Boddy's pockets for the key to the briefcase which contains the evidence to our past transgressions—so that we may destroy said evidence forever, and free ourselves from any chance of future blackmail!

GREEN. *(Grossed out:)* But he's so bloody!

(SCARLET goes to check the body.)

SCARLET. I'll do it. Won't be the first time I've had my hands on a stiff body. *(Then:)* It's not here.

WADSWORTH. It's not? I see. *(Then:)* Hand me the Wrench.

(MUSTARD hands WADSWORTH the Wrench. He holds it in one hand as he clicks open the briefcase with the other hand. He hands the Wrench back to MUSTARD. He opens the briefcase. EVERYONE leans in to look.)

[MUSIC CUE #29]