

SCENE 9

(The Conservatory.)

(Lights find MUSTARD, who is searching the Conservatory, which, like a greenhouse, has windows that curve up to the ceiling. On one wall are shelves of potted scarlet flowers. We may or may not notice that a petal on one of the flowers is missing. SCARLET enters.)

SCARLET. Where is it?

MUSTARD. Where's what?

SCARLET. The evidence you snatched out of my hands, you idiot!

MUSTARD. I don't know what you're talking about—

SCARLET. (Threatening:) Either give it up or I'll have you singing soprano!

MUSTARD. Alright! I snatched it! But someone snatched it from me.

SCARLET. Who?

MUSTARD. Don't look at me!

SCARLET. I'm not looking at you!

MUSTARD. Yes you are! You're looking at me right now!

(She looks away, pointedly, and in doing so spots the shelves of scarlet flowers against the wall.)

SCARLET. Hey, look! Scarlet flowers. (With a wink:) My favorite (Leaning in to smell them:) They smell divine. You know, if you rub the petals on your neck, the smell is irresistible to men.

(She plucks a petal deliberately. The "pluck" action causes the whole potted plant shelving unit to open up revealing a secret passage.)

SCARLET. (Tickled by her own discovery:) Oh my God and garters!

MUSTARD. (Oblivious to the secret passage:) Oh, c'mon it's just a little flower, you don't have to get emotional.

SCARLET. No, not the flower, Colonel Smarty Pants! A secret passage! C'mon!

MUSTARD. (Scared:) Uh . . . Ladies first, Miss Scarlet.

SCARLET. (Rolling her eyes:) How heroic.

(SCARLET steps into the passage, MUSTARD follows her, timidly. The shelves close behind them. Lights shift back to the Lounge. The Conservatory flies out.)

SCENE 10

(The Lounge.)

(Lights shift. The large red drape rises revealing the Lounge. The fireplace rotates and SCARLET and MUSTARD exit from behind the fireplace. The room is dark. SCARLET and MUSTARD are unaware of the dead MOTORIST in the wingback chair.)¹

MUSTARD. Where are we?

SCARLET. How should I know? The lights are off.

MUSTARD. Well turn them on!

SCARLET. I would if I could see anything!

MUSTARD. Well here, maybe this will help!

(MUSTARD turns on a lamp next to the dead MOTORIST.)

[MUSIC CUE #35]

SCARLET. The Lounge! Oh, of course . . . we forgot to look in the Lounge.

MUSTARD. Quite an oversight considering the dead Motorist in the chair.

(SCARLET and MUSTARD stop dead in their tracks. They look at each other.)

SCARLET/MUSTARD. Dead Motorist!!! Ahhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[MUSIC CUE #36]

(They run to the door of the Lounge. It's LOCKED.)

SCARLET/MUSTARD. HELP! HELP! MURDER! MURDER!

(Lights have now divided the stage in two, with inside the Lounge being stage left, and outside the Lounge being stage right. The GUESTS scurry towards the Lounge from all over the house. PLUM and WADSWORTH arrive at the Lounge door first.)

WADSWORTH/PLUM. LET US IN! LET US IN!

SCARLET/MUSTARD. LET US OUT! LET US OUT!

WADSWORTH. We can't let you out! The door is locked!

¹ Please note: SCARLET and MUSTARD are now substituted by the AUXILIARY MAN and WOMAN, dressed as SCARLET and MUSTARD. The lighting is such that we can't see their faces. The real SCARLET and MUSTARD continue their dialogue from offstage.

SCARLET. You had the key, Wadsworth! You locked the Motorist in here!

WADSWORTH. That's right! I did! I do! *(He checks his pockets—no key.)* I don't! The key is gone!

SCARLET/MUSTARD. Gone?!

(YVETTE runs offstage.)

GREEN/WHITE/PEACOCK/PLUM. Gone?!

SCARLET. There's a murderer on the loose!! Please get us out of here!!!

(WADSWORTH walks firmly back from the door. He is at his most macho.)

WADSWORTH. There's no alternative. I'm just gonna have to break down the door. *(To the others:)* Stand back!

(He runs at full speed for the door. He hits it and falls to the floor, holding his shoulder. YVETTE, now runs on holding the gun.)

YVETTE. I have an idea!

(YVETTE trips over the still-sprawled WADSWORTH, whom she does not see writhing on the floor. The gun goes off as she falls, firing upwards. There is a screech from above and a cat falls onto the stage. Dead!)

[MUSIC CUE #37]

GREEN. I knew it.

(YVETTE picks herself up, and points the gun to the Lounge door.)

SCARLET/MUSTARD. Help! Murder! Help!

YVETTE. Everyone! STAND BACK!

(She fires the gun twice at the lock.)

MUSTARD. I think they're shooting at us!

SCARLET. You don't say, Sherlock!

YVETTE. Come out. Ze door is open. I'm done shooting.

[MUSIC CUE #38]

(MUSTARD and SCARLET exit the Lounge. Lights shift, returning the entire stage to the Hall.)¹

¹ Please note: The AUXILIARY MAN and WOMAN exit through the stage left door as the real MUSTARD and SCARLET exit the stage right door.

MUSTARD. *(Angrily, to YVETTE:)* Why were you shooting at us?

YVETTE. To open ze door!

MUSTARD. But you could have killed us! I could've been killed! This is not a battlefield!

PLUM. Well, la-di-dah. You're really somethin' else, huh, Frenchie? *(A realization:)* Say—where did you get that gun anyway?

YVETTE. Ze broom closet. It was unlocked!

ALL. Unlocked?!?

WADSWORTH. Impossible! I have the key! *(He checks his pocket—no key:)* No I haven't! It's gone!

ALL. Gone?!

PLUM. I thought you said you'd throw away the key to the broom closet, Wadsworth!

WADSWORTH. I did say that! But I didn't do that! We got distracted by the Motorist at the door and I forgot. One of you must have snatched the keys from my pocket when we were searching the house.

PLUM. So whoever took the keys, is the killer.

WADSWORTH. Precisely.

PLUM. I am so smart, sometimes I impress myself.

SCARLET. Uhhhh . . . Speaking of the killer, there's a dead body in the Lounge, ya know!

PEACOCK. Again?!

SCARLET. The Motorist is dead!

(WADSWORTH checks the Lounge.)

WADSWORTH. It's true. Now there are three unsolved murders.

ALL. Three!!

PEACOCK. Which one of you killed him?

SCARLET. *(Outraged:)* We found him, together!

GREEN. The door was locked!

WHITE. Great trick, getting through a locked door. My husband would have appreciated that.