

Ike Rich Players, Goose High School - Goose Bay

present

"CLUELESS"

Labrador Creative Arts Festival 1993

CAST

Mrs. White  
Professor Plum  
Colonel Mustard  
Wadsworth  
The Cook  
Yvette  
Mrs. Peacock  
Chauffeur  
Police Officer  
Singing Messenger  
Mr. Green  
Miss Scarlet  
Sherlock  
Mimes / Choreographers

Tanya Pilgrim  
John Houlahan  
Chris Gartner  
Glenn Walsh  
Terri Heard  
Jenni White  
Sarah Sullivan  
D.J. Howett  
Jennifer Decker  
Lynn Gear  
Dwayne Hopkins  
Sacha Woodward  
Iona Strachan  
Peggi Cheverie  
Colin Vaters  
Jason Sullivan  
Claudia Goulet  
Robin Bowers  
Sherry McCarthy

CREW

Stage Manager  
Sound / Lights  
Costumes / Props:  
Make-up

Richie Crawford  
Keith Burgess  
Rexanne Hopkins  
Erin Hutchings

TEACHER ADVISORS

Dorrie Brown  
Mary Ellen Giles  
Shawn Giles

MUSIC

The Entertainer (Scott Joplin)  
The Mission (Ennio Morricone)  
Back to the Rivers of Belief (Enigma)  
She Moves On (Paul Simon)  
Everything I Do (Bryan Adams)

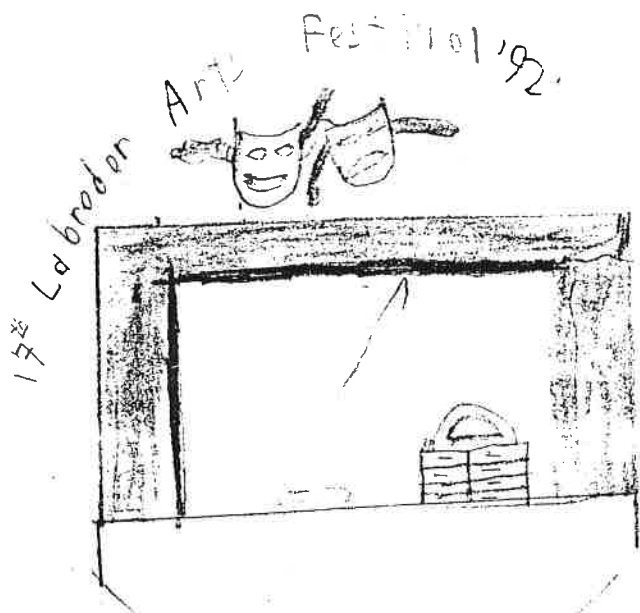


Allison L.  
Peacock Elementary School  
Happy Valley - Goose Bay

PROGRAM NOTES

...Well-l, maybe not entirely clueless, if you pay close attention. The characters of the board game Clue, together with their alter-egos in mime, lead an intricate tale of humourous intrigue throughout the rooms of an old mansion. And your job is, to determine.....who dunnit!

Kristine Sunio  
St. Michael's School  
Happy Valley - Goose Bay



John MacDonald  
Henry Gordon Academy  
Cartwright

## CLUELESS

Lights: Stage is black

Sound: Rain, Alfred Hitchcock Theme

Lights: Up, to dim

SHERLOCK DOES A STEALTHY JAZZ-WALK ACROSS STAGE.

Lights: Black, then slowly up to dim.

Major characters are posed about the stage. Each stands in front of a characteristic piece of furniture that signifies "room". Each has (or has access to) a gift-box, in which lies a weapon. WADSWORTH stands at centre, facing front.

Lights: To black, suddenly

Sound: Music stops abruptly

Sound: Changes to The Entertainer.

Light: Spot follows Yvette, who saunters across the stage, carrying title sign. Spot swept Wadsworth, slightly as it passes centre. It continues to follow Yvette Off.

At Wadsworth's first words (to follow), spot drops suddenly in front of him at centre-front.

Wadsworth: (deliberately, from the darkness, and slowly stepping into the light) Good ev-en-ing... My name is Wadsworth, your butler... Let ME entertain you (tosses his head disdainfully after Yvette)...The agenda for tonight will be dinner, dessert, drinks... and death. You will witness: six murders, in six rooms, with six weapons... and your job will be to figure out who... (steps into the light, and leans toward audience) DUN-NIT.

Sound: Doorbell

Lights: Black

Spot: On Mrs Peacock.

Peacock: (Stands by a butcher block with knife-holder. She is a busybody, who always fusses with her many layers of clothes). Well, someone has got to break the ice and it might as well be me! I have absolutely no idea why I was invited here, but I did come. Somebody's got to do it. (puzzled) Why? Oh, I don't know--I just came, that's all. I got this nice letter, see...something about dinner (snickers)--they say there's no more free lunches--just

dinners. Get it? Lunches, dinners... Oh, well, never mind. (taking her present) Not exactly a birthday dinner, now, mind, although we did receive these nice presents...(trailing off; then deliberately) I want to introduce myself...--someone does have to break the ice, like I said, and it might as well be me -- I'm used to these sorts of formal parties. (begins to open gift)...But before I tell you who I am, I want to make it perfectly clear--perfectly clear--no matter what you see in the course of this evening, that it wasn't my..my life is an open book. I've never--never--done anything wrong..(holds up \_\_\_\_\_, puzzled; voice trails off questioningly)...

Mime#1 moves to centre front, followed by Mime #2, who stabs her. Mimes #3 and #4 run quickly and remove the body, which slumps uncooperatively. Mime #1 exits, opposite side to the others. Mrs. Peacock is unaware of any action.

Spot: Tired of her rambling, has begun to move away..

Peacock: (grabbing at Spot, and "pulling" it back to her) Wait a minute! I'm not finished yet...(pauses, pouting making the most of her time).....My name...is....Mrs. Peacock.

Spot: Off.

Lights: Dim, but sufficient to light Sherlock, at centre-front.  
up a feather, which he examines closely; then moves across to Mrs. White, waving feather under her nose as he passes. off.

White: (sneezing) Ah-Chooo!

Spot: On Mrs. White, suddenly.

White: (stands in front of billiard cues; takes out hankie)  
There must be some sort of animal in this house Ik'm  
allergic to anything furred or feathered. Oh, it's not your  
fault (addressing the audience)--I'm not looking for your  
sympathy. I'm just stating facts. One of life's little  
woes, allergies. Some have them, some don't. That's it.

(picking up her gift-box, and running her finger along the top, as if tracing in dust)...Or maybe it's this dust--Ah-Choo!-- God knows how old this place is!

(continues tracing her finger along the top. Then, explaining: This is to ME! Look, it says "Mrs. White"... (begins to open it) I don't know why anyone here would give me a gift...

Mime #2 places rope around Mime #1's neck. Mime #1 slumps slowly to the floor. Mime #2 leaves a hankie behind, and exits, dodging through other posed characters.

White: (holding up\_\_\_\_\_, uninterested, unperturbed) My story is one of life, not death -- or should I say, life after death: now that my husband is dead, I have a life...(pause. Becomes uncomfortable, cluing-in to the fact that the audience may be getting suspicious: address audience, defensively)...I didn't kill him...though I had plenty of reason...didn't kill him...though I had plenty of reason...

Spot: Off.

Lights: Dim, sufficient to light Sherlock.

Sherlock comes out, picks up hankie, examines it, and moves off, passing Mr. Green.

Spot: On Mr. Green.

Green: (stands beside small wine-rack, wiping away at his tie, where he has apparently just spilled his drink). Oh! My! I seem to be accident-prone. I don't know how I manage to do this. (straightening himself) I'm Green...(awkward)...no, I mean my name is Green...Mr. Green, and what's this! (unwraps his gift) A gun? For a gift? Most unusual. What would I do with this?

Mime#1 shoots #2. Mimes 33 and #4 come quickly to remove body. Mime #3 plants behind, a green button. Mime #1 waits calmly looking on until all the others have left. Then walks confidently off, through posed characters.

Spot: Off.

Lights: Dim, to light Sherlock.

Sherlock discovers the button; tries it on his vest, coat, hat, between teeth. Leaves, puzzled. He passes Miss Scarlet, who wears tight clothing, with obviously straining buttons.

Spot: On Scarlett.

Scarlett: (sits with legs crossed on study desk. Sultry) Hi. I'm Miss Scarlett, and it really doesn't matter what you think of me. I run a business and it's my own business, and I pretty well keep my business to myself, if you know what I mean. And whatever you think of me is your own business. HAH! (she hops down from the desk, lifting her gift-box off the top. She opens it, and holds up a \_\_\_\_\_, then throws it down, disgusted)

(to audience) You were expecting, maybe, diamonds?? Oh, nevermind! I was invited her for dinner, but I suspect there's much, much more, if you know what I mean...

Mime #1 moves across stage followed by #2, who hits him over the head with a lead pipe. #1 exits through posed characters. Mimes #3 and #4 remove body, as SCARLETT continues..

I have no idea why I was asked to come, but then, nothing ventured, nothing gained, eh? I'm sure I can make the best of it...I always do.

Spot: Off.

Lights: Dim, to light Sherlock.

Sherlock steals to scene of crime, sniffing dreamily at perfume. He looks around for the attractive source, mimes a possible and hopeful embrace, but can't find anyone, and leaves, crestfallen & disappointed. He dances, mooningly, past Col Mustard, who frowns, scornfully..

Spot: On Col. Mustard.

Mustard: (stands in front of coat-rack, stiff and poised, and frowning, as Sherlock passes). I'm Col. Mustard. That's all you really need to know. (takes gift from umbrella stand, where it was perched) I deal with imports, exports -- we don't need to elaborate. I have no time for drivel. (he holds u knife and studies the blade) Hmm...appears to be imported Sheffield -- not bad. Not bad at all...

Mime #1 cracks Mime #2 over the head, very business-like, with the wrench. Bruches hands together. Walks, military-fashion, off. Mimes #3 and #4 drag the body off, planting a monacle as they go.

Spot: Off.

Lights: Dim, to light Sherlock.

himself to the scene of the crime, this time. He half-heartedly investigates, but still looks longingly for perfume. The monacle shines at him, and catches his eye suddenly. He pounces on it, and holds it to his own eye, delighted. (He forgets the perfume...) Dances off, stopping with every hop to replace the monacle which continues to fall out from his eye. As he passes Prof. Plum, the monacle dangles from its ribbon...

Spot: On Prof. Plum

Plum: (stands in front of bookshelf; adjusts glasses; obviously very near-sighted) Oh, oh, ...oh, yes. (places glasses and peers at audience). Oh, hello. Professor Plum, or Doctor Plum, if you prefer (snickers slightly)--I do! (to audience) What are you doing here? (clutches at himself, questioningly) What am I doing here?

What am I doing here? (to audience) Well, at least I was invited! (pause; looks at audience, waiting..)

Well...? You weren't, were you? I bet you had to pay to get in. Right?...Right? There, I thought so. So, even though I don't know exactly why I'm here, I do know exactly why you're here. (smugly) That's called "deduction", and that's (straightening glasses again)-undoubtedly, indoubetedly, why I was invited here tonight...(pause, as if it's obvious. When it seems not to be:) Because I can deduce: I can Figure Things Out: I can put two-and-two together....

Mime #1 opens a door and begins to sing. Mime #2 rushes behind and knocks #1 with the candlestick.

Plum: ...or, one-and-one...It's the same principle,

really. (he confidently takes his gift from the bookshelf and unwraps it). If one thinks long enough, and carefully enough, one can always explain the reason behind anything...(he holds up\_\_\_\_\_)

(pause; adjusts glasses) Hmmm (studies it)...I don't understand this...

Spot: Off

Lights: Dim, sufficient to light Sherlock.

Sherlock enters, as Mime #3 and #4 take body off, right, planting spectacles. Sherlock strokes his chin, trying to "induce". He spies spectacles; holds them to his eyes. Pulls monacle from pocket; compares "one" to "two". Mimes with fingers: "one + one", "two + two"....puzzled look takes over face. Shrugs shoulders: "I don't understand this" and "sleuths" off, left.

Lights: Black. Wadsworth re-enters, centre.

Sound: Gong.

Spot: On Wadsworth, at centre.

Wadsworth: (stands with tray at shoulder; coldly) Dinnah, is suhved.

All characters leave stage, taking props with them, as

Lights: Dim, gradually to blue.

Music: \_\_\_\_\_

Mimes #1,2,3,4, and Sherlock set split stage:

Music: Fades

Lights: Up, on Lounge

Yvette, with focus on tray (as 'cut-away, for continuity from Wadsworth's ending of last scene), circulates among guests, offering drinks. Guests chat amiably, until it becomes obvious that they are waiting...and waiting...and beginning to grow uncomfortable.....

Peacock: (brandy in hand, after an uncomfortable silence; nervous)

Well...!(sips from her glass) It certainly was a good dinner...

(no one responds; all just look at her)

...Didn't you thing so? I thought it was just splendid--well, maybe not splendid -- splendid might be too strong a word...Maybe, maybe "fine" would describe it better: (trying it out:)... "a 'fine' dinner"... What do you thing? (to anyone) How would you describe that dinner? (not waiting for a response, and only receiving black looks, anyway)...

Do you know, I haven't had Pheasant-with-Plum-Bernaise like that since...since...? God, I don't think I even know anyone who could even make it except this one cook I had years ago...what was her name?

(Black, disinterested looks all around...)

Scarlett: Why'd she leave?

Peacock: (coming back to herself) Who?

Scarlett: The cook. You said "since" you had this one cook years ago. So why's she leave?

Peacock: (squirming, uncomfortable with the question) Oh. OH. O, I don't know. She and I had a little disagreement or something--she was kind of touchy. She sure made a fine -- there's that word again-fine Pheasant-with-plum...-- (sputtering) Why should I tell you this? Who are you, to interrogate me?

Scarlett: (sauntering towards her, and reaching with her finger stopping just short of her arm) touchy! Aren't we.

Peacock: No, Not me, --her! I mean, We--who's "we" anyway. You got a mouse in your picket? I guess you're pretty touchy yourself? (Peering at Ms. Scarlett.) Am I right?



SCARLETT. (recoils and "looks daggers" at Peacock)

WADSWORTH. (enters abruptly and breaks the standoff; walks among guests as he speaks, hands behind back; with authority, control, decorum)

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I am sorry to have kept you waiting. There were a few particular details to attend to.

Did you enjoy your dinner?

(all mumble and nod, politely;)

WHITE. (drily; sarcastic) Mrs. Peacock found it....: "fine"...

PEACOCK. (sniffs, and adjusts her shawl; stung)

WADSWORTH. (continuing) Well, good. And now I hope you've had a chance to get to know one another somewhat... (glances round the group; knowingly, when he gets to Peacock & Scarlett)...and--- (MUSTARD cuts him off):

MUSTARD. Look here, Jeeves, or wh- whatever your name is--

WADSWORTH. (quickly) Wadsworth.

MUSTARD. Right, Wadsmith. Well, Wadsmith--

WADSWORTH. (unruffled, cutting in) Wadsworth.

MUSTARD. --look here: are you going to level with us finally, and tell us why we've all been brought here?

PLUM. Yes, why are we here? A group of perfect strangers -- we seem to have nothing in common..

WADSWORTH. No, but that's where you're wrong, Professor. You do have something in common. You have all known -- or been known by the owner of this estate, a Mr. P. Boddy.

GREEN. I don't know any Peabody--

WHITE. P. Boddy--?

SCARLETT. (knowingly) Oh! Mr. Boddy

MUSTARD. Peabody, Peabody...(trying to recall)...

} all at once;  
mumbling  
muttering  
others also  
ad lib.

WADSWORTH. (continuing) To some of you, Peter Boddy was a business associate...

(Scarlett rolls her eyes; Peacock gives her a dark look)

--Others of you may not even know that you knew him, but let me assure you, you did. Or, at least, he knew you.

*Yvette — (Yvette nods and leaves, placing tray on table, to billiard room)*  
Mr. Boddy died three days ago, in this house, a very wealthy man. (he takes the WILL from his pocket)

He left this, his last will and testament, naming each of you as equal beneficiaries. However, there are conditions:

(beginning to read):

"I, Peter Boddy, being of sound mind and body ---

SCARLET. HAH!

WADSWORTH. No pun intended, I'm sure.

SCARLETT. No pun taken, I'm sure --!

WADSWORTH. ...do bequeath the following:

To each of the six beneficiaries named above:  
i.e., Miss S. Scarlett, Mr. T. Green, Mrs. A. Peacock, Professor M. Plum, Col. K. Mustard, and Mrs. B. White:

I leave one-sixth of my entire estate, which will be at the disposal of each recipient,

(gasps & smiles)

Provided--

(faces fall somewhat, in anticipation)

*Freeze!  
suspend —  
Sherlock moves to  
each one, around  
each one, investigating  
(MUSIC)*

that each recipient can prove that he/she is of the utmost moral character, with not one personal historical event that would be incriminating in a court of law, or judged as inappropriate by a panel of Little Old Ladies of the Victorian Order.

(faces register confusion, bewilderment)

*fade*  
PLUM. Who are these Little Old Ladies---?

WADSWORTH (condescending) I shouldn't think you will need to

(WADSWORTH) concern yourself with them, Professor: I would think the court of law would hold more interest for you...

PLUM. (surprised) What? Why, whatever do you mean--

WADSWORTH. I trust that each of you will be eligible to receive the sum allotted. However, if any one of you can be proven unsuitable according to these terms, his or her share will be divided equally among the remaining recipients.

GREEN. And what about you? You were his butler, for crying out loud -- and we're all just, just...strangers -- some of us didn't even knowingly know this man! But you did! How many years did you work for him? Is he leaving you nothing?

WADSWORTH. I am not named in the Will, if that's what you mean.

GREEN. Well, doesn't that seem just a little unfair to you?

(he looks around at the others, to see if they agree; they nod and mumble in agreement)

WADSWORTH. A little. Unfair. Mr. Boddy is leaving me nothing; but you might.

COL. MUSTARD. What's that supposed to mean---?

WADSWORTH. Professor Plum himself said that apparently none of know each other. You have all been called here under coded, assumed names. How do you know that each of you really is who you are pretending to be right now? And, how do you know I am?

WHITE. This is a fun evening!

PEACOCK. This is outrageous. You're just planting suspicion in all of our minds -- and we were just beginning to get to know each other.

MUSTARD. Oh, that's just great, Wordsmith!

WADSWORTH. Wadsworth.

SCARLETT. Oh, puh-leese! So now what?

WADSWORTH. The distribution of the monies from the estate -- that is, the "one-sixth" mentioned in the Will, is to be carried out at midnight tonight.

PLUM. So, if any one of us is found to be "unsuitable", or in any way an "imposter", that will have to be made evident within the next two hours. Is that right?

WADSWORTH. Precisely, Professor. A clever deduction...

PLUM. (to audience, quickly) I told you that's why I was invited!

GREEN. I still don't see what's in-in for you, Wadsworth...

WADSWORTH. You are so concerned about me, Mr. Green, and all for no just cause. Perhaps your concern would be better spent on yourself...

WHITE. I think you watch too many movies, Mr. Wadsworth. You don't need to threaten the rest of us with all this innuendo. You weren't named in the Will, and that's it.

GREEN. Sure, "that's it" as far as the Will is concerned. All it requires is six people with assumed colour-coded names. But a Will is colour-blind, Mrs White; what's to prevent our friend here from disposing of one of us and presenting himself at midnight as "Professor Plum" or whatever?

PEACOCK. He couldn't! We'd know! We'd tell!

SCARLETT. Hah! I'd like to see him present himself as me!

GREEN. Would we? Would we tell? If we could simply receive our own one-sixth, and walk quietly out of here, as if nothing happened -- and, avoid any further investigation -- would we tell? (he scans the group, convincingly)

I think "we" would not. I think "we" might get a little annoyed with anyone who did (looks directly, menacingly at Mrs. Peacock. She clutches at her throat, and squirms)

WADSWORTH. Please, ladies and gentlemen. I brought you here for what I intended to be an entertaining and profitable evening. You have two hours remaining to enjoy yourselves. You will not be allowed to leave the house, but you may move freely about....(he moves to the table, where Yvette has left the tray, and begins to pour himself another drink)

SCARLETT. (changing mood) So, how did Mr Boddy die, anyway?

WADSWORTH: (turning slightly) His brandy was poisoned.

(PEACOCK screams, realizing that the brandy she has been drinking may also be poisoned. She continues screaming until Col. MUSTARD slaps her. She stops, but screaming is still heard, off)

ALL: Yvette!

LIGHTS:  
UPON  
BILLIARD  
ROOM.

(All run out of LOUNGE right across stage, and then back-tracking to "billiard room" set on risers. PEACOCK slips out, behind risers, in the commotion, and exits left.)

WADSWORTH: Yvette, what seems to be the problem?

YVETTE: I was listening through the wall and I heard Mrs. Peacock scream, and, well, I was scared because, well, I was drinking ze brandy, too. Oh, Mon Dieu! I am getting tres, tres dizzy.

(she faints; GREEN catches her)

WHITE. I could have told you that!

SCARLETT. Oh, give us a break! Please, you make me gag.

MUSTARD. So who poisoned Mr. Boddy? It couldn't have been Yvette or she would certainly have avoided the brandy.

GREEN. Well, w..w..who else was in the house at the time of Boddy's death? Or, who could have sneaked in, sometime during the day?

WADSWORTH: No one: security at this estate is foolproof. The only other household employee is---THE COOK!

WHITE: Well if the cook poisoned the brandy, and the cook killed Mr. Boddy, and the cook make our supper, then maybe she poisoned us, too!

(All run down off of billiard room risers; across to left stage; off just long enough to turn round and come back ending up in "kitchen" on risers, right)

SCARLETT. You know what they say: 'It ain't over 'til the fat lady sings..."

(a groan is heard; they search the room; PLUM mimes opening a cupboard door, and COOK somersaults into "room" from behind riser, knife in back)

PEACOCK. Oh, I th...think I'm going to faint.

GREEN. (to PLUM) You catch this one!

(PLUM hurries to catch PEACOCK, who is too heavy for him, and slides to the floor)

WHITE. What are we going to do with her? We can't just leave her here, can we?

GREEN. Let's take her to the lounge, until we can figure out what happened. Is Mrs. Peacock okay?

MUSTARD. (slapping her face) She'll be okay. Let's go.

(They drag the COOK's body off to LOUNGE).

LIGHTS. Fade on BILLIARD ROOM; up on LOUNGE.

(Guests place COOK's body on sofa in LOUNGE; PLUM and MUSTARD are fanning PEACOCK's face, to bring her around)

PEACOCK. (approaching hysterics) What's going on here? This house is a death trap! First, Mr. Boddy, now the cook, --Why would anyone kill her anyway? Did she do anything wrong?

Now what? Who's going to be the next to be brought down in cold blood? Oh, my God! How did I get myself trapped in this endless nightmare with no possible escape and no way to wake up from...

(MUSTARD slaps her) ....Ooh!

MUSTARD. It's shock.. We saw it all the time in the War...

WADSWORTH. Please! To my knowledge, there is no one else in the house. Yet, that doesn't explain the cook's death, for we were altogether since supper. We have to find who's behind all this... We're going to search this house...

(he takes some swizzle sticks from the drinks tray, and breaks them)

Now, we'll draw straws to see who searches with whom: those with same-size straws are partners in the search.

SCARLETT. What if one of us is paired with the killer and is killed

WADSWORTH. Well, then we'll know who the killer is.

PEACOCK. Yes, but at the expense of someone's life. Can we afford to take that risk? I mean, my God, who's to say...

ALL: Oh, shut up!

PEACOCK. (stung) Hmph! Well!

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_

(Characters circulate around one another, hedging, cautious, trying not to show their preferences, moving back-to-back, Men all hopeful that his partner is YVETTE, when, in fact, near-sighted PLUM gets her. MUSTARD - PEACOCK (disgust)

PLUM - YVETTE (indifference)

Scene is played out with SCARLETT - WHITE (sparks)

attention to rhythm; GREEN - WADSWORTH (mistrust)  
slow-motion )

"The Search"! MUSIC CONTINUES as pairs disperse themselves on and around risers, moving slowly, cautiously, suspiciously again in rhythm. MIMES change rooms on risers, making sure Library is set.

LIGHTS. SPOT each pair individually. When all have been lit:

(In darkness, CHAUFFEUR takes place a top of steps, left)  
SOUND, DOORBELL.

(Everyone jumps/shrieks. Pairs look at each other; freeze briefly; then make a mad dash for the FRONT DOOR (top of steps, left). All strain around WADSWORTH, who stands in centre of clustered group, about to open the door). He mimes opening the door with his key.

CHAUFFEUR: Oh, pardon me, may I use your telephone? My vehicle has broken down and I need to call for help.

WADSWORTH: Yes, of course -- you may use the one in the lounge.

YVETTE. Wait! What about ze body?

CHAUFFEUR: Ah, -- excuse me? \_\_\_\_\_

PLUM. Ah---she said there's somebody in the lounge. Uh, there's no telephone there, either, for that matter. Use the one in the Library: first door on the right.

CHAUFFEUR. (walks past the others, up right onto riser set as LIBRARY. He mimes using phone, until MIME places one in his hands. He is surprised. MIME indicates - "That's nothing; you're welcome" and leaves quickly)

MUSTARD. Oh, that was close. What are we going to do with that

(All walk slowly back to the LOUNGE)

PEACOCK. Let's bury her.

SCARLETT. We don't have the time to dig a grave big enough for that over-sized ---

WHITE. Let's cut her up, stuff her in a suitcase and dump her in the lake. (Everyone scowls at her) Well...it was just a suggestion.

MUSTARD. Look, people --- I've got to go. (brusquely)

SCARLETT. Where? !

GREEN. You heard Wadsworth, here: no on leaves.

MUSTARD. Not "go" as in "leave". "Go", as in --- go! 'The bathroom! Do I have to spell it out? G-O !

All: Ohh!!! Go !!!

WADSWORTH. Well, I'll go with you. I should lock the chauffeur in the library until we can find out what's going on...

LIGHTS (Wadsworth and Mustard leave, to stage right. Wadsworth  
FADE mimes locking the library door on risers, as he passes.

RIGHT

LIGHTS UP  
ON LOUNGE. (Scarlett, Yvette, White, Green, Peacock, Plum)

PEACOCK. Maybe we should look again for that killer.

SCARLETT. Who's "we" ? Got a mouse in your pocket? -- Nevermind: Professor Plum and I will go; the rest of you stay here, in case we get another unexpected visitor.

(PLUM and SCARLETT exit, right,

WHITE. There go two brave souls.

GREEN. Oh, yes -- I hope nothing happens to them. Um, (changing the subject) no meaning to pry or anything, Mrs. White, but what actually happened to your husband, anyway?

WHITE. How do you know anything happened to my husband? Were you eavesdropping in the first scene? You a spy or something? A voyeur? No, no - don't tell me: you're a detective ! (sarcastic, throughout)



GREEN. (now embarrassed)

WHITE. (continuing, with a sigh) He was found in our Manhattan penthouse with his head severed from his body...

GREEN. Oh, how gruesome! How awful for you. Did they ever catch the culprit?

WHITE. No -- no, they didn't. They just figured it was one of many business deals gone sour -- kind of like our marriage, I guess. It, too, was soon to be "severed" when this happened. Oh, well, it's no skin off my nose --AH-CHOO!

(GREEN hands her a kleenex)

WHITE. (taking it) Thank you. (she looks at it) You know, men should be like Kleenex: soft, strong, and DISPOSABLE.

GREEN. (unnerved, backs off and goes to converse with the others.

LIGHTS. Fade on LOUNGE: Up on LIBRARY. (Players leave LOUNGE in dark

(In LIBRARY, CHAUFFEUR lies dead on floor, next to the wrench that killed him. SCARLETT and PLUM walk out from behind bookcase).

SCARLETT. Well, now we know how they get round this place, although we have yet to find out who "they" is, and where "they" are. Imagine that, there really are secret passages -----

(she spies the body, and screams)

PLUM. The killer strikes again ...

(The other PLAYERS run to join them in LIBRARY)

PEACOCK. What happened?

YVETTE. Oh, mon Dieu! Yvette est très, très dizzy.

WHITE. I could have told you that at first glance.

YVETTE. ....(continuing)... I sink zat I em going to vaint... (PLUM rushes to catch her, attempting to pinch her bum as she falls)

YVETTE. (interrupts her 'faint' long enough to slap him) Oh, Monsieur! I am a lady! (continues her 'faint')

WHITE. Yeah, and I'm Lady Di.??

(cuts in)  
WADSWORTH. -- Let's bring him to the lounge. We may as well keep the

yourself, don't you?

This envelope is yours. Your husband was killed, wasn't he? Decapitated. You did share this story openly, but you left out one little detail. It was you that killed him, for cheating on you.

"A business deal gone sour"?? Perhaps only one of many.

But that wasn't bad enough. You had to kill her, too. Yvette made you a little jealous, did she?

WHITE. No great loss, the world can do without her, I'm sure.

WADSWORTH. The only one left is you, Mr. Green.

GREEN. There's nothing to tell. I'm still trying to figure out your angle. What's in it for you, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH. I am surprised that you haven't pieced this all together yourself, Green. You are, after all, an FBI agent, aren't you?

WHITE. (gasps)

GREEN. That's right, and I haven't killed anyone here tonight.

WADSWORTH. (calmly) I know, and neither have I - which is why I guess you'll have to do. Clearly, I can't let you out of here... (he grabs the lead pipe which has been brought back to the LOUNGE earlier, with its victim, and raises it, to strike).

GREEN. Mr. Wadsworth, you've forgotten I received a gift, too.

(he pulls a revolver from his coat and shoots. Wadsworth drops the pipe and falls to the ground).

GREEN. (replacing revolver in shoulder holster) Mr. Green, killed the butler, in the hall, with the revolver. (bends and takes key out of Wadsworth's pocket. Holding it up he continues)

LIGHTS You are all under arrest for murder in the first degree.

Fade (walks to the front door, unlocks it, goes outside, and locks it again. Puts hands in pockets, and begins to

SPOT on whistle theme music, and he saunters down aisle, left.

GREEN follows him out. (Other players exit left in darkness)

MUSIC  
UP

SHERLOCK moves across stage in dim light, carrying tray full of clues at shoulder height. She takes her place at centre front. where SPOT has now moved to.

She calls out:

Mrs. Peacock, the cook (they come out; split, to stand one on either side of Sherlock)

...in the kitchen,,, (hands PEACOCK the knife from the tray):  
...with the knife. (Bow, & split to extreme sides of stage)

(Each pair is presented in the same way:)

Col. Mustard, the Chauffeur, in the library, with the wrench. (They bow, and split to extreme right & left of stage)

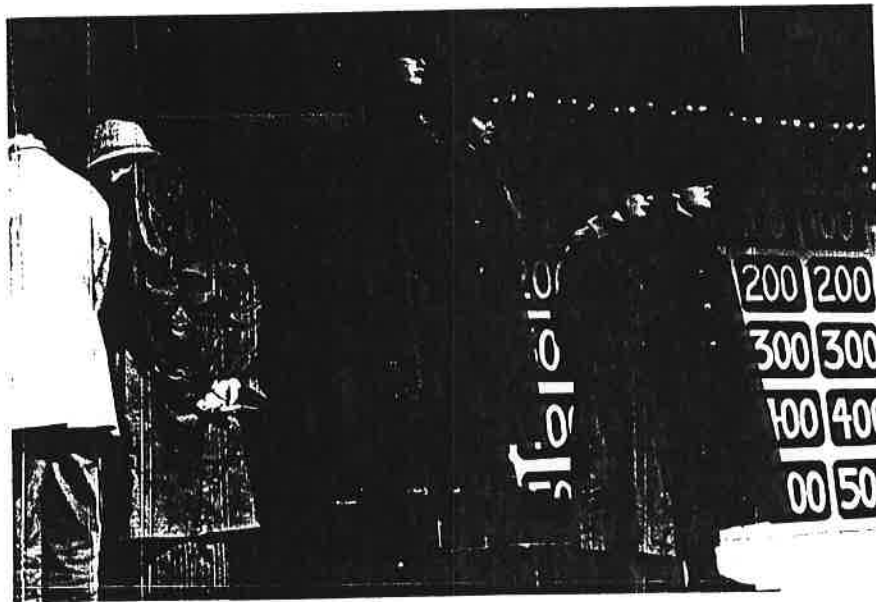
Professor Plum, the Singing Telegram Girl, at the Front Door, with the candlestick. (bow)

Miss Scarlett, the Officer, in the study, with the lead pipe.

Mrs. White, Yvette, in the billiard room with the rope.

Mr. Green, the butler, in the hall, with the revolver.

MIMES break into line. HANDS UP, DOWN, UP, GRAND BOW.



Ike Rich Players, Goose High School  
"A Whodunit for the Nineties"