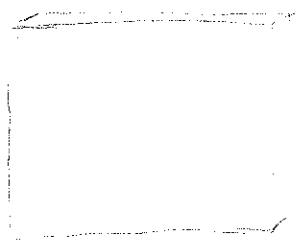
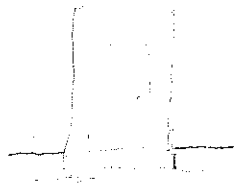
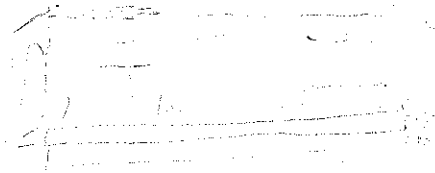


Setting

A deserted mansion.
New England, 1954.

Mrs. Wadsworth, Peacock, Mustard, White, Plum



STUON
BUTTER 201
L...
L...

Yvette
Cook
Wadsworth
Mustard
White
Peacock
Green
Scarlet
Plum

CLUE: ON STAGE

based on the screenplay by Jonathan Lynn

additional material by Hunter Foster, Eric Price, & Sandy Rustin

BASED ON THE PARAMOUNT PICTURES MOTION PICTURE
BASED ON THE HASBRO BOARD GAME CLUE

START #1

PROLOGUE

[MUSIC CUE #1]

(Thunder/lightning. We hear the sound of heavy rain and dogs barking. Dim light reveals a regal foyer.)

(Wide double doors creak open. We hear footsteps. A SHADOWY FIGURE appears in the doorway. He enters, walking in step with the sound of the footsteps. Music fades. He stops but the footsteps continue! He looks around for the source of the footsteps. Suddenly, the footsteps stop.)

(Thunder/lightning. In the flash, we see the man clearly. This is WADSWORTH, the butler. He waves naughtily at the audience.)

(Lights rise fully. We see that YVETTE, a sexy French maid, holding a tray of champagne, stands with her hand on a panel of light switches.)

(YVETTE notices WADSWORTH and screams!)

(WADSWORTH, startled by her scream, also screams! At the sound of the screams, The COOK, a sourpuss of a woman, enters from the kitchen, wielding a butcher's knife, also screaming. When they all quickly realize that it is only the three of them, startling each other...)

YVETTE. But Monsieur! Why are you standing here in ze dark?! You frightened us half to death!

(YVETTE/COOK freeze. YVETTE in an "Oh, my!" pose, and COOK with knife raised. A spotlight finds WADSWORTH.)

WADSWORTH. (To audience:) Wouldn't want to frighten anyone to death. There are so many better ways to die.

(Thunder/lightning. WADSWORTH steps forward to address the audience more fully.)

[MUSIC CUE #2]

WADSWORTH. My apologies, ladies and gentlemen. I've been awfully rude. You've no idea why you're here do you?

(To a gentleman in the audience:)

Oh, but you, sir. You look like a man who knows what's going on.

(WADSWORTH reacts to the person next to the man, making it appear as though he/she has shook his/her head "No"—implying that the man does not know what's going on.)

WADSWORTH. Oh, no? Your wife *(friend, etc.)* here says no. My mistake. Sorry. It's my fault really.

(To all:)

You see, it is the butler's job to make everyone comfortable. And from the looks of your faces . . .

(To another lady in the audience:)

. . . yours in particular, dear—I'd venture to guess, you haven't got a clue. But don't worry. You're not alone. We're all in this together.

(Thunder/lightning. A dead body is revealed in the balcony.)¹

[MUSIC CUE #3]

WADSWORTH. Well, not him.

[MUSIC CUE #4]

WADSWORTH. *(Looking at his pocket watch without pause:)* At any rate, not to fear . . . if I've done my calculations correctly . . .

(The doorbell rings, proving his point. Lights shift to include the whole stage.)

WADSWORTH. . . . our guests are on their way.

(Calling back to YVETTE and COOK—still frozen:)

Yvette! Cook!

(They step forward.)

Is everything ready?

YVETTE. Oui, Monsieur.

WADSWORTH. You have your instructions?

(They nod.)

COOK. You want the dogs fed before the guests arrive?

¹ If there is no available balcony, a dead body may be revealed elsewhere onstage or in the audience.

WADSWORTH. No, I want them . . . hungry.

(Dogs bark.)

Cook— Dinner will be served at 7:30?

COOK. Sharp.

(Dogs bark. A bang. YVETTE and COOK freeze. A light finds WADSWORTH again.)

WADSWORTH. *(Addressing the audience:)* Don't be alarmed! It's just the Maid, in the Hall, with the Champagne Cork!

(The doorbell rings again. They unfreeze.)¹

WADSWORTH. *(Sly:)* Right on time.

[MUSIC CUE #5]

(The lights open up to reveal the magnificent front hall.)

SCENE I

(The Hall.)

(WADSWORTH straightens his jacket, smooths his hair, looks at his pocket watch, and grandly opens the door.)

(Dogs bark. Rain storms. COLONEL MUSTARD, officious yet disheveled, stands baffled in the door way, shielding himself from the rain. In his Colonel's uniform pocket is an American flag.)

WADSWORTH. Good evening.

(MUSTARD walks right in.)

MUSTARD. Good evening. I'm not sure if I'm in the right—

WADSWORTH. Yes, indeed, sir, you are expected, Colonel. May I take your coat? It is Colonel Mustard, isn't it?

MUSTARD. No, that's not my name. My name is Colonel—

WADSWORTH. *(Putting up a hand to stop him from continuing:)* Pardon me, sir, but tonight you may well feel obliged to my employer for the use of a pseudonym.

¹ Starting here, each time the doorbell rings, the cast inside Boddy Manor has a deliberate look to the door and then a look out to the audience. (Or some such consistent "head-ography.")

MUSTARD. Oh, no, thank you. I took an antihistamine before I came. (*Inhaling to demonstrate cleared sinus passages:*) Cleared that right up.

WADSWORTH. (*Turning to YVETTE:*) Yvette, will you attend to the Colonel and give him anything he requires.

YVETTE. (*Flirtatiously:*) Oui, Monsieur.

WADSWORTH. Within reason, that is.

YVETTE. You spoil all my fun!

(*Disappointed, YVETTE takes a confused MUSTARD's coat and offers him a glass of champagne, just as the doorbell simultaneously rings once more. ALL look to the door. Look out.*)

WADSWORTH. Ah.

(*WADSWORTH straightens his jacket, smooths his hair, glances at his watch and opens the door.*)

(*Dogs bark. Rain storms. MRS. WHITE stands, tragic and morbid, dressed in funeral clothing, guarding herself from the rain. Over her face is a mesh black veil.*)

WADSWORTH. Do come in, madam. You are expected.

[MUSIC CUE #6]

(*WHITE enters fully with a confident mystique.*)

WHITE. (*Pulling back her veil, to reveal her face:*) Do you know who I am?

WADSWORTH. Only that you are to be known as Mrs. White.

WHITE. Ironic, isn't it?

(*WADSWORTH removes her coat, with a brilliantly white inside.*)

WHITE. The letter I received said I should refer to myself by that name, but, why . . . ?

WADSWORTH. May I introduce you? Mrs. White, this is the maid—Yvette.

(*The women flinch in disgust.*)

[MUSIC CUE #7]

WADSWORTH. I see you two know each other.

WHITE. Don't be ridiculous, I've never seen this woman before in my life!

(*The women turn away from each other with dramatic flair. WHITE notices MUSTARD.*)

WHITE. Hello.

MUSTARD. Hello.

(*Simultaneously, the doorbell rings again. All look to the door. Then out. WADSWORTH straightens jacket, smooths hair, looks at watch, opens door.*)

[MUSIC CUE #8]

(*Dogs bark. Rain storms. MRS. PEACOCK, middle-aged and rather batty, stands in a ridiculous hat, with distinct PEACOCK feathers poking out. She wears a gigantic crucifix necklace and black-rimmed glasses. She desperately shields herself from the rain.*)

PEACOCK. (*Dramatically:*) "Behold," said the Lord, "I am bringing the flood of water upon the earth, to destroy all flesh."

YVETTE. Bonjour Madame.

PEACOCK. (*Reacting to YVETTE's skimpy uniform:*) Speaking of "flesh"!

WADSWORTH. Mrs. Peacock, I presume.

COOK. (*Removing PEACOCK's cloak:*) Cloak?

PEACOCK. (*Noticing the COOK with surprise:*) Cook!

WADSWORTH. Ah. I see you two know each other.

PEACOCK. (*Perfectly normal:*) Don't be ridiculous, I've never seen this woman before in my life!

(*The women turn away from each other with dramatic flair, causing PEACOCK to notice WHITE and MUSTARD for the first time.*)

PEACOCK. (*Bordering hysteria:*) Who are you?!

(*Before anyone can respond, the doorbell rings again. All look to the door. Then out.*)

WADSWORTH. (*To PEACOCK:*) Hold that thought.

(*Even faster now, WADSWORTH straightens, smooths, looks, and opens the door.*)

[MUSIC CUE #9]

(*Dogs bark. Rain storms. MR. GREEN, straight as an arrow, serious and smart-looking, stands in a trench coat, holding an umbrella raised above his head. He does not enter, but remains in the doorway. He sneezes, takes out a hanky and wipes his nose.*)

GREEN. Is this the right address to meet Mr. Boddy?

WADSWORTH. You must be Mr. Green.

GREEN. Yes . . .

(The door remains open and the dogs are still barking wildly.)

WADSWORTH. *(To dogs:)* Sit!

(Barking stops as GREEN frantically sits.)

WADSWORTH. No. Not you, sir.

(GREEN sheepishly gets up and enters the house.)

GREEN. Oh, excuse me. I'm rather clumsy at parties, I'm afraid.

WADSWORTH. Not to worry, sir.

(GREEN sneezes again.)

GREEN. *(Wiping his nose:)* Oh dear. Is there a cat? I'm afraid I'm highly allergic.

MUSTARD. *(To WADSWORTH:)* Give him a pseudonym. *(To GREEN:)* Clears it right up. *(MUSTARD inhales deeply again.)*

WADSWORTH. *(Prompting:)* Cook? Coat?

COOK. *(Still wielding the knife – to GREEN:)* Kindly.

(GREEN, spooked, hands over his coat to the COOK.)

(Lightning crashes, illuminating the house. The doorbell rings once more. All look to the door. Then out. Impossibly fast, WADSWORTH goes through his routine and opens the door.)

[MUSIC CUE #10]

(Dogs bark. Rain storms. MISS SCARLET and PROFESSOR PLUM stand in the doorway, rather snuggled, shielding themselves from the rain. SCARLET smokes a long, thin cigarette in a fancy cigarette holder. PLUM wears a plum-colored beret.)

WADSWORTH. Ah! Professor Plum! Miss Scarlet. Welcome. I didn't realize you were acquainted.

(SCARLET pulls out of PLUM's arms and makes an elegant entrance. If she weren't such a hopeless broad, she'd actually be classy.)

SCARLET. We weren't. My car broke down, and this . . . Professor . . . gave me a ride.

PLUM. I'm hoping she'll return the favor one day.

SCARLET. Join the club, Mister.

PLUM. Oooh, I see cocktail hour has begun. I only drink on two occasions. During the day . . . and at night.

(PLUM, oozing charm from all the wrong places, has entered fully, and just as GREEN is about to take a sip of his champagne, PLUM thoughtlessly takes it from him, downs it, and returns the glass empty.)

SCARLET. *(Soaking in the mansion and other guests:)* Good lord, this really is a party. What is this godforsaken place anyway?

PEACOCK. I'll thank you to keep God out of this!

WADSWORTH. This old place? Oh, this . . . is Boddy Manor.

(Thunder/lightning. COOK and YVETTE flank SCARLET and PLUM, too close for comfort.)

COOK. *(Still wielding her knife:)* Your coats?

YVETTE. Champagne?

SCARLET and PLUM. Thank you.

(SCARLET and PLUM hand their coats to the COOK. SCARLET, red-headed, looks positively Hollywood in a provocative velvet green dress. PLUM, in his black tuxedo with plum-colored cummerbund and bowtie, is quite the debonair academic. They take the champagne. WADSWORTH checks his pocket watch.)

WADSWORTH. Cook. Dinner?

COOK. Directly.

(COOK with the coats, spins on her heels and exits.)

WADSWORTH. Now, ladies and gentlemen, we are all met.

[MUSIC CUE #11]

Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Wadsworth. The butler. *(Then:)* Now . . .

[MUSIC CUE #12]

(As WADSWORTH addresses each GUEST by name, a light and musical sting finds them individually for a moment in a telling pose, indicative to their distinct characters.)

WADSWORTH. Colonel Mustard.

(Poses "at attention," but hits himself in the head.)

Mrs. White.

(Lowers the black mesh veil over her face.)

*GREEN
PLUM
COOK*

End #1

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. *(She finds it.)* The key!

WADSWORTH. Give it to me!

(She does. He opens the briefcase. It is empty.)

PLUM. Empty?!

MUSTARD. Then where's all the evidence?

WADSWORTH. Where's all the evidence, indeed?! Ha! I told you Boddy was a liar!

GREEN. We must find that evidence and destroy it!

WHITE. Then we can put all of this behind us and move forward with our miserable lives!

MUSTARD. *(Becoming officious.)* Evidence aside, first things first. We're in a room with two dead bodies and six murderous weapons, and the cops are on their way!

WADSWORTH. Not to mention there's a homicidal maniac about! Let's put the weapons in the broom closet and lock the door.

ALL. "Oh yes!" "That's a good idea!" *(Etc.)*

(He's puts the weapons back in Boddy's bag. They all run into the Hall.)

[MUSIC CUE #29]

Begun #7
ALL
But Cook

(Transition out of the Study and into the Corridor.)

SCENE 6-A

(The Corridor.)

(The GUESTS head towards the broom closet. YVETTE opens the closet and WADSWORTH throws the bag in. He locks the door.)

WADSWORTH. There!

MUSTARD. Wait! What are you going to do with the key to the closet, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH. I'll put it in my pocket.

MRS. PEACOCK. But what if you're the murderer?

WADSWORTH. I'm not.

MRS. PEACOCK. But what if you are?

WADSWORTH. I've an idea—we'll throw it away.

ALL. "Good idea!" "Excellent!" "That's great." *(Etc.)*

(Lights shift. Transition to Hall. The GUESTS run towards the front door.)

[MUSIC CUE #30]

SCENE 7

(The Hall.)

(WADSWORTH opens the door to throw away the key, but shockingly, a MOTORIST stands at the door, poised to knock. The GUESTS gasp.)

WADSWORTH. How do you do? Can we help?

MOTORIST. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to disturb the whole household, but my car broke down out here, and I was wondering if I could use your phone.

WADSWORTH. Right. Just a moment, please.

(He turns to the GUESTS in a huddle. They whisper. He returns to the MOTORIST.)

WADSWORTH. Very well, sir. Would you care to come in?

MOTORIST. Thank you.

(He steps fully into the mansion.)

Well? Where is it?

WADSWORTH. What, the body?

MOTORIST. The phone. What body?

WADSWORTH. What? There's no body. There's nobody. There's nobody in the study.

ALL. No!

WADSWORTH. But I think there's a phone in the lounge.

MOTORIST. Thank you.

(WADSWORTH brings the MOTORIST to the door of the Lounge as the others look on.)

WADSWORTH. Right through this door. When you've made your call, perhaps you would be good enough to wait in there?

MOTORIST. Certainly.

(WADSWORTH opens the door, lets the MOTORIST in. Closes and locks the door.)

WADSWORTH. Now listen . . . *(Looking at his pocket watch urgently.)* . . . The police are on their way. I estimate another 29 minutes or so. Our task is twofold. ONE: Find the evidence! TWO: Find the murderer!

PEACOCK. But how?!

MUSTARD. I suggest we handle this in proper military fashion. We split up, and search the house.

PEACOCK. Split up?!

YVETTE. I don't want to go upstairs! I'm frightened of the dark. Will anyone go with me?

PLUM. I will.

MUSTARD. I will.

GREEN. No thank you.

MUSTARD. That's a good idea. We'll split up into pairs.

PLUM. But if we split up into pairs, whichever one of us is paired with the killer might get killed!

YVETTE. Mon Dieu!

MUSTARD. But then we would have discovered who the murderer is!

PEACOCK. But the other half of the pair would be dead!

MUSTARD. This is war, Peacock! Casualties are inevitable. You cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs—every cook will tell you that.

PEACOCK. But look what happened to the cook!

GREEN. Colonel, are you willing to take that chance?

MUSTARD. What choice do we have?

SCARLET. None.

GREEN. I suppose you're right. *(GREEN sneezes again.)*

ALL. Gesundheit.

GREEN. I swear to God there's a cat in this house.

MUSTARD. All right, Troops. Divide and conquer. Wadsworth and Yvette, Mr. Green and Mrs. White, you start upstairs. Professor Plum and Mrs. Peacock, you start in the cellar. Miss. Scarlet, you and I will begin here on the first floor.

SCARLET. And find any clues left by the murderer!

PLUM. And any of the missing evidence from Boddy's briefcase!

MUSTARD. Let's meet back here in ten minutes.

PEACOCK. But what if someone doesn't come back?

MUSTARD. We'll remember you fondly! Let's go!

(They go! The GUESTS freeze.)

[MUSIC CUE #31]

SCENE 8

(The Hall.)

(Lights shift. WADSWORTH addresses the audience.)

WADSWORTH. Six suspects. Two murders. And a briefcase worth of damning, missing evidence. With the police due in . . . *(Checks his watch:)* . . . 27 minutes, we can't take any chances. My deepest apologies, ladies and gentlemen. *(Calling out:)* Ushers, lock the doors!

(Multiple door locking noises.)

Now we're all in this together.

[MUSIC CUE #32]

END #7