

WADSWORTH. How . . . sticky.

PEACOCK. I expect to be treated like the wife of a . . .

*(The doorbell rings. They look out.)*

WADSWORTH. Hold that thought. Right this way. After you, Mrs. Peacock.

*(He opens the door [module] to the Lounge, the interior becomes halfway visible.)*

PEACOCK. *(Enamored by the doorframe:)* Oh my, look at the detail of this molding; this is quite a magnificent mansion, isn't it . . .

*(She screams, startled to find WHITE and MUSTARD.)*

Who are you?!

WHITE. Welcome to the party.

MUSTARD. *(Tickled pink:)* This is turning out to be quite the crowd.

*(As YVETTE closes the Lounge door [module retreats], dogs bark. Rain storms. WADSWORTH opens the front door to a music sting.)*

[MUSIC CUE #8]

*(MR. GREEN, straight as an arrow, stands in a trench coat, holding an umbrella. He does not enter, but remains in the doorway, anxious.)*

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

*(The dogs bark wildly.)*

WADSWORTH. *(To dogs:)* Sit!

*(GREEN frantically sits. Dogs stop barking.)*

WADSWORTH. No. Not you, sir.

*(GREEN stands sheepishly.)*

GREEN. Sorry, sorry.

WADSWORTH. Please, come in.

GREEN. *(Entering more fully:)* Excuse me, I suppose this letter has me rather anxious.

WADSWORTH. You must be Mr. Green.

GREEN. *(Painfully lying:)* Yes. That's exactly who I am.

WADSWORTH. Welcome, sir.

*(GREEN hands his umbrella to YVETTE as he steps into the Hall.)*

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 . . .

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?