

(WADSWORTH moves behind YVETTE.)

NEWSCASTER. *(Beneath the following dialogue until cut off)* "Time and time again, without apology or evasion, I—and many members of this administration—have stood for the right of the individual, for free expression of convictions, even though those convictions might be unpopular, and for uncensored use of our libraries, except as dictated by common decency."

WADSWORTH. *(Rather intimately:)* Yvette?

(YVETTE yelps, startled!)

YVETTE. Monsieur! I didn't hear you come in! You frightened me half to death!

WADSWORTH. Wouldn't want to do that. There are so many better ways to die.

(Then:)

Please turn off that noise.

(YVETTE turns off the TV—cutting off the news.)

Is everything ready?

YVETTE. Oui.

WADSWORTH. Good. *(Calling off:)* Cook?

(In a flash of thunder/lightning, a formidable COOK, dressed perfectly, appears from the Kitchen.)

COOK. You called, sir?

WADSWORTH. Everything on schedule?

COOK. Dinner will be ready at 7:30.

[MUSIC CUE #2]

COOK. *(Revealing a butcher knife on a music sting:)* Sharp.

(Just then, the doorbell rings. They look out.)

WADSWORTH. Ah. Right on time. You have your instructions?

YVETTE. Oui.

WADSWORTH. Very well then.

(He moves to the door. YVETTE pushes off the TV. COOK exits to the Kitchen.)

WADSWORTH. *(Just before opening the door:)* Let the game begin.

[MUSIC CUE #3]

Scene 1

(The Hall/The Lounge)

(Dogs bark. Rain storms.)

(WADSWORTH grandly opens the front door.)

(COLONEL MUSTARD, officious, stands in the doorway, shielding himself from the rain. He wears a decorated Colonel's uniform.)

(COOK reenters during the following to assist with coats and such.)

WADSWORTH. Good evening.

MUSTARD. *(Entering fully:)* Good evening. I'm not sure if I'm in the right—

WADSWORTH. Yes, indeed you are expected, Colonel.

MUSTARD. How do you— *(know who I am?)*

WADSWORTH. *(Interrupting:)* It is Colonel Mustard, isn't it?

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

WADSWORTH. I believe it's been recommended that tonight you use a pseudonym.

MUSTARD. Oh, no thank you. I took an antihistamine before I came.

WADSWORTH. *(Taking his coat:)* May I take your coat?

MUSTARD. Oh. All right. I suppose I . . .

(YVETTE, at the bar cart, now pops open a bottle of champagne, a la a gunshot, startling MUSTARD who yelps.)

WADSWORTH. Not to worry, Colonel. It's just the maid, in the Hall, with the champagne cork.

YVETTE. *(Offering:)* Champagne?

MUSTARD. *(Taking the glass, flummoxed by her beauty:)* Oh, uh, don't mind if I . . .

YVETTE. *(Interrupting:)* Zis way Monsieur.

MUSTARD. *(Following her anywhere:)* Ah. Thank you.

(YVETTE escorts MUSTARD to the door of the Lounge. The doorbell interrupts. They look out.)

MUSTARD. Are you expecting someone else?

WADSWORTH. Indeed. I'll be with you in a moment.

YVETTE. Follow me, Colonel.