

CLUE

Based on the screenplay by Jonathan Lynn

Written by Sandy Rustin

Additional Material by Hunter Foster and Eric Price

Based on the Paramount Pictures Motion Picture

Based on the Hasbro board game CLUE

Original Music by Michael Holland

Prologue

(A scrim hangs at the front of the stage reproducing the exterior of Boddy Manor. Thunder. Lightning illuminates the theater. The scrim rises.)

[MUSIC CUE #1]

music done

SO 20

GO

(Ominous, urgent music plays. Sounds of heavy rain and Rottweiler dogs barking. Dimly lit wall sconces and chandeliers reveal an empty, regal foyer and magnificent front Hall. YVETTE [a sexy French maid, dressed perfectly] polishes a glass while watching the news on a static-filled black-and-white television set.)

NEWSCASTER. McCarthy's shrieking denunciations and fear-mongering have created a climate of fear and suspicion across the country—raising the question in households across the nation, who are the un-American Americans amongst us?

LX 6

SO 25

GO

(A startling crash of thunder/ lightning illuminates the glass-paneled front door, revealing the silhouette of a man holding an umbrella.)

lightning done

SO 30

GO

(SENATOR MCCARTHY'S VOICE is heard from the TV:)

MCCARTHY'S VOICE. "Any man who has been named by either a senator of a committee or a congressman is dangerous to the welfare of this nation."

Wads N+

LX 8

SO 31

GO

(The front door creaks open, unheard by YVETTE. Enter WADSWORTH, the butler, dressed perfectly, shaking off and stowing his umbrella and hat, a twinkle in his eye.)

NEWSCASTER. President Eisenhower refuses to engage directly with McCarthy. In a letter to his brother however, Eisenhower explains— "As for McCarthy—only a short-sighted or completely inexperienced individual would urge the use of the office of the presidency to give an opponent the publicity he so avidly desires."

SO 35

(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."

MUSIC AFTER

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.)



SO 40



Is everything ready?

YVETTE. Oui.

LX 10

SO 45



WADSWORTH. Good. (Calling off:) Cook?

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

LX



COOK. You called, sir? Antic COOK NT

WADSWORTH. Everything on schedule?

COOK. Dinner will be ready at 7:30.

LX 11.5



[MUSIC CUE #2] Water Pearce

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

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

SO 50



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.*

LX 12

SO 60

GO

(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.

LX 13

SO 65

GO

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?

SO 70

GO

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.

SO 75

GO

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.

MUSTARD. With pleasure, my dear.

MUSIC

(YVETTE opens the Lounge door, escorting MUSTARD inside.)

(WADSWORTH opens the front door to a music sting.)

[MUSIC CUE #4]

(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.)

LX 14

SO 80

GO

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

(She enters more fully, WADSWORTH at her heels.)

LX 15

SO 85

GO

WADSWORTH. Welcome.

WHITE. *(With a confident mystique:)* Do you know who I am?

(She pulls back her veil, to reveal her face.)

WADSWORTH. Only that you are a socialite to be known this evening as Mrs. White.

(She slips off her cloak, black with a brilliantly white inside.)

WHITE. Yes.

(WADSWORTH catches it gracefully.)

WHITE. It said so in my letter. But, why—?

WADSWORTH. *(Interrupting:)* May I introduce you? Mrs. White, this is the maid, Yvette.

[MUSIC CUE #5]

● ● Pearce

LX 17

GO

(Music sting as the women notice each other and flinch.)

WADSWORTH. I see you two know each other.

WHITE. *(Deliberately lying:)* We've never met.

YVETTE. *(Cheekily:)* Champagne?

WHITE. *(Pointedly:)* I think not.

WADSWORTH. Please, warm yourself in the Lounge.

WHITE. Why, do I look cold?

WADSWORTH. A bit.

(Shepherding her into the Lounge—then:)

WADSWORTH. I'll be right with you.

(The module of the set containing the door to the Lounge, now pulls open slightly, making the interior of the Lounge partially visible as WHITE steps through the door, noticing MUSTARD.)

WHITE. Oh. Hello.

MUSTARD. Hello. Pleased to meet you.

WHITE. I'm rarely pleased to meet anyone.

SO 90

GO

(Doorbell rings. They look out.)

WHITE. More?

LX 17.5

SO 91

GO

WADSWORTH. Oh, yes.

(WADSWORTH shuts the Lounge door closing the module back up.)

[MUSIC CUE #6] *music* door open

LX 18

SO 95

GO

(Rain storms. YVETTE opens the front door to a music sting. MRS. PEACOCK, middle-aged, wealthy, and batty, stands, covered in jewels, a fox-tail fur stole, and a hat of PEACOCK feathers, shielding herself from the rain with a box of candy.)

YVETTE. Bonjour Madame. Please, come in from ze rain.

(As PEACOCK enters . . .)

LX 19

SO 100

GO

WADSWORTH. Mrs. Peacock, I presume.

PEACOCK. Who? (Realizing:) Oh yes! That's me!

WADSWORTH. Cook, will you please take Mrs. Peacock's stole.

(With a music sting, the women recognize each other. They flinch!)

[MUSIC CUE #7]

LX 20

GO

WADSWORTH. I see you two know each other.

PEACOCK. (Discarding her stole into the COOK's arms:) Don't be ridiculous, I've never seen this woman before in my life.

YVETTE. (Offering:) Champagne?

PEACOCK. My lips belong to the Lord!

WADSWORTH. Please, make yourself comfortable in the Lounge.

PEACOCK. Thank you.

(As WADSWORTH escorts her to the Lounge, she remembers the lavishly wrapped box of chocolates in her hands.)

PEACOCK. Oh! For your hospitality . . . (An aside:) And there's a coupla Benjamins hidden under the caramels for you, butler.

WADSWORTH. How . . . sticky.

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

SO 105

(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.

music

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.)

LX 21

SO 115

GO

[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!

SO 125

GO

(GREEN frantically sits. Dogs stop barking.)

WADSWORTH. No. Not you, sir.

(GREEN stands sheepishly.)

GREEN. Sorry, sorry.

LX 22

SO 130

GO

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.

SO 135

GO

GREEN. (Not to be misunderstood:) Oh, I'm not disappointed. . .

(The doorbell rings interrupting. They look out.)

WADSWORTH. Pardon me, sir.

music

LX 24

SO 140

GO

[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. . .

Sc throws cigarette

WADSWORTH. Professor Plum.

LX 25

SO 145

GO

PLUM. If you say so.

Door close

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?

Standby

- Lx 27-29
- SO 150-155
- FLOW
- AUTO 10
- TRANS L R
-

PLUM. It's a long haul.

WADSWORTH. Indeed, it is a long hall. But then, it's a very large house.

(Then:)

This way please.

(WADSWORTH points the way to the Lounge. SCARLET absorbs the grandeur of the manor.)

SCARLET. Say . . . what is this godforsaken place anyway?

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

LX 27

SO 150

GO

(Thunder/lightning. They jump. GREEN more so than the others.)

WADSWORTH. Cook. Dinner?

COOK. Directly.

(COOK moves to exit.)

WADSWORTH. (Showing SCARLET, PLUM, and GREEN to the Lounge:) Appetizers in the Lounge. After you.

LX 28

SO 155

Auto 10

Trans RL

GO

(The Lounge module now opens fully to reveal the interior.)

PLUM. Hors d'oeuvres. Good. I'm starving.

GREEN. Funny. I haven't much of an appetite at all.

See 1/2 of lounge

LX 29

GO

SCARLET. (Entering the Lounge and noticing the others): My, my, this really is a party.

PLUM. (As he enters the Lounge:) Well, greetings all. It's a pleasure for you to see me.

in full lounge

SO 160

GO

(Noticing drinks, he helps himself.)

Oooh, cocktail hour!

GREEN. (As he enters the Lounge:) There are so many of you—I didn't realize . . .

WADSWORTH. (Interrupting:) Right. Good then. You're all here.

(Then, swiftly paced:)

WADSWORTH. Colonel Mustard.

MUSTARD. Present.

WADSWORTH. Miss Scarlet.

SCARLET. Hmm.

WADSWORTH. Mrs. White.