WADSWORTH

Character: British butler. Sometimes calm, cool and collected and sometimes fast-paced, theatrical, tightly wound, escalating into manic panic. *A classic British butler accent is based on Received Pronunciation, featuring precise articulation, a calm and measured pace, and formal vocabulary*

Monologue:

"I assure you, I am merely the butler! I do not kill people, I serve them! I serve dinner, I serve drinks, and tonight, apparently, I serve as the master of ceremonies for a homicidal carnival!

Do you have any idea what it takes to organize an evening like this? The timing must be flawless! The soup must be hot, the guests must be blackmailed, and the corpses must absolutely *not* be left cluttering up the study!

But look at us! A body in the lounge, a body in the conservatory, and a group of suspects wandering around with lead pipes and candlesticks like a heavily armed interior design committee! I am losing my mind, and quite frankly, my tip!"

MISS SCARLET

Character: Seductive, cynical, highly intelligent, completely

unfazed. **Monologue:**

"Oh, please. Let's skip the moral outrage, shall we? We all came here tonight because we've been naughty, and Mr. Boddy knew exactly which skeletons were rattling around in our closets.

My particular business happens to deal in secrets—secrets that people will pay a premium to keep quiet. Is it illegal? Technically. Is it lucrative? Exceptionally.

So don't look at me with that judgmental squint, Colonel. If a woman in my position didn't learn how to handle a weapon, she wouldn't last a week in Washington. Now, if you'll excuse me, there's a dead man in the next room, and I intend to find his files before the police arrive and ruin my fiscal year."

COLONEL MUSTARD

Character: Pompous, dense, fiercely defensive, prone to missing the point.

Monologue:

"A military man does not desert his post! Even if that post happens to be a deeply unsettling dining room surrounded by neurotic civilians and a dead blackmailer! I demand to know who is in charge of this operation!

Wadsworth says he's just the butler, but he's deploying us into corridors like infantry units! And why are we looking for a wrench? If there is an assassin on the loose, a wrench is a thoroughly un-regulation weapon.

In the phrasing of the manual, it is an implement of plumbing, not warfare! I suggest we form a defensive perimeter, secure the brandy, and wait for daylight. And someone tell that French maid to stop screaming, she's throwing off my tactical focus!"

MRS. WHITE

Character: Morbid, icy, deadpan, quietly terrifying, a five-times widow.

Monologue:

"He was an awful man. Not Mr. Boddy—though he wasn't any better—but my husband. My five husbands, actually. They all had this tragic, recurring habit of dying under peculiar circumstances.

Electricity in the bathtub, soap on the cellar stairs, a sudden allergy to arsenic... it's a very draining cycle of grief. People whisper, of course. They look at me and see a black widow.

But it takes a lot of work to look this detached. I didn't kill Mr. Boddy tonight. If I had, it would have been much cleaner, much quieter, and I certainly wouldn't have used a heavy, vulgar wrench. I have far too much respect for my own manicure."

PROFESSOR PLUM

Character: Arrogant, smooth, defensive, slightly sleazy academic.

Monologue:

"As a man of science, I deal in logic, empirical evidence, and human behavior. And right now, the behavior in this house is profoundly unscientific.

I was a respected doctor! My work at the World Health Organization was groundbreaking, until certain... administrative misunderstandings regarding my female patients forced me into a temporary sabbatical. Mr. Boddy didn't care about my intellect; he cared about the scandal.

But that doesn't mean I bludgeoned him! Look at the physics of the wound! It requires a specific trajectory and brute physical force. I am an intellectual, not a lumberjack. If I wanted someone dead, I'd use a localized toxin, not a piece of hardware!"

MRS. PEACOCK

Character: Neurotic, high-society, shrill, hypocritical. Transatlantic accent.

"This is an absolute outrage! I am a Senator's wife! I host charity luncheons! I have a standing appointment with the Archbishop! I do not spend my Friday evenings trapped in a gothic nightmare counting corpses!

Yes, alright, I took a few financial contributions from foreign dignitaries, but that was for my husband's campaign! It's called politics, you sheltered people! It is perfectly normal to accept cash in plain brown envelopes!

What is *not* normal is being locked in a mansion with a maniac who keeps moving the weapons around! Somebody pour me a drink before I faint, and for heaven's sake, lock that cellar door before whatever is down there comes up here!"

MR. GREEN

Character: Anxious, clumsy, rule-following, constantly on the verge of a

breakdown. **Monologue:**

"I shouldn't even be here! I'm a minor government official! I look at tax forms! I have ulcers! When I got an invitation saying my past mistakes would be exposed, I thought it was about a deduction I missed in fifty-two!

I didn't know it involved a secret society of blackmail victims! And now there are weapons being handed out like party favors! A revolver? I can't touch a revolver, I have a nervous twitch!

If that thing goes off, I'll shoot my own foot, or worse, someone else's! I am a victim of circumstance! I came here to clear my name, not to play a live-action parlor game where the losers end up stuffed in a meat locker!"

YVETTE

Character: The French maid. Panicked, dramatic, thick French accent, frantic.

"Monsieur Wadsworth, you must listen to me! I cannot stay in zees house for one more minute! It is not safe! I go to the billiard room to look for the clean linens, and what do I find? Nothing but shadows and ze feeling that someone is breathing down my neck!

I am just a maid! I dust ze furniture, I polish ze silver, I do not sign up to be hunted like a rabbit in the woods!

Mr. Boddy was a monster, yes, but who is next? Me? You? We must break ze windows, we must scream for ze neighbors, we must do something besides standing around arguing about who had ze candlestick! My heart, it is beating like a trapped bird!"

MR. BODDY.

Character: Sinister, aloof and in control.

You each pay me twice what you've been paying, and I'll tell the police it was a phony call and send them on their way. You refuse...and I put this briefcase -- containing all the evidence needed to expose your wrongdoings -- in the hands of the police and the press. I believe some of you would face a lifetime of jail, and others, a lifetime of shame. In this bag there are six gifts I've brought you from Washington. Things I thought you might find useful this evening. You all showed up here tonight because you

believed the evidence against you was so terrible that you would do almost anything to keep it a secret. I'm putting that theory to the test. Mr. Wadsworth here is the only other person who knows your secrets; and it's costing me -- and you -- dearly to keep him quiet. You see, I wouldn't have to double your payments if I didn't have to pay Mr. Wadsworth for his silence.