

PROFESSOR PLUM – MRS. PEACOCK

*The group has divided into pairs to search the mansion for clues.
Plum and Peacock are in the Library*

PLUM: This is quite an impressive Library.

*Peacock puts a book on the shelf triggering an elaborate, FBI style secret panel labeled "EVIDENCE". It is plastered with evidence, notes, headshots with the look of Clue game.
They do not see it.*

PEACOCK: How can I find anything if I don't even know what I'm looking for?!

PLUM: *(Reading from a book)* "Civilized society is perpetually menaced with disintegration through this primary hostility of men towards one another."

PEACOCK: Your fancy words don't intimidate me, Professor!

PLUM: I take no credit, Mrs. Peacock. *(Re: the book)* Freud. I think he's on to something.

PEACOCK: Now is not the time for academic pursuits! We're supposed to find the evidence!

PLUM: It's a fruitless search, if you ask me. I mean, it's not like we're just gonna walk into a room and find the evidence plastered in the wall.

PEACOCK: I suppose you're right.

PLUM: C'mon, let's go upstairs. Maybe we'll be excited by something in the bedroom.

PEACOCK: I haven't been excited by something in a bedroom for years.