

The Colonel's Bequest

"Come and get it!"

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## **Introduction**

“Have you previously attended a performance of "The Colonel's Bequest?"

featuring

Colonel Henri Dijon

His faithful staff

Celie Fifi Jeeves

The rest of the Dijon family

Rudy Gertie Gloria

The Prune family

Lillian Ethel

The Colonel's confidants

Clarence Sparrow Dr. Wilbur C. Feels

and starring

Laura Bow

Executive Producer

Ken Williams

Written by

Roberta Williams

1925

Tulane University

New Orleans, LA

Directed by:

Roberta Williams

Chris Iden

LP "Hey, Laura! Wanna come with me this weekend to my Uncle Henri's estate? He's having a "family reunion" of some sort. You can keep me company."

LB "I don't know. I have studying to do...."

LP "Oh, come on! It'll be a scream! It's such a creepy old place; you might find it interesting."

LB "Okay. Count me in."

Two nights later...

Programmed by:

Chris Hoyt & Chris Iden

Creative Designer

Jacqueline Austin

LP "We're here, Laura!"

Animation by

Douglas Herring

Backgrounds by

Douglas Herring & Jerry Moore

LP "Well, what do you think?"  
LB "It looks interesting, all right."  
LP "Wait'll you meet the family!"

#### Music and Sounds

by  
Ken Allen  
JE "Yeeesss?"  
LP "Jeeves! Don't you remember me? I'm Lillian!"  
JE "Oh, yes."  
JE "Everyone else has already arrived."  
JE "They're just sitting down for dinner."  
JE "Please come in and join them."

#### System Development

by

Robert Heitman  
Jeff Stephenson  
Stuart Goldstein  
Pablo Ghenis  
Corinna Abdul

During dinner...

HD "I'm glad you are all here. I'm sure you are wondering why I sent for you."  
HD "As you know, I'm a very wealthy man. I have invested my money wisely and have put away almost every dime."  
HD "However, my end is near and I have decided to bequeath my millions to each of you sitting at the table."  
HD "Except of course Lillian's friend, Laura."  
HD "AHEM!"  
HD "Anyway, as I have said, you're all inheriting my money, and you will inherit equally when I go."  
HD "If any of you should die before I do, then your share will be distributed equally to the surviving parties."  
HD "I'm tired, Fifi. Help me back to my room."  
HD "Good-night, all."  
GD "Can you believe that?!"  
WF "The old goat!"  
GD "I'm surprised he didn't try to take it with him!"  
GS "He's such an old skinflint!"  
EP "I don't think you deserve any money!"  
WF "Speak for yourself!"  
RD "How much do you think he's got?"  
GS "Well, I know what I'm going to do with MY share!"  
EP "YOUR SHARE?! I bet the old codger outlives YOU!"  
GD "I wonder how sick he is?"  
GS "Do you think he's gonna go soon?"  
LP "I've had enough of this! Laura and I will retire to our room now."

This is the guest room you share with Lillian. Though a bit tired-looking, it seems comfortable enough.

LP "Laura, dear. Please excuse me. I'm going to go freshen up in the bathroom. Why don't you explore the estate a bit?"

Hmmmm...something doesn't feel right. Everybody's acting too strange...even Lillian. What would Daddy do in a situation like this?

JB "Honey, if things don't feel right, they probably AREN'T. Observe the situation closely, yet be unobtrusive. Explore your surroundings quietly and carefully. Try to question the others without raising suspicion. Notice small details. Take lots of notes. And above all, be careful."

Since you never go anywhere without your trusty notebook and pencil, you go to your suitcase, open it, and remove those two items. Yes...your father is right. Observing the situation and taking notes WOULD be a good idea.

JB "Remember what I taught you about interrogation, Laura? Don't forget to ask questions. If you "ask Lillian about Gloria," you might get more information about Gloria, or at least how Lillian FEELS about her. That sort of information could be very useful."

JB "One important tool a good detective uses besides asking questions of people is to selectively reveal information to THEM and listen to their response. If you "tell Gloria about Fifi," you may receive additional information about Fifi, or at least what Gloria THINKS of her."

JB "Honey, if you've found any items you're confused about, or would like more information about, try "showing" it to the others. They may reveal more information about it to you."

LB Thanks, Daddy!

### **Trite**

You open the leather pouch and peer inside. It's full of precious jewels! Carefully, you close it again so as not to lose any.

You might lose them. Better keep them safely inside the leather pouch.

You don't have a handkerchief.

Which ones would you like to examine? The ones on the record or diary?

Upon opening the diary you see a small inky fingerprint inside the front cover. You examine it more closely with Wilbur's monocle.

Squinting into the monocle you carefully examine the piece of broken record. Closely situated to each other, you notice two different fingerprints.

You don't have anything that will help you do that.

You are a lovely girl of twenty with light red hair and dazzling green eyes. Though you appear somewhat naive, you are really a very resourceful girl. Unfortunately, before this night is over, your resourcefulness and courage will be sorely tested. Good luck... you're gonna need it!

You don't see any footprints around here.

You don't get any response.

That is not a good use of your one bullet.

That is not a good use of your time. Besides, the gun isn't even loaded!

You have no gun.

You do not have the right key to unlock it.

You don't have the key.

You don't want the kerosene by itself!

That wouldn't taste good.

That wouldn't accomplish anything.  
You're too nice for that.  
You were taught better than that!  
You don't have a violent nature.  
Climb what?  
You don't need to.  
You listen intently.  
Hello.  
Bye.  
You don't feel like sitting around.  
Sniff, sniff.  
You have no need of water.  
What do you want to get?  
You can't get that.  
If you want it, just GET it.  
Please rephrase your question, making sure that it is in the form of a question.  
Please be more specific.  
What do you want to open?  
Just do that yourself.  
You don't see anyone.  
You get no reaction.  
What do you want to give?  
It's not yours to give.  
What do you want to show?

### **Inventory**

That would be very messy.  
The old oilcan is half-filled with oil.  
You would just waste your oil.

You don't have the monocle.  
You don't know how to wear a monocle; it keeps falling off!  
Things appear larger and sharper when you look through the monocle; much like a magnifying glass.  
You carefully examine the white handkerchief using Wilbur's monocle much like a magnifying glass. Why, what's this? You see a small "EP" in one corner of the white lace trim.  
You scrutinize the entire rolling pin with Wilbur's monocle. Aha! You have discovered traces of blood on it!  
You examine the entire fireplace poker with the monocle. Oh, oh! There are traces of blood on it! Squinting into the monocle you carefully examine the piece of broken record. Closely situated to each other, you notice two different fingerprints.  
Upon opening the diary you see a small inky fingerprint inside the front cover. You examine it more closely with Wilbur's monocle.  
You examine it with the monocle, but don't see anything interesting.

It's already loaded.  
You have no bullet.  
You have no gun.  
That would probably be unwise.  
It hasn't been loaded.

When you open the small derringer, you see there is one bullet in it.  
Upon opening the derringer, you notice no bullets.  
What an awful thought!

If you want it, just GET it.  
Better not! You might need it!  
That wouldn't accomplish anything.  
What do you want to do with the %s

It's not your diary!  
Upon opening the diary, you casually notice an ink-stained fingerprint inside the front cover.  
Curiously, and a bit guiltily, you scan through the rest of the diary's pages. Nothing much captures your interest until you come to the latest entry. It reads...  
May 27th (that's today!)

Dear Diary,

I'm so terribly upset! I can't believe Uncle Henri would do this to me! I thought I was like a daughter to him and now I find out I'm no more important than any of those other creeps! They can't get away with it, you know...they just can't! Between you and me, Diary, you know they have to go...  
..because of what they all did to me. I KNOW they were all in it together to have me put away in the nuthouse. I was never crazy, they just wanted me out of the picture! Now they have to...  
That's it. The passage ends abruptly. Hmmmmm. What could Lillian mean by all this?!

You open the leather pouch and peer inside. It's full of precious jewels! Carefully, you close it again so as not to lose any.

The cracker box is empty.  
There is only one cracker in the cracker box.  
There are %u crackers in the cracker box.  
You pop a cracker into your mouth. Mmmmmm. Quite tasty.  
The box of crackers is empty.

Okay. You light a match.  
Ouch!! The match burned your fingers!

Mmmmmmmm. You always love a good carrot.  
It wouldn't become you.  
That wouldn't do anything.

There appears to be kerosene in the lantern.  
It's already lit.  
Using a match, you carefully light the lantern. It glows brightly.  
You don't have any matches.  
You extinguish the lantern.  
It's already extinguished.

You open your notebook and skim through your many notes and observations.  
It is closed.  
From your detective father, you have learned to write down all your notes and observations.

## **Locations Inside The House**

(These are all the locations in the main house: except for the basement, which is listed at act VII)

There is nothing of interest in the dresser.

You look up at the ceiling but see nothing of interest.

You see nothing special with the doors.

Casually, you glance at the floor but see nothing unusual.

There is nothing (but dirt) under the rug.

There are many old and unusual rugs here.

You look carefully at the walls around you, but see nothing special about them.

A picture is a picture. You see nothing of interest.

Most of the wallpaper around here is cracked and faded.

As it's dark outside, it's difficult to see out the windows.

The tall French windows add grace and charm to this old house.

There are only cobwebs and dust behind the heavy curtains.

Dusty old drapes hang heavily over the French windows.

There are only cobwebs and dust behind the old shutters.

Broken shutters mar the elegant French windows.

Most of the furniture looks like it's been here for at least 50 years! Personally, you prefer Art Deco.

All you see are kerosene lamps. Seems as if the Colonel's too cheap to put in electric lights!

Most of these chairs look pretty old!

There is nothing special under the table.

Some of these tables could use a good dusting!

There is nothing of interest under the couch.

Most of the sofas look very old, dusty, and uncomfortable.

There is only dust under the bed.

It's not yours.

The beds are old and lumpy. Oh, well. You're not going to be doing much sleeping tonight, anyway.

There are many knickknacks throughout the house.

There is no need to do that.

The windows don't open. Why not try a door?

The curtains are already drawn back.

You don't need to close it.

You're not the least bit tired!

The kerosene lamps are firmly affixed to the wall.

You have no time for reading.

There's no reason to do that. If you wish to leave the house, use a door.

A cry of pain and anger coming from the upper reaches of the old mansion rends the night air.

You feel better now that you're back in the house. It was SCARY out there!

## **Attic**

What a dark and creepy attic! It helps to have the moonlight shining in through those big windows.

Among all the junk, a stack of old newspapers catches your eye.

You couldn't do that!

There's nothing that would interest you in any of these boxes.

Some stuff is stored in old boxes and crates.

There is nothing you would want in the trunk.

You see an old, uninteresting trunk.

Moonlight streams in through the big attic windows.



This seems to be an old stack of 1890's editions of "The Times Democrat." As you look through them, an October 18th, 1898 edition catches your interest. You begin reading...

New Orleans, Louisiana

Colonel Henri Dijon came home today after spending several months in the hospital following injuries in the recent Spanish-American War.

Colonel Dijon took several bullets to his pelvic and shoulder areas as he attempted to carry a seriously injured fellow soldier to safety.

Incredibly, though injured himself, he managed to make it safely behind American lines.

Colonel Dijon was duly decorated and discharged with honor by the U. S. Army. New Orleans welcomes home a true American war hero!

Is that why the Colonel's in a wheelchair? you wonder.

You need to leave the elevator first.

You've already gone through the newspapers. Only one article interested you.

Most of the stuff up here is nothing but old junk.

It's DARK back here in the attic! The moonlight from the large windows doesn't light this part of the attic very well. Through the gloom you can see piles of uninteresting boxes and old junk.

However, there is an old trunk that does interest you.

Most of the stuff up here is nothing but old junk.

There's nothing that would interest you in any of these boxes.

Some stuff is stored in old boxes and crates.

There is nothing special in the dormer.

There are old army clothes in the open trunk.

You see thirty year old army items in the open trunk.

Moonlight streams in through the big attic windows.

You see an elevator at the back of the attic.

You see an elevator shaft at the back of the attic.

The cape is the type worn by an army officer of thirty years ago. To your horror, you see that there are wet blood stains on it!

The cape is the type worn by an army officer of thirty years ago.

Even though the leather gloves are cracked and worn, they still look very sturdy. Frighteningly, they have wet blood stains on them!

Even though the leather gloves are cracked and worn, they still look very sturdy.

This is a pair of large, old army boots. You notice an insignia on the boot heels.

This is a pair of large, old army boots. You happen to notice mud on the soles.

This is a dandy-looking Colonel's hat!

You see an insignia of an eagle on the heels of the army boots.

Upon examining the muddy boot sole, you notice an insignia of an eagle on the heel.

It isn't here.

They aren't here.

The trunk is already open.

They don't belong to you.

You have no use for an army officer's cape.

You can't think of a use for leather gloves.

The hat wouldn't fit you. Better leave it here.

These boots are much too big for your feet!

You wouldn't look good in them, Laura!

The hinges are broken. It would be difficult to close it.

You couldn't do that!

The trunk is much too heavy to move.

Peering into the open trunk, you see old army clothing and various paraphernalia. This must be where the Colonel keeps his old army gear.

Lying on top of everything else you notice; a large officer's cape, a pair of leather gloves, a Colonel's hat, and an old pair of army boots.

You happen to notice some mud on the boots.

You see some mud on the boots, and horribly, wet blood stains on the cape and gloves!

The trunk is open and you see old army clothes strewn about.

### **The Great Hall**

You gaze into the mirror and appraise your appearance. A bit disheveled, perhaps, but not bad...considering the circumstances.

This is the back downstairs hallway of the big house. Double French doors lead out back.

You don't see anything!

You see the front door further down the hall.

The French doors lead outside.

The pendulum sways to and fro as time slowly ticks by.

You see numerous scratch marks on the floor near the grandfather clock.

You can't. You don't have the key.

That's seven years bad luck, you know!

You pull on the grandfather clock and, to your surprise, find that the whole clock opens to reveal...a secret door!

You push on the oval mirror and, to your astonishment, find that the mirror opens to reveal...a secret door!

The incessant ticking of the stately grandfather clock is the only sound you hear in the empty hallway.

You can't tell what it is.

You hear the incessant ticking of the old grandfather clock.

The pendulum door is locked. You can't open it.

There seems to be an opening of some sort behind the grandfather clock!

You try, but can't see anything behind the grandfather clock.

What's this?! There seems to be something behind the grandfather clock!

Mirrors don't open...do they?

You try, but can't see anything behind the mirror.

An interesting oval mirror hangs on the hallway wall.

Two old-fashioned armoires flank the back door.

There is nothing you need in the armoire drawers.

You can't. It doesn't move.

Too bad! The armoire is locked!

This is the back upstairs hallway of the mansion.

You don't see anything!

Two marble pedestals flank the bathroom door. Upon one sits a beautiful porcelain cat and upon the other, a lovely vase.

Two tiffany shades cover the lamps on the tables.  
You notice deep scuff marks on the floor near the two armoires.  
You pull on the armoire. Surprise! You find that the whole armoire opens to reveal...a secret door!  
Well! Did you think this was Leisure Suit Larry?!  
Nothin' important in there.  
The vase doesn't belong to you.  
The vase is empty.  
A lovely vase rests atop a marble pedestal.  
The porcelain cat doesn't belong to you.  
A beautiful porcelain cat sits elegantly on a marble pedestal.  
You don't want to carry a statue around.  
There is nothing there.  
Two greek statues guard both sides of the bathroom door.  
Two old armoires rest against the side walls.  
You try, but can't see anything behind the armoire.  
You try, but it's too dark to see anything there.  
That's the bathroom door!  
There is nothing of interest in the dresser.  
Beneath the greek statues you see two dressers.

Press the 'E' key to exit.  
This is the front downstairs hallway of the big house. A grand stairway leads upstairs.  
The wooden eagles are firmly attached to the newel posts. They do not move.  
You couldn't even MOVE this heavy armor!  
The battle-axe is firmly attached to the armor.  
You try, but find it permanently attached to the armor.  
The joints of the armor are hopelessly rusted. You can't move any part of it.  
It moves a little bit, but it does you no good; there's nothing there.  
It is hopelessly rusted. You can't move it at all.  
A huge, crystal chandelier hangs high above the downstairs foyer.  
You see an old, yellowed note pasted to the inside of the helmet.  
You see the back door further down the hall.  
It's a fourteenth-century Swiss battle-axe, finely handcrafted by Doge Guiseppe Minelli of Venice  
on his 90th birthday for his daughter who was to wed Antonio Fermacelli, the bologna  
merchant. Later it became a favorite piece of Anne Boleyn's. Of course, Lizzie had the most  
fun with it!  
The front door leads outside.  
Finely carved eagles adorn the top of the stairway's newel posts.  
You see nothing of interest under the stairs.  
The stairs lead down to the first level of the house.  
Which part of the armor would you like to oil?  
Using what? Rudy's hair tonic?!  
It wouldn't become you  
You must do that yourself.  
You hear the incessant ticking of the old grandfather clock.  
Open the visor first.  
You carefully open the armor's visor and peek inside...  
You see a small, metal valve handle hanging by a hook inside the armor's helmet. You grab the  
valve handle.  
You also see an old, yellowed note pasted to the inside of the helmet.  
Curious about the old note, you read it. It says....  
You read the note. It says....

Our dearest daughter, Sarah,

We knew you would know to look in the armor. This war is terrible! We fear our end is near. In case you're not the only one to find this note, we won't give too much away. Use this valve handle with your favorite water nymph. Don't ever forget...we love you very much!

Love forever,  
Papa and Mama

Okay.

You see a %s further down the hall.

It wouldn't suit you.

You don't see it here.

The note is permanently attached to the inside of the helmet.

A very old suit of armor, with one gloved hand holding a battle-axe, stands beside the stairway.

Although it's well-polished, all of its joints are completely rusted.

This is the front upstairs hallway of the plantation house. A grand staircase leads down to the lower level.

It's a long way down. Be careful!

You don't see anything!

The bathroom is down the hall.

Finely carved eagles adorn the top of the stairway's newel posts.

Two tiffany shades cover the lamps on the tables.

The wooden eagles are firmly attached to the newel posts. They do not move.

It's just an empty closet.

There are two armoires in the back hallway.

You can't get that.

A huge, crystal chandelier hangs precariously above the downstairs foyer.

Why would anyone be in the closet?

You notice a closet at the top of the stairs.

Looks like someone dropped a white handkerchief on the floor.

The banister looks a bit rickety.

You see stairs leading up to a third level of the mansion.

### **Bathroom**

The shower curtain is draped over the bathtub.

You see a small sliver of soap.

You notice a lovely seat under the large windows.

That's the bathroom door.

The mirror is firmly attached to the wall.

You don't need any soap...unless you're washing your hands.

What a morbid thought!

You have no time to do that now.

Okay.

Your face isn't dirty.

You're not thirsty.

Excuse us.

There is nothing in the sink.  
It's a basic pedestal sink.  
You don't want to do that!  
It does the job required of it.  
The bathtub is empty.  
The claw-footed bathtub has a shower attached to it.  
The seat doesn't open.  
You can't get that.

You see a wastepaper basket near the sink.

You don't need a towel...unless you're washing your hands.  
A small hand towel hangs over the sink.

There is nothing you need inside the linen cabinet.  
There is nothing there.  
That's a linen cabinet.

You gaze into the mirror and appraise your appearance. A bit disheveled, perhaps, but not  
bad...considering the circumstances.  
There is nothing of interest behind the mirror.  
You see a dusty, old mirror hanging on the wall.  
You should wait your turn.

### **Billiard Room**

You have found the Colonel's billiard room. Funny, he doesn't seem to be the kind of guy who  
would enjoy playing billiards, listening to records on the Victrola, or the player piano.  
Although your father is an excellent billiards player, you never learned the game.  
You better not while others are in the room.  
Even though you know where it is, you can't see it.  
You don't see one.  
You see three balls on the billiard table; two red and one white.  
It's just a common piano bench.  
The French doors lead outside.  
Oh! One of your favorites!  
You don't need any billiard balls.  
The secret panel closes behind you and leaves no trace!  
The records don't belong to you.  
You don't have a record that will work.  
You don't have a record.  
There is already a record playing. Oh! One of your favorites.  
You look inside the Victrola cabinet and see several records. But since they don't belong to you, you  
decide to leave them alone.  
You see an old-fashioned Victrola and cabinet in the corner of the room. However, the record that is  
playing on the phonograph is current.  
You see an old-fashioned Victrola and cabinet in the corner of the room.  
You see several musical instruments hanging on the wall.  
You were never musically inclined.

There are billiard cues in the rack on the wall.  
Since you don't play billiards, you don't need a billiard cue.  
The bookcases are crammed full of books.  
You notice a model of an old ship on the table.  
It's not yours. There's nothing special about it.  
This is an old billiard table. As it's quite dirty and dusty, it doesn't appear as if billiards has been played much. Upon it, you see three balls; two red and one white.  
You can't see anything behind the picture.  
The picture is firmly attached to the wall.  
It doesn't open.  
The eyes of the picture have a haunted, hollow look to them.  
You see a picture of a lovely dark-haired girl above the player piano. Strange...her eyes have a haunted, hollow look to them.

You can turn the winding mechanism to "wind up" the player piano.  
It is already playing .  
Not now. There is already music playing from a record on the Victrola.  
There is nothing that would interest you in the player piano.  
The piano bench doesn't open.  
A lovely old player piano sits against the back wall.  
You never learned to play the piano. But, there is a winding mechanism on the side of the player piano.

### **Butler Jeeves' room**

This must be the butler's room. Actually, it's not too bad considering it's down in the cellar.  
Yep. That's a brick wall, all right.  
The stairs lead to the outside.  
A portion of the back wall looks different than the rest. It appears to have been bricked up.  
You really are a snoop, Laura. There's nothing here for you.  
You see a large closet under the stairs.  
There is nothing of interest in the dresser.  
None of the bricks are loose. This wall is solidly built.  
You're not thirsty.  
There is nothing but dust under the rug.  
That is Jeeves'. Use the one upstairs.  
You see a small dresser here.  
There is a beautiful bouquet of flowers on Jeeves' bed.  
Jeeves is lying on his bed. He must be trying to take a nap.  
The beds are old and lumpy. Oh, well. You're not going to be doing much sleeping tonight, anyway.  
The chair looks pretty old!  
The sofa looks very old, dusty, and uncomfortable.  
The nightstand doesn't open.  
You see a little nightstand by Jeeves' bed.  
Go upstairs if you want to do that.  
There is nothing in the sink.  
It appears that Jeeves has a sink here, too.  
Jeeves has a small bathroom tucked away in an alcove.  
That's Jeeves' toilet. If you need to use one, go upstairs.  
Puhleeeese, Laura!  
All you see are kerosene lamps. Seems as if the Colonel's too cheap to put in electric lights!

A box of crackers is sitting on the nightstand next to Jeeves' bed.

JE "Go ahead. I don't want them. They're stale, anyway."

You ask Jeeves if you can have the crackers. He nods his head in approval.

You see a box of crackers on the nightstand next to Jeeves' bed.

You already have the box of crackers.

### **Colonel Dijon's Room**

This elegant room must be the Colonel's! You notice there is an elevator here.

This elegant room must be the Colonel's! You notice there is an elevator shaft here.

A miniature replica of a cannon from the Spanish-American War sits in the center of the mantel above the fireplace.

It looks like an average elevator.

It's odd to see a new-fangled elevator in this old-fashioned house; but how else would the Colonel go up and down the stairs?

The gate protects passengers from falling out of the elevator.

There are only cobwebs and dust behind the heavy shutters.

It appears the Colonel needs a wheelchair to get around.

The eyes of the little boy have a strange, vacant look to them.

You can see nothing behind the picture.

On the wall opposite the fireplace you notice a portrait of two children. Oddly, the eyes of the little boy have a strange, vacant look to them.

The portrait is firmly attached to the wall.

There is no reason for you to move the wheelchair.

You remove the key from the barrel of the cannon and take it with you.

HD "Young lady, keep your hands off my belongings!"

The Colonel would notice if it were gone.

You have better things to do than that!

HD "Stay out of my elevator!"

You don't smoke!

In case you haven't noticed, the wheelchair is already occupied.

The Colonel wouldn't like that.

The Colonel has a very elegant canopy bed.

There is nothing of interest behind the mirror.

The mirror is firmly attached to the dressing table.

The oval-framed mirror is attached to the dressing table.

Don't be such a snoop, Laura!

A dressing table sits against the wall with a large mirror attached to it.

You see a tarnished, brass key hidden inside the barrel of the cannon.

You see nothing inside the barrel of the cannon.

You better keep it. It may come in handy.

It is a miniature replica of a cannon from the Spanish-American War rendered in pewter and wood.

Hmmmm...the Colonel's wheelchair sits empty in the middle of the room.

It would be wise to leave it alone.

The contents are a mess inside. It looks as if someone has hurriedly searched through it.

Someone has left the Doctor's bag open on the floor.

There is nothing of interest in the chest of drawers.

A large chest of drawers occupies a corner of the room.

Even though you know where it is, you can't see it.

You don't see one.

Better not while someone is in the room.

It's too heavy to move.

There is nothing of interest in the armoire.  
You see the Colonel's armoire against the side wall.

### **Dining Room**

The secret panel closes behind you and leaves no trace!  
This is a very elegant dining room. It looks like the Colonel has some class after all!  
Even though you know where it is, you can't see it.  
You don't see one.  
Better not while someone is in the room.  
You notice a small door below the wall light.  
There is nothing special under the table.  
Which table do you mean...the small table or the dining table?  
The eyes of the man appear oddly vacant.  
You can see nothing behind the picture.  
Upon the wall opposite the fireplace hangs a picture of an aristocratic-looking, older man. That's  
strange...the eyes of the man appear oddly vacant.  
The portrait is firmly attached to the wall.  
The mirror is firmly attached to the wall.  
The coffee urn is empty.  
Don't play with fire!  
Cautiously, you poke your head into the dark opening of the little door and look around. All you can  
see is a narrow chute going down into complete darkness.  
What chute? All you see is a little door.  
It is already open.  
It's not open.  
Are you sure you are keeping track are what you are doing?  
It appears to be a chute of some kind. You wonder where it goes to.  
You're not fond of coffee.  
The coffee urn is much too big and heavy to carry around.  
It's a lovely piece, isn't it?  
A beautiful crystal chandelier hangs above the dining table.  
There is nothing of interest in the hutch.  
You notice a lovely, leaded glass hutch in the corner.  
There is plenty of seating around the large dining table.  
A large, silver coffee urn sits on the small table.  
There is nothing of interest behind the mirror.  
You see a dusty, old mirror hanging on the wall.

### **Elevator**

Currently, you don't SEE an elevator, just an elevator shaft.  
The gate provides protection from the elevator as it moves from floor to floor.  
You see the elevator control on the elevator wall.  
Why don't you enter the elevator first?  
It's odd to see a new-fangled elevator in this old-fashioned house; but how else would the Colonel  
get up or down the stairs?  
It's just an empty keyhole.  
You can't; you are blocking the gate.  
Just move it "up" or "down."  
Which direction? Up or down.



A faint click is heard as you turn the key in the lock.  
The control is locked.+  
You don't have the key for this lock.  
The control is already unlocked.  
Please be more specific.  
You firmly %s the handle, but the darn elevator won't move!  
The elevator seems to be %sstairs.  
You %s in the elevator.  
There is a handle on the elevator control. On the face of the control are a keyhole and the words:  
"up" and "down."

### **Ethel's Room**

It looks as if this might have been a nursery at one time. Now it has been converted into a makeshift  
guest room with Ethel as its current guest.  
Broken shutters mar the elegant French windows.  
It's much too heavy.  
The armoire is empty.  
There is an antique armoire against the back wall.  
You notice an old dresser in the corner.  
Some of these old toys are fragile. Better leave them alone.  
You really have better things to do, Laura!  
There are some old toys left over from many years ago.  
The old dollhouse is empty.  
It's a wonderful old dollhouse. But you'd better leave it alone.  
You see several old toys on the dusty shelves.  
It's locked.  
You'd look silly carrying around a suitcase!  
You notice a suitcase next to the bed. It must belong to Ethel.  
Ethel seems to be drinking a strong alcoholic drink.  
Ethel holds a drink and a white hanky in her hand.  
That's Ethel's drink.  
It's hers!  
Ethel is relaxing in her room after a long day.  
EP "Where is Lillian, Laura? I'd like to speak with her."  
EP "She went to freshen up in the bathroom. She'll be right back."  
EP "Why don't you go find Lillian?"  
EP "Run along, Laura."

### **Fifi's Room**

The stairs lead to a third level of the house. There is a doorway in front of you, and another to the  
right.  
You are in the east wing of the attic. There is an attic door before you.  
This must be Fifi's room. Although her room is in the attic, she has fixed it up nicely.  
You can see Fifi's dressing room behind a set of small, swinging doors.  
You see a bedroom through the doorway.  
This is a small dressing room. You notice a pile of clothes on the floor.  
The stairs lead down to the second level of the mansion.  
Fifi's dressing room is in the small dormer off her bedroom.  
You can't see the attic from here.  
You are in the east wing of the attic. There is an attic door before you.  
Fifi is very clean. There is no dirt under her rug.

There is just one small window in the dressing room.  
You see a flimsy shade on the window in the dressing room.  
You soundly knock on the attic door. There is no reply.  
There is nothing there for you.  
Fifi has an old armoire in the back corner of her room.  
Some of these tables could use a good dusting!  
There's only the floor under her bed.  
There is nothing of interest behind the mirror.  
The oval-framed mirror is attached to the vanity.  
The mirror is firmly attached to the wall.  
You don't need to get into Fifi's private things.  
Fifi has a little vanity by the bed.  
Some flowers and a decanter of cognac sit on the table.  
A decanter of cognac sits on the table.  
Two glasses sit on the table near the cognac decanter.  
You don't care for liquor...remember?  
The glasses are empty.  
Bending over the cognac decanter you carefully examine it with the monocle. Yes! Here is a clear fingerprint!  
Bending over the cognac decanter you carefully examine it with the monocle. Yes! Here are two clear fingerprints!  
You want nothing to do with the cognac!  
A strange white powder has collected in the bottom of the cognac decanter.  
The decanter is half-filled with cognac.  
Looks like fine cognac.  
You lift the Victrola's needle from the revolving record.  
It is off already.  
The record doesn't belong to you.  
You're not interested in playing music right now.  
Having reached the end of the record, the Victrola needle scratches endlessly as it turns.  
Fifi is playing a record on the Victrola.  
You see a record lying atop the Victrola.  
You see a Victrola in the back corner of the room.  
Fifi must enjoy listening to music as you see a Victrola in the back corner of the room.  
It would be better to leave them alone.  
A lovely bouquet of flowers lies on the table next to the cognac decanter.  
You wouldn't be caught dead in those clothes!  
Those are not your clothes!  
You quickly look through the pile of clothes, but do not find anything of importance.  
You notice a pile of clothes on the floor.  
The shade doesn't look very strong. Better not touch it.  
The kerosene lamps are firmly afixed to the wall.  
The door is locked from the other side.  
The door is locked from this side.  
The door is already unlocked.  
You reach down and unlock the door.  
Using the skeleton key, you unlock the attic door.  
You don't have the key that unlocks this door.  
There is no need to. The door is already open.  
The attic is on the other side of this door.  
That won't work.  
You can't see the attic door from here.

This appears to be the attic door.

Small, swinging doors lead into Fifi's dressing room.

She's not talking to you.

FI "You should not be een here, Mademoiselle. Zis eez my private room."

FI "S'il vous plait...please! Zis eez my own time!"

FI "I am busy right now. Please, Mademoiselle! Give me my privacy!"

FI "I do not have zee time to talk right now. Maybe later, oui?"

FI "Mademoiselle, please!"

Fifi is tired of arguing with you and she doesn't respond anymore.

Fifi must be getting ready to see someone special as she's taking great pains to make herself look pretty.

### **Fireplace**

You peer into the fireplace but nothing catches your interest.

You see logs smoldering in the fireplace.

A cheery fire brightens the room.

The finely carved fireplaces show the craftsmanship of bygone days.

Nothing on the fireplace mantel catches your attention.

Various objects and knickknacks are displayed on the fireplace mantel. None of it interests you, though.

Don't get too close to it!

You can't get that.

### **Kitchen**

This old house has a nice big kitchen.

Right now you see Celie washing the dinner dishes while Beauregard has found a warm spot by the stove.

Right now the sink's full of dirty dishes.

You don't see any dishes.

The French doors lead outside.

You see a tiny rug by the kitchen sink.

Various kitchen implements are stored under the table. There's nothing you need there.

You should do that in the bathroom.

Why would you want dirty old dishes?

Aha! A leftover soup bone! As it might come in handy, you grab it and take it with you.

Nope. Nothing interesting in there!

The sink is full of dirty dinner dishes.

It's just an empty sink.

It's empty.

The old butter churn is empty.

That's a pretty basic three-legged stool.

Cooking pans hang on the wall above the sink.

Beauregard isn't here right now.

It doesn't look like Beauregard is going to stop chewing on the bone long enough for you to retrieve it.

You already took the bone and gave it to Beauregard.

This is your average, run-of-the-mill icebox.

There's nothing you need in the cupboards.

This kitchen could use more cupboard space!

There's hot coffee in there!

A small amount of lukewarm coffee is still in the pot.  
The coffee pot's empty.  
No! It's hot!  
You don't need a coffee pot.  
You've never been fond of coffee.  
The smell of coffee permeates the room from the bubbling pot.  
A big coffee pot sits on top of the stove.  
There is nothing in the stove or oven.  
A pot of coffee bubbles on the stove.  
CE You kin have it. It' been in that there icebox for a long time.  
Celie rolls out tomorrow's bread on the kitchen table.  
A large kitchen table dominates the center on the room.

### **Library**

This must be the library. You see many books of various and sundry topics displayed in the bookcases. Tucked into one wall you notice an elevator shaft.

This must be the library. You see many books of various and sundry topics displayed in the bookcases. Tucked into one wall you notice an elevator.

The secret panel closes behind you and leaves no trace!

Currently, you don't SEE an elevator, just an elevator shaft.

The gate provides protection from the elevator as it moves between floors.

The elevator seems to be upstairs.

The elevator seems to be downstairs.

You can't; you are blocking the gate.

Even though you know where it is, you can't see it.

You don't see one.

Better not while someone is in the room.

You're in the elevator shaft!

There is nothing of interest behind the mirror.

You see a dusty, old mirror hanging on the wall.

You spy an open magazine on the library table. Why, this must be the magazine that Wilbur was reading!

You read the name of the magazine. It's called, "The Racehorse Quarterly." Upon examining the open page you see a picture of a beautiful thoroughbred named "Sunny Boy." The name "Sunny Boy" has been circled in red.

There are pictures of racehorses in Wilbur's magazine.

You don't see any racehorses.

The dog's eyes are very black...almost hollow-looking.

You can see nothing behind the picture.

Upon the wall opposite the fireplace hangs a portrait of a bloodhound (Beauregard?). Strange, the dog's eyes are very black...almost hollow-looking.

The portrait is firmly attached to the wall.

Don't play with fire!

They don't look interesting.

You glance at the titles of various books, but frankly find most of them boring. You decide to pass.

The mirror is firmly attached to the wall.

Just another thing to carry around. Better leave it here.

You see some books on the table.

Some of these tables could use a good dusting!

Except this one page, nothing else interests you about the magazine.  
The bookcases are crammed full of books.

### **Lillian and Laura's room**

The secret panel closes behind you and leaves no trace!

Even though you know where it is, you can't see it.

You don't see one.

Better not while someone is in the room.

This is the guest room you share with Lillian. Though a bit tired-looking, it seems comfortable enough.

There is only dust on the mantel.

Beneath a set of three, small pictures, you notice a small door in the wall.

The vanity is empty.

You see a nice little vanity by one bed. Lillian's suitcase is locked.

Cautiously, you poke your head into the dark opening of the little door and look around. All you can see is a narrow chute going down into complete darkness.

What chute? All you see is a little door.

It is already open.

It's not open.

Are you sure you are keeping track of what you are doing?

It appears to be a chute of some kind. You wonder where it goes to.

You see Lillian's clothes.

You notice a diary lying atop Lillian's clothes.

You see the clothes you packed for the weekend.

In two corners of the room, you see two dressers.

There is a suitcase lying on each bed.

There is nothing of interest behind the mirror.

The mirror is firmly attached to the vanity.

The oval-framed mirror is attached to the vanity.

The Colonel's eyes look fine.

The eyes of the little girl have a strange, hollow look to them.

The portraits are firmly attached to the wall.

You can see nothing behind the pictures.

Above the fireplace, you notice a picture of Colonel Dijon in his younger, more vital, days. On the opposite wall, you also see a picture of a little girl. Funny, the girl's eyes have a strange, hollow look to them.

They're not your clothes.

The clothes you're wearing are fine.

They're not your style.

There is nothing special about Lillian's clothes.

The clothes are the same ones you packed.

Lillian isn't going to let you look in her suitcase!

You're on the wrong side of the bed to do that.

Your suitcase lies on the bed to the left of the doorway while Lillian's lies on the bed to the right.

You'd look silly carrying a suitcase around with you!

### **Parlor**

You have entered the parlor of the old mansion. Against the back wall you notice a sculpted, marble bar, and in the corner a parrot swings from its bird stand.

You better not while others are in the room.  
Even though you know where it is, you can't see it.  
You don't see one.  
You feel uncomfortable sitting at bars, especially considering prohibition.  
There is nothing there.  
The secret panel closes behind you and leaves no trace!  
You give a cracker to the parrot.  
Ouch!! It bit you!

PO "AWWKK! Cracker!"

PO "AWWKK! Gonna tell him...tell him. Racehorse scam. AWWKK!"

PO "She's after me! AWWKK! So afraid!"

PO "AWWKK! I'll teach her! AWWKK! She can't break up with me!"

PO "Jeeves! Kiss me again! AWWKK!"

PO "AWWKK! I can't find her! AWWKK! Where's Gloria?"

PO "AWWKK! Sleep tight, my pretties. AWWKK! In the basement...the basement."

PO "Gotta get the gun...get the gun! AWWKK!"

There is nothing you would be interested in behind the bar.

The sculpted, marble bar sports a beautifully finished, ebony countertop.

Upon it, you notice an empty glass.

Upon the countertop you see a decanter of cognac.

It's much too heavy for you to move.

A marble statue of a lovely, Greek maiden stands in the corner.

You can't see behind the picture.

You see a beautiful girl and casually wonder who she might be. Funny...her eyes have a strange,  
hollow look to them.

The picture is firmly attached to the wall.

It doesn't open.

The eyes in the picture have a strange, hollow look to them.

You don't need it.

A delicate figure of a horse decorates a small table.

You don't care for liquor...remember?

The decanter is half-filled with cognac.

Looks like fine cognac.

The glass is empty.

You don't need to carry around a glass.

Picking up the glass, you use Wilbur's monocle as a magnifying glass and notice a faint fingerprint.

You can barely make out the fingerprint on the glass.

As you look at the empty glass, you notice a faint fingerprint on it.

You see an empty glass upon the bar.

The French doors lead outside.

Please specify what you would like to feed the parrot.

The box of crackers is empty.

The parrot doesn't seem too interested.

A colorful parrot swings merrily on its perch.

The parrot cocks its head quizzically.

PO "AWWKK!"

PO "Polly want a cracker!"

PO "Pretty Polly...AWWKK!"

That wouldn't be a good idea!

That's not a nice thought, Laura!

## **Rudy and Clarence's room**

This appears to be another guest room that Rudy and Clarence are sharing.  
You better not while others are in the room.  
Even though you know where it is, you can't see it.  
You don't see one.

The secret panel closes behind you and leaves no trace!

You can't see behind the picture.  
The picture is firmly attached to the wall.  
It doesn't open.  
The eyes of the woman have a strange, faraway look to them.  
You notice an interesting picture of a woman and child. Oddly, the woman's eyes have a strange,  
faraway look in them.  
They're locked.  
You notice three suitcases next to the beds. They must belong to Rudy and Clarence.  
You'd look silly carrying a suitcase around with you.  
It's a plain old dresser.  
There is nothing of interest in the small desk.

You see a small writing desk against the right wall.

## **Secret Chamber**

You see nothing special on the ceiling.  
Upon examining the walls of this secret chamber, you notice two close-set holes in each of two  
opposing walls. You can also see two secret panels, one in each wall.  
You see a small, raised platform in the center of the secret room.  
A step leads up to a small, raised platform in the center of the room.  
The small platform seems to be centered right under two sets of two close-set holes in the walls.  
You notice two secret panels in the chamber walls.  
There is nothing of interest in the billiard room.  
There is nothing of interest in the library.  
There is nothing of interest in Gertie and Gloria's room.  
There is nothing of interest in the Colonel's room.  
You have found a small hidden room in the house!  
You notice a faint aroma of perfume.  
Just look through the holes.  
What picture? You don't see any pictures!  
You see two secret panels, one in each wall.  
Someone has left an old cane behind.  
Someone dropped an old cigar butt on the floor.

You see the back of the clock at the hidden room's entrance.  
What clock?  
You see the back of the armoire at the hidden room's entrance.  
What armoire?  
Try facing either set of holes.  
The secret panels are already closed.  
You closed the clock behind you. Walk to it to open it.  
You closed the armoire behind you. Walk to it to open it.  
Oh, no! There is somebody in the room!  
You bend over and pick up the small cigar butt.  
An old cane lies on the floor.  
A cigar butt lies on the floor.  
There is nothing of interest in the parlor.  
There is nothing of interest in the dining room.  
There is nothing of interest in Rudy and Clarence's room.  
There is nothing of interest in your room.  
There is nothing of interest in the Colonel's room.  
You don't see anyone, but you hear someone moving around.  
You have found a small hidden room in the house!  
You notice a faint aroma of perfume.  
Just look through the holes.  
What picture? You don't see any pictures!  
You see the back of the mirror at the hidden room's entrance.  
What mirror?  
You see the back of the armoire at the hidden room's entrance.  
What armoire?  
You can't see those rooms!  
You notice a dusty footprint on the floor.  
Someone has left an old cane behind.  
Someone dropped an old cigar butt on the floor.  
Try facing either set of holes.  
The secret panels are already closed.  
You closed the mirror behind you. Walk to it to open it.  
You closed the armoire behind you. Walk to it to open it.  
You bend over and pick up the small cigar butt.  
You can't get a footprint!  
You examine it with the monocle, but don't see anything interesting.

### **Stairs**

The grand stairway leads up to the second level of the mansion.  
From here, the stairs lead downward.  
A grand stairway leads down to the first level of the mansion, while another smaller staircase goes upwards.  
This railing looks mighty old and rickety!

### **Study**

This appears to be the Colonel's study as a large desk dominates the room. Upon the desk you notice a small glass case. At the back of the room two large cabinets also catch your attention.  
You see a stuffed alligator on top of one cabinet.



You see a stuffed eagle on top of one cabinet.  
The leaded glass cabinet is wide open!  
You see a fancy cabinet with leaded glass doors.  
This is a large cabinet with plain glass doors.  
You wonder about the Colonel's strange fascination with weapons.  
The French doors lead outside.  
A huge rhino head hangs above the fireplace. Two African spears cross beneath it.  
There is nothing of interest on the fireplace mantel.  
There's no reason to move it.  
The glass case is locked.  
You might cut yourself on the glass shards if you tried that.  
You can't. You don't have the key.  
It's already broken.  
You were never good with weapons!  
You wouldn't know how to use it.  
It's gone!  
You don't know how to use a rifle. Anyway, they're not loaded.  
You can't. The glass case is locked.  
Gee! You feel a little dizzy now!  
LP "Stay out of there, Laura! Those weapons belong to my uncle!"  
LP "Leave the weapons alone!"  
It looks like an average boomerang!  
It sure looks sharp!  
The mace looks rusted. Quite usable, though.  
The handle is inlaid with beautiful mother-of-pearl.  
Cautiously, you peek inside the open door of the cabinet. Not surprisingly, part of the Colonel's  
weapons collection is housed there. Within the cabinet, you see an Australian boomerang, a  
steel cutlass, a mace, and an antique crossbow.  
None of the rifles are loaded.  
You carefully open the glass door of the cabinet and look inside. Stored within it is the Colonel's  
rifle collection.  
There is nothing in the rhino head.  
You couldn't get that down!  
You don't want to carry that old thing around with you!  
It's too heavy to move.  
You see nothing there.  
It's just an empty globe.  
You see a large globe in the corner of the study.  
It's too heavy to carry.  
It is already spinning .  
The crossbow looks several hundred years old!  
Pretty feathers hang from the handle of the tomahawk.  
You wouldn't know how to use a spear.  
Two African spears hang crossed above the fireplace.  
There is nothing you need in the desk.  
The large, oak desk sits in the center of the room. Atop it, you see a small, glass case.  
The large, oak desk sits in the center of the room. Atop it, you see a small, glass case which has  
been broken.  
It's much too heavy.  
It would look suspicious if the derringer were to suddenly disappear. Better leave it there.  
There's nothing there.  
It would be too heavy and conspicuous to carry around.

You might cut yourself carrying around a piece of glass.  
You look through the small, glass case and notice a little, silver derringer mounted upon a blue velvet backing.  
Oh, oh! Someone broke the glass case and took the silver derringer!  
The small, silver derringer is inside the glass case.

### **Wilbur's Room**

It doesn't appear that this room has been used in a long time! However, it currently seems to be the guest room of Dr. Wilbur C. Feels.  
Broken shutters mar the elegant French windows.  
Several pieces of unused furniture have been covered against dust and cobwebs.  
There is only a bed in the closet.  
It's just your average armoire.  
It's just old furniture! There's nothing of interest there.  
There is nothing interesting under the covers.  
There is nothing of interest in the armoire.  
You can't. The doctor's bag is on the bed.  
You see an old dresser in the corner.  
The crates are tightly sealed. Besides, there's nothing you would want in them.  
Several old crates have been piled in the corner.  
The boxes are much too heavy to move.  
There is only dust under the bed.  
The bed has been put away in the wall.  
The Murphy bed has been pulled down for Dr. Feels to sleep on. Upon it, you see his black doctor's bag.  
The Murphy bed has been pulled down for Dr. Feels to sleep on.  
Since it belongs to Dr. Feels, you should leave it alone.  
It is Dr. Feels' bag.

### **Outside Locations**

It's real creepy and dark out here! You shiver at the thought of venturing outside alone. Perhaps you ought to go back inside.  
You attempt to peer in, but can make out no details.  
A once-grand plantation house sits in the center of this lonely bayou island. You can imagine the family that once lived here: the parties, the farming, the hustle and the bustle of a thriving plantation, but now, no more. Now the estate has been reduced to a mere fragment of itself while the big house and outbuildings have been allowed to deteriorate.  
Many elegant French windows grace the old mansion.  
You may enter the house through several French doors.  
The front door of the house is well lit by porch lights.  
Beautiful grecian columns add splendor to the old mansion. You imagine how wonderful it must have looked in its hey-day.  
A wide, two-level veranda fronts the house.  
The windows don't open. Why not try a door?  
Just do that yourself.  
There's no reason to do that. If you wish to enter the house, use a door.

You're NOT that agile!  
There's no need to knock. Just go in the house.  
The lights are already on.

Once this was a large plantation near the bayou country of southern Louisiana. In decades past, however, the level of the swamp rose and flooded the low-lying areas creating an island of the immediate grounds around the main house. Sadly, the once vast estate was reduced to an isolated remnant of itself, cut off from the world by the spreading bayou. The bayou spreads in all directions from this isolated island it has created. Without a boat, it would be impossible to leave as the swamp is too dangerous to swim in. The grass is overgrown and unkempt as is the rest of the grounds. Mud puddles, dotting the wet ground, remain from an earlier rain storm. The ground is wet and soggy from a rain storm earlier that day. The full moon in the night sky casts eerie shadows as you make your way through the darkness. Vestiges of a passing storm still edge the night sky. Stars twinkle as passing storm clouds ring the night sky. The full moon casts an eerie light upon the ground as you walk the estate grounds. Occasionally lightning, accompanied by loud claps of thunder, brightens the sky from behind cloud remnants of a recent storm. You can't look at thunder! Stately oak trees, Spanish moss dripping from their branches, surround the old mansion. Among the oaks, you also notice various other trees, some beautiful, some unexplainably bare. The estate, once beautifully landscaped, has unfortunately been allowed to grow wild and unkempt. The few flowers around the run-down estate do little to brighten up the pervasive gloom. A low hedge borders the walkway to the house while unkempt shrubs surround it and various outbuildings. The Spanish moss clings precariously to the branches of the old oak trees. Scraggly weeds have invaded a good part of the once-beautiful, original landscape. An old, gravel driveway, left over from the days before the bayou flooded the area, circles the front of the mansion. There is only the wall of the house behind the shutters. The window shutters are badly in need of repair. From here, you can barely see the old mansion. Although you can hear birds, all you can see is an occasional owl. You see rocks of various sizes here and there. Fireflies flit erratically while other unseen insects pierce the night air with their calls. Although these trees DO look like great climbing trees, you really have more important things to do right now! The somber yard can use all the flowers it can get; just leave them be! You see no plants that interest you. Even though the Spanish moss looks interesting, you can think of no use for it. Why would you want ugly weeds?! They are much too hard to catch. You're not thirsty. You don't want to carry around a heavy rock. It's not important to catch bugs. You have no need to carry water. You can't get that. There is no need to do that. They're already open. You have no digging implements. There aren't many flowers to smell!

You can't see any insects, but you can definitely hear them.  
You hear the wind blowing between the trees.  
Ominous-sounding thunder rumbles when occasional lightning flashes.  
You don't hear anything special.  
A cry of pain and anger, from inside the old mansion, rends the night air.

### **Back Of The House**

Out the back door, a garden path encircles a small statue, then continues on through a lovely rose arbor.  
You see a lovely rose garden in the distance to the north.  
Grecian columns enclose the small back porch. From here, you can see a lovely rose arbor.  
Behind a weather-beaten fence, you see the old, unused sugar cane fields. The fields look as if they haven't been planted in years.  
The garden path circles a small statue, then goes through a lovely rose arbor.  
Here, you see the back door of the house.  
An old, weather-beaten fence partitions off the remaining vestiges of the plantation's once-vast sugar cane fields. Now all that's left are long-ago plowed furrows and old dead stalks.  
You don't see a gate here.  
Beautiful roses grow upon the rose arbor.  
You see no need to carry around a rose.  
The fence is too difficult to climb. Besides, you don't care about those old fields.  
The roses smell wonderful in the night air.  
There are two garden benches here.  
There is nothing but grass under the benches.  
You don't feel like sitting around.  
This is an exquisite statue of a dancing satyr.  
The statue is firmly affixed to its pedestal.  
The statue doesn't move.  
Grecian columns support the back porch.

### **Bell Tower**

You see a rusted, iron bell at the top of an old, bell tower. A rope dangles a short distance beneath the bell while a ladder runs up the tower's side. Behind a weathered fence, you also notice the remnants of the old plantation's fields.  
A rope dangles a short distance down from the tower while a ladder runs up the tower's side. Behind a weathered fence, you also notice the remnants of the old plantation's fields.  
The rope dangles a short distance above you.  
The rope dangles a short distance above you. Higher up, you see the old bell.  
A path travels by the old bell tower.  
Behind a weather-beaten fence, you see the old, unused sugar cane fields. The fields look as if they haven't been planted in years.  
An old weather-beaten fence partitions off the remaining vestiges of the plantation's once-vast sugar cane fields. Now, all that's left are long-ago plowed furrows and old dead stalks.  
You don't see a gate here.  
All you see is the old, rusted bell.  
You can't see into the bell tower from here.  
You see a rusted iron bell at the top of an old bell tower. A rope dangles a short distance beneath the bell while a ladder runs up the tower's side.  
The fence is too difficult to climb. Besides, you don't care about those old fields.  
You're not in a position to do that.

You have no way of doing that.  
The bell has been oiled.  
Oiling the rusted bell may have loosened it.  
Reaching up with the cane you hook it onto the short rope's iron ring and PULL...  
...Nothing happens. Oh! The bell's too rusted to move!  
Uh, oh!!  
Look out! It's falling...!  
Whew! That was close!  
You reach up and try to grab the ring attached to the end of the rope...  
...but the short rope is too high for you to reach the ring.  
Okay. Thinking it might be useful, you remove the crank from the bell and take it with you.  
You see nothing there.  
You cannot look into the bell from here.  
You don't see a crank here.  
You could never carry around that big bell!  
You can't ring the bell now!  
That would not do any good.  
You need to pull on the rope to ring the bell.  
What's that attached to the bell?! Hmmmm. It's some sort of old metal crank.  
It's just an old, rusted, iron bell.  
Dusty cobwebs cover the old bell that over years has rusted in place.  
A short rope hangs slightly below the old bell tower. There is a rusty, iron ring attached to the  
bottom of it.  
You scared away a bat!  
You don't want a bat.  
A rickety ladder runs up the side of the old bell tower.

### **Billiard Room Exterior**

This is the southwest corner of the mansion right outside the billiard room.  
She's not around here!  
Stone steps lead up to the billiard room door and to the front gallery.  
You look upwards at the second-story windows of Gertie and Gloria's guest room.

### **Bridge**

A broken, arched bridge crosses a large stream at the swamp's edge.  
There is nothing but water under the bridge.  
There is only more swamp on the other side of the large stream.  
A broken bridge crosses the large stream.  
The bridge is broken. You can't cross it.  
You can't quite reach it.  
You can't jump that far.

### **Carriage House**

You peer through the gloom of the old carriage house. Parts of a decrepit carriage lie in the right  
corner and a small rowboat, named MINNOW, rests in the left corner.  
The floor is very dusty.  
You look carefully at the walls around you, but see nothing special about them.  
You look up at the ceiling but see nothing of interest.  
You see nothing but darkness out the windows.

The carriage house has many large windows.  
You see two, large carriage doors.  
There is nothing of interest under the table.  
There is no reason to do that.  
The windows do not open.  
The door is already open.  
You peek inside the old carriage but find it empty.  
You look inside the decrepit carriage and find a crowbar. Thinking it might come in handy, you take it with you.  
You have no use for an anchor.  
An old anchor hangs on the wall.  
You see an old horse harness.  
You have no use for a life preserver.  
You see a life preserver on the wall.  
There is no reason to climb into a dirty old boat.  
There is no way for you to take the boat.  
You see nothing there.

You look in the small rowboat but do not see anything of interest.  
There is a small rowboat, named MINNOW, in the left corner.  
You can't see any oars.  
There is nothing you would want in any of the boxes.  
The crates are too big and heavy to carry.  
You see old boxes here and there.  
You have no reason to get into the old carriage.  
There is no way for you to take the old carriage.  
You see parts of an old carriage in the right corner.  
You see an old oilcan sitting on the workbench.  
There is an oilcan on the table.  
There is only dust on the table.

### **Carriage House Exterior**

You have come upon a run-down carriage house. Old crates have been piled before one of the doors. For obvious reasons, it has not been used as a carriage house for some time.  
A small, dirt driveway leads to the old carriage house.  
They're just old crates. There's nothing of interest inside them.  
The crates are much too heavy for you to move.  
They are very difficult to catch.  
You have frightened off a little squirrel.  
It's a large, carriage house door.  
The windows do not open.  
Why do that? Just use the door!  
You peek through the window, but can't make out any details.  
You see some large windows in the carriage house.  
A couple of old crates are piled in front of the carriage house.

### **Celie's House Interior**

Celie's place looks quite cozy and comfortable. She's managed to make a home out of a little old shack.

That's a nice picture.  
There is nothing special on the walls.  
Tattered curtains frame the small windows.  
You look up at the ceiling but see nothing of interest.  
There is nothing of interest on the floor.  
You don't want to take Celie's picture.  
You're not hungry for gumbo, even though it smells so good.  
You are sitting already.  
You are standing already.  
That's Celie's bed, not yours.  
A small fire burns in the wood stove, warming the place. A pot of good-smelling gumbo simmers atop it.  
A pile of wood waits by the wood stove.  
There is nothing of interest in the dresser.  
A small dresser rests in the corner.  
There is nothing under the pillows.  
A couple of pillows lie on the bed.  
You don't need a mirror.  
A small mirror hangs on the wall above the dresser.  
There's nothing you need in any of the jars.  
There are some strange concoctions in those jars!  
Various odd-looking jars fill the shelves.  
A single carrot on the kitchen table captures your attention.  
There is nothing that interests you on either one of the tables.  
There are two old chairs near the dining table.  
CE "Go on. You kin have it if'n you want it."  
Before taking the carrot, you look at Celie for permission. She nods her approval. With that, you take the juicy-looking carrot for yourself.  
The gumbo in the pot atop the stove fills the cabin with a wonderful odor.  
The windows don't open. Why not try a door?  
There's no reason to do that. If you wish to leave the house, use a door.  
As it's dark outside, it's difficult to see out the windows.  
Tattered curtains cover the windows.  
There is only the floor under the rugs.  
Two rag rugs lie on the wooden floor.  
Only the floorboards are under the bed.  
An old quilt covers Celie's small bed.

### **Celie's House Exterior**

There is a poor, but clean, shack here at the edge of the old sugar cane fields. Nearby, you see a small chicken coop.  
Behind a weather-beaten fence, you see the old, unused sugar cane fields. The fields look as if they haven't been planted in years.  
An old, weather-beaten fence partitions off the remaining vestiges of the plantation's once-vast sugar cane fields. Now, all that's left are long-ago plowed furrows and old dead stalks.  
You don't see a gate here.  
The path leads to a small shack.  
In spite of its poor condition, the shack looks homey enough.  
You see Celie rocking on her porch on this warm May night.  
Celie's old rocking chair waits for her on the little porch.

There's no need to do that; she's right here!

The fence is too difficult to climb. Besides, you don't care about those old fields.

There is nobody here.

CE "Jest a secon'."

CE "Whut you want, Missy?!"

CE "I ain't got time fer you right now, Missy. 'Scuse me."

CE "My necklace! I wuz wunderin' where it got to! Well, Missy Laura, why don' you come in an' visit wid me awhile?"

CE "Nice ta see you agin, Missy Laura. Won'cha come in?"

CE "What you doin' here, girl?! Can't you feel the evil in the air?! There's somethin' real bad 'round here and I'm stayin' put in mah cabin behind locked doors. You git yourse'f on back to your room, hear?!"

CE "Go away!! I'm not unlockin' this here door anymore!"

CE "Go 'way!! I ain't openin' this door!"

CE "Leave me 'lone!!"

CE "Get 'way from my door!! I ain't comin' near it!"

CE "Please!! Leave me outta this!"

CE "I ain't unlockin' this here door!!"

CE "Go 'way!!"

You cautiously knock at the door of the old shack but receive no answer.

This is not your house!

It's just a plain, wooden door.

It's not nice to enter people's houses without being invited.

You try opening the door, but discover it's locked.

You can't get that.

The rocking chair is already occupied!

You don't feel like sitting around.

Celie is sitting on her rocking chair enjoying the night air.

The two chickens scratch and peck within their chicken coop.

Celie has already fed the chickens.

The chickens belong to Celie. Leave them alone.

This isn't King's Quest III!

You see nothing there.

Through the rusted wire of the coop, you can see the feathered forms of the two chickens that Celie keeps.

That's not a nice thing to do!

You peek through the window, but can't make out any details.

The windows don't open.

Two windows flank the front door.

## **Cemetery**

This is an old, family graveyard behind the little chapel. Set among the various family graves and monuments, you notice two large tombs.

You must enter the tomb to do that.

The tomb door is sealed. You can't enter it.

The tomb door isn't locked.



There is no keyhole, or handle, to the tomb door. It is sealed from the inside.  
The tomb door is firmly sealed. No matter what you do, you cannot open it.  
One tomb has the name DIJON carved over the door and CROUTON has been inscribed over the door of the other.  
Each gravestone is dedicated to a member of the Crouton family.  
A path leads to the chapel from the cemetery.  
You don't really believe in ghosts, do you?!  
You see several graves and monuments on the ground.  
The graves and monuments belong to various members of the Crouton family, ranging from the large monument of patriarch, Francois Crouton and his wife Claudette, to the simple grave of Sarah Crouton, who was 17 when she died in 1871.  
Granite slabs form the tomb doors.  
A rusted, wrought iron fence surrounds the old, family cemetery.  
There is a gate leading into the cemetery.  
The small chapel accompanies the old cemetery.  
The graves all seem to belong to the Crouton family.  
None of the gravestones move. They are firmly planted in the ground.  
Be serious! This is no time for a seance!  
The fence is too difficult to climb.  
The gate seems to be stuck in place.  
Cautiously, you look inside the tomb.  
Currently, it's just an empty tomb. One day, this will be the final resting place of Colonel Dijon.  
You knock loudly on the tomb door and wait...  
No answer.  
It looks like a new metal door.  
That looks like a wisp of mist from the bayou.

## **Chapel**

This is the old plantation chapel. Above the pulpit you see a beautiful, stained glass window.  
You are momentarily startled when a floorboard sags slightly as you step upon it.  
The floorboard has been pried open exposing a small niche in the chapel floor.  
You notice some sagging floorboards near the pulpit.  
Why don't you get closer?  
The poker won't fit in the crack.  
The cane won't fit in the crack.  
The cross is merely a part of the stained glass window.  
The cemetery is out back.  
You look up at the ceiling but see nothing of interest.  
You look carefully at the walls around you, but see nothing special about them.  
Inside the niche, you see an old leather-bound Bible.  
Why don't you get #closer to the pulpit?  
After removing the brittle old Bible from the opening in the floorboards, you carefully open it.  
Written inside the front cover you see...  
Francois Pierre Crouton Born - 1787 Passed away - 1832  
Married Claudette Marie Tourte - 1815  
Claudette Marie Crouton Born - 1796 Passed away - 1856  
Thomas Simon Crouton Born - 1816  
Claude Francois Crouton Born - 1819  
Thomas wed Mary Frances O'Neil - 1848  
Mary Frances Crouton Born - 1827

William Thomas Crouton Born - 1851 Passed away - 1851  
Sarah Marie Crouton Born - 1854

Upon further searching through the old Bible you notice a strange notation on the last page. It says...

Sarah,

Our end is near. The bell will ring solemnly on our final night, and then will sound no more. Sir Lancelot will forever salute us. Do not weep for us, my child. We will watch over you. We love you. Do not ever forget.

Mama

With a sad heart, you tenderly close the fragile Bible and reverently place it back in its hiding place under the chapel's floorboards.

Except for some marks in the dust, the floor looks undisturbed.  
Although the floorboard is loose you can't seem to budge it with your bare hands.  
Suddenly feeling pious, you kneel at the pulpit and pray.  
The statues belong here.  
Each alcove shelters a small statue of a religious figure.  
The candles are firmly affixed to the wall.  
You don't need to do that.  
You notice candles on the wall.  
The back door of the chapel leads into the small cemetery.  
The chapel door leads out front.  
You see a front door and a back door.  
You see a gorgeous, stained glass window.  
There is nothing inside the pulpit.  
You see nothing special about the pulpit.  
There is no reason to do that.  
The windows do not open.  
You see nothing but darkness outside.  
You notice other windows around the chapel.  
You don't feel like sitting around.  
There is nothing but dust under the old pews.  
You see four pews in this small church.

### **Chapel Exterior**

At this end of the island there is a small, quaint chapel. Behind it, you see an old family cemetery. An old cemetery hides behind the small church.  
A rusted, wrought iron fence surrounds the cemetery, while another fence sections off the old sugar cane fields.  
There is a rusted gate leading into the cemetery.  
Behind a weather-beaten fence, you see the old, unused sugar cane fields. The fields look as if they haven't been planted in years.  
A path leads to the chapel. Behind it, another goes into the cemetery.  
Wide steps lead up to the door of the chapel.  
There is a small porch on the front of the chapel.  
An old cross tops the chapel.  
The graves are in the cemetery.  
There is only the wall of the chapel behind the shutters.  
You couldn't reach it.  
There's no need to knock. Just go into the chapel!

The fences are too difficult to climb.  
Just do that yourself.  
The gate seems to be stuck in place.  
You notice a door at the back of the chapel.  
Simple French doors front the chapel.  
You peek through the window, but can't make out any details.  
Windows surround the small church.  
The windows do not open.  
There is no need for that. Just use the door.

### **Dock**

You are standing at the south edge of the bayou island looking towards the great old plantation house. An old road runs alongside the plantation's front wrought iron fence.  
A stone path runs toward a interesting statue and then on to the mansion.  
All you see under the dock is swamp water.  
A weathered dock runs out into the alligator-infested bayou.  
Porch lights highlight the mansion's front door.  
Smoke wafts up into the night air from the mansion's two chimneys.  
Go ahead. Just enter the water.  
The old sign is firmly attached to the gate.  
The rusted sign on the front gate reads "Misty Acres." That must be the name of the old plantation!  
You can't read a sign from behind it.  
The eagles are for decoration only.  
A pair of iron eagles decorate the top of the gate posts.  
You can barely see the statue from here.  
A weather-beaten dock extends from the island's edge out into the alligator-infested bayou. Toward the center of the island you can see the old plantation house.  
You could never lift those heavy crates!  
There is nothing you would want in these old crates.  
All you see under the dock is swamp water.  
Old crates are piled at the end of the dock.  
Many frogs and turtles live in the bayou.  
You have better things to do than to worry about the little swamp creatures.  
This isn't King's Quest!  
What do you think this is...King's Quest?!  
You'd have to catch them first.  
Vicious 'gators inhabit the swamp surrounding the island.  
These alligators prefer fresh meat. Heh, heh.  
You MUST be kidding!  
You can't be SERIOUS!  
'Gators don't talk!  
Be reasonable!!  
You couldn't hurt a big 'gator.

### **Driveway**

You are standing at the west side of the circular gravel driveway leading to the old plantation house.  
A stone path leads toward the middle of the circular driveway.  
You can barely see it from here.  
You see an old playhouse in the distance to the north.

What a wonderful view of the old plantation house! From here you can almost imagine what it must have been like during its glory days.

A stone path leads toward the house.

Porch lights highlight the mansion's front door.

The statue appears to resemble the Colonel in full officer's regalia.

You can't get the statue.

It's too heavy to move.

It doesn't turn.

You are standing at the east side of the circular gravel driveway leading to the old plantation house.

You don't see anybody here.

It is already up.

You'll have to wait until the handle stops turning.

It is already down.

A stone path leads toward the middle of the circular driveway.

There is a rope attached to the bucket in the well.

You notice the cellar door outside the kitchen.

A porch light illuminates the kitchen door.

You can barely see it from here.

You see a doghouse by the kitchen door.

The rope belongs to the well.

It is firmly attached to the well.

The rope is securely attached to the bucket. You can't take either.

You're brighter than THAT, Laura!

The leaky, oaken bucket barely holds water.

You look into the well, but as it's deep and dark, you can't see much.

There is an old, deep well just off the driveway.

You can use the crank to raise the bucket.

What? Are you crazy?!

The bucket belongs to the well.

### **Front Door**

You are standing in front of the old plantation house right by the front door.

Cracked stone steps lead up to the front door of the mansion.

You see the boards that make up the porch.

You look upwards at the second-story gallery.

You cannot remove them. They're firmly attached to the wall.

The porch lights help to brighten this dreary house.

The front door of the old house is badly weathered.

Why, thank you, doctor.

There's no need to knock. Just go into the house!

Those are a couple of ghoulish-looking doorknockers!

You wouldn't want to carry that old thing around!

There is nothing under the doormat.

It's just an old doormat.

### **Gate**

A partially-rusted, wrought iron fence fronts the property.

The wrought iron gate is broken and hangs by one hinge.

The iron gate is closed and locked.

An old, rutted, dirt road runs alongside the estate's wrought iron fence. At one time carriages and wagons used it, but in the intervening years, the level of the bayou rose, flooded the road out, and turned the old plantation into an isolated island estate.

The gate is already open.

The gate is broken; you can't.

Why would you want to? Just go through the front gate!

There isn't a gate before you.

### **Gazebo**

This quaint gazebo looks like it was once a nice spot for quiet reflecting. Looking north you see some tall hedges.

A dirt path leads to the gazebo.

The rickety steps lead into the gazebo.

You see the wooden floor of the gazebo.

You see the roof of the gazebo.

Just climb them yourself.

Clarence seems to be sulking about something.

CS "Please, I'm not really in the mood for conversation."

You notice some unusual, tall hedges to the north.

You see nothing but dust inside the gazebo.

There is no way of looking under the gazebo.

Though now in disrepair, the old gazebo still looks peaceful and inviting.

### **Hedge Garden**

This hedge garden is very strange! In the center you see a small fountain while a nearby statue overlooks it. Perhaps, at one time, this was someone's place of quiet contemplation.

The arched gateway leads outside.

Dirty, green water fills the little fountain.

A tall hedge completely surrounds this small garden area.

The rickety stairs lead into total darkness.

You don't see anything!

There might be a passage down there.

There is a metal valve handle attached to the valve stem at the base of the statue.

The small, square shaft attracts your curiosity.

The crank doesn't fit on the shaft.

The crank doesn't fit the shaft.

Turning the valve handle in your hand you see the other side of it.

It is already on!

You don't know how.

It is already off!

You reach into the fountain, but don't feel anything special.

The fountain doesn't move.

There is no need to do that.

The gate is already open.

There is no reason to get your feet wet!

You have no reason to carry water.

The metal shaft can't be taken.

The metal shaft doesn't move.

The metal shaft won't turn by itself.

You don't need it anymore.  
You already have it.  
What are you talking about?  
You're not thirsty.  
That won't help. It's not rusty.  
Using what? Rudy's hair tonic?!  
The shaft isn't loose.  
With your bare hands?  
Upon turning the valve handle, you hear a click and the fountain comes to life.  
The fountain flow subsides when you turn the valve handle back.  
The metal valve handle is now attached to the valve stem at the base of the statue.  
You grab the statue and find it turns easily. As you turn it, you notice a hidden trapdoor in the ground opening simultaneously.  
Turn the statue to close it.  
What?!  
You see steep rickety stairs leading down into...darkness!  
You see an open trapdoor in the ground.  
You can't carry around a statue!  
Despite your bulging muscles, you cannot move the statue.  
A statue of a dancing nymph overlooks the fountain.  
What's this? You notice a small, square shaft protruding from the base of the statue.  
The urns are much too heavy to carry around.  
Even your bugling muscles couldn't move those heavy urns.  
The urn is empty.  
You spy two marble urns in opposite corners of the garden.  
You see nothing but dirty, green water in the fountain.  
The fountain sits forlornly in the center of the garden.

### **Hedge Garden Exterior**

This is an odd-looking place! It seems to be a private little garden completely surrounded by a large hedge. You wonder why.  
It's rather dark in there. Why don't you just go into the hedge garden?  
The hedge seems to enclose a small garden area.  
A stone path leads to the entrance of the hedge garden.  
You see a little shack in the distance to the north.  
There is no need to do that.  
The gate is already open.  
A large, arched opening leads into the hedge garden.

### **Kitchen Exterior**

You are standing at the northeast corner of the house right outside the kitchen. Beside the kitchen door you see a doghouse and a cellar door.  
There is a small fence at the back of the house.  
You notice a path behind the house.  
Stone steps lead up to the kitchen door.  
You look upwards at the second-story windows of Ethel's guest room.  
You don't need to do that. There's nothing there.  
There's no need to knock. Just go into the house!  
Well, well, look who's home! Beauregard!  
You peer into the dark interior of the doghouse and look around. What's this?! Why, it looks like a

necklace of small amethyst and quartz stones! Beauregard must have found it someplace and brought it here. You quickly grab it and take it with you.

You peer into the dark interior of the doghouse and look around. Currently, it's empty.

You knock loudly on the cellar door but get no answer.

JE "Is that you, Fifi?!"

There appears to be a cellar door here.

You don't have the key.

It is not locked.

You try opening the cellar door but, alas, it is locked!

The porch light is firmly attached to the wall.

A porch light shines outside the kitchen door.

There is a large doghouse outside the kitchen door. You see the name BEAUREGARD written over the doghouse door.

You see nothing there.

You don't want to go in the doghouse. It's dirty and smelly in there!

The dog dish is empty.

You don't want to carry a dirty, old dog dish!

### **Parlor exterior**

This is the southeast corner of the mansion right outside the parlor.

Stone steps lead up to the parlor door and to the front gallery.

You look upwards at the second-story windows of Rudy and Clarence's guest room.

### **Playhouse**

You are inside a leaky old playhouse.

The little door leads outside.

Little round windows adorn the playhouse walls.

You notice a chalkboard with seven tally marks on it.

You don't need to fool around with the chalkboard.

There is no reason to open them.

A small, child-sized table sits in one corner of the playhouse.

Two little chairs accompany the small table.

Two little chairs accompany the small table.

You have better things to do, Laura!

The dolls look like they've been hanging around here for a long time! You wonder who they used to belong to.

The dolls don't belong to you!

You have better things to do, Laura!

You see a small chalkboard on the wall. Strange, there are seven tally marks on it.

The chalkboard is attached to the playhouse wall. You can't take it.

LP "We have a visitor, darlings. Sit up straight now."

LP "Rock-a-bye, baby."

Lillian is acting VERY bizarre! Not only is she playing with the old dolls, but she's treating them as if they were alive! She barely notices you.

LP Lillian is caught up in some fantasy world with those dolls! She's not listening to you.

LP Your friend is too involved with those dolls to really notice you.

LP "Our visitor is talking to us. Pay attention now."

LP "What? We don't want any visitors?"

LP "Oh! We don't want anybody to know our secret. Our visitor will have to leave."

LP "You'll have to go. We don't want to play with you right now."

LP "Maybe if we ignore her, darlings, she will go away. Hussshhhh!"  
Lillian is lost in her own world. She doesn't seem to even notice you anymore.

### **Playhouse exterior**

You have come upon a ramshackle little playhouse. Hanging from a nearby tree you see an old rope swing. Seeing these long-ago playthings makes you wonder about the children who used to live here.

A little, stone path leads to the door of the playhouse.

The rope belongs to the swing.

You rap lightly on the playhouse door.

You hear a muffled reply.

"Is that you, Laura? Come in and join me."

Gingerly, you sit in the swing.

How embarrassing!

You rap lightly on the playhouse door. There is no reply.

They are very difficult to catch.

You have frightened off a little squirrel.

It would be silly to push the swing with nobody in it.

You broke it!

It would be silly to carry around an old swing.

The broken swing hangs from a nearby oak.

A charming, old swing hangs from a nearby oak.

Force will not work on this strong little door.

It's already unlocked.

You can't. You don't have the key.

You attempt to open the playhouse door but discover it's locked.

You'll have to stoop to get through that door!

You peek through the window, but can't make out any details.

It would do you no good as the windows are very small.

The windows do not open.

Little, round windows adorn the playhouse.

You see the bell tower in the distance to the north.

You see the little chapel in the distance to the north.

This is an old playhouse that some long-ago children played in.

### **Rose Garden**

This is a wonderful little garden. You wonder who planted it; certainly not the Colonel!

A garden path leads south through a beautiful tunnel of roses.

From here, the garden path goes south through a lovely rose arbor.

Roses surround the little, heart-shaped garden.

An old, weather-beaten fence partitions off the remaining vestiges of the plantation's once-vast sugar cane fields. Now all that's left are long-ago plowed furrows and old dead stalks.

Behind a weather-beaten fence, you see the old, unused sugar cane fields. The fields look as if they haven't been planted in years.

You see no need to carry around a rose.

The roses smell wonderful in the night air.

The fence is too difficult to climb. Besides, you don't care about those old fields.



Even your bulging muscles couldn't move those heavy urns.  
There is nothing of interest under the urns.  
The urn is empty.  
The urns are much too heavy to carry around.  
Upon two marble pedestals sit matching marble urns.  
There are no trees here to climb.  
There is nothing but grass under the benches.  
You don't feel like sitting around.  
There are two garden benches here.

### **Stable**

There is only one stall in this old stable. As there is an old, broken-down nag in the stall, you deduce this must be Blaze.  
The door leads out front.  
You see an old, sway-backed horse in the stall. Behind the horse, hanging on the wall, is a lantern.  
You see an old, sway-backed horse in the stall.  
The stable floor is littered with hay.  
A lantern hangs from the wall inside the stall.  
You look carefully at the walls around you, but see nothing special about them.  
You look up at the ceiling but see nothing of interest.  
The cane is not quite long enough.  
The horse might bite you if you tried that!  
The windows do not open.  
There is no reason to do that.  
You hold the carrot in front of Blaze's nose who begins to cautiously sniff at it. He then gently takes it into his mouth and eats it. He looks at you and whinnies softly as if in friendship.  
You gently stroke Blaze's soft nose. He seems to like that.  
As you stroke Blaze's velvety-soft nose, his eyes open wide and his ears twitch uncontrollably.  
The saddle is very heavy. Besides, you've never been fond of horseback riding.  
You see an old saddle hanging on the wall.  
Why, that's Blaze's drinking water!  
The bridle doesn't belong to you. Besides, you've never been fond of horseback riding.  
That must be Blaze's old bridle.  
Go ahead! Just open the stall!  
You can't from here.  
A gate leads into the stall.  
Blaze must have once been a beautiful stallion, but now, with many passing years, he has been reduced to an old broken-down nag. You guess that he must be the Colonel's horse.  
This isn't King's Quest IV!  
You already fed him.  
Blaze is tired of hay. He's not interested.  
You don't have anything to feed to Blaze.  
Blaze isn't interested.  
A horse is a horse of course. But Wilbur is just imaginary.  
The horse doesn't understand you!  
You gently speak to Blaze. He just looks at you with his big, brown eyes.  
You don't like to ride horses, remember?  
Blaze seems happy right where he is.  
You yell at the horse and he twitches his ears.  
You plant a big kiss on Blaze's nose. He looks at you curiously.

That's not a nice thought, Laura!  
You have to move closer to do that.  
Not that water!  
You have no need to carry water.  
There is only water in the trough.  
You don't want to carry hay around!  
It's just hay, nothing more.  
Bales of hay have been haphazardly piled around.  
You can see the dark night out the stable windows.

### **Stable exterior**

On the west corner of the island, you see an old dilapidated stable surrounded by an empty corral.  
You can't. The door is closed  
You see the little chapel in the distance to the north.  
There is nothing but weeds in the corral.  
An empty corral surrounds the old stable.  
You don't see a gate here.  
There is nothing of interest in the corral.  
It's a wide, sliding door.  
You can't get close enough.  
There's no need for that!  
The stable seems to have plenty of windows.  
The soggy bales of hay are too heavy to move.  
You don't want to carry around soggy hay!  
Soggy bales of hay lie outside the stable door.

### **Study Exterior**

You are standing at the northwest corner of the house right outside the Colonel's study.  
There is a small fence at the back of the house.  
You notice a path behind the house.  
Stone steps lead up to the Colonel's study door.  
You look upwards at the second-story windows of Wilbur's guest room.  
You don't need to do that. There's nothing there.  
WF "I can't go on with this any longer! I must tell him about..."  
CS "Quiet!"  
CS "Let's go into the house to continue this discussion."

### **South Edges**

You are walking along the south edge of the bayou island. An old road runs alongside the old plantation's front wrought iron fence. In the distance you see a carriage house.  
A dirt driveway leads from the carriage house to the old road.  
A rusted gate crosses the old driveway.  
You see nothing special.  
You can't get that.  
The gate is rusted shut. You can't open or close it.  
You don't have enough oil for that.  
You don't have any oil.  
You see the old carriage house in the distance to the north.

You are walking along the south edge of the bayou island. An old road runs alongside the old plantation's front wrought iron fence. From here you can see the east edge of the main circular driveway.

A once-grand plantation house sits in the center of this lonely bayou island. You can imagine the family that once lived here: the parties, the farming, the hustle and the bustle of a thriving plantation; but now, no more. Now the estate has been reduced to a mere fragment of itself while the big house and outbuildings have been allowed to deteriorate.

A dirt path leads toward an old gazebo.

You see a gazebo in the distance to the north.

The owl prefers small varmints that scurry around in the darkness.

OWL "Hoo, hoo."

You couldn't get close enough to the owl to catch it.

The owl is on his nightly rodent patrol. He pays little attention to you.

You are at the south edge of the bayou island. An old road runs alongside the old plantation's front wrought iron fence. From here you can see the west edge of the main circular driveway.

A once-grand plantation house sits in the center of this lonely bayou island. You can imagine the family that once lived here: the parties, the farming, the hustle and the bustle of a thriving plantation; but now, no more. Now the estate has been reduced to a mere fragment of itself while the big house and outbuildings have been allowed to deteriorate.

You see a playhouse in the distance to the north.

You are at the southwest edge of the bayou island. The old road and fence have been overtaken by the rising swamp water.

A dirt driveway leads from the carriage house to the old road.

You closely examine the footprint and decide that it is the print of a boot.

That's odd. There is a rolling pin lying on the ground.

You can see a footprint in the mud.

Using Wilbur's monocle as a magnifying glass, you carefully examine the muddy impression and can see that it is definitely a footprint. Aha! There on the sole is...an insignia of an eagle!

As you pick up the rolling pin you notice a muddy footprint nearby.

You see no footprints.

You see a rolling pin and some muddy footprints.

You see the old stable in the distance to the north.

You notice the carriage house in the distance to the north.

## **Swamp**

You don't see any here, but the dark water may be concealing them.

Misty bayou waters surround this old plantation, cutting it off from the rest of the world. Better watch your step around here!

Spanish moss drips eerily from the forest of swamp trees. Not far off, the trees vanish as a heavy mist engulfs them.

Reeds, marsh grass, water lilies; many plants abound in the swamp.

You see water flowers poking up from the bayou here and there.

Bushes skirt the edge of the swamp.

The Spanish moss seems thicker here in the swamp.

Mist drifts eerily across the dark bayou.

Go ahead. Just enter the water.

The swamp water doesn't look very enticing to drink.

You see no plants that interest you.

You have no interest in obtaining swamp flowers.  
Even though the Spanish moss looks interesting, you can think of no use for it.  
You're not interested in weeds.  
You have no need to carry water.  
That's NOT a good idea!

Misty bayou waters surround this old plantation, cutting it off from the rest of the world. Better watch your step around here!  
Vicious 'gators inhabit the swamp surrounding the island.  
You MUST be kidding!  
You can't be SERIOUS!  
'Gators don't talk!  
Be reasonable!!  
you couldn't hurt a big 'gator.  
These alligators prefer fresh meat. Heh, heh.

## **People and animal**

### **Jeeves the Butler**

You attempt to talk to Jeeves but he ignores you as he goes about his business.  
Jeeves seems to be busy doing his chores.  
Jeeves is the Colonel's imposing butler. Though you find him somewhat good-looking, he nevertheless gives off a disconcerting feeling of secretiveness. You have noticed that Jeeves generally keeps to himself and seems to talk in little more than monosyllables. You wonder about him.

JE "I deserve a little peace and quiet in my own room!"  
JE "This is highly irregular, Miss Bow!"  
JE Exasperated, Jeeves closes his eyes and tries to ignore your constant jabber.  
JE "Can't a person have a little privacy around here?!"  
JE "Would you mind leaving, Miss Bow?!"  
JE "You shouldn't be down here, Miss Bow!"  
Jeeves refuses to indulge himself further in your idle conversation.  
JE "Not you again!"  
JE "Miss Bow! This is highly inappropriate!"  
JE "Can't you see I'm busy!"  
JE "Please give me my privacy, Miss Bow!"  
Frustrated, Jeeves hopes that by ignoring you, you might go away.  
JE "Kindly leave my room."  
JE "Please leave."  
JE "I'm tired. I don't want to converse."  
It appears that Jeeves is in no mood to talk.  
JE "PLEASE, Miss Bow!"  
Jeeves isn't listening to you.

Jeeves is trying to rest.  
Jeeves must be the strong silent type, he doesn't respond.  
JE "I don't feel like talking!"  
It doesn't appear that Jeeves is interested in it.  
Obviously, he doesn't want it.  
Jeeves must not care about it.  
Jeeves shows no interest in it.  
Jeeves doesn't even acknowledge it.  
Jeeves isn't talking to you.  
You wouldn't want him!!  
Now, now! There's no need for that!  
He's too strange.  
He doesn't appeal to you.  
He's not your type!  
The bed is already occupied.  
Jeeves is lying on his bed. He must be trying to take a nap.  
Jeeves is trying to enjoy the privacy of his own room!  
Jeeves must be getting ready to see someone special as he's taking great pains with his appearance while standing at his sink.  
These flowers don't belong to you!  
You notice a lovely bouquet of flowers on Jeeves' bed. You have a feeling you know who will be the recipient of these flowers!  
There is nothing you need in Jeeves' medicine cabinet.  
There is a mirrored medicine cabinet on the wall next to the sink.

JE "It's not my business to gossip with the house guests."

JE "I mind my own business. So should you."

JE "I only do what I'm told and keep my mouth shut."

JE "Let me do my work, Miss Bow!"

JE "I never pay attention to anything but my duties."

It appears that Jeeves is trying hard to ignore you.

Jeeves refuses to submit to your persistent chatter.

It doesn't appear that Jeeves is interested in it.

Obviously, he doesn't want it.

Jeeves must not care about it.

Jeeves shows no interest in it.

Jeeves doesn't even acknowledge it.

Jeeves seems to be busy doing his chores.

You attempt to talk to Jeeves but he ignores you as he goes about his business.

Jeeves pays no attention to you as he continues his rounds.

### **Beauregard the Dog**

Beauregard perks up at the sight of the bone!  
Beauregard is more interested in his food right now.  
Why don't you get closer to the dog.  
With food in his dish, Beauregard will not want that bone yet.  
He wouldn't be intereseted.  
Trying to take the bone away from Beauregard while he's chewing on it, isn't a good idea.  
You gave it to Beauregard, remember?  
The dog dish is empty.  
You don't want to carry a dirty, old dog dish!  
Beauregard looks hungry!  
Beauregard is sure enjoying his food!  
Old Beauregard snoozes in his doghouse.  
Beauregard is sure enjoying the bone!  
Beauregard's loose skin ripples as he chases the bone!  
The dog doesn't want to move, and he's too heavy to pull.  
You can't. He just wants to eat!  
That wouldn't be a good idea right now.  
Pricking up his ears, Beauregard listens as you gently speak to him.  
You call to Beauregard but he ignores you.  
That's not a nice thought, Laura!  
Don't kiss a dog!  
There's no need for you to feed the dog. Jeeves'll do it.  
Beauregard's not hungry anymore.  
He only wants his bone.

### **Celie the Cook**

Celie is the Colonel's cook. She is an overweight black lady who, on the surface, seems to be distant and unfriendly. However, you sense that she is probably a very nice person just "mindin' her own bizness." You have heard that Celie practices voodoo and you wonder about this.

CE "He's jus' an ol' hound dog, that's all."  
CE "I ain't never seen nothin' like that."  
CE "Don't know 'bout no horse."  
CE "Stay out o' my kitchen!"  
CE "I don't wanna talk 'bout him."  
CE "Don't know 'bout them."  
CE "I don't know nothin'."  
CE "Don't pay no 'ttention to neither o' them."  
CE "I ain't got nothin' to say 'bout him."  
CE "I keep my nose out o' things."  
CE "Don't have no 'pinion 'bout her."  
CE "She jus' the maid, that's all."  
CE "Don't know nothin' 'bout her."  
CE "Don't pay no 'ttention to her."  
CE "He only the butler."  
CE "Don't wanna talk 'bout her."  
CE "I don't talk 'bout them."  
CE "Don't know nothin' 'bout him."  
CE "I mind my own bizness."

CE "That's none o' my bizness."  
CE "Don't know nothin' 'bout no valve handle."  
CE "Don't pay 'ttention to him."  
CE "I don't stick my nose where it don't belong."  
CE "Sometimes that there parrot say some inter'stin' things!"  
CE "It ain't mine, that's all I know!"  
CE "I ain't never heard of no crank."  
CE "There ain't nothin' to tell 'bout her!"  
CE "There ain't no such thing as ghosts!"  
CE "This place ain't none o' your bizness."  
CE "There ain't nothin' you need to know 'bout them Croutons."  
CE "I never know where I'll be a'findin' one o' the Colonel's cigar butts lyin' 'round."  
CE "Don't bother that ol' dog!"  
CE "It ain't o' my concern."  
CE "Don't care 'bout the horse."  
CE "I'm savin' that for Beauregard. Leave it 'lone!"  
CE "What he do is none o' my concern."  
CE "Don't care 'bout 'em."  
CE "They's none o' my bizness."  
CE "Don't care what they do."  
CE "Ain't gonna talk 'bout him."  
CE "Ain't none o' my bizness."  
CE "Don't wanna know 'bout her."  
CE "All's I care is she do her work."  
CE "I don't pay no 'ttention to her."  
CE "Ain't my bizness what she do."  
CE "Jeeves don't work for me."  
CE "I ain't discussin' Missy Lillian."  
CE "It ain't up to us to worry 'bout."  
CE "Don't care 'bout him."  
CE "Don't wanna know nothin' 'bout 'em."  
CE "It ain't none o' my concern."  
CE "An ol' valve handle ain't 'portant."  
CE "It ain't for you OR me!"  
CE "Jus' be nice to the bird and it be nice to you."  
CE "Try tellin' the others 'bout it."  
CE "Do tell! I wouldn't know 'bout it, though."  
CE "You wouldn't know nothin' 'bout her!"  
CE "There ain't no ghosts 'round here!"  
CE "Never you mind 'bout this place."  
CE "They's long gone. Don't worry 'bout the Croutons."  
CE "It's a wonder Colonel Henri ain't burned this place to the ground as careless as he is 'bout tossin' em down."  
CE "I see no use for it."  
CE "It don't look familiar to me."  
CE "I ain't never seen anything like that."  
CE "Land o' Goshen, Missy! Why would I want that smelly old thing?"  
CE "I don't want an ol' valve handle!"  
CE "I don't want no hanky."  
CE "No, you keep it, chile."  
CE "That looks and smells like one o' Colonel Henri's stogies."

You can't get her!

There's no need for THAT sort of thing!

You don't feel like kissing her.

You don't feel like hugging her.

CE "It's just the swamp a'playin' tricks on you, I'm sure."

CE "Oh, chile, I'm sure you just seein' things. This place'll do that to a person."

CE "Chile! You gotta quit thinkin' these things! You gonna git everyone riled up 'round here!"

CE "Nothin' special 'bout that ol' dog."

CE "Haven't seen it around."

CE "The horse ain't my 'sponsibility."

CE "The bone ain't for you!"

CE "I don't wanna talk 'bout him."

CE "Don't know 'bout them."

CE "I don't know nothin'."

CE "Don't pay no 'ttention to neither o' them."

CE "I ain't got nothin' to say 'bout him."

CE "I keep my nose out o' things."

CE "Don't have no 'pinion 'bout her."

CE "She jus' the maid, that's all."

CE "Don't know nothin' 'bout her."

CE "Don't pay no 'ttention to her."

CE "He only the butler."

CE "It ain't good manners to talk 'bout someone right in front o' them!"

CE "I don't talk 'bout them."

CE "Don't know nothin' 'bout him."

CE "I mind my own bizness."

CE "That's none o' my bizness."

CE "A valve handle don't mean nothin' to me."

CE "Don't pay 'ttention to him."

CE "That's nothin' for me to know 'bout."

CE "Sometimes that there parrot say some inter'stin' things!"

CE "It ain't mine, that's all I know!"

CE "I ain't never heard of no crank."

CE "Don't know nothin' 'bout that girl. Too long ago."

CE "There ain't no ghosts!"

CE "Ain't nothin' to tell 'bout this ol' plantation."

CE "Them Croutons died long ago. Don't need to discuss 'em."

CE "Leave the ol' dog alone, hear?"

CE "Cain't tell you nothin' 'bout no bible."

CE "It ain't my horse."

CE "That bone ain't for you to carry 'round!"

CE "What he do is none o' my concern."

CE "Don't care 'bout 'em."

CE "They's none o' my bizness."

CE "Don't care what they do."

CE "Ain't gonna talk 'bout him."

CE "Ain't none o' my bizness."

CE "Don't wanna know 'bout her."

CE "S'long as she do her work, things is fine."

CE "I don't pay no 'ttention to her."



CE "Ain't my bizness what she do."  
CE "Jeeves ain't none o' my concern."  
CE "Don't wanna talk 'bout Missy Lillian with you!"  
CE "It ain't up to us to worry 'bout."  
CE "Don't care 'bout him."  
CE "Don't wanna know nothin' 'bout 'em."  
CE "It ain't none o' my concern."  
CE "Don't need to tell me 'bout no valve handle."  
CE "Don't you be messin' with that there doctor bag!"  
CE "Jus' be nice to the bird and it be nice to you."  
CE "Try askin' the others 'bout it."  
CE "Do tell! I wouldn't know 'bout it, though."  
CE "She's from the past. Don't worry 'bout her."  
CE "You seein' things, gal?!"  
CE "Don't you worry 'bout this here place."  
CE "You don't know nothin' 'bout those people. Leave them be!"  
CE "It don't look inter'stin' to me."  
CE "It don't look familiar to me."  
CE "I ain't never seen anything like that."  
CE "I don't want that ol' thing!"  
CE "I don't want no hanky."  
CE "No, you keep it, chile."  
CE "I'm sure you jus' seein' things, girl. They's all kinds o' strange things you can see in the swamp."

A wonderful-smelling gumbo bubbles on the woodstove while Celie stirs it.

Celie has changed her hostile attitude. She actually appears very friendly and nice!

CE "I don't know why, but I'm havin' a real bad feelin' in mah bones. I think there's a bad moon a'risin'."  
CE "I think I'll jus' stay in mah cabin tonight. Mebbe I'll whip up a gris-gris to scare off the evil spirits."  
CE "If'n I wuz you, Missy, I'd jus' go to mah room and stay there tonight!"  
CE "Why don't you go on back to the big house, chile? There's some things I gotta 'ttend to."  
CE "Are you a'hearin' me, Missy Laura? I said I think you oughtta go back to the big house and stay put. This ain't no night for you to be a'wanderin' 'round."  
CE "Skedaddle, chile!"  
CE "I wanna thank you for bringin' back my healin' necklace. I've been feelin' kinda poorly lately."  
CE "I knows you never been here befo', but...you like a good story? Let me tell you an ol' tale 'round these parts."  
CE "A loong time ago, right befo' the Civil War, this place wuz a bustlin' sugar cane plantation. But, durin' the war, this place wuz ruined and the owners killed."  
CE "They had a daughter, Sarah, who wuz away at school durin' all the trouble, and folks 'round here say that they hid the family jewels somewheres on this here prop'ty for her to someday find. She never did, though. Not long afterward, the poor girl died of a turrrible fever."  
CE "They say Sarah haunts the ol' graveyard like she's still a'lookin' for the missin' treasure."  
CE "'Course, it's just a story. Folks 'round here like to believe it, but I ain't never seen nothin'... 'cept..."  
CE "Nah, it wuzn't anythin'."  
CE "I'd be mighty careful walkin' 'round out here if I wuz you, Missy Laura."  
CE "You seem a nice, quiet girl...not at all like Missy Lillian."  
CE "I'm kinda confused why you came all the way out here for Missy Lillian's family gatherin'?"

S'far as I know, you just a stranger here."

CE "I have a bad feelin' tonight. You'd best watch out for yourse'f."

CE "It's been nice chattin', but I'm a'gettin' kinda tired. Why don't you go on back to the big house?"

CE Celie would like to rest now. It would be best to leave her alone.

CE She's waiting for you to say something.

CE "If'n you want, you can sit a spell and we'll visit."

Celie's darning her socks.

Those are not your socks!

CE "My necklace! I wuz wunderin' where it got to! Well, Missy Laura. Why don' you come in an' visit wid me awhile?"

Celie's not saying anything.

CE "Hey, Missy Laura! What're you doin' out here; jus' takin' a walk?"

CE "It's a turrible sultry night, ain't it? Strange, though...I feel an awful chill in mah bones. Dem chickens are so steered up, it'll be a week fo' I git anymo' eggs!"

CE "You watch yourse'f, chile; wanderin' 'round in the dark. I'd hate to see you git hurt."

CE "I don' know why, but I'm a'feelin' kinda anxious. I cain't pinpoint it, though; I jus' feel things ain't right 'round here."

CE "Oh, well. I gotta shake these bad feelin's. You run along, chile, and let me finish these here socks so's I can git to bed."

CE "(Yawn) Yeah, I am kinda tired. You go on now, hear?"

Celie doesn't answer you anymore as she's trying to finish her darning.

CE "I tol' you befo' I don' have nothin' to say!"

CE "Run along now! Let me finish my darnin'."

CE "I don' wanna talk!"

To your annoyance, Celie refuses to answer you, and instead begins to hum softly to herself while darning her socks.

Celie is humming softly to herself and doesn't answer.

Celie sits outside in her old rocking chair, darning some socks.

CE "He's a good ol' dog!"

CE "I ain't never heard of an ol' fam'ly bible."

CE "Colonel Henri thinks a lot o' that ol' horse. He tol' me once that Blaze saved his life in the Spanish-'Merican War."

CE "That's prob'ly Colonel Henri's cane."

CE "I think he's took lots o' Colonel Henri's money o'er the years. I don't know why I think that...I just do!"

CE "I don't think they would git 'long at all!"

CE "He's crazy in love with her, but I think she's just a'usin' him...not that I care."

CE "S'far as I know, they don't like each other much."

CE "It wouldn't surprise me a bit to see them in cahoots 'gether!"

CE "Colonel Henri's a nice 'nuff man. All he wants is to be left 'lone."

CE "I think it's pretty plain what's goin' on there!"

CE "Most o' Miz Ethel's troubles started when her husband killed hisse'f 'bout sev'nteen years ago. Lawdy, that wuz a messy bizness! After that, Miz Ethel sort o' fell apart and started in on her drinkin'."

CE "Fifi's a real conniver, all right! She know what she wants, and she'll use any means to git it...and I mean ANY MEANS!"

CE "She don't care nothin' 'bout Colonel Henri. All she cares 'bout is his money! It's just the same as with her poor dead husband."

CE "Missy Gloria ain't much differ'nt from her mama, just younger is all."  
CE "Jeeves is hard to figger. I think him and Fifi could be up to somethin' since I seen them winkin' and blowin' kisses at each other."  
CE "Poor Missy Lillian! That girl's had her troubles. I don't wanna talk too much, but...her daddy's su'cide hit the poor little thing hard; and then to have her mama care more 'bout her liquor than her own daughter! Oh, it wuz sad, all right."  
CE "Miz Ethel wuz never a good mama to Missy Lillian. I always felt kinda sorry for the poor girl."  
CE "My healin' necklace is won'erful for curin' all our ailments. I worried somethin' awful when I lost it."  
CE "I see nothin' but trouble with him! He fritters away his life in those drinkin' 'stablishments, takes up with all kind o' women, and spends all his money at the gamblin' tables. Why, I hear tell he's up to his ears in gamblin' debts!"  
CE "If I wuz Colonel Henri, I'd watch those two REAL careful-like."  
CE "He's always chasin' the women!"  
CE "I ain't sure if an ol' Civil War treasure is really 'round here or not. Mos' likely it's jus' an ol' rumor."  
CE "I don't know nothin' 'bout valve handles, chile."  
CE "Ain't nothin' wrong with voodoo!...if'n you use it for good, anyways. A lot more bad would happen 'round here if it wuzn't for me and my spells!"  
CE "I don't trust that doctor 'round Colonel Henri. Don't know much 'bout him, but he don't seem right in the head to me."  
CE "Why would I worry 'bout a doctor bag? I got my own curin' potions."  
CE "Sometimes that there parrot say some inter'stin' things!"  
CE "It ain't mine, that's all I know!"  
CE "I ain't never heard of no crank."  
CE "The poor chile! It mus' have been turrible to lose her fam'ly and home the way she did. From what I hear she never did get over it."  
CE "Some say Sarah Crouton haunts the old cemetery. Don't know 'bout that, but I don't go near the place, anyways."  
CE "Yes, missy. This here island used to be a big ol' sugar cane plantation b'fore the war...and b'fore the swamp drowned it out."  
CE "The Crouton fam'ly owned this here plantation b'fore the war. They didn't survive it, though."  
CE "I never know where I'll be a'findin' one o' the Colonel's cigar butts lyin' 'round."  
CE "Don't you fret 'bout ol' Beauregard, now."  
CE "That's mighty inter'stin' findin' an ol' bible like that!"  
CE "Ain't nothin' unusual with the horse s'far as I know."  
CE "S'far as I know, the only one who has a cane is Colonel Henri."  
CE "Don't trust that man at all!"  
CE "Miz Gertie don't much like him a'callin' on her darlin' daughter."  
CE "I wouldn't get in the way o' those two if I wuz you."  
CE "You should stay away from the both o' them!"  
CE "I often see them two with their heads 'gether."  
CE "Let me give you a piece of advice, chile; you best leave that ol' man alone, hear?"  
CE "You ain't tellin' me nothin' I don't already know."  
CE "Ain't nothin' nobody can do 'bout her and her problems."  
CE "Fifi's goin' to find herself in big trouble one o' these days!"  
CE "I don't want to hear 'bout that old biddy!"  
CE "She prob'ly has some sort o' plot up her sleeve, knowin' her."  
CE "Jeeves gives me the willies the way he walks 'round kind o' creepy-like."  
CE "Don't you worry 'bout Missy Lillian. You jus' be a friend to her."

CE "Oh, mebbe they work things out one o' these days."  
CE "I cain't believe you found it in the doghouse! I wonder where ol' Beauregard got it?!"  
CE "I'm sure he's up to his usual trouble."  
CE "That ain't unusual for Rudy at all!"  
CE "Those two are always up to some plot or 'nother."  
CE "You don't know nothin' 'bout voodoo, darlin'."  
CE "I don't pay no 'ttention to his bag."  
CE "It a sad story 'bout that poor chile!"  
CE "You seen a ghost?! Hmmm. Mebbe those ol' stories are true!"  
CE "Hard to b'lieve this was once a big plantation, huh?"  
CE "They's all buried in the cemetery, you know."

CE "Both me and ol' Beauregard's been 'round so long I almost think o' him as my dog!"  
CE "Haven't seen it."  
CE "I ain't never thought much 'bout the horse, but Colonel Henri sure think the world o' him."  
CE "Sometimes Colonel Henri use a cane."  
CE "He jus' a money-grubbin' scoundrel! I don't know why Colonel Henri puts up with him."  
CE "I ain't never seen them talk civil to each other."  
CE "I think he's finally met his match in Missy Gloria! She'll turn him inside out befo' she done."  
CE "I don't pay no 'ttention what they do."  
CE "They bin gettin' their heads 'gether too much lately. I's uncomfortable 'bout that."  
CE "I'll give you that Colonel Henri's a bit 'ccentric, but he ain't so bad as he seems. He jus' don't like people messin' with him."  
CE "She got somethin' on him, that for sure!"  
CE "Miz Ethel didn't used to be such a bad person, but since her husband's su'cide, she just ain't bin the same."  
CE "Fifi ain't much differ'nt than Missy Gloria. They both after the same things."  
CE "Miz Gertie's always bin a problem for Colonel Henri. Why, I 'member back when she married his brother, Jacques. She spent all o' his money in no time flat and wuz always after Colonel Henri for more!"  
CE "Miz Gertie taught her daughter well. All she care 'bout is money, men, jewels...and money."  
CE "Jeeves ain't been 'round that long and he keeps to hisse'f. I don't like him much, though."  
CE "I cain't talk too much 'bout Missy Lillian...she talks to me confidential-like sometimes...but, she's had past problems she's still a'tryin' to overcome."  
CE "I keep a'hopin' they'll work things out 'tween 'em."  
CE "I don't know what I'd do without mah healin' necklace! I wuz awful panicky when I thought it wuz gone!"  
CE "Miz Gertie sure raised herse'f a rascal there! That man ain't never done anything constructive in his 'tire life, and he never will!"  
CE "Those two would dearly like to get a'hold of Colonel Henri's money...that for sure!"  
CE "Those two wouldn't get 'long more'n five minutes!"  
CE "Don't think any of us'll ever know for sure if'n it's really there."  
CE "Don't ask me 'bout no valve handles."  
CE "Voodoo is a way o' keepin' the evil spirits from a'bringin' us down."  
CE "I don't think that so-called "doctor" knows what he's doin' half the time. I can tell you this much...I wouldn't want him a'touchin' me!"  
CE "I don't pay no 'ttention to that ol' quack's bag!"  
CE "Colonel Henri's always droppin' his cigar butts 'round!"  
CE "I don't know 'bout no diary!"  
CE "Sometimes that there parrot say some inter'stin' things!"

CE "It ain't mine, that's all I know!"  
CE "I ain't never heard of no crank."  
CE "She was away at school durin' the war so she wuzn't killed 'long with her parents. Didn't live much longer, though."  
CE "Mebbe Sarah Crouton haunts that ol' cemetery lookin' for her parents...or the fam'ly jewels!"  
CE "They grew sugar cane here a long time ago. Mos' of it under water now."  
CE "They's the ol' fam'ly that lived here when it was a real plantation."  
CE "Missy Lillian and Colonel Henri jus' need to send feelin's between 'em, is all. You jus' leave 'em be, you hear?"  
CE "That dog's gettin' so ol' he won't hardly move any more."  
CE "You might learn somethin' from it, chile!"  
CE "Blaze is too ol' to do much o' anything... 'cept kick the devil out o' ya!"  
CE "What's so 'portant about an ol' cane?"  
CE "Oh, nothing...really."  
CE "That man is as sneaky as they come. Colonel Henri oughtta get hisse'f a new lawyer!"  
CE "They's always in some squabble or 'nother. Mostly 'bout Missy Gloria."  
CE "I don't think you oughtta be interferin' 'tween those two."  
CE "What they do is their bizness, not mine."  
CE "Wish't I could know what they're a'plottin'!"  
CE "Why don't you jus' stay out of his room, Missy Laura? Don't go a'botherin' him like that."  
CE "There ain't nothin' I can do 'bout that situation."  
CE "I gave up on Miz Ethel long ago!"  
CE "Miz Gertie ain't never bin a friend o' mine! I don't care what she a'doin'!"  
CE "Ain't much we can do 'bout her, is there?"  
CE "Jeeves ain't much friendly to anybody...ceptin' Fifi, that is."  
CE "You saw 'em too, did you? Fifi sure get 'round, don't she?"  
CE "You jus' be a friend to her, chile. That's the best thing for her."  
CE "Maybe they a'workin' things out...huh?"  
CE "I wuz awful worried when I didn't have mah healin' necklace! I sure am glad you found it!"  
CE "Seems to me he's always lookin' for trouble!"  
CE "Lawdy, I never thought I'd EVER side with Fifi, but that man is the devil for sure!"  
CE "I jus' wish those two would go on home!"  
CE "I wouldn't worry your head too much 'bout an ol' treasure. I prob'ly shouldn't have tol' you that ol' story."  
CE "Don't know 'bout any valve handles."  
CE "Voodoo ain't for you, chile."  
CE "I don't pay no 'tention to him. You shouldn't either, chile."  
CE "Don't wanna know what's in his bag."  
CE "I don't care 'bout no cigar butt!"  
CE "It ain't nice to look at Missy Lillian's diary."  
CE "It a sad story, all right!"  
CE "I never go into that cemetery. Don't like to think 'bout no ghosts!"  
CE "Wuz a long time ago, but I 'member back befo' this place wuz a bayou island."  
CE "All that's left of them folks is what you see in the cemetery."  
CE "I don't wanna hear no more 'bout their quarrels! I jus' want some PEACE 'round here!"  
CE "That looks like Colonel Henri's cane."  
CE "That's jus' one o' Colonel Henri's ol' cigar butts."  
CE "Why, that's my healin' necklace! What're you doin' with it?!"  
CE "That a valve handle, all right."  
CE "It don't look familiar to me."  
CE "I ain't never seen anything like that."

CE "You give that on back to Colonel Henri!"  
CE A wonderful-smelling gumbo bubbles on the woodstove while Celie stirs it.  
CE "You shouldn't be carryin' 'round Colonel Henri's ol' cigar butt like that!"  
CE "You stay away from those two men, ya hear?"  
CE "I feel an awful tension 'tween the two o' them."  
CE "You prob'ly jus' saw the mist a'blowin' in from the swamp!"  
CE "It's easy to think you're a'seein' things 'round here. The swamp even fool me sometimes!"  
CE "You jus' ain't used to this place! You jus' seein' things, girl!"

### **Clarence Sparrow**

Clarence Sparrow is a dapper-looking man in his late forties. From what you have gleaned, he has been the Colonel's attorney for some time and seems to know the rest of the group as well. His manner is a bit on the curt side and you can sense a bit of sneakiness here.

CS "I hate dogs, especially THAT one!"  
CS "I don't know anything about any old bibles."  
CS "What do you care about Colonel Dijon's broken-down old nag?"  
LB "Nothing really. I just didn't know whose horse he was."  
CS "I don't concern myself with the servants."  
CS "My business with Colonel Dijon is PRIVATE, young lady!"  
CS "She's just taking advantage of the old geezer."  
CS "Why would you care about that old dame?! She's nothing but a cheap drunk!"  
CS "Don't ask ME about Fifi! Go ask the old cripple, uh, Colonel, yourself."  
CS "I don't care to discuss her."  
CS "You're getting too personal here, young lady!"  
CS "I never bother with the servants."  
CS "Lillian?! She's not much better than her mother. Those two make a good pair!"  
CS "That girl will do anything for attention. Celie's stupid enough to give it to her."  
CS "Like mother, like daughter."  
CS "I don't wish to discuss him, especially with YOU!"  
CS "Leave well enough alone, young lady!"  
CS "I wouldn't concern myself with them if I were you."  
CS "Who cares about an old valve?"  
LB "I was just wondering what it was."  
CS "Why? Are you sick?"  
LB "N-no. I'm fine, thank-you."  
CS "That's not for you to mess with, young lady!"  
CS "That bird makes too much noise!"  
CS "Don't bother me about stupid cranks, young lady!"  
CS "I don't know about handkerchiefs, young woman!"  
CS "I know who she is, but I have no information for you!"  
CS "I've heard NO reports of any ghosts around here!"  
CS "This island is of no consequence to you!"  
CS "You needn't concern yourself with the old Crouton family."  
CS "I don't care about the dog!"  
CS "I'll look at it some other time."  
CS "It's just an old horse! I don't care about him!"  
CS "I don't care what the cook does!"  
CS "You better stay away from him, young lady!"  
CS "Up to his old shenanigans, is he?"

CS "Oh, I wouldn't know anything about that! I just thought you might be interested."  
CS "Don't concern me with her! I could care less."  
CS "That maid is going to be nothing but trouble!"  
CS "Butt out!"  
CS "All I care is he does his work and minds his own business."  
CS "Lillian's just a bratty kid. I could care less about her."  
CS "I never concern myself with them."  
CS "Just leave well enough alone, will you?"  
CS "It's none of your business, young lady!"  
CS "So? I'm sure it has no use."  
CS "Can't a man have a little privacy now and then?!"  
LB "(Gulp) I g-guess so."  
CS "You shouldn't be in it, young lady!"  
CS "Just leave the bird alone, young lady!"  
CS "I'm not interested in hearing about old cranks!"  
CS "I have better things to worry about!"  
CS "It's nonsense to talk about some old dead girl!"  
CS "I wonder about you, young lady!"  
CS "If I were you, I'd be mighty careful where I go nosin' around!"  
CS "I don't wish to discuss the Crouton family with you, young lady!"  
CS "Okay, so it's an old valve handle. I don't care about it."  
CS "I wouldn't know anything about it!"  
CS "I've never seen it before!"  
CS "What would I do with an old valve handle?!"  
CS "I just thought you might want it. Sorry."  
CS "I don't want that old piece of junk!"  
CS "Don't insult me!"

You wouldn't want him!!

Now, now! There's no need for that!

Why...you hardly even know the man!

He's not very huggable.

He doesn't appeal to you.

CS "I hate dogs, and dogs hate me!"  
CS "How would I know about an old bible?"  
LB "Oh, I thought you might have seen it."  
CS "Colonel Dijon has an unnatural attachment to that old nag."  
CS "She's only the cook!"  
CS "I'm not going to discuss Colonel Dijon with a girl like you!"  
CS "That maid is just using the old codger!"  
CS "That woman isn't worth my time discussing!"  
CS "Listen, honey, I'm not the one to ask about HER. Go find the old geezer."  
CS "Don't pester me about that old bag!"  
CS "Stay out of my private life, will you?!"  
CS "The butler is none of my concern."  
CS "It wouldn't surprise me to see her turn out like her drunken mother!"  
CS "I personally don't care to discuss them."  
CS "Why don't you go talk to them if you're so interested?!"  
CS "I don't wish to talk about HIM!"  
CS "I don't think it's any of your business!"  
CS "If you ask me, they DESERVE each other!"

CS "I don't keep up on valve handles!"  
CS "I suggest you talk to him yourself, young lady!"  
CS "The doctor bag shouldn't concern you, young lady!"  
CS "That bird makes too much noise!"  
CS "Don't bother me about stupid cranks, young lady!"  
CS "I don't know about handkerchiefs, young woman!"  
CS "Do not concern yourself with silly old stories about Sarah Crouton!"  
CS "You're just trying to stir up trouble, that's what YOU'RE doing!"  
CS "This place can be dangerous, especially at night. Watch yourself!"  
CS "The Croutons are none of your business, young lady!"  
CS "I don't care about the dog!"  
CS "I'm not going to worry about some old bible right now!"  
CS "That horse doesn't interest me in the least."  
CS "I don't even bother with the cook!"  
CS "He doesn't like to be disturbed. Just leave him alone!"  
CS "Somehow, I'll have to put a stop to that. It's despicable what that girl gets away with!"  
CS "That woman doesn't interest me in the least!"  
CS "I already know all about her!"  
CS "I don't wish to discuss her!"  
CS "Just stay out of my affairs!"  
CS "The butler is of no interest to me!"  
CS "I don't keep tabs on her, young lady!"  
CS "I don't care what they're doing!"  
CS "Go talk to them if you're so concerned!"  
CS "If you're not careful, you're going to find yourself in a lot of trouble spying on Rudy!"  
CS "You obviously don't know Rudy!"  
CS "They are none of your concern!"  
CS "I'm not interested in any valve handle!"  
CS "Just leave the doc alone, will you?"  
CS "That's nothing to play with!"  
CS "Don't concern yourself with her!"  
CS "There are NO ghosts here!"  
CS "Just stay in the house where you can't get into trouble!"  
CS "The history of this old plantation is none of your business!"  
CS "Just leave the bird alone, young lady!"  
CS "You never give up, do you, young lady? You'll say anything to get my attention. Well, it isn't going to work!"

Clarence seems to be resting in his bed.

Clarence must be tired. Perhaps you ought to tiptoe out and leave him alone.

Clarence sullenly looks your way. It doesn't appear that he wants anything to do with you!

Clarence is not at all interested in it at the moment.

CS "Nobody, but NOBODY, treats me like that and gets away with it!!!"

CS "Can't you see I want to be left alone?!"

CS "He'll be sorry he EVER tangled with me, boy! I've got friends in high places!"

CS "I don't want to talk to you, young lady!!!"

Clarence shoots you a look of annoyance as you try to speak with him. He obviously is in no mood to chat.



CS "I don't care for dogs, especially THAT one!"  
CS "I haven't seen an old bible."  
CS "That old horse and the Colonel go way back to the Spanish-American War."  
CS "Why don't you check with Colonel Dijon about it?"  
CS "Oh, Celie's all right. She pretty much keeps to herself. She practices some strange religious rites, though."  
CS "What cigar butt? You mean mine?"  
LB "I don't think so."  
CS "Colonel Dijon's always been eccentric, but lately it seems he's starting to go a little wacky!"  
CS "There's no question about it...she's just plain after his money!"  
CS "Ethel's only concern is her booze...and her brother's money. She spent all her money years ago."  
CS "Fifi tries to act nice and innocent, but she's really nothing but a lousy golddigger."  
CS "Gertie's always been a prying old biddy. Always butting her nose in where it doesn't belong!"  
CS "Gloria's too influenced by her mother and Rudy. I don't know what to do about them!"  
CS "I always wonder about Jeeves. I'm never sure what he's up to."  
CS "It's possible there's something going on between them. With Fifi, anything's possible!"  
CS "You should watch your step around Lillian. I bet you're not aware of her past problems."  
CS "Celie always felt sorry that girl. I don't know why she's bothered, though. It hasn't seemed to have helped her much."  
CS "At least Gertie cares about her children. Ethel was never there for Lillian. I guess that's one of the reasons Lillian's had so many problems."  
CS "I don't know about any necklaces."  
CS "Watch out for that guy! He's trouble wherever he goes. I happen to know he has too many gambling debts. One of these days he'll get what's coming to him!"  
CS "He's always trying to run Gloria's life! I wish he'd just butt out!"  
CS "Cut from the same cloth I'd say!"  
CS "Old wives tale."  
CS "I don't keep up on valve handles!"  
CS "Wilbur's an incompetent old fool! If you ask me, I think he tastes his own wares too much."  
CS "The doctor bag shouldn't concern you, young lady!"  
CS "Don't bother me about stupid cranks, young lady!"  
CS "I don't know about handkerchiefs, young woman!"  
CS "Sarah Crouton was a young girl who lived on the old plantation during the days of the Civil War. Her parents were killed in the war...which she survived. I don't know what happened to her, though."  
CS "I've heard rumors of a ghost haunting the old cemetery, but I don't listen to the stories of the country folk."  
CS "Oh, this was a grand plantation at one time with VAST acreage! Too bad...the swamp swallowed most of it up!"  
CS "The Crouton family developed the old plantation in the 1820's. Back then, it was planted in sugar cane. They were killed during the war, though."  
CS "That girl went through some tough times several years back and Henri tried to help her and her mother out. Problem is, Lillian attached herself too much to Henri which made him uneasy. It's been an uncomfortable situation for a long time."  
CS "I don't care what that old mutt does!"  
CS "I'm not going to worry about some old bible right now!"  
CS "What do I care about that old horse?"  
CS "The cane doesn't interest me."  
CS "I don't understand the voodoo thing, but she's never bothered me any."  
CS "That doesn't sound like my cigar butt."

CS "You best leave the old man alone. He doesn't cotton much to strangers."  
CS "I'm very well aware of that!"  
CS "What is she...drunk again?"  
CS "She's up to no good; I can feel it!"  
CS "That old hag has interfered with my life enough! I don't care to hear about her!"  
CS "I'll take care of her. Don't you worry about that."  
CS "He seems sneaky to me, but I can't be sure about him."  
CS "I think I've noticed them smiling at each other a lot lately, come to think of it."  
CS "Acting strange, is she? Well, that's not unusual for her."  
CS "Lillian always runs to Celie when she has problems."  
CS "I wouldn't interfere between them if I were you."  
CS "I've never heard of a necklace like that."  
CS "I don't trust that guy as far as I can throw him! I don't know how, but someday I'll, I'll....!"  
CS "They don't like each other because they're both after the same thing!"  
CS "What's he trying to tell her to do now?!"  
LB "I wouldn't know!"  
CS "If I thought there was a treasure around here I'D be the first one to go looking for it!"  
CS "I'm not interested in any valve handle!"  
CS "Knowing Wilbur, he's probably just passed out from some of his pills."  
CS "That's nothing to play with, young lady!"  
CS "I'm not interested in hearing about old cranks!"  
CS "I have better things to worry about!"  
CS "I don't think you could tell me anything I don't already know about the girl."  
CS "You don't worry about any old ghost, now. I'm sure you're just seeing things."  
CS "It'd be safer if you stayed inside. Why don't you do that?"  
CS "It's a sad story about that family, all right."  
CS "Just let them be. They need to work this out on their own."  
CS "That looks like Colonel Dijon's cane."  
CS "It's not MY cigar butt!"  
CS "The necklace doesn't look familiar to me."  
CS "That doesn't look like a necklace I'D want!"  
CS "She's dead all right, dead drunk!"  
CS "She's too tough an old bird for that! You're just getting too caught up in this place."  
CS "You're starting to go too far with these stories, young lady!"  
CS "I suggest you keep your imagination in check. You're upsetting the other guests."

It's a glass of very fine, imported cognac.

He wouldn't like that!

That's a big cigar!

He wouldn't give it to you!

You don't like liquor...remember?

Clarence looks forlorn as he sits alone at the bar, having a drink.

CS "Oh...hello, young lady, 'er, Laura."

CS "Would you like to sit down and have a drink with me?"

LB "I'm sorry. I don't drink."

CS "Everything's falling apart, Laura. I don't know what to do. I feel like I'm backed up against a wall and there's no way out!"

CS "I don't understand why you're here...why you would want to get involved with this mess?"

LB "I'm beginning to wonder that myself."

CS "Well, things can't go on like this much longer. I've got to do something about it!"

CS "You're sure you don't want a drink?"

LB "No, thanks."

CS "I've got a lot of thinking to do, Laura. Why don't you go on up to bed?"  
Clarence seems deep in thought as he slowly sips his drink. It might be best to leave him alone right now.  
He's waiting for you to say something.

### **Colonel Henri Dijon**

Colonel Henri Dijon is a frail, ill-tempered curmudgeon in his late sixties. You understand that the Colonel never married and lives an eccentric life of seclusion here on his bayou island. From observing the estate, it appears that though he is supposedly wealthy, he spends little money to maintain it.

You wouldn't want him!  
Now, now! There's no need for that!  
That old fogey?!  
That old geezer?!  
He's not your type!

Distrustfully, the Colonel keeps an eye on you from his wheelchair.  
The Colonel wouldn't like that.  
The Colonel smokes a small, nasty-smelling cigar.  
He's not speaking to anyone.  
It belongs to the Colonel!

HD "I'm in no mood to mess with you! Get out of here!!"  
HD "This is an order, young lady! Leave my room NOW!!"  
Colonel Dijon scowls and refuses to acknowledge you any longer.  
HD "Quit coming in my room, young lady!"  
HD "I ain't in the mood to talk to you!"  
HD "I don't even know you! Why're you coming in here!"  
The Colonel refuses to answer you. Instead, he sits in his wheelchair and scowls.

HD "Don't you tease that old dog, young lady!"  
HD "What bible?"  
LB "Oh, nothing. I guess I was just mistaken."  
HD "Leave my horse alone!"  
HD "Yeah, go find Celie! Pester her!"  
HD "Do you hate cigars, young lady? Good!"  
HD "Leave my attorney out of this!"  
HD "What they do is none of your business!"  
HD "Just leave people alone, young woman!"  
HD "My attorney and my doctor are none of your affair!"  
HD "My sister is none of your business!"  
HD "I don't pay much attention to the woman."  
HD "My relationship with Gertrude is my own affair."  
HD "I don't think much about Gloria."  
HD "Go ask him yourself!"  
HD "Did Lillian put you up to this?!"  
LB "Oh, no! Not at all!"  
HD "I don't care what they do!"  
HD "My family is my own affair!"

HD "What's your interest in that young whippersnapper?"  
LB "I was just curious about him, that's all."  
HD "Mind your own business!"  
HD "You're just trying to cause trouble, young lady!"  
HD "Stop snooping around my place!"  
HD "What do you care about my doctor?!"  
LB "Oh. N-nothing."  
HD "Stay away from it!"  
HD "Keep away from my parrot, you hear?!"  
HD "How would I know about any cranks!"  
HD "I don't use no sissy hankies!"  
HD "I don't know who 'Sarah' is!"  
HD "Stay out of the cemetery, young lady!"  
HD "I ain't talkin' to you about this estate."  
HD "I don't study up on the Crouton family!"  
HD "Beaugard is too old to be played with. Leave him alone!"  
HD "If there is an old bible, it doesn't concern YOU!"  
HD "Stay out of the stable, ya hear?!"  
LB "Yes, sir."  
HD "Stop pestering my cook!"  
HD "You have no business spying on other people!"  
HD "I'm not interested in what other people do!"  
HD "They don't concern you!"  
HD "I'm not discussing my sister with you!"  
HD "Leave Fifi alone!"  
HD "I don't want to talk about her!"  
HD "I don't care what she's doing!"  
HD "I don't need news reports on my servants!"  
HD "I don't want to hear about that niece of mine!"  
HD "So what? Lillian's always been a crybaby and Celie puts up with it."  
HD "What they do is their business, not yours!"  
HD "What my nephew does is none of your concern!"  
HD "I don't care what they do; and neither should YOU!"  
HD "That young man is going to find himself in a peck o' trouble!"  
HD "I don't care about an old valve handle!"  
HD "Leave the man alone, young lady!"  
HD "Leave it alone!"  
HD "I don't wanna hear you're botherin' my bird!"  
HD "I ain't interested in any old cranks!"  
HD "I don't care about no silly hankies!"  
HD "I don't know, and I don't care, who 'Sarah' is!"  
HD "You're crazy, girl!"  
HD "My estate is none of your business!"  
HD "The Croutons have nothing to do with this place anymore."  
HD "So what? It's just an old valve handle."  
HD "Get that old thing out of my face!"  
HD "It ain't nothin' I care about!"  
HD "I don't want a useless old valve handle!"  
HD "I don't want an old crank!"  
HD "Get that sissy thing away from me!"

### **Ethel Prune**

Ethel is a stylishly-dressed, overly made-up older woman. Many years of hard drinking have taken their toll on her as her face is puffy and red, and her skin has wrinkled prematurely. She always seems to have a drink in her hand. You have never met her before, but Ethel is your friend Lillian's mother.

EP "I wouldn't know, or care, anything about that old dog!"

EP "I've never heard of an old bible around here."

EP "All I know is that old horse somehow saved Henri's life in the war!"

EP "Celie's been around forever. Her parents were slaves on this very plantation. She's got some strange practices, though."

EP "Honestly, I don't know why Henri insists on keeping him. He's not to be trusted!"

EP "They deserve each other!"

EP "Why Gloria would want anything to do with Clarence is beyond me. Not that I care, though."

EP "I always wonder about those two. I think they're up to something. Henri should watch out for them."

EP "Henri's always been a penny-pinching miser. And, he hates people; that's why he lives way out here!"

EP "Henri's an old fool!"

EP "That girl had better watch her step around here!"

EP "All I'll say is Gertie and I don't see eye to eye!"

EP "My niece acts like she's a famous actress! Why, she's nothing but a casting-couch cookie!"

EP "Sometimes I wonder about that man...what he's REALLY up to!"

EP "Lillian and I have had our ups and downs over the years like any mother and daughter."

EP "I don't understand why my daughter always runs to that woman!"

EP "My nephew tries to pass himself off as a gentleman, but he's nothing but a worthless gambler and womanizer!"

EP "Those two! Those two together add up to nothing but trouble!"

EP "Some things are inevitable if you ask me."

EP "I wouldn't know about any old valve handle!"

EP "I don't know Dr. Feels well, but I don't like him."

EP "Why would you think I would know anything about Dr. Feels' bag? Do you think I would get into it?!"

EP "Oh, no! I don't think that at all! I was just curious about it, that's all."

EP "That bird is really very smart."

EP "How would I know, dear? I don't pay any attention to these things."

EP "Ghosts? I haven't seen any ghosts."

EP "This island is too far away from New Orleans. Frankly, I can't stand the isolation."

EP "Who, or what, is a Crouton? Isn't that something you put on salads?"

EP "I honestly don't care to know about that dog."

EP "That sounds interesting. Maybe one of these days I'll read it."

EP "I've never been interested in horses."

EP "I've never found Celie to be very friendly."

EP "You've got to watch him like a hawk!"

EP "I really ought to warn Henri to keep an eye on the two of them!"

EP "They're a strange couple. I don't know what they see in each other."

EP "I don't know what it is but I'll bet they're cooking up some scheme!"

EP "Don't you worry about him, dear. His bark is worse than his bite!"

EP "Why, that's common knowledge, dear!"

EP "I KNEW she couldn't be trusted!"  
EP "What's my sister-in-law up to now!?"  
EP "I really wouldn't know!"  
EP "All Gloria cares about is what she can get out of people, especially men!"  
EP "That man is so secretive. Gracious, he gives me the willies!"  
EP "What's she done now!?"  
EP "Why...nothing that I know of."  
EP "Sometimes I think Celie puts strange ideas in my daughter's head."  
EP "I can tell you Rudy has his eye on Henri's money. Probably to pay off his gambling debts!"  
EP "Double trouble!"  
EP "Rudy and Fifi are a lot more alike than you might think."  
EP "Old valve handles don't interest me."  
EP "I really don't care what Dr. Feels is doing right now."  
EP "Is there something special about Dr. Feels' bag, Laura?"  
EP "No, not really. Maybe Dr. Feels shouldn't leave it sitting around."  
EP "Polly may be hungry."  
EP "I really don't know who you're talking about."  
EP "Perhaps you should lie down, dear. You're just over-stimulated."  
EP "I agree my brother could fix this place up a bit."  
EP "I'm not aware of any Croutons."  
EP "It doesn't look like anything important to me!"  
EP "I have no use for a thing like that!"

You can't get her!

There's no need for THAT sort of thing!

You don't feel like kissing her.

You don't feel like hugging her.

It seems to be a very strong, alcoholic drink.

You don't want it!

Ethel isn't saying anything coherent.

Ethel must need the cool night air to help clear her head...or is she just wandering mindlessly?

EP "Hic! Ohhh! Back sho shoon, Laura?"

EP "Hiiii, Laura. Who'sh your friend?"

EP "Ohh! Ish'you, isn't it?"

EP "Where'ish everybody? Wha's happenin' aroun' here?"

EP "I'm kin'a scared, Laura. Shomeshings not right...I can fffeel it."

EP "Hic! Why ddooo I keeep doing that?"

EP "Where you'shay Lillllian was?"

EP "Ohhh, you didn't. Shat's okay. I'll finnd'her."

EP "Hic!"

Ethel's too befuddled to really notice you. She barely responds.

EP "Huh?"

E{ "Whash'at you say?"

EP "Hic!"

EP "What? Hic!"

EP "How'sh about a liddle shnort?"

EP "That shounds nice."

Ethel looks at you blearily.

Ethel isn't comprehending.

Ethel doesn't care about it.

Ethel doesn't even look at it.

EP "Polly wanna cracker? Hic!"  
 EP "Yer a shmart bird, Polly. YOU know whash happenin' 'round here, don'cha?"  
 PO "AWWK!"  
 PO "Thish whole fam'ly's fer the birds...no offensh, Polly."  
 EP "Purrty Polly!"  
 EP "Ya know, Polly...you really unnerstand me, don'cha, huh?"  
 PO "AWWK! Cracker...Hic!"  
 PO "AWWK! Smart bird. Smart bird. AWWK!"  
 EP "Whash'u say, Polly?"  
 PO "Family...birds. AWWK!"  
 PO "Pretty Polly. AWWK!"  
 PO "AWWK! Polly. AWWK!"  
 Ethel sits at the bar and, as usual, is hitting the booze. She seems to be taking an inordinate interest in the parrot.  
 EP "Huh?"  
 EP "Whash'at you say?"  
 EP "Hic!"  
 Ethel looks at you blearily.  
 EP "How'sh about a liddle shnort?"  
 EP "That shounds nice."  
 EP "What? Hic!"  
 Ethel isn't comprehending.  
 Ethel doesn't care about it.  
 Ethel doesn't even look at it.  
 Ethel is more interested in the parrot; she doesn't seem to notice you.  
 EP "Huh? Who'shat?"  
 EP "Ohhh. Ish'you, Laura. Hic!"  
 EP "Hey, ya wanna liddle shhnort, Laura?"  
 You politely decline as you don't drink.  
 EP "Have it yer ownnn way. Hic!"  
 EP "Ish'at you, Polly? Hic!"  
 EP "Ohhh'hi, Laura!"  
 Ethel doesn't seem too coherent.  
 EP "Wanna liddle dddrink, hhuhhh...Laura?"  
 Again, you politely refuse her invitation.  
 Ethel doesn't seem to be saying anything intelligent.

### **Fifi the Maid**

Fifi is the Colonel's pretty French maid. You surmise that she is probably very apt in her duties...whatever THEY may be! Fifi is young, blonde, and sexy. Although she seems to have a vivacious personality, you can sense a certain cunning underneath it all.

FI "I prefer heem outside!"  
 FI "What bible, Mademoiselle?"  
 LB "Oh, just an old bible. Never mind."  
 FI "I do not know about zee horse, Mademoiselle."  
 FI "Pooh! She should mind her own beeziness!"  
 FI "He eez hateful, no?"  
 FI "Mon Dieu! Zey could cause trouble for Henri!"  
 FI "Oh la la! Zey fight all zee time! I do not sink zey are not happy togezer."  
 FI "I should not talk, Mademoiselle, but I do not sink Monsieur Sparrow eez good for Wilbur, 'er, Dr. Feels."

FI "He eez a very kind, wonderful man. I have no complaints, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Oh, Madame Prune is quite zee drunk, no?"  
FI "I must not talk too much, Mademoiselle, but...Henri must be careful of zat family."  
FI "I should not say, but...I do not trust her."  
FI "Oh la la, he eez quite handsome, no?!"  
FI "I do not sink Mademoiselle Prune likes me!"  
FI "Celie eez such a...how you say...beezybody!"  
FI "I sink Henri worries about zem...een his own way, of course."  
FI "Mon Dieu! I sink he eez trouble!"  
FI "Oh, Mademoiselle, I do not like to talk, but...I sink zey plot against Henri!"  
FI "What eez a valve handle?"  
FI "I'm not really sure myself."  
FI "Oh la la, Wilbur eez quite zee scamp, no?!"  
FI "Oh, Mademoiselle! I would NEVER look into Dr. Feels's bag!"  
FI "Zat parrot has a BIG MOUTH!"  
FI "A crank? Oh, I would not know about zat!"  
FI "HMMMMM. Well, come to think of it...Ethel uses hankies quite a bit."  
FI "I do not know about zat girl, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Oh la la! You are seeing ghosts, no?!"  
FI "I should not say, but...I REALLY hate zis island!"  
FI "I would not know about any Croutons, Mademoiselle."  
FI "I only care zee dog eez outside!"  
FI "I do not know about any bible, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Zee horse eez not my responsibility, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Celie eez fine so long as she stays een zee kitchen!"  
FI "Zat man eez impossible! I do not care to discuss heem!"  
FI "Henri should watch zem like zee hawk!"  
FI "I sink he loves her...but I am not so sure about HER!"  
FI "I do not like to see Monsieur Sparrow talking to Dr. Feels. I sink he cause trouble for heem!"  
FI "He eez...how you say...a swell guy!"  
FI "I should not talk about her, Mademoiselle. I will only say I do not trust her!"  
FI "Femme fatale!"  
FI "Oh la la, he eez a kick, no?"  
FI "I know all about her, Mademoiselle. I do not like to talk about people behind zeir backs."  
FI "Celie tries to help Mademoiselle Prune. I suppose zat eez good."  
FI "Perhaps zey try to get along, do you sink?"  
LB "Perhaps. That would be nice."  
FI "I only care he does not come near me, zee goujat!"  
FI "Zey are trouble!"  
FI "I would not know about any valve handle, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Do not worry about heem, Mademoiselle. He eez quite harmless."  
FI "Excusez-moi, Mademoiselle, but you should leave zee doctor's bag alone."  
FI "Zat bird eez zee nuisance!"  
FI "I do not sink I care about zee cranks."  
FI "It may be Ethel's. Ask her about it."  
FI "Zat means nothing to me."  
FI "Excusez-moi, but...I sink you are seeing zee sings, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Zis island eez hateful, no?"  
FI "I do not care about zee Croutons."  
FI "Oh, eez zat a valve handle?!"  
LB "Uh...yeah."



FI "Zat crank does not look...how you say...familiar."  
FI "It doesn't look familiar to me. Ask Ethel about it."  
FI "I do not want a valve handle, Mademoiselle! I would not know what to do with eet."  
FI "Oh, Mademoiselle! I would not know what to do with zee crank!"  
FI "I do not want the hanky, Mademoiselle."

You can't get her!

There's no need for THAT sort of thing!

You don't feel like kissing her.

You don't feel like hugging her.

She's not saying anything.

FI "Oh, Mademoiselle! Excusez-moi...but you should not be een here."

FI "S'il vous plait, Mademoiselle. Allow me some privacy!"

FI "I will be out soon, Mademoiselle!"

FI "Please, Mademoiselle!"

Fifi is primping at the vanity.

FI "Zee dog belongs outside!"

FI "I do not know of any bibles."

FI "I do not know about zee horse, Mademoiselle."

FI "Celie eez always sticking in her nose where eet does not belong."

FI "I do not like zat man at all!"

FI "Mon Dieu! Zey are both...how you say...bad news."

FI "I sink she uses heem, but I am not sure why."

FI "Wilbur, he eez cute, but Clarence...I do not like heem!"

FI "I love working for Henri! He eez a wonderful boss!"

FI "Eet eez not good zat Madame Ethel drinks too much of zee liquor. Zat makes Henri very sad."

FI "I have said too much already, but...I sink she has her sights set for ALL of Henri's money!"

FI "She eez much like her mother. Henri should keep his eyeballs on zat family."

FI "Oh, I am quite fond of heem!"

FI "I do not like to talk, but...Mademoiselle Prune does not like me. She always geeves me zee dirty looks."

FI "Celie likes to stick her nose into beeziess zat eez not her own."

FI "I sink Henri has given up on zem."

FI "Mon Dieu! He eez nothing but trouble!"

FI "Henri should watch behind his back. Zey could be big trouble for heem!"

FI "I do not know what a valve handle eez!"

FI "He eez harmless, Mademoiselle. Do not worry about heem!"

FI "I would NEVER touch zat bag!"

FI "Zat parrot has a BIG MOUTH!"

FI "A crank? Oh, I would not know about zat!"

FI "Zat looks like zee kind Madame Prune carries weeth her."

FI "I would not know about her."

FI "I do not want to talk about any ghosts, Mademoiselle!"

FI "I do not know what Henri SEES een zis place! Eet eez really, how you say...creepy."

FI "I am sorry, Mademoiselle. I cannot help you there."

FI "I do not share Henri's fondness for heem."

FI "I do not know of a bible, Mademoiselle."

FI "I do not care for zee horse. Zats for Jeeves to do."

FI "Celie does not understand me. She sinks I cannot be trusted with Henri. She does not understand my fondness for heem, though."

FI "He makes me nervous! I weesh he would go away!"  
FI "Zose two will make trouble for Henri!"  
FI "Excusez-moi, Mademoiselle, but I do not care what zey do!"  
FI "Oh! Wilbur, 'er, Dr. Feels, should stay away from zat man!"  
FI "Oh la la, Mademoiselle! Henri eez really very nice!"  
FI "Zat Gertie! She eez an old sourpuss, no?"  
FI "Zat coquine!"  
FI "Eez he not cute, Mademoiselle?"  
FI "Excusez-moi, Mademoiselle, but I do not want to talk about her."  
FI "Celie eez like zat! She eez such a beezybody!"  
FI "Poor Mademoiselle Prune...to have a mother like hers!"  
FI "Zat man scares zee dickens out of me!"  
FI "I feel very uncomfortable around zem!"  
FI "Excusez-moi, but I do not care about zat."  
FI "I sink he eez tired. You should leave heem alone."  
FI "Zat eez Dr. Feels's bag!"  
FI "Zat bird eez zee nuisance!"  
FI "I do not sink I care about zee cranks."  
FI "I am not certain, but eet may be Madame Prune's."  
FI "I do not know who she eez."  
FI "Ohhh! Zee ghosts scare me!"  
FI "Zis house eez creepy-crawly. Many times I hear zee strange noises in zee night."  
FI "Oh, no, Mademoiselle! I am sure you are wrong! Zee nights here can fool you."

Fifi is busily dusting away!

FI "I must hurry and finish zee dusting, Mademoiselle!"  
FI "Mademoiselle, s'il vous plait, do not bother me now!"  
FI "Eet does not appear good for me to talk with you, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Please, Mademoiselle!"  
FI "I must not talk to you now!"  
She's not talking; she's too busy dusting.

FI "Oh, zat dog just gets zee hairs all over zee place!"  
FI "Of what bible do you speak, Mademoiselle?"  
FI "Never mind. I thought you might know of one."  
FI "I pay no attention to zee stable, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Sometimes Henri uses zee cane."  
FI "Celie eez too meddlesome for her own good!"  
FI "I try to tell Henri not to trust zat man, but he does not listen to me!"  
FI "I keep zee eyes on both of them!"  
FI "(Giggle) Are zey not zee perfect couple, Mademoiselle?"  
FI "Zey are a bad pair, zose two!"  
FI "Wilbur, 'er, Dr. Feels should have nothing to do with Monsieur Sparrow."  
FI "I know zat Henri seems like zee old grouch but he eez really a very warm and generous man. Take my word for eet!"  
FI "I open my mouth too much already, but...Henri eez not happy with heez sister. He eez ashamed of her."  
FI "Excusez-moi, Mademoiselle, but I weesh zat old biddy would stay out of Henri's life! I sink zat family would hurt Henri eef zey could!"  
FI "I am very nervous about her. She geeves me zee bad looks!"  
FI "Oh, Mademoiselle! Jeeves eez nothing but a big pussycat!"  
FI "I sort of feel sorry for zee girl, but she geeves me zee creepies."

FI "Celie sinks she should tell everyone what to do!"  
FI "Zey will always be an embarrassment for poor Henri."  
FI "Oh, eet eez probably some silly voodoo sing of Celie's!"  
FI "Do not tell anyone, but...I fear zat man!"  
FI "I keep my eyeballs on zem because I fear for Henri!"  
FI "I have not heard of any treasure, Mademoiselle. Have you been talking to Celie?"  
LB "(Sheepishly) I guess I have."  
FI "A valve handle means nothing to me, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Oh la la, Wilbur eez such fun!"  
FI "I would not look in Dr. Feels' bag, Mademoiselle!"  
FI "Zat parrot has a BIG MOUTH!"  
FI "A crank? Oh, I would not know about zat!"  
FI "Well, come to sink of eet...Ethel uses zee hankies quite often."  
FI "I do not know zee girl, Mademoiselle."  
FI "You can be sure I will NOT go into zee graveyard anymore, Mademoiselle!"  
FI "I do NOT like eet here at all!"  
FI "Zee Croutons are not, how you say...familiar to me."  
FI "I do not see what Henri sees in zat dog!"  
FI "Zat does not sound familiar to me, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Zee horse eez of no interest to me, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Do not worry about zee cane!"  
FI "Celie has lived here for too long. She eez too set een her ways."  
FI "I sink he would geet rid of me eef he could! He scares me!"  
FI "I keep zee eye on zem for Henri."  
FI "Excusez-moi, Mademoiselle, but I do not care what zat Gloria does."  
FI "Oh, Mademoiselle! I feel zee trouble coming!"  
FI "I weesh Wilbur would be careful! I do not like to see heem with Monsieur Sparrow."  
FI "Henri eez very lonely. I do not sink he knows how to act with people. I try to help heem."  
FI "Madame Prune eez always like zat. Do not let her bother you."  
FI "Zat Gertie! She eez an old sourpuss, no!"  
FI "She eez just zee harlot!"  
FI "Jeeves understands me. He watches out for me."  
FI "I sink you should talk to Mademoiselle Prune yourself."  
FI "Celie eez too much like zee mother hen!"  
FI "I cannot wait til zey all go home!"  
FI "I would sink zat would be Celie's."  
FI "I do not care to hear about heem, Mademoiselle!"  
FI "Zey are nothing but trouble for us!"  
FI "Do not listen to Celie! She eez too full of zee stories!"  
FI "I do not sink I care about eet, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Dr. Feels likes to tease, but he eez quite harmless."  
FI "Zat eez Wilbur's!"  
FI "She eez not important to me, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Let us not talk about zee ghosts, okay?!"  
FI "I REALLY hate zee alligators! Zey geeve me zee willies!"  
FI "I do not know about zee Croutons."  
FI "Just geeve eet back to Henri!"  
FI "Just geeve eet back to Henri."  
FI "Oh, Mademoiselle! You are just imagining zeez sings!"  
FI "I am sure your mind eez just playing zee tricks on you, Mademoiselle."  
  
FI "I prefer heem outside!"

FI "I do not know of any bible."  
FI "I do not know about zee horse, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Henri will use zee cane every now and zen."  
FI "Pooh! She should mind her own beeziness!"  
FI "Zat looks like Henri's cigar! Why would you want zat old sing?"  
FI "I do not like heem...at all!"  
FI "Mon Dieu! Zey could cause trouble for Henri!"  
FI "Mademoiselle Gloria does not know how to keep zee men happy. She always has trouble with zee men in her life."  
FI "Oh, pooh! Do not bother with zose two! Zey are both like zee snake!"  
FI "Wilbur, he eez cute, but Clarence... I do not like heem!"  
FI "All Henri needs eez someone to care for heem. He eez surrounded by people who want heem dead for heez money!"  
FI "Oh, Madame Ethel is quite zee drunk, no?"  
FI "Mon dieu! She eez a wicked woman!"  
FI "I do not sink she likes me. Sometimes she gives me zee nasty looks."  
FI "Eez he not zee...how you say...bee's knees!"  
FI "I know she eez your friend, Mademoiselle, but I do not sink you know her as well as you should!"  
FI "Celie eez good at butting into zee people's lives!"  
FI "Poor Henri! Zey are a worry for heem."  
FI "I have never heard of a necklace like zat! Maybe ask Celie."  
FI "Rudy eez very scary! I do not like heem around me!"  
FI "Zey are very bad for Henri! Zat family would plot against heem and everyone else!"  
FI "I do not know a...valve handle."  
FI "Excusez-moi, Mademoiselle, but zat sounds like one of Celie's kooky stories."  
FI "Wilbur eez such fun, eez he not?!"  
FI "I would NEVER know about zee doctor bag!"  
FI "Zat parrot has a BIG MOUTH!"  
FI "A crank? Oh, I would not know about zat!"  
FI "Zat looks like zee kind Madame Prune carries weeth her."  
FI "She eez not someone I know about."  
FI "Please, Mademoiselle! NO ghost talk!"  
FI "Zis island eez awful! And zer eez no way to leave except by boat!"  
FI "You should ask someone else about zee Croutons, Mademoiselle."  
FI "I do not share Henri's liking for zat dog!"  
FI "I do not know about any bible, Mademoiselle."  
FI "I do not take care of zee horse, Mademoiselle."  
FI "Eet eez probably Henri's cane."  
FI "I would sink eet was Henri's cigar."  
FI "Celie eez very strange. She geeves me zee creepies."  
FI "Oh, oui! And have you noticed how diabolical he eez?!"  
FI "Henri should keep heez eyeballs on zem!"  
FI "I do not care for zem at all! I do not weesh to talk about zem!"  
FI "Zey are always in zee fight. Just stay away from zee both of zem!"  
FI "I am afraid zat Monsieur Sparrow eez just trouble for Wilbur!"  
FI "Do not let his gruffness bother you, Mademoiselle. Eet eez just heez way."  
FI "Oui, Mademoiselle. I know how she eez."  
FI "She eez a hateful woman, no?"  
FI "I hate to say, but...she eez not a nice woman. She eez like zee fox!"  
FI "I do not know what I would do without Jeeves around. I love heez strong arms!"  
FI "I hate to spill zee peas, but she eez a strange one. She makes me very nervous."

FI "Celie tries to help zat girl; but I sink zat's impossible."  
 FI "Zey both make me shaky. I will be glad when zis week-end eez over!"  
 FI "Zat sounds like somesing Celie would have."  
 FI "I only care he not come near me!"  
 FI "Zey are like zee bad news!"  
 FI "Celie would have you believing in zee ghosts eef she could!"  
 FI "I am not interested in zee valve handles, Mademoiselle."  
 FI "Dr. Feels eez only full of fun, Mademoiselle! Do not worry."  
 FI "I do not sink you should get into zat bag, Mademoiselle."  
 FI "Zat bird eez zee nuisance!"  
 FI "I do not sink I care about zee cranks."  
 FI "I am not certain, but eet may be Madame Prune's."  
 FI "Zat information eez not important to me, Mademoiselle."  
 FI "Just stay away from zee graveyard!"  
 FI "Maybe I leave zee island soon, no?"  
 FI "I do not care about zee old Crouton family."  
 FI "Just geeve eet back to Henri."  
 FI "Oui! Zat eez Henri's cigar."  
 FI "I have never seen it before, Mademoiselle."  
 FI "So ZAT'S what a valve handle looks like!"  
 FI "I do not want eet! Just throw eet away!"  
 FI "I do not want eet! Go ask Celie about eet."  
 FI "I am sure you are just seeing zee sings, Mademoiselle."  
 FI "I am sure you only saw zum small animole, Mademoiselle."  
 FI "Zis place can fool you. Sometimes you sink you see somesing, but find eet eez only zee shadow."

Fifi doesn't have time for idle chitchat. She's too busy cleaning the Colonel's study. Currently, Fifi looks to be busily cleaning the Colonel's study.

### **Lillian Prune**

Your friend Lillian Prune, is a rebellious flapper. Like you, she is twenty years old, but unlike you, she has been known to hang out in speakeasies, smoke, and run around with several young men. She is assertive and out-going, to the point of obnoxiousness, but underneath it all you believe her to be a lonely, insecure girl.

LP "I love that old hound!"  
 LP "That's news to me."  
 LP "I used to ride Blaze when I was younger. I loved it."  
 LP "Oh, I just love Celie! She listens to me, you know."  
 LP "Clarence Sparrow is nothing but a cheap swindler! I bet he cheats Uncle Henri out of a lot of his money!"  
 LP "Aunt Gertie and Clarence do NOT like each other...not that I care."  
 LP "I'm not sure, but I think my cousin and Clarence are an item."  
 LP "I don't trust either one of those two scoundrels."  
 LP "Uncle Henri and I are very close...at least we used to be. He's always been like a father to me, you know."  
 LP "She's just leading him on, that's all. She doesn't really care about him, not like I do."  
 LP "What about my mother, Laura?!"  
 LB "Oh, nothing, Lil! She seems very nice!"  
 LP "Fifi's such a fake! I don't understand what Uncle Henri sees in her!"

LP "I've always thought my Aunt Gertie was the biggest snob!"

LP "Oh, Gloria thinks she's sooooo glamorous! She thinks she's sooooo beautiful! She's just AVAILABLE, that's all SHE is!"

LP "If you ask me, I think he's having a little fling with Fifi!"

LP "Rudy's never paid much attention to me. He's always had his girlfriends and his so-called 'high life.'"

LP "My two cousins think they're better than everybody else! But, believe me, I know ALL about them!"

LP "If you know Rudy, Fifi's just the right type for him!"

LP "What's a valve handle?"

LP "It helps to turn a...oh, never mind."

LP "I don't know why Uncle Henri keeps him around. Dr. Feels is nothing but a lecherous old quack!"

LP "I wouldn't know what was in Dr. Feels's bag!"

LP "Oh, that's my uncle's parrot. He just dotes on that bird."

LP "It's probably just one of my mother's hankies."

LP "I don't know anything about cranks, Laura."

LP "Oh, I know who she is! She used to live here a long time ago. I think she died real young, though."

LP (Giggle) "Are you seeing ghosts now, Laura?!"

LP "This place used to be a plantation, you know. I really find it fascinating!"

LP "Those are the people who used to live here back before the Civil War. I'm not sure, but I think they were killed then."

LP "It's almost his feeding time."

LP "Oh, I didn't know there was an old bible around here!"

LP "Blaze is looking awfully old these days."

LP "Celie's a good cook, isn't she?"

LP "Mmmmm. The jambalaya was especially good!"

LP "It's hard for me to have any respect for that man!"

LP "I think they both dislike each other because of a mutual interest in my cousin, Gloria."

LP "Personally, I don't see what Gloria SEES in him!"

LP "I wish I knew what it is those two are up to!"

LP "I think I know my uncle better than YOU do!"

LP "She doesn't care about him! She's just using him, that's all!"

LP "You can't tell me about my mother, Laura!"

LP "She'll get hers when Uncle Henri finally sees through her!"

LP "Aunt Gertie must be having some sort of problem with Clarence and Gloria."

LP "Let me tell you about Gloria. She's not famous or anything; she just pretends to be. She really lives off the men in her life."

LP "I don't like how he's always sneaking around! I don't trust him!"

LP "Just you wait! I'll bet he comes on to YOU before the night is over. He always does!"

LP "They're just a couple of show-offs!"

LP "It wouldn't surprise me a bit!"

LP "Sounds interesting. But, I wouldn't know what it is."

LP "You should stay away from him, Laura. He's just a dirty old man!"

LP "I don't think you should concern yourself with Dr. Feels' bag."

LP "I wouldn't pay much attention to that bird if I were you, Laura."

LP "Don't worry about it, Laura. My mother drops her hankies all the time."

LP "Please, Laura. Don't bother me about something like that!"

LP "What could you possibly know about her, Laura?! Are you clairvoyant, or something?"

LP "Oh, Laura! Quit clowning around!"

LP "It's an interesting old place, isn't it?"

LP "Nobody knows much about the Croutons, Laura. How could you?"

LP "I can see it's a valve handle. So, who cares?"

LP "It looks familiar."

LP "So? It's just an old crank."

LP "I don't need an old valve handle!"

LP "Thanks, but I don't need one right now."

LP "I don't care to have an old crank, Laura."

You can't get her!

There's no need for THAT sort of thing!

You don't feel like kissing her.

You don't feel like hugging her.

LP "Isn't he a great old dog, Laura?"

LP "Uh, yeah. He's pretty great, all right."

LP "I've never seen a bible here."

LP "I love to ride horses, don't you?"

LB "Not really, Lillian."

LP "Why, Celie is right here!"

LP "Mr. Sparrow may be able to fool my uncle, but he doesn't fool me!"

LP "A perfect couple! They're both sour and disageeable."

LP "They DESERVE each other!"

LP "Those two...I bet they're up to something!"

LP "I don't know what's wrong with him. I went in to say 'hello' and he told me to leave him alone. He didn't used to treat me like that!"

LP "I think SHE'S the reason he's changed! He used to be a lot nicer to me!"

LP "Oh, I don't know. She's around here someplace...probably drunk, as usual."

LP "He's such an old fool! She's just leading him on!"

LP "I could care less about her!"

LP "My cousin isn't as great as she pretends to be! I happen to know she was involved in a scandal in Hollywood and will never work there again."

LP "I've noticed him making eyes at Fifi. I wonder if Uncle Henri knows about this!"

LP "Rudy gambles a lot and I think he owes a lot of money to some shady people."

LP "I think they're both in debt to their ears and would like to get their hands on ALL of Uncle Henri's money if they could. But he won't listen to me!"

LP "Oh, Rudy thinks he's such a 'ladies man.'"

LP "I've never seen a valve handle."

LP "I can't stand that man! In his own way, he's as bad as Mr. Sparrow."

LP "I wouldn't know anything about that."

LP "Oh, that's my uncle's parrot. He just dotes on that bird."

LP "It's probably just one of my mother's hankies."

LP "I don't know anything about cranks, Laura."

LP "I think she was the little girl who used to live here during the Civil War. I've noticed some of her things in the playhouse."

LP "Oh, Laura! There are no ghosts here!"

LP "This is a real interesting old place. Do some exploring!"

LP "I wish I could have known them. I've often gazed for hours at their graves."

LP "Don't worry about him. Jeeves will take care of him."

LP "That's very interesting."

LP "You should be careful around Blaze."

LP "Don't listen to what others have to say about Celie."

LP "He's up to something! I only wish I knew what it was!"

LP "Oh, they're always arguing!"

LP "She uses him, he uses her...so what?!"

LP "Uncle Henri's too trusting for his own good!"

LP "Why don't you just leave him alone, Laura!"

LP "She isn't fooling any of us!"

LP "Please...just stay away from her, Laura!"

LP "That little tramp! I wish she'd go away!"

LP "I don't care what she does!"

LP "Don't believe everything she tells you, Laura."

LP "He makes me nervous. I don't know what he's up to."

LP "Rudy can never control himself around women...that's why he's always in trouble!"

LP "Rudy'll never change. Why, he thinks he's a regular 'Don Juan!'"

LP "They'll get theirs one of these days!"

LP "What would anybody do with a valve handle?"

LB "I thought maybe YOU knew!"

LP "Don't waste your time with that old quack, Laura!"

LP "Don't worry about the doctor bag, Laura."

LP "I wouldn't pay much attention to that bird if I were you, Laura."

LP "Don't worry about it, Laura. My mother drops her hankies all the time."

LP "Please, Laura. Don't bother me about something like that!"

LP "I have a feeling about her. I think she could have been my friend."

LP "You're just seeing the mist, that's all!"

LP "Why don't you look around the place, Laura?"

LP "I feel sorry for the Crouton family. They lost everything, including their lives, in the Civil War."

LP "I don't care about an old valve handle, Laura."

LP "It looks familiar."

LP "So? It's just an old crank."

LP "I wouldn't know what to do with it."

LP "Thanks, but I don't need one right now."

LP "I don't care to have an old crank, Laura."

You glance at the book in Lillian's hand and see that it is an old fairy tale, entitled... "Bluebeard!" The dolls look like they've been here for a long time! You wonder who they used to belong to. The big question is: WHY is Lillian reading a book to them?!

Lillian has it!

The dolls don't belong to you!

LP "And then he said..."

LP "So she stuck the key in the lock and..."

LP "She thought she was alone but..."

LP "And what happened then was..."

LP "As she quietly opened the door..."

LP "He roared with anger as..."

LP "The house was too quiet..."

LP "And she said to him..."

LP "She screamed when she saw..."

LP "So up the stairs she went..."

LP "Huh?! What're you doing here, Laura?!"

LP "Uh, I'm kinda busy right now. I have to finish the story."

LP "Hush, Laura! You're interrupting us!"

Lillian has retreated into her book again. She doesn't answer you.

It would appear that Lillian is more interested in reading a book to some old dolls than talking to



you! It would probably be best to leave her alone right now.

Lillian doesn't notice it.

Lillian is reading a story to the dolls. It appears to be some sort of horrible fairy tale.

This is a bit odd! Your friend seems to be reading a book to those old dolls!

LP "I love that old dog! He used to play with me when I was a little girl."

LP "I've never seen a bible here."

LP "I used to ride Blaze when I visited here as a child."

LP "I think Uncle Henri might use a cane sometimes."

LP "Celie likes to keep to herself; but she really has a good heart."

LP "That could be one of Uncle Henri's cigar butts. Why do you care?"

LP "I don't really care at all. I just found it lying around."

LP "Mr. Sparrow is just trying to turn my uncle against me! I know his type!"

LP "I don't even understand why Uncle Henri puts up with them!"

LP "I wish they'd just get lost somewhere."

LP "I think there's a lot of tension between them. It might be best to stay away from them, Laura. I'd hate to see you get hurt."

LP "Uncle Henri is too trusting. If he could only see through them."

LP "I think Uncle Henri's been turned against me by someone! We used to be so close...."

LP "Isn't it suspicious the way she's insinuated herself into my uncle's life lately? Why, he won't even pay any attention to me anymore!"

LP "Why would you care about my mother, Laura?! I don't want to talk about her!"

LP "Fifi doesn't care about my uncle...not like I do! She's just taking advantage of a weak old man!"

LP "I really don't want to discuss my Aunt Gertie!"

LP "Gloria's not so great! She's got plenty of problems between her talent, her boyfriends, and money; or the lack thereof!"

LP "I think there's something going on between Fifi and Jeeves. Uncle Henri would be very interested in knowing THAT, I'm sure!"

LP "I think I've seen Celie with a necklace like that."

LP "Rudy's never worked a day in his life! He spends all his time in gambling halls or sleazy bars."

LP "They're so two-faced! They pretend to be close to Uncle Henri, but they can't fool me. I know what they're after!"

LP "Do you think he'll sweep her off her feet?!"

LP "Not from what I can see!"

LP "Oh, Celie's told me that story a hundred times! I don't believe a word of it."

LP "I've haven't seen a valve handle here."

LP "What do you care about him?! He's nothing but a stupid old man!"

LP "I don't know anything about the doctor bag, Laura!"

LP "Oh, that's my uncle's parrot. He just dotes on that bird."

LP "It's probably just one of my mother's hankies."

LP "I don't know anything about cranks, Laura."

LP "I don't want to talk about her right now, okay, Laura?"

LP "Really, Laura! You're just seeing things!"

LP "Aren't all the old outbuildings great? I just love to hide in them!"

LP "Go to the Crouton family cemetery. You can see all their graves. It's really fascinating!"

LP "The dog will be fine. Don't worry."

LP "There's an old bible around here?"

LP "Yes! I found it in the chapel."

LP "You should be careful around Blaze."

LP "Who else would have a cane around here but Uncle Henri?"

LP "Celie's very nice, isn't she?"  
LP "It's just an old cigar butt; probably Uncle Henri's."  
LP "I hate the way he slinks around! He always looks suspicious about something!"  
LP "I wish they'd just dry up and blow away!"  
LP "She uses him, he uses her...that's the way it goes with them!"  
LP "You should stay out of their way, Laura! You might get hurt."  
LP "They're not Uncle Henri's friends! They just pretend to be."  
LP "He doesn't like to be bothered, Laura. Why don't you just stay out of his room?!"  
LP "My uncle has been alone for too long. He's easy prey for the likes of HER!"  
LP "Don't watch my mother, Laura! That bothers me."  
LP "She's nothing but a modern Jezebel!"  
LP "I don't care what my Aunt Gertie does!"  
LP "I don't want to hear about her!"  
LP "I don't know what to think of Jeeves. He always seems mysterious to me. I think I don't trust him, though."  
LP "That sounds like something Celie would have."  
LP "My cousins and I have never gotten along! They've always looked down their noses at me! They won't much longer, though."  
LP "That harlot! All she deserves is the likes of Rudy!"  
LP "They've made all our lives miserable long enough!"  
LP "Celie's a nice person...but she IS prone to telling stories."  
LB "Valve handles aren't interesting to me, Laura."  
LP "Don't waste your time with that old quack, Laura!"  
LP "Why would you think I would care about the doctor bag, Laura?"  
LB "Oh! I-I wouldn't, Lillian."  
LP "I wouldn't pay much attention to that bird if I were you, Laura."  
LP "Don't worry about it, Laura. My mother drops her hankies all the time."  
LP "Please, Laura. Don't bother me about something like that!"  
LP "You may think you know her, but you DON'T, Laura!"  
LP "It's probably just swamp gas, that's all."  
LP "I don't know why, but my uncle loves the isolation of this island in the swamp. He's not too fond of people, you know."  
LP "I really don't know very much about the Croutons. I'd like to, though."  
LP "I'm sure that's Uncle Henri's cane. Why are you carrying it around, Laura?"  
LP "I just picked it up in passing, that's all."  
LP "Yep! That's one of Uncle Henri's cigars. Why does it matter?"  
LP "Oh, it doesn't matter at all!"  
LP "I've seen Celie with a necklace like that."  
LP "I don't care about an old valve handle, Laura."  
LP "It looks familiar."  
LP "So? It's just an old crank."  
LP "That doesn't belong to me! Give it to my uncle."  
LP "I don't want that old thing!"  
LP "You should probably give it to Celie."  
LP "I wouldn't know what to do with it, Laura."  
LP "Thanks, but I don't need one right now."  
  
LP "You know, sometimes I think the dog is the only one who likes me; 'cept for Celie...and you, of course."  
LP "There aren't any bibles around here, Laura."  
LP "Blaze is a good horse. He was in the Spanish-American War cavalry, you know."  
LP "It could be Uncle Henri's."

LP "I know Celie can seem strange sometimes, but she's really very nice. You just have to get to know her."

LP "Why would you have one of Uncle Henri's cigar butts?"

LB "I just picked it up...that's all."

LP "Mr. Sparrow influences my uncle too much. He doesn't deserve to be a part of my uncle's life!"

LP "They'll both get theirs one of these days!"

LP "They're MADE for each other. Who else would want them!"

LP "There's some bad things going on between them; I could tell the minute we got here. Just keep out of it, Laura."

LP "Those two...I know they've got something up their sleeve! They don't deserve to be associated with my uncle!"

LP "I'd like to speak with my uncle ALONE, if you don't mind!"

LP "I don't think we want to talk about that right now, Laura!"

LP "Why are you suddenly so interested in my mother?!"

LB "I-I'd just like to get to know her better, Lillian...that's all it is."

LP "I don't really want to talk about her right now."

LP "Let's talk about something else, okay?"

LP "I'd just as soon not talk about her, if you don't mind."

LP "I hardly notice him."

LP "I don't pay any attention to the servants. You should know that, Laura!"

LP "It's probably Celie's. Go ask her."

LP "Rudy gambles a lot and I think he owes a lot of money to some shady people."

LP "I think they're both deeply in debt and would like to get their hands on ALL of Uncle Henri's money if they could. But he won't listen to me!"

LP "Let's change the subject, shall we?"

LP "Celie's full of stories. I wouldn't believe her."

LP "I've never seen a valve handle."

LP "Let's not discuss him, please."

LP "Why would I care about the doctor bag?!"

LP "Oh, that's my uncle's parrot. He just dotes on that bird."

LP "It's probably just one of my mother's hankies."

LP "I don't know anything about cranks, Laura."

LP "I have better things to do than to talk about her, okay?!"

LP "Quit being so stupid, Laura!"

LP "If you're so interested in the estate then go look around!"

LP "I'm not interested in discussing them right now!"

LP "Don't worry about him. Jeeves will take care of him."

LP "That's very interesting."

LP "If you're not careful you might spook him, Laura."

LP "I only know of Uncle Henri's cane."

LP "I can see you like Celie as well as I do."

LP "It's probably Uncle Henri's cigar. He's bad about dropping them everywhere."

LP "He's up to something! I only wish I knew what it was!"

LP "We won't have to worry about them too much longer, Laura."

LP "Who cares about them, do you?"

LP "No. Not really."

LP "Don't go near them, Laura! Let them fight their own battles."

LP "Uncle Henri's too trusting for his own good!"

LP "You know nothing about my Uncle Henri! Nothing at all!"

LP "Let's not talk about that."

LP "So what? She's always like that!"

LP "Why would I care what the maid does?!"  
LP "I don't care what she does!"  
LP "I don't want to hear about her!"  
LP "I think Jeeves knows something. He's too quiet; he makes me nervous."  
LP "What do I care what THEY do! For pete's sake, Laura, have some common sense!"  
LP "Why don't you ask Celie about it?"  
LP "One of these days someone is going to get back at him! He won't throw his weight around much longer."  
LP "Doesn't surprise me!"  
LP "They'll soon stop looking down their noses at me...I mean, everybody!"  
LP "I wouldn't worry about any old treasure, Laura."  
LP "I don't care about a valve handle, Laura."  
LP "Don't waste your time with that old quack, Laura!"  
LP "Don't worry about the doctor bag, Laura."  
LP "I wouldn't pay much attention to that bird if I were you, Laura."  
LP "Don't worry about it, Laura. My mother drops her hankies all the time."  
LP "Please, Laura. Don't bother me about something like that!"  
LP "She is none of your business, Laura!"  
LP "Don't bother me with these little fantasies of yours!"  
LP "There's a lot you DON'T know about this place, Laura!"  
LP "They're dead, Laura. Gone. I don't wish to discuss them right now!"  
LP "I don't care about an old valve handle, Laura."  
LP "It looks to me like Uncle Henri's."  
LP "Yep! That's one of Uncle Henri's cigars. Why does it matter?"  
LP "It doesn't really matter, Lillian."  
LP "I wouldn't know what to do with it."  
LP "It's not mine, Laura."  
LP "Knowing Mother, she's probably just dead drunk!"  
LP "You're just trying to scare us, Laura! That's all you're doing!"  
LP "Are you playing some kind of rotten joke?!"  
LP "Quit trying to scare us, Laura! It's not funny anymore!"  
  
LP "You surprised me, Laura."  
LP "Have you been keeping yourself busy?"  
LP "I hope you've been getting along with the family. They're quite interesting, aren't they?"  
LP "I've noticed you exploring the estate."  
LP "I must warn you, though. This can be a dangerous place, especially at night. There are areas you really shouldn't go."  
LP "I'd hate to see you get hurt, Laura."  
LP "It's starting to get a little late, isn't it? I may go up to our room in a little bit and relax for the night."  
LP "Yawn! Oh, my goodness. I can hardly keep my eyes open."  
LP "I think I'd like to just sit here a moment and relax. I'll meet you up in the room later. Okay, Laura?"  
LP "Bye, Laura."  
Lillian isn't talking.  
LP "What an interesting collection of weapons Uncle Henri has! I wonder..."  
LP "Oh, Laura!...you startled me!"  
LP "That seems unlikely, Laura, but I'll check it out!"  
A short time later...  
LP "Oh, you're just imagining things, Laura!"  
LP "I've already told you, Laura, there's nothing there!"

Your friend relaxes in a chair by the fireplace.

After you surprised Lillian at the Colonel's weapons cabinet, she rests in a chair by the fireplace.

### **Gertrude Dijon**

Gertrude Dijon is the Colonel's widowed sister-in-law. She obviously is behind the times, as she looks like she has just stepped out of the gay '90's! A bit of a snob, she walks around with her nose up in the air and has an annoying habit of constantly playing with her many strands of pearls.

GD "I never even LOOK at the old mutt!"

GD "I've never heard of any old bible around here."

GD "Why, I wouldn't even step foot in that dirty old stable!"

GD "I don't pay any attention to her. She's just the cook, you know."

GD "Talk to him yourself if you're so curious!"

GD "I'm afraid that is NONE of your business!"

GD "I could care less WHAT they do!"

GD "Don't let him fool you, Miss Bow. He may look like a doddering old man, but he knows exactly what he's doing. I don't believe he intends giving any of us one thin dime. He's got some plan up his sleeve...mark my words!"

GD "None of us are a bit fond of HER! We know WHAT she's after!"

GD "Oh, HER! My sister-in-law is nothing but an old, sloppy drunk. She's made nothing but a mess of her entire life."

GD "I can tell you THIS much, Miss Bow. Fifi isn't doing much CLEANING around here!"

GD "I'm SO proud of my daughter! She's a very talented actress, you know."

GD "He's only the butler. Why would I care about HIM?!"

GD "Lillian's had her problems, you know. Her mother is to be blamed for all of them."

GD "I really don't pay much attention to either of them."

GD "Gloria and I get along SUPERBLY. Nothing like Ethel and HER daughter."

GD "My son has a good head for business; and he's VERY handsome, don't you think?"

GD "I've never had a bit of problems with either of my two children; not like Ethel has with Lillian...but then, look at Ethel!"

GD "How DARE you insinuate my son would be interested in a floozy like that maid!"

GD "WHAT would I know about a thing like that?!"

GD "I thought you might know. Sorry."

GD "That doctor is nothing but an old charlatan!"

GD "Who knows what kinds of drugs that old quack would have in his bag!"

GD "It's just a dirty old bird!"

GD "I don't know WHAT you're talking about!"

GD "Don't bother me with this fribble, Laura!"

GD "This old place is horrid! It's amazing Henri got me to come here at all!"

GD "Please, Laura! I have more important things to think about than Croutons!"

GD "I don't care about that mangy old cur!"

GD "Who cares about some old bible."

GD "That nag doesn't interest me in the least."

GD "I don't care what the cook is doing!"

GD "You don't know Mr. Sparrow like I do!"

GD "Mind your own business, Miss Bow!"

GD "I'm not interested, Miss Bow!"

GD "You're just a stranger here, Miss Bow. You don't know anything about my brother-in-law!"

GD "You're not telling us anything we don't already know!"  
 GD "I wouldn't bother with HER, Miss Bow. She's not worth your time!"  
 GD "I'm very well aware of what that girl is up to!"  
 GD "There's NOTHING you could tell me about my daughter! Why, you don't even KNOW her!"  
 GD "As long as he's doing his chores; that's all I care."  
 GD "Lillian may be your friend, but you don't know her as well as you THINK you do, Miss Bow!"  
 GD "I really don't care, Miss Bow."  
 GD "I gave up on them long ago."  
 GD "Don't you be eavesdropping on my son, Miss Bow!"  
 GD "What could you possibly know of MY children!?"  
 GD "My son would NEVER lower himself down to THAT level!"  
 GD "I don't CARE about old valve handles!"  
 GD "I'm not interested in what that old coot is doing right now!"  
 GD "You shouldn't be poking around in that old quack's bag!"  
 GD "I don't care to hear about that bird!"  
 GD "I'm not interested in knowing anything about a person named 'Sarah'."  
 GD "I'm not going to fall for your childish pranks, Laura!"  
 GD "I can't stand this place! I don't want to discuss it."  
 GD "I don't know WHO you're referring to."  
 GD "Valve handles don't interest me, Miss Bow."  
 GD "I don't want that old thing!"  
 Come now. How could you get Gertie?!  
 There's no need for THAT sort of thing!  
 You don't feel like kissing her.  
 You don't feel like hugging her.

### **Gloria Swansong**

Gloria Swansong, a beautiful platinum-blonde, is the Colonel's other niece and Gertie's daughter. She seems so glamorous with her long feather boa, stunning jewels, and lovely gown. You've been told that she's a successful actress in Hollywood, although you've never heard of her.

GS "I never think about that old dog."  
 GS "What bible, dahling?"  
 LB "Never mind. I thought you might know about it."  
 GS "Dahling, I don't know anything about horses."  
 GS "I just love it, don't you, dahling?!"  
 GS "It's very lovely, Gloria."  
 GS "The cook is kind of strange. You know, she practices voodoo, dahling."  
 GS "Oh, would you like a cigarette, dahling?"  
 LB "Oh! No, thank-you."  
 GS "I don't care to discuss HIM!"  
 GS "Clarence and my mother don't get along very well."  
 GS "Personally, I think they're up to no good!"  
 GS "I've tried to get along with Uncle Henri, but he IS such an old grouch."  
 GS "Oh, dahling, everybody knows about that. She's just trying to take his money, you know."  
 GS "I don't care for my Aunt Ethel. She's just a lousy drunk, and I'm sure she contributed to her husband's death; although that IS no business of yours!"  
 GS "She's nothing but a cheap trollop!"  
 GS "There's nothing you need to know about my mother!"

GS "He's just the butler, dahling."  
GS "Oh, I've always felt a little pity for my younger cousin; she's had her share of problems. But...I don't want to get into that, dahling."  
GS "I suppose Lillian needs someone's shoulder to cry on. It might as well be the cook's."  
GS "I guess all families have their black sheep."  
GS "Why? Are you interested in my brother?"  
LB "No! I mean, yes! I mean...not really."  
GS "My brother would never be interested in the likes of HER!"  
GS "I wouldn't know about a valve handle, dahling."  
GS "What did that old quack say about me, dahling?"  
LB "He didn't say anything about you!"  
GS "Is there something special in it, dahling?"  
LB "No, not that I know of."  
GS "It DOES squawk quite a bit!"  
GS "I didn't bring any handkerchiefs with me, dahling."  
GS "Dahling, I don't know anything about cranks."  
GS "I have no knowledge of anybody named 'Sarah,' dahling."  
GS "Really, dahling! Don't you have anything better to do than to talk about silly things like ghosts?"  
GS "This place is frightful! Honestly, I don't know how Uncle Henri can stand it!"  
GS "Crouton? Hmmmmm. Doesn't sound familiar."  
GS "I really don't care about the dog, dahling."  
GS "How do you know about this bible?"  
LB "I found it in the chapel, but it's probably not important."  
GS "I don't care to hear about the horse."  
GS "I wouldn't get too close to the cook if I were you, dahling. She's too strange and mysterious."  
GS "I don't want to talk about Clarence right now!"  
GS "Is he arguing with my mother?"  
LB "I-I'm not sure. I don't think so."  
GS "It seems to me they have their heads together a lot lately. I wonder about that."  
GS "He seems to care about the hired help more than his own family."  
GS "Dahling, that situation is NO secret!"  
GS "Dahling, I've known my Aunt Ethel longer than YOU have."  
GS "Somebody ought to DO something about her before she gets away with ALL our, 'er, Uncle Henri's money!"  
GS "What do you think you could tell me about my own mother?!"  
GS "Do you think I care about the butler?!"  
GS "She's YOUR friend, dahling."  
GS "If Celie makes Lillian happier...fine!"  
GS "I don't think my aunt and cousin will EVER straighten things out."  
GS "I don't think you should be spying on my brother!"  
GS "I'm sure you're mistaken, dahling. My brother has more sense than to get involved with THAT strumpet!"  
GS "I don't think much about valve handles, dahling."  
GS "I don't want to talk about that quack!"  
GS "You shouldn't play with the doctor bag, dahling."  
GS "That old parrot never interested me, dahling."  
GS "Someone just dropped their handkerchief. So what?"  
GS "Really, dahling. I don't care about old cranks."  
GS "I'm interested in this 'Sarah' person, dahling."  
GS "I'm not going to listen to this childish patter!."

GS "Really, dahling! I don't know WHY you came out here with Lillian. This is just a horrid place, you know."  
GS "I'm not aware of any 'Croutons'."  
GS "Oh, yes. That's very interesting (YAWN)."  
GS "Well! It's not mine!"  
GS "I wouldn't know about cranks, dahling."  
GS "Dahling, I have no use for a valve handle."  
GS "I don't want a USED handkerchief!"  
GS "I don't want that old thing!"  
You can't get her!  
There's no need for THAT sort of thing!  
You don't feel like kissing her.  
You don't feel like hugging her.

You don't have a record that will work.  
Since you're an unfamiliar guest here, you should leave the Victrola and records alone.  
That's a beautiful feather boa Gloria is wearing.  
It's not yours to take!  
It appears that Gloria has acquired a bad habit.  
You don't smoke!  
You don't want it!

GS It appears that Gloria is more in the mood to listen to music than to talk to you.  
GS "You're very mean! There's NOTHING there!"  
GS "Forget it! I won't fall for that little prank again!"  
GS "Mother??? Oh, no! It can't be!"  
GS "Dahling, please leave my mother alone."  
Gloria is alone here in the billiard room, listening to her favorite songs.  
Gloria has a dreamy look on her face as she listens to the music playing on the Victrola.  
Gloria isn't talking.  
GS "Really, dahling! You're interrupting my music!"  
GS "What is it?!"  
GS "Honestly! Why do you insist on pestering everybody?!"

GS "The old dog's okay, I guess."  
GS "I don't know what you're talking about, dahling."  
GS "Dahling, I don't care for horses."  
GS "Do you like the boa with my gown?"  
LB "Oh, yes! You look very glamorous."  
GS "The cook makes me a little nervous. I don't understand her."  
GS "I thought you didn't smoke?"  
LB "Oh, I don't! I had just noticed your cigarette, that's all."  
GS "Please, dahling. Let's change the subject."  
GS "Don't you worry about them, dahling."  
GS "I have noticed that Clarence is spending a lot of time with Wilbur lately. I wonder about that."  
GS "My uncle just doesn't understand us. He always acts like he doesn't trust us. I think living way out here in the bayou has gotten to him."  
GS "Fifi's the one who Uncle Henri shouldn't trust, not us!"  
GS "If you know my Aunt Ethel, you would know how embarrassing she is for the rest of the



family."

GS "I wish I could think of a way to get her out of here!"

GS "My mother has nothing to do with you!"

GS "Dahling, he's only the butler, although I must admit he's kind of cute."

GS "Lil's problems weren't entirely her own fault, so I suppose I shouldn't come down too hard on her."

GS "Oh, the cook's always protected Lillian. I think she feels sorry for her."

GS "Usually, I just leave them alone, dahling."

GS "Many women find Rudy irresistible. Both my brother and I have a talent for attracting the opposite sex."

GS "My brother may like women, but he would NEVER sink that low!"

GS "I know nothing of valve handles."

GS "Don't even talk to the old coot, dahling."

GS "Who knows what sorts of things he carries around in that bag!"

GS "It DOES squawk quite a bit!"

GS "I didn't bring any handkerchiefs with me, dahling."

GS "Dahling, I don't know anything about cranks."

GS "The name 'Sarah' means nothing to me, dahling."

GS "Quit being such a silly girl. Ghosts! Really!"

GS "This may have been a fine plantation at one time, dahling, but now it's just an old wreck of a place."

GS "I don't know about any 'Croutons,' dahling."

GS "That old dog doesn't interest me in the least."

GS "I'm sure it's not important, dahling."

GS "I've never been fond of horses."

GS "Why don't you just leave that old cook alone, dahling. Who knows what kinds of stories she might tell you."

GS "YOU wouldn't know anything about Clarence, dahling!"

GS "I don't like it when they argue with each other."

GS "You'd better stay out of it, dahling."

GS "You probably shouldn't go into his room, dahling."

GS "I am perfectly well aware of it, dahling."

GS "There's nothing you can't tell me about Aunt Ethel that I don't already know."

GS "I hate the way she sashays around here like she's the queen bee or something!"

GS "Dahling, please let my mother rest."

GS "I'm sure he's just doing his duties, dahling."

GS "Lillian knows this place better than the rest of us. Uncle Henri let her stay here sometimes as a child and she got to know Celie real well."

GS "So? Lillian always runs to Celie."

GS "I KNOW my own brother, dahling."

GS "My brother knows better than THAT!"

GS "I really don't care about any old valve handle, dahling."

GS "Let's not discuss him, dahling."

GS "Why don't you just stay out of it?"

GS "That old parrot never interested me, dahling."

GS "Someone just dropped their handkerchief. So what?"

GS "Really, dahling. I don't care about old cranks."

GS "I don't know or care about that person.."

GS "Go away! Quit bothering me with your patter."

GS "I have no interest in discussing this place with you!"

GS "Don't bother me with information I can't use, dahling!"

GS "I hate to tell you this, but valve handles don't interest me, dahling."

GS "You won't pull that little charade on me again, dahling!"

GS "I've never given that old dog a second thought."  
GS "I've never seen a bible around here."  
GS "I've never even stepped foot in that stable, dahling."  
GS "I bought it in Hollywood. Don't you just adore it?"  
LB "It looks nice on you, but I don't know how I would look in it."  
GS "I'm not sure, but I think Uncle Henri uses a cane sometimes."  
GS "I don't know much about her except she's been here as long as I can remember. I wouldn't be surprised to learn she was born here."  
GS "Is my cigarette bothering you, dahling?"  
LB "Oh, no! Not at all! (Cough, cough!!)"  
GS "I don't care to discuss him!"  
GS "My mother can handle it, dahling."  
GS "It's no secret they're NOT the best of friends, dahling."  
GS "I happen to know that Clarence and Wilbur have got themselves in a bit of a pickle. I'd like to see them wriggle their way out of this one!"  
GS "It's such a pity; all that money going to waste. You know he never spends a dime of it? Why, just LOOK at this place!"  
GS "That girl is just trying to butt in where she doesn't belong!"  
GS "I don't know why Uncle Henri would even INCLUDE her in his will! Why, it, it's...criminal!"  
GS "She'll get hers soon enough; and I DON'T mean money!"  
GS "My mother has nothing to do with you!"  
GS "He's cute; but a bit strange."  
GS "I've always felt that my cousin resented my beauty and talent. I've never felt truly comfortable around her."  
GS "I guess I'm glad Lillian has someone to turn to. It keeps her calmed down."  
GS "Personally, I don't know why Uncle Henri puts up with the both of them!"  
GS "Rudy's a pillar of strength for me. I wouldn't know what to do without him."  
GS "There is NOTHING going on between MY brother and HER!"  
GS "He's just a silly old man. Don't worry about him, dahling."  
GS "I think I would be the FIRST to know if there was any old treasure around here!!"  
GS "What is with you and valve handles?!"  
GS "I know nothing of any necklace; especially one like THAT!"  
GS "I really don't pay much attention to doctor bags."  
GS "It DOES squawk quite a bit!"  
GS "I didn't bring any handkerchiefs with me, dahling."  
GS "Dahling, I don't know anything about cranks."  
GS "Is she an actress, dahling?"  
GS "Be serious Laura, you don't really believe in ghosts, do you?"  
GS "This is such a dreary place. I don't know how Uncle Henri can stand living here."  
GS "Croutons??? No, I don't believe I am acquainted with them."  
GS "That dog is the LAST thing I care about right now, dahling!"  
GS "What do you care about an old bible for, anyway?"  
LB "I don't...really."  
GS "I don't really care about my uncle's horse."  
GS "I don't care if you found a cane or not."  
GS "You'd be better off leaving the old cook alone. She might scare you."  
GS "I'd really rather not discuss him right now!"  
GS "Sometimes, I wish they would BOTH butt out of my life!"

GS "Rudy DOES over-react at times. But, it'll be okay...I hope."  
 GS "It's nothing for you to concern yourself with."  
 GS "Perhaps you ought to do what he says and leave him alone."  
 GS "Dahling, I already know all that."  
 GS "I'm not surprised by her behavior at all! She's nothing but a family embarrassment."  
 GS "She isn't going to get away with her little scheme. You'll see!"  
 GS "Dahling, please leave my mother alone."  
 GS "I really don't care what Jeeves is doing, dahling."  
 GS "Lillian's always been a bit kooky. Personally, I think she's kind of creepy."  
 GS "I really don't want to worry about Lillian. Let the cook do it."  
 GS "I don't wish to discuss them, dahling."  
 GS "Oh, dear! I DO hope he stays out of trouble!"  
 GS "You must be mistaken, dahling."  
 GS "I don't care about that old codger!"  
 GS "That cook is full of superstitious stories. Don't listen to HER! "  
 GS "Valve handles don't interest me in the least, dahling."  
 GS "I wouldn't wear a necklace like THAT!"  
 GS "You shouldn't get into the doctor bag!"  
 GS "That old parrot never interested me, dahling."  
 GS "Someone just dropped their handkerchief. So what?"  
 GS "Really, dahling. I don't care about old cranks."  
 GS "She sounds interesting, but I don't know who she is."  
 GS "I doubt that it was a ghost. Your imagination must be getting the best of you."  
 GS "It's hard to believe that this place was once a thriving sugar plantation."  
 GS "I know I've heard that name before, but I can't recall where."  
 GS "It looks like a big key to me."  
 GS "Well! It's not mine!"  
 GS "You have a sick sense of humor, you know that?!"  
 GS "Even if it WERE true, dahling, what would I care?"

### **Rudy Dijon**

It seems that Rudy Dijon is Gloria Swanson's brother, and Gertie's son. (You surmise that "Swanson" must be Gloria's stagename.) Rudy is a handsome man and any woman would be attracted to him. But, you sense an undercurrent of hostility in Rudy; a sense that he should not be crossed.

RD "The dog's okay, I guess."  
 RD "I don't know about any bibles."  
 RD "A horse is a horse."  
 RD "She's a strange old gal."  
 RD "He's nothing but a lyin' scoundrel!"  
 RD "He'd better stay away from my mother!"  
 RD "Are you spying on my sister?! You just stay out of this!"  
 RD "Those two guys are nothin' but bad news!"  
 RD "Uncle Henri hasn't always understood me. I could sure use his money, uh, support more."  
 RD "You can't blame him. She's the one to watch."  
 RD "Aunt Ethel's always drunk. Who cares about her!"  
 RD "She's a looker, all right, but she ain't to be trusted."  
 RD "Leave my mother out of this!"  
 RD "Don't listen to what the others say about Gloria. She's really a good cookie!"  
 RD "Jeeves is Jeeves. I don't think much about him."

RD "Lillian has always over-reacted to things. Someone ought to teach her some self-control."  
RD "Lillian has her problems. Celie just tries to help, that's all."  
RD "Lillian's okay, I guess. Don't care for Aunt Ethel, though."  
RD "A valve handle for what?"  
LB "Oh, nothing."  
RD "Why do you care? He's nothin' but a jerk doctor!"  
RD "Yeah! What's in it?"  
LB "I don't know!"  
RD "I don't pay any attention to that old bird."  
RD "It's probably my Aunt Ethel's. She's always carryin' one around."  
RD "Don't bother me with this, kid!"  
RD "I have NO idea who 'Sarah' is!"  
RD "I haven't seen any GHOSTS around here!"  
RD "This is just an ugly old swamp island, that's all."  
RD "I think the Croutons used to own this place before my uncle bought it. But I'm not sure about that."  
RD "Maybe I'll say 'hello' to the old fella' later."  
RD "I don't care about any old bibles."  
RD "I'm not interested in horses."  
RD "I don't care what the cook does!"  
RD "What's that jerk up to now?!"  
LB "I-I don't know, Rudy!"  
RD "He just better watch his step with my mother!"  
RD "My sister and Clarence are no business of yours!"  
RD "I tell ya, they ain't to be trusted!"  
RD "We'll just have to keep an eye on the old geezer, won't we?"  
RD "She ain't going to get her hands on MY share of the dough!"  
RD "I don't care what Aunt Ethel does."  
RD "I should get to know that little coquette. Find out what she's up to!"  
RD "My mother's affairs are her own business!"  
RD "Stop spying on my sister!"  
RD "I don't care about the butler!"  
RD "I don't care in the least about Lillian right now!"  
RD "What difference does it make?! Go talk to Lillian yourself!"  
RD "I have better things to do than to discuss my crazy cousin and her loony mother!"  
RD "I have more important things to think about than an old valve handle!"  
RD "I'm not going to waste my time thinking about him!"  
RD "Are you planning to take the doctor bag, or something?"  
LB "I wouldn't do anything like that! I was just curious about it, that's all!"  
RD "That parrot is nothing but a nuisance!"  
RD "What business is it of mine?!"  
RD "What do you think I care about cranks?!"  
RD "I don't want to talk about someone I don't know."  
RD "I think you've been sampling too much of the cognac, kid!"  
RD "I know how you feel. This is a real miserable place, ain't it?"  
RD "I'm not interested in the Croutons."  
RD "Big deal! So, it's a valve handle."  
RD "It just looks like a hanky to me."  
RD "I don't care about any old crank, kid!"  
RD "I don't want a valve handle!"  
RD "I don't want a hanky!"  
RD "I wouldn't know what to do with THAT!"

You can't get Rudy!  
Now, now! There's no need for that!  
Even though he IS attractive, you'll pass.  
It's tempting, but it's not you.

RD "I won't fall for that old gag again!"

RD "That can't be true! Not Mother!"

Rudy is having a drink while relaxing in his room.

You think it's bourbon.

Rudy is not speaking at the moment.

He wouldn't like that!

RD "You know, Laura, you're a very attractive girl."

RD "Are you really friends with Lillian? You don't seem to be her type."

RD "Come on over here. Relax...have a drink."

No way, buddy!

RD "Don't be afraid of me. I don't bite!"

This might be a good time to leave.

RD "Be like that! I don't care!"

RD You've upset Rudy. He doesn't want to talk to you anymore.

FI "Leave me alone, you, you...CAD!!"

A short time later...

RD "You're looney! There's NOTHING there!"

RD "What about Beauregard?"

LB "I was just wondering about him, Rudy."

RD "What bible are you referring to?"

RD "Oh, just an old bible I found. Never mind."

RD "I don't think much about horses...except at the race track!"

RD "She kind of gives me the creeps."

RD "We would all be much better off if my uncle would just get rid of him!"

RD "Don't worry about my mother. She's a tough old bird. She can take care of herself."

RD "Stay out of my sister's affairs!"

RD "I don't understand why my uncle trusts those guys! He must be getting senile."

RD "Uncle Henri and I don't always agree on the proper way which one should lead their life.  
But he'll soon come around."

RD "He's an old man with money and she's an attractive young woman who would like to have  
it. It's very simple. But... she won't get away with it."

RD "Aunt Ethel's nothing but an embarrassment to the family."

RD "I know what she's after. I've got her completely pegged."

RD "I'm sure she's just resting in her room."

RD "My sister's a swell girl; and I don't like to have people say otherwise!"

RD "Hardly even notice him. He seems very quiet, don't you think?"

LB "Yes, I've noticed that, too."

RD "You know...I've always been a little leery of her. I'm not sure she's all there, if you know  
what I mean."

RD "Celie helps to calm Lillian down when she has one of her rages."

RD "Ethel's always been a lousy drunk. She's never helped Lillian one bit."

RD "I've never seen one around here."

RD "You don't want to go near that old leech."

RD "Why do you care?!"

LB "I really don't care. I just saw it in his room."

RD "I don't pay any attention to that old bird."

RD "It's probably my Aunt Ethel's. She's always carryin' one around."  
RD "Don't bother me with this, kid!"  
RD "Since I've never heard of the girl I can't help you there."  
RD "You been seein' things, kid?!"  
RD "I've always hated this place! I can't wait to leave."  
RD "I've heard the name before, but I don't know much about the Crouton family."  
RD "He's just an old hound dog."  
RD "I'm not interested in old bibles."  
RD "I don't pay any attention to that old horse."  
RD "I'm not interested in that old cook."  
RD "He just better watch what he does with my sister!"  
RD "Mother'll put him in his place!"  
RD "He's a sly old coot. I think he knows more than meets the eye!"  
RD "He's an old fool to get caught up in a flimsy affair like that!"  
RD "I know what she's doing. What she always does...gets drunk!"  
RD "You know, Fifi could be used for advantage...if a person were smart."  
RD "Leave mother alone. She's trying to rest."  
RD "Mind your own business about my sister!"  
RD "You don't have to tell me about him!"  
RD "What she does is her own business. I don't care!"  
RD "If you're so interested, go talk to Celie."  
RD "Let's not talk about them right now. They just give me a headache."  
RD "What do I care about an old valve handle?"  
RD "The old quack!"  
RD "You seem awfully interested in that bag!"  
RD "That parrot is nothing but a nuisance!"  
RD "What business is it of mine?!"  
RD "What do you think I care about cranks?!"  
RD "Since I've never heard of the girl, I could care less."  
RD "Maybe you oughtta stay in the house, toots. You're seein' things!"  
RD "I don't know what my uncle SEES in this place! It's too isolated and gloomy for my taste."  
RD "I know nothing about those people!"

Rudy shoots an angry look at you. It's obvious that he's in no mood to gab!  
Rudy seems to be occupied by other matters. He barely glances at it.

RD "That SOB is gonna get HIS one o' these days!!"  
RD "Leave me alone! I don't wanna talk to you!"  
RD "Next time he'll know better than to mess with me!!"  
RD "Just get out o' here! I don't care!!"

You attempt to speak to Rudy but as he seems to have other things on his mind he doesn't pay any attention to you.

Rudy doesn't care. He appears to have more pressing things on his mind.  
Rudy's not paying any attention to you.

RD "He's a pretty good dog, I guess. Better'n most people."  
RD "I don't know about any old bibles."  
RD "That old nag is NOT my idea of a horse. Now, give me a thoroughbred!"  
RD "You mean, Uncle Henri's?"  
LB "Yes, I guess so."  
RD "She's too strange for my taste."  
RD "Both Uncle Henri and Clarence smoke cigars. Why?"

LB "Never mind. It's not important."  
RD "That old rat doesn't even HAVE to wait for my uncle to die! I bet he's stolen half his money already!"  
RD "Oh, she can take care of herself."  
RD "What do you know about them?!"  
LB "Uh, n-nothing. Nothing at all!"  
RD "Uncle Henri's such a dupe! He can't even see through these guys."  
RD "Yeah, I guess he's gettin' pretty old. We expect him to kick the bucket pretty soon. I'll sure miss the old guy."  
RD "She may think she's gettin' away with something, but I got news for her; it ain't gonna work!"  
RD "Ethel's always been the embarrassment of the family. I don't know why Uncle Henri didn't do something about her years ago."  
RD "Ah, she ain't nothin' but a common harlot!"  
RD "Don't you disturb my mother! She needs her rest."  
RD "My sister and I have a real understandin' between us. Sometimes it's like me and her against the world."  
RD "You know, I wouldn't be surprised if him and that French strumpet were in this together! Yeah, I don't like his attitude at all!"  
RD "As far as I'm concerned, they ain't to be trusted!"  
RD "Lillian's touched, if you know what I mean. I don't think you know the complete story about her, do you?"  
LB "No, I don't think I do."  
RD "Celie kinda mothers that loony, that's all I know."  
RD "Let's not talk about them, shall we?"  
RD "I don't know of any necklace."  
RD "What treasure?!"  
LB "Just something Celie told me. It's probably nothing."  
RD "I've never seen one around here."  
RD "That old guy's bad news! Just between you and me...he's half-looped all the time. It's that stuff he carries around with him."  
RD "Is there something special about it?"  
LB "Nope. Nothing at all."  
RD "I don't pay any attention to that old bird."  
RD "It's probably my Aunt Ethel's. She's always carryin' one around."  
RD "Don't bother me with this, kid!"  
RD "I don't know who this 'Sarah' is!"  
RD "You shouldn't go near the cemetery if you're going to see ghosts there!"  
RD "Listen, kid! I just want off this \$#\*^@^\*()\*#@ island! It's startin' to get to me!"  
RD "I could care less about the old Crouton family!"  
RD "I don't care to dicuss 'em. That girl's plumb crazy and the old man is senile! That's all there is to it!"  
RD "He's just an old hound dog."  
RD "I'm not interested in old bibles."  
RD "I don't pay any attention to that old horse."  
RD "Just give it back to Uncle Henri."  
RD "I don't care what she does!"  
RD "What difference does it make about an old cigar butt?!"  
RD "He's nothing but a scoundrel! He'll get his one of these days!"  
RD "I don't worry about her. She'll can handle him!"  
RD "You have no business spying on them, girl!"  
RD "You gotta keep an eye on him! I'm not sure what's happening around here."

RD "That ain't news. We all know about that!"  
RD "Aunt Ethel's always been wacky. Just ignore her."  
RD "It don't matter to me WHAT she does as long as she stays out of my way!"  
RD "Leave mother alone. She's trying to rest."  
RD "I'm sure she's gone up to bed by now."  
RD "You don't have to tell me about him!"  
RD "Well, I ALWAYS thought they were in cahoots together!"  
RD "I don't want to talk about my wacky cousin!"  
RD "If you're so interested, go talk to Celie."  
RD "Let's change the subject, huh?"  
RD "I don't care about an old piece of junk!"  
RD "You don't believe that stuff, do you?"  
LB "No, I guess not."  
RD "What do I care about an old valve handle?"  
RD "I don't know why Uncle Henri keeps him on. I wouldn't trust MY health to the old quack!"  
RD "What do YOU care about that bag, Laura?!"  
RD "I DON'T care about it at all!"  
RD "That parrot is nothing but a nuisance!"  
RD "What business is it of mine?!"  
RD "What do you think I care about cranks?!"  
RD "I don't wanna talk about no 'Sarah!'"  
RD "I think you're going nuts, kid!"  
RD "With all my uncle's millions I don't know WHY he can't fix this place up!"  
RD "I'm not interested in the Croutons!"  
RD "Lillian's always had this thing with Uncle Henri. It don't mean nothin' to me."  
RD "Big deal!"  
RD "It's only Uncle Henri's old cane."  
RD "That looks like Uncle Henri's cigar butt. Throw it away!"  
RD "Looks like something of Celie's."  
RD "It just looks like a hanky to me."  
RD "I don't care about any old crank, kid!"  
RD "I wouldn't know what to do with it!"  
RD "Do you think I need a cane!"  
RD "I don't want it!"  
RD "Go give it to Celie."  
RD "She's probably just passed out. Best thing to do is to leave her alone."  
RD "I could care less what happens to that old charlatan! Unfortunately, he's probably just asleep."  
RD "I've had just about enough of this! Stop with the practical jokes!"  
RD "You've tried that one before! It ain't going to work this time!"

You see Rudy sitting on the couch having a drink. He seems deep in thought.

You think it's bourbon.

Rudy is not speaking at the moment.

He wouldn't like that!

You don't like liquor... remember?

RD "Oh, it's you, Laura. How's tricks?"

RD "You're a swell kid, Laura, but I'd like to be alone now, get it?!"

RD "Beat it!"

Rudy doesn't answer you as he continues to drink.



Rudy appears to be frantically searching for something in your room. He seems to be very upset.

RD "Leave me alone! I'm busy right now!"

RD Rudy's not paying any attention. He's too busy looking for something else.

RD "Beat it, kid! This ain't none of your business!"

RD "Did ya hear me!! If you know what's good for you, you'll leave me alone right now!"

Rudy ignores you as he continues his seemingly futile searching.

RD "Ah, Laura! Are you still up?"

RD "It's getting so quiet around here; everybody must have gone to bed."

RD "Celie is a good cook. Hey, do you want to join me?"

Since you're not hungry, you politely decline.

RD "You know, I'd like to get to know you better. You seem like a real swell girl."

RD Well! He seems to be back to his usual, fun-loving self!

RD "I'm very attracted to you, Laura. You're so...young, sweet, and innocent. I find that very exciting!"

Oh, oh! Better watch out!

RD "Hey, what's the matter with you?! Ain't you attracted to me, likewise?!"

LB Now that you mention it...

RD "Yeah, well...I don't need no sniveling kid cramping my style, anyhow!"

RD "You still here?! Why don't you go find someone else to play with, little girl?! Yeah!...go find Lillian!"

RD "Did you hear me?! I said, SCRAM!!!"

You have definitely gotten on the wrong side of Rudy. It doesn't appear that he wants anything more to do with you.

Currently, Rudy's not saying anything.

Rudy is enjoying a cup of coffee and a piece of pie.

You're not very hungry right now.

A short time later...

RD "You're looney! There's NOTHING there!"

RD "You won't get me to fall for one of your stories this time!"

RD "Oh, no! That's terrible."

RD "Forget it. You tried that trick on me already!"

You're not fond of coffee.

### **Dr Wilbur C. Feels**

Dr. Wilbur C. Feels is a pudgy man in his mid-fifties. He seems to be a nervous type and sweats profusely. You wonder about his medical practices and if he ever samples his own wares.

You gather that he has been the Colonel's personal physician for many years.

You wouldn't want him!

WF "Henri loves that old dog more than he does most people!"

WF "I've never seen a bible around here."

WF "Looking at him now, you wouldn't believe he was a splendid animal at one time. I DO love horses, you know."

WF "Love her pecan pie!"

WF "Sometimes Clarence gets a bum rap. He's not as bad as some would have you think."

WF "I don't know Gertrude well, but I know Clarence doesn't like her."

WF "Clarence is sure smitten with HER, all right!"

WF "Henri's got more life in him than you might think... yessirree!"

WF "Can't blame the man. Nossirree!"

WF "Ethel and Henri were never close. As a consequence, I never saw much of her."

WF "Ah, Fifi! Wonderful girl, wonderful girl!"

WF "I'm not well acquainted with Gertrude. I know her daughter, though."

WF "Gloria's a beautiful girl...a desirable girl. She was a patient of mine once, though I haven't seen her for quite some time."

WF "I don't think much about Jeeves."

WF "I haven't seen Lillian for quite some time. I remember her visiting here as a child. I understand she had some problems a while back."

WF "I don't know much about Lillian. Why don't you ask her?"

LB "Yes. Maybe I should."

WF "I understand that Ethel's had quite a time with that girl. Much of it was her own fault, though."

WF "Rudy has no more morals than a rat! He has no right to pick on me!"

WF "Gloria shouldn't listen to her brother so much!"

WF "I would think that Rudy would be attracted to Fifi. Any man would!"

WF "That's not something I'm familiar with."

WF "You stay out of my bag, young lady!"

WF "I've always found the parrot interesting."

WF "Hmmmm. Well, come to think of it...Ethel uses hankies quite a bit."

WF "That name sounds familiar. Could she have been a patient of mine?"

WF "Really, Laura! Perhaps you need a sedative!"

WF "I come out here often to visit Henri. I didn't like it at first...but the place can grow on you."

WF "Crouton? Crouton? No. Doesn't ring a bell."

WF "Don't you worry yourself about that old dog!"

WF "An old bible doesn't interest me."

WF "I'm sure the horse is fine."

WF "Celie's the best cook in this here county!"

WF "It seems like Clarence is always in some scrap or another."

WF "Don't you worry about them. They'll work it out all right."

WF "You shouldn't interfere with them. That could get you into trouble."

WF "You couldn't tell me anything about Henri I don't already know!"

WF "Oh, that's nothing! That's just a little fun, is all!"

WF "I don't pay much attention to her."

WF "You know what they say...girls just want to have fun!"

WF "I've heard she's a tough old bird."

WF "I wish Gloria would see what she's doing with her life and come to her senses."

WF "Sometimes I wonder about him. He's a bit too secretive for me."

WF "Lillian's an enigma to me. I don't understand her."

WF "I'm sure everything's all right between them."

WF "Don't worry about those two. My advice is to leave them alone right now."

WF "I don't care to hear about that rapscaillon!"

WF "Are they stirring up trouble again?!"

WF "I wouldn't know about that!"

WF "Rudy is a scoundrel, all right, but I can't blame him his attractions!"

WF "It sounds interesting, but I don't know what it is."

WF "Don't mess around with my bag!"

WF "Ask Polly if he wants a cracker."

WF "It may be Ethel's. Ask her about it."

WF "She sounds like an interesting girl! Bring her by my office sometime."

WF "Are you feeling a little under the weather, dear? Let me help you calm down."

WF "I agree it's a dreary place. Funny, though, after awhile you come to welcome its solitude."

WF "You say the Croutons are buried in the cemetery? Sounds interesting. Perhaps I should visit there sometime."  
WF "I can't help you with that valve handle."  
WF "It doesn't look familiar to me. Ask Ethel about it."  
WF "I wouldn't know what to do with a valve handle!"  
WF "I don't want the hanky, Laura."  
Now, now! There's no need for that!  
He turns you off.  
He doesn't appeal to you.

He's not talking.

WF "Ah, so you're Lillian's friend...Laura, is it? You look very nice, Laura; very nice, indeed."  
Dirty old man!

WF "Ah, my dear. Come a little closer; I don't hear well."  
Not on your life!

WF "You're very pretty, my dear. Now, don't be afraid."  
Afraid, you're not. Leery, yes.

Giving up on you, Wilbur goes back to his reading.

Wilbur's reading his magazine.

Wilbur's reading it right now!

You look over Wilbur's shoulder at the magazine and see pictures of racehorses.

Wilbur is reading a magazine, but you're not close enough to see it.

GS "I want to warn you, Wilbur! Don't you dare go spilling the beans on me!"

WF "I wouldn't do a thing like that, sweetie pie."

GS "My little medical problem was my own business and nobody ELSE'S! See to it you keep quiet!"

WF "Sure thing. Whatever you say."

GS "Fine!"

Wilbur seems to be very interested in that magazine!

WF "Sometimes I think Henri thinks of that old dog as his only family."

WF "I don't know of a bible."

WF "I have a special fondness for horses, especially race horses."

WF "I think Celie is the best cook in the whole south!"

WF "Clarence can be a bit gruff at times, and he sometimes gets himself into situations, but he's really not a bad fella."

WF "I do know that Clarence doesn't like her at all."

WF "We probably shouldn't talk about them."

WF "Just between you and me, as Henri's physician, I can tell you that he's not as sick as he lets on. I think we'll see him around for many more years yet."

WF "If I had the chance, I'd go for her too!"

WF "I don't know Ethel very well. She doesn't come around too often. I've seen her daughter here on occasion, though."

WF "She IS an attractive girl, don't you think?"

LB "I-I guess so."

WF "I don't know much about Gertrude."

WF "I did help her with a little problem once, but I shouldn't talk about that."

WF "I don't pay much attention to the butler."

WF "I've seen Lillian here occasionally over the years. I get the feeling she doesn't like me, though. She does seem to be very protective of her Uncle Henri."

WF "I think I have heard that Lillian and Celie are close."

WF "I don't know either of them well, but I do know that Henri's had quite a time with them

both."

WF "I don't know what I did to cause it, but for some reason, Rudy has it out for me."

WF "Personally, I think Gloria's too tied to her brother and her mother."

WF "I may not approve of Rudy, but I can't blame the man!"

WF "I've never seen one of those around here."

WF "Don't mess with my bag, Laura!"

WF "I've always found the parrot interesting."

WF "Hm. Well, come to think of it...Ethel uses hankies quite a bit."

WF "That name doesn't sound familiar to me. Why don't you introduce her to me later?"

WF "Ghosts! Really, dear! Come by later...I'll give you something to calm your nerves."

WF "This old place isn't so bad. You get used to it after awhile."

WF "I don't know any 'Croutons.' I wonder if they could have visited my office?"

WF "The dog is fine. Don't worry about him."

WF "Perhaps you ought to tell Henri about it."

WF "I DO know that Blaze is a bit mean-tempered, a bit like Henri, eh?"

WF "Just let her get her work done, Laura."

WF "I just wish Clarence could solve some of his problems."

WF "Just let them work it out for themselves, Laura."

WF "Clarence is real touchy about Gloria. Why don't you leave them alone."

WF "I think I know Henri better than just about anyone. You would be better off leaving him alone."

WF "Henri knows what he's doing, all right! Don't you worry about him."

WF "She always seems soused to me."

WF "Fifi's just a fun-loving, spirited girl!"

WF "I'm really not interested in what Gertrude's doing."

WF "Poor Gloria. She has more problems than she lets on. If she'd only listen to me."

WF "He IS rather strange, don't you think?"

WF "Well, now that you mention it."

WF "Perhaps you should go find her."

WF "I don't pay much attention to either of them."

WF "They may work things out yet. Let's just give it time."

WF "That young whippersnapper is more trouble than he's worth!"

WF "Well, she IS a lovely girl!"

WF "I DO think they have a devious side to them."

WF "Well, I wouldn't know what to do with it!"

WF "It had better stay in my room!"

WF "Ask Polly if it wants a cracker."

WF "It may be Ethel's. Ask her about it."

WF "She sounds wonderful! I'm always interested in meeting new girls, 'er, people."

WF "You're overwrought, dear! Now, just calm down."

WF "Now don't worry your pretty little head about this old place. Before you know it, you'll be back in New Orleans."

WF "The Croutons sound like interesting people. I should meet them sometime!"

WF "I can't help you with that."

WF "It doesn't look familiar to me. Ask Ethel about it."

WF "I don't want a valve handle!"

WF "Come on. Let's go to the dining room."

WF "Come now! You tricked me once, you'll not do it again!"

Wilbur must not have heard you. Move closer and try again.

WF "I'm really not interested in what Gertie's doing."

Wilbur and Clarence seem to just want to get away from you.

Wilbur seems to be very interested in that magazine!

WF "Oh, no! I'd better go check on that!"

A short time later...

WF "You're crazy, girl! Gertie's not there!"

### **Act 1 Which Is Delightfully Corpseless**

LP "Hi, Laura. I'm feeling better now. That ride through the bayou had me plumb frazzled. If you need to freshen up, too, I'll be done in just a bit."

Your friend is freshening up in the bathroom.

Lillian seems intent upon tidying up. She's not listening to you.

Please! Lillian doesn't want to watch you!

EP "Gertie isn't deserving of any of Henri's money! Why, she's not even a blood relative!"

LP "What are you going to DO about it, Mother?"

EP "Well, I can certainly talk to Henri about her and those two brats of hers!"

LP "You never change, do you, Mother?"

EP "Never mind, Lillian. You and I will never agree on anything!"

As usual, Lillian and Ethel are having a disagreement.

The doctor is alone reading a magazine.

CS "I've offered her a fair deal many times for her property along the river, but the old biddy won't sell! Soon she's gonna force me into taking some sort of action!"

GD "What could you possibly want with that swampy land, anyway? It's no good for anybody."

CS "Little do you know, Gertie, my dear. Let's just say that I happen to know it's worth a great deal, and I have several rich potential investors who would back me up on any plan to exploit, 'er, develop it."

GD "Well, tell me!"

CS "I've said too much already. You'll probably go and blab everything to Ethel."

GD "Of all the nerve! Well, if I were Ethel, I wouldn't sell you any land, either! You're no better than a low-down snake-in-the-grass! I don't know what my daughter sees in you!"

CS "My affair with Gloria is none of your business. Besides, she doesn't care what you think."

GD "You're trying to exploit my daughter just like you try to exploit everyone else! Well, I've got the goods on you, Mister! I KNOW about your little racehorse scam. If you don't watch your P's and Q's I'm gonna tell him all about it!"

CS "Try it, Lady!!"

GD "I've had enough of this!"

It's only Clarence sitting alone at the bar.

That's a big cigar!

Clarence is drinking cognac at the bar.

You've interrupted them.

He wouldn't give it to you!

You don't care for liquor...remember?

CS "...that old biddy! She's half-sloshed most of the time and..."

"Here she is again..."

"As I was saying...ahem."

"I agree she tipples a bit, but..."

"...and I'd love to get my hands on...Oh, oh."

"We have company!"

"Interruptions! Interruptions!"

GD "You're not being fair, Clarence!"

"And about that other little matter. Your darling..."

"I know, but...ahem."

"We're not alone."

"Shhh. Here's that young friend of Lillian's."

"Yes, it certainly is a lovely evening!"

"Shhhh!"

"Never mind!"

Clarence seems to be having a "heated" discussion with Gertie.

Which person are you referring to?

You can only talk to one person at a time.

GD "Why, I'm just having a little discussion with him!"

GD "Please leave us be, Laura."

GD "We were having a private discussion here."

GD "It would be best if you left, Laura."

GD "Please go, Laura!"

It looks like Gertie and Clarence are "having words."

CS "This IS a private conversation, young lady. Do you mind?"

CS "Did you understand me? Leave us alone!"

CS "Stop pestering me, young woman!--Laura--or whatever your name is!"

CS "Bug off!!

CS "What about Gertie? She's right here!"

RD "What a skinflint Uncle Henri is. Man, what I could do with his dough!"

GS "How rich is he, dahling?"

RD "Don't know for sure. At least a couple mil."

GS "If he's so rich, why doesn't he keep this place up better? It's such a dump."

RD "The old miser wouldn't part with a penny if he could help it. I wonder if Fifi's getting any of his money, though."

GS "I bet she's trying to, anyway. Why, she practically has him wound around her little finger. Dahling, it's disgusting!"

RD "Speaking of disgusting, what are you going to do about Clarence?"

GS "Oh, HIM. I've decided to break up with Clarence. I have a new beau, a director, no less. He's such a doll!"

RD "Clarence isn't going to like it when you break it off. I don't trust him at all, the snake!"

GS "Oh, dahling, that reminds me! Remember that little medical problem I had? I don't trust Wilbur to keep it quiet. It could ruin my career if it got out! I've got to talk to him."

RD "You do that, my dear sister. As for me, I'm going to retire to my room for awhile. Kiss, kiss."

It's just Gloria listening to the Victrola.

Gloria is alone in the billiard room.

There is nothing of interest in the billiard room.

Rudy is having a drink in his room.

It appears that Gloria has acquired a bad habit.

That's a beautiful feather boa Gloria is wearing.

You're bothering them.

You don't want it!

It's not yours to take!

"Uncle Henri's a strange old coot, he..."

"Also, this place is so creepy, I...well, here she is again."

RD "You know the situation as well as I do, Gloria. You'll just have to...oh, oh."

GS "We keep getting interrupted, dahling."

"Isn't there such a thing as privacy anymore?"

"I agree with you, he just doesn't..."

"This is getting very tedious."

RD "Quiet. We're not alone anymore."

GS "Ahem...interrupted again."

RD "I know what you mean, toots."

GS "Some people are so rude, don't you think, dahling?"

RD "My sister and I are talking; do you mind?"

RD "Hurry up and get on with it!"

Rudy looks at you impatiently.

RD "Gloria's right here!"

It seems like Gloria and Rudy are having a private discussion.

GS "Please make it brief, dahling."

GS "Listen, dahling, don't you have anything better to do?"

Gloria tries to ignore you.

GS "If you wish to talk with Rudy, then do so!"

FI "Oh, mon ami, I find it difficult to refuse you. I am so attracted to you."

HD "Well, I WAS quite a blade in my younger days!"

FI "Oh la la, I can tell, Henri, I can tell!"

HD "Ah, Fifi, my dear. I DO appreciate you, but you'd better leave now before we're noticed."

FI "If you say so, Henri. Au revoir, mon cheri."

You see the Colonel sitting in his room.

The Colonel smokes a small, nasty-smelling cigar.

Currently, neither Fifi, nor the Colonel, are talking.

It belongs to the Colonel!

HD "What are you doing in my room, young lady?!"

HD "You have no right to be in here!"

HD "Quit looking at my things! Get out of here!"

HD "Don't young people respect people's privacy anymore! Go on...scat!"

The Colonel, ignoring you, sits sullenly in his wheelchair.

FI "Pardon, Henri! I got zee lipstick on you!"

he Colonel wouldn't like that.

Colonel Dijon warily watches you from his wheelchair.

Which person are you referring to?





Or...was it an accident?!

You quickly examine Gertie's body and see that she died of a broken neck. You can see no clues as to what might have happened.

EP "YOU know how they all feel 'bout me, don'cha, Polly?"

PO "AWWK!"

EP "Welllll, I don' care what they think! 'Specially, Gertie and shat connivin' daughter o' hers!"

EP "I shink I'll have 'nother drink...okay, Polly?"

PO "Have a drink...AWWK!"

Ethel is still drinking at the bar.

EP "Shere's to ya!"

CE "Now, now, chile. It ain't no use gettin' yourself upset. Things have a way o' workin' themselves out."

LP "You know how they all are!"

LP "Hi, Laura. Having fun?"

CE "Mebbe your friend's hungry. She keep comin' in here."

LP "You always understand me, you know, Celie?"

LP "Teach me that chant again, Celie."

LP "What'cha up to, Laura?"

CE "Don't make no fuss 'bout that, darlin'!"

CE "That ain't so bad, honey chile."

CE "There's your friend...Missy Laura."

LP "I know, Celie...but, it just doesn't seem right!"

CE "It'll be fine, Missy Lillian! You see."

CE "I know, darlin'. You be all right."

CE "Later, chile."

LP "But, Celie...Oh, Laura."

CE "Yes, it is!"

LP "Oh...hi, Laura."

CE "How's your momma doin' these days, chile?"

LP "You make the best bread, Celie. I just love it!"

LP "How's your son doing, Celie?"

LP "Celie, could you make me up a new gris-gris for..."

CE "Beauregard doesn't seem to have much energy anymore. All he does is lie around."

LP "Oh...you know Mother, Celie."

CE "Well, it'll be pipin' hot tomorrow mornin'!"

CE "I'm so proud o' him, Missy Lillian! He's graduatin' from college, you know!"

CE "Hush on that, chile! Not now!"

CE "Why, he's 'most fifteen years ol', Missy Lillian. What do you 'spect?"

LP "That can't be true, Laura, I'll go see!"

A short time later...

CE "Oh, you're just imagining things, Laura!"

Celie won't let you.

Looks like Celie is rolling out bread.

Lillian and Celie seem to be having a discussion while Celie is making tomorrow's bread on the kitchen table.

CE "I'm busy. Go on wid you now!"  
CE "Me and Missy Lillian got some talkin' to do. Don't be botherin' us."  
Maybe Celie doesn't trust you? Anyway, she now refuses to answer you.  
CE "It ain't good manners to talk 'bout someone right in front o' them!"  
You shouldn't be such a snoop, Laura!  
Celie is rolling out tomorrow's bread on the kitchen table.  
Wait 'til tomorrow.  
LP "My necklace! I wuz wunderin' where it got to! "Well, Missy Laura, thank you!"  
Which person are you referring to?  
You can only talk to one person at a time.  
LP "Like I said before, Laura, there's nothing there!"  
LP "What'cha want, Laura?"  
LP "Finding everything okay?"  
LP "Do you mind, Laura? I'd like to talk to Celie."  
LP "I haven't seen Celie in a long time. Can you leave us alone, Laura?!"  
Your friend seems more intent upon talking with Celie than with you. Perhaps, you should leave.  
LP "If Celie wants you to know she can tell you herself."

CS "You seem distant, babe. What's the matter?"  
GS "Well, dahling...this is very difficult."  
CS "What's difficult?!"  
GS "You and I...I want to end it."  
CS "Are you joking or something? That's ridiculous!"  
GS "No, dahling. I'm not joking. I have a new beau...he's a director."  
CS "Yeah, well...I have to think about this!"  
GS "See you around...sweetheart!"  
It's just Gloria listening to the Victrola.

Currently, Gloria and Clarence are playing a game of billiards.  
It appears that Clarence and Gloria are in the middle of a game of billiards.  
They're not saying anything of interest.  
CS "Laura, will you please step aside?!"  
CS "Everything all right, Gloria?"  
CS "I wish we had the other cue ball."  
CS "By the way, Gloria, where's Rudy?"  
GS "Not playing your best game, are you, dahling?"  
CS "Nice evening, huh, Gloria."  
GS "I suppose, dahling...let's just get on with this game."  
GS "Oh quit complaining. We're lucky we even have cues."  
GS "Oh, he probably went to his room; he said he was tired."  
CS "I've got a lot on my mind, that's all."  
GS "Not really, dahling."  
CS "Darn! Missed again."  
GS "If you keep playing like this, dahling. I'm going to win!"  
GS "Mother??? Oh, no! It can't be!"  
GS "You're very mean! There's NOTHING there!"  
GS "Please leave us alone, dahling."  
Which person are you referring to?  
You can only talk to one person at a time.  
CS "Beat it, kid!"

Clarence pointedly refuses to acknowledge you. You must have annoyed him at some time.

Wilbur and Clarence seem to just want to get away from you.

"No privacy here, either."

WF "It's just not right! We've got to tell him about it!"

CS "No! It'll work out, Wilbur. I've got some plans."

WF "How are you going to replace that hundred grand we took from Henri? Where would YOU get that kind of money?!"

CS "I know people. I can do it...trust me."

WF "Why were we so stupid as to buy into a racehorse, anyway?! And to use Henri's money! We should've known better!"

CS "It would've worked out, Wilbur. It wasn't our fault that &#\$@\*% horse broke his leg!"

WF "All I can say, Clarence, is you'd better do something fast...because if you don't, I'm 'fessing up."

CS "I'll handle it, Wilbur! Just don't be stupid and say something!"

CS "I've gotta go...remember, don't say nothin'!"

What was that?!

CS "I'm warning you, Wilbur! If you say anything to...!"

WF "I don't know, Clarence. I don't feel..."

"You don't understand. It's not like that at all...!"

"Well,...Laura!"

"I can't stand interruptions!"

"She's back again."

"Young woman! Will you please leave us alone!"

"Oh, Laura! Hello!"

"Shhhh."

"Quit blowing smoke in my face."

A short time later...

"You're looney! There's NOTHING there!"

That's a big cigar!

It belongs to the Clarence!

Clarence and Wilbur seem to be having a private discussion.

"It would be best if you would leave, young lady!"

"Why do you insist on being such a pest!"

"This IS a private discussion!"

Angrily, Clarence ignores you.

"Talk to him yourself!"

You're bothering them.

"I won't let you fool me again! Once was enough!"

"No! You can't be serious!"

Which person are you referring to?

You can only talk to one person at a time.

WF "Hey, Laura. How's tricks?"

WF "You really ought to leave now, Laura. Clarence and I are talking privately."

WF "Clarence is getting hot under the collar. You really should leave."

WF "Go on out, Laura."

### **Act III: Wilbur's Untimely Demise**

It appears as if Wilbur was fatally hit on the head with a blunt instrument.

He's already dead!

Yuck!!

Ugh!!

That would be difficult to do. Perhaps you should get some help.

He's beyond help now.

Wilbur is dead.

Oh, no!! What's happened to Wilbur! Someone must have hit him over the head and killed him!

Nervously, you look behind you...but, there's no one there.

With trembling hands, you search Wilbur's body and confirm your suspicions that he died by a tremendous blow to the head.

What's this?! Why, it's Wilbur's monocle! Thinking it might come in handy, you take it with you.

A fireplace poker has been dropped on the library floor.

Something looks wrong here! A chair has been knocked over, and there are signs of a struggle on the floor!

You see some small pink feathers scattered upon the floor.

A chair has been knocked askew.

As you retrieve the fireplace poker your eyes happen to fall upon some small pink feathers scattered upon the floor.

Don't worry about it; Jeeves will get it.

You see no sense in carrying around a bunch of feathers.

You wonder how the small pink feathers got on the floor. They look like they may have come from a pillow...or...a feather boa!

FI "Stop!! Stop eet! Leave me alone!!"

FI "Get out of my room NOW!!"

RD "You'll regret that, you little vixen!"

Fifi looks tired. She's resting in her bed.

Fifi is quietly sitting on her couch reading a book.

FI "Zzzzzzzzzzzz."

FI "Please, Mademoiselle. Let me restzzzzzzz."

FI "Mademoiselle, S'il vous plait...please! I want to read my book!"

FI "Excusez-moi for saying, Mademoiselle, but why do you come een here?"

FI "Zis eez my break, Mademoiselle! Let me rest!"

Obviously uncomfortable, Fifi tries to ignore you and read her book.

You can't get her!

There's no need for THAT sort of thing!

You don't feel like kissing her.

You don't feel like hugging her.

CS "Who is this so-called "director" that Gloria's seeing now?! Why, I oughta punch his lights out for getting between me and my gal!"

RD "Gloria was never "your gal." Just because she went out with you a couple of times, you thought you owned her!"

RD " Well, I got news for you, buddy!...my sister doesn't need to settle for the likes of you! As a matter of fact, you were nothing but a mere dalliance for her!"

CS "Dalliance! HAH! Why, YOU'RE the one who can't make a commitment to anyone! You're

just trying to sink Gloria down to your lousy level!"

RD "You ain't good enough to kiss the ground she walks on! You're nothing but a low-class jerk!"

CS "Quit buttin' in between me and Gloria! This is none of YOUR business! I'll handle it the way I want and I WON'T be asking YOUR permission!"

RD "I'm warning you, Jack!! If I see you near my sister again, I'll cut you up in little pieces and feed them to the dog! GOT IT?!!"

RD "I'm warning you, Clarence! If you...!"

"Gloria will regret the day she...!"

"I can't take these constant intrusions!"

"This conversation isn't for you, toots."

"My sister should have known better than to...!"

"This girl is getting on my nerves!"

"If I can't convince her then..."

"This ain't for you, kid!"

"Shut up! This is just between you and me!"

"Young lady! Will you please leave?!!"

RD "Listen, sweetie! You have no business buttin' in here!"

RD "You have a real way with the dames, don't you, Clarence?!"

RD "Oh, no! Not again!"

A short time later...

RD "You're looney! There's NOTHING there!"

RD "You must really think I'm stupid if you expect me to believe you again!"

RD "Mother? Dead? She can't be!"

Rudy and Clarence seem to be having a very heated discussion about something!

Rudy shoots an angry look at you. It's obvious that he's in no mood to gab!

You can only talk to one person at a time.

"I don't feel like talkin' to you right now!"

"This isn't the time or the place!"

"Don't you get the message?! This conversation ain't for you!"

"Scram, will ya?!"

This conversation isn't for you!

Rudy seems to be occupied by other matters. He barely glances at it.

Clarence sullenly looks your way. It doesn't appear that he wants anything to do with you!

"Get out of here, young lady! NOW!!"

"You're not a part of this discussion!"

"Bug off!!"

Clarence is not at all interested in it at the moment.

You think it's bourbon.

He wouldn't like that!

He wouldn't give it to you!

Clarence's cigar sits in the ashtray.

You don't like liquor...remember?

#### **Act IV: Gloria Buys It**

The boa is tightly knotted around Gloria's neck!

The boa is too tightly knotted around Gloria's neck!

She's already dead!

Yuck!!

Ugh!!

Gloria's rather heavy for you. Why don't you find some help?

It appears that Gloria was strangled with her own feather boa!

Nervously, you examine Gloria's body and confirm that she was indeed viciously strangled with her feather boa.

You can do nothing for her now.

Gloria is dead.

What's this?! Gloria is lying very still upon the gazebo floor. On closer inspection, it's clear that someone has strangled Gloria with her own feather boa!

She's already dead!

Ugh!!

Yuck!!

You can't do that unless you get some help!

It appears that Gloria was strangled with her own feather boa!

You can do nothing for her now.

The feathers are a bit soggy.

Gadzooks! Entangled in the rope is Gloria's lifeless body, her feather boa tightly knotted around her neck!

The bucket is hidden from view by Gloria's dripping form.

Gloria's body blocks any view into the depths of the well.

Things look suspicious here! You can see pieces of a broken record on the floor by the Victrola and a small pile of pink feathers near it.

There is small pile of pink feathers on the floor along with some mud spots.

There are pieces of a broken record, a small pile of pink feathers, and some mud spots on the floor.

You don't see any mud here.

As you bend down to retrieve the largest piece of the broken record, you notice some spots of mud on the rug.

You notice Jeeves carpet-sweeping the rug.

JE "It's not my business to gossip with the house guests."

JE "I mind my own business. So should you."

It appears that Jeeves is trying hard to ignore you.

JE "I only do what I'm told and keep my mouth shut."

JE "Let me do my work, Miss Bow!"

Jeeves refuses to submit to your persistent chatter.

JE "I never pay attention to anything but my duties."

It doesn't appear that Jeeves is interested in it.

Obviously, he doesn't want it.

Jeeves must not care about it.

Jeeves shows no interest in it.

Jeeves doesn't even acknowledge it.

JE "I'm busy, Miss Bow. No time for conversation."

JE "It's not up to me to entertain you with idle chitchat."

JE "For the last time, Miss Bow, permit me to finish my work."

Jeeves completely ignores you.

Jeeves is not a big talker.

A broken record lies on the floor.

The small pile of pink feathers looks terribly suspicious! Could they have come from Gloria's feather boa?!!

You see no sense in carrying around a bunch of feathers.

There is no reason for you to carry around mud.  
The muddy spot looks like a partial footprint.

"Get out of my sight, JERK!!"  
"NO! YOU get out of MY sight!!"  
"WHY, YOU...!!"  
"You little PIPSQUEAK...!!"  
"Don't mess with me, BUD!! Just stay out of my way!!"

CS "You ain't heard the last of me, RUDY! I'll get you for this!!"

JE "You drive me wild, my little crepe suzette!"  
FI "Oh la la, mon amour! You do zee same for me!"  
JE "When do you want to meet, my love?"  
FI "Soon, bon ami. I will see you later een my room."  
FI "But first, I must go up and make myself pretty for you."  
JE "You couldn't be any prettier, cupcake."  
FI "(Giggle) You flatter me too much! Au revoir...until later!"  
It looks like Jeeves is continuing his chores.

### **Act V: Ethel's Death**

You see poor Ethel lying in the boat.

You see a large groove across her skull.  
She's already dead!  
You didn't want to do that when she was alive!  
That's touching, Laura...but kind of strange!  
Ethel's pretty heavy; you might hurt yourself.  
You've already done that!  
You fearfully search Ethel's body and find that she was indeed killed by a terrible hit on the head.  
It looks like Ethel was hit fatally on the head with a heavy, blunt instrument.  
It's now too late.  
Ethel is dead.  
This is dreadful!! Poor Ethel has been hit over the head and killed! Something terrible is going on  
around here and you suddenly feel a cold fear spreading ominously throughout your body!

It's only Clarence sitting alone at the bar.  
You see Rudy having dessert and coffee in the dining room.  
Fifi is dusting the parlor.

LP "Why are you treating me this way, Uncle Henri? Don't you care how I feel? Don't I matter  
to you anymore?"  
HD "You matter to me the same way everyone else does. No more...and no less."  
LP "But I don't understand it! I thought I was special! I thought you cared for me more than for  
Gloria, or Rudy...or any of the others!"

HD "You're right; YOU thought that. You were wrong."  
LP "What about when I used to come and visit you? You were like a father to me! How can you be like this now?!"  
HD "I'm afraid you misunderstood a lot of things, Lillian. I was just trying to help my sister...that's all. To me you were just her insecure, whiny kid."  
LP "I won't hear any more of this!! You're lying to me, Uncle Henri! Somebody's behind this, I just know it! And I intend to find out who it is!!"  
LP "Au revoir...Uncle Henri!"  
You see the Colonel sitting in his room.  
HMMMMM...there's no one in the Colonel's room.

This seems to be a private conversation.

He's not saying anything.

Colonel Dijon has shut his mouth and refuses to talk to you.

HD "I have told you I don't wanna talk to you!"

He's not paying any attention to it.

He's not interested in looking at it.

LP "But, Uncle Henri, I don't understand how you could...!"

LP "This has nothing to do with you, Laura!"

HD "Your friend doesn't seem to know the meaning of "private," does she, Lillian?"

HD "I'm sorry you feel that way, Lillian, but..."

LP "It's not right, Uncle Henri! You know how...!"

HD "Young lady, do you mind?!"

LP "But, Uncle Henri...!"

HD "Lillian! It's not up to you to...!"

HD "Can't you tell your friend to butt out?!"

LP "You don't understand how I feel, Uncle Henri!"

LP "Please leave, Laura! This is between me and my uncle!"

LP "Laura! What are YOU doing in here?!"

"AHEM!"

"Here she is again!"

LP "Laura! I want to talk to my uncle...alone!"

HD "Oh, no! Not HER again!"

HD "Quiet, Lillian!"

HD The Colonel and Lillian seem to be having a personal discussion. You feel as if you may be interrupting something.

HD Which person are you referring to?

HD You can only talk to one person at a time.

HD "This conversation ain't for you, young woman!"

HD "Will it do any good to ask you to leave my room?!"

HD "This is my private room, young lady!"

HD "Can't you get it through your thick skull?! I have nothin' to say to you!"

The Colonel now eyes you coldly, and doesn't respond.

The Colonel smokes a small, nasty-smelling cigar.

It belongs to the Colonel!

Colonel Dijon tries to ignore you as you again invade the privacy of his room.

LP "I'll meet with you later, Laura. Okay?"

LP "Can't you see I'm talking to Uncle Henri?!"

LP "You don't understand, Laura. This is a PRIVATE conversation!"

LP "I'm beginning to wonder why I invited you in the first place!"

LP "Butt out, Laura!"



FI "Pleeze, Mademoiselle! Shut zee door!"

### **Act VI: Fifi and Jeeves Buy It**

Fifi and Jeeves are lying DEAD on the floor with their spilled drinks.

OH! This is terrible!! Fifi and Jeeves are sitting together on the sofa...DEAD!

It's not readily apparent how Jeeves and Fifi died as there are no wound marks on their bodies.

It would be terribly hard for you to move Jeeves or Fifi. Leave them there for now.

They're already dead!

It appears that Fifi and Jeeves were drinking cognac when they died.

You shouldn't touch them!

Yuck!!

That won't do any good, Laura!

She's beyond help now!

Fifi is dead.

What an awful thought!!

Don't be strange, Laura!

You can't help him now!

Jeeves is dead.

What is happening around here!! You have discovered poor Fifi and Jeeves lying dead on the floor with their spilled drinks nearby. You don't like the looks of this at all!

You thoroughly examine Jeeves and Fifi's body but cannot see how they might have died. You are very puzzled.

Lillian is writing in a book which she apparently keeps locked in her suitcase.

Lillian is apparently resting on her bed.

LP "Well, there you are again, Laura!"

LP "You're not following me, are you?"

LP "I'd like to rest, Laura. Could you please leave for awhile?"

LP "Please, Laura? I just want to be left alone right now."

You can sense that Lillian is not in the mood to talk right now. It would probably be better to leave.

She's not talking.

LP "I'm tired, Laura. I don't want to do anything right now."

You see Lillian sitting up in bed.

LP "Oh! H-hi, Laura."

2 Lillian looks clearly agitated as she sits on the bed by her suitcase.

3 "Not now. I have to do something first."

Lillian looks irritated as you continue to pester her. She doesn't answer.

Lillian gets a disgusted look on her face as you try to talk to her. She clearly doesn't care right now.

It's obvious that Lillian doesn't want it.

She shows no interest in it at all.

LP "I know we're sharing a room, Laura, but I would like to be alone for a little while. I need to do something...privately."

LP "I realize it's getting late, Laura, but I only need the room alone for a little while. I promise I'll hurry!"

LP "Are you listening to me, Laura?! Please go out of the room for a few minutes!"

LP "This isn't fair, Laura! I invite you, as a friend, to my uncle's estate, and this is the thanks I get! You don't listen to me...and you don't even care what I want! You know, you're no different from everybody else!"

LP "I want nothing more to do with you, Laura! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!!"  
Lillian sits on the bed in angry silence and you can tell that she is furious at you. You wonder what you did to bring on her anger.

A modern bathroom has been installed in this old house.  
You notice some very small writing at the bottom of the label on the empty sleeping powder bottle.  
You can't quite read it, though.  
The sleeping powder bottle is empty.  
A small, empty bottle has been thrown into the wastebasket.  
Currently, it is empty.  
You read the small print of the sleeping powder bottle through the monocle. It says "Can be fatal if taken in too large a dose." Oh, oh!  
After retrieving the small bottle from the wastebasket you read its label.  
It says, "Dr. Milliken's Miracle-Sleep Powder... with Dr. Milliken's, you can be sure your dreams will be 'sweet' tonight!"  
Upon further inspection of the label you notice some very small print at the bottom. Though you try to read the small print, you can't quite make it out.  
Giving up, you put the bottle back in the wastebasket.

Clarence looks despondent as he sits hunched over the desk writing something in his notebook.  
Clarence's notebook is on the desk.  
Clarence is bent over the notebook and you can't read it.  
It just looks like an ordinary notebook.  
CS "I'm busy! I don't want to talk right now!"  
Clarence refuses to answer you as he writes at his desk.  
Clarence looks deep in thought and doesn't seem to hear you.  
Clarence doesn't even notice it.  
Clarence isn't interested.  
CS "Please, Laura. I'm not in a mood to talk right now."  
CS "I have other things on my mind. Leave me alone."  
CS "Please! Can't you see I'm trying to write?!"  
Clarence isn't listening to you anymore. He's too involved in his writing.  
He's not talking, he's writing.  
You wouldn't want him!!  
It's Clarence's notebook! You can't take it!

Clarence is writing at his desk.  
Clarence is writing in his notebook at the small desk.

Beauregard isn't interested in the bone right now.  
The dog doesn't seem to be hungry.  
Beauregard barely looks at it.  
That wouldn't work. Beauregard's not interested in the bone right now.  
Beauregard has joined Rudy as he sits on the steps outside Colonel Dijon's study.  
Beauregard's with Rudy right now!

Rudy is already petting the dog.

RD Rudy sits sullenly on the steps outside the Colonel's study with old Beauregard accompanying him.

RD "I don't wanna talk about nothin' right now. I got some thinkin' to do."

You're getting on Rudy's nerves, Laura. You should probably go.

RD "I ain't interested!"

Rudy doesn't care.

It's obvious that Rudy isn't interested in it.

Rudy doesn't even acknowledge it.

He's not talking to you.

RD "Ah, it's you again, is it? You should be up sleepin' like everybody else."

RD "I got a lot on my mind right now. I ain't in the mood to gab."

RD "I said I don't wanna talk to you right now! Got it?!"

RD "Did you hear me?! Bug off!!"

Angrily, Rudy refuses to answer you anymore. It might be best to leave him alone right now.

### **Act VII: Finding Clarence, the basement, the tomb and the jewels.**

Clarence's body lies slumped across the bed.

That might be difficult with Clarence's body on it.

Clarence is lying in the bathtub... dead!

A pearl-handled dagger is stuck in Clarence's chest.

You don't need to touch that thing!

He's already dead!

That's too strange!

Yuck!!

He's awfully heavy. It would be difficult for you to do so.

Shaking terribly, you search Clarence's body and establish that he did indeed die by a stab wound to the chest.

Upon further searching you discover a pack of matches in Clarence's coat pocket. Thinking it might come in handy, you take it with you.

You've already done that!

It's readily apparent that Clarence was mortally stabbed in the chest with a sharp dagger.

He's beyond help now.

Clarence is dead.

This is horrendous!! Now it's Clarence! Someone has killed him by stabbing him in the chest with a dagger! If only there were a way to flee this terrible island...!

Uh, oh! A bad feeling comes over you as you look around this room. The small desk chair has been knocked over and you see a fresh bloodstain on the rug!

You see a fresh bloodstain on the rug near the overturned chair.

You notice that just one page has been written on, and today's date, May 27th, 1925, heads it.

Curiously, you read the rest. It says...

...I'm terribly apprehensive about what's going on here. I can't say why...just call it a bad sensation...but as the evening wears on I'm feeling more and more alone. Where's Wilbur? Where's Gertie? Where's Gloria? Could they have left without me? Is there a way to leave

the island that I'm not aware of? Still, the spine-tingling feeling won't leave, and frankly, I'm scared.

Don't worry about the chair. You have other things to worry about.  
During some sort of struggle, the desk chair has been over-turned.  
Upon the table you notice Clarence's cigar and drink.  
Clarence has left his notebook on the small writing desk.  
Only one page has been written on.  
The notebook is already open.  
You don't need to close it.  
You don't need to carry around Clarence's notebook.

This looks like an underground passage of some sort. Boy, it sure is dark down here! The sudden sound of scurrying rats causes your heart to begin beating wildly.  
What dinosaur? You don't see a dinosaur!  
What bones? You don't see any bones!  
The steep stairs lead upward to a trapdoor.  
The slime-coated rocks glisten in the lantern's glow.  
The trapdoor is already open.  
It would be better not to.  
Just do that yourself.  
It's too dark! You can't see!!  
The trapdoor leads into the hedge garden.

It appears that you've discovered an old, sealed-off portion of the basement! You notice some outdated laundry paraphernalia in the form of a laundry chute, a wash tub, and a broken-down wringer. You can barely make out a pile of... something... underneath the chute.  
LB "EEEEEEEEEEKKKK!!!" A pile of dead bodies!!  
Someone has cruelly dumped the bodies of Gertie, Wilbur, Gloria, Ethel, Fifi, Jeeves, and Clarence down the old laundry chute!!  
You already did that.  
You must turn the crank to do that.  
The crank has been inserted into the hole in the middle of the metal plate.  
You see a small, metal plate in the wall next to a bricked-up archway.  
It won't fit.  
This area of the basement has been sealed-off. You notice some out-dated laundry paraphernalia in the form of a laundry chute, a wash tub, and a broken-down wringer. Horribly, someone has dumped the bodies of Gertie, Wilbur, Gloria, Ethel, Fifi, Jeeves, and Clarence down the old chute!  
Damp stones cover the basement's floor.  
Old pipes and rafters cross the basement's ceiling.  
You notice that the old archways in each wall have been bricked up.  
There are TWO underground passages leading off in opposite directions!

An underground passage leads back the way you came.  
Puddles of water dampen the basement floor.  
None of the bricks are loose. The brick walls are solidly built.  
You don't even want to go near them!  
With some effort, you are able to insert the crank into the hole of the small metal plate. It fits perfectly!  
Try as you might, you can't make the crank budge.  
As you slowly turn the crank, a secret panel opens to another passage!  
There is a hole in the middle of the metal plate.  
A key will not fit the hole in the metal plate.  
It won't fit the hole in the metal plate.  
It can't be pried.  
The laundry chute appears to come down from the old plantation house right above you.

It's too high and too vertical. You could never climb up it.  
You've found a secret panel in the basement wall.  
These are bare earthen walls.  
One wall is completely bricked up. But the opposite wall has an open archway in it.  
It looks as if two opposite walls have been bricked up. On the left wall next to one bricked-up portion, you notice a small, metal plate.  
Old, rotted beams support this dank basement.  
There is nothing but dirt on the ground.  
In a situation like this that's all you can think of!!

You don't need these rags!  
These are just old rags.  
It's just old laundry equipment. There is nothing of importance here.

A pile of dead bodies lies at the bottom of the old laundry chute. The sight sickens you.  
Look in the corner.

Seeing the small, furry shape scurrying across the floor causes your skin to crawl!  
What a revolting thought!  
Don't worry about the rats.

You have come upon some stairs leading upward. You wonder where they might lead.  
The passage leads off into total darkness.  
Stone steps lead upward.  
Old, splintery beams support the underground passage.  
There is nothing but dirt on the ground.  
These are bare, earthen walls.  
The slime-coated rocks glisten in the lantern's glow.  
Small, beady eyes glaring from beyond the lantern's glow remind you that you are not alone!  
You hear the squeaking of rats as they scurry about in the darkness.  
This is not the place to be stumbling around in the dark.

The tomb door is barred shut.  
I wouldn't go down there without your lantern lit.  
Have respect for the dead, Laura!  
There's no reason to do that.  
The nameplate reads, "Mary Frances Crouton."  
The nameplate reads, "Ruby Crouton."

The nameplate reads, "Thomas S. Crouton."  
The nameplate reads, "Claude Crouton."  
The vault door is sealed shut. Above the door is an engraved nameplate.  
The vault is open.  
The cane isn't strong enough.  
The poker won't fit under the cover.  
You're not strong enough to do that!  
The vault door is sealed shut. You can't open it with your bare hands.  
The vault door isn't locked; it's sealed.  
The door is now unbarred.  
You grab the bar holding the door shut and carefully raise it. Now the door is free.  
The door is unbarred.  
The stairs lead down into total darkness.  
You see four vaults in the wall. Each vault has a nameplate above it.  
The stone floor is cold and hard.  
There is nothing special on the tomb ceiling.  
You can't do that! The vault door is not open!  
What a revolting sight! You want nothing to do with that old skeleton!  
You look inside the open vault, but find it empty.  
Nervously, you peek into the open vault and see...  
...a leather pouch!  
The badly deteriorated casket is riddled with worm holes.  
The windows don't open.  
That wouldn't be very nice!  
There's no need to do that.  
You best keep it lit in case a cloud passes in front of the moon.  
You insert the crowbar into the small opening between the vault door and the tomb wall. You then  
pull with all your might! With a loud CRACK, the door pops open.  
You have entered a cold, dark tomb. From moonlight shining in through a stained-glass window,  
you can make out four vaults in the wall and a stone sarcophagus on the floor. Each vault  
has a nameplate above it.

The tomb door is barred on this side.  
Trembling, you peer into the open vault.  
Ugh! There's an old, wooden casket in there!!  
Yuck! There's a skeleton in there!!  
You remove the leather pouch from the vault and take it with you.  
Those are lovely stained glass windows!  
The sarcophagus appears to be empty. All you see are a set of stairs going downward.

RD "I'm not in the mood to gab!"

RD "Get out of here!"

You see Rudy walking distractedly around the estate. He seems very agitated.

RD "Somethin's wrong; I can feel it. I don't understand what's goin' on around here. Where is everybody?!"

You try to warn him but he doesn't seem to be paying any attention to you.

RD "Go on. Leave me alone. I've got some searchin' to do."

RD "Get out of here...NOW!"

Rudy refuses to talk to you anymore. He's too preoccupied by other thoughts.

### **Act VIII: Endgame**

Celie sits in a pew before the pulpit, her head bent in fearful prayer.

Celie's not listening to you. She's visibly frightened and deep in prayer.

Celie's not paying any attention to you. She's too engrossed in her praying.

CE "What're you doin' here, girl?! Somethin' mighty turrible is happenin'! Evil spirits is all 'round us. I think we're a'goin' to die before this night is over!!"

CE "Pray, chile, pray! Mebbe the Good Lord'll show some pity on us and help us!"

Celie is deep in prayer. She pays no more attention to you.

Is that Beauregard barking?

What's this? A note has been attached to the doorknocker.

Oh, no! A sudden gust of wind blows away the note.

Why don't you read it first?

You read the note. It says, "Meet me in the hedge garden."

Beauregard doesn't look like he's in a good mood.

He doesn't seem very hungry right now.

You try to calm the dog with soft words but it doesn't do any good.

Beauregard seems agitated about something. Maybe you should investigate.-

You can tell by looking at her that Lillian died of a gunshot wound to the chest at point-blank range.

Huh...this is strange. For some reason, Lillian is dressed in an old army officer's cape, hat, gloves, and boots!

There is a bullet lying on the ground near Lillian's hand.

You notice the silver derringer lying on the ground near to Lillian's feet.

She's already dead!

You were never THAT fond of her!

Ugh!

She would be terribly heavy for you. You shouldn't try it.

You've already done that!

You can't help her now. It's too late.

Lillian is dead.

It would not be wise to unload the derringer at this time.

You don't want that old, bloodstained cape!

You have no need of a hat.

These boots are much too big for your feet!

You don't need any leather gloves.

With trembling hands, you examine Lillian's body and see the horrible gunshot wound to her chest area.

There is nothing else in the cape.

The old, bloodstained army cape looks to be at least thirty years old.

There is nothing but Lillian's head in the hat.

It looks like an old Colonel's hat.

There is nothing but Lillian's feet in the boots.

The large, muddy-soled army boots look like the old-fashioned kind of thirty years ago. You see a distinct insignia on the boot heels.

There is nothing but Lillian's hands in the gloves.

The cracked and worn leather gloves look very old. You notice dried bloodstains on them.

You notice the silver derringer lying on the ground near Lillian's feet.

Oh, no!!! Someone has shot Lillian to death in the hedge garden!! Quite afraid now, you fear greatly

for your own life!

As you stoop to pick up the derringer your eye happens to fall upon a bullet not far from Lillian's hand.

What's this?! You suddenly find a skeleton key in a pocket of the old army cape. Since it may be useful, you take it with you.

After brushing away some of the dried mud, you can plainly see an insignia of an eagle on the boot heels.

You can see an insignia of an eagle on the boot heels.

You hear scuffling upstairs.

You hear scuffling further upstairs.

Oh, no!! Colonel Dijon and Rudy are in the midst of a fierce struggle! You see a hypodermic needle between them and it's impossible to tell which of the two men is the aggressor. This is indeed a dangerous situation!

Neither of them look to be in a talking mood!

It's already loaded.

You have no bullet.

You have no gun.

That isn't going to solve anything!

Too late!

Click! Oh no! It's not loaded!

With what?

This tricky situation requires more information.

What's this!! Rudy is standing over the motionless body of Colonel Dijon. He is holding what appears to be a hypodermic needle in his hand!

RD "Hi ya, kid! I'm sorry it came to this, but there was no other choice; I had to protect myself. That old coot lured me up here and when I wasn't lookin' he tried to stick me with a hypodermic needle from Dr. Feels' bag."

RD "Whew, that was close! I want you to know that I acted strictly in self-defense! That old coot lured me up here and when I wasn't lookin' he tried to stick me with a hypodermic needle from Dr. Feels' bag."

RD "I hate to think what was in it, but it must have been awful bad...look what it did to Uncle Henri! He tried to do to me what he did to the others."

You have shot and wounded Rudy.

HD "Uh, thank you, young lady, 'er, Laura. That was some mighty fine shootin'...for a gal. I guess I owe you my life, don't I? Why, my nephew was tryin' to kill me with poison in one of Wilbur's hypodermic needles!"

HD "Ohhh, it's terrible what's been happenin' here tonight! I invite everyone here to tell 'em about my will and they end up killin' each other over it."

HD "Truthfully, I WAS keepin' my eye on everyone in the house tonight, or so I THOUGHT! I didn't see any of the murders. It wasn't until I met Rudy in my bedroom that he told me what had happened. I couldn't believe it!"

HD "He told me that my niece, Lillian, had finally gone totally berserk and out of a crazy jealousy was killing everyone that she thought had gotten between HER and ME!"

HD "She managed to just about murder everyone 'til she attacked Rudy with my derringer. Rudy managed to wrestle the gun from her and in self-defense, killed her instead!"

HD "My nephew, seeing as how everyone else was already dead, decided to finish the job by



killing me with a hypodermic needle and say I died of a heart attack induced by the terrible deeds that my niece had done!"

HD "I can't stand much more of this! Laura, please find Celie and tell her to fire one of the signal rockets that we use to summon help in emergencies."

RD "He's dead! You have shot and killed Colonel Dijon!"

RD "Thanks, kid! You saved my life! That old coot lured me up here and when I wasn't lookin' he tried to stick me with a hypodermic needle from Dr. Feels' bag."

RD "I hate to think what was in it, but without you comin' along I might be dead now...just like the others!"

RD "Did you know about the others? Well...let me tell you about it."

RD "I found out that my uncle lured us all here so's he could kill us! He NEVER had any intention of leavin' his money to any of us at all!"

RD "He only wanted to get rid of us. He's been sneakin' around here all night...and one by one he's been murdering everyone!"

RD "He had us all fooled, let me tell you! He was in a lot better shape than we all thought! Well, it's a shame about everyone else, but at least you and I are still alive."

RD "I'm sure this night's been real traumatic for you. You go on home in the mornin' and I'll stay on here a couple more days to tend to things."

RD "If you will, I'd like you to contact the authorities in New Orleans and let them know what happened here tonight."

RD "Thanks again, kid."

The next morning...

HD "I somehow knew that one day Rudy would run afoul of the law."

HD "You've been a loyal servant to me for many years, Celie. And both Beauregard and Blaze trust you."

HD "I've decided to leave all my money to you...PROVIDED you take care of my animals for the rest of their lives."

CE "Course, suh. I cain't think of nothin' else I'd rather do. Thank ya, suh."

HD "Miss Bow, I know you found an old Civil War treasure on my estate."

CE "Since you so bravely saved my life, I'll let you keep every dime of it for yourself...as a reward."

LB "Thank you, Colonel Dijon. That's very kind of you."

HD "You know, Beauregard, people are funny creatures. They're greedy, they're rude, they're selfish."

HD "That's why we live way out here, to get away from them. But we couldn't get away from them completely, could we, boy?"

HD "No, not completely. But, everything will be okay, now."

The End

The next morning...

Later that same day...

As you near the wharf at New Orleans, you consider last night's events. Was Rudy telling you the

truth...or could there be more to the story?

Oh, well. You'll probably never know. Best to forget it, and go on with your life; maybe the police will find the answers. Poor Lillian...poor everybody.

The End

### **Notebook**

Super Sleuth

Seasoned P.I.

Amateur Gumshoe

Absent Minded

Barely Conscious

Person Befriended:

Celie

Took Food Item From:

Kitchen

Celie's cabin

Jeeves' room

Took Useful Item From Body Of:

Lillian

Clarence Sparrow

Dr. Wilbur C. Feels

People Found Murdered:

Lillian

Clarence Sparrow

Dr. Wilbur C. Feels

Ethel Prune

Gertie Dijon

Gloria Swansong

Jeeves

Fifi

Found Secret Entrance/Exit In:

Dining room

Downstairs hallway

Upstairs hallway

Billiard room

Hedge Garden

Basement

Library

Parlor

Clarence's and Rudy's room

Gertie's and Gloria's room

My room

The Colonel's room

Objects Used More Than Once:

Crackers  
Crowbar  
Diary  
Oilcan  
Monocle

Took Object From Suitcase Of:

Lillian

Valuable Object Taken:

Pouch of jewels

Religious Article Discovered:

Bible

Items Requiring Close Scrutiny:

Bootprint in mud  
Sleeping powder bottle  
Handkerchief  
Rolling pin  
Fireplace poker  
Broken record  
Glass  
Cognac decanter  
Cigar butt

People With Gambling Habits:

Dr Wilbur C. Feels  
Rudy Dijon  
Clarence Sparrow

People Guilty Of Embezzlement:

Clarence Sparrow  
Dr Wilbur C. Feels

People With A Telltale Scent:

Henri  
Lillian  
Clarence  
Fifi

Person Refusing To Sell Something:

Ethel

People Romantically Involved:

Colonel Henri Dijon  
Fifi  
Jeeves  
Gloria  
Clarence

Person Wishing To End An Affair:  
Gloria

Has Embarrassing Medical History:  
Gloria

Objects Which Changed Location:  
Sleeping powder bottle  
Handkerchief  
Rolling pin  
Fireplace poker  
Broken record  
Glass  
Cognac decanter  
Cigar butt

Ultimate Location Of Most Bodies:  
Basement

People Who Struggled Physically:  
Henri  
Rudy  
Clarence  
Fifi

Person With Surprising Secret:  
Henri

People Who Used Secret Passages:  
Lillian  
Henri

One Who Murdered The Most People:  
Lillian

Time Of First Visit To The Attic:

Celie would appreciate a "gift."

Always search on or around the bodies thoroughly.

The Colonel may not be such a bad guy after all.

Each new "act" is kicked off by a specific murder!

Examine the hallways very closely.

The "tin man" is related to the "water nymph."

The monocle resembles a magnifying glass.

Visit the attic often and as early as possible.

Ask all the characters about the other characters.

Did you REALLY search the kitchen?

Have you THOROUGHLY searched the carriage house?

There's more to the chapel than meets the eye!

Consider it a noteworthy event whenever you see a character change clothes, apply make-up, wash up, or apply perfume.

It may not be polite to eavesdrop, but it sure is informative!  
Did you enter the cellar?  
Polly wants a cracker!  
Eavesdrop on interesting conversations.  
What is your "nose" telling you about the crime site?  
Watch Rudy closely!  
You never know what dogs may find!  
Celie has lost something she considers valuable. She would appreciate its return.  
A thorough search of the outbuildings is in order.  
The bell holds the "key" to something in the basement.  
Look for multiple "rusty" objects.  
Eavesdrop on the Colonel. There's more to him than you think!  
Something has been added to Fifi's room.  
Something of the doctor's is missing.  
Eavesdrop and catch some titillating information!  
If you find an object in a concealed location attempt to discover who it belongs to.  
Murderers leave "tracks." Check them closely.  
Follow Fifi. You'll be glad you did!  
Always check wastepaper baskets.  
The cognac decanter may be important.  
Lillian has a secret.  
Someone pilfered a weapon!  
Clarence's body is hidden somewhere in the house.  
Lillian keeps a diary.  
Crowbars can be very useful items.  
You don't know Lillian as well as you think!  
A certain weapon is no longer where it was!  
There is a "room" under the house!  
You may have pinned the crime on the wrong person!  
H I N T

INCOMPLETE

SLEUTH-O-METER

Would you like to review your notes?

NOTEBOOK

Congratulations, you have attained the highest possible sleuth rating. The curtain will now fall. We hope you enjoyed the performance.

Some portions of your notes are rather scanty. You can replay the game to gain additional information.

### **Copy Check**

Sorry, this performance is sold out.

Please come back again.

A SIERRA Production

Version %s

# 1989 Sierra On-Line, Inc.

Using your magnifying glass and the back of the map enclosed in your "Colonel's Bequest" box, please identify the following fingerprint.

The curtain is about to go up.

Please be seated.

## **Death Scenes**

Laura, please don't feed the animals!

What a cruel choke!

Yes, you DO feel a bit grimy. Perhaps a shower will make you feel better.

Now you're a real southern belle.

You've got that sinking feeling.

Have you ever had that sinking feeling?

Got a "splitting headache," Laura?

It will take awhile to get the splinters out!

That's what you get for being such a snoop, Laura!

Watch ooouuuuuutttt!!!!

It's not a pretty sight.

Didn't Alfred teach you anything?!

That's what you get for being such a snoop, Laura!

You're a DEAD ringer, Laura!

You certainly made a succulent meal for that hungry 'gator!

You really got the shaft this time!

Way to go, Sherlock, you just invented the trash compactor!

The thick muck was too much for you.

"AAAIIEEEEEEE!"

Oh, chute!