

THE CLUE COLLECTIVE

Welcomes You to the Benefit for

ORPHANS FEEDING ORPHANS





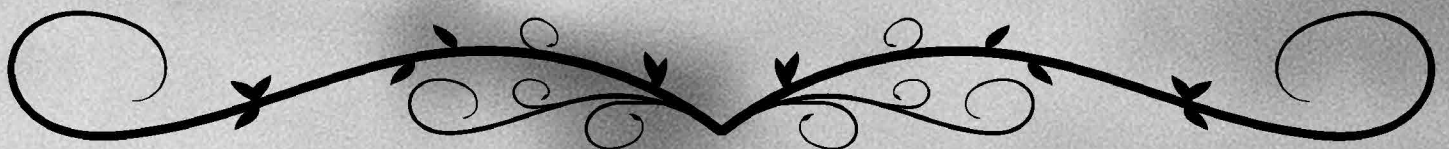
Costuming

Below are suggestions if you decide to dress up:

The show takes place at a fancy masquerade gala, and your characters are celebrities, celebrity personalities, and other very wealthy people. Break out your best red carpet looks.

No matter your pronouns, black tie evening wear is appropriate -- think Oscars, Met Gala, prom. Ball gowns, tuxes, dressing to the nines. Or be meta and wear something casual that is a parody of fancy dress.

It's also a masquerade ball, so feel free to break out a favorite mask-- Venetian style.



Suspect Notes

Dr. Scarlet Pfeiffer

PROFESSION: Doctor

GREATEST FEAR: Blood

FAVORITE QUOTE: "Teeth are always in style." (Dr. Seuss)

I'm charmed that tonight's benefit is hosted at the Old Money country club. I'm a member, and I love mingling with the rich and famous. I'm a celebrity doctor, so I assume everyone is likewise thrilled to mingle with me.

I've met all the distinguished professionals in my field: Dr. Oz, Dr. Phil, Dr. Emmett Brown, Dr. Gregory House, Dr. Meredith Gray, Dr. David Banner, Dr. Victor Frankenstein, Dr. Zhivago, Dr. T. J. Eckleburg, Dr. Dolittle, Dr. Henry Jekyll, Dr. John Watson, Dr. Who, Dr. Henry "Indiana" Jones, Jr, Dr. Dottie McStuffins, Dr. Leonard McCoy, Dr. Nick Riviera, and Dr. Dana Scully. Of course, they only possess a fraction of my brilliance.

My talent and fame have brought me fortune, and I love helping those in need. But even more than that, I love telling everyone how generous I am. I'm *very* generous. I'm on the board of Orphans Feeding Orphans, and I'm the benefactor of six orphans. Following the terms of the sponsorship, each orphan is now named Scarlet.

Stop!

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TO TURN THIS PAGE**



Dr. Scarlet Pfeiffer

HOW I KNEW ALISTAIR: We were both on the OFO board.

How dreadful. I can say that, as a doctor, Alistair is very, very dead. I'm familiar with death; in my private practice most of my patients end up dead. The medical review board has so far said that it's not my fault.

My medical specialty is poison, and I've studied poisons from all over the world. I buy my supply from Matilda Zuckerborough's app Poise. It's so convenient. No more forged customs forms, no more waiting around in dark alleys for a drop, no more severed fingers in the mail!

A few weeks ago, I got an emergency call. Everyone at Benedict Egbert's restaurant Salt had food poisoning. *Everyone*. Because I'm a poison expert and I *feel for the common people*, I cured everyone immediately. Alistair was there; he had passed out in the middle of leaving a sixteen cent tip in pennies. He was dazzled by my genius. Two weeks later, I implanted Alistair's house key into his ear. Now, if he ever gets locked out, we can surgically remove the key and use it to open the door.

While performing medical miracles at Salt, Alistair told me that Stan Fjord isn't a real professor! He got lost on a college tour, walked into a classroom, began teaching, and now he's the head of the Philosophy department. Alistair found out Stan's secret and blackmailed him, and he used the money to buy the Statue of Liberty. He's not *generous* like me. I would've bought the Statue of Liberty and given it to *orphans*.

Stop!

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Dr. Scarlet Pfeiffer

I looked at the body, and I've determined that Alistair was killed by poison. And what did I happen to see earlier this evening? Sir Wilbert Wordfellow writing a list of poisons. He'd only written three, which is rather embarrassing, but all of them were *extremely* deadly.

Alistair never paid me for implanting his house key in his ear, so this evening I brought my bill. I was going to confront Alistair, but now I'm afraid I'll never get paid for such a masterful surgery. If I was Alistair, I'd not only have paid the bill, but I would've also given my doctor a house. Or an island. Because I'm so *generous*.

I found out tonight that Alistair was at least paying *somebody*. Apparently, his business Stellar Interstellar is a scam. Instead of real moon rocks, the company sells stones that Alistair found in his backyard. Benedict found out about the fraud, and he'd been blackmailing Alistair for months. I wish I'd found out about Stellar Interstellar sooner, so I would've gotten paid too. What has Benedict ever done to deserve to be wealthy? I *deserve* to be filthy rich, so I can be an inspiration to the poor to not be poor anymore.