

PEACOCK.
Yes, I figured as much,
but who is this fellow?!

MUSTARD. It's Mr. Boddy? What a scoundrel!!

GREEN.
All this stress is not good
for my blood pressure!

SCARLET. (*Taking the reins:*) Who is this Boddy fella, you brutish butler?!

WADSWORTH. Who Mr. Boddy is, is no concern of yours. Suffice it to say, he's a supporter of the House Un-American Activities Committee—and he feels your *activities* have been decidedly un-American.

(*They ALL begin to protest . . .*)

WADSWORTH. (*Interrupting:*) My task this evening is to expose your secrets to each other—rendering you all culpable in each others' indiscretions.

PLUM. But we hardly know each other.

WADSWORTH. Precisely.

WHITE. Don't you think that you might spare us this humiliation?

WADSWORTH. I'm afraid I have no choice. We'll start with you, Professor Plum.

SCARLET. (*Perching on the desk:*) Oooh, this oughta be good.

WADSWORTH. It says here you were once a professor of psychiatry, specializing in pathological, lying lunatics suffering from delusions of grandeur.

PLUM. Yes, but now I work for the U.S. government.

WADSWORTH. So, your work has not changed.

(*Then:*)

But you can't practice medicine anymore, can you? Your license has been lifted, correct?

SCARLET. Why? What'd he do?

WADSWORTH. You know what male doctors aren't supposed to do with their lady patients?

SCARLET. Yeah?

WADSWORTH. Yeah, well, he did.

PEACOCK. How awful! You know, someday there will be a reckoning for men like you!

WHITE. I hope so.

SCARLET. (*A la the hashtag:*) Me too.

PEACOCK. (*Harshly whispered:*) You're disgusting.

WADSWORTH. Are you making moral judgements, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK. Well, I —

WADSWORTH. (*Interrupting:*) How then, do you justify taking bribes in return for delivering Senator Peacock's votes to certain lobbyists?

PEACOCK. (*Defensive:*) My husband is a paid consultant. There's nothing sinful about that!

WADSWORTH. Not if it's publicly declared. But if you slip cash under the stall door at Old Ebbitt's Grill? How would you describe that transaction?

SCARLET. I'd say it stinks.

PEACOCK. (*Accusatorially:*) When were you in that men's room?

PLUM. So, it's true!

PEACOCK. No, it's a vicious lie!

WADSWORTH. But you've been paying blackmail for over a year now to keep that story out of the papers. Seems a little . . . sticky, no?

PEACOCK. Now see here—

WHITE. (*Interrupting:*) Well, I'm willing to believe you. I too am being blackmailed for something I didn't do.

GREEN/MUSTARD. (*Piping up at the same moment:*) So am I.

SCARLET. Not me.

WADSWORTH. You're not being blackmailed?

SCARLET. Oh, I'm being blackmailed, all right. But I did what I'm being blackmailed for.

PLUM. What did you do?

SCARLET. I run my own business.

WHITE. That's not a crime.

SCARLET. You didn't ask what kind of a business I run.

PLUM. All right, what kind of business do you run?

SCARLET. I provide gentlemen with the company of a young lady.

PEACOCK. (*Outraged:*) An escort service?! In Washington?!

WHITE. How scurrilous.

MUSTARD. I'm sure some people are just a little lonely.

PLUM. (*Scoffing:*) A man who needs to pay to spend time with a woman. That's a problem I'll never have.

(*He slyly takes a business card SCARLET has pulled from her cleavage and tucks it in his coat pocket.*)

GREEN. Is that how you knew Colonel Mustard works in Washington? Is he one of your clients?

MUSTARD. Certainly not!

GREEN. I was asking Miss Scarlet.

MUSTARD. (*To SCARLET:*) Well, you tell him it's not true!

SCARLET. "It's not true."

PLUM. Is that true?

SCARLET. No, it's not true.

GREEN. Ha-hah! So it is true!

WADSWORTH. A double negative!

MUSTARD. Double "negative"? You mean you have—photographs?

WADSWORTH. That sounds like a confession to me. In fact, the double negative has led to proof positive. I'm afraid you gave yourself away.

MUSTARD. Are you trying to make me look stupid in front of the other guests?

WADSWORTH. You don't need any help from me, sir.

(*MUSTARD starts to register the insult—but . . .*)

Colonel, looks like you hold a sensitive security post in the Pentagon. Those "negatives" would most certainly compromise your position.

PLUM. (*With a wink:*) And what position exactly were you caught in, Colonel?

MUSTARD. This is an outrage!

WADSWORTH. (*Changing focus:*) Let's see, who's next?

(*He charges towards GREEN but spins on a dime at the last moment to . . .*)

WADSWORTH. Mrs. White, you've been paying our friend the blackmailer ever since your husband died under, shall we say, mysterious circumstances.

WHITE. Say what you want. I didn't kill him.

MUSTARD. Then why are you paying the blackmailer?

WHITE. I don't want another scandal, do I?

PLUM. Another?

WHITE. We had a very humiliating confrontation. He had threatened to kill me in public.

SCARLET. Why would he want to kill you in public?

WADSWORTH. I think she meant that he had threatened, in public, to kill her.

(They all react with understanding.)

WHITE. It was all over the papers.

WADSWORTH. And yet he was the one who died. Not you, Mrs. White, not you.

WHITE. He was found dead at home. Unclothed. His head had been cut off and so had his . . . you know.

(She gestures in the direction of her groin. They all react.)

WHITE. But, I didn't do it. I'd been out all evening, at the movies.

SCARLET. What was showing?

WHITE. *The Naked Alibi.*

SCARLET. A likely story.

WADSWORTH. But he was your second husband. Your first also disappeared.

WHITE. That was his job—he was an illusionist.

WADSWORTH. But he never reappeared.

WHITE. He wasn't a very good illusionist.

WADSWORTH. *(Now to GREEN:)* And lastly, Mr. Green, who is a . . .

GREEN. I don't need you to unmask me, Wadsworth. I know what you're gonna say about me!

WADSWORTH. What's that?

GREEN. "Mr. Green, who is a homosexual."

MUSTARD. Not me.

GREEN. I beg your pardon?

MUSTARD. You asked, "Who is a homosexual," and I said, not me.

(GREEN and WADSWORTH share a baffled moment.)

WADSWORTH. Yes, thank you, Colonel.

(To GREEN:)

But, there's more to it than that, Mr. Green.

GREEN. How do you mean?

WADSWORTH. There's evidence to support the question of . . . your politics.

GREEN. My politics?! Since when is working for the Republican party a crime?

WADSWORTH. You swore an oath of allegiance to the Republican party, but neglected to vote for Eisenhower in the last election. That's grounds for an ousting if ever there was one.

GREEN. But voting records are confidential!

PEACOCK. Everything has its price, Mr. Green.

WADSWORTH. So—there you have it.

PEACOCK. (*Bordering hysteria:*) Have what?!

WADSWORTH. A crooked Senator's wife, a lascivious doctor, a disloyal Republican, and so forth . . . not exactly adhering to an all-American standard of behavior, are you?

SCARLET. (*Knowingly:*) Depends on who you ask.

PLUM. But if this Boddy fella is such a noble civilian himself, than why didn't he report us to the authorities?

WADSWORTH. And give up the opportunity to make a buck? Come now, Professor. What could be more American than that?

MUSTARD. (*In earnest:*) Apple pie.

(*A collective eye roll.*)

SCARLET. All right, Wadsworth—so we're being blackmailed by a renegade McCarthyist. Where does that leave us?

WHITE. Where is this Mr. Boddy?

MUSTARD. And what does he want from us?