

Wadsworth #1

Clue: On Stage

21

Start
→

PEACOCK. He's not here! Nobody's here! What is happening?!

WADSWORTH. Please, Mrs. Peacock. Have a drink.

PEACOCK. My lips belong to the Lord!

SCARLET. *(She downs a drink.)* Well, mine don't! Mind if I smoke?

(PLUM lights SCARLET's cigarette while MUSTARD finds a string and button closure envelope [a la the envelope placed in the center of the Clue board game] on the desk. The envelope reads "CONFIDENTIAL" in large red letters.)

MUSTARD. *(Reading.)* "For Wadsworth. Open After Dinner."

(Handing it to WADSWORTH.)

It's for you.

(WADSWORTH opens and reads it while the GUESTS crowd around him. GREEN sneezes.)

ALL. Gesundheit.

GREEN Sorry. There really must be a cat somewhere.

WADSWORTH. *(Having finished the letter.)* Right then. Are you comfortable?

MUSTARD. I make a good living.

PLUM. Oh, out with it, Wadsworth!

WADSWORTH. Ladies and gentlemen, my instructions are clear. It seems the six of you have one thing in common. You are all being blackmailed. For some considerable time all of you have been paying what you can afford—and, in some cases, more than you can afford—to someone who threatens to expose you.

PEACOCK. Oh, please! I've never heard anything so ridiculous. I mean, nobody could blackmail me. I go to church every Sunday!

SCARLET. Yeah lady, don't we all.

WADSWORTH. Anybody else wish to deny it?

(The GUESTS anxiously exchange glances in silence.)

WADSWORTH. Until tonight, none of you knew *who* was blackmailing you. I hope I'm correct that the more deductive among you have reasoned in the last several moments that it was, of course, Mr. Boddy himself—and that the less discerning members of our cadre are experiencing that particular revelation right about

MUSTARD. It was Mr. Boddy!

WADSWORTH. . . . NOW.

MARGARET
7/10/92

(The GUESTS speak simultaneously.)

PEACOCK.
I have half a mind to call the
Congressman right now and—

PLUM.
What are you? His henchman?
You pompous, British—

GREEN.
All this stress is not good for
my blood pressure! What do
we do now?!

WADSWORTH. ENOUGH!

(Then:)

My task this evening is to expose your secrets to each other, rendering you all culpable in each others' indiscretions.

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

WADSWORTH. I'm sorry but I have my orders. We'll start with you, Professor Plum.

SCARLET. Lucky you.

PLUM. (With a smarmy wink) Luck's got nothing to do with it.

(SCARLET, disgustedly rolls her eyes— "Ugh.")

WADSWORTH. You were once a professor of psychiatry, specializing in helping 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 did he do?

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

SCARLET. Yeah?

WADSWORTH. Well, he did.

stop

~~PLUM. She couldn't help falling in love with me! It's not my fault I was born this attractive.~~

~~PEACOCK. How disgusting.~~

Wadsworth #2

10 Jonathan Lynn with Hunter Foster, Eric Price, & Sandy Rustin

start
→

WADSWORTH. It's empty!

PLUM. Empty?!

MUSTARD. Then where's all the evidence?

WADSWORTH. Ha! I told you Boddy was a liar! Had the evidence in his briefcase, my foot!

PEACOCK. Well then where is it? What does he have on us? I can't stand all this uncertainty!

WADSWORTH. I can assure you that Mr. Boddy possesses—*ahem*—possessed—individual files containing devastating, incriminating evidence against each of us, kept in one large, beastly blackmail envelope marked, "Confidential." But where that envelope is now and precisely what it contains, I could not say. All I know, is that if found, we all are goners.

GREEN. We must find that evidence and destroy it!

WHITE. Then we can put all of this behind us and move forward with our miserable lives!

MUSTARD. (*Becoming officious.*) Evidence aside, first things first. We're in a room with two dead bodies and six murderous weapons, and the cops are on their way!

WADSWORTH. Not to mention there's a homicidal maniac about! Let's put the weapons back in Boddy's bag and bring it to the broom closet.

STOP

[MUSIC CUE #30]

(*He puts the weapons back in BODDY's bag. The foyer screen flies in. WADSWORTH, YVETTE, and the GUESTS exit from the door in the foyer and into a corridor.*)

SCENE 6-A

(*The corridor.*)

(*The GUESTS head stage right towards the broom closet. YVETTE opens the closet and WADSWORTH throws the bag in. He locks the door.*)

WADSWORTH. There!

MUSTARD. Wait! What are you going to do with the key to the closet, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH. I'll put it in my pocket.