

WADSWORTH. I think the best course of action is to retrace our steps. Sometimes the most obvious answer is right under our noses. Let's start at the very beginning, shall we?

(Thunder.)

(In a jaw-dropping, one-man tour de force, WADSWORTH retraces the entire play, with recreations of benchmark moments and imitations galore, starting at a normal pace and building to a frenzied pace, the likes of which we've never seen before.)

WADSWORTH. It all started like this . . . At the start of the evening, there was thunder, lightning, the dogs barked.

(Woof-woof— Ding-dong.)

(As Mustard:) Colonel Mustard.

(Ding-dong.)

(As White:) Mrs. White.

(As himself:) Who noticed . . .

(As Yvette:) Yvette.

(Ding-dong.)

(As Peacock:) Mrs. Peacock.

(As himself:) Who noticed . . .

(As Cook:) The Cook.

(Ding-dong.)

(As Green:) Mr. Green.

(Woof woof.)

(As himself:) Sit! Not you sir.

(Ding-dong.)

(As Plum:) Professor Plum.

(As Scarlet:) Miss. Scarlet.

(Gong.)

(As Cook:) Dinner is served.

(As Plum:) That was more like a cocktail minute.

(As himself:) To the Dining Room!

(As Yvette:) Shark's fin soup.

(As Peacock:) My favorite!

(As himself:) Mr. Boddy arrived.

(As Scarlet:) I have an idea!

(As himself:) Then we went to the Study . . . Where Mr. Boddy passed out gifts.

(As White:) A snake! No. A Rope.

(As himself:) Then Mr. Boddy switched off the lights.

(Lights go black They scream.)

(Lights up. WADSWORTH lies dead on the floor. They scream again.)

(WADSWORTH sits up suddenly. They scream again.)

side 1

Wadsworth

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Side 2

Green
Peacock
Plum
Mustard
White
Scarlet

GREEN. (*Awkwardly mortified:*) Sorry?!

PEACOCK. Mr. Green—what do you do in Washington?

GREEN. Oh, I'd better not say. I like to follow the rules.

PEACOCK. Well, if I wasn't trying to keep the conversation going, then we would just be sitting here in an embarrassed silence.

PLUM. Are you afraid of silence, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK. Yes. No. Why?

PLUM. In my professional opinion, it seems you suffer from what we call "pressure of speech."

MUSTARD. Is that an official diagnosis?

WHITE. Are you a doctor, Professor?

PLUM. In psychological medicine.

WHITE. Do you practice?

PLUM. Not any more. I currently work for the government.

MUSTARD. Another politician!

PLUM. Not exactly. I do research for UNO WHO.

MUSTARD. You know who?

PLUM. That's right.

MUSTARD. What?

PLUM. I work for a branch of the United Nations Organization: the World Health Organization.

WHITE. Ah. "UNO WHO."

SCARLET. UNO WHO knows all about you-know-what.

MUSTARD. What?

PLUM. (*Flummoxed by MUSTARD:*) You are a *real* colonel, aren't you?

MUSTARD. (*Officiously:*) I am, sir.

SCARLET. Aren't you gonna mention the coincidence that you also live in Washington, D. C., Colonel?

MUSTARD. How did you know that?

SCARLET. (*With a twinkle:*) Oh, I've seen you before.

GREEN. So, Miss Scarlet, does this mean that you live in Washington, too?

SCARLET. (*With a sly smile:*) Sure do.

side 3 White Mustard

3 Plum Scarlet Wadsworth

Green

Peacock

24

Clue: On Stage

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 public 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.

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. The men, horrified, cross their legs in unison.)

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, but it doesn't make me a criminal!

WADSWORTH. What's that?

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

MUSTARD. Not me.

GREEN. Beg your pardon?

Side 4

Mustard
Yvette
White
Green
Peacock
Plum
Scarlet
Wads

32

Clue: On Stage

MUSTARD. Yvette?! Are you alive?!

(YVETTE opens the door, revealing herself, in a puddle of tears, fuming!)

YVETTE. Of course I'm alive, you ee-diot!

(Turning to WADSWORTH:)

No zanks to you, Wadsworth! You've locked us up in zis house wiz a murderer!

WHITE. So the murderer is here?

YVETTE. Oui!

GREEN. Where?

YVETTE. Where? Here! We're all looking at him.

(PEACOCK enters, out of breath.)

YVETTE. Or her . . .

MUSTARD. What took you so long?

PEACOCK. *(Winded and hysterical:)* I'm an old woman who may or may not have been poisoned! It's amazing I'm anywhere!

YVETTE. *(Back to her point:)* I heard you all in ze Study—one of you is ze killer!

PLUM. How could you hear us in "ze" Study?

YVETTE. I was listening! I have a tape recorder in ze Billiard Room connected to ze Study! Monsieur Boddy asked me to record your conversation!

PLUM. Why would he ask you to do that?!

YVETTE. For more evidence, of course! Wadsworth revealed your secrets in ze Study; now zey are all recorded.

PLUM. What a snake! I've got to destroy them! Where are the tapes?

YVETTE. Who cares about ze tapes?! What about ze body?!

MUSTARD. What body?

ALL. Boddy's body!!

WHITE. But, Yvette, why were you screaming in there, all by yourself?

YVETTE. Because I was frightened! I *also* drank ze cognac. Maybe I am poisoned too! Mon dieu!

(She starts to weep. PLUM goes to comfort her.)