

**MUSTARD.** I make a good living.

**PLUM.** Oh, out with it, Wadsworth!

**WADSWORTH.** Ladies and gentlemen, these instructions are clear.

**SCARLET.** I'm glad something is.

**WADSWORTH.** It seems the six of you have all received the same letter.

*(They all reveal their letter on a music sting.)*

**[MUSIC CUE #13]**

*(WADSWORTH takes the letter from PLUM and reads from it.)*

**WADSWORTH.** "It will be to your advantage to be present on this date because a Mr. Boddy will bring to end a certain long standing confidential and painful financial liability."

**ALL.** *(Ad-libbing:)* Yes! / Yes, that's what my letter said / Indeed! *(Etc.)*

**WADSWORTH.** As it turns out, you all have one thing in common.

**MUSTARD.** That bastard McCarthy! We're all being blacklisted, aren't we?

**WADSWORTH.** Close, Colonel.

*(Their proximity is such that WADSWORTH's spit has gotten in MUSTARD's eye. He wipes it clean.)*

**WADSWORTH.** You're all being blackmailed.

**[MUSIC CUE #13]**

*(Sinister music underscores.)*

**Start  
Here**

**WADSWORTH.** For some considerable time all of you have been paying more than you can afford to someone who threatens to expose you.

**PEACOCK.** Oh, please! What's someone going to blackmail me for? I go to church every Sunday!

**SCARLET.** Yeah lady, don't we all.

**WADSWORTH.** Anybody else wish to deny it?

*(They don't.)*

**WADSWORTH.** Until you'd received your letters, you hadn't known who was blackmailing you. But now, I'm sure that even the least discerning amongst you has determined that the man behind your ransom . . . is Mr. Boddy himself.

*(Music out. They speak at once.)*

**PEACOCK.**

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

**PLUM.**

And who are you, his henchman?  
You pompous, British bastard!

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

**GREEN.**

All this stress is not good  
for my blood pressure!

**WHITE.**

You think I can't handle  
a little blackmail?!

**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.

**Stop Here**