

Boddy, WAD, 6 guests

30

Clue

GREEN. (*Re: a side table behind the sofa:*) Is it all right if I sit here . . .

(*Before he can get the word out, GREEN sits on the edge of the table which surprisingly collapses noisily.*)

GREEN. (*Bouncing back up:*) Sorry, sorry. Little accident prone. Sorry.

WADSWORTH. (*Then—genuine to BODDY:*) What's this about, sir?

BODDY. In this bag, there are six packages that I thought our guests might find useful this evening.

(*BODDY begins to empty a duffle bag full of packages into the arms of WADSWORTH.*)

WADSWORTH. Packages?

BODDY. Presents, if you will. I'm a generous sort of fellow.

WADSWORTH. Are you?

BODDY. Wadsworth, will you please see to it that each guest receives a gift?

WADSWORTH. Gladly.

(*WADSWORTH moves to distribute the gifts.*)

BODDY. (*Pouring himself a brandy:*) Anyone wanna make a guess as to what's in your boxes?

SCARLET. Perfume?

WHITE. Candy?

PEACOCK. A rare single-malt Scotch whiskey?

BODDY. (*With a laugh:*) Aren't guessing games fun?

(*Then:*)

Please—open them.

(*SCARLET opens her box. Puzzled, she lifts out a heavy brass Candlestick.*)

[**MUSIC CUE #16**]

(*Music sting. She looks at BODDY.*)

SCARLET. A Candlestick? What's this for?)

(*One by one, with a music sting, each of the GUESTS open their boxes, pulling out their "gift."*)

MUSTARD. A Wrench . . .

GREEN. A Lead Pipe . . .

PEACOCK. A Dagger . . .

PLUM. A Revolver . . .

WHITE. Ahhhhhh! A snake! Oh, no. It's a Rope.

(Then:)

BODDY. In your hands you each have a lethal weapon.

(They gasp.)

BODDY. You all came tonight because you believed the evidence against you was so terrible that you would do anything to keep it a secret. I'm putting that theory to the test.

WADSWORTH. You are?

BODDY. Mr. Wadsworth here is the only other person who knows your secrets; and it's costing us all dearly to keep him quiet.

GREEN. What do you mean?

BODDY. I wouldn't have to double your payments if I didn't have to pay Mr. Wadsworth for his silence.

ALL. Wadsworth?!

WADSWORTH. That's a lie!

BODDY. He may look suave and charming . . .

WADSWORTH. Thank you . . .

BODDY. But really he's conniving and manipulative.

WADSWORTH. False!

BODDY. Why do you think he's called the police?

PLUM. *(To WADSWORTH:)* You called the police?

WADSWORTH. Only because HE instructed me to do so!

BODDY. Did I?

(Then:)

Ladies and gentlemen . . . if you can manage to get rid of Mr. Wadsworth, I'll have no need to increase your blackmail or expose you to the police.

PLUM. Get rid of?

PEACOCK. *(To WHITE:)* Does he mean . . . kill him?!

BODDY. In fact, if you can eliminate Wadsworth . . .

WHITE. Yes, I think that's what he means.