

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...)

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. **END**

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?