

Clue: On Stage

By Sandy Rustin

Directed by John Lange

Assistant Directed by Janel Culver and Keele Carver

Summary:

Clue: On Stage is a hilarious farce-meets- murder- mystery, adapted from the screenplay by Jonathan Lynn. The tale begins at a remote mansion, where six mysterious guests assemble for an unusual dinner party where murder and blackmail are on the menu. When their host turns up dead, they all become suspects. Led by Wadsworth – the butler, Miss Scarlet, Professor Plum, Mrs. White, Mr. Green, Mrs. Peacock and Colonel Mustard race to find the killer as the body count stacks up. WHO did it, WHERE and with WHAT?

Setting:

A New England Mansion (Boddy Manor) in the mid 1950's at the height of McCarthyism.

Characters:

WADSWORTH- (Male 20-80's) A traditional British butler in every sense: uptight, formal and "by the book." He is the driving force in the play.

YVETTE- (Female 20-30's) A sexy, French Maid, with her own secret aspirations.

COLONEL MUSTARD- (Male 30-60's) A puffy, pompous, dense, blow-hard of a military man.

MRS. WHITE- (Female 30-50's) A pale, morbid, and tragic woman. Mrs. White may or may not be the murderer of her five ex-husbands.

MRS. PEACOCK- (Female 40-60's) The church-going wife of a Senator. A bit batty, neurotic, and quick to hysteria.

MR. GREEN- (Male 20-40's) A timid, yet officious, rule follower. He's a bit of a klutz and awfully anxious.

MISS SCARLET- (Female 20-30's) A dry, sardonic D.C. Madam who is more interested in secrets than sex.

PROFESSOR PLUM- (Male 30-50's) An academic Casanova who woos women with his big ... brain.

MR. BODDY- (Male 20-50's) A mobster type fella. A dark cloud follows this guy wherever he goes. (Also plays THE CHIEF in the final act of the show).

ENSEMBLE MAN- (Male of any age)

NEWSCASTER- A Edward R. Murrow type.

PATROL COP- A "Regular Joe."

FBI AGENT- An Agent that storms the house when events unfold.

ENSEMBLE WOMAN- (Female of any age)

COOK- A threatening presence.

THE MOTORIST- A benign gentleman who rings the wrong doorbell.

SINGING TELEGRAM- A cute, perky tap dance.

FBI AGENT- An Agent that storms the house when events unfold.

Schedule:

This schedule is very likely to change based on the availability of the actors and actresses casted. Whatever days work best for the cast will be changed and reflected by the time of the first read through. This calendar is included to give everyone who's auditioning the general gist of the production moving forward.

SUN 31	MON Sep 1 Labor Day	TUE 2	WED 3	THU 4	FRI 5	SAT 6
7 ● 6pm Clue auditions	8 ● 6pm Clue auditions	9 ● 7pm Callbacks	10	11	12	13
14	15	16 ● 6pm Table Read	17	18 ● 6pm First Practice	19	20
21	22	23 ● 6pm Block Act 1	24	25 ● 6pm Block Act 1	26	27
28	29	30 ● 6pm Block Act 1	Oct 1	2 ● 6pm Run Scenes	3	4

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
28	29	30	Oct 1	2	3	4
		● 6pm Block Act 1		● 6pm Run Scenes		
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
		● 6pm Block Act 1		● 6pm Block Act 1		
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	Columbus Day	● 6pm Run Scenes		● 6pm Block Act 1		
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
		● 6pm Block Act 1		● 6pm Run Act 1		
26	27	28	29	30	31	Nov 1
		● 6pm Run Act 1 T		● 6pm Run Act 1 T	Halloween	

SUN 26	MON 27	TUE 28	WED 29	THU 30	FRI 31	SAT Nov 1
		● 6pm Run Act 1 T		● 6pm Run Act 1 T	Halloween	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Daylight Saving T		Election Day ● 6pm Block Act 2		● 6pm Block Act 2		
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
		Veterans Day ● 6pm Block Act 2		● 6pm Block Final		
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
		● 6pm Run Act 2 T		● 6pm Run Act 2 T		
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
		● 6pm Run Full Sh	● 6pm Run Full Sh	No Practice Thanksgiving Day	Black Friday	
30	Dec 1	2	3	4	5	6
		● 6pm OFF BOOK.	● 6pm Run Full Sh	● 6pm Run Full Sh		

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
30	Dec 1	2	3	4	5	6
		● 6pm OFF BOOK.	● 6pm Run Full Sh	● 6pm Run Full Sh		
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	In Theater	● 6pm Run Full Sh	● 6pm Run Full Sh	● 6pm Run Full Sh		● 9am Set Building
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
		● 6pm Run Full Sh	● 6pm Run Full Sh	● 6pm Run Full Sh		● 9am Set Building
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
		No Practice	No Practice	No Practice		
			Christmas Eve	Christmas Day		
28	29	30	31	Jan 1	2	3
		● 5pm Run the Full	New Year's Eve	New Year's Day		

SUN 28	MON 29	TUE 30	WED 31	THU Jan 1	FRI 2	SAT 3
		● 5pm Run the Full	New Year's Eve	New Year's Day		
4 ● 1pm Run Show a	5 ● 6pm Tech Week	6 ● 6pm Tech Week	7 ● 6pm Previews	8	9 ● 7:30pm Show	10 ● 7:30pm Show
11 ● 2pm Show	12	13	14	15	16 ● 7:30pm Show	17 ● 7:30pm Show
18 ● 2pm Show	19 Martin Luther Kin	20	21	22	23 ● 7:30pm Show	24 ● 7:30pm Show
25 ● 10am Strike	26	27	28	29	30	31

Clue: *On Stage*
Actor/Actress Information Auditions September 7th & 8th

*Please complete and turn in at auditions the following

Name: _____ Date: _____

Address: _____

Email Address: _____

Phone Number: _____ Age: _____

Do you prefer to call or text? Circle One. Call Text Both

List any Theatrical Experience: _____

Please put a checkmark next to the Character(s) you wish to audition for:

_____ WADSWORTH

_____ YVETTE

_____ COLONEL MUSTARD

_____ MRS. WHITE

_____ MRS. PEACOCK

_____ MR. GREEN

_____ MISS SCARLET

_____ PROFESSOR PLUM

_____ MR. BODDY

_____ ENSEMBLE MAN

_____ ENSEMBLE WOMAN

Using the aforementioned calendar, please provide what days you would like to have practice on. Show days and tech week cannot be adjusted, and as we press on, a third day will be added to the weekly practices. Also provide which dates, that you know of, could cause conflict for you.

Side 1

PEACOCK. (Tucking a napkin in at her neck á la a bib.) All right then, what's all this about, Butler, this dinner party? And where is our host?

WADSWORTH. "Ours not to reason why, Ours but to do and die..."

GREEN. (Anxiously.) Die?

WADSWORTH. Merely quoting, sir, from Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

SCARLET. I prefer Kipling myself. (Offering a basket of dinner rolls to Mustard.) Do you like Kipling, Colonel?

MUSTARD. Sure, I'll eat anything. (Then.) So, if this seat is not for you, Butler, then who's it for? Is there a seventh guest?

GREEN. Seven is my lucky number.

WHITE. A seventh guest? I thought you said we were all here?

PEACOCK. How many people are coming to this party anyway?!

WADSWORTH. (Pouring wine.) All in good time, friends.

PLUM. Well, what kind of host serves dinner before everyone's arrived?

YVETTE. Not to worry, monsieur; I will keep something warm for him.

SCARLET. (Acidly.) What did you have in mind, dear?

PEACOCK. What is that smell? It's something... familiar.

YVETTE. Shark's fin soup.

PEACOCK. (Gleefully.) My favorite!

COOK. (Deliberately.) I know.

YVETTE. Bon appétit!

PEACOCK. Oh my, this soup is delicious, isn't it? (Loving it.) Yum, yum, yum, yummy yummy, yum, yum. Well, somebody's got to break the ice, might as well be me. I mean, I'm used to being a hostess, it's part of my husband's work, so I'm perfectly prepared to get the ball rolling, I

mean, I have absolutely no idea what were all doing here but I'm determined to enjoy myself and I'm very intrigued and oh, my, this soup is delicious isn't it?

WHITE. You say you're used to being a hostess, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK. Yes. It's an integral part of my life as the wife of a... (Stopping herself.) Oh dear, I forgot, we're not supposed to say who we really are.

GREEN. (A "gotcha" attitude.) I know who you are.

PEACOCK. (Surprise.) You do?

GREEN. I work in Washington.

PLUM. Washington? (To Peacock.) So you must be a politician's wife, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK. (With renewed confidence.) Yes, I am.

SCARLET. Who's your husband? (Cheekily.) Maybe I know him.

PEACOCK. Mrs. White-what does your husband do?

WHITE. Nothing.

PLUM. Nothing at all?

WHITE. Well, he just lies around on his back all day.

SCARLET. (Dryly.) Sounds like hard work to me.

GREEN. Sorry, sorry— I'm afraid I'm a little accident-prone.

SCARLET. (Relishing his discomfort.) Never apologize for your true nature, Mr. Green.

GREEN. (Concerned Scarlet knows more than she should.) Sorry?

PEACOCK. (Tapping him on the shoulder.) Mr. Green —what do you do in Washington?

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

PEACOCK. (Frustrated.) 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. (Anxiously.) 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. (Laced with shame.) Not anymore.

SCARLET. But practice makes perfect, Professor Plum. (Suggestively.) I think most men need a little practice. Don't you agree, Mrs. White?

WHITE. (A beat and then, deflecting.) So what do you do, Professor?

PLUM. (Then.) I currently work for the government.

WHITE. Ah, another politician.

PLUM. Not exactly. I do research for U-NO WHO.

WHITE. (Genuine.) Who?

PLUM.(Explaining) A branch of the United Nations Organization: the World Health Organization.

WHITE. (Putting it together.) Ahh. "U-NO WHO." (Explaining to the table.) It's an acronym.

MUSTARD. I have a sister who was a gymnast.

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. (Deeply suspicious.) How did you know that?

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

GREEN. (Putting it together.) So, Miss Scarlet, does this mean that you live in Washington, too?

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

PEACOCK. Does anyone here not live in Washington?

PLUM. (Fearfully.) Oh. Then, is this about the Red Scare?

GREEN. I'm not a Communist! I'm a Republican.

MUSTARD. Wadsworth, we've had about enough of this! Where's our host, and why have we been brought here?

Side 2:

WADSWORTH. 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.

PEACOCK. How awful! You know, someday there will be a reckoning for men like you!

WHITE. I hope so.

PEACOCK. (Harshly whispered.) You're disgusting.

WADSWORTH. Are you making moral judgements, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK. Well, I-

WADSWORTH. (Interrupting.) How then, do you justify taking bribes in return for delivering Senator Peacock's votes to certain lobbyists?

PEACOCK. (Defensive.) My husband is a paid consultant. There's nothing sinful about that!

WADSWORTH. Not if it's publicly declared. But if you slip cash under the men's room door at Old Ebbitt's Grill? How would you describe that transaction?

SCARLET. I'd say it stinks.

PEACOCK. (Accusatorially.) When were you in that men's room?

PLUM. So, it's true!

PEACOCK. No, it's a vicious lie!

WADSWORTH. But you've been paying blackmail for over a year now to keep that story out of the papers. Seems a little... sticky, no?

PEACOCK. Now see here-

WHITE. (Interrupting.) Well, I'm willing to believe you. I too am being blackmailed for something I didn't do.

GREEN. So am I.

MUSTARD. So am I.

SCARLET. Not me.

WADSWORTH. You're not being blackmailed?

SCARLET. Oh, I'm being blackmailed, all right. But I did what I'm being blackmailed for.

PLUM. What did you do?

SCARLET. I run my own business.

WHITE. That's not a crime.

SCARLET. You didn't ask what kind of a business I run.

PLUM. All right, what kind of business do you run?

SCARLET. I provide gentlemen with the company of a young lady.

PEACOCK. (Outraged.) An escort service?! In Washington?!

WHITE. How scurrilous.

MUSTARD. I'm sure some people are just a little lonely.

PLUM. (Scoffing.) A man who needs to pay to spend time with a woman. That's a problem I'll never have.

GREEN. Is that how you knew Colonel Mustard works in Washington? Is he one of your clients?

MUSTARD. Certainly not!

GREEN. I was asking Miss Scarlet.

MUSTARD. (To Scarlet.) Well, you tell him it's not true!

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. That's right!

WADSWORTH. 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.) Now, let's see, who's next? Mrs. White, you've been paying our friend the blackmailer ever since your husband died under, shall we say, mysterious circumstances.

SCARLET. (Laughing.) That's why he's lying on his back all day! He's in a coffin.

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.

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. (Then.) 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.

Side 3:

BODDY. (To guests.) Have a seat, please.

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.

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.

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. A Candlestick? What's this for?

MUSTARD. A Wrench...

GREEN. A Lead Pipe...

PEACOCK. A Dagger...

PLUM. A Revolver...

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

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

BODDY. ...Who not only knows all of your secrets, but also mine-then I will eliminate your blackmail altogether and be done with this terrible business once and for all.

WADSWORTH. You would never!

PLUM. But why make us do it, Boddy?! Why don't you do your dirty work yourself?

GREEN. Yeah!

BODDY. Why should I when the six of you are so uniquely motivated...and armed?

Side 4:

WADSWORTH. It's locked! (Into the door.) Who's in there? Who's screaming?

YVETTE. (From inside.) C'est moi!

WADSWORTH. Yvette?!

YVETTE. Oui!

WADSWORTH. (Into the door.) Yvette, are you all right?!

YVETTE. (From inside.) No!

MUSTARD. Yvette?! Are you alive?!

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 are all looking at him. 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 converzation!

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!

(And more to the point.) Plus, one of you is ze killer! Monsieur Boddy is dead!

GREEN. (To Yvette,) We have to figure out which one of them did it!

PEACOCK. What do you mean "which one of them"?

GREEN. Well, I didn't do it!

WADSWORTH. Well, one of you did. I would have killed him myself, but I didn't have access to a weapon.

SCARLET. Don't look at me! All I got was a Candlestick!

PLUM. Maybe it wasn't one of us!

GREEN. Who else could it have been?

WHITE. Who else is in the house?

YVETTE. Only ze Cook.

ALL. (Looking out.) ZE COOK!

Side 5:

(DOOR BELL RINGS.)

PLUM. Quick! I'll hide the gun!

(KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.)

WADSWORTH. Don't worry, it's not the police.

COP. It's the police!

GREEN. I'm going to open the door.

ALL. No!

GREEN. I've nothing to hide. I didn't do it!

COP. Open the door! Good evening, sir.

GREEN. Good evening, Officer. We've been expecting you.

COP. You have?

GREEN. We haven't?

COP. I got a tip about an abandoned car near the gates of this house. Did a motorist stop by for help, by any chance?

ALL. No.

GREEN. Yes.

COP. (Skeptically.) There seems to be some disagreement. At any rate, can I come in and use the phone?

ALL. No!

GREEN. Of course you may, sir. There's a phone in the Lounge.

SCARLET. Out of order.

GREEN. Of course. My mistake. You can use the phone in the Study.

PLUM. Occupied.

GREEN. Uhhh...

WADSWORTH. (Taking over.) If you please, sir, you may use the phone in the Library.

Right this way.

COP. You're all acting rather peculiar.

WADSWORTH. It's because our chandelier fell down.

ALL. (Ad-libbing.) Yes. / Exactly. / That's true. / We loved that chandelier. (Etc.)

WADSWORTH. It could have killed us. But don't worry, the maid will clean it up.

COP. That's all well and good, but... what's going on in the Lounge and Study?

WADSWORTH. Lounging. Studying. This way...

COP. Let me have a look.

WADSWORTH. No thank you.

COP. What?

WADSWORTH. (Deflective.) Hm? (Then.) This way, please.

COP. Actually, I'd like to take a look around if you don't mind.

WADSWORTH. Of course, Officer. Follow me. I'll take you on a grand tour of Boddy Manor.

Side 6:

MOTORIST. I'm sorry... (As he enters, searching for words.) I didn't mean to disturb the whole household, but my car broke down out here, and I was wondering if I could use your phone.

MUSTARD. (Accusatorially.) Are you a killer?

MOTORIST. What? No!

MUSTARD. (Entirely convinced.) All right then. This way please.

MOTORIST. Thank you. Well? Where is it?

MUSTARD. What? The body?

MOTORIST. The phone. (Realizing.) What body?

WADSWORTH. What? There's no body. There's nobody.

MUSTARD. Riiiiight. There's nobody in the Study.

ALL. (Preventing him from going to the Study.) No!!!

WADSWORTH. No, no, that phone's dead...disconnected. But I think there's one in the Lounge.

MOTORIST. Alrighty then.

WADSWORTH. Right through this door,

MOTORIST. Thank you.

WADSWORTH. Everything all right?

MUSTARD. (Shutting the door behind him.) Yep. Two corpses.
Everything's fine.

WADSWORTH.(To guests with renewed, intense urgency.) Now listen...we haven't much time. Our task is twofold. ONE: Find the evidence! TWO: Find the murderer!

PLUM. We've got one potential suspect contained in the Lounge-but that leaves the whole rest of this place up for grabs. Who knows what's behind all these doors.

MUSTARD. I suggest we handle this in proper military fashion. We split up and search the house.

PEACOCK. Split up?!

MUSTARD. Yes! We'll split up into pairs. That way none of us will be alone.

PLUM. But if we split up into pairs, whichever one of us is paired with the killer might get killed!

YVETTE. Mon dieu!

MUSTARD. But then we would have discovered who the murderer is!

PEACOCK. But the other half of the pair would be dead!

MUSTARD. This is war, Peacock! Casualties are inevitable. You cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs-every cook will tell you that.

PEACOCK. But look what happened to the Cook!

GREEN. Colonel, are you willing to take that chance?

MUSTARD. What choice do we have?

SCARLET. None.

GREEN. I suppose you're right.

MUSTARD. (Officious.) All right, troops. Divide and conquer.

I'll split us into pairs. (Now childish.) One potato, two potato, three pota..