

SCARLET. I do!

WADSWORTH. All right then. We're listening, Miss. Scarlet. Who do you accuse?

*(SCARLET reveals Plum's pipe, pointing it at PLUM.)*

SCARLET. It was PROFESSOR PLUM, IN THE HALL, WITH THE REVOLVER!

*(They look/gasp.)*

PLUM. Liar!

SCARLET. We all heard the gun go off, Professor! And I found your stupid tobacco pipe here when we were searching the house. When'd you drop it, huh? While scoping out the best vantage point to kill your next victim?! I bet that poor Singing Telegram Girl was an old patient of yours, right?

PLUM. I never saw that girl before in my life! It wasn't me . . .

WADSWORTH. Well. The gun is missing. Gentlemen, turn out your pockets. Ladies, empty your purses. Whoever has the gun is the murderer.

*(They all do so. PLUM pulls out the Revolver with a grunt. He points it at WADSWORTH. The GUESTS gasp!)*

GREEN. Well done, Wadsworth!

PLUM. *(Threatening:)* You won't be able to prove anything if you're all dead!

WADSWORTH. That may be so, Professor Plum.

*(With condescending confidence as he crosses to the front door:)*

But if we're alive . . .

*(He opens the door. The CHIEF OF POLICE and his BACKUP COP enter, guns and badge revealed, stepping over the dead SINGING TELEGRAM GIRL on their way in.)*

WADSWORTH. Officers. *(Pointing at PLUM:)* There's your man.

CHIEF. Well done, Wadsworth!

GREEN. That's what I said!

CHIEF. Yes, well, I'm saying it now. I'm Hank Cuffs, Chief of Police.

*(Disarming/cuffing PLUM:)*

And Professor Plum, you're coming with me.

[MUSIC CUE #36]