

WADSWORTH. With murder on the menu, the price of blackmail just tripled!

PLUM. Forgotten!

WADSWORTH. Now move!

SCARLET. Wait a minute! We can all rush him. He's got no more bullets left in that gun.

WADSWORTH. Oh, come on, you don't think I'm gonna fall for that old trick.

SCARLET. It's not a trick.

(She holds up her fingers:)

There was one shot at Mr. Boddy in the Study, two for the chandelier, two at the Lounge door and one for the Singing Telegram Girl.

WADSWORTH. That's not six.

SCARLET. One plus two plus two plus one.

WADSWORTH. Uh-uh. There was only one shot that got the chandelier, that's one plus two plus ONE plus one.

SCARLET. Even if you were right, that would be one plus one plus two plus one, not one plus two plus one plus one.

WADSWORTH. Okay fine. One plus two plus—SHUT UP! Point is, there is one bullet left in this gun, and anybody who moves is gonna get it!

GREEN. So, you're just gonna keep blackmailing us and we're all supposed to pretend this never happened?

WADSWORTH. Of course. Why not?

GREEN. I'll tell you why not. Larry Goodman! FBI!

(He draws a gun.)

GREEN. The jig is up!

(They gasp [except WADSWORTH].)

WADSWORTH. Or is it?!

(WADSWORTH turns and shoots GREEN!

GREEN dodges with Matrix-esque finesse.)

GREEN. *(Smugly:)* Missed me.

(GREEN trains his gun on WADSWORTH, who is genuinely now frightened.)

MUSTARD. You're FBI?!

GREEN. Apparently I'm a dead-ringer for Green. He got a letter just like each of you. But he came to the Bureau to ask for help. I took his place tonight so we could have a sting operation.

PEACOCK. Some sting! Six people died on your watch!

GREEN. I usually work the desk.

(Then:)

My beat is property crime—ya' know theft, fraud. That's why I was so tickled when the real Mr. Wadsworth risked his neck to drop off a whole briefcase worth of evidence last night.

PLUM. You've had the evidence this whole time?!

GREEN. It's all here.

(Pulling from a pocket:)

Miss Scarlet's books—including client names and dates of "service," proving she's one of D.C.'s top madams and justifying why she killed the Cop—who's listed here, on her payroll.

SCARLET. Gimme that!

(SCARLET lunges at GREEN. He staves her off with his gun.)

GREEN. *(Pulling from another pocket:)* Ooo, and a love letter addressed to Professor Plum . . .

PLUM. That's private property!

GREEN. That Singing Telegram Girl was the underage daughter of the head of the U-NO WHO, *who* woulda come clean to Daddy—*who* woulda cleaned out Professor Plum. So, you killed her.

PLUM. Now see here . . .

(WADSWORTH makes an attempt to escape—GREEN trains the gun on him again, grounding him.)

GREEN. *(To WADSWORTH:)* Uh uh uh . . .

(Now to MUSTARD—trying to pull negatives out of his sock:)

And these negatives . . .

(He can't pull them out so he tries again.)

And these negati . . .

(One more time—success.)

And these negatives, Colonel. Quite the regular at Miss Scarlet's "establishment." Bet you couldn't be a Colonel anymore if that