

**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