

WADSWORTH. How . . . sticky.
PEACOCK. I expect to be treated like the wife of a . . .
(The doorbell rings. They look out.)
WADSWORTH. Hold that thought. Right this way. After you, Mrs. Peacock.
(He opens the door [module] to the Lounge, the interior becomes halfway visible.)
PEACOCK. (Enamored by the doorframe.) Oh my, look at the detail of this molding; this is quite a magnificent mansion, isn't it . . .
(She screams, startled to find WHITE and MUSTARD.)
Who are you?
WHITE. Welcome to the party.
MUSTARD. (Ticked pink.) This is turning out to be quite the crowd.
(As YVETTE closes the Lounge door [module retreats], dogs bark. Rain storms. WADSWORTH opens the front door to a music sting.)

BEGIN [MUSIC CUE #8]

(MR. GREEN, straight as an arrow, stands in a trench coat, holding an umbrella. He does not enter, but remains in the doorway, anxious.)
GREEN. Is this the right address to meet a . . . Mr. Boddy?
(The dogs bark wildly.)
WADSWORTH. (To dogs:) Sit!
(GREEN frantically sits. Dogs stop barking.)
WADSWORTH. No. Not you, sir.
(GREEN stands sheepishly.)
GREEN. Sorry, sorry.
WADSWORTH. Please, come in.
GREEN. (Entering more fully.) Excuse me, I suppose this letter has me rather anxious.
WADSWORTH. You must be Mr. Green.
GREEN. (Painfully lying.) Yes. That's exactly who I am.
WADSWORTH. Welcome, sir.
(GREEN hands his umbrella to YVETTE as he steps into the Hall.)

GREEN. (Noticing the interior.) Whoa. This isn't at all what I expected.
WADSWORTH. I find if you expect nothing, you're never disappointed.
GREEN. (Not to be misunderstood.) Oh, I'm not disappointed . . .
(The doorbell rings interrupting. They look out.) **END**
WADSWORTH. Pardon me, sir.
[MUSIC CUE #9]
(WADSWORTH opens the door [music sting] to find PROFESSOR PLUM [smoking a pipe] with MISS SCARLET [smoking a long, thin cigarette] standing behind him.)
WADSWORTH. Good evening.
PLUM. (Reading authoritatively from his letter in the doorway.) "Please arrive at 7:30 sharp on Saturday evening." (A glance to his watch.) Well, here I am . . .
WADSWORTH. Professor Plum.
PLUM. If you say so.
SCARLET. (Stepping in more fully.) Well, well, well. And I thought I'd seen everything . . .
WADSWORTH. Miss Scarlet. Welcome. I didn't realize you and the Professor were acquainted.
SCARLET. We're not.
(SCARLET continues as PLUM goes his coat to COOK. He wears an academic suit. If he weren't so off-putting, he'd be charming.)
SCARLET. The bridge is washed out from the rain. My car broke down, and this Professor offered to give me a ride. I didn't realize we were headed to the same place until . . . we arrived.
(Dialogue continues as SCARLET gives her coat to COOK. She looks positively Hollywood. If she wasn't such a broad, she'd be classy.)
(GREEN also hands his coat to COOK.)
WADSWORTH. (To PLUM.) How was your drive?
PLUM. It's a long haul.
WADSWORTH. Indeed, it is a long hall. But then, it's a very large house.
(Then.)

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!

BEGIN

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 names of customers and employees, 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 teenage 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 Motorist had informed your General where he drives you on Tuesday nights.

END