BODDY

In your hands, you each have a lethal weapon.

If you rat me out to the police, you will also be exposed and humiliated.

I'll see to that in court.

(beat)

But . . . if one of you kills Wadsworth now . . .

*Wadsworth's eyes widen in shock.*

BODDY

 . . . no one but the seven of us will ever know.

He has the key to the front door, which he said would

only be opened over his dead body.

I suggest we take him up on that offer.

*Mr. Boddy goes over to the light switch with deliberate ease.*

BODDY

The only way to avoid finding yourselves on the front pages

is for one of you to kill Wadsworth. Now.