WADSWORTH

Not so incredible as what happened next!

After we all split up again, I went back to the dining room with you, yes, you, Mrs. White!

And, while I was looking for your evidence, you hurried downstairs and turned off the electricity, got the rope from the Study, and throttled Yvette. You WERE jealous that your husband was schtuping Yvette. That's why you killed him, too!

WHITE

(detached)

Yes . . .

(pause)

Yes, I did it.

I killed Yvette.

I hated her . . . so . . . much . . .

I-It-It--flame--flames . . . on the side of my face . . .

breathing . . . breathle--heaving breaths . . .heaving--

WADSWORTH

(cutting her off)

While you were in the billiard room, Miss Scarlet seized the opportunity and, under cover of darkness, got to the library, where she hit the cop, whom she'd been bribing, on the head with the lead pipe!

(to Miss Scarlet)

True or false?

SCARLET

(amazed)

True!

PLUM

So it must have been Mr. Green who shot the singing telegram!

GREEN

I didn't do it!

MUSTARD

Well, there's nobody else left.

GREEN

But I didn't do it!

(pauses, realizing something)

The gun is missing!

Whoever's got the gun, shot the girl!

*Wadsworth pulls the gun from his pocket.*

WADSWORTH

I shot her.

ALL but GREEN

You?!

GREEN

(knowingly)

So it was you.

I was going to expose you.

WADSWORTH

(to Mr. Green)

I know.

So I chose to expose myself.

You thought Mr. Boddy was dead.

But why? None of you even met him until tonight.

*Mr. Green understands.*

GREEN

You're Mr. Boddy!

*Wadsworth grins and starts to chuckle evilly.*

PLUM

Wait a minute!

(he runs to the study door)

So who did I kill?

WADSWORTH

My butler!

PLUM

Oh shucks.

WADSWORTH

He was expendable, like all of you. I'm grateful to you all for disposing of my network of spies and informers. Saved me a lot of trouble.

Now there's no evidence against me.

WHITE

This all has nothing to do with my disappearing climate change scientist husband or Colonel Mustard's work with the new top-secret weapon of mass destruction.

WADSWORTH

(laughing)

*Wadsworth runs to the front door, keeping the revolver trained on the party.*

GREEN

But, the police will be here any minute!

You'll never get away with this, any of you!

WADSWORTH

Why should the police come?

Nobody's called them.

PEACOCK

You mean… oh, my God, of course!

WADSWORTH

So why shouldn't we get away with it?

We'll stack the bodies in the cellar, lock it, leave quietly

one at a time, and forget that any of this ever happened.

*Mr. Green takes off his glasses and starts to put them in his jacket's inside pocket.*

GREEN

And you'll just go on blackmailing us all.

WADSWORTH

Of course. Why not?

GREEN

Well, I'll tell you why not.

*He whips a pistol from his jacket and fires.*

*Wadsworth tries to get off a shot but is far too slow.*

*The butler is hit.*

WADSWORTH

(shocked)

Good shot, Green.

*Wadsworth dies.*

*Mr. Green stands fully, lowering the pistol.*

*He already looks more confident than he has yet during the night.*

*.*

WHITE

Are you a cop?

GREEN

No, I'm a plant. I work for the Department of Justice. That phone call was for me.

I told you I didn't do it!

But if you want to know who killed Mr. Boddy,

I did. In the Hall, with the revolver.

*\* Take 'em away, chief.

I'm going to go home and sleep with my husband.