

**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. I usually work the desk. My beat is petty 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.

**WADSWORTH:** As it turns out, you all have one thing in common. You're all being blackmailed. For some considerable time all of you have been paying more than you can afford to someone who threatens to expose you. Until you'd received your letters, you hadn't known who was blackmailing you. But now, I'm sure that even the least discerning amongst you has determined that the man behind your ransom...is Mr. Boddy himself.

**GREEN:** And last, but not least, Mr. Bobby Boddy. Your butler, the real Wadsworth, has been feeding us information for months. I see why'd you wanna kill him. Twice. Your shot missed him in the Study. But he wisely played dead. And it wasn't 'til you caught him trying to escape that you bludgeoned him to death with the Lead Pipe I'd dropped on my way to the Kitchen. The Boddy family has been wanted for organized crime for generations but they've always eluded the law. Until now. Tonight, the "Boddy Business" has reached a dead end.

**YVETTE:** Of course I'm alive, you ee-diot! No zanks to you - Wadsworth! You've locked us up in zis house wiz a murderer! Where? Here! We're all looking at him. Or her... I heard you all in ze Study - one of you is ze killer! I was listening! I have a tape recorder in ze Billiard Room connected to ze Study! Monsieur Boddy asked me to record your converzation! Wadsworth revealed you secrets in ze Study; now zey are all recorded.

**SCARLET:** Enough of this! I know who the murderer is! It was PROFESSOR PLUM, IN THE HALL, WITH THE REVOLVER! We all heard the gun go off, Professor! And I found your stupid tobacco pipe here when we were searching the house. When'd you drop it, huh? While scoping out the best vantage point to kill your next victim? I bet that poor Singing Telegram Girl was an old patient of yours, right?

**WHITE:** Yes, it's true, I knew Yvette...she had a torrid love affair with my late husband. I hated her. I hated her SO MUCH. It...it...the...FLAMES. On the side of my face. Breathing. HEAVING...breaths...But just because I hated her, doesn't mean I killed her!