

*individually, through all remaining doors. ALL DOORS SLAM!
The house is quiet.)*

*(Just then . . . the doorbell rings. The front door opens. A cute,
perky SINGING TELEGRAM GIRL enters and tap dances in the
door FRAME.)*

YOUNG WOMAN. *(Singing:)* I . . . am . . . YOUR SINGING
TELEGRAM . . .

(BAM! The YOUNG WOMAN falls dead in the doorway.)

*(Slowly and dejectedly, The GUESTS come out of all the doors,
and gather around the sixth dead body.)*

Scene 12

(The Conclusion.)

*(They collectively take a breath. WADSWORTH shuts the front
door. They are eerily calm.)*

WADSWORTH. Three murders in three minutes.

MUSTARD. That's our best record.

GREEN. Three murders.

PLUM. Six all together.

WHITE. This is getting serious.

[MUSIC CUE #37]

SCARLET. The Cook, Mr. Boddy, the Motorist, the Cop, Yvette, and
the Singing Telegram Girl.

PEACOCK. *(Shifting the energy:)* But who is the murderer?!

SCARLET. Ain't that the million-dollar question.

WADSWORTH. I think the best course of action is to retrace our
steps. Sometimes the most obvious answer is right under our noses.
Let's start at the very beginning, shall we?

(Thunder.)

*(In a jaw-dropping, one-man tour de force, WADSWORTH
retraces the entire play, with recreations of benchmark moments
and imitations galore, starting at a normal pace and building to a
frenzied pace, the likes of which we've never seen before.)*

WADSWORTH. It all started like this . . . At the start of the evening,
there was thunder, lightning, the dogs barked.

(Woof-woof— Ding-dong.)

(As Mustard:) Colonel Mustard.

(Ding-dong.)

(As White:) Mrs. White.

(As himself:) Who noticed . . .

(As Yvette:) Yvette.

(Ding-dong.)

(As Peacock:) Mrs. Peacock.

(As himself:) Who noticed . . .

(As Cook:) The Cook.

(Ding-dong.)

(As Green:) Mr. Green.

(Woof woof.)

(As himself:) Sit! Not you sir.

(Ding-dong.)

(As Plum:) Professor Plum.

(As Scarlet:) Miss. Scarlet.

(Gong.)

(As Cook:) Dinner is served.

(As Plum:) That was more like a cocktail minute.

(As himself:) To the Dining Room!

(As Yvette:) Shark's fin soup.

(As Peacock:) My favorite!

(As himself:) Mr. Boddy arrived.

(As Scarlet:) I have an idea!

(As himself:) Then we went to the Study . . . Where Mr. Boddy passed
out gifts.

(As White:) A snake! No. A Rope.

(As himself:) Then Mr. Boddy switched off the lights.

(Lights go black They scream.)

*(Lights up. WADSWORTH lies dead on the floor. They scream
again.)*

(WADSWORTH sits up suddenly. They scream again.)

WADSWORTH. Mr. Boddy was dead. But not really. Really he was alive. But we didn't know it. Mrs. Peacock drank his drink . . .

(Scream— Slap.)

(As Scarlet:) Well someone had to stop her screaming!

(As himself:) Then we heard . . . *(Scream.)*— To the Billiard room!

(As Peacock:) I'm an old woman.

(As himself:) Then Peacock asked . . .

(As Peacock:) Who else is in the house?

(As himself:) To which we all replied . . .

ALL. THE COOK!

(WADSWORTH imitates the COOK falling face-first, dead out of the freezer.)

WADSWORTH. *(As Green:)* Will somebody help me up!

(As himself:) I suggested we bring the Cook back to the Study.

(He hops up, revealing a blank space!)

(As himself:) But Boddy's body was gone!

(He drapes himself over PEACOCK.)

(As himself:) Then Mrs. Peacock entered with Boddy on her body because Boddy had been bludgeoned in his bean. That's when we decided to destroy the evidence in the briefcase! Empty!

ALL. *[Gasp!]*

WADSWORTH. So we locked away the murder weapons. That's when the Motorist arrived . . .

(As Motorist:) Hello, sir.

(As himself:) And I locked *him* in the Lounge!

[MUSIC CUE #38]

(He mimes throwing PLUM in the Lounge a la the MOTORIST. On the final beat of the music, WADSWORTH kills PLUM with a mimed Wrench to the head. PLUM drops "dead" a la the MOTORIST.)

WADSWORTH. That's when the unexpected Cop showed up.

(As Cop:) Hello . . . you're all acting rather peculiar.

(As himself:) This way please.

(He kills GREEN with a mimed Candlestick to the head— GREEN drops "dead" a la the COP.)

WADSWORTH. Then the maid got strangled in the Billiard Room!

(He strangles SCARLET with a mimed Rope— SCARLET drops "dead" a la YVETTE.)

WADSWORTH. Which brings us to . . .

(As Singing Telegram Girl:) I am . . .

(BANG!)

(EVERYONE is down except MUSTARD.)

WADSWORTH. And here we all are.

(He stomps with finality [on GREEN's belly]! GREEN flinches from his "dead" position.)

MUSTARD. *(Clapping:)* Bravo!

(As they speak, they slowly rise back up. As they speak, they slowly rise back up.)

WHITE. Impressive, Wadsworth.

PLUM. But what does it prove?!

GREEN. Nothing!

WADSWORTH. Well . . .

SCARLET. *(Interrupting:)* Enough of this! I know who the murderer is!

[MUSIC CUE #39]

ALL. You do?!

SCARLET. I do!

WADSWORTH. All right then. We're listening, Ms. Scarlet. Who do you accuse?

(Music underscores. SCARLET reveals PLUM's pipe. She points a finger at PLUM.)

SCARLET. It was PROFESSOR PLUM, IN THE HALL, WITH THE REVOLVER!

[MUSIC CUE #40]

PLUM. Liar!

SCARLET. 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?

PLUM. I never saw that girl before in my life! It wasn't me . . .