

WADSWORTH: Ladies and gentlemen, my instructions are clear. It seems the six of you have one thing in common. You are all being blackmailed. For some considerable time all of you have been paying what you can afford—and, in some cases, more than you can afford—to someone who threatens to expose you. Until tonight, none of you knew who was blackmailing you. I hope I'm correct that the more deductive among you have reasoned in the last several moments that it was, of course, Mr. Boddy himself—and that the less discerning members of our cadre are experiencing that particular revelation right about...now. Six suspects. Six murders. Mr. Boddy in the Billiard Room. The Cook in the Kitchen. The Motorist in the Lounge. The Cop in the Library. Yvette in the Ballroom. And the Singing Telegram Girl in the Hall. Not to mention one "confidential" envelope of missing, damning evidence. Our evening's guests may be gifted at breaking the law, but they clearly need work on breaking a case. So, who is the killer you may ask? I'm sure you have your suspicions. But, we've no time to discuss that now. (Looks at his watch.) The police are nearly here.

PEACOCK: "Behold," said the Lord, "I am bringing the flood of water upon the earth, to destroy all flesh." Thank you, Lord, for this meal we are about to receive and for the gracious host, whomever he is, that has invited us here tonight. Amen. Well, I guess I'll break the ice, I mean, I'm used to being a hostess; it's part of my husband's work, plus I always host the ladies' group from my church on Sundays. It's difficult when a group of new friends meet for the first time, so I'll start the ball rolling...I mean, I have no idea what we're doing here, but I'm very intrigued and oh, my, this soup's delicious isn't it? Oh, come on. How are we to get acquainted if we don't say anything about ourselves? No judgments here; we're all God's children. If I wasn't trying to keep the conversation going, then we would just be sitting here in an embarrassed silence. Well, what's all this about, Butler; this dinner party?

WHITE: I don't want a scandal. We had a very humiliating public confrontation. He was deranged. He was a lunatic. He didn't actually seem to like me that much. He had threatened to kill me in public. He was a stupidly optimistic man. I'm afraid it came as a great shock to him when he died. He was found dead at home. He was unclothed. His head had been cut off. But, it wasn't me. I'd been out all evening, at the movies. He wasn't a very good illusionist. But my third husband, I miss him the most. He was an electrician...well—until he was electrocuted. I didn't kill him! I mean...yes, I'll admit it—I recognized 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...

BODDY: You each pay me twice what you've been paying, and I'll tell the police it was a phony call and send them on their way. You refuse...and I put this briefcase—containing all the evidence needed to expose your wrongdoings—in the hands of the police and the press. I believe some of you would face a lifetime of jail, and others, a lifetime of shame. In this bag there are six gifts I've brought you from Washington. Things I thought you might find useful this evening. You all showed up here tonight because you believed the evidence against you was so terrible that you would do almost anything to keep it a secret. I'm putting that theory to the test. Mr. Wadsworth here is the only other person who knows your secrets; and it's costing me—and you—dearly to keep him quiet. You see, I wouldn't have to double your payments if I didn't have to pay Mr. Wadsworth for his silence.

MUSTARD: Look, we've got a killer and a missing dead body on the loose, one dead cook, and all these weapons—the Rope, the Dagger, the Revolver, the Candlestick, the Wrench—and hey, where's the Lead Pipe? What kind of game are you playing, Wadsworth? Evidence aside, first things first. We're in a room with two dead bodies and six murderous weapons, and the cops are on their way! I suggest we handle this in proper military fashion. We split up, and search the house. All right, Troops. Divide and conquer. Look, we've got a killer and a missing dead body on the loose, one dead cook, and all these weapons—the Rope, the Dagger, the Revolver, the Candlestick, the Wrench—and—hey, where's the Lead Pipe? You mentioned that your third husband was an electrician. Stands to reason, you'd know your way around an electrical panel. So it was you who switched off the lights and strangled Yvette with a Rope!

GREEN: I hold in my hand an FBI file on the whole big Boddy family. Your butler, Wadsworth, had been feeding us information for months. I can see why you killed him. Your shot missed him in the Study, but he wisely played dead. Awfully good actor. Had us all convinced. But while we were all racing from the kitchen with the dead Cook, you found your sneaky butler trying to make his escape by the bathroom, and bludgeoned him to death with the Lead Pipe I'd dropped on the hallway floor while running to the kitchen. The Boddy family has been wanted for organized crime—blackmail and murder—for generations. But they've always eluded the law. Until now. Tonight, the Boddy "family business" has reached...a dead end. I tell ya, this was the most exciting night I've had in a long time. And now, you're all under arrest. Okay Chief, take 'em away. I'm gonna go home and sleep with my wife.

SCARLET: Oh, who cares?! We're still in the dark anyway! We're no closer to solving our murder mysteries or unearthing the evidence against us. I found you lurking conspicuously in the Conservatory. The scarlet flowers opened the secret passage to the Lounge, but if I remember correctly, Scarlet flowers always have five petals. This one only had four! Meaning you had already plucked a petal to the passage to the Lounge, where you pummeled the Motorist to death with the Wrench. Then you shot the Singing Telegram Girl before she could finish her cramprolls! Wonder what kinda dirt she had on you. Bet she was an old patient of yours, or something right? Wait a minute! We can all rush him. He's got no more bullets left in that gun. There was one shot at Mr. Boddy in the Study, two for the cat, two at the Lounge door and one for the singing telegram. One plus two plus two plus one.

PLUM: I know a little bit about psychological medicine, yes. I do research for the office of Social and Behavioral Studies. In other words, I study "crazy" and I'm good at it. Now I work for the U.S. Government. In my professional opinion, it sounds like you have a case of "fear-of-silence-itis." How pathetic! A man who needs to pay for women to spend time with him. That's a problem I'll never have. Being unbearably handsome doesn't make me a forensic expert! Somebody grabbed the gun from my hand, and the next thing I knew it went off. Maybe he was poisoned! By the brandy! Looks like we'll never know. How could you hear us in "ze" Study? You're really somethin' else, huh, Frenchie? Say-where did you get that gun anyway? Why would he ask you to record our conversation? Maybe it wasn't one of us!