



Ashlie: Look, Stephen! Another murder. We need to find the killer before he strikes again.

Stephen: Ashlie thinks she's Sherlock Holmes. She's taking this murder mystery game very seriously.

Ashlie: Stephen. You're meant to be my trusty assistant Watson.

Stephen: OK, Sherlock. What have you found?

Ashlie: Well, he seems to be pointing under that sofa.

Stephen: Oh, really?

Ashlie: Let me see.

Stephen: Well, is anything there?

Ashlie: Ah! A clue! A button...

Stephen: And that's a clue?

Ashlie: Well, Stephen, maybe not for your average detective. But for someone with my powers...

Stephen: Your powers?

Ashlie: Yes. Like Sherlock Holmes once said, 'Once you have eliminated the impossible, only the possible remains.' Or something like that.

Ashlie: Come on, Watson. This mystery is almost solved. Bring all the guests into the library. I have an important announcement to make.

Stephen: OK, come on then. Er, not you Pete. You're dead, remember?

Pete: Oh, right. Sorry!

Stephen: Right. The detective is about to name the murderer.

Ashlie: So, my first clue was the teacup. It was clear that the murderer had poisoned their first victim.

Stephen: Ashlie, I thought we had already decided the first victim was shot.

Ashlie: So you may think. My second clue, though, was the small patch of tea on the victim's jacket. Now, as Sherlock Holmes once said, once you have removed the impossible, only the possible remains. The murderer would obviously know each and every one of you by heart.

In conclusion, I was led to the murderer by the clues he had left. And the murderer is... you, sir.

Waiter: Er, sorry?

Ashlie: You, sir. You are the murderer.

Waiter: Actually, I'm not part of this game. I was just bringing some biscuits.

Ashlie: Poisoned biscuits. I knew it.

Waiter: Really, I just work here.

Ashlie: Is this not your button?

Stephen: Ashlie, if you'd been concentrating, the murderer was obvious right from the start.

You found the gun I'd placed near the woman.

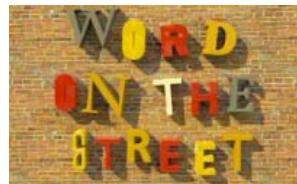
You didn't find the candlestick.

You didn't find the bottle of poison.

And you didn't find the knife I had left under the sofa.

So you see, Ashlie, it was me all along.

Ashlie: What, you?



Ashlie: Aha, so you confess your crimes?

Stephen: Yes, Ashlie.

Ashlie: And, of course, that was my plan. I knew you were the murderer. That's why I blamed the waiter. I wanted you to admit that you were the murderer.

Stephen: Of course you did. Come on, Sherlock. It's time for a cup of tea.