List of Characters

PONZI THE GREAT (Phil Stillman)
CARDINI (Stan Cardo)
HERMIONE (Hermione Scott)
OTTO (Otto von Kupf)
GRETA (Greta Grouse)
MERLIN (Earl Merman)
MARLO (Marlo Coyne)
SHAMANI (Carlo Rellik)
HARGRO THE GREAT (Harold Grouse)
MANDREW (Jack Hart)
WHODINI (Jiminy Hilton)
CORA LAKE (Manager of the Magic Bazaar)
PRESTON PRESTO (Preston Pinkleton)
QUEEN BLACKSHEBA (Nancy Manx)
CARLO (Eddie Carlotti)
HERKIMER (Sidney Herkimer)
MADAME BLAVISKY (Anna Blavisky)
MAGIC JEANNIE (Jeannie Feldman)

HOLLYWELL THE GREAT (Lester Hollywell)
WANDA (Wanda Vance)
SLAPPY MAX (Max Fine)
HARRY CHEAPSTONE
ARCHY BEACHAM (Lawyer for the Magic Bazaar)
ROWENA (Rowena Marcus)
ED McMAGIC (Eddie McMahon)
SEÑOR TIRO (Arturo Tiro)
ABRACABARBRA (Barbra Reed)
DOCTOR DREAD
TRICKY NICK (Nicholas Dixon)
THE GREAT FAROOTS (Melville Farwell)
THE DIVINE MARCO (Mark Colon)
BARON NEEDERLANDER (Karl Neederlander)
CREPAX (Arnold Crepax)
TOM FOOLERY (Thomas Foulari)
EL PREDICTO (Oscar Parks)
THE BLACK RAVEN (Raven Marcus)
The call comes from the Magic Bazaar, the legendary club where professional magicians gather to trade tricks and gossip. But an entertaining afternoon is not in the works, for this is no ordinary invitation. The police have sent for you to solve a murder.

"Sorry about getting you down here," says Detective Blunt, "but I've already got the murderer in custody. His name is Stan Cardo, alias Cardini. The corpse is his boss Phil Stillman, also known as Ponzi The Great. The late great, that is. This Ponzi guy ran the Bazaar. Cardini was his protégé. Killed him in the office there. We haven't moved anything."

Blunt points to a small room, separated not by a door but a black curtain, from the larger room in which you are standing.

"There was a reception here this afternoon from two to four. Thirty-five magicians came. While they were in this room jawboning, Ponzi must have gone into the office. He apparently opened an envelope that was on his desk and found a blackmail note. A picture of him with a woman – not his wife, mind you – and a demand for a hundred and fifty grand. Instead of signing it, the blackmailer attached a playing card so no one but Ponzi would know who sent it. Cardini, get it? It's his symbol. He does card tricks."

Blunt nods as though his brain were taking a bow, then turns and takes a slow step as he ushers you to the exit.

"The way I see it is this: Ponzi saw the trouble he was in, opened the combination lock on the strongbox, and took out the club's money. We know because he wrote down the combination on a pad. But before he could pay off, Cardini left the party, slipped into the office, and killed him. Strangled him with one of the scarves he used in his act. Not too bright, this kid. He denies it all, of course, but the evidence is right there in the office: his scarf, the playing card, the empty strongbox. My boys took down statements from all the guests but they're pretty useless now. So, like I said, thanks for coming anyway."

Blunt has opened the door and is rather happily letting you out. But something blocks the way. Doubt. Doubt about why the dead magician would write out the combination number to his own lock. And why Cardini would kill him, if his blackmail scheme was working, and leave his own scarf as evidence. No, you muse, it is more likely that Blunt, as usual, has overlooked the obvious in his quest for the simple. You turn away from the door and ask him if, just out of curiosity, you might read the statements and see the murder scene yourself.

"Sure, but don't go thinking about solving this case like the last time. This one's open and shut," he says and stiffly hands you some papers.

The papers contain the names of all the magicians present that day, along with their real names in parentheses, and the statements they each gave to the police. You decide to read through them before having a look at the murder scene. And in order to keep a fresh outlook, you decide to avoid Blunt's bias and approach it as three distinct crimes: one murder, one blackmail, and one robbery. After reading the individual statements, you may choose to solve just one, or all three of the crimes at the Magic Bazaar.
CARDINI  (Stan Cardo)
Sure I hated him. I don’t deny that. I was sick and tired of him bossing me around. But I didn’t kill him, I swear I didn’t. You’ve got no proof. Sure I used scarves in my act, but someone must have stolen one from me during the party. I just can’t remember who I was talking to. Merlin, I think. And someone else. Besides, I wasn’t anywhere near the office. I ducked out on the fire escape for a while to have a smoke, that’s all. Someone must have seen me. Ask around. You’ll see. I didn’t do it!

HERMIONE  (Hermione Scott)
My darling, you have got your work cut out for you! Listen to Hermione. You want intrigue? Well you’ve certainly come to the right place. Now get out your pads or whatever it is you detectives use, and take down these leads. This is so exciting, I hardly know where to start. Well, you must know that Ponzi was having a torrid love affair with someone in our little club and that his wife Lucille had no idea about it or she would have dropped him like a lead balloon. I’ve also heard that Hargro The Great and Raven Marcus were carrying on quite a bit, but that’s old news I’m afraid. Let’s see... that insufferable man Otto von Kupf was running after Madame Blavisky for a while, until she set him straight. Oh yes, and as everyone knows, Carlo Rellik is head over heels in love with Greta Grouse, even though she’s married. And if I were you, I’d find out why Tom Foolery came to blows with Ed McMagic at our annual party. Now, if I think of anything else I’ll let you know, but I’m sure you have enough right there to start your investigation, darling.

OTTO  (Otto von Kupf)
Enough of your sweaty insinuations, you flatfoot! Otto von Kupf answers no questions without speaking to his lawyer. I have a reputation to protect. I spoke to no one at this wretched excuse for a party. I was on that stinking pay phone downstairs the entire time, haggling with my felonious agent. Check with the phone company if you doubt me. Or call my agent yourself. And while you’re at it, see if you can get an extra two points from that scheming louse!

GRETA  (Greta Grouse)
I can’t talk. This is horrible! And the day before we were supposed to leave! Oh God!

MERLIN  (Earl Merman)
Seems to me I was talking to Cardini there for a while. Me and Nancy Manx. Then he left us and said he was going outside for a smoke. Funny, because I never saw him smoke before. But then I thought: he’s just nervous about the gig at Phantasms on Friday... his first solo. Look, he’s just a kid. He’s no murderer. He could kill an audience maybe, but not another human being.

MARLO  (Marlo Coyne)
I have no idea who would want to kill Phil Stillman, if that’s what you want to know. But I did overhear something strange at the party. I was standing near Oscar Parks and he was talking to Nick
Dixon. I can’t help eavesdropping. It’s a habit. After all, I am a mind reader. Well, I heard Nick say something to Oscar like “It’s all set. They should find him in a few minutes.” Next thing I know, all heck breaks loose. I’m sure it’s nothing important but I thought you should know.

**SHAMANI (Carlo Rellik)**

So Ponzi’s dead. No kidding. And his assistant did it? That’s tough. Can you imagine strangling your own boss to death. And with a red scarf too. Very pretty. I thought I saw him duck behind that curtain. Look, you guys got your murder and you got your murderer. So what do you want from me? I was in this room the whole time. I only left the room once to make a phone call downstairs at the pay phone. Less than ten minutes, then I came right back here. Now is that against the law?

**HARGRO THE GREAT (Harold Grouse)**

I’m not surprised, frankly. There was a rumor Ponzi was having an affair with a married woman. Maybe the husband hired Cardini to kill him. Could happen. Cardini was his assistant. It would have been easy for him to pull it off. Gee, I’d do it myself. Hire someone that is. I’ll tell you this: if I ever found anyone having an affair with Greta, I wouldn’t stop at strangling. Ask Crepax. He knows what I mean.

**MANDREW (Jack Hart)**

I didn’t kill Ponzi. You’ve got no proof that I did. Why should I kill him? I’ve got my own problems. Besides, I’ve got witnesses. I was here in this room with people all afternoon. Ask Wanda. Or Whodini. They’ll vouch for me. I was showing them some new card tricks. I never left this room and I can prove it!

**WHODINI (Jiminy Hilton)**

I saw nothing, I know nothing, I can tell you nothing. Believe me. I came at 2:00 p.m. when everybody did. I had a drink just like everyone else. Then I showed Jack and Wanda a few of my classic card tricks and they bored me to tears with theirs. Then Cora screamed and I’ve had a headache ever since.

**CORALAKE (Manager of the Magic Bazaar)**

It was terrible. I was tending the bar and we ran out of scotch. I went into the office to tell Phil about it, and found him lying there on the desk with that scarf around his neck. The desk was a mess, like there had been a struggle. I guess no one heard it because of the noise in this room. And the strongbox was empty too. There should have been $150,000 in it from club funds. Who could have done such a thing? Not Stanley! For heaven’s sake, he was Phil’s assistant. He was the only other person who knew the combination to the lock. He could have opened it any time. At least that’s what Archy told me.
PRESTON PRESTO  (Preston Pinkleton)
Don’t look at me. I don’t know nothing. All I know is Ponzi was carrying on with Greta. I heard him on the phone with her a few days ago. They were planning on running away together. He had two plane tickets for Mexico on November 27th. That’s tomorrow, isn’t it? Too bad. Maybe her husband found out. I don’t know. All I know is, they were trying to get as far away as possible from their spouses. Sounded like a real tense situation. Although what they planned to live on down there is anybody’s guess. Ponzi wasn’t exactly raking in the bucks, if you know what I mean.

QUEEN BLACKSHEBA  (Nancy Manx)
Cardini? A murderer? That pencil-necked geek? Give me a break! That kid’s pimples are still in diapers. Why would he kill Phil anyway? For blackmail? No way. I mean, sure he knew about Phil’s affair with Greta. He was the one who told me about it. But so what? He knew Phil was flat broke. Listen, you want a blackmailer and murderer? Go talk to Doctor Dread, the zombie himself. That guy’s got psycho written all over him.

CARLO  (Eddie Carlotti)
Well, you can cross me off your list of suspects. Why? Because I’ve been trying to get these darn trick handcuffs off for three hours and I’m still stuck. The damn lock is jammed. I’ve got a great alibi. I’ve been standing here, in full view of everybody, making a complete idiot of myself all afternoon. Got an extra key on you by any chance?

HERKIMER  (Sidney Herkimer)
Hey, what do you want from me? I come to a party and — wham! — a guy’s murdered. What do I know? I’m standing around with Carlo, keeping an eye on my wallet. I mean, hey, the guy was a pickpocket before taking his act on the stage. Carlo could pick the glasses off a nudist, you know what I mean? So I’m relieved when I see Raven come in and I go to chat with her. Next thing I know everybody’s screaming that Ponzi’s been bumped. Some party! Next time I’ll bring a wreath instead of a bottle of wine.

MADAME BLAVISKY  (Anna Blavisky)
I tell nothing but vot I see in cards. Look! Magician card crosses seven of cups. Vot can dis mean? Love triangle is vot. Dis card dead magician. Dis card secret love. Name like bird. Und dis card is tird part of triangle, another man who also loves woman. Maybe villing to kill for her. Dis man is criminal, like thief or — vot you call — cutpurse. Dis is murderer. Not Cardini. You listen. Madame Blavisky vin trifecta tree times last week. Cards never lie.

MAGIC JEANNIE  (Jeannie Feldman)
Gee, this is pretty exciting, but I don’t know what to tell you because I was just standing around with a bunch of people talking and I didn’t notice anything unusual — if that’s what you mean, y’know? I mean Harry Cheapstone was doing his pencil trick with this pencil he has that’s got a loop of string attached to the end, and while you’re not looking, he slips it through one of your
buttonholes, then challenges you to get it off, but only he can of course, y’know? So he had just slipped it onto Shamani’s buttonhole but before he could say anything and finish the trick, Shamani ran off saying he had to make a phone call, so I guess Harry never got . . . his . . . But I guess that’s not the kind of stuff you want to know, given that someone’s been killed and all. Y’know?

**HOLLYWELL THE GREAT**  *(Lester Hollywell)*

Sorry, I didn’t n-notice anything. I get kind of n-nervous at these things. I n-never know what to say to people. I hid behind the coat rack for the first hour. Then I went out on the fire escape to get away from everyone. But Cardini was already out there smoking away like crazy, so I went to the bathroom and pretended I was sick. At least n-no one bothers you down there.

**WANDA**  *(Wanda Vance)*

There were three of us in a group. We were together all afternoon doing card routines. Let’s see . . . it was me, Whodini and Mandrew. That’s right, Mandrew was doing the one with all the hearts. You know the gag, where they keep reversing order in the deck. But he was missing the jack so he got it all screwed up. Then I showed him the Ace In Your Mouth routine. It’s a sweet gimmick. You see, I rifle the deck like so, then you pick a card. Go on, pick a card . . .

**SLAPPY MAX**  *(Max Fine)*

Gevalt, what a day! First I leave my glasses on the easy chair in the living room, then I can’t find my union card to get in the front door because I don’t have my glasses, then I go downstairs to make a simple call to my wife to tell her not to sit down in the easy chair because, God forbid, she sits she’ll break my glasses into smithereens with her fanny like a roast beef, but of course who’s on the only pay phone all afternoon but that fat schnook Otto screaming into the receiver for two hours and I can’t even get through, so I go into the bathroom to relieve myself in peace and I’ve got to deal with Lester getting sick in the next stall. Now you tell me that while I’m downstairs shlepping around like a jerk, someone’s up here being murdered. This is normal?

**HARRY CHEAPSTONE**

You think you’ve got your murderer? Maybe, maybe not. But I heard the safe was robbed too. Have you looked into that at all? Maybe you should have a little talk with Jack, I mean Mandrew. He has a real bad gambling debt. There are some hoods at his heels for the money. He even tried to con me out of some money a few months back with that loaded dice scam of his. Didn’t work, of course. And what about Senior Tiro. Escape artist my foot. He was a safecracker back in the good old days. Didn’t know that, did you? I’d say your investigation has just begun, buddyboy.

**ARCHY BEACHAM**  *(Lawyer for the Magic Bazaar)*

You guys are barking up the wrong tree if you ask me. Why would Cardini kill Ponzi to get money from the strongbox? There was no money in the strongbox. He opened it once when I was there. You know what was in it? Not money. Just a cheap trick. One of those Magic Egg Cups you can buy for a buck and a half. You know, the kind you use to vanish eggs? And there was nothing inside *that*
either, he opened it. I asked him where the funds from the Bazaar were and he said he had invested them to avoid a robbery. Cardini must have known all this. He was Phil’s assistant. So why bother?

**ROWENA (Rowena Marcus)**

Poor Stanley! Accused of murdering Ponzi. It just isn’t his day. And I’ll tell you something else. I’ll bet his wallet has been stolen. How do I know that? Because I noticed Carlo was making his rounds at the party. I saw him bump into Stanley and Eddie, and a few others. It’s a sure sign he was working. I’ll bet you a season ticket to Phantasms that he lifted some wallets. And now Stanley’s been arrested for murder. It’s all because his moon is in Pisces. I warned him not to get out of bed today.

**ED McMAGIC (Eddie McMahon)**

Sorry I can’t help you out, but I didn’t really notice anything. I was performing my Juggling Roses routine when all the screaming started. It’s a great routine and takes a lot of concentration, so I didn’t see much else. I do recall one thing though. I’m pretty sure I saw Tom Foolery – that’s F-O-O-L-E-R-Y – near the office around the time of the murder. Maybe you should check into that.

**SEÑOR TIRO (Arturo Tiro)**

What is it you wish to ask Señor Tiro? If it was I that choked that pitiful slob to death? Absurd! He was nothing but a third rate ham, not worth the effort. And that shoe box in there they called a safe . . . ridiculous! Tiro could have been in and out of it in two seconds. Imagine! I, who have spent two years in Leavenworth for a masterpiece like the Federal payroll job, to be insulted with such a suggestion. Preposterous!

**ABRACABARBARA (Barbra Reed)**

I can’t believe it! Ponzi dead? I just saw him a few days ago at my husband Seymour’s office. Seymour’s a gemologist but he’s also an amateur magician. I guess Ponzi was there showing him some tricks for my daughter’s party. They sure spent a lot of time together. And now he’s been killed. This is awful, just awful.

**DOCTOR DREAD**

Tombey Galoo! I am Doctor Dread, he who lives beyond space and time. Lord of Zombie magic. You want to know who killed magician known as Ponzi? Then I ask the spirits of Cthulhu and Stillborne, fathers of the dark. Yes. Yes, it is I, Doctor Dread, asking you this, O great ones. Who do you say? Ah, the name begins to emerge from the blackness. It begins with the letter D. It is . . . it is . . . but no! I am sorry. The spirits demand a modest payment of twenty dollars for this information. No? How about ten? No? Then perhaps you can fix a parking ticket? No?

**TRICKY NICK (Nicholas Dixon)**

Look, I don’t know anything about all this. I’ve got my own problems. I lost my pet skunk, Sigmund. Did you see him? I hid him in Neederlander’s vanishing cabinet so when the old goat
opened it up to show everyone that worn out trick of his with the lightbulbs, out would pop Sigmund stinking up a storm. But before Neederlander could get to it, this whole murder thing happened and now, I can’t find Sigmund anywhere. Could you spare a few officers for a while? He can’t have gotten very far.

**THE GREAT FARTOOTS** *(Melville Farwell)*

I don’t know what to say. I was here showing everyone my Chinese Rice Bowls trick, then I had a scotch and soda, made sure my dove was still alive (I keep him in my jacket lining just in case I need a big finish), then I got my camera back from Jack (he had borrowed it because it has a telephoto lens and he needed to get some shots of a bird), then I watched somebody or other juggling some roses, then I walked over to the office because I didn’t see Phil and figured he was in there – and just as I pulled back the curtain I saw Cora standing over the body screaming her head off. I mean I figured they were practicing a routine so I walked away. You mean they weren’t?

**THE DIVINE MARCO** *(Mark Colon)*

Whazzamatta? I had a few drinks, that’s all. Zat against a law? I said gimme a scotch and rye with soda but hole the soda. Okay, okay so maybe I had two. Three. Three and a chaser of rum. Whaz yer name again, bub?

**BARON NEEDERLANDER** *(Karl Neederlander)*

I heff nuzzing to say. Zis whole ting ist ridiculous. If Ponzi is dead, so be it! He vas a lousy stinking magician in z’furst place. Unt second, I don’t like z’wey he run tings around here. I never trusted him mit all z’money from z’club unt now I see why!

**CREPAX** *(Arnold Crepax)*

What do you want me for? I didn’t do nothing. Every time there’s a murder, you guys come looking for me. Just because I’m an ex-con. But that time was different. I didn’t murder the guy. It was voluntary manslaughter. He hit me first. Besides, the guy was fooling around with my wife. What’d you expect me to do, lend him my car too?

**TOM FOOLERY** *(Thomas Foulari)*

All right, I confess . . . Eddie did it! That’s Eddie McMagic, you got it? The guy’s a thief. He must have stolen one of Ponzi’s tricks. When Ponzi found out and confronted him, Eddie strangled him to death. That’s it in a nutshell. These gags are worth money and McMagic is the greatest ripoff artist of all time. I worked for months to perfect my Juggling Roses routine. I started with ten balls and while I’m juggling they change, one by one, into roses until I’m juggling ten roses. It’s beautiful to see. He stole the whole bit from me. Don’t thank me. Just make sure he doesn’t perform it in prison.
**EL PREDICTO** (Oscar Parks)
Who could have predicted this? It was a total shock. I was standing around waiting for Nick’s skunk to pop out of the Baron’s cabinet. Nick had sabotaged the trick as a joke. Then all of a sudden I hear this screaming. Unbelievable! I know Ponzi had enemies, but the Baron’s just an egotistic toad. He hates everyone equally. He would never murder someone. Would he?

**THE BLACK RAVEN** (Raven Marcus)
I have nothing to say. My sister is the one with the big mouth. Not me. I mind my own business. What’s the big deal anyway? It’s obvious who killed Phil Stillman. It was Harold Grouse. He’s got strong hands, scarves up the wazoo, and a darn good motive. But that’s all I’ve got to say.

ASSEMBLE THE JIGSAW PUZZLE AND FIND THE CLUES. CAN YOU SOLVE THE THREE MYSTERIES AT THE MAGIC BAZAAR?
Solution to the Murder

You've got the wrong man, "you tell Detective Blunt, straggling not to add a single as many"
Blunt as you might expect, needs an explanation.
In the first place, "you begin, "those guys I see... seem to be any reason for Carmin to have killed him.
"I've warned the money, "he can't have taken it yet. Since he knows the composition, considering
his status, therefore, he's got an alibi. He says he only left the party to go out on the escape
to some smoke. Well, the Great saw him there."
Blunt seems unimpressed.
"Furthermore, "you continue, "there was someone with a motive and if you piece together the
statements they point to us more and more. If it's Carlo Rellik, so known as "Savami."
The name fits Blunt like the answer to a question he never asked. You press on,
"According to Hemingway, Carlo Rellik was in love with Great Grinn. But Great was preparing to
run off with Pooni. I wouldn't say we saw the movie."
The scene is a shift moment across Blunt's forehead shining thought.
"According to Stiggy Heidt, Carlo was a master pickpocket. He used that skill to steal Carmin's
saient until the party. Talk to Roman's manager, shew him some money from the pot. Carlo's
sense about it. When the son, he claims to have been at that phone, but in fact. One you know it
what he says. Carlo's sense to number Pooni. His statement even mention a red scarf. How could he
know it was red?"
"That all fine, but I need a definite piece of...
Evidence. Blunt, What's right in front, it's Pooni's hand. If it's the benches you thought you need to
write out the composition to the wrongdoer. But if you look carefully, if you'll see if the broken
lock of the right attach to it. There's because, according to magic: learning. False, Harry Cleophas's
access to Carlo's passport, George the party. It was plain to see. He didn't even know it was
there. But out of the blue, he picked out of his pocket. You see, it till fits."
Carmin is still unconvinced and presses to confront Carlo Rellik, but is stopped by a
second thought.
"But if Carmin, high in number Pooni, then who wore the black mask? And who stole the
money?"
Solution to the Blackmail

"Work begins, but..." You say to the Detective. "Partly to plain your satisfaction. It's true that Point was thinking of an affair - with Claire Grose in fact. And Carrie, apparently, had known Point in the past. Poirot had noted this supports the idea that he sent the blackmail note. If I were you, I'd talk to the real blackmailers."

"And who might that be?" Blunt groans.

"Manfred."

Blunt shrugs in the manner of someone failing in an essay.

"All the facts point to him."

"What facts?"

"In the first place, he had a motive. He needed money fast to pay off a bad gambling debt. You can ask His Majesty's Horse to turn up at Mr. Manfred for a visit. Point's secret affair with Claire Grose. He even borrowed Raffles's cutter from Melbourne to take the photo."

"Yes, but that's not enough."

"Accused, as you guessed, to tell Point who to pay off. Only it wasn't Carrie. The card is a Jack of Hearts. That's Manfred's real name: Jack Heart. It made it clear to Point who sent the message."

"I have some incriminating evidence."

"But that's when I need evidence."

"Then check Manfred's account. According to Warden it's missing that exact card."

"You're right. I'll check. There's just one thing. If Carrie had sent the blackmail note, then who topped the stranger's? And who killed Ponty?"
Solution to the Robbery

"You might as well forget Curtain, Goy" you say to Blunt thinly. "Because he didn't tip the club and you won't find the money on him."

"We didn't find the money anywhere. It seems he's still at somewhere besides we caught him."

"Is there a magician after all."

"Except you're so mean you broke all who took the money."

"No? Then why did?" Blunt says, more challenging than curious.

"Ponzi's in Gest."

Blunt's eyes widen from the shock. Once they've settled down, begin 'you continue.

"According to Goy, the only Ponzi and Curtain knew the combination to the lock. Now why would Curtain go through all this if he could have taken the money already? There is no reason."

And then leaves Ponzi.

"Aha!" Blunt says with a glimmer of hope. "You've overlooked one thing. Someone forced Ponzi to write out the combination number. It's right there on the desk."

"But if you look carefully,' you'll see that isn't the combination because the numbers on the lock don't go up that right."

Blunt's hope fades and you explain the test.

"Ponzi's casting an affair with Curtain's Chose. That seems to be common knowledge around here."

"If it's right there on the desk, take a close look. A single book or a brick or something is still there."

"I think Goy said think when he was planning to take off."

"Fine. Then where's the money?"

"He's right there on the desk. Take a closer look. A single book or a brick or something in the strongbox."

"And he's right."

"I still don't get it."

"If you've specified that Ponzi must have kept something in it then I think that business must have happened."

"He must have put money in the strongbox."

"I think you're right."

"In the nick, egg cup."

"No, what more. Take a closer look, it's meaningless in the placemat. It's the placemat."

"The pin, Blunt. That's your money."

"Wait. Blunt! Then who killed Ponzi?"

"You'll see for sure soon."

Blunt prepares to take a closer look but stops in mid-step. "But... who is innocent? Then who saw the placemat note and who killed Ponzi?"