

(*Music sting. Cast freezes. PLUM breaks the freeze to step forward and say . . .*)

PLUM. That's not how it happened! It happened like this . . .

(*They physically rewind — to the sound of a tape rewinding — back to their positions.*)

WADSWORTH. All right then. We're listening, Professor Plum. Who do you accuse?

(*PLUM waves Mustard's medal.*)

PLUM. It was COLONEL MUSTARD, IN THE LOUNGE, WITH THE WRENCH!

MUSTARD. I never lounge!

PLUM. I found your medal of honor in the Lounge where the Motorist was killed by a Wrench to the head; and that Wrench belongs to you!

MUSTARD. That's a lie!

WADSWORTH. The Wrench is missing. Gentlemen, turn out your pockets. Ladies, empty your purses. Whoever has the Wrench, is the murderer.

(*They all do. MUSTARD pulls out the Wrench with a threatening grunt.*)

(*They look/gasp! A bit faster.*)

GREEN. Well done, Wadsworth!

(*COPS enter. Guns and badge revealed.*)

WADSWORTH. There's your man, officer. Not a colonel of truth in him.

CHIEF. Well done, Wadsworth!

GREEN. That's what I said!

CHIEF. Yes, well, I'm saying it now. Gil T. Verdict. Chief of Police.

(*Disarming/cuffing MUSTARD.*)

Colonel Mustard, you're coming with me.

[**MUSIC CUE #37**]

(*Music sting. Cast freezes. MUSTARD breaks the freeze to step forward and say . . .*)

MUSTARD. You have it all wrong! It happened like this . . .

(*They physically rewind — to the sound of a tape rewinding — a bit faster now . . .*)

WADSWORTH. We're listening, Colonel. Who do you accuse?

(*MUSTARD holds high White's veil.*)

MUSTARD. It was MRS. WHITE, IN THE BILLIARD ROOM. WHITE THE ROPE!

(*They look/gasp!*)

WHITE. I'd rather die!

MUSTARD. I found your veil in the Billiard Room! And I saw how you cringed tonight when Yvette served you dinner.

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!

WADSWORTH. The Rope is missing. Gentlemen, turn out your pockets. Ladies . . .

(*WHITE pulls out the Rope with a yelp. They gasp as she waves it threateningly.*)

GREEN. Well done, Wadsworth!

(*COPS burst in, faster now.*)

CHIEF. (Nearly at the same time:) Well done, Wadsworth!

GREEN. That's what I said!

CHIEF. (Nearly at the same time:) Yes, well, I'm saying it now. Mark M'Words, Chief of Police.

(*Disarming/cuffing WHITE.*)

Mrs. White . . .

[**MUSIC CUE #38**]

(*Music sting. Faster now . . . Before they even have time to freeze, WHITE shouts . . .*)

WHITE. It happened like this . . .

(*They rewind — to the sound of a tape rewinding — even faster now.*)

WADSWORTH. Mrs. White, who do you accuse?

(*They barely have time to rewind back to position. WHITE holds Peacock's feather . . .*)