

(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, WITH 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 . . .)