

WHITE. But maybe, if we open the door, we'd encourage the killer to go out!

SCARLET. The killer seems to be doing a fine job of opening and closing doors all by himself. I don't see how us opening the door for one tiny second could possibly make any sort of a difference.

MUSTARD. But what if we open the door, throw away the key, and the killer catches it. Then the killer would have the key we're trying to confiscate!

WADSWORTH. We might be overthinking this.

(Then:)

I'm going to throw away the key. Follow me.

[MUSIC CUE #23]

(Transition music as the GUESTS run towards the front door as the Hall wall flies up.)

Scene 8

(The Front Door.)

(WADSWORTH leads YVETTE and the GUESTS toward the front door. He opens the door to throw away the safe key, but shockingly, a MOTORIST stands at the door, poised to knock. The GUESTS scream.)

WADSWORTH. *(Screaming:)* Not now!

(WADSWORTH slams the door on the MOTORIST's face. The GUESTS are breathless with fear.)

GREEN. Was that the killer?!

WHITE. He didn't look like a killer.

PLUM. *(A dig:)* Takes one to know one.

MUSTARD. Leave him to me. Interrogation is my speciality.

(MUSTARD opens the door.)

MUSTARD. How do you do?

MOTORIST. I'm sorry . . .

(As he enters, searching for words:)

I didn't mean to disturb the whole household, but my car broke down out here, and I was wondering if I could use your phone.

MUSTARD. (*Accusatorially:*) Are you a killer?

MOTORIST. What? No!

MUSTARD. (*Entirely convinced:*) All right.

(*Showing him in:*)

This way please.

(*As the others start to protest . . .*)

MOTORIST. Thank you.

(*He steps fully into the mansion.*)

MOTORIST. Well? Where is it?

MUSTARD. What? The body?

(*The others gasp!*)

MOTORIST. (*Realizing:*) The phone. What body?

WADSWORTH. What? There's no body. There's nobody.

MUSTARD. Riiiiight. There's nobody in the Study.

(*MUSTARD has inadvertently pointed to the Study. The MOTORIST starts walking towards it. EVERYONE realizes that's where the bodies are!*)

ALL. (*Preventing him from going to the Study:*) No!!!

WADSWORTH. No, no that phone's been disconnected. But I think there's one in the Lounge.

MOTORIST. Alrighty then.

(*WADSWORTH brings the MOTORIST to the door of the Lounge as the others look on.*)

WADSWORTH. Right through this door.

MOTORIST. Thank you.

(*WADSWORTH opens the door, lets the MOTORIST in. Closes and locks the door.*)

WADSWORTH. (*To GUESTS with renewed intense urgency:*) Now listen . . . we haven't much time. Our task is twofold. ONE: Find the evidence! TWO: Find the murderer!

PLUM. We've got one potential suspect contained in the Lounge—but that leaves the whole rest of this place up for grabs. Who knows what's behind all these doors.