

4

It seems there's no mystery as to who killed Charles anymore.

Robert drags Max to the door. He swings it open, banging Max in the head as he does so, and then throws Max out of the room.

He was killed by his own vile little brother in a fit of jealous rage. You'll be sorry you ever laid a finger on my sister, Haversham. You'll be sorry!

Robert exits, slamming the door. The dog picture, voice pipe funnels, barometer, window grille, curtains and curtain rails all crash down off of the wall. Dennis is revealed in the window with a glass of sherry on a tray. He runs in through the door and puts the tray down by the telephone. Three loud gunshots and Max screaming are heard offstage.

DENNIS. Gunshots in the library!

CHRIS. *(Picking up the voice pipe funnel and speaking into it.)* Dear God, what's going on down there?

DENNIS. *(Picking up the barometer downstairs and speaking into it.)* I don't know, Inspector. I heard gunshots. Please come down here.

CHRIS. *(Into the pipe.)* I'm on my way, Perkins.

Chris gets in the elevator and it begins to descend. Robert enters through the downstairs door.

ROBERT. Inspector! Inspector! Where's Inspector Carter?

DENNIS. He's coming down now in the elevator, Mr. Colley Moore.
We hear the elevator crash to the floor. Chris bursts out of it in a cloud of smoke, looking shaken.

ROBERT. There you are, Inspector. I don't know how you manage to look so calm and collected in a situation such as this.

CHRIS. It comes from years of experience.

ROBERT. Indeed.

CHRIS. It is important we remain calm and we don't let each other out of our sight. Where's Miss Colley Moore?

ROBERT. She's coming now. Get in here, Florence.

Jonathan opens the downstairs door and pushes Annie onstage.

Annie is wearing Sandra's dress over her own clothes and clutches a script.

Florence, you don't look yourself this evening.

ANNIE. (*Reading each word slowly from her script in an American accent.*) Thomas, I'm frightened.

ROBERT. Don't worry, Florence; you're safe in here with me.

DENNIS. What's happening, sir?

CHRIS. Isn't it obvious? Cecil has lost control.

ANNIE. Oh no not Cecil. (*Pronounced "ke-sill."*)

CHRIS. He killed Charles tonight, driven mad by his lust for you and now he knows we've found him out.

ANNIE. I cannot bear it. Cecil (*Again pronounced "ke-sill."*) would not do such a thing.

DENNIS. Well this is a fine mess. The worst night I've seen in eighty— (*Corrects himself.*) eight years of service.

ANNIE. Save me, brother.

Annie goes to Chris, who pushes her back to Robert.

Ooh, save me, brother.

ROBERT. Don't worry, Florence. I shan't let anyone hurt a hair on your head.

ANNIE. I'm panicking.

Annie does a physical action to show she is panicking.

I can't believe...Cecil— (*Still pronounced "ke-sill."*)

CHRIS. Cecil!

ANNIE. Cecil...is doing this.

DENNIS. Try to relax, Miss Colleymoore.

ANNIE. I shall faint.

ROBERT. You shan't faint—

Annie falls back without warning. Robert just catches her.

—confound it! What a devil of a situation this is. Now—

Jonathan bursts in, holding his gun.

JONATHAN. Not so fast, Insp... (*Realises.*) oh for God's sake!

Jonathan realises he is still too early and exits.

ROBERT. Now we're—

Jonathan walks past the window, his head in his hand. He slowly realises the audience can see him. Mortified, he lowers himself out of view.

Now we're all going to survive tonight, you hear me?

Chris peers out of the door.

CHRIS. Take cover!

ROBERT. Great Scott!

DENNIS. Good heavens!

ANNIE. Ay me!

CHRIS. Don't panic, Cecil is crossing the landing. We must lock him out!

ROBERT. Quickly, where are the keys to the door, Perkins?

DENNIS. Here they are, sir.

Dennis pulls out the Inspector's notebook from his pocket. Chris upends the vase, sending the keys flying across the stage. Dennis drops the notebook and catches the keys.

Here they are, sir.

CHRIS. Hand them to me quickly, Perkins, before Cecil bursts in—

The door bursts open and Max staggers inside.

DENNIS and ROBERT. No! No!

Max shuffles forward a few paces and then flops dead onto the chaise longue. We see three bullet wounds in his back.

Good Lord!

Lights shift to red and the short musical spike plays. Then the lights shift back.

ANNIE. Cecil's dead?

Lights shift to red again. The same short musical spike plays. The lights shift back.

DENNIS. A double murder!

The lights turn to red and a short burst of an English new

wave song like "Girls on Film" by Duran Duran plays. Then the correct musical spike cuts in. The lights shift back.*

TREVOR. Found the Duran Duran.**

CHRIS. Time of death: quarter to mid...

Chris looks at the clock. It still reads five o'clock.

Five o'clock.

ANNIE. Cecil! No. No. No. I loved him. I loved him. I know it was wrong. I know I was engaged to Charles.

She makes a noise of realisation—Annie was unaware of this bit of the story.

—but Cecil was mine and.

Silence. Chris turns the page in her script.

...I was his.

DENNIS. There there, Miss Colley Moore.

ANNIE. How will I go on? Sobs.

CHRIS. You! Take this body outside.

DENNIS. Yes, Inspector.

ROBERT. I'll lend you a hand, Perkins.

Dennis exits.

CHRIS. I've seen an awful lot in the twenty years I've been an Inspector.

Dennis reenters, carrying the two stretcher poles from earlier. Dennis and Robert lay them on the floor in front of the chaise longue and roll Max on top of them.

But two murders on one evening is certainly unusual.

Robert and Dennis lift the poles. Max grasps them and holds on for dear life. Robert and Dennis carry Max to the door. Robert and Dennis can't get Max off through the door, so they rotate him ninety degrees onto his side and exit through the door. Annie shuts the door behind them.

Robert backs up past the window, revealing Max still on the

* See Note on Songs/Recordings at the back of this volume.

** If a song by a different band is used, change "Duran Duran" appropriately.