

*crew all rehang the picture, voice pipe funnels, barometer, curtains, etc. They see the audience. Chris enters from the s. R. wing. He gestures offstage and the house tabs fly back in.*

*Beat. The house tabs fly back out, revealing Robert, Dennis, Chris and Annie in their positions from the end of Act One. Jonathan, Max and the stage crew have gone. All wall hangings are back in position. Beat.*

DENNIS. No one could—

*All wall hangings crash down to the floor. The cast clear everything into the wings.*

No one could have killed him, except for the people who are in this room.

CHRIS. Good God, you're right, it's one of us!

*All gasp.*

ANNIE. (*Reads from her script.*) This is a disaster.

ROBERT. And it's not over yet! Two murders on one night at Haversham Manor, what a grizzly evening.

ANNIE. Frightful, brother, frightful.

DENNIS. And look, Mr. Colleymoore, the snowstorm outside is building.

*Max appears in the window and throws snow out.*

ROBERT. If we're not careful we'll be snowed into this slaughterhouse. We must discover the guilty man.

CHRIS. Indeed. The gunshots were heard coming from the library. I shall investigate the room. All of you remain here.

*Chris exits through the downstairs door. As he opens it, Jonathan is revealed standing in the doorway ready to go on. He swiftly moves out of view.*

ROBERT. This whole business is a disgrace. Now let us remind ourselves of what we know.

DENNIS. We know that Charles Haversham was found murdered here, in his own private rooms, on the night of his engagement party.

ROBERT. We know that his fiancée was involved in an affair with his own brother, Cecil. How could my sister behave in such a way?

ANNIE. Not now, Thomas. We know that he too was murdered on the same eve, in cold blood.

DENNIS. The only thing we don't know is who the murderer is.

ANNIE. Oh, the tension in this house is...

*Annie trips up over the rug and drops her script on the floor. The pages of her script go everywhere. Annie tries to pick up the papers, but they are all out of order.*

Oh, the tension in this house is... Oh, the tension in thi... oh it... oh, it's tense.

ROBERT. Florence. How do you feel now?

ANNIE. (*Ad libs, brightly.*) I'm good.

ROBERT. That's dreadful.

ANNIE. (*Ad libs.*) Oh dreadful, yes, I want to die!

ROBERT. That's the spirit, Florence.

DENNIS. But now, Miss Colley Moore, I must ask you an important question. Where were you when the murder was committed?

*Dennis mimes the line to her. He points down and mimes drinking a cup of tea. Annie misinterprets.*

ANNIE. On the floor with a moustache.

ROBERT. That makes perfect sense. So was I.

*Annie reads off the wrong page of the script.*

ANNIE. Kiss me a thousand times, I'm yours!

ROBERT. Of course, Florence, that's what brothers are for.

DENNIS. This is a disaster! And already it's midnight.

*Trevor plays a loud clock chime twelve times.*

That was most—

*Trevor hits the chime again. He sees he has confused Dennis and stops.*

...that was most—

*Trevor hits the chime again and laughs to himself.*

TREVOR. (*To Dennis.*) Sorry, buddy, go on.

DENNIS. That w—