

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!