

*Jonathan continues to cough.*

MAX. Florence, will you do me the honour of becoming my wife?  
Marry me!

*Jonathan coughs again, more violently, which causes him to slip off of the upper level. He grabs hold of the edge, his legs dangling down. Robert, Dennis and Chris try to haul him back up. Vamp. After a few moments they lose their grip, and Jonathan falls down to the floor, landing in between Max and Sandra. Robert, Dennis and Chris put their hands back on their chins.*

Charles is dead. He can never come between us again.

*Jonathan slowly gets up, retrieves the canvas, hides behind it and moves back towards the door. Unable to see, he opens the door into his own head and then exits, closing the door behind him.*

Florence, Charles is gone and he's never coming back.

*Lights shift to upstairs. Max and Sandra freeze.*

CHRIS. Thank you, gentlemen. Now that I have finished examining the body, perhaps you would take it down to the service quarters for the coroner to collect in the morning.

DENNIS. Yes, Inspector.

*Robert and Dennis mime lifting the body again.*

CHRIS. Check all of the doors are locked, Perkins.

DENNIS. Inspector.

CHRIS. And Colleymoore, perhaps you could fetch me a pencil and my notebook from downstairs.

ROBERT. Naturally.

*Jonathan reenters upstairs, holding up the canvas to hide himself. He peers over the top and sees the others.*

(*Ad libs.*) After you, Charles.

*Jonathan, Robert, Dennis and Chris exit. The lights shift downstairs as they go.*

SANDRA. Oh Cecil, I can't resist you! I shall, I shall marry you.

MAX. Oh Florence, come into my arms.

*Max pushes Sandra away.*

SANDRA. I shall!

MAX. Kiss me!

SANDRA. Oh Cecil!

*Max and Sandra go to kiss, but Robert bursts in.*

ROBERT. The Inspector requires a pencil. What on earth's going on in here?

SANDRA. Sorry, I felt flustered. Cecil was cooling my brow.

ROBERT. Very well, now I have the pencil I'll be on my...

*Robert sees that there is no pencil on the D.S. R. table. He picks up the set of keys instead.*

Well now I have the... well now I have the... Now I have the *pencil*. I'll be on my way.

*Robert exits, closing the door.*

MAX. Thank God he's gone!

SANDRA. Oh, Cecil! Kiss me a thousand times; I'm yours.

*Dennis bursts in.*

DENNIS. Sorry to interrupt, Miss Colley Moore, Mr. Haversham. I've come to collect the keys to lock us all inside.

MAX. Thank you, Perkins.

*Dennis sees the keys gone, and instead he picks up the Inspector's notebook.*

DENNIS. I shall lock the doors at once.

*Dennis exits with the Inspector's notebook.*

SANDRA. You don't think Perkins suspects us, do you?

MAX. That old fool, of course not.

SANDRA. Oh, enough words. Take me!

*Robert bursts in.*

ROBERT. I forgot the Inspector's notebook... what in God's name?

SANDRA. I was about to faint. Cecil caught me.

ROBERT. I haven't time for this. Now...I...have...the Inspector's notebook, I'll be on my way.

*Robert sees the notebook to be gone. He picks up the vase of flowers instead and exits.*

MAX. Damn these blasted interruptions!

SANDRA. Kiss me, Cecil, I can't wait a second longer.

*Pause. Dennis is supposed to have burst in. Max and Sandra look at the door.*

Kiss me, Cecil, I can't wait a second longer.

*Silence.*

Kiss me, Cecil, I can't wait a second longer.

*Max and Sandra vamp, Sandra trying to convince Max to kiss her. Eventually Max kisses Sandra, putting his entire wide-open mouth over hers. Sandra recoils and falls off of the chaise longue. Dennis then bursts in, holding two candles in candlesticks.*

DENNIS. Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Haversham, Miss Colleymoore. I have come to prepare the room.

MAX. Thank you, Perkins. Just set them down on the mantelpiece.

*Dennis goes to the fireplace with the candlesticks. But there is no mantelpiece to put them on. Suddenly Annie's hands burst through the fireplace. Dennis puts a candlestick in each of her hands.*

That's some good work, thank you, Perkins.

*Dennis exits. He slams the door closed, and as he does, the cartouche on the fireplace drops to the floor and reveals Annie's face. She stares out at the others.*

At last we're alone.

*Annie pulls the candlesticks back, but they are too tall and she can't pull them through the holes.*

SANDRA. Oh Cecil, let's run away from here. Far away! Together!

MAX. Soon, my love, but we must be careful. We mustn't arouse suspicion.

SANDRA. Cecil, tell me, who do you think killed Charles?

MAX. I have no doubt in my mind, he was killed by your brother: Thomas Colleymoore.