

CHRIS + ANNIE

Start

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 Collymore.~~

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 re-enters, 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 howls~~

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

~~poor. Max grins at the audience. Robert and Dennis quickly lower him out of view. Max stands up in the window and grins at the audience again. Robert grabs him and pulls him out of sight. Max smacks his head on the edge of the window as he goes.~~

ANNIE. Oh Inspector, my fiancé and my lover killed on the same eve.

CHRIS. Remember your breathing, Miss Colley Moore, now is not the time for another of your episodes.

ANNIE. (Calm.) I am having an episode, Inspector. I cannot help it.

CHRIS. (Under his breath.) Have an episode. Have...an...episode. (Loudly.) Have an episode.

Annie tries to scream and shake as she has seen Sandra do in rehearsals. Vamp. Annie builds the episode bigger and bigger until it reaches a climax and she flops onto the chaise longue.

No, Miss Colley Moore.

Robert and Dennis react.

ROBERT. Florence, control yourself girl.

DENNIS. She's having another one of her hysterical episodes.

ANNIE. (Calmly reads.) They're dead. They're gone and they're never coming back.

ROBERT. I will not tolerate another tantrum, Florence.

ANNIE. (Calm.) Get away from me, Thomas. You don't understand my grief.

ROBERT. That's enough, take one of your pills.

ANNIE. No. Not more pills.

Annie takes a pill with no hesitation.

Oh, they're mine.

ROBERT. But who could have killed...

Annie upstages Robert by sinking back onto the chaise longue, pretending to be knocked out by the pills.

But who could have killed him?

DENNIS. That's a good question, Mr. Colley Moore.

End