

## RS#6 Dennis, Chris, Max, Annie, Sandra, Robert, & Jonathan

*Annie slowly stands up in the window. Robert shoves her out of sight.*

CHRIS. Of course it was, you were taken in by a handkerchief planted outside the window to frame Florence. She and Cecil both have plausible motives for murder, but the true motive belongs to Perkins!

*Annie enters through the door, getting in between Chris and Dennis as Chris points to Dennis.*

DENNIS. Me, Inspector?

CHRIS. You, Perkins! It appears Charles made Perkins the sole beneficiary...

*Annie picks up the script in Trevor's hand, revealing a splatter of blood across the front of it.*

...of his inheritance.

DENNIS. This is all a mistake.

CHRIS. Save your...

*Annie climbs up on top of the clock to resume playing Florence. She flops down, pretending to be unconscious.*

Save your pleading for the police station.

*Chris throws a pair of handcuffs to Robert, who cuffs Dennis to the chaise longue.*

Thomas, handcuff him to the chaise longue lest he escape before I can drive him there.

MAX. That won't be for hours, the snow is at its peak.

*A single weak handful of snow is thrown in the window.*

DENNIS. It's not true, I tell you.

*Annie pretends to wake up.*

ANNIE. What happened? I must have fainted! Curse my delicate...

*Sandra opens the door of the grandfather clock, hitting Annie.*

SANDRA. What happened? I must have fainted! Curse my delicate constitution.

ROBERT. You did faint, Florence. We've learned that Perkins committed the murder.

**Start**

SANDRA. Perkins?

ANNIE. (*Copying Sandra.*) Perkins?

SANDRA and ANNIE. But he's such a kindly old man!

*Sandra and Annie small vamp telling each other to get off stage. They both freeze in Florence's position s. l.*

DENNIS. This is all a misunderstanding! I didn't kill Charles, but I know who did.

ALL. WHO?

DENNIS. INSPECTOR CARTER!

*All gasp.*

MAX. What on earth?

CHRIS. Poppycock!

DENNIS. You did it because Charles knew about the police money you were (*Checks hand.*) embezzling. (*Pronounced "em-bee-zeling."*)

CHRIS. Nonsense!

DENNIS. You say you'd met before, that he was a consultant on a fraud case you were working on.

CHRIS. What of it?

DENNIS. Charles found the reason why no arrests had been made is because the man committing the crime was yourself. You were the (*Checks hand.*) facade. (*Pronounced "fu-cayde."* *Checks his other hand.*) The perpetrator. You were the perpetrator.

CHRIS. You can't prove it.

MAX. But Charley could and that's why you killed him.

CHRIS. Never!

DENNIS. I know your secret, Inspector. What will you do? Kill me too?

*Chris draws a gun and points it at Dennis.*

CHRIS. I will, confound it.

SANDRA and ANNIE. What a devil of a situation this is!

*Jonathan enters through the downstairs door, again holding his gun.*

JONATHAN. Not so fast, Inspector!

*All gasp.*

ROBERT. Charles!

CHRIS. Haversham!

DENNIS and MAX. Sir!

ANNIE. Charley! I—

SANDRA. (*Pushes in front.*) Charley! I thought you were dead.

CHRIS. You're alive? It's not possible.

JONATHAN. Oh, I'm afraid it is. You couldn't kill me that easily.

CHRIS. How did you survive?

JONATHAN. I simply didn't drink the poisoned sherry you left out for me this evening.

ANNIE. Charley—

*Sandra stamps on Annie's foot.*

SANDRA. Charley, this is all more than I can bear!

JONATHAN. Ever since we last spoke at the police station it was clear you thought I was on to you. It was at this point I became afraid you might try to kill me. For months now I've had my guard up and tonight you fell into my trap.

DENNIS. You've been hiding in the grounds ever since this afternoon when you planted the poison.

MAX. It was you that I saw. You were the mysterious figure!

SANDRA and ANNIE. I thought it was strange...

*Annie pushes the bookcase, which swivels and swallows Sandra. Annie then blocks Sandra from coming back in.*

ANNIE. *I thought it was strange you got here so quickly in such terrible weather!*

**End**

~~*Sandra gives up on the bookcase and falls silent. Annie wanders over to the window, picking up a tray.*~~

MAX. But what about the handkerchief bearing Florence Colley-moore's initials?

JONATHAN. Perhaps you should ask Inspector Carter, or should I say Inspector Frederick Carter.

~~ALL. F.C.~~