

[REDACTED]

**START** DENNIS. Good heavens, Arthur, come inside. You won't believe what a nightmare this evening has been.

MAX. How do you mean? Woah, Winston, down from the chaise longue!

*He mimes holding down the invisible dog. Vamp. Max holds the imaginary dog back from going into the audience.*

DENNIS. Mr. Haversham was murdered tonight.

MAX. Mr. Haversham? Surely you don't mean Charles Haversham?

*Max walks straight into the pillar supporting the upper level and knocks it over, causing the upper level, with Robert and Chris on it, to tip forward on an incline, still suspended. The drinks cabinet and chair slide across the floor. Chris and Robert grab them before they roll off the edge. Chris and Robert move to the door and try to go through it, but the door handle comes off in Robert's hand. They are trapped.*

*Vamp. Brief inaudible argument between them. Robert tries to reattach the handle. Then suddenly together they stare out and freeze in the pose from earlier with their right hands on their chins.*

DENNIS. And not only that, his brother Cecil was also killed tonight.

MAX. Yes, well that explains the strange goings-on I have seen in the grounds this evening.

*Max picks up the loose pillar and passes it out of the window. Jonathan is briefly seen taking it from him.*

DENNIS. Strange goings-on?

MAX. A mysterious figure stood by the window to this very room and I noticed that the latch on the window was forced and Winston found this on the ground beneath it.

*Max produces a handkerchief from his pocket and passes it to Dennis.*

A lace handkerchief. With a deep red mark with a distinctive scent.

*Dennis smells the handkerchief then reads off his hand.*

DENNIS. Cyanide. (Pronounced "ky-a-nid-ee.")

MAX. Precisely! Cyanide.

*Dennis becomes upset he has made yet another mistake and turns u.s. to hide his emotion. Max briefly comforts Dennis, and he turns back to the audience.*

—and you can tell from the shape of the mark it's been used to hold a bottle.

*Dennis reveals that a bottle has been crudely drawn onto the handkerchief.*

But not only that, it's embroidered with the initials F.C.

DENNIS. Florence Colleymoore.

MAX. Indeed.

**STOP**

*Lights shift upstairs. Robert stops trying to reattach the door handle and puts it into the drinks cabinet.*

[REDACTED]