CHRIS 3

ACT TWO

Dramatic house music plays.

The house lights fade; shouting is heard behind the tabs. Chris emerges from under the tabs. A spotlight comes up on him.

Start

CHRIS. Good evening again, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you have enjoyed the break, we will be resuming this evening's performance momentarily I am assured. I… I must say I'm delighted to see that so many of you have returned for the second act.

Obviously I would be lying if I said the first act went entirely as rehearsed, there were one or two minor snags, which you may or may not have picked up on. But they are snags that you would expect to see in any production. And this certainly hasn't been the worst first act Cornley Drama Society has seen by some stretch.

Chris gives a hollow laugh.

Just last year due to a casting error Cornley Drama Society had to present *Snow White and the Seven Tall Broad Gentlemen*. Anyway—

Chris is interrupted by Trevor's voice over his radio.

TREVOR. *(Over radio.)* …No, it's going quite badly to be honest, buddy.

CHRIS. Before we begin again—

TREVOR. *(Over radio.)* Yeah, she's still unconscious and we still can't find the dog—

CHRIS. Trevor!

Before we resume the production, one word of health and safety administration: Could I please ask anyone who consumed any of the salted nuts available during the intermission to please seek medical help immediately.

And now I present to you the concluding act of *The Murder at Haversham Manor.*

Stop

Chris exits S. R. Spotlight out. Music. The tabs fly out, revealing