Start

JONATHAN. Excellent. Perkins, if you could please escort Miss Colleymoore downstairs. I wish to have a word with Thomas in private.

DENNIS. Yes, sir.

Dennis and Annie stay, trapped in by the fallen flats. Chris stares blankly at the devastation.

JONATHAN. *(Whispers to Chris.)* You're dead.

Chris remembers where he is, lets out a thin cry and drops down dead.

(To Annie.) Downstairs, Florence, downstairs.

Annie and Dennis pretend to walk downstairs on the spot where they are standing.

Thomas! You're not the man I knew at Eton, you've become greedy and jealous.

ROBERT. *(Traumatised.)* I'm sorry, Charles, my nerves are in shreds.

JONATHAN. There's a glass of sherry by the telephone.

ROBERT. Thank you, Charles. Ever the kind host.

JONATHAN. Drink it up.

ROBERT. Most kind.

Robert drinks the sherry.

JONATHAN. Tell me, Thomas, one last thing.

ROBERT. Anything, Charles. I'll tell no more lies.

JONATHAN. The glass of poisoned sherry the Inspector left out for me; what do you suppose I did with it?

ROBERT. Well, I don't…know. What do you mean? You don't mean you gave me… Charley? Charley, no! *(Forgets his line.)* Line!

TREVOR. *(From the tech box.)* Just die already!

ROBERT. Just die alread—how dare you!

Robert dies. A large, flamboyant death that takes him quite a way away from the table. Just as he is almost finished, Robert realises he is still holding the empty sherry glass and groans and crawls back in the other direction so he can put it down on the table. He places down the glass and drops

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down dead. Max throws a handful of snow. Jonathan moves centre. The lights fade and a spot comes up on Jonathan.

JONATHAN. Oh how I wish this could have ended differently. Thomas, your lies and deceits have led you inexorably to this end. If men allow their conscience to be governed by avarice then death and destruction shall prevail. Betrayed by my brother—

*A short burst of an English new wave song like "Rio" by Duran Duran plays.**

TREVOR. *(Back in his box.)* Oh come on!

Trevor hits a button on his computer and the correct dramatic closing music plays.

JONATHAN. Cuckolded by my fiancée and almost murdered by my oldest friend. Let us hope we never again see…a murder at Haversham Manor. **Stop**

The chandelier hanging above the space suddenly sparks and crashes down onto Jonathan. The lights black out just before it hits him.

End of Play

* See Note on Songs/Recordings at the back of this volume.

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