

Annie is wearing Sandra's dress over her own clothes and clutches a script.

START Florence, you don't look yourself this evening.

ANNIE. *(Reading each word slowly from her script in an American accent.)* Thomas, I'm frightened.

ROBERT. Don't worry, Florence; you're safe in here with me.

DENNIS. What's happening, sir?

CHRIS. Isn't it obvious? Cecil has lost control.

ANNIE. Oh no not Cecil. *(Pronounced "ke-sill.")*

CHRIS. He killed Charles tonight, driven mad by his lust for you and now he knows we've found him out.

ANNIE. I cannot bear it. Cecil *(Again pronounced "ke-sill.")* would not do such a thing.

DENNIS. Well this is a fine mess. The worst night I've seen in eighty— *(Corrects himself.)* eight years of service.

ANNIE. Save me, brother.

Annie goes to Chris, who pushes her back to Robert.

Ooh, save me, brother.

ROBERT. Don't worry, Florence. I shan't let anyone hurt a hair on your head.

ANNIE. I'm panicking.

Annie does a physical action to show she is panicking.

I can't believe...Cecil— *(Still pronounced "ke-sill.")*

CHRIS. *Cecil!*

ANNIE. Cecil...is doing this.

DENNIS. Try to relax, Miss Colley Moore.

ANNIE. I shall faint.

STOP ROBERT. You shan't faint—

Annie falls back without warning. Robert just catches her.

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