

Start

Vicar Yes, Rupert. And now I have the document that I came for—
(*brandishing the Will*)—I wish you all good night. (*He turns to go*)

Inspector Just a moment, sir, not so fast.

Vicar Yes, Inspector?

Hubert The Inspector is on to something.

Mrs D’Arcy Be quiet, Hubert.

D’Arcy LettheInspectorfinish.

The Vicar tries to put the false beard back on and return the arm

Inspector I think you are hiding something.

Vicar I’ve nothing to hide, Inspector.

Inspector (*after a pause, speaking in a strange monotone*) Then perhaps you’d answer this question. If you have never been to this house before how did you manage to come into this room so easily through those french windows which have a lock of intricate design known only to the immediate members of the household?

Vicar All right, Inspector, you win! (*He removes the beard*)

All (*dispiritedly*) Rupert.

Vicar Yes, Rupert. (*Brandishing the Will*) And now I have found the document I came for . . .

Inspector Just a moment, sir, not so fast.

Vicar Yes, Inspector?

Hubert (*still blandly unaware*) The Inspector is on to something.

The Inspector snatches the cigarette case from him and hurls it into the wings

Mrs D’Arcy Be quiet, Hubert!

D’Arcy LettheInspectorfinish . . .

From this point, the CURTAIN may mercifully be drawn at the discretion of the stage manager. The audience leaving the theatre may still catch the occasional familiar phrase as the play continues on its inexorable course, or the collapse of the teetering flat might signal the end

End