

BILLY. "Quite easily, after a look at that necklace. Would you mind getting it, Doctor Forbes?"

SAUL. "The necklace? There is no proof on that necklace. I'll show you! (*Steps to safe, dials combination, reaches inside.*) Aggie!

AGGIE. (*Off.*) Oh, golly, I forgot! (*We see her cross doorway, Upstage, pass through area Upstage of window, pass french doors, during.*) I won't forget tomorrow night! I swear I won't! Things have just been kind of hectic, with Phyllis here, and—

GERRY. (*Steps Onstage.*) Aggie, don't cross where the audience can see you!

AGGIE. (*Now out of our view near back of safe.*) I won't, I won't. I was just in a hurry!

GERRY. (*Eyes skyward.*) Heaven help us all! (*Exits.*)

SAUL. From my line—?

GERRY. (*Off.*) From *anywhere!*

SAUL. ". . . I'll show you!" (*Reaches arm into safe almost up to the armpit.*) Aggie, can't you stand a little closer?!

AGGIE. (*Off.*) Sorry, Saul.

SAUL. (*Hand emerges with necklace.*) "There! Now show me your ridiculous proof!"

BILLY. "You yourself have shown the proof, Doctor Forbes! For—if you are *not* the murderer—how did you know the combination to that *safe?*!"

POLLY. "Great heavens! He's right!"

SAUL. "Blast you, Stephen Sellers!" (*Whips out pistol.*) "But there is one thing you did not take into account! I am armed!"

HENRY. "You, sir, are a scoundrel!"

VIOLET. "And I should very much like to sunder our engagement this moment!"

BILLY. "In that case—will you marry *me*, Diana?"

VIOLET. "With all my heart, Stephen!" (*They do a*

*four-hand clasp and stare adoringly into one another's eyes.*)

POLLY. "Doris—telephone at once for the constabulary!"

SAUL. (*Aims pistol.*) "Do so and you are dead, my dear!"

SMITTY. "Oh, mum, what shall I do?"

SAUL. "Just raise your hands. And the rest of you do likewise!" (*All stand there a moment; then.*) Aggie! The telephone's supposed to ring there!

AGGIE. (*Enters through french doors.*) I clean forgot! This is going to be *hell* tomorrow night, dashing to the safe with the necklace, then dashing back to ring the phone—not to mention following in the script, so I can *cue* people!

PHYLLIS. (*Off.*) I can pass the necklace to him, tomorrow night, if you like! I'd feel much *safer* having it in my possession, anyhow.

GERRY. (*Off.*) But won't you be seated out front?

PHYLLIS. (*Off.*) I can come up for that part—I'll have to be backstage, anyhow, so I can come out for my bow.

GERRY. (*Off.*) Well—I don't know . . .

AGGIE. (*Has finished cross, will exit on.*) We'll hash that out later! Right now, let's get *on* with this thing!

SAUL. Okay! (*Into character.*) ". . . And the rest of you do likewise!" (*PHONE RINGS.*) "Damn and blast! Who's that?"

BILLY. "It is my friend, Miles Taylor. I told him to ring us back shortly after his first call. If I do not answer—he shall summon the law, and they shall arrive here with a warrant for your arrest—Stanley Grimes!"

POLLY and VIOLET. (*In rhythmic unison.*) "Stanley Grimes?! Do you mean that criminal laboratory assistant to Doctor Forbes?!"

BILLY. "To the *late* Doctor Forbes, unless I miss my