

Aggie/Simon

*(Thunder. The wind howls.)*

*(pause)*

*(stillness)*

*(Then AGGIE enters from the study.)*

start

AGGIE. ...Hello?...Where is everybody?

*(She walks to the hall and opens the door. There's a flash of lightning and we see SIMON through the French windows behind her looking into the room.)*

Hello?!...William?!...

*(SIMON enters the room quietly. Then AGGIE turns.)*

Oh! You startled me.

SIMON. Sorry.

*(He stares at her.)*

AGGIE. Where have you been? What's the matter with you?

SIMON. Nothing.

*(silence)*

AGGIE. Do you want to call Tamsin back. Is that it?

SIMON. You know that's not true.

AGGIE. Do I? You sounded pretty friendly on the phone just now.

SIMON. I didn't mean to.

AGGIE. Oh, Simon. Are you still in love with her? Tell me the truth! Please!

SIMON. No.

AGGIE. No what? That you're not in love with her, or not telling me the truth?

SIMON. ...What do you think?

*(Beat. Then they laugh uneasily.)*

AGGIE. I'm sorry, I just...I get so jealous sometimes. I was looking for you and I couldn't find you.

SIMON. I went outside to do some thinking. What a weekend. Can I get you a drink?



AGGIE. I'd love one.

SIMON. Have a seat. It'll just take a minute.

*(She starts to sit.)*

No, no. Sit here. You can see outside. The light is so beautiful.

*(He offers her a chair so she can't see the wall of weapons behind her. She sits. SIMON stares at the back of her head for a moment, then takes down a garrote. Thunder, and the lights dim.)*

*(AGGIE leans her head back and takes a deep breath.)*

AGGIE. Oh. I'm so tired.

SIMON. Are you...?

AGGIE. Oh, my neck! Could you massage it?

SIMON. Of course.

*(He puts down the garrote and begins massaging her neck.)*

How's that?

AGGIE. Heaven.

*(He works on her neck in silence for a moment. She sighs deeply.)*

Wouldn't it be wonderful to live in a place like this?

SIMON. You *can* afford it, you know.

AGGIE. That's true. But I meant this kind of life. Like the Inspector.

*(He continues to massage her neck...and then his fingers go around her throat...)*

I could solve all the local mysteries and put things right again. I love that sort of tidiness, when all the pieces fit so perfectly together and everything just locks into place. That's when they catch the *really* bad people. "Where did the Pennyfeather's cat disappear to?" She's on the roof. "Who dug up Miss Pilbeam's flower bed last night?" It was that darn dog again. "Why do the Wheelers beat their daughter every night? She tries so hard to be perfect."



