Aggie/Simon start

(Thunder. The wind howls.)

(pause)

(stillness)

(Then AGGIE enters from the study.)

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."

SIMON. I know you do.

(pause)

AGGIE. We had the perfect plan, didn't we.

SIMON. We did.

AGGIE. I marry Hugo. I get the money. We kill Hugo. We get married.

SIMON. Then Daria had to come along and stick her nose in it. Out of the blue!

(Agitated, SIMON walks to the bar and starts making a drink. AGGIE stands.)

AGGIE. She was on to you like a shot.

**SIMON.** The stupid cow. I always hated her. Do you know she tried to blackmail me. *Me!* 

AGGIE. Is that why you killed her?

SIMON. No. I didn't kill her. That's the funny thing. It wasn't me.

AGGIE. Oh, really? And yet, on the other hand, you tried to kill me, didn't you?

(SIMON looks at her, startled – and AGGIE snatches up the garrote and whips it over SIMON's head and starts to strangle him without mercy. She's pulling so hard, he can barely claw at his neck. Meanwhile, the storm outside is raging.)

You hired that man to shoot at me in the theatre, didn't you?! DIDN'T YOU?!

SIMON. (strangling) Yes!

AGGIE. And you were about to try it again, weren't you?!

SIMON. Arghh... Aggie, please!

AGGIE. Aggie please what?! Leave you and Tamsin to enjoy my money?!

SIMON. No!

AGGIE. Liar! Admit it!

SIMON. Argh!

AGGIE. You're still in love with her, aren't you?! ADMIT IT OR I'LL KILL YOU!!

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