

CHRIS. ...and one we need to answer quickly if we all want to get out of this house alive.

ANNIE. Oh Inspector, you've given me a chill!

CHRIS. Perkins, pour us all another scotch.

DENNIS. Of course, Inspector.

*Dennis pours more white spirit for everyone.*

CHRIS. Now, tell me, is there anyone you know of still in the grounds other than the four of us?

ANNIE. Not a soul.

ROBERT. The staff all go home at the weekends, except for Perkins of course. *(Drinks and spits out the white spirit.)* Good God, I needed that.

CHRIS. Does anyone else have access to the grounds?

ANNIE. No one, Inspector.

DENNIS. I'm the only one with the master key and as instructed I locked and bolted the doors as soon as you arrived.

ROBERT. Then who could have killed him?

*The script goes round in a loop.*

DENNIS. That's a good question Mr. Colley Moore.

CHRIS. ...and one we need to answer quickly if we all want to get out of this house alive.

ANNIE. Inspector, you've given me a chill!

CHRIS. Perkins, pour us all another scotch.

DENNIS. Of course, Inspector.

*Dennis pours white spirit again.*

CHRIS. Now, tell me, is there anyone who you know of still in the grounds other than the four of us?

ANNIE. Not a soul.

ROBERT. The staff all go home at the weekends, except for Perkins of course. *(Drinks. Spits out again.)* Good God, I needed that.

CHRIS. Does anyone have access to the grounds?

ANNIE. No one, Inspector.

DENNIS. I'm the only one with the master key and as instructed I locked and bolted the doors as soon as you arrived.

ROBERT. Then who could've killed him?

*Dennis doesn't realise and the loop goes around again.*

DENNIS. That's a good question Mr. Colleymoore.

CHRIS. ...and one we need to answer *quickly* if we all want to get out of this house alive.

ANNIE. Inspector, you've given me a chill!

CHRIS. Perkins, pour us all another scotch.

DENNIS. Of course, Inspector.

*Dennis pours white spirit again.*

CHRIS. Now, tell me, is there anyone who you know of still in the grounds other than the four of us?

ANNIE. Not a soul.

ROBERT. The staff all go home at the weekends, except for Perkins of course. (*Drinks.*) Good God, I needed that.

CHRIS. Does anyone have access to the grounds?

ANNIE. No one, Inspector.

DENNIS. I'm the only one with the master key and as instructed I locked and bolted all the doors as soon as you arrived.

ROBERT. Then who could've killed him?

*Script loops again.*

~~DENNIS. That's a good question Mr. Colleymoore.~~

~~CHRIS. ...and one we need to answer quickly if we all want to get out of this house alive.~~

~~ANNIE. Inspector, you've given me a chill!~~

~~CHRIS. Perkins, pour us all another scotch.~~

~~DENNIS. Of course, Inspector.~~

~~*Dennis pours white spirit again.*~~

~~CHRIS. Now, tell me, is there anyone who you know of still in the grounds other than the four of us?~~

~~ANNIE. Not a soul.~~

~~ROBERT. The staff all go home at the weekends, except for Perkins of course. (*Drinks again. Spits out again.*) Good God, I needed that.~~