


~~MILO. Sense of humour fair trial England, I mean.~~
~~ANDREW. That's the way a foreigner talks. In their~~
~~hearts they think filthy wet country, ugly red sold men~~
~~who don't know how to treat a woman.~~

 MILO. What's brought all this on? What are you doing with that gun?

ANDREW. Pretty obviously pointing it at you.

MILO. For God's sake, why?

ANDREW. (*Slowly.*) Because I'm going to kill you.

MILO. You're going to . . . (*Laughs nervously.*) Oh Jesus! I suppose this is some sort of game.

ANDREW. Yes. We've been playing it all evening. It's called, "You're going to die and no one will suspect murder." (*A pause.*)

MILO. (*Considers his position.*) You mean all this steal my wife's jewels stuff was just a . . .

ANDREW. Of course! I invited you here to set up the circumstances of your own death. The break-in, the disguise, the jewels in your pocket, the householder aroused, grappling with the thief, the gun going off a couple of times and then the final fatal shot.

MILO. For God's sake, Andrew, knock it off!

ANDREW. Can you find a flaw in it?

MILO. (*Beginning to feel desperate.*) Marguerite! They'll trace the connection between me and Marguerite. They'll know that's why you did it.

ANDREW. I am perfectly entitled to tackle a man wearing a mask burgling my house in the middle of the night. The law will have every sympathy with me. Property has always been more highly regarded in England than people. And Marguerite will think you were just an adventurer after her jewels—a petty sneak thief who found larceny less burdensome than marriage. You really are a dead duck, aren't you? Not a moral or romantic attitude left.

MILO. I believe you're serious.

ANDREW. I'm not afraid of killing you, if that's what you mean.

