

ANNIE. You haven't seen him around the house?
 KATE. No, and I've been back near an hour. I was in me room. I assumed you all went out together. *(A beat.)*
 ANNIE. No. Mr. Cummings and I went out for a quick bite —
 KATE. Oh, I thought you were having dinner here.
 ANNIE. Well, change of plans. We went out.
 KATE. Oh. And Mr. Brooks?
 VINCENT. He must've went out somewhere else.
 KATE. But his car's still here. *(A beat.)*
 VINCENT. Well, he undoubtedly turned in early then.
 KATE. No sir, I checked his room.
 VINCENT. Okay. Then what about his studio? He's working, of course. That man loves to paint.
 KATE. I checked his studio and it was locked. I knocked but no answer.
 VINCENT. Oh.
 ANNIE. Kate, wouldn't you say that Mr. Brooks was in an off mood this evening?
 KATE. Oh yes, ma'am. Then again, he usually is.
 ANNIE. But tonight, he was particularly — disturbed. Wouldn't you say?
 KATE. Oh, yes, he usually doesn't have a gun.
 ANNIE. So then, he could be anywhere. He could've gone for a walk in the woods, correct?
 KATE. I suppose, yes.
 ANNIE. So there's nothing to really worry about, is there?
 KATE. I suppose not, ma'am.
 VINCENT. I'm sure Mr. Brooks will — turn up.
 ANNIE. Now Kate, if you go to see your friend again, do you think he'll still let you spend the night?
 KATE. Oh yes, ma'am, he was not happy I left.
 ANNIE. Then go back to see him, Kate. Please.
 KATE. Well, all right then. I best get me things. *(Kate exits.)*
 VINCENT. Oh God, my heart can't take this —
 ANNIE. Look everything's fine, we just need her out of here.
 VINCENT. But what if she heard?
 ANNIE. Heard?
 VINCENT. She could've heard our entire conversation when we walked in the door!
 ANNIE. No, Kate wouldn't eavesdrop.
 VINCENT. We have to find out! We have to ask!

ANNIE. No, Vincent, don't. Just let her leave as quickly as ... —
(Kate enters.)
 KATE. Well then.
 ANNIE. Good night, Kate. And no need to rush back home tomorrow.
 KATE. Yes, ma'am.
 VINCENT. Oh Kate, there is one thing —
 ANNIE. Vincent —
 VINCENT. Before, when Mrs. Brooks and I first came in — you didn't, by any remote chance, overhear what we were speaking about — did you? *(Kate looks at Annie, then back at Vincent.)*
 KATE. No, sir.
 VINCENT. Well — good night then.
 KATE. What were you discussing?
 VINCENT. Hm?
 KATE. Why did you ask me that? Were you discussing something important?
 VINCENT. No, no, not at all.
 ANNIE. Well, I'm so glad we cleared that up. Good night, Kate.
 KATE. Mrs. Brooks, if anything should happen to you —
 ANNIE. I'm absolutely fine, Kate. Good night. *(A beat. Kate exits.)*
 VINCENT. Well that sobered me up. Oh, my poor heart!
 ANNIE. You never listen to me, Vincent. Just like Jack, you never listen.
 VINCENT. This is the last murder I'm ever committing!
 ANNIE. Vincent, do you really think it would be too risky to start selling my work as my own?
 VINCENT. Oh God, Annie, look — we'll continue to sell your work, more successfully than ever, as Jack's work. And if you have the need to do some other work, in a totally different style, then I will sell that work under your name.
 ANNIE. But that is my style, Vincent. An artist has one thing — her art! And he took that from me!
 VINCENT. Annie, this is a business matter, and I swear we will continue this conversation in the very near future. But at the moment, there is another, more urgent business matter — specifically, the dead man in the coffin!
 ANNIE. Are you absolutely certain about this, Vincent?
 VINCENT. Annie —
 ANNIE. I need to know if you are certain, Vincent?
 VINCENT. Annie, I am certain. End of discussion. *(A beat. She*