

ANNIE. Are you sure?  
 JACK. Yes! Well, I mean — I guess not. How could this have —  
 ... I checked the gun myself —  
 ANNIE. The police, Jack. What will we tell them?  
 JACK. I didn't mean to kill him. I knew him for twenty years — he was my friend for twenty years. My God — (*He begins to tremble.*)  
 ANNIE. Here — try and get hold of yourself — (*She hands him a glass of scotch and he gulps it down.*)  
 JACK. How could this have happened?  
 ANNIE. Beats me.  
 JACK. Someone put real bullets in there.  
 ANNIE. Yes, that makes sense.  
 JACK. And there was only one time when anyone could've done that.  
 ANNIE. Yes, when you left the gun upstairs.  
 JACK. But Annie, the only other person upstairs was — (*He gestures towards her. A bear.*)  
 ANNIE. Well then. Que Sera, sera.  
 JACK. Annie?  
 ANNIE. Yes, dear?  
 JACK. I don't ... — What are you saying?  
 ANNIE. You need a new art dealer, Jack.  
 JACK. You — you wanted me to shoot, Vincent?  
 ANNIE. I gave him his chance. I asked him to sell my work as my own. He said "no."  
 JACK. What?  
 ANNIE. That's why I mentioned that Nicole Erickson and Jack Brooks are a lot alike. I had no doubt, given just the slightest provocation — bang, bang.  
 JACK. But Annie, he was about to sell *Study in Red*.  
 ANNIE. *Study in Red, No. 4*, Jack.  
 JACK. For a million dollars —  
 ANNIE. Jack, if I were you, I be much more concerned about what you can possibly say to the police.  
 JACK. My God, Annie, the police —  
 ANNIE. Yes.  
 JACK. You really killed my art dealer?  
 ANNIE. My fingerprints aren't on the gun, Jack.  
 JACK. Annie! Oh God, I feel funny — I feel faint —  
 ANNIE. Jack — come here.  
 JACK. What?

ANNIE. I'll explain everything if you just come here. Please.  
 JACK. Annie — I can't move.  
 ANNIE. No, you can't.  
 JACK. Did you hear me? I can't move!  
 ANNIE. Jack, there was selenine in your drink. It's really a simple drug.  
 JACK. What?  
 ANNIE. You shouldn't drink after a murder, dear. I warned Vincent of the same thing.  
 JACK. You drugged my scotch?  
 ANNIE. It's not fatal, Jack. It'll just immobilize you for a bit.  
 JACK. Annie — what are you doing?  
 ANNIE. You never listened to me, Jack. Just like Vincent, you never listened to me.  
 JACK. Annie, have you gone crazy?  
 ANNIE. I'm an artist, Jack. Never judge me.  
 JACK. For Christ's sake —  
 ANNIE. Vincent wasn't the only one being set-up tonight, Jack.  
 JACK. Annie —  
 ANNIE. Shut up and think, Jack! Think of what you did to me — as soon as I began to find myself in my work — you took it from me. With every one of my paintings you signed, you destroyed me a little more. And when I asked how — how you could possibly do that me — you said because I let you. Well, I'm not letting you anymore, Jack. (*She opens the tank, no music plays.*)  
 And there's only way I know how to stop you —  
 JACK. Annie —  
 ANNIE. It's you or me, Jack. And I choose me.  
 JACK. You're calling the police — turning me in for murder —  
 ANNIE. No Jack, I'm an artist. I'm much more creative than that. I'm about to drown you.  
 JACK. What?  
 ANNIE. The automatic cut-off in your isolation tank. I'm about to rig the valve. One twist of the lever, and it will fill up to the brim. For real.  
 JACK. No —  
 ANNIE. Yes.  
 JACK. Annie, you can't go through with this — you can't —  
 ANNIE. There's a monster in all of us, Jack. (*Annie exits.*)  
 JACK. Annie — Annie — (*The front door opens and Kate enters.*)  
 KATE. Mrs. ... — (*She sees Jack, stops.*)