

IMOGEN #1 (w/Selwyn)

IMOGEN. *(surveying the room)* Neat. But a little disappointing. Too austere for a love nest.

SELWYN. Don't pretend it's unfamiliar. I'm sure you've been scrutinizing it through a telescope ever since I moved in.

IMOGEN. Wrong. I even had difficulty finding it. If it wasn't for that little card in the frame outside I'd probably still be groping about in the corridor.

SELWYN. You're slipping.

IMOGEN. Not really. I've been paying a little man to keep you under observation.

SELWYN. What a shameful waste of money. I hope he told you the birds don't play in this particular next.

IMOGEN. Not openly. But he's waiting for the mating season.

SELWYN. *(in mock horror)* You can't imagine I'd make passes at my secretary!

IMOGEN. Not even when the secretary's quite passable?

SELWYN. You've seen her?

IMOGEN. Just now. I watched her leave. From my car.

SELWYN. You knew she'd be leaving at six?

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IMOGEN. Every Friday. She drives off like an automaton to catch the post and get your magazines.

SELWYN. She'll be back shortly.

IMOGEN. I know. In ten minutes' time. I shall leave a few moments before.

SELWYN. You should stay. I'll introduce you to her.

IMOGEN. No, Selwyn. You won't be in a position to.

SELWYN. What do you mean?

IMOGEN. Unless I can persuade you to change your mind.

SELWYN. About a divorce?

IMOGEN. Yes.

SELWYN. Nothing doing. You received my letter?

IMOGEN. I'm still seething.

SELWYN. I'm so glad. And your means of persuasion? Not that I can imagine anything that ...

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IMOGEN. We shall see, shall we? *(She produces a revolver)*

SELWYN. Imogen! That isn't worthy of you. More to the point, it isn't worthy of me. Do you really expect me to give you your freedom at the point of a gun?

IMOGEN. No, Selwyn. I expect you to refuse.

SELWYN. Good.

IMOGEN. Whereupon I shall take the utmost pleasure in shooting you.

SELWYN. I don't believe you.

IMOGEN. That I'd shoot you? Or that it would be a pleasure. But don't worry — I shall give you an even chance of survival. I shall shoot you through your heart.

SELWYN. You little ... !

IMOGEN. Sorry it's such a prosaic end for a connoisseur of esoteric deaths. I know your predilection for tarantulas, blowpipes, and iron maidens, but this isn't one of your murders. It's mine.

IMOGEN #2 (w/John)

IMOGEN. You know, I'm beginning to wonder about you.

JOHN. Me?

IMOGEN. Yes, you.

JOHN. You're upset. You're not thinking clearly.

IMOGEN. I'm thinking very clearly. We planned everything so perfectly. Why did it all go wrong?

JOHN. I don't know. I wish to heaven I did.

IMOGEN. You still want to marry me, don't you, John?

JOHN. Look here, Imogen...

IMOGEN. Answer me!

JOHN. What do you want me to do? Go down on my knees? Shall I put on a Mantovani record?

IMOGEN. I was beginning to wonder whether your share of Selwyn's life insurance wasn't more attractive to you than his beneficiary.

IMOGEN #2 (w/John)

JOHN. Don't be ridiculous — you know I care for you. I was sick with worry while I knew you were here with Selwyn. I was imagining what I'd do if something went wrong — if he somehow got the gun from you and...

IMOGEN. Shot me? That would've been interesting. He would have got the hundred thousand.

JOHN. Would he?

IMOGEN. It's a joint policy.

JOHN. Oh, yes. I'd forgotten. Look, let's have another drink.

IMOGEN. Why not?

JOHN. Did you have your whiskey when you got home?

IMOGEN. Why?

JOHN. I just wondered. I left one for you, as usual, poured out on the table.

IMOGEN. There wasn't time. I'd just got back when the phone rang. So I did a lightning change and drove here like mad.

JOHN. I think that was a mistake.

IMOGEN #2 (w/John)

IMOGEN. I don't run away from trouble. You'd have been on a jet to South America by now. That's the modern way of deserting the sinking ship isn't it?

JOHN. Am I such a bad catch?

IMOGEN. I'm beginning to re-evaluate you, my dear. And I detect a distinct lack of backbone

JOHN. Selwyn had that, and you left him.

IMOGEN. And little Christine moved in. I don't know how I kept my hands off her.

JOHN. Why should you care that she was having it off with Selwyn? You didn't want him.

IMOGEN. That doesn't mean I wanted anyone else to have him.

JOHN. What a strange attitude.

IMOGEN. It would be to you. You treat sex like a mortgage arrangement. So much down and once a month thereafter.