

GEORGE. All right. Telephone for the police. Is she breathing, Eleanor? [ELEANOR *shakes her head.*] Oh, God!

[*Bowing his head, emotion surges up in him.*

HANNOCK, *in this moment of weakness, almost frees himself and almost gets hold of the pistol.*

ELEANOR. [*Who is watching, cries out in alarm.*]

George! George, be careful! [GEORGE *pulls himself together too quickly for him, and prevents HANNOCK. FOOT starts to go. To FOOT:.*] Help me; it won't take you a moment!

GEORGE. No! Foot, I know I can trust you. [*Giving him the pistol.*] Keep this, yourself, and don't let him get out of the room.

FOOT. Yes, sir.

[*Takes the pistol, and stands before HANNOCK.*

GEORGE *goes to CICELY, and takes her in his arms.*