

HERBERT. Good night, Mother.

(He kisses her. She lights the candle on the dresser, L., goes up the stairs and exits.)

(Coming to his father, R., who is sunk in thought.)
Good night, Dad. You'll find the cash tied up in the middle of the bed.

MR. WHITE *(staring, seizes HERBERT's hand)*. It moved, Herbert.

HERBERT. Ah! And a monkey hanging by his tail from the bed-post, watching you count the golden sovereigns.

MR. WHITE *(accompanying him to the door)*. I wish you wouldn't joke, my boy.

HERBERT. All right, Dad. *(He opens the door.)*
Lord! What weather! Good night. *(He exits.)*

(The old man shakes his head, closes the door, locks it, puts the chain up and slips the lower bolt, but has some difficulty with the upper bolt.)

MR. WHITE. This bolt's stiff again! I must get Herbert to look to it in the morning.

(He comes into the room, puts out the lamp and crosses towards the steps; but is irresistibly attracted towards the fireplace. He sits down and stares into the fire. His expression changes: he sees something horrible.)

(With an involuntary cry.) Mother! Mother!

MRS. WHITE *(appearing at the door at the top of the steps with a candle)*. What's the matter? *(She comes down R.C.)*

MR. WHITE *(mastering himself. He rises)*. Nothing—I—haha!—I saw faces in the fire.

MRS. WHITE. Come along.

(She takes his arm and draws him towards the steps. He looks back frightened towards the fireplace as they reach the first step.)

TABLEAU CURTAIN.