

SANDRA. Why wouldn't I love him?

CHRIS. Did you love him, then?

SANDRA. How could anyone have benefitted?

CHRIS. Can you think of anyone who might have benefitted from your fiancé's death?

SANDRA. Cecil?

CHRIS. Not even Cecil?

SANDRA. I wasn't having an affair! Don't raise your voice to me, Inspector!

CHRIS. YOU WERE HAVING AN AFFAIR!

SANDRA. *(Slaps Chris.)* Don't tell me to calm down!

CHRIS. Calm down, Miss Colley Moore. *(Reacts to slap.)*

SANDRA. But where did you find it?

CHRIS. I found your letter; the one addressed to Cecil, written in your hand, declaring your love for him and saying that the thought of marrying Charles repulsed you.

SANDRA. Charles read it—

CHRIS. *(Does Sandra's line for her in a high voice.)* But where did you find it? *(Back to his normal voice.)* I'll tell you where I found it: in Charles' pocket!

SANDRA. Charles read it?! Then it was suicide!

CHRIS. *Indeed! (Returning to a calmer delivery.)* Or a murder, conceived by yourself and Cecil Haversham so you could run away together.

SANDRA. You diabolical beast. How can you? I won't stand for this, Inspector. Accuse me again and you'll be sorr...

*Robert bursts in, followed by Max; the door hits Sandra sharply on the head and she collapses, unconscious. Trevor picks up a first-aid kit and heads out of his box.*

ROBERT. What's all this shouting?

MAX. What is this, Inspector?

*Robert and Chris see that Sandra is on the floor. Max looks at Chris and doesn't see what's happened to Sandra.*

CHRIS. I'm merely interviewing Miss Colley Moore, nothing more.

MAX. What's the matter, Florence?

*Max turns to see Sandra on the floor.*

*Calm down!* Stop shouting.

*Sandra remains unconscious.*

ROBERT. She's having one of her episodes. Snap out of it, you're hysterical.

*Sandra remains unconscious.*

MAX. Florence! Where are you going?

*Sandra remains unconscious.*

ROBERT. Come back here this instant.

*Sandra remains unconscious. Robert looks back to Max and Chris.*

She's run off. I'll fetch her back. You stay here, Cecil, I daresay the Inspector has some questions for you. You were Charles' brother after all.

*Robert exits.*

MAX. I'm sorry about her, Inspector, she's badly shaken, we all are. It's been—

*Max almost walks into the pillar again but just avoids it.*

—quite the night and it's getting late.

CHRIS. Indeed. Eleven o'clock already.

*Chris looks at the clock. The hands are at five o'clock.*

MAX. Well do you have any questions for me, Inspector?

CHRIS. Yes, similar questions to those I asked Miss Colley Moore.

MAX. Fire away, Inspector, I'm at your service.

CHRIS. Indeed. You and your brother, did you get along well?

MAX. Up and down. There was rather more strain on our relationship when Father died. And it was no secret that our father cared for Charley more than myself.

CHRIS. I see. This is your father in the portrait, is it not?

*Chris turns to the portrait. It is of a dog.*

MAX. It is.

CHRIS. He was the spitting image of Charles, wasn't he?

MAX. He was ever since he was quite young, yes.

CHRIS. You were the junior by four years?

MAX. Almost four and didn't I know it.

*Jonathan and Robert peer through the curtains to see if Sandra is alright. Then they reach through the window and drag Sandra towards them, her body slamming against the bottom of the flat.*

Charles patronised and embarrassed me throughout our entire childhood. He always thought he knew best, and Father always took his side. If he ever didn't get his way he was unbearable.

*Sandra's body is hoisted roughly up behind the curtain and then dropped back down.*

CHRIS. He sounds far from the ideal brother. In fact it sounds like you hated one another.

*Sandra's dress has ridden up, revealing her underwear. Robert's hand reaches down and pulls the dress back over the underwear.*

MAX. I won't lie, Inspector, Charles and I never truly saw—

*Max turns and sees what is going on behind him as Sandra is roughly lifted and dropped again.*

—eye to eye! But if you're suggesting I had something to do with his murder then you're mistaken.

CHRIS. I see. It's a dark night, Cecil.

MAX. Inspector!

*Chris pulls the curtains open, revealing Robert, Annie, Trevor and Jonathan. They all freeze and try not to be seen. Sandra is held unconscious, in an awkward position.*

CHRIS. You can barely even make out the trees.

*Silence. Then Chris and Max turn back D.S. As Max continues with his next line, Robert, Trevor, Annie and Jonathan continue to remove Sandra, but more noisily than before. Vamp shouting at each other, yelling instructions on how best to*

*carry Sandra out. Max and Chris shout their lines over them.*

MAX. *What are you saying, Inspector?*

CHRIS. *I'm saying, Cecil, that tonight would be the perfect night for you to murder your brother.*

MAX. *Inspector, please, me and my brother had our differences, but deep down we cared for one another.*

CHRIS. AND YET YOU HAD AN AFFAIR WITH HIS FIANCÉE?

*The group in the window drop Sandra and start again.*

MAX. WHAT ON EARTH GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?

CHRIS. THIS LETTER I FOUND IN CHARLES' POCKET FROM MISS COLLEYMOORE TO YOURSELF.

MAX. YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

CHRIS. I DO! AS, IT SEEMS...DID...CHARLES!!

*The others have managed to get Sandra out of the window. Annie sharply draws the curtains.*

MAX. Well bravo, Inspector! You've found out about Florence and I, but it proves nothing.

*Panicking, Max begins to mime his speech as he says it, building faster and faster to a climax.*

We had nothing to do with Charles' murder, but Thomas Colley-moore does. Oh Inspector, he's a dangerously unhinged man, with a devil of a temper and Florence is his sister. Now I've said it once before and I shall say it once again: He couldn't stand the idea of giving her up to any man, let alone his old school chum. He saw them together at tonight's engagement party and he lost control and he lashed out at Charles. A crime of passion perhaps, but there it is!

*Max strikes a pose.*

CHRIS. Thank you, Mr. Haversham, you've been most helpful.

*If Max's speech gets a round of applause, Max takes a bow and vamps, bowing as many times as he can and clapping himself until Chris bellows, "Thank you, Mr. Haversham," and stops him.*

*Thank you, Mr. Haversham!...you've been most helpful. Perhaps*