

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

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

MAX. Up and down. Since Father died there was rather more strain on our relationship; it was no secret our father cared for Charles more than myself.

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

~~*It's a painting of a dog.*~~

~~MAX. It is.~~

~~CHRIS. He looks the spit of Charles, doesn't he?~~

~~MAX. He did ever since he was quite young.~~

CHRIS. You were the junior by four years?

MAX. Almost four, yes...

*Robert, Jonathan and Annie peer through the curtain together to see if Sandra is alright.*

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

*Now Annie, Robert and Jonathan all reach through the window and start to lift Sandra out under the curtains.*

CHRIS. He sounds far from the ideal brother. It sounds like you hated one another.

MAX. I won't lie Inspector, Charles and I never truly saw eye to eye, but if you're suggesting I had something to do with his death, you're mistaken.

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

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

MAX. Inspector?

CHRIS. You can barely even make out the trees.

MAX. What are you saying, Inspector?

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

*Chris and Max turn back downstage. Robert, Annie and Jonathan continue to remove Sandra.*

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

CHRIS. (*Offhand.*) And yet you had an affair with his fiancée?

*Robert, Annie and Jonathan drop Sandra and start again.*

MAX. ...What on earth gave you that idea?

CHRIS. The letter I found in Charles' pocket from Miss Colleymoore to yourself.

MAX. (*Shaken.*) You know about that?

CHRIS. As, it seems, did Charles.

*Robert, Annie and Jonathan have managed to get Sandra out of the window. Annie pulls the curtains shut.*

MAX. Well... Bravo Inspector! Very good. You've found out about Florence and I, but it proves nothing. We didn't have a thing to do with Charles' murder, but I *can* tell you who does.

CHRIS. Who?

MAX. Thomas Colleymoore.

CHRIS. Colleymoore? ~~But he and Charles were old friends, were they not?~~

MAX. He's a dangerously unhinged man, with a devil of a temper and Florence is his sister. ~~I've said it before and I shall say it again: he couldn't give his sister up to any man, much less his old school chum.~~ Tonight's engagement party made him lose control and he lashed out at Charles. A crime of passion perhaps, but there it is.

CHRIS. Thank you Mr. Haversham, you've been most helpful. Perhaps you could fetch Thomas Colleymoore. I'm going to need to follow more than one line of enquiry at a time to get to the bottom of this.

MAX. At once, Inspector, anything to help the progress of your investigation.

*Max exits.*

CHRIS. Hang it all Charles. Who could've killed you? Everybody under this damned roof seems guilty.