

MAX. This.

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 for years?

MAX. Almost four and I don't know.

*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 he is bellows, "Thank you, Mr. Haversham," and so on.*

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