

#3: Max, Sandra, Robert,
Dennis, Jonathan

~~SANDRA. I can't imagine!~~

MAX. It's madness! My brother was a good man. Who would kill him? I'm in shock, Thomas.

ROBERT. As am I, Cecil. As am I.

MAX. My brother murdered in his own home! This is unthinkable!

SANDRA. This is more than my nerves can take. I simply can't stand it. Thomas, I think I'm becoming hysterical!

ROBERT. No, Florence! Not another one of your episodes. Calm yourself. Here, take one of your pills.

MAX. Oh Florence, this is unbearable.

Sandra begins to scream and pound Jonathan's chest. Jonathan flinches.

Thomas, I feel I shall pass out.

ROBERT. Perkins! Pour that man a stiff drink!

Dennis arrives D.S. R. and offers a glass to Max.

MAX. Thank you, Perkins.

ROBERT. There, there, Florence, well done, deep breaths.

Dennis pours the white spirit into Max's glass. Sandra becomes calmer.

SANDRA. This is terrible, just a week after our engagement.

MAX. Well here's to a good brother.

Max raises his glass and drinks the white spirit. He quickly spits it back out.

That's the best whisky I've ever tasted.

ROBERT. Have another, to calm your nerves.

MAX. Make it a double!

Dennis pours Max another glass of white spirit.

SANDRA. Oh my Charles! My Charles! My head is spinning!

Max drinks it again. He spits it out again.

MAX. Calm down, Florence.

DENNIS. Another scotch, sir?

MAX. Yes!

SANDRA. I can't believe he was sat up here alone, drinking, when he was supposed to be downstairs with us.

Max drinks again and spits it out again, this time right into Jonathan's face, who sits up in shock. Beat. Robert pushes Jonathan back down onto the chaise longue.

MAX. My...

He lets out a throaty squeak, the white spirit burning his mouth.

My brother wasn't as happy as people were led to believe. Behind that cheery mask lay a darker side to the man that many didn't know about.

DENNIS. It's true, his smile was often merely (*Reads from his hand.*) a facade. (*Pronounced "fu-cayde."*) I was fortunate enough to be one of the few people who he really confided in. Damn it all, I've lost a true friend today.

ROBERT. We all have, Perkins. Hang it, I knew Charley ever since school.

SANDRA. I don't know how I'll ever recover from this.

ROBERT. You'll move back home with me. I'm your brother and I'll have it no other way.

MAX. Perkins is right, my brother was hiding a deep sense of melancholy and resentment. I have no doubt in my mind it was suicide.

DENNIS. Suicide, Mr. Haversham? How can you say that! Of course not, it's murder. Murder in the first degree.

MAX. Nonsense!

Max performs a gesture for "nonsense." If the audience laugh, Max can acknowledge them here by smiling and repeating the gesture.

Nonsense! My brother was paranoid and jealous and I can prove it. Perkins, hand me his journal, it's there on the mantelpiece.

Annie's hand reaches through the door and holds the journal against the wall where it should have been above the fireplace.

Dennis passes it to Max.

Thank you, Perkins. Why, look at the last entry. (*Not looking at the journal.*) "I fear Florence does not love me. The night of our engagement party, despair engulfs my soul."