

Scene 7

Narrator - It's the next morning, and Inspector McTavish and Sergeant Roy have returned to Wakefield Manor to continue the investigation into the Death of Dr. Davidson. McTavish has the photographs taken at the scene yesterday, and has done some snooping into the backgrounds of Dr. Davidson, and some of the guests. As Inspector McTavish and Sergeant Roy approach the house...

(sfx - Crunching gravel, two people, birds)

Sergeant Roy - I've never seen a case like it, Sir. So far every one of them had a motive for wanting the man dead, and no one has an alibi.

McTavish - Remind me to stop by the Fox and Fiddle down in the village later, Sergeant. I must speak with the publican about Rodney's story.

Sergeant Roy - Righto. Did you get that list of the safe contents from Mrs. Smythe?

McTavish - Indeed, she telephoned me at the station this morning, I jotted down what she said. You might want to take a look.

Sergeant Roy (reading) - The deed to Wakefield Manor, a life insurance policy, a gold Patek Phillipe pocket watch, a diamond bracelet, a - oh hello, here's a tidy sum - twenty thousand pounds cash. (whistles) I say, this chap was richer than Croesus. That's got to be a motive for all of them as well, especially if he was threatening to cut them all out of his will. The only thing left behind was the life insurance policy - whoever it was cleared out everything else and is sitting on a pretty penny right about now.

McTavish - Mrs. Smythe knew the combination to the safe, as did Miss Pangiottis. I wonder did anyone else in the house know it.

Sergeant - I'd imagine that housemaid Hannah could have done with a few bob. I'd be surprised if she didn't know the combination.

McTavish - We shall see...there she is now. Good morning, Miss Higginbotham.

Hannah - Good morning, gentlemen. May I offer you a cup of tea?

McTavish - Thank you, no, we would like to begin questioning the remaining guests if you don't mind. Would you be so good as to ask Mrs. Davidson to join us in the dining room?

Hannah (embarrassed) - I'm sorry, Inspector, but Mrs. Davidson has said she won't come downstairs on account of her terrible grief. She asks that you attend her in her room.

McTavish - I see. Very well. Shall we, Sergeant?

(sfx - mounting the cement steps and going inside)

Narrator - Inside Kitty's private room, the inspector and the sergeant find her sitting at her dressing table, dressed in a pink chiffon negligee and brushing out her golden hair.

(sfx - 30's music playing faintly)

Kitty - Look, I'll be perfect frank with you, I hated the old bastard, and in many ways I'm relieved he's dead. But I simply wouldn't have killed him.

McTavish - And why is that, Mrs. Davidson?

Kitty (sigh) - Because I know what's in his current will, the one he hadn't changed yet. It was something he insisted on before our marriage eight years ago. He added a codicil that if I divorced him, or he pre-deceased me, within ten years of our marriage, I would receive no part of his estate.

Roy - That's a rather odd thing for a bridegroom to add to his will.

Kitty - He said he did it to appease his children. He wanted them to accept me into the family, and thought if they knew I had nothing to gain from our marriage for at least ten years, they'd be more comfortable welcoming me into the Davidson fold.

McTavish - And did they?

Kitty - Too much, if I'm being honest. They rather think I'm one of them. How dreadfully dull, to be considered one of *them*.

McTavish - Still...you'll forgive me if I confirm this information with Dr. Davidson's solicitor.

Kitty - Be my guest.

Roy - Of course, playing devil's advocate, you could have contested the will. As his wife, you'd stand a good chance in the courts if you challenged that provision.

Kitty - Do you think I would take that chance? That I'd risk it all just for the satisfaction of killing him? Hardly. I've lost eight years of my life to that man, with only two more years to go before I could divorce him, why would I kill him? Or at any rate, why would I kill him *now*? If I *were* going to kill him, I'd wait another twenty-four months and inherit half his estate free and clear.

McTavish - I see. Well...to be frank, Mrs. Davidson, he did threaten to divorce you last night. Is that not so? And if that was indeed a condition in his will...

Kitty - He had no grounds for divorce, and he knew it. Besides, killing him before he could divorce me...and then taking my chances with probate court, along with the rest of his family? My, you do think me a gambler, don't you Inspector.

McTavish - Perhaps, Mrs. Davidson. Because, as you know, in most cases of homicide...

Kitty - It's almost always the spouse who did it. Yes, I know. (Sighing) Even more reason not to attempt it, don't you think? Surely I'd be your immediate and primary suspect.

Roy - Do you have an opinion as to who could have done it?

Kitty - Any of them. They all hated him as much as I did, I'm simply the only one who will admit it. But I do think that little tart Dulcie was trying to push me out. Even he thought so, ask anyone. He rebuffed her quite savagely last night, and I can see that kind of girl killing him simply out of wounded pride.

McTavish - What do you plan to do now, if I might ask? Now that he has, in fact, pre-deceased you within the specified time frame and your part of the estate is forfeit?

Kitty - I have plans, Inspector. Don't worry about me, I'll be just fine.

McTavish - Of that I have no doubt, Mrs. Davidson. If you will excuse us.

Narrator - Meanwhile, downstairs, in a quiet hallway...

Oliver (whispering) - What did the Inspector say to you, Mar? Was it dreadful?

Marlena (whispering) - Nothing of consequence...but I'm...I'm so terribly worried for you Oliver...you *were* running about the hallway last night, it looks very bad for you.

Oliver - Don't worry about me, darling.

Marlena - But what if the Inspector tries to pin it on you?

Oliver - Stop fretting, Mar. You'll work yourself up into a lather. I'll talk to the Inspector and make sure he knows what he needs to know.

Narrator - A few moments later, in the dining room again, McTavish and Roy greet Dulcie as she enters the room and takes a seat.

McTavish - You look rather familiar, Miss Pangiottis...would I have seen you somewhere before?

Dulcie - I don't think so.

McT - That turn of your head, the way you smile....it is quite familiar.

Roy - Were you an actress before you came to work for Dr. Davidson? You're pretty enough to be in the pictures.

Dulcie - Thank you, Sergeant. But I've only ever been a typist. I've lived in the village my whole life, and I've never been in the pictures or on the stage.

McT - And you were employed by Dr. Davidson as his personal assistant, is that so?

Dulcie - Yes. I typed up his letters, I helped him box up his old patient files and send them off to other doctors, that sort of thing.

McT - I assume you also worked in his surgery? Dealing with the patient files that were once housed there?

Dulcie - Oh yes, I would spend whole days there, sometimes, organising and cataloguing everything. It was tedious work, but I didn't mind it.

McT - And how did you find working with Dr. Davidson himself?

Dulcie - Well to be honest, he wasn't the most amiable man...

McT - I've gathered that. Please, sketch his character for us in more detail. We need to get an idea of him from an outsider, so to speak.

Dulcie - Well...if you insist...he was perhaps the most self-centred person I ever met. Every small annoyance was like an affront to him, he viewed even the most benign events as personal slights. He must have told me a thousand times all the ways his colleagues and family mistreated him, abused him, misunderstood him, it was an endless litany of complaints, the same ones over and over again, even when I told him I'd heard the stories already. That's when I realized he wasn't looking for a two-way conversation, if you understand me. He was paying me to sit and listen to him complain.

McT - Did you ever do any actual work for him?

Dulcie - Oh yes, he got a full day's work out of me, certainly...sometimes I typed so many letters my fingers ached all night. Then he'd ring me up at two or three in the morning, all in a tither because he'd had words with Hannah or Kitty, and was feeling palpitations.

Roy (incredulous) - He would telephone you at home? In the middle of the night?

Dulcie - Oh yes, quite often. And if I tried to ring off he'd find ways to keep me on the line. I tried every excuse, but the only way I got him to stop was by complaining about situations in my own life. He resented having to be of help to me, you see. Or anyone, really. He couldn't put down the telephone fast enough if I started to relate a troubling circumstance of my own.

Roy - He sounds like a right sod.

McT - That's enough, Sergeant. If you don't mind, Miss Pangiottis, what sorts of...personal situations...did you attempt to discuss with him?

Dulcie - Oh, nothing serious, usually just small disagreements I might have had with...well, with one of my friends. Or, for instance, if I tried to relate something of arguments I might have had with my own family. You know, as way of commiserating with him. He would simply tell me I was off-balance, like most women, and just needed a good night's sleep.

Roy - Which you couldn't get because you were up half the night talking to him.

Dulcie (laughing) - Precisely.

McT - How did you feel when he fired you last night?

Dulcie - It didn't compare to the news he was delivering to his children. I only worked for him, they're his family. But I admit, I was shocked that he thought I was...that he believed I was using my position to try to...to...

McT - Divert his affections away from Mrs. Davidson?

Dulcie - Yes! It's absurd, I can assure you. I...I can't tell you why...but I would never think of Dr. Davidson that way. It would be so utterly unnatural to me to even consider it. Please, don't ask me more, but trust that I had absolutely no designs on Dr. Davidson.

McT - The loss of your employment with Dr. Davidson must present a financial hardship to you, does it not?

Dulcie - A pretty woman who can type will never want for a job, Inspector.

Roy - That's for sure. There's a job going in the secretarial pool at headquarters, in fac-

Dulcie - I can assure you, I had no reason to kill Dr. Davidson. No job would be worth killing someone over, you must see that.

McT - It does seem a paltry motive, I grant you. But sometimes, one's motive for murder is not what it initially appears to be.

Dulcie - What other motive could I have? I barely knew the man. For you to accuse me-

McT - I am not accusing anyone as of yet, Miss Pangiottis. I am merely gathering the pieces of the puzzle together.

Dulcie - Well, while you gather your puzzle pieces, may I be excused? Mrs. Forrester is still quite upset and I'd like to bring her some tea.

McT - Very thoughtful of you, indeed. Yes, that will be all. Oh...one thing... that perfume you're wearing, it's quite distinctive.

Dulcie - It's French. It was a gift from...from my mother. Do you like it?

McT - Its effects are quite overpowering, yes. Perhaps you'd be so good as to write down the name of it so I could procure a bottle for my own mother.

Dulcie - Oh, it's very dear. I happen to know it costs...well, nevermind. I'll be happy to give you the name and where it can be purchased. May I go now, Inspector?

McT - Of course. Thank you, Miss Pangiottis. Would you ask Mr. Forrester to join me, please?

Narrator - Was Kitty Davidson lying about the codicil in her husband's will? Does Marlana think Oliver killed Dr. Davidson? Does Oliver think Marlana killed him? And why did Davidson make late night phone calls to Dulcie? All will be revealed soon...stay tuned