

## Scene 6

*Narrator - Sadie Forrester has been called in to answer Inspector McTavish's questions. As the scene opens...*

Sadie (in the middle of talking quickly) - And so you see, it's just been so awful for all of us, his outburst really was extraordinarily rude and hurtful and I don't know what. And I'm sure someone has told you by now but yes, I did rather blurt out that I hated him and wished he were dead but of course I didn't mean it. One says such horrid things when one is upset, you know. I didn't mean it at all, I was simply so terribly upset.

McTavish - Mrs. Forrester...

Sadie - And I started to make my way home because, you see, we just live down the hill, in the village, we've lived there for more than thirty years, but I turned around and came back because I just refused to run away from this. And so I came back and went to bed and of course...well, that's just it, I just went to bed alone because Ollie was...oh I don't know, Ollie said he was in the sunroom or something, and in the morning, that's when it happened. Or rather, that's when we found him, and-

McTavish - Mrs. Forrester, please. Slow down, calm yourself.

Sadie - I just know how dreadful it looks, I know what you must be thinking, especially since he said he was going to cut us out of his will and sell the house. I just couldn't bear the idea of his selling the house, that's what really upset me. Because if we only had the money I would have offered to buy it from him, I have such wonderful plans for this old stately home, but I suppose you know that too. It's alright, I make no secret of it, I want to open a home for unwed mothers, I think it's the duty of the privileged classes to do what they can for the unfortunates of the world. But he refused, and oh it's just been so hard not having any money to do what's right, and it doesn't help that Marlena and Harrison are forever showing off their baubles and trinkets like that gaudy diamond brooch of hers, even though I know they lost everything in the crash as well and I have absolutely no idea where all their money comes from.

McTavish (firmly) - Mrs. Forrester.

Sadie (contrite) Sorry. I am sorry, do forgive me. This is all just too ghastly.

McTavish (sighing through his nose) - Alright. As I was saying...your father was in the habit of drinking cocoa every evening, yes?

Sadie - Yes, Hannah would bring him cocoa every night at one a.m. In fact we were discussing it over dinner.

McTavish - Who was discussing it?

Sadie - Roddy and Marlena and I, we were telling Kitty about it. And Harrison, too.

McTavish - Did anyone else hear your conversation?

Sadie - Oh...oh no, I wouldn't say so. I know for a fact that Dulcie was talking to Oliver about cricket, I think. Neither of them would have heard us. No, they wouldn't have heard us. Dulcie and Oliver definitely weren't paying us any mind.

McTavish - Were either of them aware of your father's late night cocoa routine?

Sadie - Oh no, certainly not. No, it was...it was known only to the family. And of course to Kitty and Harrison too, since we were talking about it, but it was just a bit of silly conversation, it wasn't anything serious. You really mustn't think anyone else could have overheard us.

McTavish - I'm going to ask you a very pointed question, Mrs. Forrester. Who do you think could have poisoned your father?

Sadie - Oh goodness...what a question...well, I can't imagine anyone in my family doing such a horrible thing. That's what makes this all so wretched, I can't even bear to think that someone in this house is a cold-blooded murderer...but if I had to guess, I'm sorry to say I have serious doubts about Kitty...she's always been a gold-digger, Papa even called her a gold-digger when he said he was going to divorce her. And she isn't blood, you know, she's just a Davidson by marriage. And it's different when you're related by blood, there's a bond there, there's something unbreakable and sturdy about being related by blood. It matters. It really does. So if I had to say, I'd be very suspicious of Kitty, since she did say she was so happy the old bastard finally got what he deserved. Did I not say that before? Maybe I should have said that before. After we found the body she looked ever so pale and like she was

going to faint, but then she said she felt wonderful and that finally he had got what he deserved -

McTavish - I see. Thank you Mrs. Forrester.

Sadie - Is that all the questions you have for me? I don't have much of an alibi, but then I suppose none of us do, we were all just here, in the house when it must have happened.

McTavish - It does present a challenge, yes. Tell me, you mentioned something about a brooch that Marlana wears?

Sadie - Yes, it's a horrible, garish, gaudy thing, all encrusted with diamonds, Harrison bought it for her. She wears it just to annoy me, just to show off how well they're doing...even though I know they were bankrupted by the crash and really can't afford anything so dear. But Harrison is always so determined to put on a brave face..although he really doesn't fool any of us. We may not have known his actual name but we always knew he was a Spanish fellow, Marlana met him in Spain after all, and he has that wonderful accent...but-

McTavish - That will be all, Mrs. Forrester, you've been a great help. Might I encourage you go find Miss Higginbotham and allow her to make you some tea....and please send in Mr. Davidson.

Sadie - Of course. But I know Roddy didn't do it, he's a bounder and a bit of a cad but he's harmless, really.

McTavish - I should like to speak to him all the same.

Sadie - Of course. Of course. Oh I do hope this will all be over soon, how perfectly dreadful all of this is...

*Narrator - Rodney enters the dining room with a casual, if resigned air. He takes a seat opposite McTavish and puts his feet up on the table.*

McT - Good afternoon, Mr. Davidson

Rodney - Call me Rodney, everyone does.

McT - Very well, Rodney. I just have a couple of questions to ask you, if you don't mind.

Rodney - Fire away!

McT - What can you tell me about the dinner you all attended last evening?

Rodney - Oh, it was the pits. Anything to do with my father usually is, but this was exceptionally bad. He let loose on everyone, it was dreadful.

McT - Were you surprised by what he had to say?

Rodney - Yes and no. My father elevated self-pity to an art form. It was only a matter of time before he pulled some stunt like this.

McT - A stunt? So you don't believe he was serious?

Rodney - I have no idea. But I do know he had a habit of firing Hannah and then rehiring her, and threatening Kitty with divorce.

McT - And how do you know that?

Rodney - Well I might as well tell you, but do be discreet about it, old chap. It's not something I'd like to have get around but Kitty...well, let me say this, Kitty and I have become rather... *close*. And she often...*confided* in me. Let's just leave it at that.

McT - I see. And without being...indelicate...may I ask if you...or she...can provide alibis for each other for last night?

Rodney - I don't know. I doubt it, though.

McT - You don't know?

Rodney (buoyantly) - No idea. I know that after his outburst I polished off the last of the gin and then went on a hunt for anything else I could find to drink. Dry as a bone. So I took myself off to the pub down in the village.

McT - And how long were you there?

Rodney - That's a bit fuzzy. All I remember is waking up in a hedge outside the pub this morning. No clue how I got there, either.

McT - So you weren't even in the house last night?

Rodney - I remember going to the pub, I remember last call...and that's about it. Maybe I came back up here...but I did end up in that hedge somehow, so it doesn't seem likely. Ask Joe the publican, maybe he knows. It's the Fox and Fiddle, charming little rustic hole-in-the-wall, just off the church laneway. Try the ploughman's lunch if you get the chance, it's a bit of heaven on a plate.

McT - I will, thank you. If you don't mind my saying, you seem rather cavalier about this situation.

Rodney - I'm not the least bit sorry my father is dead, if that's what you mean. He took ill last year just as I was about to leave on a sailing trip to the Argentine, and I cancelled it just so I could be here for him. Did he ever thank me? Of course not. He just *expected* we'd all be here for him, as usual.

McT - How ill was he?

Rodney - Oh, it was dashed awful for a spell. Something to do with his lungs, I don't know. Galloping consumption maybe, or some kind of influenza. Whatever it was, he recovered enough to write me a letter telling me all the ways I'd disappointed him as a son. So you see, I didn't kill the man but I'm rather chuffed someone did.

McT - Well I appreciate your candour.

Rodney - May I go now? I could use a drink. The sun *is* over the yardarm and all that...

McT - Just one last question, Mr. Dav-...Rodney. Do you have any idea who might want to see your father dead?

Rodney (laughing) - More like who wouldn't want to see him dead. Everyone hated the old codger, especially the girls' husbands. He has some dirt on them I think, and threatened to use it. But every last one of us could have done it, if that's what you're asking.

McT - I see. Thank you Mr. Davidson. Would you please ask Sergeant Roy to join me on your way out.

Rodney - Glad to. (Leaves)

Sergeant Roy (entering) - You wanted to see me, Sir?

McT - Yes, Sergeant, do come in and shut the door. I'm perplexed by this case at the moment, I could use your insight.

Roy - Happy to help, Sir.

McT - Have you spoken to any of the family?

Roy - That Mrs. Sadie Forrester gave me an earful, going on about cocoa and how we need to speak to the victim's wife.

McT - Yes, she's quite agitated. Frankly, I find it all very odd...each of the Davidson children have reacted differently to their father's death, and not one among them has shown any sign of what I would call grief.

Roy - Apparently he delivered some shocking news to all of them over dinner last night, and let every one of them know what he thought of them. That's what Mr. Oliver Forrester told me - that the victim called them all here just to tell them all they were disinherited. Not a very nice thing to do.

McT - Still, you'd think that one family argument wouldn't overshadow their father's death. No, there's more here than meets the eye, Sergeant. I don't believe this will be a simple case to crack.

Roy - Should we talk to the housekeeper next? She's the most obvious suspect to my mind, she found the body.

McT - Yes, and she brought him the cocoa, knowing he'd drink it. The trouble is, Sergeant, even at this early stage, we've already seen that more than one person in this house had a motive to kill Dr. Davidson, and more than one person is already implicated to some degree.

Roy - That eyelash you mean...do you think it could belong to Mrs. Forrester?

McT - No, I don't think it belongs to her...I observed that she is a lady who does not favour heavy *maquillage*. Perhaps this young secretary, Miss Pangiottis. But I am unwilling to assume anything at this point. I will say, though, that discovering the shattered brooch belonging to Mrs. Smythe, and having apprehended Mr. Smythe in the process of trying to flee...well, this is all quite puzzling. I think I need to do some digging around, I need to find out

more about the victim before we continue. Let's reconvene here tomorrow and continue the questioning then.

*Narrator - Already, five suspects have entered the Inspector's mind - was it Dulcie who lost a false eyelash while stealing from the safe? Was it Sadie, who wished her father dead? Perhaps it was Marlena, who dropped her brooch in her haste to flee the scene of the crime? Was it Harrison, who tried to escape after murdering his father-in-law? Or was it Hannah, the person who brought Dr. Davidson the deadly drink? Tune in next time as the investigation continues...*