

BENSON. Yes, sir.

(He exits into the house.)

TREVES. Do you think the same drug was used to - er -
dope Miss Aldin?

BATTLE. It's worth checking up on. Would you mind telling
me, sir, who stands to gain by Lady Tressilian's death?

TREVES. Lady Tressilian had very little money of her own.
The late Sir Mortimer Tressilian's estate was left in
trust for her during her lifetime. On her death it is to
be equally divided between Nevile and his wife.

BATTLE. Which wife?

TREVES. His first wife.

BATTLE. Audrey Strange?

TREVES. Yes. The bequest is quite clearly worded, "Nevile
Henry Strange, and his wife, Audrey Elizabeth Strange,
née Standish." The subsequent divorce makes no
difference whatever to the bequest.

BATTLE. Mrs. Audrey Strange is, of course, fully aware of
that?

TREVES. Certainly.

BATTLE. And the present Mrs. Strange, does she know that
she gets nothing?

TREVES. Really, I cannot say. *(Doubtfully.)* Presumably her
husband has made it clear to her.

BATTLE. If he hadn't she might be under the impression
that she was the one who benefited.

TREVES. It's possible, yes.

BATTLE. Is the amount involved a large one, sir?

TREVES. Quite considerable. Approaching one hundred
thousand pounds.

BATTLE. Whew! That's quite something, even in these days.

*(LEACH enters carrying a crumpled dinner
jacket.)*

LEACH. I say, take a look at this. Pollock has just found
it bundled down in the bottom of Nevile Strange's
wardrobe.

(He points to the sleeve.)

Look at these stains. That's blood, or I'm Marilyn
Monroe.

(BATTLE takes the jacket.)

BATTLE. You're certainly not Marilyn Monroe, Jim. It's
spattered all up the sleeve as well. Any other suits in
the room?

LEACH. Dark grey pinstripe hanging over a chair. And
there's a lot of water round the wash basin on the floor
- quite a pool of it. Looks as if it had slopped over.

BATTLE. Such as might have been made if he'd washed the
blood off his hands in the devil of a hurry, eh?

LEACH. Yes.

*(He takes some tweezers from his pocket and
picks a hair on the inside of the collar.)*

BATTLE. Hairs! A woman's fair hair on the inside of the
collar.

LEACH. Some on the sleeve, too.

BATTLE. Red ones, these. Mr. Strange seems to have had
his arm round one wife and the other one's head on his
shoulder.

LEACH. Quite a Mormon. Looks bad for him, don't it?

BATTLE. We'll have to have the blood on this tested later to
see if it's the same group as Lady Tressilian's.

LEACH. I'll try and arrange it, Uncle.

TREVES. *(Perturbed.)* I can't believe I really can't believe
that Nevile, whom I've known all his life, is capable of
such a terrible act. There must be a mistake.

BATTLE. I hope so, I'm sure, sir.

(He turns to LEACH.)

We'll have Mr. Royde in next.