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OWEN MARSHALL, COUNSELOR AT LAW

Open to reveal Edgar in the witness chair as Owen continues his cross

OWEN

On the day of Joyce's kidnapping... she had a lesson at your studio -- in fact, I believe it was your last lesson of the day. Is that true, Mr. Hogan?

EDGAR

Yes...

OWEN

Did she leave...anything at your studio?

EDGAR

Yes...she left a sweater...I returned it to the Cranes...

Owen produces the sweater, which we saw Edgar return.

OWEN

(handing it to Edgar)

Is this the sweater...?

Edgar looks at the sweater closely, then at Owen, trying to see, where Owen is leading him.

EDGAR

Yes...that's the sweater.

OWEN

Mr. Hogan, are you aware of the coroner's report...which was reprinted in the newspapers and which stated that the civtim has been chloroformed before death?

EDGAR

I am.

OWEN

Then can you perhaps tell us how traces of chloroform found their way into the sweater? Traces which were confirmed by the police laboratory early this morning --

EDGAR

(squirming)

I don't know anything about any chloroform.

Owen produces a slip of paper, which he hlds in front of Edgar.

OWEN

Then how do you account for this receipt -- from Oisen's Pharmacy -- for the purchase of chloroform ... in your name --?

Edgar crumples in disbelief and shock.

OWEN

(picking up the pace)

Mr. Hogan, isn't it a fact that you chloroformed Joyce Crane before you abducted her from your studio?

abducted her from your studio?

EDGAR

No!

OWEN

And then to cover your tracks didn't you pick up the defendant, Drew Monroe, and arrange for him to get the ransom?

EDGAR

No!

OWEN

(closing in)

...but when things fell apart and the defendant was apprehended... didn't you murder Joyce...because you knew she'd be able to identify you later?

EDGAR

No!

OWEN

-- or perhaps you were going to murder her all along....

EDGAR

(cries out)

No! I never meant to kill her...

Do you have any idea what it's like to be dependent on people you despise....? ...the insults...the cancelled lessons at the last moment...

(he looks at the Cranes)

...I heard them once...they didn't know I was still there...Mr. Crane was talking to his wife...he pitied me...He said I had just enough talent to make me miserable...but that I was better off as a piano teacher...because I could never make it in the real world...

(agonizing)

...the real world...what do they know about the real world...these people in their fancy cars and clubs, in their protected homes... they know nothing about pain... pain and suffering...

(crying silently)

Look... look...all I wanted was enough money, finally, to make it in... any other world than mine. I didn't want to kill her, don't you see? She was a nice girl... I liked her all the way up to the end....