

JOHN. You bet. Can't stay, though. (*Looks at telephone, still madly thinking.*)

BARBARA. Can't stay?

JOHN. No. Got to get back on the road. (*HE moves to go.*)

BARBARA. Don't be silly! It's. C.D.W.B.

JOHN. Oh, yes,

BARBARA. (*Puts her arms 'round him and kisses his neck.*) "Cuddly day with Barbara."

JOHN. No, "Can't Do What's Booked."

(*Barbara's phone RINGS. JOHN lifts phone, does a few very quick "heavy breathings" into receiver and replaces receiver. MARY reacts then bangs her phone down and exits into her hall.*)

BARBARA looks bewildered at JOHN who is standing, looking at the phone with a blank stare.)

BARBARA. (*Finally.*) Why did you do that?

JOHN. (*For a moment doesn't answer. -Sexily.*) I don't want us to be disturbed.

BARBARA. (*Sexily.*) Oh, you're in a hurry, are you?

JOHN. (*Glancing at phone.*) Not half! But I can't give in to it.

BARBARA. (*Wrapping herself around him.*) Yes, you can.

JOHN. No. You see, I didn't earn a penny last night. I ought to do one quick trip.

BARBARA. Afterwards. (*SHE removes his jacket and during the ensuing dialogue undoes his shirt.*)

JOHN. Well, I've got a bit of a headache, actually.

BARBARA. That's all the more reason for going to bed.

JOHN. I don't think that'll be good for me, honestly. I don't.

BARBARA. You've always said it cures anything.

JOHN. Well, yes.

BARBARA. Especially headaches.

JOHN. Yes, that's *your* headaches, not *my* headaches.

BARBARA. Come on. (*SHE pulls him towards the bedroom DR.*) We'll soon get rid of that nasty old headache.

JOHN. Well, as long as you let me go out afterwards.

(*SHE drags him into bedroom as STANLEY comes out of Mary's kitchen, followed by TROUGHTON.*)

STANLEY. (*Looks around.*) Yes, well, I thought I ought to explain, Sergeant.

TROUGHTON. Dreadful bit of news.

STANLEY. You walked right in the middle of the phone call, you see. Mrs. Smith was shattered.

TROUGHTON. Bound to be. I'm glad you told me.

STANLEY. Yes. Always worse when you hear suddenly like that.

TROUGHTON. Yes. *Both* her grandparents, was it?

STANLEY. Yes, both.

TROUGHTON. Dear oh dear!

STANLEY. Yes, dear, oh dear.

TROUGHTON. On a hiking holiday, too.

STANLEY. Yes. Both in their eighties, mind you.

TROUGHTON. Still, not a nice way to go—over the side of a mountain.

STANLEY. It was quick though.

TROUGHTON. The Canadian Rockies, you say?

STANLEY. Yes. The Canadian—er—Rockies. (*Quickly.*) Now you wanted to see Mr. Smith again, did you?

TROUGHTON. Yes, I did actually. It appears there's some confusion over Mr. Smith's address.

STANLEY. Is there?

TROUGHTON. As to whether it was in Wimbledon or Streatham.

STANLEY. (*Is taken aback.—Off-hand.*) Wimbledon or—er—St—St—

TROUGHTON. Streatham, sir. Mr. Smith reckoned it was all a silly mistake on the part of the hospital.

STANLEY. Probably was.

TROUGHTON. No, it wasn't. When I got back to the Station, they'd had Streatham Police on to say that another John Smith was reported missing from that area.

STANLEY. (*In mock amazement.*) No!

TROUGHTON. 47 Lewin Road, Streatham, S.W. 16.

STANLEY. Good lord.

TROUGHTON. And that's the same address as they had at the hospital.

STANLEY. It's a puzzle, isn't it?

TROUGHTON. So do you know the present whereabouts of *our* Mr. Smith?

STANLEY. No. I think he's on the job at the moment.

TROUGHTON. Driving his taxi, you mean.

STANLEY. Yes.

TROUGHTON. Well, I think I'll go and call on this other Mr. Smith. (*Moves up to door ULC.*)

STANLEY. (*Worried.*) Call on him? (*Hurries after Troughton.*)

TROUGHTON. In Streatham.

STANLEY. (*Worried.*) Do you think you should?

TROUGHTON. It's only in the next Manor.

STANLEY. Outside your jurisdiction though, isn't it?

TROUGHTON. Just a social call, Mr. Gardner, just a social call.

(*TROUGHTON goes out into Mary's hall. STANLEY dashes to Mary's telephone as TROUGHTON returns.*)

TROUGHTON. Oh, Mr. Gardner.

STANLEY. *(Falls backwards over the settee in his surprise but tries to look nonchalant.)* Yes?

TROUGHTON. Do you know what an accessory is?

STANLEY. *(Considers this.)* A handbag?

*(TROUGHTON shakes his head.)*

STANLEY. Oh, an accessory. Yes.

TROUGHTON. Good.

*(TROUGHTON exits. STANLEY picks up piece of paper and, whilst dialing goes to hall door to check that Troughton's actually gone.)*

*Barbara's phone RINGS. After a moment JOHN hurries in from the bedroom and picks up phone. John now wears underpants, socks and shoes. STANLEY sits L of settee waiting impatiently for the phone to be answered.)*

JOHN. *(On phone.)* Hello?

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* It's me again—

JOHN. *(On phone.)* What the hell do you want now?!

*(Sits R of settee.)*

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* It's no good getting cross with me. I'm just the bloke who's got the flat upstairs!

JOHN. *(On phone.)* Blimey, talk about fiddling while Rome burns.

JOHN. *(On phone.)* Well, come on, what is it?

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* Troughton is on his way to see you!

JOHN. *(On phone.)* Troughton?

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* The policeman who was here this morning!

JOHN. *(On phone, aghast.)* He's coming over to Streatham?