



Falls into Place

*A new
play by
Stan
Thompson*

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by Stan Thompson

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FALLS INTO PLACE

A new play in two acts, by Stan Thompson

Cast

Roland Tremaine	Early-fifties – a dental surgeon
Clive Tremaine	Mid-fifties – Roland's brother and a stockbroker
Helen Tremaine	Early-forties – Roland's wife and a stage designer
Chief Inspector, Derek Lockhart	Late-forties -- a detective with Brighton Borough Police
Sergeant, Harry Findlay	Early-thirties -- a detective with Brighton Borough Police
Richard Maddox	Mid-thirties – a dental surgeon
Terry Taylor	Early-twenties – an aggressive, young tearaway

Welcome to my play!

The location for this play is the cosmopolitan seaside town of Brighton, England.

It is June, 1960: the massive culture shock of the 'swinging sixties' is waiting on the horizon. Attitudes and behaviours will never be the same again.

But nothing is ever what it seems in this parody of idiosyncratic, professional, middle class life, so often depicted in British, low-budget, black-and-white, B-movies of the period, complete with amusing stilted dialogue.

The action throughout takes place in the spacious and fashionable, open-plan, high-rise, penthouse apartment at Marine Plaza, adjacent to Brighton's seafront, where husband and wife, ROLAND and HELEN TREMAINE, reside.

The recommended overture music is 'Take Five' by the Dave Brubeck Quartet, subject to the rights being available.

ACT ONE, SCENE 1: the penthouse apartment, early evening

ACT ONE, SCENE 2: the penthouse apartment, a few hours later

ACT ONE, SCENE 3: the penthouse apartment, morning, three days later

INTERVAL

ACT TWO, SCENE 1: the penthouse apartment, early evening, some weeks later

ACT TWO, SCENE 2: the penthouse apartment, an hour, or so, later

ACT TWO, SCENE 3: the penthouse apartment, Sunday evening

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

At curtain-rise, ROLAND TREMAINE'S brother, CLIVE TREMAINE, is visiting the apartment for the first time. It is early evening. The time shown on the enormous, penthouse wall clock is seven-fifteen. The lighting is moderately bright for an early summer's evening.

- Clive *(looking around the room)* This is one hell of an apartment, Roland.
(peering out the window of the balcony door, stage left) We're almost up in the clouds and a sea view, too.
- Roland Yes, one couldn't wish for a more perfect location.
- Clive And I see you've got yourself a decent telescope at last. Spotted any heavenly bodies lately? And I don't mean young floozies cavorting in the opposite apartments!
- Roland *(laughing)* Unfortunately, only the planet, Venus, so far, on clear nights....
- Clive So, how's the world of dentistry been treating you? Very well by the look of this place.
- Roland Well, opening a new practice here in Brighton has exceeded all expectations. I've had to take on a brilliant, young chap to help out with my new private patients.
- Clive Yes, I met him yesterday, when I came over for my filling – Richard something?
- Roland Maddox. Richard Maddox. I was lucky to find him – Helen knew him from when she was his patient at Wimpole Street.
- Clive You're telling me you poached him from London to come and work for you down here?
- Roland *(laughing)* No. He'd gone off travelling to South America for three months, and was looking for a new position back in Blighty.
- Clive South America, eh? *(laughing)* Pulling teeth for the Incas?
- Roland Incas? Do they still exist? I don't know if Richard ever set foot in Peru. I shall have to ask him.
- Clive Well I have to congratulate him on his chair-side manner - he was very patient and gentle with that infernal pneumatic drill – *(laughing)* I hardly felt a thing!

- Roland Yes, Helen always used to say how caring and considerate he was. And my patients are singing his praises already.
- Clive A bit of a culture shock, Brighton, I would imagine, eh Roland? A lot different from your old stomping ground, Tunbridge Wells? Fewer fuddy-duddy patients, no doubt?
- Roland *(laughing)* You could say that, Clive; a lot of my new patients are rather flamboyant – so much *gaiety*, if you know what I mean?
- Clive Well, it takes all sorts, so they say. *(surveying the room again)* I really take my hat off to you, Roland – this is a truly outstanding apartment you've got yourselves here.
- Roland Actually, Helen deserves all the credit for the penthouse. She found it and negotiated a jolly good deal with the estate agent people. And she chose the décor and furnishings. She is so talented. I don't know what I'd do without her.

HELEN enters the room, with bold self-assurance, from the bedroom, upstage centre. She is carrying a black Chanel handbag. She is startled to find CLIVE there, but manages to conceal her hostility towards him.

- Helen *(casually)* Did I hear someone mention my name?
- Clive *(surprised and exchanging a perfunctory kiss on the cheek with HELEN)* Hello, Helen. *(looking her up and down)* You know you're looking more delightful than ever. It must be the sea air.
- Helen *(unmoved)* Good evening, Clive.
- Clive *(moving towards HELEN)* My brother here was just extolling your impressive negotiating skills, Helen. Maybe you should come and work for me at the brokerage?
- Helen *(drily and distancing herself from CLIVE)* I'm afraid I've rather enough on my plate, being the dutiful wife that I am. I've barely enough time for my work at the theatre.
- Clive Are you still there? Still advising?
- Helen Yes, still advising, with more than enough to keep this little woman occupied.

There is an awkward silence.

- Roland *(wryly, as he opens an elaborate cocktail cabinet)* So, can I fix "the little woman" a drink? Martini?

- Helen No thank you, darling. I have to go out – mother's had another ghastly turn. She's begged me to pop down. I might have to stay the night.
- Roland *(surprised)* This is news to me – when did all this happen? You never said?
- Helen Oh, didn't I? Yes, she telephoned earlier just before you got back from the practice. She's all alone in that dreary cottage and feeling rather dreadful.
- Roland *(disappointed)* Well, she's been like that ever since your father died. So, must you go tonight? Can't it wait till tomorrow? I've reserved a table for dinner at the Metropole.
- Helen Look, I'll try and get back later, if I can. But no promises; mother sounded so wretched on the telephone - I promised her I would come straight away.
- Roland But you were only there a few weeks ago, when she thought she was at death's door. Next thing you'll be telling me is that she wants to move in with us, heaven forbid.
- Helen *(glaring at ROLAND)* You wouldn't be saying that if you'd ever had an ounce of love and affection from your mother – packed the pair of you off to boarding school, the minute your father walked out to be with some common barmaid, I believe...
- Clive *(indignant)* Now, steady on, Helen. No need to rake up all that.
- Helen *(glaring at ROLAND again)* Well, someone needs to tell your brother to get off his high horse. He can be so damn hurtful, sometimes.
- Roland *(trying to embrace HELEN, who is having none of it)* I'm so sorry, my darling. I've made a total ass of myself, as usual. Of course you must attend to your mother – let me take you to see her – I know how much you detest driving the Daimler.
- Helen No, Roland – you've had far too many Martinis and, besides, you know how you and my mother never see eye to eye – she sounded poorly enough, without any aggravation from you. I'll take the train.
- Roland You're going by train? But how will you get to the railway station?
- Helen Oh do stop fussing, Roland. I have travelled by train before, and they're perfectly safe these days, you know.
- Roland *(concerned)* Well, if you're really sure?

- Helen Yes, I shall be fine and I've telephoned for a taxi to take me to the station. It should be here very shortly. (*irritated as she rummages through her Chanel handbag*) I can't seem to find my damn cheque book anywhere. I don't suppose you've seen it, Roland?
- Roland No. Afraid not. When did you last have it?
- Helen (*tetchy*) Oh, I don't know. I can't recall. But never mind, it'll probably turn up eventually, I suppose.
- Roland Do you need any cash? I can let you have a tenner, if it helps?
- Helen That's very sweet of you, Roland, but I have enough on me for the journey, thank you all the same.
- Clive Look here, there's no need to waste money on a taxi - I have to drive past the station on my way home. Let me give you a lift. I've not had any Martinis. Your husband never got round to offering me a drink.
- Helen (*anxious*) No, Clive. That's very kind of you, but I don't want to put you to any trouble. And, besides, the taxi will be here in a few minutes.
- Clive I insist. And I won't take "no" for an answer. Now, what time is your train?
- Helen Oh, very well. (*a moment*) They run every hour. (*looking at the clock on the wall*) The next one leaves in about forty minutes.
- Clive Then we had better get cracking. I'll nip downstairs and bring the Jag around. And I'll send the taxi away. Meet me out front in five minutes.
- Roland That's damn decent of you, Clive. Don't you think, Helen?
- Helen (*quietly*) Yes, thank you, Clive.
- Clive It's no trouble at all. Good night, Roland. Meet you downstairs, Helen.
- Roland Good night, Clive and thanks again for coming to Helen's rescue.

CLIVE exits stage right.

- Helen (*agitated*) What the hell was your odious brother doing here, Roland? You never said he was coming over!
- Roland I didn't know he was - he just turned up out of the blue. He said he was in the neighbourhood and wanted to look over the apartment.
- Helen Well he shouldn't be encouraged to just turn up as and when he pleases – we might have had important guests round.

And why did you insist on him driving me to the railway station? He makes my skin crawl. He can never keep his hands to himself. And tonight of all nights.

Roland *(attempting to embrace HELEN and kiss her)* I'm so very sorry, my darling. I was only trying to help. *(a moment)* You know that I love you so very much, don't you?

Helen *(pulling away from ROLAND)* Yes. I know you do. *(a moment)* Look, I had better get going. The octopus will be waiting.

HELEN retreats into the bedroom and returns almost straight away carrying a tailored silk jacket and a small leather overnight bag. She collects up her Chanel handbag.

HELEN and ROLAND share a brief and awkward moment of silence and inactivity.

HELEN turns to look at ROLAND, as she prepares to leave.

Goodbye, Roland. I'll telephone when I get to mother's.

Roland *(almost inaudible)* Goodbye, my darling. Safe journey.

HELEN exits stage right. ROLAND watches her leave and walks over to the balcony door, stage left, and looks out the window. He seems puzzled.

The lights slowly fade to a black-out.

END OF ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

Late evening, a few hours later. When the lights fade up, the time on the wall clock is ten-thirty. The lighting is soft. One table lamp is switched on. ROLAND has dozed off on the sofa. He wakes up suddenly. He is slightly disorientated. He struggles to his feet and stares at the clock. He looks at the telephone. He picks up the receiver to check if it is still working. He dials the number for HELEN'S mother, MARGARET ASHCROFT. He grows impatient, as the call is not answered promptly. Eventually, MARGARET picks up. ROLAND tries hard to sound sincere.

Roland Oh, good evening, Margaret. It's Roland here. *(pause)* Roland, Helen's husband? Sorry to trouble you so late. Are you feeling any better? *(pause)* Well, Helen said that you were feeling unwell? That's why I'm calling to see if she got there okay? *(pause)* She's not with you? But she told me that you had asked her to come down? *(pause)*

She left here hours ago. She was catching the train. She was meant to call me when she got there. *(pause)* You didn't ask her to come down? I don't understand. She said that you were feeling poorly? You telephoned her earlier? *(pause)* No? Then, where can she be? *(pause)* Look, don't worry. I'll check with my brother, Clive. He was giving her a lift to the railway station. Maybe there are problems with the trains? I'll check with the station, too. *(pause)* Yes, I'll call you as soon as I hear anything. *(pause)* I promise. But ask Helen to call me immediately should she turn up in the meantime. Good night, Margaret. Please don't worry. I've probably got my wires crossed, as usual. Sorry again to trouble you. *(he waits for her to hang up)* Stupid old bat!

Roland replaces the receiver and is about to call his brother, when the apartment door buzzer sounds. He rushes to open the front door, stage right.

(anxious) Helen, is that you?

ROLAND is perplexed to find CHIEF INSPECTOR, DEREK LOCKHART and SERGEANT, HARRY FINDLAY at the front door.

Lockhart Good evening. Mr Roland Tremaine? Sorry to disturb you, sir, at this late hour.

Roland *(bewildered)* Yes? Who the devil are you?

Lockhart We're from Brighton Borough Police. May we come in, sir?

Roland *(puzzled)* Yes, I suppose so. Have you got any identification? One can't be too careful these days.

Lockhart *(showing ID)* I'm Chief Inspector, Derek Lockhart and this is my colleague, Sergeant Harry Findlay.

Roland Good evening. You had better come in, then.

The POLICE enter the apartment. ROLAND closes the door behind them and switches on the room lights.

Lockhart *(surveying the room)* Lovely apartment, Mr Tremaine.

Roland *(agitated)* Look, what is this all about, Chief Inspector? I presume this isn't a social visit?

Lockhart Actually, it's your wife, whom we'd like to talk to. Is she at home, sir?

Roland *(perplexed)* Helen? No. She's not here right now.

Findlay Do you know when she'll be back, sir?

Roland No, not exactly. She's gone to visit her mother at Horsham. Why are you enquiring about her? I don't understand...

Lockhart May we sit down, sir?

Roland Yes, of course. If you must.

ROLAND gestures for the POLICE to sit down.

Can somebody please tell me what's going on?

Lockhart You said that Helen, your wife, had gone to visit her mother at Horsham? Do you know what time that would have been?

Roland She left here at about seven-thirty. My brother, Clive, gave her a lift to the railway station.

Lockhart She was travelling to Horsham by train?

Roland *(growing impatient)* Yes, she was taking the train. Is that so unusual? She doesn't like driving our Daimler – she finds it too unwieldy. I offered to take her, but I'd had rather too many Martinis, so Clive offered to drive her to the station.

Lockhart Your brother, Clive, lives here, too?

Roland No, of course not. He'd dropped by earlier to take a look at the apartment. It was his idea to give Helen a lift to the railway station, as he had to drive past it on his way home.

Findlay *(looking over towards the telephone)* Perhaps we could have a word with your wife on the telephone, sir? I imagine she would have reached Horsham long before now? I presume you have her mother's telephone number?

Roland Well that's just it....

Findlay What is?

Roland Helen hasn't arrived at her mother's – well, she hadn't when you turned up just now – I was talking to her mother on the telephone to check if she'd got there safely. You see, Helen was meant to call me the minute she arrived, but I didn't hear anything, and it was getting rather late and I was getting anxious, so I called Helen's mother instead.

Lockhart I see. But wasn't your wife's mother concerned at all that Helen hadn't got there? I presume she was worried that Helen was long overdue?

- Roland Well, yes, but the ridiculous thing is that Helen's mother had no idea that Helen was going down to see her – she wasn't expecting her at all!
- Lockhart You're saying Helen's mother was in the dark about the visit?
- Roland Yes. But Helen had told me that her mother was feeling poorly and had begged her on the telephone to pay her an urgent visit.
- Lockhart But your wife's mother hadn't telephoned, you're saying?
- Roland *(irritated)* Yes. Yes. That's what's so puzzling. It just doesn't make sense. *(a moment)* Could I have I misunderstood the situation?
- Findlay You said that your brother, Clive, was giving your wife a lift to the railway station, sir? Perhaps they got delayed somehow?
- Roland *(exasperated)* Just what is it you're doing here, Chief Inspector? Why all these confounded questions about my wife and brother? I demand that you tell me!
- Lockhart I'll cut to the chase - we need your help in connection with a serious incident, but we don't wish to alarm you unnecessarily, sir.....
- Roland *(livid)* Well, you damn well have, coming here questioning me about Helen at this ridiculous hour, without the courtesy of an explanation! What exactly is this "incident" that's so damn important?
- Lockhart Please allow me to explain, then: earlier this evening, a serious fire broke out at The Alhambra Guest House on Chapel Street. The entire first floor was practically destroyed. Preliminary reports would suggest that an overturned paraffin heater was the cause. Bizarrely, we think a cat may have been responsible – the charred remains of one was found close by.
- Roland *(puzzled)* I still don't understand what a fire at a boarding house has got to do with my wife?
- Lockhart Tragically, the two occupants of room 107 perished in the fire. The fire was so intense that we haven't as yet been able to identify them.
- Roland *(agitated)* Are you seriously suggesting that you think my Helen is one of those fire victims? I don't understand. What on earth would she be doing in some backstreet place like that? It's utterly absurd! No, you have made a monstrous mistake. *(standing up and pointing at the front door)* Now I want you both to leave. Please go! Now!
- Findlay *(producing a photo from his jacket pocket and showing it to ROLAND)* Do you recognise what's in this photograph, sir?

- Roland (*almost at the end of his tether*) It looks like a badly burnt cheque book? So what?
- Findlay Yes, it's the remains of a Lloyds Bank cheque book we recovered from a Chanel handbag that was almost destroyed in the fire. It's not a brilliant photograph, but you can just about make out the name imprinted on the charred cover. Are you able to read it, sir?
- Roland (*slowly with emotion*) 'Mrs Helen Tremaine'? My Helen? But it can't be her cheque book, can it? (*a moment*) Good God, Helen mentioned earlier that she couldn't find hers! But, hold on - maybe Helen lost her cheque book, or somebody stole it from her handbag at the theatre? Yes, it was most probably stolen. That's the explanation – whoever stole Helen's cheque book is your mystery woman in the fire. It wasn't my Helen. She'll be back here soon. Safe and sound. Just you wait and see.
- Lockhart (*unconvinced*) We sincerely hope that it isn't your wife, sir. But we shall need to carry out a formal identification of the female victim and her male companion. Could you please provide us with particulars of your wife's dentist. The dental records should help us confirm, or eliminate her, one way or another.
- Roland Helen is a patient at my dental practice, as it happens. Of course I'll make her dental records available to you, but you'll be wasting your time. Helen will have returned home long before you know it.
- Findlay We truly hope so, sir.
- Lockhart One other thing, sir - did you leave the apartment at all this evening, after your wife and brother had left for the railway station?
- Roland Of course not. I've been here all evening.
- Lockhart Would anybody, say a neighbour, or the night porter, be able to corroborate that?
- Roland (*angry*) We haven't introduced ourselves to our neighbours, yet – we have only just moved in. But, as for the night porter, he would have seen me walk past his lodge, and his window happens to overlook the ramp from the underground carpark. Why don't you damn well check with him on your way out!
- Findlay One final question for tonight, sir - do you happen to know the make and registration of your brother's motorcar? It's just that we've been unable to account for one of the vehicles parked in the vicinity of the guest house. Purely for elimination purposes, of course.

Roland *(furious)* Are you now suggesting that it's my brother, Clive, who was supposedly my wife's "companion" in that burnt-out bedroom!? It's utterly ridiculous! You ought to be damn well ashamed of yourselves!

Findlay It's just a routine question, sir. We have to eliminate all possibilities.

Roland Oh, very well - Clive happens to drive a white Mark 9 Jaguar. I think it has the letters, 'CT' on the number plate.

FINDLAY and LOCKHART exchange an anxious glance.

Lockhart Is you brother, Clive, one of you dental patients, too, sir?

The lights slowly fade to a black-out.

END OF ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

Morning, three days later. When the lights fade up, the time on the wall clock is nine-fifty. The room lighting is fairly bright. ROLAND is alone; he is dishevelled and has spent the night on the sofa. A half-empty brandy bottle rests by his feet. An upturned brandy glass is in danger of being trampled on. The apartment door buzzer sounds. ROLAND struggles from his alcoholic slumbers.

The door buzzer emits an impatient crackle, followed immediately by another, and then another. The POLICE are returning with some disturbing news. ROLAND is about to face a rude awakening.

Roland *(shouting towards the door, stage right)* All right! All right! I heard you the first time! No need to disturb the whole damn apartment block!

ROLAND stumbles to his feet and stares at the clock. He shuffles over to the front door and opens it cautiously.

He immediately recognises his visitors: CHIEF INSPECTOR, DEREK LOCKHART and SERGEANT, HARRY FINDLAY.

Lockhart Good morning. May we come in, sir?

The POLICE step inside the apartment. ROLAND closes the door behind them.

Roland *(subdued)* Have you any news, Chief Inspector? It's been three days...

Lockhart I think you should sit down, sir.

ROLAND slumps onto the sofa and looks directly at LOCKHART.

Roland (*acquiescent*) It's not good news, is it?

Lockhart No, sir. I'm afraid not. (*a moment*) There's been some major developments.

Findlay The dental records provided by your practice have enabled the pathologist to corroborate a positive identification of the female fire victim...

Roland (*softly*) My Helen?

Lockhart Yes, sir. I am so very sorry...

Roland (*stoic*) And the male victim? What have the dental records confirmed? Is it my brother, Clive?

Findlay Sadly it is, sir.

Roland (*confused*) I don't understand. Are you saying Helen and Clive were lovers? They were having an affair? (*angry*) They were meeting up for sex in some seedy, run-down firetrap? Behind my back? Is that what you're implying, Chief Inspector?

Lockhart We're not implying anything, sir - we just collect and evaluate the evidence. That's our job. That's what we do. We don't make rash assumptions. But according to the owner of the guest house, your wife and brother met there frequently. Mostly, just for a few hours, on a Wednesday afternoon, like on the day of the fire.

Roland Good God, how could I have been so bloody stupid and naive not to suspect anything? (*puzzled*) But Helen hardly had a kind word to say about my brother; she practically loathed him! She called him a lecherous toad!

Findlay If it's of any consolation sir, it's one of the oldest tricks in the book – to make a point of deliberately disparaging somebody – which Helen was doing, in all likelihood, to throw you off the scent.

Roland (*numb and shaking his head*) No. I can't believe that of my Helen. (*a moment*) But I thought I knew her. I really thought I knew her. What a bloody fool I've been. Working hard to build up a new dental practice, while she and my brother were.... (*ROLAND is unable to think the worst*)

There is a brief moment of reflection.

Lockhart Is there anyone we can contact for you, sir? To come and stay with you, perhaps? You really shouldn't be alone at a time like this.

Roland No. I shall be fine, Chief Inspector. But I do appreciate your concern.

Lockhart We shall leave you, then, sir. But we do have some other questions, but they can wait for the time being.

Roland You may as well ask them now. Get them over with.

Findlay Very well, sir. Are you acquainted with a young tearaway, early-twenties – a bit soft in the head - goes by the name of Terry Taylor?

Roland (*puzzled*) Terry Taylor? No, I don't think so. But he could be one of my new dental patients, I suppose. Why do you ask?

Findlay We have a witness who recognised young Taylor loitering in the vicinity of the guest house just before the fire broke out. We've been unable to locate his whereabouts to eliminate him from our enquiries. He is known to the police.

Roland No. No. I'm certain I don't know him. Sorry. But, then, why would I?

Lockhart Are you certain you don't know him, sir? I'm asking you again, as our witness recalls seeing you in Taylor's company at a *gentlemen's* private drinking club on the other side of town. On more than one occasion, so we're told. Our witness recognised you from your photograph in that local newspaper article, when you opened your new dental practice.

Roland (*angry*) What you're suggesting is utterly absurd and insulting, Chief Inspector! I don't frequent or belong to any establishments like that!

There is a brief awkward silence.

Lockhart This is a rather delicate question and I apologise for having to ask...

Roland (*curious*) Go on....

Lockhart Will you be benefitting from the death of your wife and brother?

Roland You mean financially?

Lockhart Yes. Are you a beneficiary under their wills?

Roland Yes, I am. Sole beneficiary, as it happens.

Lockhart Sole beneficiary ? Under both wills?

- Roland Yes, under both. (*a moment*) Does that give me a motive, then, Chief Inspector?
- Lockhart Motive? Why do ask? That's a curious question, sir...
- Roland Is it? Is it really? Come on, Chief Inspector – I know how your people's minds work. You're thinking that I had something to do with the death of my wife and brother, aren't you? Bumped them off to claim my inheritance? And, yes, before you ask, Helen's life was covered by an insurance policy - fifty thousand pounds to be paid out to me in the event of her death. That must make me your prime suspect, eh, Chief Inspector?
- Lockhart You've hit the nail on the head there, sir. And I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to accompany us to Brighton police station, where you will be arrested and charged on suspicion of the murders of Helen Isobel Tremaine and Clive Reginald Tremaine.
- Roland (*ebullient and applauding*) You know you chaps are absolutely brilliant! Helen thought this was going to be one of our best little dramas, and it was so impressive that neither of you deviated from the script, or broke character – not even once. Well done!
- Lockhart (*confused*) Drama? Script? I'm afraid I don't understand, sir. Now will you please stand up and don't make things more difficult for us.
- Roland Alright you two, you can stop the playacting now – you were very convincing – Helen said you were the best actors in the company – but we've all had our fun and you've been paid handsomely for your participation – so let's call it a day. It was fun while it lasted, but Helen and Clive will be back soon. Mark my words.
- Lockhart I've no idea what you're talking about, sir, but this is no laughing matter and we are certainly not "playacting". We are here on serious police business, investigating a double murder, where the evidence leads us to believe that you are culpable.
- Roland Look, the joke has gone on long enough; now please leave before I telephone for the actual police – not some third-rate actors.
- Findlay We are the "actual" police, sir. (*moving over to the telephone and lifting the receiver*) You can telephone Brighton police station and ask to speak to George Simmonds, the duty sergeant, who will gladly confirm our identities, if you don't believe us. Shall I dial the number for you?
- Roland (*shaking his head*) You're not actors? You've not been involved in our little fantasy game? I really don't understand....

- Findlay (*replacing the receiver*) No, sir. Definitely not. What ‘fantasy game’ are you talking about?
- Roland (*exasperated*) Oh, for goodness sake! Enough is enough! Our make-believe murder game? You know? Must I spell it out? Helen, Clive and I like to act out little murder scenarios. Just for some mutual fun and excitement. Mostly to indulge me, I suppose.
- Findlay (*shaking his head*) This is news to us. But, do go on....
- Roland Helen writes the scripts and hires actors from her theatre to take part. We all get into character and stay that way throughout to preserve the realism. It can be quite exhausting and stimulating in a perverse kind of way. But I don’t expect your sort to understand for one moment...
- Lockhart (*perplexed*) Let me get this straight – are you seriously expecting us to believe that this is all some silly little game that’s gone tragically wrong?