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# Who Saw Him Die?

A Play

Tudor Gates

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



**SAMUEL  
FRENCH**  
FOUNDED 1830

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## **WHO SAW HIM DIE?**

First presented by Charles Ross in association with Arthur Talbot Rice at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London, on the 8th May 1974, with the following cast of characters:

<b>Superintendent Pratt</b>	Stratford Johns
<b>John Rawlings</b>	Lee Montague
<b>Dr Adcock</b>	Christopher Guinee
<b>Christine</b>	Elizabeth Wallace
<b>Police Sergeant</b>	Earl Robinson
<b>Mick Jennings</b>	Tony Parkin

The play directed by Philip Grout

Settings by John Page

### **ACT I**

Scene 1	Dr Adcock's surgery
Scene 2	The same

### **ACT II**

Scene 1	A flat in Willesden
Scene 2	A cellar

Time – the present

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

I do hope that any repertory theatres or amateur companies thinking of presenting *Who Saw Him Die?* will not be deterred by the three sets. As a neo-realistic play, the set helps, but there is no reason why *Who Saw Him Die?* should not be performed in blacks, without scenery.

The play was originally envisaged for the stage of the Mercury Theatre in London, where another play of mine was being performed. The Mercury has a tiny, raked stage with a short flight of wooden steps leading up to a door on the back wall (which leads to the only dressing room). Thus was the cellar scene invented and I wrote the play backwards, from there.

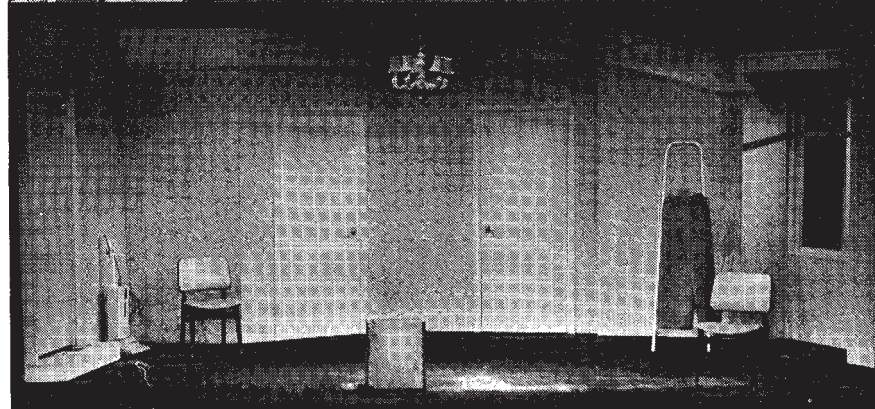
In fact, *Who Saw Him Die?* (then entitled *Who Killed Jack Robin?*) was tried out at Surrey's lovely Richmond Theatre, where we had a rather surrealist set, with just a pair of hung window-arches, for example, suggesting Jack's hide-out. There was no Act Two, Scene one cupboard in that production but, again, this does not need to be heavily carpentered; it can be suggested.

The original programme required a certain amount of attention to detail. Calling Jack Robin by his name obviously gave away the plot, which is why I wrote in the lines about Johnny Rawlings. When we played at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, we decided to list even the characters who are only heard off-stage, since so many inferences can be drawn by audiences from the names listed in the programme. Will Mick Jennings return, or will he not? If unlisted, he obviously won't.

A pity one cannot include a programme note for the body, which is an extremely arduous and unrewarding role (except perhaps for the gasp he always gets). There is no reason of course why he shouldn't take a curtain call at the end, grisly make-up and all. It always seemed a bit unfair to me that Jack invariably got the credit for the part when he was in his dressing-room doing the crossword.

But that's show business.

T.G.







## ACT I\*

### SCENE 1

*The houselights fade and, as the audience ceases to chatter, the sound of a news broadcast is heard. When the CURTAIN rises, the broadcast is faded out*

**Announcer** BBC Radio Four. Here are the news headlines. A dock strike now seems imminent following the joint announcement by the Port of London Authority and the Transport and General Workers' Union that their talks have broken down . . . British European Airways have revealed that metal fatigue was the cause of the Viscount crash just outside Brussels in April . . . The police investigation into a missing man, a former Superintendent at Scotland Yard, took a new turn today following the discovery . . .

*The CURTAIN rises on a room in the surgery of Dr Adcock. It is not the main consulting room, but one just off it, used for examinations or as a changing-room. There is an orthopaedic couch in the centre of the room, running up and down stage. On the couch lies a body covered by a sheet. The sheet is partly bloodstained, particularly in the area covering the face. The rear wall is a frosted glass partition, and from time to time we can see the indistinct figures of three people who remain in the background of the room throughout the scene*

*As the CURTAIN rises Dr Adcock is adjusting the sheet over the body's face. He goes to wash his hands. A car door slams and the engine is cut out. Dr Adcock dries his hands on a paper towel and goes out behind the screen, as the Sergeant's shadow crosses the screen and a doorbell rings. The Sergeant, behind the screen, goes to answer the bell*

**Sergeant** This way, please, Superintendent Pratt.

*Immediately there is a noisy scene behind the frosted glass screen. The figure of Christine moves towards Pratt but is blocked by the figure of the Sergeant. The figure of another man, Jennings, rises from a chair and also approaches Pratt, but from a different angle. The following dialogue is all delivered off, behind the screen*

**Christine** You! I thought you'd come. You bastard!

**Pratt** Keep her out of my way, Sergeant, until I want her.

**Adcock** Look after her, Sergeant!

**Sergeant** Yes, sir. Come on now, Miss.

*As the Sergeant gently eases Christine upstage their figures, behind the*

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\*N.B. Paragraph 3 on page ii of this Acting Edition regarding photocopying and video-recording should be carefully read.

*screen become less distinct. Christine is sobbing*

**Jennings** Do we have to hang around here?

**Pratt** Yes.

*Pratt enters from the screen, followed by Adcock. The whole opening section is played with complete fluidity, so that when Pratt now enters the surgery it is all part of one continuous movement, which loses its impetus only as Pratt halts immediately at the sight of the body. Dr Adcock, who stands behind Pratt, is in his late thirties, of average height and build. He looks like a doctor. Pratt does not quite look like anything. He has not the bearing one would expect from a man in his position (he is a Superintendent of Police), because he tends to stoop. All the vigour with which he entered visibly deflates as he looks across at the body, like an actor who has walked on in the wrong scene. Pratt transfers his disbelieving stare to Adcock. His words are almost a petulant accusation*

**Pratt** Oh, no!

**Adcock** Did you know him?

**Pratt** (*disappointed*) Yes, I know him—knew him.

**Adcock** (*politely*) I'm sorry. (*He walks past Pratt to his desk*)

*Pratt moves to the body, picks up the corner of the sheet so that he can look down on the face of the corpse. Adcock looks across to him. Pratt screws up his face in disgust at the sight*

**Pratt** Ugh. (*He replaces the sheet*) What a mess.

**Adcock** The driving mirror went through his head.

*Pratt's voice is accusing, suspicious, as he thumbs towards the room behind the screen*

**Pratt** How'd they get away so lightly then?

**Adcock** Because the driver was wearing a safety belt and because the woman was in the back seat.

**Pratt** Oh. (*He clears his throat*) I see. (*He circles the corpse, staring down at it*) Right then . . .

**Adcock** And it's not quite true to say they got off lightly. Both suffered cuts and bruises and the woman, in particular, is in a state of shock.

**Pratt** (*staring down at the corpse*) Yes—yes.

**Adcock** (*brusquely*) And I'd like to get them both to hospital for a check-up, as quickly as possible.

**Pratt** Yes. I'd like to ask a few questions.

**Adcock** (*with reluctance*) Well, all right. But I must see to these people. And I have a lot of work to get through.

**Pratt** You carry on. The public like their pound of flesh, don't they.

*Adcock looks across at him, surprised*

**Adcock** Uh?

**Pratt** Doctors, policemen. They expect us to work all hours.

**Adcock** Oh. Yes.

**Pratt** You didn't see it, did you?

**Adcock** The accident? No. I heard it. It was just across the road. Apparently the car hit the wall on the corner, head on. It's not the first accident there's been there and it won't be the last.

**Pratt** Yes. Then what?

**Adcock** I dashed out to see what had happened. Asked someone to call emergency. Had them brought over here. There was nothing I could do for this one.

**Pratt** (*gloomily*) Mmm.

*Pratt stares down at the body, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. Adcock looks across at him*

**Adcock** (*after a pause*) Are you all right?

*Pratt wakes out of a reverie*

**Pratt** What?

**Adcock** You seem—depressed.

**Pratt** (*with some interest*) Do I? I get moods of depression. It's the job, I think. Doctors have nothing for it, have they? Except pills.

**Adcock** (*disconcerted*) I—er—it's a specialist matter.

**Pratt** Really? I find it very common.

**Adcock** I mean, I'm not a psychiatrist.

**Pratt** Neither am I. But I get it just the same. (*He demonstrates*) It's like my head is splitting in half.

**Adcock** (*after a brief pause*) Yes. Er—Superintendent—I really must—er . . .

*Adcock gestures to the screen to remind us of the woman behind, whom we can still hear from time to time, faintly sobbing*

**Pratt** I'd just like to get the rest of your story, sir.

**Adcock** There's really no more to say. I had the body brought in here out of the way—and tended the others while I was waiting for the ambulance.

**Pratt** Yes.

**Adcock** The police arrived first and then—well suddenly all the excitement broke out.

**Pratt** Excitement?

**Adcock** (*irritably*) Superintendent, please don't try and pretend this is an ordinary accident case. The county police may be efficient but one doesn't get a half dozen patrol cars arriving on the scene of a straight-forward car crash. Now I think I've been very patient, I haven't asked any questions . . .

**Pratt** (*interrupting*) That's all right, sir. You can leave all that to me.

**Adcock** What?

**Pratt** I'll ask the questions.

*Pratt starts another walk around the corpse*

**Adcock** Now look here. I have a certain duty. I am a doctor . . .

**Pratt** (*with a surprising strength*) And I am a policeman, sir. And we all have our duties, unpleasant though they may sometimes be.

*Pratt stares hard at Adcock, who suddenly weakens, gives way, sits at his desk. Pratt continues his tour of the corpse*

But you're quite right, this is no ordinary case. I will explain to you shortly. But I must ask some more questions first.

**Adcock** You realize I had to send the ambulance back? I mean, damn it, we're short enough of them, I couldn't keep it hanging about.

**Pratt** Quite right, sir. But I didn't keep you waiting. I wasn't far away.

**Adcock** That woman should have been taken to the hospital.

**Pratt** Yes. Tell me about the woman. Just cuts and bruises, eh?

**Adcock** And mild concussion. But it's the shock aspect I—

**Pratt** (*interrupting*) Yes. I understand. (*He gestures towards the screen*) Who came round first? Her, or the man?

**Adcock** The driver.

**Pratt** What did he say?

**Adcock** Nothing much. Asked me to call his wife, I think.

**Pratt** You think?

**Adcock** Well, he did.

**Pratt** What's his name?

**Adcock** Jennings. I told all this to the Sergeant.

**Pratt** Tell me, sir. Please.

**Adcock** That's all.

**Pratt** That's all you know about him? His name?

**Adcock** That and the fact that he's the chauffeur of a hired car, taking a couple to London for the night out. It's not my job to be a detective.

**Pratt** Quite right, sir. You leave that part of it to me. Did he identify the others?

**Adcock** I think he said the car was booked by a Mr Christopher.

*Pratt looks sharply and reprovngly at Adcock for the use of the word "think"*

He did say Mr Christopher.

**Pratt** Right.

**Adcock** He didn't seem to know them otherwise.

**Pratt** Good. Now, what about Christine?

**Adcock** Christine?

**Pratt** (*opening the door so that Christine will hear*) That Scottish whore out there.

**Christine** (*outside*) Bloody liar!

**Sergeant** (*outside*) Madam, calm down, please.

**Pratt** (*shutting the door*) What did she say when she came round?

**Adcock** She just kept calling out her husband's name.

**Pratt** What name?

**Adcock** Jack.

**Pratt** You're sure?

**Adcock** Of what?

**Pratt** Of the name?

**Adcock** Yes.

**Pratt** How did you know she's got a husband called Jack? I mean, it might not have been her husband she was calling for. Perhaps she's got a son?

**Adcock** I suppose that's possible.

**Pratt** Anything's possible. I had an aunt called Jack once.

**Adcock** What?

**Pratt** Her name was Jacqueline. We called her Jack. I mean, theoretically it's possible she was calling for my aunt. Although that's unlikely since she's been dead for many years and I doubt whether they ever met. But you see what I mean?

**Adcock** No, I'm afraid I don't. Your use of semantics bewilders me.

**Pratt** I beg your pardon?

**Adcock** What?

**Pratt** I don't know that word.

**Adcock** The meanings of words. Twisting them.

**Pratt** Semantics?

**Adcock** Yes.

**Pratt** Thank you. What were you saying?

**Adcock** Merely that she called out a man's name. I assumed the name to be that of the man in the car. I assumed that man to be her husband. Now I'm quite sure that it could have been your aunt . . .

**Pratt** It's not a joking matter, sir.

**Adcock** It's not to me, either. And nor to that woman.

**Pratt** Certainly not. Her husband is dead. Does she know?

**Adcock** Yes. And there's no doubt in my mind that it was her husband she was weeping for.

**Pratt** Good. When did you tell her?

**Adcock** As soon as I judged she was in a reasonably receptive state. After I'd calmed her down, given her a sedative. I don't believe in holding these things back and . . .

**Pratt** No, quite. Yes?

**Adcock** What?

**Pratt** What did she say?

**Adcock** She just—wept.

**Pratt** Didn't say his name? Jack?

**Adcock** I believe she did.

*Pratt looks at him*

Yes. She did.

**Pratt** I think you could say that we have reasonably established that this is Jack.

*Adcock moves to confront him*

**Adcock** (*firmly*) Superintendent. I really must insist that this woman goes to hospital.

**Pratt** I feel a little less depressed now.

**Adcock** I don't want to have to complain to the Commissioner.

**Pratt** He gets them too. A very moody man. He takes pills. On prescription, of course. I expect you'd like to call that ambulance now?

**Adcock** Yes.

*Adcock moves towards the telephone. Before he can pick it up, Pratt halts him*

**Pratt** There's no need. (*As Adcock looks at him*) We'll take her in the car.

**Adcock** Very well. And now, I hope.

**Pratt** Soon.

**Adcock** (*firmly*) Now.

**Pratt** I'll see she gets full medical supervision, sir. You needn't worry.

Did she make any statement to the County Police when they arrived?

**Adcock** I wasn't letting her make any statements.

**Pratt** Did she say anything?

**Adcock** She screamed at them. Just as she did at you. Called them bastards.

If you call that making a statement.

**Pratt** (*after a pause*) It's a matter of semantics, isn't it. (*Briskly*) Right, sir, That's all.

**Adcock** Thank you. You'll take them both to hospital?

**Pratt** Yes. Sorry to have made such a mystery of all this. But I had to be sure.

**Adcock** Of course.

**Pratt** (*indicating the body*) You know who this really is?

**Adcock** I beg your pardon?

**Pratt** I said, you know who this really is?

**Adcock** No.

**Pratt** Do you know who I am?

**Adcock** (*with a puzzled shrug*) I was told your name . . .

**Pratt** Yes? (*He waits expectantly*)

**Adcock** Pratt. Superintendent Pratt.

**Pratt** That's right. Does it mean anything to you!

**Adcock** I'm sorry, I don't . . .

**Pratt** Is the name familiar?

**Adcock** Yes, I think it is, but . . .

**Pratt** Do you know the name Kurt Edelstein?

**Adcock** (*frowning*) I've seen it somewhere. Oh you don't mean the German sailor who strangled all those prostitutes?

**Pratt** That's the one. Crampton? Remember his name?

**Adcock** The poisoner?

**Pratt** The poisoner.

**Adcock** Yes.

**Pratt** Yes. Griffen?

**Adcock** That poor devil . . .

**Pratt** (*harsh*) He wasn't a poor devil, he was a child murderer, but no matter, you remember him?

**Adcock** Well, yes . . .

**Pratt** And Spencer O'Brien?

**Adcock** No.

**Pratt** The man who put the bomb in the airplane.

**Adcock** Ah!

**Pratt** Ah! And Klemson? In court just a week ago?

**Adcock** The armoured car robbery.

**Pratt** That's it. They all made the front page, didn't they, Doctor Adcock? And so did I. I caught them. Each and every one. And got them all convicted. But you wouldn't remember my name.

**Adcock** I'm sorry.

*Adcock looks socially embarrassed and Pratt chuckles, for the first time looks like an ordinary humorous man*

**Pratt** I'm just pointing it out, it doesn't worry me. After all, it's like going to the pictures, isn't it? The only names you remember are the stars, you never look to see who's wrote it or who the cameraman was. Not unless you're a student of the cinema. And unless you were a bit of a criminologist I wouldn't expect you to know my name.

**Adcock** But I do. I mean, now you remind me.

**Pratt** (*humorously*) That's it. It's just a matter of being reminded, isn't it? No, it doesn't bother me, I never think about it. Just as well, in my job, not to be too well known.

**Adcock** (*smiling*) I suppose not . . .

**Pratt** (*losing his smile*) But now you have been reminded, no doubt you'll remember the case which brought me most publicity.

*Adcock stares at him and then, with sudden comprehension, at the body*

**Adcock** Oh, my God—of course. Christopher . . .

**Pratt** That's right, doctor, I mean James Christopher, alias John Fortune, alias God knows how many names but, popularly known as Jack Robin—(*He moves to the top of the couch on which the corpse lies and looks down on it*)—may his soul rot in hell.

*Adcock stares at him and Pratt meets the stare, challengingly*

It's only fair you should know. It'll be in all the papers to-morrow, probably on television to-night. You'll have the press round here in force.

**Adcock** Oh, Lord. It won't be till to-morrow, I hope.

**Pratt** Why? What's the difference?

**Adcock** I can't stand reporters at the best of times. They're all ghouls, even the local ones. And, besides, to-night I'm supposed to be off on a week's holiday. That's why I have to get these files up to date. I've got a locum coming in.

**Pratt** Where are you going?

**Adcock** Margate. I've a little dinghy down there.

**Pratt** Go to-night then. But let us know your movements. We'll want you back for the inquest.

**Adcock** Of course.

**Pratt** You're lucky. I won't be able to avoid them. Though this time, I must say, I won't mind so much. You know why?

**Adcock** (*uncertainly*) I'm sure it's—very important for you . . .

*Pratt circles the body again, very slowly*

**Pratt** Yes, it is. They won't be laughing this time. Oh, I feel quite sorry for the press. They'll miss him.

*Adcock watches as Pratt talks more to the corpse, or to himself, than to him*

He was a very humorous chap, was Jack. The press loved him. He was always good for a story. Used to like writing himself, too. Letters to the papers. With humorous pseudonyms. Like Skypilot, just after the London Airport robbery. Or the Mole, after the Willesden bank job—Do you remember that?

**Adcock** Yes. I do.

**Pratt** You would, naturally. It was front page stuff. I went right into the bloody bank while he was there. A tip-off. Everything seemed O.K., I thought they'd been having me on. So I left. And he was in the safe, he'd burrowed through from next door. He was right inside while I was checking the safe door hadn't been tampered with. The public had a right laugh over that. Remember?

*Adcock is embarrassed. He does not know what to say*

**Adcock** I—suppose it could have happened to anyone.

**Pratt** Perhaps. But it happened to me. With Jack, it always happened to me. I was his pet hate, his favourite buffoon. Old Pratt, he always called me.

*Pratt pauses, stares at Adcock, who feels he has to say something*

**Adcock** But you did catch him.

**Pratt** (*sharply*) I don't need to be reminded of that, either. Though for what it's worth, it's the only time he ever was caught. The only time we ever came face to face. For about two minutes. I never even got him to the station and to this day I can't tell you how he slipped those handcuffs, but he did. I knew what the pen-name would be on that occasion before he wrote his bloody letters—Houdini.

**Adcock** (*delicately*) You—did catch the others.

**Pratt** (*dismissing it*) Oh, yes. No headlines for them though. They didn't have Jack's glamour. The press likes a bit of glamour. They were just accomplices. Petty crooks. He never told them much. In fact, I'm not sure he didn't shop them himself. Jack liked to work on his own. There must have been two or three he trusted—Christine for one—but not many. No, I didn't get any medals from the press for catching the others but it looked good on the record—they chalked up a lot of bird between them. That didn't worry Jack. And I wasn't going to be satisfied either. There was only one man I wanted.

*Pratt stares with smouldering resentment at the corpse. Again Adcock feels he has to say something*

**Adcock** (*politely*) You—put off your retirement, didn't you?

**Pratt** What?

**Adcock** Your retirement?

**Pratt** That's right. For three years, I've been waiting. Oh I earned my keep. I pulled in Klemson and one or two others. They didn't find me funny.

*Adcock forces a smile*

**Adcock** Well—you can retire now.

**Pratt** Yes. Well, almost. There'll be a few things to clear up. There's still half a million in cash from that last bank job. I'd like to find that before I go. But I suppose it's all over really. (*Pause*) Even in death, the bastard cheated me.

**Adcock** What?

**Pratt** (*after a pause*) I was close. Getting closer all the time. There was a big reward. We had plenty of informers. And he knew it. I could sense it. I always had a kind of feeling for Jack, for what he was thinking. He was like an eel, a bloody eel. But he knew the trap was closing in . . .

*Pratt looks at the body. Adcock waits. Pratt jerks himself out of his thoughts*

This afternoon we had a tip. That he was in a hired car, going to London, along this road. I wasn't more than two miles away. We had a road block. All very discreet, of course. Just a census check. (*He walks around the body, then continues*) That's how your police got here so quickly. That's why they called me. Funny, I'd envisaged just about every possibility, except that. It came as a shock. I couldn't believe it at first. D'you know, as we drove here, I was praying that he'd be alive still.

**Adcock** Mister Pratt, the man is dead!

**Pratt** He deserved to die! Oh, he'll be buried a bloody hero. The public loved him, cockney boy, sense of humour, made his pile, only took it from the banks, made the coppers look stupid. Banks, police, they're all authority, aren't they? Anyone against them is the underdog. (*Fiercely*) He was a bloody murderer!

**Adcock** (*shaken*) Murderer?

**Pratt** Oh, I can't prove it. He was too clever for that. But a lot of people he was connected with just disappeared. He'd use them, and then get rid of them. It's not so difficult. I tell you, there's twice as many murders every year as there are bodies found. Every new motorway has its quota.

**Adcock** What?

**Pratt** All those bumps in the road—oh, never mind, Doctor.

*The woman's voice is suddenly raised. It is passionate but muffled: we can hardly hear what she says*

**Christine** What the hell is he doing in there? I want to know. I've got a right to know.

**Sergeant** It's just routine, Miss.

*Adcock frowns, remembering his patient*

**Adcock** (*strongly*) Superintendent, I really cannot accept any further delay.

*Pratt knows what he is going to say, waves him to stop*

**Pratt** Yes, all right. I'm going. I just wanted to explain to you.

*Adcock is a bit lost*

**Adcock** Well—I'm grateful. But my concern now must be for this woman. She's in a hysterical state.

**Pratt** I had to check, you see? It could all have been an elaborate hoax.

Just a trick to get me out of the way. It might not have been Jack at all.

I had to make sure.

**Adcock** Well, now you know.

**Pratt** Yes, but I want official identification.

**Adcock** But you've seen him yourself.

*Pratt stabs a finger at the body. Adcock is perplexed*

**Pratt** Oh that's him all right, even though he's bloody unrecognizable.

But I know Jack. He had a few special characteristics. (*He moves to the body, points to the hand*) Like these three rings. Always wore them.

If we'd put it in the papers, he'd have got rid of them. (*He walks away again*) And in any case, I always had a special sort of—feeling—for Jack.

I swear if I'd walked into this room, knowing nothing, I'd have known it was him. But that's not good enough. I want an official identification from his wife.

**Adcock** Why, for God's sake?

**Pratt** Because then I can retire.

**Adcock** Well I forbid it.

**Pratt** You can't.

**Adcock** Then later . . .

**Pratt** No. Now.

*Pratt opens the door. Adcock looks after him, shocked*

**Adcock** Superintendent, I warn you. If you go through with this, I shall complain that it was specifically against my advice . . .

**Pratt** Very well, sir . . .

*Pratt goes out through the door and Adcock, looking deeply anxious, bites his lip, looking from the door to the body. We see Pratt's figure loom on the frosted glass. His entry provokes movement from the others*

**Christine** (*off*) You again? Haven't you had enough? What did you do? Spit on him?

**Pratt** (*off*) Come on. In here.

**Jennings** (*off*) Excuse me, can I go now?

**Pratt** (*off*) Soon.

*There is a final offstage burst of invective from Christine and then Pratt returns, followed by Christine. Christine is attractive, in her late twenties*

*or early thirties. She is lightly bandaged, dishevelled sufficiently to remind us that she has just been in a car crash. She enters boldly, almost aggressively, but then—attention immediately riveted on the body of her husband—determination fails and she sways, puts out a hand to the wall for support. Pratt looks at Christine. His voice is level, expressionless*

Sorry to distress you at this time, Mrs Robin, but we would be grateful if you could give evidence of identification.

*Christine drags her glance from the body to Pratt. She looks at him with loathing. Pratt moves upstage to the body, stands next to it, one hand gripping the corner of the sheet*

**Christine** Get stuffed.

*Christine half gasps, half retches, dragging her hands up to her face to cover her eyes, as Pratt lifts the corner of the sheet. The bulk of Pratt's body prevents the audience from getting a clear view, but we see the bloodstains on the sheet, a sufficiently grim reminder*

You know it's Jack, you know it's him . . .

*Adcock steps forward, appalled, reproving Pratt fiercely as he moves to put an arm round Christine, who shudders against him*

**Adcock** That was not necessary.

*Pratt drops the corner of the sheet. His voice is quite flat*

**Pratt** You must let me be the best judge of that, sir.

*Christine pushes Adcock away to stand alone*

**Christine** (with growing anger) He's just a bloody sadist, didn't you know?

*Adcock looks anxious. Pratt is unmoved*

Jack always said so. That's why he used to take it out on you. And now this is all you can do, isn't it, to get back at him?

*Adcock tries to take her arm, calm her. Christine brushes him away impatiently. Her fury is directed only against Pratt. She takes a step towards him*

Go on then, gorge yourself. Do you think I'm afraid to look at him just because he's dead, mashed up? If he were a stinking corpse, he'd smell sweeter than you ever could, or any other bloody copper. (She screams at him) Bastard!

*Christine moves forward to attack Pratt who, quickly, easily grasps her upraised wrists. Adcock hurries to part them and Pratt surrenders her to the doctor*

**Pratt** Give her a shot. She's hysterical.

*Adcock starts to lead Christine away. He is still angry*

**Adcock** What the hell do you expect?

*Christine halts him. Her fury has gone now. She is quiet, pleading*

**Christine** No—please . . .

*She indicates that she wants to go back to the body. Adcock is reluctant but lets her go, moving with her, glancing warningly at Pratt, who keeps well away—but watching closely all the time*

*(murmuring) Jack—Jack . . . (She sobs quietly. Her shoulders rise and fall as she represses over-emotion)*

*Adcock glares at Pratt as he escorts the bowed, sobbing Christine towards the door. Pratt shrugs minutely*

*Adcock and Christine go out*

*Pratt drops the sheet and starts towards the door*

**Pratt** Sergeant! My car!

*Adcock enters*

**Adcock** You could have waited. At least until they'd time to wash the body.

*Pratt does not answer*

Can I make arrangements now? For the body to be removed?

**Pratt** Yes. Sorry to have inconvenienced you, Doctor.

**Adcock** What about Mrs Robin?

**Pratt** She'll get over it. Jack left her well provided for, I bet.

**Adcock** That is not what I meant.

**Pratt** Oh—I'll see she gets to hospital.

*Pratt goes out, leaving Adcock in silent fury*

*(off) Right, come on . . .*

**Christine** *(off)* Where now? The nick?

**Pratt** *(off)* Just the hospital. For a check-up. Sergeant see to her.

**Sergeant** Yes, sir. Come along, Miss.

*Pratt enters*

**Pratt** Have a good holiday!

*Pratt exits, followed by Adcock*

*There are the sounds of muffled voices again, doors slamming, engines starting up, cars driving away*

*Adcock's silhouette is seen, alone, in the back room. Then the light in the back room goes out*

# WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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