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SF PERUSALS

Deadly Nightcap

A Thriller

by Francis Durbridge

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

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NIGHTCAP

First produced at the Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford on 6th July 1983. The play was presented in association with Triumph-Apollo Productions Ltd, with the following cast of characters:

Sarah Radford	Nyree Dawn Porter
Geoffrey Curtis	Robin Halstead
Lucy Baker	Christine Russell
Edward Donnington	Maitland Chandler
Kate Warren	Barbara Murray
Jack Radford	Jack Hedley
Anna Truman	Suzanne Church
Dr Maurice Young	John Clegg
Cliff Jordan	Derek Waring
Arnold Boston	Jeremy Hawk

The play directed by Val May

The action of the play takes place in Sarah and Jack Radford's house in East Sussex

ACT I	SCENE 1	Late afternoon—early November
	SCENE 2	Three months later—a Tuesday night
	SCENE 3	Wednesday morning
	SCENE 4	Thursday night
	SCENE 5	Friday morning
ACT II	SCENE 1	Friday morning
	SCENE 2	Friday evening
	SCENE 3	Saturday morning
	SCENE 4	Six months later—morning

Time—the present

For Simon

ACT I

SCENE I

The living-room and sun-lounge of a large house in East Sussex. The house stands in just over four acres. It is late afternoon

Since Sarah Radford inherited the house from her father the sun-lounge has been added and the living-room modernized. The sun-lounge is at an angle to the main room and has a large window with full-length curtains, and a patio door leading into the garden. The furnishings in the living-room are mostly antique, but there are modern pieces, including a desk, a table with telephone, ashtray, cigarette box, etc., also coffee tables with lamps, and a drinks cabinet over which there is a large portrait of Sarah's husband, Jack Radford

There is a door DL *leading to a study but the main entrance to the living-room is through the wall* R. *The rest of this wall is adorned with works of art and leather-bound volumes of unread classics. Part of the hall, and a section of the staircase leading to the rest of the house, can be seen through the open doorway*

When the CURTAIN *rises, Sarah Radford is standing by the desk, searching through one of the drawers. She fails to find what she is looking for and, obviously worried, noisily closes the drawer and opens yet another one*

She is looking through this drawer when . . . Geoffrey Curtis enters. Geoffrey is in his early thirties; he wears glasses and has a nervous habit of constantly adjusting them, sometimes taking them off and staring at the lenses. He carries a briefcase

Sarah (*surprised*) Why, hallo, Geoffrey!
Geoffrey Sorry if I'm disturbing you, Mrs Radford.
Sarah What can I do for you?
Geoffrey I was hoping to have a word with Jack, but I gather he's not home yet.
Sarah No, I'm afraid he isn't. But I'm expecting him. What time did he leave the office?
Geoffrey (*adjusting his glasses as he moves down to Sarah*) He went to a Council meeting at ten o'clock this morning—since when we haven't seen him.
Sarah Oh . . .
Geoffrey Perhaps you'd ask him to give me a ring. I shall be in all evening.
Sarah Yes, of course.

Geoffrey It's not urgent, but—we've had a spot of bother at the office.
Sarah Again?
Geoffrey Yes, again.
Sarah I'll tell him. Apart from that, how are things at Donnington's these days?
Geoffrey Pretty brisk. We sold several houses at the weekend.
Sarah And how are you, Geoffrey? Have you had a check-up recently?
Geoffrey I saw the doctor about a fortnight ago. He seemed pleased with me, but he still won't let me smoke.
Sarah (*still searching for the missing document*) Quite right too, after all the trouble you've had. Now, if you'll excuse me. Things are a little hectic around here at the moment. It's our Drama Club dinner tonight and I'm making a speech. At least, I hope I'm making a speech! I've lost the wretched thing. (*She turns back to the drawer*) Heaven only knows what I did with it!

Lucy Baker, the Radford's housekeeper, enters from the patio. She has several sheets of notepaper in her hand

Lucy I've found what you're looking for, Mrs Radford.
Sarah (*with relief*) Oh—thank goodness for that! Where did I put it?
Lucy It was in the studio. On top of the piano.
Sarah When did I go into the studio?
Lucy Just after lunch. I saw you. I was in the garden. Don't you remember?
Sarah Yes, of course! How stupid of me. . . .
Geoffrey (*faintly amused*) I'll say good-bye.
Sarah (*turning, suddenly aware of him again*) Oh—good-bye, Geoffrey. I'll get Jack to phone you.

Geoffrey exits

Sarah moves to Lucy and takes the notepaper from her

I was just beginning to panic. I really thought I'd lost it. (*She looks at the notepaper*) Oh dear!
Lucy Now what's the matter?
Sarah It's a very dull speech, I'm afraid.
Lucy You say that every year!
Sarah Katie Warren ought to be making the speech, not me! She's the President of the Society. I'm just the Secretary. But she always seems to wriggle out of these things. I don't know how she manages it.

The telephone rings

You answer it, Lucy.

Lucy crosses to the desk while Sarah studies her speech

Lucy (*on the phone*) Hallo? . . . Yes, it is. . . . Who is it speaking? . . . I'm sorry, I can't hear you. . . . (*Pause. She looks at Sarah*) It's long distance. . . . I think it's the man I spoke to this morning . . .
Sarah Oh! I'd better talk to him. (*She crosses to Lucy, puts her speech down, and takes the phone*)

Lucy goes into the sun-lounge. During Sarah's phone conversation she tidies the room and eventually, prior to drawing the curtains, stands looking out into the garden

(*On the phone*) Hallo? . . . This is Mrs Radford speaking. . . . I'm sorry my husband isn't here. . . . Yes, I know, you spoke to my housekeeper. . . . Didn't you try the office, she gave you the number? . . . Oh. Oh, I see. . . . Yes I'm expecting him at any moment. . . . What did you say your name was? . . . Montserrat? . . . Yes, of course I'll deliver a message, Mr Montserrat. What is it you want me to tell my husband? (*Slight pause*) I beg your pardon? I'm sorry, I didn't quite . . . (*she is taken aback*) Three more people have—*what*? . . . Died? . . . (*She stares at the phone in astonishment*)

Lucy (*suddenly, at the window*) I think this is Mr Radford . . .

Lucy crosses into the living-room and exits into the hall

Sarah (*on the phone, quickly, looking towards the hall*) My husband has just arrived. If you hold on I'll get him to speak to you. . . . (*she puts the receiver down and turns away from the table*)

Pause

Lucy enters

Lucy It's not Mr Radford. It's your brother.

Sarah Edward! It can't be!

Lucy It is! It's Mr Donnington. He's just getting rid of the taxi. He seems to have a lot of things with him. Shall I put them in the studio?

Sarah What? Yes, yes, do that. . . . No, wait! Put them in the guest room, he can sort them out later. (*She is flustered*) I thought Edward was in New York, I had a card from him only. . . . Why on earth didn't he let me know he was coming!

Lucy Not to worry. We'll manage . . .

Lucy exits

Sarah returns to the table and picks up the phone

Sarah (*her thoughts elsewhere*) I'm sorry, I was mistaken, it wasn't my husband. . . . Yes, I will. . . . Yes, of course. . . . (*She replaces the phone and moves towards the hall*)

Pause

Edward Donnington enters. He is a well-known concert pianist; a tired-looking man. He joins Sarah and embraces her

Edward Sarah!

Sarah This is a lovely surprise, Edward! But I thought you were still in New York?

Edward I left New York on Sunday. I've been in Spain most of this week.

Sarah On holiday?

Edward (*hesitantly*) No, not exactly.

Sarah (*looking at Edward anxiously*) You look to me as if you could do with a holiday.

Edward I'm tired, that's all. We were held up in Madrid and then when we arrived at Heathrow. . . . Well, you know what Heathrow's like.

Tiny pause

Sarah (*still looking at him*) I got your card. What really happened in New York?

Edward (*tired of the question*) What happened? I told you. They didn't like me.

Sarah But you've always been so successful in America!

Edward (*irritated*) Not this time, Sarah. I was a flop. I played badly and the critics, quite rightly, went for me. It's as simple as that.

Sarah I wish you'd told me you were coming, Edward. I've got to spend this evening in London. It's our Drama Club dinner and I'm making a speech. I can't very well get out of it.

Edward (*with an affectionate gesture*) Don't be silly! Of course you can't get out of it.

Sarah I'll be very late back, I'm afraid.

Edward Not to worry. It looks as if I'm going to be around for some time. You'll see quite enough of me, Sarah. Jack's going with you, I take it?

Sarah No, Jack wouldn't be found dead at this sort of thing. In any case, I won't have him near me when I'm making a speech. He makes me nervous. Kate Warren's picking me up.

Edward Katie! How is she?

Sarah She's fine.

Edward Does she still give those terrible dinner parties?

Sarah Yes, and what's worse she's now giving cookery lessons

Edward Cookery lessons?

Sarah On the box. "Out of the Frying Pan" with Katie Warren. She's quite famous these days.

Edward I was on the loo for three hours after one of her dinner parties—and I still came out in a rash. The doctor said he'd never seen anything like it. My body looked like a map of Outer Mongolia.

Sarah (*laughing*) I remember. You should hear Jack on Katie's cooking!

Pause

Edward is hesitating, undecided whether to mention what is obviously on his mind. Finally, he makes a decision

Edward I spoke to Jack a couple of days ago. Did he tell you?

Sarah (*surprised*) No.

Edward He—didn't mention it?

Sarah No, he didn't.

Edward I telephoned him from Madrid. I was concerned. Very concerned. I still am.

Sarah (*puzzled*) About what?

Edward About the business. Donnington's.

Sarah You must want something to worry about if you're worried about

Donnington's! They sold more properties last year than ever before. Why Jack even sold The Grange to those terrible people, the Hoskins.

Edward Yes, well—I think we know how that deal was done!

Sarah (*annoyed*) Do we, Edward? (*A moment, then:*) If you must know I talked to Jack about Carol Hoskins. I had it out with him. And for your information, he is *not* having an affair with her!

Edward (*slightly regretting his remark*) I'm glad to hear it . . .

Sarah Our Carol's the one with the money. She's loaded. Jack discovered this very early on in the negotiations and played up to her like mad. That's all there was to it.

Edward That's as maybe. But I still don't think you realize what's happening. Jack's taking risks, unnecessary risks, and I don't like it.

Sarah What sort of risks? What are you referring to?

Edward (*hesitating*) I'll talk to Jack about it.

Sarah Talk to me. If you're worried about the firm I've a right to know what's worrying you.

Edward No—I'm sorry I mentioned it. We'll discuss it later.

A slightly strained silence

Sarah When father died and we inherited Donnington's we agreed—we both agreed—that although you and I owned the business Jack should have a completely free hand in the running of it.

Edward I'm aware of that, Sarah. (*He moves away from her*)

Sarah Jack made it quite clear, right from the start, that if there was any interference from us . . .

Edward (*quickly; turning*) Sarah, I don't want to interfere! What the devil do I know about running an estate agents? I'm not a business man, I'm a musician. Although there seems to be some doubt about even that these days. It's just that . . . (*A moment; then turning away from her again*) Let's talk about it tomorrow.

Sarah (*quietly; concerned*) Yes, let's do that.

Kate Warren enters from the hall

Kate Why Edward! My dear . . . (*She crosses to Edward and kisses him*)

Edward Hallo, Kate.

Kate How nice to see you again, after all this time! (*She stares at the dress Sarah is wearing*)

Sarah (*puzzled*) What is it, Kate?

Edward looks at Kate

Kate Nothing. Nothing, darling. Why on earth didn't you tell me you were expecting Edward?

Sarah I wasn't expecting him—and he's only just this minute arrived!

Edward You look well, Kate.

Kate I am well.

Edward You never seem to change. You look exactly the same as you did five years ago.

Kate Make it ten, darling, and I'll fall for it! You must come and have a meal one evening, Edward. I'll arrange a little party for you.

Edward Er–thank you Kate. That's very kind of you, but I've got a pretty hectic time ahead of me and . . .

Kate You won't be asked to play, I promise you! . . .

Edward (*with a little laugh*) Well—in that case, I'll look forward to it. (*To Sarah*) Don't worry about tonight, Sarah. You'll be a huge success. You always are.

Kate Of course she'll be a success! She's marvellous. She really is. She had them rolling in the aisles last year. I'll let you know about the dinner party, Edward.

Edward Yes—do that, Katie.

Edward exits

Sarah (*quickly*) What is it, Kate? Why did you stare at me like that?

Kate moves nearer to Sarah, pointing at her dress

Kate That dress! Where did you get it from? Don't tell me! Hildegarde?

Sarah Yes.

Kate She sold me the same dress yesterday afternoon. (*She stares at the dress*) Exactly the same! Identical!

Sarah (*laughing*) Well, thank goodness you're not wearing it!

Kate The little bitch! I'll bet she did it deliberately . . .

Sarah Of course she didn't

Kate Of course she did! You don't know Hildegarde like I do! She has a horrendous sense of humour. A friend of mine told me she laughed like a drain when that casserole of mine caught fire on the box. (*She takes a good look at Sarah*) Anyway, I'll say one thing. You look a great deal better in it than I do. (*A moment; then with a nod towards the hall*) Edward doesn't seem very happy.

Sarah Is it surprising?

Kate No, I suppose not. Did you see the American notices?

Sarah shakes her head

They were very nasty, I'm afraid. Quite cruel some of them.

Sarah Yes, well—don't worry. Edward will bounce back. He always does.

Kate I think we ought to be making a move, Sarah. The traffic's pretty heavy this time of day.

Sarah I'm ready. I told Lucy we'd give her a lift as far as the station.

Kate Yes, of course. How is the Lucy situation? Is the battle over?

Sarah For the time being.

Kate What happened?

Sarah Need you ask? We lost as usual. I used to say "I don't know what I'd do without her." Now—she has so much time off, I'm beginning to find out.

Jack Radford enters. He takes off his coat and tosses it onto a chair

Jack Sorry I'm late, Sarah, my love. (*He kisses her*) Hallo, Kate! Burnt any casseroles lately? (*To Sarah*) I've been sitting in that wretched Council

Chamber since ten o'clock this morning. (*He crosses to the drinks cabinet*) Lucy tells me Edward's arrived.

Sarah Yes.

Jack Were you expecting him?

Sarah No, of course not. I'd have told you. I was amazed when he turned up.

Jack How long is he staying? (*He looks at the bottles, undecided whether to have a drink or not*)

Sarah You know Edward. It could be a week, it could be twenty-four hours. By the way, you've just missed Geoffrey.

Jack Thank God, for that! I see quite enough of that young man during office hours. What did he want?

Sarah There's been some trouble at the office.

Jack When isn't there trouble at the office?

Sarah (*picking up her speech*) He wants you to ring him.

Jack Yes, well—he's unlucky. That hypochondriac doesn't seem to be able to take care of a damn thing these days. Except himself. I'll talk to him tomorrow. (*He picks up the decanter of sherry*)

Sarah Oh—and there was a message for you, Jack. A rather curious one, from someone called Montserrat.

Jack Montserrat? (*He puts the decanter down*)

Sarah He phoned twice. We gave him the office number but they said you were out.

Jack Montserrat? (*Moving down to Sarah*) I don't know anyone by that name.

Sarah It was a long-distance call.

Jack What was the message?

Sarah He said, "Tell your husband, three more people have died . . ."

Jack (*still moving down to her; bewildered*) Three more people have died?

Sarah Yes.

A moment. Jack is still staring at Sarah

Jack I don't get this. What did he mean?

Sarah I don't know.

Jack Was it a joke of some kind?

Sarah I—I don't think so.

Jack It must have been.

Sarah It didn't sound like a joke. Not the way the man said it.

Jack I've never heard of anyone called Montserrat. (*Puzzled*) It was a long-distance call, you say?

Sarah Yes.

Jack From where?

Sarah I don't know.

Jack I just can't imagine what he was talking about.

Kate He was probably a nutter; a screwball. The world's full of them.

Jack That's about it, if you ask me.

Kate You should hear some of the calls I get, especially after one of my cookery lessons.

Lucy appears, wearing outdoor clothes

Lucy I'm ready when you are, Mrs Radford.
Sarah Wait for us in the car, Lucy.

Lucy picks up Jack's coat and exits

Sarah moves to Jack and kisses him

Be nice to Edward, try not to fall out with him.
Jack Why should I fall out with him?
Sarah (*after a tiny pause*) He's very much on edge; he's had a bad time lately.
Jack I know. Dont't worry. We'll have a few drinks and then pop along to the *Brasserie*.
Kate Ye gods! Poor Edward . . .
Jack You're a snob, Katie. I like the *Brasserie*, and so does Edward.
Kate (*shaking her head*) French food to throw away!
Sarah (*laughing*) Come along!

Sarah exits with Kate

Jack returns to the drinks cabinet and, somewhat annoyed, pours himself a drink. He finishes the drink then, after a momentary hesitation, makes a decision and crosses to the phone. As he reaches the table Edward can be heard "trying out" the piano in the studio. Jack stands for a moment, listening—then he picks up the phone and dials a long-distance number. Pause. The piano stops. Jack's eyes are now on the hall in case Edward appears

Jack (*suddenly; on the phone*) Hallo? . . . Hallo? . . . I'm sorry I can't hear you! . . . That's better! . . . This is Jack Radford, I want to speak to Señor Montserrat. It's urgent, put me through straight away! (*Pause*). . . . Is that you, Charles? . . . Jack. . . . What the hell are you playing at, leaving a message with my wife! . . . What? . . . No, no, of course she doesn't! . . . Well, don't do it again, for God's sake! . . . Now tell me about the three deaths. . . . Who were they? . . . (*Pause*) Two Spaniards and a Belgian? . . . Well, that's a relief. . . . (*Slight pause*) What's that? . . . Yes, yes, of course, we're going ahead with the Malaga project, but you know what banks are like, they're always hellishly long winded. . . . Yes, I'm sure they will, but these things take time. . . . No, no, don't ring me, I'll phone you at the end of the week. . . . (*He puts down the phone, returns to the drinks cabinet and mixes himself a drink*)

Edward enters from the patio

The two men take each other in

Jack Hallo, Edward. I didn't expect to see you so soon after that somewhat acrimonious phone call.
Edward I should have let Sarah know I was coming. If you've no objection, I'd like to use the studio for a little while—a week perhaps.
Jack The studio is yours, to use whenever you feel like it, you know that.
Edward Thank you. (*A moment, then:*) May I help myself to a drink?

Jack Let me get it for you. What would you like? Scotch?
Edward Thank you.

Jack fixes the drink and takes it down to Edward

Slight pause

Jack What were you doing in Madrid? Giving a recital?
Edward I went to see an old friend of mine. He's head of the Spanish Bank Corporation.
Jack You always seem to know the right people, don't you, Edward?
Edward It's sometimes necessary. If I were you I'd cultivate the habit.
Jack What's that supposed to mean?
Edward It means you'd be well advised to disassociate yourself—and Donnington's—from operators like Charles Montserrat.
Jack Is that why you saw your friend in Madrid, to check up on Montserrat?
Edward That was one reason. I also wanted to know to what extent—if any—Donnington's were involved in the Valencia disaster.
Jack Why didn't you ask me that question, instead of going behind my back?
Edward I did. You lied. You said you'd never heard of Charles Montserrat and that Donnington's had nothing whatsoever to do with the property.
Jack (*shaking his head*) No, no, I said nothing of the sort. It was a very bad line, you obviously misunderstood me. Now look, Edward, I don't want to fall out with you, that's the last thing I want to do. But your phone call annoyed me. Annoyed me intensely—so much so in fact that I didn't even mention it to Sarah. (*He makes a quick decision*) Now let me put you in the picture so there's no longer any misunderstanding between us. To be honest, to be perfectly honest, yes—I do know Montserrat. And I agree, he's an operator. Of course he's an operator! All those boys are. But so far as this Valencia business is concerned. . . . (*A shade too affably*) Look, I'll tell you exactly what happened.
Edward I know what happened! The building collapsed. Thirty-two people were killed. And God only knows how many poor devils are still in hospital.
Jack I know. It was dreadful. Appalling. But Donnington's were not responsible for what happened. Not in any way.
Edward How can you say that when, to my knowledge, you sold at least twelve of the apartments?
Jack That's true. But we didn't have a say in the construction of the building. We were merely responsible for . . .
Edward According to my information you did! You met Montserrat and his team in Valencia just over three years ago. You saw the plans, you discussed the specifications, and you surveyed the site.
Jack That's not true! It's just not true!
Edward (*a moment, then:*) Very well. Let's talk about something else. To what extent are you—by which I mean Donnington's—involved in this new operation of Montserrat's? This time-sharing project?

Jack We're not involved. Not in any way. But who told you about this time-sharing project? Was it your banking friend?
Edward Yes.
Jack What else did he tell you?
Edward He said that a British company had expressed an interest in the scheme and had promised to find part of the finance.
Jack Well—it isn't Donnington's. But I'll be frank. I have heard of this project and Montserrat did try and interest us in it. As a matter of fact, he made us a damn good offer.
Edward Which you rejected?
Jack Yes—which we rejected.

A pause. Edward is obviously unconvinced

Don't you believe me?
Edward I'd like to believe you . . .
Jack Then why don't you . . .
Edward . . . I'd also like to see the correspondence.
Jack (*sharply*) The correspondence?
Edward You presumably wrote to Montserrat about the project. I'd like to see copies of the correspondence.

For a moment Jack is taken aback, then anger takes over

Jack What the hell's come over you? You've never doubted my word before! Now let's get one thing straight! *I am* the managing director of Donnington's, even though you and Sarah own the company . . .
Edward Leave Sarah out of this! I simply want to know what you said to Montserrat when you rejected his offer—*if* you did reject it. If you haven't got copies of the letters here we'll go down to the office.

Jack stares at him, even angrier than before, then turning goes quickly into the study

Pause

Edward finishes his drink, then crosses to the drinks cabinet, and pours himself another. He stands by the cabinet, deep in thought

Pause

Jack appears carrying a folder containing many letters. The folder is open and he is reading the correspondence as he enters the room. He stops for a moment, staring at the letters then he looks up and angrily indicates the sofa

Edward crosses to the sofa and is joined by Jack who hands him the folder

Jack Perhaps when you've read this file you'll have the decency to apologize. Only four of the letters refer to the time-sharing project, but in view of your attitude I think you'd better read the lot!

Edward sits and opens the folder Jack watches him, then moves behind the sofa. There is a long pause. Edward is studying the correspondence, hardly aware of Jack's presence. He is obviously somewhat puzzled by the letters.

Jack produces a gun, stares at it for a moment, hesitating—then he points it at Edward's head and takes careful aim. There is a loud explosion. Edward slumps forward on the sofa

Black-out

Scene 2

The same. Three months later. Ten o'clock at night. A storm has taken place and there is still the sound of rain

Sarah is smoking a cigarette as she restlessly paces the living-room. Her manner is tense and from time to time an almost frightened look appears on her face. Eventually she stops pacing, extinguishes her cigarette, and draws her dressing-gown closer to her body

The front door bell rings

Sarah looks up, hesitates—then rushes out into the hall

Pause

The front door is heard opening and closing, followed by voices

Sarah (*off*) Kate, my dear! Thank you for coming! It's very good of you.
Kate (*off*) What is it, Sarah? What's happened?

Kate enters. She is wearing a headscarf. Sarah follows her into the room

I came as quickly as I could. I was in the bath when you phoned.
Sarah Oh, Kate, I'm sorry! Do forgive me, dragging you out on a night like this!
Kate What is it, Sarah? Are you ill?
Sarah I've got a terrible headache, I've had it all evening, but that's not why I sent for you . . .
Kate Then what's happened? Where's Jack—and Lucy?
Sarah Lucy's in London. She's due back tomorrow morning. Jack's at the Hoskins'.
Kate The Hoskins'! What on earth is Jack doing there?
Sarah He sold Hoskins The Grange and it's their house-warming party. He had to go, he just couldn't get out of it.
Kate Knowing Hoskins it was probably in the contract. Now what's this all about?
Sarah I know you're not going to believe me! (*She paces up and down*) I know you'll think I'm crazy! Perhaps I am—perhaps that's the only possible explanation . . .
Kate (*with a gentle note of authority in her voice*) What is it, Sarah?
Sarah (*tensely*) I—I heard Edward again. It was the same as last time.
Kate What do you mean—you heard Edward? You heard the piano?

Sarah finally stops pacing

Sarah Yes. He was in the studio. I heard him playing, Kate.
Kate (*staring at Sarah*) Edward's dead. You know he is, Sarah.
Sarah (*desperately; shaking her head*) Then who is it I keep hearing? Who is it?
Kate (*softly*) I don't know.
Sarah Am I going out of my mind? Is that the explanation? Is that what's happening?
Kate Of course you're not going out of your mind. Don't be absurd! But it's the third time this has happened. I think perhaps you should consult someone. . . .
Sarah I've seen Dr Young.
Kate Yes, well—you know my opinion of Maurice. (*She studies Sarah; then curiously*) What happened tonight? Where were you when you thought you heard the piano?
Sarah I did hear it! I swear I did!
Kate Where were you?
Sarah I was upstairs in the bedroom. It *was* Edward. I know it was Edward! He was playing Schumann, the piece he played at the Festival Hall the night . . .
Kate What happened exactly?
Sarah As soon as I heard the piano I raced downstairs and went straight to the studio. There was no one there. The room was empty.
Kate Could you still hear the piano?
Sarah No. It stopped just as I reached the hall.
Kate Is that what happened on the previous occasions?
Sarah It's what happened last time, except that I was in the dining-room and it was four o'clock in the afternoon. Jack was at the office. Lucy was out shopping. (*After a moment's consideration*) But the first time, the first time was different . . .
Kate In what way, different?
Sarah It was a Sunday, about a month after the inquest . . . Jack was sitting on the sofa reading the papers. I was in the kitchen. Suddenly I heard the piano. I knew it was Edward! I knew immediately. I cried out, dropped what I was doing, and rushed in here. Jack stared at me as if I'd taken leave of my senses . . .
Kate He'd heard nothing?
Sarah Nothing! the poor man was bewildered.

Pause

Kate You say you've told Maurice about this?
Sarah Yes, but he wasn't very helpful. He simply gave me some awful medicine and told me to forget all about it. Later, when he and Jack were talking I overheard him say something about me being very highly strung, like Edward . . .
Kate What nonsense! Your brother was a lovely person and I was terribly fond of him, you know that. Now for heaven's sake, don't start getting silly ideas about yourself. You're one of the most level-headed women I've ever met.

Sarah Thank you, Kate. That's what I wanted to hear.

Kate Now if you take my advice, you'll try and forget what happened to Edward. The fact that he took his own life is unimportant. Just remember how talented he was and the enormous amount of pleasure he gave to everyone.

Sarah Yes, that's what I keep telling myself, but . . . (*with anguish*) Why did he do it, Kate? Why did he do such a terrible thing?

Kate You know why! We must have talked about this a hundred times during the past three months! You were at the inquest. You confirmed Jack's evidence about Edward being depressed and worried about the future. It was you that told the Coroner about the traumatic experience your brother had in New York . . .

Sarah (*miserably*) Yes, I know, I know. I'm sorry, Katie. (*A moment, then:*) Jack's worried about me. I know he is. He wants me to see an old school friend of his, a psychiatrist. They play squash together. (*She sits on the arm of the sofa*)

Kate (*moving down to Sarah*) I think that's a splendid idea.

Sarah (*shaking her head*) I hate the thought of getting involved with a shrink.

Kate My dear, a shrink who plays squash can't possibly do anybody any harm. Besides, you mustn't believe everything you read about psychiatrists. I went to one once and he . . .

Sarah You did?

Kate Yes, and he did me a power of good. Although I question whether he ever played squash. Not that he needed to. (*Silencing her with a little laugh*) It was a long time ago, and that's all—positively all—I'm going to tell you about it. (*A slight hesitation, then:*) Sarah, forgive my asking, I know it's none of my business, but—did Edward's death affect Donnington's in any way?

Sarah Donnington's? Why, no. I inherited his shares, of course, which means I now own the company . . . (*She stops; with curiosity*) But why are you interested in Donnington's?

Kate I went to see Arnold Boston the other day. You know Arnold . . .

Sarah Yes, of course . . .

Kate He's my lawyer and I consult him from time to time. After we'd had our meeting he asked how you were and, inevitably I'm afraid, we talked about Edward. Then, just as I was leaving, he made—what I thought—was a very odd remark.

Sarah Oh?

Kate He said: "What's happening to Donnington's, Kate? What's the rapacious Mr Radford up to, now that Edward's no longer with us?"

Sarah What on earth did he mean?

Kate I don't know.

Sarah (*a moment; puzzled*) Rapacious? What a curious word to use . . .

Tiny pause

Kate I gather you never see Arnold these days?

Sarah No. We used to see a great deal of each other at one time. Then he

and Jack had a row. Don't ask me what it was about. I never did find out. It was sad really.

Kate He's had a bad time just recently, I'm afraid. His wife's been terribly ill. She still is.

Sarah Oh, I am sorry. Arnold thinks the world of her. He must be very worried.

Kate He is, poor darling. Look, Sarah, if I were you I wouldn't wait up for Jack. Take a couple of aspirins and go to bed.

Sarah Yes, I think perhaps I will. And thank you for coming, Katie.

The front door opens and closes

I felt I just had to talk to someone. (*She quickly turns towards the hall*)

Jack enters. He looks agitated as he quickly disposes of his raincoat

Jack (*surprised*) Hallo, Kate! What are you doing here?

Kate (*to Sarah*) Now that's what I call a really friendly greeting! Not "drop dead"—or "get lost"—just a nice, warm, "What are you doing here?"

Sarah rises

Jack I'm sorry, Kate. I didn't mean to be rude.

Sarah What is it, Jack? Is anything wrong?

Jack I'm just exasperated, that's all. You know the effect Hoskins has on me! (*To Kate*) You can't get a word in edgeways. He corners you the moment you arrive, and that's it for the rest of the evening.

Kate The house-warming was not a success, I gather?

Jack Not with me, it wasn't! But I must say he's a generous old bore. I've never seen so much booze.

Kate Paid for by Mrs Hoskins, no doubt?

Jack I wouldn't know about that.

Kate What was our Carol wearing on this auspicious occasion? Mink leotards?

Jack I really didn't notice. (*He moves down to the sofa, then stops—looking first at Kate, then at his wife*) Are you all right, Sarah? Did you send for Katie?

Sarah No, I . . .

Kate I phoned Sarah, just to have a chat. She said she was on her own so I said I'd pop round.

Jack Oh. Oh, I see. (*He looks at her headscarf*)

Kate (*after a faintly awkward pause, conscious of the fact that Jack is looking at her headscarf*) Is it still raining?

Jack No, it's stopped.

Kate Thank goodness for that. 'Bye, Sarah. I'll give you a ring later in the week. Take good care of her, Jack.

Kate smiles at both of them and exits

Sarah Kate's been telling me about Irene Boston. I hadn't the slightest idea she was so ill.

Jack completely ignores what Sarah is saying, quickly crosses towards her and takes hold of her arm

Jack Sarah, my love, listen. I don't want to worry you—that's the last thing I want to do! But something happened tonight, something awful...
Sarah (*alarmed*) What is it Jack?
Jack I knocked someone down. A girl ... she ran across the road, right in front of me. ... The car skidded and ...
Sarah Is she badly hurt?
Jack I—I don't know. I don't think so, but I'm not sure.

As Jack releases her arm Sarah looks at him, puzzled

Sarah You're not sure?
Jack I—I daren't send for the police, I daren't report it to anyone ...
Sarah Why ever not?
Jack I've been drinking, all evening, since seven o'clock. I'd never pass a test, I'd be way over the top. Besides, you know what people would say, what the local rag would make of it. They're always ready to dig up that other business.
Sarah But what happened to the girl? You didn't just leave her?
Jack No—No—I. ... There was no one about, no one saw the accident, so I telephoned Maurice, from a call box. I told him I wanted to see him. He said he had a call to make but he'd get here as soon as he could.
Sarah But what's happened to the girl?
Jack She's outside, in my car. I brought her here. I just didn't know what the devil to do.
Sarah (*softly; with a note of compassion*) Oh, Jack ...

Jack stares at her for a moment, then turns and goes quickly out into the hall

Sarah is worried and a shade bewildered. She makes as if to follow Jack, then changes her mind. After a moment she goes into the sun-lounge and collects a rug and several cushions. She brings them down to the sofa and arranges the cushions

Jack returns. He is carrying Anna Truman, a good-looking girl in her late twenties

Jack It seems to be her shoulder. I hope it's not serious.
Sarah I'll get some brandy ...

As Jack carries the girl to the sofa, Sarah crosses to the drinks cabinet and pours a glass of brandy

Jack (*lowering Anna onto the sofa*) I don't think we'd better give her anything to drink, not before Maurice gets here.
Sarah Surely, brandy won't do her any harm ...
Jack I think we'd better wait.

Sarah hesitates, then puts the glass down and rejoins Jack at the sofa. There is a slight pause

Sarah Who is she, do you know?
Jack I've no idea.

Anna stirs, making a sound

Sarah What's she saying?
Jack (*to Anna*) What is it, my dear?

Pause. Anna murmurs again. Jack looks at Sarah and shakes his head

Sarah We'll have to find out who she is, Jack.
Jack Her handbag's in the car, that may help us. I'll take a look at it later.

Sarah moves nearer the sofa and stares at the girl whose eyes are closed

Sarah There's a name on the chain she's wearing . . .
Jack (*peering at the chain*) Anna . . .
Anna (*moving and finally opening her eyes*) Where am I? What's—what's happened?
Jack You've been involved in an accident. You're not badly hurt but—we've sent for a doctor.
Anna An accident? (*Alarmed*) Who are you? What am I doing here? (*She attempts to move; she winces with pain*)
Sarah Is it your shoulder?
Anna Yes. I—I have difficulty moving it. (*She makes another attempt to move, crying out in pain*)
Jack Try not to move. A doctor will be here soon I promise you.
Anna (*staring at Jack*) I've seen you before somewhere.
Jack My name is Radford. I'm an estate agent. This is my wife. I was on my way home when . . . you ran in front of my car. I did my best to avoid hitting you but the car skidded and . . . I'm terribly sorry, but there was just nothing I could do.

Pause

Anna Yes . . . I remember now. I was sheltering under a tree . . . the storm got worse . . . I was frightened and I dashed across the road . . . (*In pain*) Why didn't you call an ambulance instead of bringing me here?
Jack I—I couldn't find a call box . . .
Anna I see. But why didn't you. . . . (*She attempts to rise, is partly successful, but finally collapses back onto the sofa*)
Jack Please don't try and move. Wait until the doctor arrives. He'll give you something to ease the pain.
Sarah (*after a tiny pause*) Do you live near here?
Anna I—I live in Hove. I'd been visiting friends of mine and my car was parked. . . . (*In pain with her shoulder*) Could you please . . . move one of these cushions . . . ?
Sarah Yes, of course. (*She picks up one of the cushions and places it behind Anna's head*) Is that better?
Anna (*closing her eyes*) Yes, it is. Thank you.

Sarah looks at Anna

Sarah (*softly*) Don't worry, Jack. She'll be all right, I'm sure.

Jack moves away from the sofa. Sarah joins him

(*Quietly*) What did you say to Maurice when you phoned him?
Jack I said I wanted to see him.
Sarah Didn't you tell him about the accident?
Jack No. I simply said it was urgent. Why?

Sarah shakes her head

Why, Sarah?
Sarah He probably thinks you telephoned because of me ...
Jack That's possible, I suppose. I hadn't thought of that. (*He looks at her*) Why was Katie here? Did you send for her?
Sarah No—no, of course not. She told you why she came.
Jack She didn't sound very convincing. (*Still looking at her*) You look tired, Sarah my love, and not at all well.
Sarah I've got a headache, that's all.
Jack Have you taken anything for it?
Sarah No ...
Jack What about taking a dose of that medicine Maurice gave you?
Sarah I threw it away! I'm sick to death of Maurice and his medicine, to say nothing of ... (*She stops*)
Jack What is it?
Sarah He'll ask me about the medicine, he's bound to—you know what he's like! (*She shakes her head*) The very last person I wanted to see tonight was Maurice!
Jack Then why don't you go and lie down for a little while?

Sarah looks across at Anna, hesitating

If I need you, I'll send for you. It'll probably be easier for me anyway, if you're not here. If Maurice starts asking you questions he'll be here all night.
Sarah (*looking at Anna again*) Are you sure, Jack?
Jack I'll let you know if there's anything you can do. I promise.

Sarah hesitates, then exits with Jack

Long pause

Anna stirs, finally rising from the sofa. She takes stock of her surroundings then moves slowly, somewhat nervously, towards the hall

Pause

Jack returns. He immediately takes her in his arms, kissing her, holding her close to him

Anna Well—was it a good performance?
Jack (*still holding her*) Almost as good as the one you gave on the telephone this afternoon. I can't say more than that, Anna!

Anna gives an uneasy little laugh as Jack releases her. At that moment the front door bell rings. They both turn and look towards the hall

(*Quietly; yet unable to conceal a note of tension*) That's the doctor!

Anna makes a sudden movement towards the sun-lounge. Jack restrains her

Wait! I don't want you to go, not yet!

Jack takes hold of Anna's arm and leads her towards the door of the study

Stay in here, Anna, until I call you. (*He opens the door*)

As Anna hesitates

It's all right, Anna! Please do as I say! Please, darling!

Anna exits into the study

Jack closes the door and moves back to the sofa. He quickly collects the rug and cushions and returns them to the sun-lounge. The door bell rings again.

Jack turns, surveys the room, and after a final glance at the sofa goes out into the hall

Pause

The front door opens and closes and voices are heard, off

Jack enters with Dr Maurice Young. Maurice, a middle-aged GP, is not at all happy at having to make yet another house call. He carries a bag

Jack It's good of you to turn out at this time of night, Maurice. I appreciate it.

Maurice Yes, well—you know what they say. "Duty must be done—the rule applies to everyone." Except that it doesn't of course. You try and get hold of a plumber at this time of night!

Jack You're talking about the élite! Now let me get you a drink.

Maurice No. Not for me, thank you.

Jack Are you sure?

Maurice Quite sure. (*He looks at his watch*) I take it—I'm here because of Sarah?

Jack Yes, I'm worried about her. Very worried. I just don't know what to do, Maurice.

Maurice (*a trifle wearily*) There's no need for you to be unduly worried. I've already told you that. The time for you to get worried, my dear chap, is when I'm worried. And I'm not a bit concerned about her at the moment. She's depressed, and a little overwrought perhaps, because of what happened to her brother, but that's understandable. Just give her time.

Jack (*stopping him*) Maurice, forgive me. This is no reflection on you, please don't think that, but—in my opinion she's worse, a great deal worse than when you first saw her.

Maurice What makes you think she's worse?

Jack Her fits of depression last longer and are more intense than they used to be . . .

Maurice Ah, yes—well . . .

Jack And now, she never stops talking about suicide.

Maurice You mean—she's threatened to commit suicide?

Jack (*after a calculated hesitation*) Well, no, not exactly. Although—I must admit there have been times when I've wondered whether. . . . One day last week I came home early. She was in the garden, standing by the pool, just staring at the water. There was a strange expression on her face, Maurice. It crossed my mind that. . . . The truth is, she's obsessed with the subject. She hardly ever talks about anything else.

Maurice Yes, well—again that's understandable in view of what she's been through. She was very fond of her brother.

Jack I know that . . .

Maurice You really must be patient. Give her time. (*He moves towards one of the chairs*)

Jack (*irritated*) I don't think it's a question of time. Not any longer. It's my opinion she's on the verge of—not just a nervous breakdown—but something far more serious.

Maurice (*sitting*) My dear fellow, I'm the doctor! Let me be the judge of that. You wouldn't consult me if you wanted to buy a house, now would you? (*He puts his bag down*)

Jack I'm sorry, Maurice, but I don't think you understand what's happened to Sarah. It's almost as if she's living in a world of her own. She constantly imagines things; all sorts of things . . .

Maurice (*barely concealing his impatience*) Yes, yes, you told me about her hearing the piano and being under the delusion . . .

Jack (*sharply*) I'm not talking about that!

Maurice looks at Jack, a shade surprised by his tone

Maurice Then what are you talking about?

Jack crosses to the chair and stands for a moment looking down at Maurice

Jack I'm talking about what happened last night. (*Pause*) She had a dream, I suppose you'd call it a nightmare. I had to wake her up. She dreamt I was involved in a car accident. That I'd knocked a girl down and that for some obscure reason, I was compelled to bring the girl back here. This morning, at breakfast, she made no reference to the dream and neither did I. Then suddenly, quite out of the blue, just as I was leaving for the office, she started talking about the girl—about the accident—as if it was for real. As if the incident had actually happened.

Maurice Didn't you tell her it was just a dream?

Jack Yes, of course I did! But she didn't believe me. She seemed convinced that I was in trouble—real trouble. But that's not all! She telephoned me this afternoon, at the office. It was most embarassing. She said she'd been giving the matter thought and felt sure the only thing for me to do was to go to the police and tell them the whole story.

Maurice What did you say?

Jack I didn't know what on earth to say. I knew the girl on the switchboard

was listening. She listens to every damn thing. In the end I said, "All right, Sarah, my love, if that's what you want," and I rang off.

Maurice Has she mentioned the call since?

Jack No, but I've hardly seen her. I went straight from the office to The Grange. It was the Hoskins' house-warming. We were both supposed to go but Sarah can't bear the sight of Hoskins . . .

Maurice Who can?

Jack . . . and in any case she wasn't up to it.

Maurice nods. Pause. He appears to be giving Jack's story careful thought

Maurice Where is Sarah now?

Jack She's in her room. When I got back Kate Warren was here. Whether she sent for Kate I wouldn't know. It's possible. The moment Kate left Sarah complained of a headache and went to bed.

Maurice I see. Well—I'd better take a look at her. (*He rises and picks up his bag*)

Jack No—I'd rather you didn't, Maurice.

Maurice turns; a shade surprised

I finally persuaded her to take a dose of your medicine, so she's probably asleep by now. (*Suddenly; with a note of desperation*) What on earth are we going to do about Sarah? Believe me something must be done—and done quickly!

Maurice You'd like a second opinion, is that it?

Jack Yes. Frankly, I would.

Maurice (*a shade annoyed*) Is that why you sent for me, at this time of night?

Jack Yes, it is! I'm sorry Maurice, dragging you out like this, but I really do think it's about time we consulted someone else . . .

Pause

Maurice Well, in view of this new development, in view of what you've told me . . .

Jack Don't leave it, there's a good chap! Get on to it straight away. Please!

Maurice (*conjuring up a faint smile*) Very well. Tomorrow morning, first thing. I promise you.

They move towards the hall

Jack I play squash every now and then with a chap called Hilton-Reed. I don't know whether you know him?

Maurice I've met him. Tallish chap; has rooms in Wimpole Street.

Jack He's a psychiatrist.

Maurice Is he? Yes, well—we can do better than that. You must leave this with me. I'll deal with it.

Maurice exits

Jack slowly turns and moves down to the study. He stands deep in thought

Pause

The study door opens and Anna appears

Jack (*looking up*) Did you hear that?

Anna Yes . . .

Jack All of it?

Anna (*softly*) Yes . . .

Jack (*crossing to Anna*) Well, don't look so worried. Everything's going to be all right, I promise you. (*He watches her*) But I shall need your help, Anna. You realize that?

Anna Yes, I realize it. (*An uncertain pause*) It's still . . . Thursday night . . . ?

Jack Yes. Thursday night. (*He points to the patio door*) I want you here, by nine o'clock. Not a minute later.

Anna I'll be here, but . . . (*She hesitates*)

Jack But, what?

Anna What about the housekeeper? What if she suddenly takes it into her head to come home early?

Jack I've told you about Lucy! It's her birthday. That's why I picked Thursday. She's going to a concert with some friends.

Anna But supposing the police don't believe your wife has committed suicide? What if they suspect . . .

Jack Anna, my love, no one is going to suspect anything! The doctor will confirm my story about her state of mind, about the way she's been behaving during the past three months—so will Lucy and Kate Warren too, if necessary. There's absolutely nothing for you to worry about! (*He takes a tiny bottle out of his pocket*) Now, these pills you gave me. (*He looks at the pills*) You're sure, quite sure, they'll put her to sleep?

Anna Yes, I'm sure.

Jack For how long?

Anna Five or six hours, maybe longer.

Jack (*nodding*) Once we've got the nightdress on her it won't take us long to get her down to the pool.

Anna Why the nightdress? Is that necessary?

Jack Yes, it is.

Anna Why? I don't see why . . .

Jack It's important, Anna! I want people to think she went down to the pool on the spur of the moment.

Jack takes hold of Anna and leads her into the sun-lounge. When they reach the patio door he switches off the lights and draws back the curtains

Now you know which way to go. As soon as you get past the studio you'll see the gate. Turn left when you get out of the gate and walk about fifty yards down the lane. That brings you to the corner. There's an empty cottage directly opposite with one of our "For Sale" boards outside—your car's in the drive. (*He looks at Anna for a moment, then takes her in his arms*) Now remember what I told you. You wait outside, on the patio, until I let you in. You understand?

Anna (*breaking away from him and giving a nervous little nod*) Yes, I understand.

Jack (*opening the patio door*) Nine o'clock, Anna! No later!

The Lights fade to Black-out

Scene 3

The same. The following morning

Maurice enters followed by Lucy. He crosses to the sofa and puts down the bag he is carrying

Lucy I'll tell Mrs Radford you're here, sir.
Maurice You say Mr Radford's already left for the office?
Lucy Yes, sir. He left some time ago. (*A slight hesitation; then:*) I'm afraid Mrs Radford's in a very bad way this morning, Doctor.
Maurice Yes, I know. She telephoned me.
Lucy Mr Radford's very worried about her. The poor man was quite beside himself when he left the house. I felt quite sorry for him.
Maurice Where is Mrs Radford now?
Lucy I imagine she's in her room. But I've seen very little of her this morning.
Maurice Didn't she come down to breakfast?
Lucy No, but that's not unusual. She very rarely does these days. It's usually a cup of coffee and a biscuit. In the middle of the morning.

Maurice gives her a little nod of dismissal, at the same time glancing at his watch. Lucy hesitates

Doctor, forgive me, but—may I ask you something?
Maurice Yes of course.
Lucy When a person commits suicide, like Mr Donnington ... (*she hesitates*)
Maurice Yes?
Lucy Is it possible ... I mean, is it very likely that another member of the family will. ... Well, what I'm trying to say ...
Maurice I think I know what you're trying to say, Lucy.
Lucy Mrs Radford's acting very strange these days. And I'm not the only one that's noticed it, Doctor.
Maurice Yes, well—there's no need for you to worry, Lucy. She'll soon be on the mend, I promise you. Only these things take time, unfortunately. Now perhaps you'll let Mrs Radford know I'm here.

Lucy turns toward the hall

Sarah enters

(*Brightly*) Good morning, Sarah.

Lucy exits

Sarah Thank you for coming, Maurice.
Maurice I was going to drop in anyway. I've made an appointment for you to see a specialist, Sarah. There's nothing for you to get alarmed about, my dear, but both Jack and I feel that. ... Anyway, I've arranged for you to see a Dr Trenchman. The appointment's for next Monday, three o'clock. I'll let you have the address later.

Sarah What is Dr Trenchman—a psychiatrist?
Maurice Well—sort of, my dear. But don't worry about that. (*He smiles*) He's very clever and he's a charmer, which is much more important. You'll like him.

A slight pause. Maurice looks at Sarah who stands nervously fingering a pendant on the necklace she is wearing

You sounded worried on the phone, Sarah.
Sarah (*with a note of tenseness in her voice*) Maurice, I sent for you because . . . I want you to tell me exactly what happened last night . . .
Maurice Last night?
Sarah Yes. Who did you see when you arrived here?
Maurice (*puzzled*) Who did I see?
Sarah Yes.
Maurice I saw Jack.
Sarah Just Jack?
Maurice Yes.
Sarah No one else?
Maurice No.
Sarah (*perturbed*) There was no one else here?
Maurice I've just said there wasn't.
Sarah Surely there was a girl. You must have seen her. (*She points*) She was lying on the sofa.
Maurice I saw no girl. I saw no one other than your husband.

Sarah slowly turns away from him. There is a strange, worried look in her eyes

Pause

(*Cautiously*) Tell me about this girl.
Sarah Jack went to the Hoskins'. It was their house-warming party . . .
Maurice I know. He told me.
Sarah On the way home a girl ran in front of his car and was knocked down. Jack was frightened. He daren't report the accident because he'd had rather a lot to drink—so he telephoned you, Maurice, and brought the girl back here.
Maurice (*gently*) I'm sorry, but that's not true. Jack sent for me last night because he was worried about you and he wanted me to get a second opinion. There was no other reason.

Sarah shakes her head

I assure you, Sarah—when I arrived there was no one here, other than Jack
Sarah I just can't believe that!
Maurice It's true. (*Pause*) What does Jack have to say about this?
Sarah He says the girl was just a figment of my imagination, part of a dream I had . . .
Maurice (*after a moment's consideration*) Yes, well—I didn't intend to tell you this, but. . . . That was one of the things we talked about last night. Your dream.

Sarah But I don't remember having such a dream! I don't remember anything about it.
Maurice (*softly*) Don't you, my dear?
Sarah Maurice, I saw the girl! She was here!

Pause

Maurice Sarah, I want you to do something for me. Try and put this imaginary incident out of your mind. Try and forget all about it until your appointment on Monday. Now will you do that? Please . . .
Sarah I'll try. I'll try, Maurice.
Maurice Dr Trenchman will help you. I'm sure he will. You'll feel quite different in a few weeks' time. Take my word for it. Meanwhile, if you feel that you'd like to see me, between now and Monday—if it's only for a chat—don't hesitate, just give me a ring.
Sarah (*fatalistically*) Thank you, Maurice.
Maurice (*picking up his bag and smiling at her*) Now, remember that. . . . (*He watches her for a few seconds*)

Maurice exits

Sarah moves down to one of the armchairs, a dazed, confused expression on her face. She sits in the chair, staring into space, nervously fingering the pendant again

Pause

Lucy enters carrying a duster

Lucy The dry cleaners have returned Mr Radford's blazer. I've put it on the bed.

Sarah says nothing

Can I get you some coffee, Mrs Radford?

Sarah shakes her head

Lucy Are you sure?
Sarah I'm quite sure.

Lucy rearranges the cushions, tidies the sofa and—moving behind Sarah's chair—crosses to the drinks cabinet. She busies herself at the cabinet

Long pause

Lucy (*noticing the glass of brandy*) Did you pour this, Madam?
Sarah (*not turning*) What?
Lucy Did you pour this?
Sarah (*her thoughts elsewhere*) I haven't poured anything.
Lucy Then it must have been Mr Radford. (*She continues dusting the cabinet, finally sorting out the various bottles. Then she looks at the glass again, picks it up and sniffs it*) It's brandy. What shall I do with it?
Sarah What?

Lucy It's brandy. What would you like me to do with it?

Sarah turns, looks at Lucy, then rises. She crosses to the cabinet and takes the brandy out of Lucy's hand. She stands quite still, staring at the glass. The significance of the brandy very slowly dawning on her

What is it, Madam?

Sarah Nothing. . . . Nothing, Lucy . . .

Lucy (*curiously*) Are you feeling all right? Can I get you anything?

Sarah No. Just . . . leave me, Lucy. I'm perfectly all right . . .

Lucy stares at her, then exits

Sarah, still holding the glass of brandy, moves down to the sofa. She stands looking at the cushions—then, deep in thought, she returns to the cabinet and puts down the glass. She is distinctly perplexed, her thoughts on the events of the previous evening

Lucy enters

Lucy Mr Curtis is here, Madam.

Sarah Mr Curtis? What does he want?

Lucy I don't know. He didn't say . . .

Sarah I don't wish to see anyone. Tell him. . . . No, no, wait a minute. (*She hesitates; then*) Ask him to come in. . . .

Lucy Are you sure? I can easily get rid of him . . .

Sarah No, I'll see him, Lucy.

Lucy exits

Sarah looks at the glass of brandy again, then moves towards the hall

Pause

Geoffrey enters

Geoffrey Thank you for seeing me, Mrs Radford—and forgive my dropping in like this. I'd have telephoned you but unfortunately . . .

Sarah That's all right, Geoffrey. But Jack's not here, I'm afraid. He's at the office.

Geoffrey Yes, I know. It's you I wanted to see. I'm leaving Donnington's, Mrs Radford—in fact I've already left, and I just wanted to say . . .

Sarah (*surprised*) You're leaving Donnington's?

Geoffrey Yes, and I just wanted to say goodbye to you, and to thank you very much for—well—so many things.

Sarah That's very kind of you, Geoffrey. But—this is a surprise! Jack never told me you were leaving. What are you going to do? Start up on your own?

Geoffrey That's what I'd like to do. If I could get the money from someone I'd do it like a shot, but my bank manager says it's just not on at the moment. In fact I'm overdrawn already. Anyway, I've landed a job in London. (*He adjusts his glasses*) At least, I think—I hope—I have.

Sarah I'm amazed. I never thought you'd leave Donnington's. How long have you been with us? It must be ten years at least.

Geoffrey It's over ten. I joined the firm the year your mother died.
Sarah That's right, you did! I remember.
Geoffrey I was very nearly a wide boy in those days. If I hadn't met your father when I did I don't know what would have become of me. I shall always be grateful to him, Mrs Radford. He knocked some sense into me—which was more than anyone else had been able to do.

Slight pause

Sarah Why are you leaving us? Is it because of Jack?

Silence

Have you had a row with him?
Geoffrey Well—yes . . .
Sarah You've never really got on with Jack, have you?
Geoffrey No, I haven't. I think he's always resented the fact that your father started me in the business and . . . well, I suppose there's been faults on both sides.
Sarah Tell me what happened? (*A moment*) I'd like to know. Please tell me . . .
Geoffrey Donnington's are involved in several projects outside of the UK—mostly in Spain. Jack handles that side of the business himself and he's very, very cagey about it. No one in the office seems to know quite what's going on. Yesterday morning—and purely by accident, I assure you—I opened a letter which was addressed to Jack and marked "Personal". It was from a man called Montserrat and referred to . . .
Sarah Montserrat?
Geoffrey Yes.
Sarah Are you sure that was the name?
Geoffrey (*surprised by the question*) Yes, I'm quite sure. Charles Montserrat. Why? Have you heard the name before.

Sarah avoids looking at him; she shakes her head

It had something to do with a time-sharing property in Malaga. I showed Jack the letter and naturally apologized for opening it. Knowing Jack I expected him to be put out of course, but he was furious! He very nearly went berserk! In the end I just couldn't take any more of his abuse. I collected my things and walked out.
Sarah (*her thoughts elsewhere*) I see.
Geoffrey (*studying Sarah*) I'm sorry this happened, Mrs Radford, because Jack's got a lot going for him. He's pulled off some fantastic deals.
Sarah Yes, I know. (*Suddenly; dismissing her thoughts and once again giving Geoffrey her attention*) Sit down, Geoffrey. Let me get you some coffee.
Geoffrey No, thank you, Mrs Radford. I'm on my way to London. I'm hoping to catch the ten-thirty.
Sarah You've plenty of time. And Sarah, please! I'm getting a little tired of Mrs Radford.

Geoffrey moves down to the sofa. There is a slightly uncomfortable pause

Geoffrey Sarah, now that I've left Donnington's, there's something I feel I ought to tell you. Maybe I should have told you this before now, but to be honest, I heard that you were not well and I didn't want to . . . (*he hesitates*)

Sarah (*crossing to a chair near the sofa and sitting*) What is it?

Geoffrey is still hesitating

What is it you want to tell me?

Geoffrey About a fortnight before your brother died I went over to Seaford to take a look at a property. On the way home I called in a café. Whilst I was waiting to be served I became conscious of two people in the next cubicle and I suddenly recognized Jack's voice. He was with a girl and they were talking about Donnington's.

Sarah (*softly*) Go on, Geoffrey.

Geoffrey Jack was explaining to the girl that although he ran the business he didn't own it, that it was in fact owned jointly by you and your brother. The girl was curious. She asked Jack what would happen to Donnington's, who would inherit the shares, if by any chance something unfortunate happened to you and Edward.

Sarah And what did Jack say?

Geoffrey He just laughed and said, "I get the lot, Anna. But that's too much to hope for, I'm afraid."

Sarah (*staring at him; stunned*) That's too much to hope for. . . . Are you sure, that's what he said?

Geoffrey Yes, I'm quite sure.

Sarah You say—he called the girl Anna?

Geoffrey Yes. It could have been Ann, I suppose.

Sarah What else did you hear?

Geoffrey Nothing of importance. The waitress came and they left while I was being served.

Sarah What was the girl like? Can you remember?

Geoffrey Yes, of course. I've seen her since. She's fairly tall, dark, quite good-looking. In her late twenties, I should imagine. She works at Turnbull's the chemists. I called there with a prescription and she served me. She's in the dispensary.

Sarah You sure it's the same girl?

Geoffrey I'm positive. I—I only hope I've done the right thing in telling you this.

Sarah Yes, you have, and I'm very grateful. And please—don't mention this to anyone else. Not that you would.

Geoffrey No, of course not. I wouldn't dream of it. (*He rises*) I may not get the job in London, of course. In which case, I'll still be around.

Sarah (*getting up*) In which case, Geoffrey, I'll always be glad to see you.

Geoffrey (*looking at her, half smiling, pleased by her remark*) Thank you, Sarah. Well—I'll be off then . . .

Geoffrey exits

Left alone, Sarah paces slowly around the room, fingering her necklace, using

it as "worry beads". Suddenly she stops pacing and looks at the phone. She hesitates, then crosses to the table and consults a private phone book, finally dialling a number. She waits whilst the number rings at the other end

Sarah (*on the phone*). . . . Is that Boston and Ridgeway? . . . Could I speak to Mr Boston, please? . . . Mrs Radford . . . yes, that's right. . . . Thank you. . . . (*Pause*) Arnold? . . . Yes, it is . . . I thought you'd say that! . . . It is, a very long time . . . Arnold, I'm sorry to hear Irene's so ill . . . I didn't realize it was serious. . . . Kate Warren told me . . . I know, I know, my dear. . . . (*Pause*) Arnold, I'd like to see you. . . . Well, as soon as possible. . . . I'd be grateful if you could. . . . Three o'clock this afternoon? . . . Yes, that's fine. . . . Oh—Arnold. I know you don't see Jack these days, but if by chance you should hear from him, I'd rather you didn't mention our appointment. . . . What, my dear? . . . No, no, it's nothing like that. It's just that I want to change my will . . .

The Lights fade to a Black-out

Scene 4

The same. Thursday night

Jack is sitting in an armchair. He is dealing with correspondence. There are several letters, envelopes, bills, etc. on the arm of the chair together with a stiletto paper knife. He picks up the knife and slits open the envelope he is holding. He appears faintly amused by the contents but in reality his thoughts are on a very tired-looking Sarah who is sitting on the sofa attempting to alter the hem of a skirt. She is wearing the dress Kate commented on. They both have drinks. Jack's is on the other arm of his chair and Sarah's glass, which is nearly empty, is on a small table by the side of the sofa. Pause. Jack rises—gathers up the letters, bills, knife, etc., and takes them over to the small table facing the sofa. He returns to his chair. As he does so Sarah looks up as if to say something, then she changes her mind and closes her eyes. She sits for quite a little while with her eyes closed, then she slowly opens them and continues sewing. Pause. Sarah puts the sewing down and picks up her glass; she stares at it, undecided whether to finish her drink or not; finally she does so and replaces her glass on the table. Jack looks across at her

Jack You're very quiet, Sarah, my love.

Sarah (*not looking at him*) Am I?

Jack Is anything the matter?

Sarah (*coldly*) No. Nothing. I—I feel tired. I think I shall go to bed.

Jack You've been very quiet all evening. What is it? Are you annoyed with me? (*Silence*) Well—are you?

Sarah (*staring at him; quietly*) Why didn't you tell me about Geoffrey?

Jack So that's what's troubling you! (*He rises and crosses to the sofa*) Well—I suppose you were bound to find out about him sooner or later. I'm sorry, Sarah. I know how you feel about Geoffrey, but—believe me, I had no alternative. I had to fire him.

Sarah (*astounded*) Fire him?
Jack Yes.
Sarah But that's not what happened!
Jack Not what happened? What do you mean?
Sarah You didn't fire Geoffrey. You had a row with him because he opened one of your letters by mistake.
Jack Sure I had a row with him! A blazing row! But that's not why he left us. I sacked him. And if you want to know why I sacked him ... (*Suddenly, he stares at her, apparently concerned*) Is something the matter, Sarah? You look very pale ...
Sarah (*wearily*) I—I suddenly felt ...
Jack What is it?
Sarah I don't know. I feel very strange all of a sudden as if ... I feel terribly tired, Jack. I—I can hardly keep my eyes open ...
Jack Can I get you anything?
Sarah No ... no, I don't think so. It'll pass, I expect ...

Pause. Jack looks at her for a moment then sits on the arm of the sofa

Jack (*curious*) How did you know about Geoffrey?
Sarah He came to see me.
Jack (*surprised*) Geoffrey did?
Sarah Yes.
Jack When?
Sarah (*finding it difficult to concentrate*) When?
Jack When did Geoffrey come to see you?
Sarah A couple of days ago. He said it was no use, he just couldn't work for you any longer. He had to leave ...
Jack I see. (*Pause*) Is that all he told you?
Sarah Yes.
Jack Nothing else?
Sarah (*not looking at him*) No—why?

Slight pause

Jack I discovered he was. ... Oh, it doesn't matter ...
Sarah Tell me! What did you discover?
Jack Some other time ...
Sarah Tell me now! I want to know ...
Jack I found out that he was accepting backhanders from other agents, taking business away from Donnington's, and deliberately robbing us of our commission.
Sarah Geoffrey!
Jack Yes, Geoffrey.
Sarah I don't believe this! I just don't believe it!
Jack It's true. That's why I fired him, there was no other reason. The letter had absolutely nothing to do with it. (*He rises*) Look, Sarah, we'll talk about this some other time. Not now, you're far too tired. (*He picks up her glass*) I'll get you another drink. Then I should go to bed if I were you.
Sarah (*staring at him oddly*) I—I don't want another drink.

Jack Just a nightcap. I'm having one. It'll make you feel better. (*He crosses to the drinks cabinet. He turns his back on Sarah and starts "fixing" her another drink*)

Sarah watches him, then she slowly rises and moves towards the hall. She suddenly feels overwhelmingly weary again and clutches the arm of the sofa to stop herself from falling. There is a tense pause

Although he still has his back towards his wife Jack is quietly aware of what is happening. Sarah stands quite still, her eyes closed—then with a deliberate effort she turns and sinks back onto the sofa. Another pause. Jack has finished at the cabinet and brings the drink down to Sarah who is now asleep. He stands staring at her. A long pause

(*Softly, testing her awareness*) Sarah, here's your drink.

There is no reply

Sarah . . .

Silence

Sarah, my love.

Pause. He puts the drink down on the table near the sofa, glances at his watch, then with his eyes still on Sarah, crosses to the phone and dials

(*On the phone; friendly*) . . . Kate? It's Jack . . . Katie, I wondered if you could drop in and see Sarah some time tomorrow? . . . She's frightfully depressed and unfortunately I'm spending tonight in London. . . . That's very sweet of you, I appreciate it. . . . I should be back some time in the afternoon . . . No, no, don't ring her. I don't want her to think I've been in touch with you. . . . What's that, my dear? . . . It's difficult to say, I think perhaps she's worried about seeing the specialist, she's been talking about it most of the evening. . . . Thank you, Katie. . . . Goodnight, my dear . . . (*He replaces the receiver*)

From now on Jack's manner becomes increasingly tense. He crosses into the sun-lounge, draws back the curtains, opens the patio door, and looks out into the garden. A pause—then he partly closes the door, and, obviously annoyed, returns to the sofa. He stands looking down at Sarah, then

Jack exits to the hall

Pause. From another part of the house a clock can be heard chiming the hour. Nine o'clock. Sarah stirs, as if she has heard the clock striking, then moving her body into a more comfortable position goes back to sleep. Another pause

Jack enters, carrying a nightdress

He puts the nightdress down, glances at Sarah, then returns to the sun-lounge. Once again he looks out into the garden. There is still no sign of Anna

(*To himself; angrily*) Anna, for God's sake, where are you? . . .

A pause—then, just managing to control his annoyance, he crosses and picks up the nightdress. As he moves cautiously towards Sarah

The Lights slowly fade to a Black-out

Scene 5

The same. Friday morning. It is about 10.30. The door into the sun-lounge is partly open

Lucy is sitting on the sofa clutching a handkerchief. She is very distressed and is obviously a little frightened of Cliff Jordan who stands quietly looking down at her

Cliff ... Believe me, I've no wish to upset you, Mrs Baker. You've had a very distressing experience. But it's necessary that I ask you these questions.

Lucy (*in tears*) But you keep asking me the same questions over and over again!

Cliff (*smiling*) Only because you keep contradicting yourself.

Lucy Yes, I know. I'm sorry, Superintendent, but I'm so upset.

Cliff I appreciate that. Now supposing you tell me once again exactly what you did when you got up this morning?

Lucy I went across to the studio.

Cliff That's the building on the other side of the swimming-pool?

Lucy Yes. I went to collect a vacuum cleaner. I left it there yesterday afternoon.

Cliff I see. Go on ...

Lucy The vacuum was quite heavy and on the way back to the house I stopped for a moment by the pool and that's ... when I saw ... (*tears again*) I—I just couldn't believe my eyes ...

Pause

Cliff How long were you in the studio?

Lucy About ten minutes.

Cliff You said twenty minutes the last time I asked you that question.

Lucy Did I? It—it may have been twenty minutes. I don't know. I didn't intend to stay there at all, I just meant to pick up the vacuum, but the room looked so untidy ...

Cliff I thought you said the room had been cleaned the day before?

Lucy Yes, it had, but—it still looked untidy. (*She continues crying; using her handkerchief*)

Cliff (*pleasantly*) I can see you're a perfectionist, Mrs Baker. Never satisfied.

Lucy Yes, sir.

A moment

Cliff When do you normally get up of a morning?

Lucy I'm usually dressed and downstairs by half past seven.
Cliff But this morning you were much earlier?
Lucy Yes, it was just gone half past six.
Cliff Why were you so early this morning? You were very late going to bed.
Lucy I was hoping to have the weekend off. I thought if I started early I'd be finished by two o'clock.
Cliff I see. Now tell me about last night.
Lucy Last night?
Cliff I understand you spent the evening in Brighton?
Lucy Yes.
Cliff What time did you get back?
Lucy I caught the last train. Only just, I'm afraid. I got home about one o'clock . . .
Cliff And went straight to bed?
Lucy Yes.
Cliff You saw no one?

Lucy shakes her head

No one at all?
Lucy No . . .

Cliff studies her for a moment or two, then:

Cliff (*dismissing her*) Thank you, Mrs Baker.
Lucy (*surprised*) May I go?
Cliff Yes, you may go.

Lucy rises

And if I were you I'd make myself a nice, strong cup of tea.
Lucy Yes, sir.

Lucy exits

Cliff looks around the room, quietly taking stock. He is attracted to the wall of books and moves closer in order to read the titles. He stands for a moment peering at the books, obviously very interested in them. He is reaching for one of the volumes when . . .

Geoffrey enters from the sun-lounge

Cliff turns and stares at him

Geoffrey (*tensely*) Superintendent Jordan?
Cliff (*moving towards him*) Yes?
Geoffrey My name's Curtis. I'm a friend—was a friend of Mrs Radford's.
Cliff What can I do for you, Mr Curtis?
Geoffrey (*clearing his throat*) I've just heard about Mrs Radford and . . . I don't know what conclusion you've come to, Superintendent . . .
Cliff (*studying him*) I haven't come to any conclusion, not yet.
Geoffrey Well, I have! I don't believe that Sarah—Mrs Radford—did commit suicide!

Cliff (*politely*) You don't?
Geoffrey No, I don't. (*A slight hesitation*) I think she was murdered.
Cliff Do you? Now that's interesting. I'm glad you dropped in, Mr Curtis. Sit down.

Geoffrey hesitates, then sits in one of the armchairs. Cliff perches himself on the arm of the sofa, facing him

What makes you think Mrs Radford was murdered?
Geoffrey I was with her only yesterday afternoon and she was perfectly normal, not in any way perturbed. (*Almost angrily*) She didn't take her own life. Believe me she didn't!
Cliff You were with her yesterday afternoon?
Geoffrey Yes. We had tea together.
Cliff Here?
Geoffrey No, in the village. Perhaps I'd better explain . . .
Cliff It might be a good idea, sir.
Geoffrey Until quite recently I worked for Donnington's. That's an estate agents that Mrs Radford . . .
Cliff I know the firm.
Geoffrey I left Donnington's and applied for a job in London. Unfortunately I didn't get it. Sarah—Mrs Radford—knew about my application, I'd already discussed it with her, and she very kindly asked me to . . . keep her informed.
Cliff Which is why you had tea together?
Geoffrey (*a shade uncomfortable*) Yes, I telephoned her and she suggested we . . . met in the village.

There is a pause. Cliff is weighing Geoffrey up

Cliff You say, you worked for Donnington's?
Geoffrey Yes, I was with them for ten years.
Cliff Tell me a little bit about the firm. Who exactly runs it?
Geoffrey The business originally belonged to Mrs Radford's father. When he died he left it lock, stock and barrel to Sarah and her brother Edward. Shortly afterwards Sarah married Jack Radford. Jack's been running the business ever since.
Cliff I see.
Geoffrey Unfortunately Edward Donnington committed suicide. You must have read about it. It was in all the papers.
Cliff Yes, I read about it. It was very sad. He was a marvellous pianist.
Geoffrey Sad, yes. But it was a lucky break for Jack Radford.
Cliff (*quietly*) Why do you say that, sir?
Geoffrey Jack didn't get on with Edward. Edward, quite rightly in my opinion, didn't trust him. Also—I shouldn't say this, I know, but—Jack knew that while his brother-in-law was alive he'd never get complete control of Donnington's. Which is what he's been after all these years.

Cliff rises, then looks quietly down at Geoffrey

Cliff (*slowly*) Let's get this quite clear. It's your opinion that Mrs Radford didn't kill herself and that she was in fact murdered . . .
Geoffrey Yes . . .
Cliff . . . by her husband?
Geoffrey I—I didn't say that!
Cliff Not in so many words, perhaps.
Geoffrey (*rising*) It's for you to decide who committed the murder, Superintendent. But murder it was, I'm in no doubt about that!

Slight pause

Cliff May I ask you a personal question, sir?

Silence

Did you leave Donnington's on your own accord? Or did you—to put it bluntly—get the bullet?
Geoffrey (*obviously resenting the question*) I had a flaming row with Jack Radford and walked out. I wouldn't call that getting the bullet would you?
Cliff No, I wouldn't.
Geoffrey In any case, my leaving Donnington's has got nothing whatsoever to do with what happened to Mrs Radford.
Cliff I agree. I couldn't agree more, sir.
Geoffrey Then why did you ask the question?
Cliff I had a reason, Mr Curtis. A very good reason. Let's leave it at that.
Geoffrey I'm sorry, that's just not good enough.
Cliff Not good enough?
Geoffrey No! I answered your question, so I've every right to know why you . . . (*He freezes; stunned*)

Sarah enters from the hall

Geoffrey stares at her in amazement

Sarah!

Sarah looks tense; overwrought. There are signs of tears

Sarah Hallo, Geoffrey. It was very kind of you to come.
Geoffrey (*bewildered*) But I thought . . . I thought you were . . . (*He turns towards Cliff in utter bewilderment*)
Cliff (*ignoring Geoffrey*) Are you feeling better now, Mrs Radford?
Sarah Yes, I am, thank you. I'm sorry I had to go and lie down, but—I felt so awful. It won't happen again, I promise you.
Geoffrey (*to Cliff*) I don't understand! What happened here this morning?
Sarah (*staring at him*) What happened? Don't you know?
Geoffrey I bumped into a cousin of mine, the one that runs the Beauty Parlour. She said she'd just been told that you'd . . . committed suicide . . .
Sarah That I'd committed suicide? . . .
Geoffrey Yes. But—WHAT DID HAPPEN?

A moment, then:

Sarah Jack's dead. His body was found by the pool, early this morning.
Geoffrey Jack!
Cliff He was murdered, Mr Curtis.

Geoffrey stares at Cliff, incredulously—then as the Lights fade he turns towards Sarah

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE 1

The same. The action is continuous

As the CURTAIN *rises, Geoffrey moves away from Sarah and, still bewildered, stares at Cliff*

Cliff Mr Radford's body was discovered by Mrs Baker, the housekeeper. It was by the pool. He'd been knifed.
Geoffrey Knifed?
Cliff Stabbed to death, Mr Curtis.
Geoffrey Good God! But—who did it? Who killed him?

Cliff looks at Geoffrey and shakes his head

And why the devil didn't you tell me about this? Why did you let me go on talking about Mrs Radford when all the time you knew perfectly well that she was alive?
Cliff (*quietly*) Don't you know why?
Geoffrey No, I don't.
Cliff I should have thought it was obvious. (*Dismissing him*) But we'll talk about that some other time.

Geoffrey is about to retort, then thinks better of it, and turns towards Sarah

Geoffrey If I can do anything for you, Sarah. If I can help in any way. . . . In any way at all, please let me know.
Sarah That's very kind of you, Geoffrey.
Geoffrey I shall be in Eastbourne most of today. I'm seeing some property people, but I shall be back by four o'clock.
Sarah Have they offered you a job?
Geoffrey Not yet, but I think they're going to.
Sarah Well—please don't commit yourself. Not until we've had a chance to talk things over.
Geoffrey (*hesitantly*) Very well . . .
Sarah You know so much about Donnington's.
Geoffrey I understand, Sarah. I won't do anything, not at the moment.

Geoffrey looks at Cliff again, hesitates, then exits through the sun-lounge

Slight pause

Cliff has taken a jotter pad out of his pocket and is studying notes he made during a previous interview with Sarah

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