

START

#7

TROTTER. You may have heard some of the questions I was asking Mr. Paravicini?

MISS CASEWELL. I heard them.

TROTTER. (*moving to the right end of the sofa*) I'd like to have a little information from you.

MISS CASEWELL. (*moving to the armchair centre and sitting*) What do you want to know?

TROTTER. Full name, please.

MISS CASEWELL. Leslie Margaret (*she pauses*) Katherine Casewell.

TROTTER. (*with just a nuance of something different*) Katherine...

MISS CASEWELL. I spell it with a "K."

TROTTER. Quite so. Address?

MISS CASEWELL. Villa Mariposa, Pine d'or, Majorca.

TROTTER. That's in Italy?

MISS CASEWELL. It's an island – a Spanish island.

TROTTER. I see. And your address in England?

MISS CASEWELL. Care of Morgan's Bank, Leadenhall Street.

TROTTER. No other English address?

MISS CASEWELL. No.

TROTTER. How long have you been in England?

MISS CASEWELL. A week.

TROTTER. And you have been staying since your arrival...?

MISS CASEWELL. At the Ledbury Hotel, Knightsbridge.

TROTTER. (*sitting at the right end of the sofa*) What brought you to Monkswell Manor, Miss Casewell?

MISS CASEWELL. I wanted somewhere quiet – in the country.

TROTTER. How long did you – or do you – propose to remain here? (*He starts twirling his hair with his right hand.*)

MISS CASEWELL. Until I have finished what I came here to do. (*She notices the twirling.*)

(TROTTER looks up startled by a force in her words. She stares at him.)

TROTTER. And what was that?

(There is a pause.)

And what was that? (He stops twirling his hair.)

MISS CASEWELL. (with a puzzled frown) Eh?

TROTTER. What was it you came here to do?

MISS CASEWELL. I beg your pardon. I was thinking of something else.

TROTTER. (rising and moving to left of MISS CASEWELL) You haven't answered my question.

MISS CASEWELL. I really don't see, you know, why I should. It's a matter that concerns me alone. A strictly private affair.

TROTTER. All the same, Miss Casewell...

MISS CASEWELL. (rising and moving to the fire) No, I don't think we'll argue about it.

TROTTER. (following her) Would you mind telling me your age?

MISS CASEWELL. Not in the least. It's on my passport. I am twenty-four.

TROTTER. Twenty-four?

MISS CASEWELL. You were thinking I look older. That is quite true.

TROTTER. Is there anyone in this country who can – vouch for you?

MISS CASEWELL. My bank will reassure you as to my financial position. I can also refer you to a solicitor – a very discreet man. I am not in a position to offer you a social reference. I have lived most of my life abroad.

TROTTER. In Majorca?

MISS CASEWELL. In Majorca – and other places.

TROTTER. Were you born abroad?

MISS CASEWELL. No, I left England when I was thirteen.

(There is a pause, with a feeling of tension in it.)

TROTTER. You know, Miss Casewell, I can't quite make you out. *(He backs away left slightly.)*

MISS CASEWELL. Does it matter?

TROTTER. I don't know. *(He sits in the armchair centre.)* What are you doing here?

MISS CASEWELL. It seems to worry you.

TROTTER. It does worry me... *(He stares at her.)* You went abroad when you were thirteen?

MISS CASEWELL. Twelve – thirteen – thereabouts.

TROTTER. Was your name Casewell then?

MISS CASEWELL. It's my name now.

TROTTER. What was your name then? Come on – tell me.

MISS CASEWELL. What are you trying to prove? *(She loses her calm.)*

TROTTER. I want to know what your name was when you left England?

MISS CASEWELL. It's a long time ago. I've forgotten.

TROTTER. There are things one doesn't forget.

MISS CASEWELL. Possibly.

TROTTER. Unhappiness – despair...

MISS CASEWELL. I daresay...

TROTTER. What's your real name?

MISS CASEWELL. I told you – Leslie Margaret Katherine Casewell. *(She sits in the small armchair down right.)*

~~TROTTER. *(rising)* Katherine...? *(He stands over her.)* What the hell are you doing here?~~

~~MISS CASEWELL. I... Oh God... *(She rises, moves centre, and drops on the sofa. She cries, racking herself to and fro.)* I wish God I'd never come here.~~

~~*(TROTTER, startled, moves to right of the sofa.)*~~

~~CHRISTOPHER *enters from the door down left*~~

~~CHRISTOPHER. *(coming to left of the sofa)* I always thought the police weren't allowed to give people the third degree.~~

END