

## Scene Two

*(Two hours later. The furniture has been moved to make the room more suitable for police interrogations. A card table has been set up with some chairs. On the table is a small tray with a jug of water, glasses and a box of cigarettes. TREVES is seen looking around the room briefly before SUPERINTENDENT BATTLE enters from the house. He is a big man, aged about fifty.)*

**TREVES.** Ah. Battle.

**BATTLE.** That's fixed up, sir.

**TREVES.** It was all right, was it, Battle?

**BATTLE.** Yes, sir. The Chief Constable got through to the Yard. As I happened to be on the spot they've agreed to let me handle the case.

**TREVES.** I'm very glad. It's going to make it easier having you instead of a stranger. Pity to have spoilt your holiday though.

**BATTLE.** Oh, I don't mind that, sir. I'll be able to give my nephew a hand. It'll be his first murder case, you see.

**TREVES.** Yes – yes, I've no doubt he will find your experience of great help.

**BATTLE.** It's a nasty business.

**TREVES.** Shocking, shocking.

**BATTLE.** I've seen the doctor. Two blows were struck. The first was sufficient to cause death. The murderer must have struck again to make sure – or in a blind rage.

**TREVES.** Horrible. I can't believe it could have been anyone in the house.

**BATTLE.** Afraid it was, sir. We've been into all that. No entry was forced. All the doors and windows were fastened this morning as usual. And then there's the drugging of Miss Aldin, that must have been an inside job.

**TREVES.** How is she?

**BATTLE.** Still sleeping it off. She was given a pretty heavy dose. It looks like careful planning on somebody's part. Lady Tressilian might have pulled that bell which rings in Miss Aldin's room, if she'd been alarmed. That had to be taken care of, so Miss Aldin was doped.

**TREVES.** *(Troubled.)* It still seems to me quite incredible.

**BATTLE.** We'll get to the bottom of it, sir, in the end. Death occurred, according to the doctor, between ten-thirty and midnight. Not earlier than ten-thirty, not later than midnight. That should be a help.

**TREVES.** Yes, yes. And the weapon used was a niblick?

**BATTLE.** Yes, sir. Thrown down by the bed, blood-stained and with white hairs sticking to it.

*(TREVES turns away in repulsion.)*

I shouldn't have deduced a niblick from the appearance of the wound, but apparently the sharp edge of the club didn't touch the head. The doctor says it was the rounded part of the club that hit her.

**TREVES.** The – er – murderer was incredibly stupid, don't you think, to leave the weapon behind?

**BATTLE.** Probably lost his head. It happens.

**TREVES.** Possibly – yes, possibly. I suppose there are no fingerprints?

**BATTLE.** Sergeant Pengelly is attending to that now, sir. I doubt if it's going to be as easy as that.

~~*(INSPECTOR LEACH enters from the house. He is a man of about forty. He speaks with a slight Cornish accent and carries a niblick golf club.)*~~

~~**LEACH.** See here, Uncle. Pengelly has brought up a beautiful set of dabs on this – clear as day.~~

~~**BATTLE.** *(Warningly.)* Be careful how you go handling that, my boy.~~

~~**LEACH.** It's all right, we've got photographs. Got specimens of the blood and hair, too.~~