

~~ANDREW. I'm sure they're here, Inspector. I'm just pointing out a few facts which would help you find them. And if you'll look down the corridor here you'll see the door is open . . .~~



DOPPLER. Where are the jewels now, sir?  
 ANDREW. I put them in the bank yesterday.  
 DOPPLER. On a Saturday?

ANDREW. Yes, Inspector, on a Saturday. I drove over to Salisbury and put them in the night safe. I felt they'd be better off there. I mean, anyone could break into the house and steal them.

DOPPLER. How provident, sir.  
 ANDREW. And look down the corridor, you'll see the dressing-up basket . . .

DOPPLER. (*Turns away and looks out the window.*) You didn't point out that mound of earth in the garden, did you, sir?

ANDREW. (*Looks out window from gallery.*) Mound of earth? What mound of earth?

DOPPLER. Over there, by the far wall. In the shadow of that yew tree. Would you say it had been freshly dug, sir?

ANDREW. How the hell should I know? It's probably something the gardener's doing. Yes, I fancy he did say something about a new flower bed.

DOPPLER. A flower bed right underneath a yew tree, sir?

ANDREW. I've told you I don't know. Why don't you ask the man yourself? You'll probably find him out there somewhere maundering around on his moleskinned knees aching for an opportunity to slander his employer.

DOPPLER. Funny, sir. I've always found that gardeners make excellent witnesses. They're slow, they're methodical, they're positive.

ANDREW. Inspector, I've had just about enough of this farce. Go and dig the damned thing up, if you want to.

DOPPLER. Oh, we shall, sir. Don't worry.  
 ANDREW. Look, do you really think that I'd leave a

dead body out there in the garden, and leave that newly turned earth for everyone to find?

DOPPLER. If you weren't expecting us, sir, yes. In a couple of weeks, with some bulbs or a little grass seed, it would be difficult to tell it had ever been disturbed. We in the police force know just how fond murderers are of their back gardens, sir.

ANDREW. You're nearer a killer's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth, eh?

DOPPLER. Except a bedroom, sir. I think you'll find that a bedroom is still the favorite. (DOPPLER rummages in the wardrobe.) Tch. Tch. Tch. What a way to keep clothes! All screwed up at the back of your wardrobe. Why should you do that, I wonder. (Picks up a shirt.) Here are some initials, sir. M. T., sir! (ANDREW takes shirt from DOPPLER. DOPPLER gets suit jacket from wardrobe.) Made by Owen & Smith of Percy Street, 29th of the fourth, 1970 for Mr. Milo Tindle. Tell me something, sir. When Mr. Tindle lurched off as you put it, did he lurch naked?

ANDREW. Inspector, I haven't the slightest idea . . .

DOPPLER. Didn't you tell me that Mr. Tindle stripped off here the other night to disguise himself as a clown?

ANDREW. Yes, that's right.

DOPPLER. Another part of the humiliation process, I suppose.

ANDREW. But he changed back before he left. I mean, you can't really see him walking through the village dressed as a clown, can you?

DOPPLER. No, sir, I can't. Which makes the appearance of his clothes here all the more significant.

ANDREW. It's all so difficult . . .

DOPPLER. On the contrary, sir, I think it's all very simple. I think you started this exactly as you say you did, as a game, in order to play a diabolical trick on Mr. Tindle, but that it went wrong. Your third shot was not a blank as you had supposed, but was in fact a live bullet which killed Mr. Tindle stone dead, spattering his blood on the bannister in the process. When you realized what

you'd done you panicked and buried him in the garden. It was silly of you not to wash the blood properly off the bannister and burn his clothes though.

ANDREW. I've told you Tindle left here alive.

DOPPLER. I don't believe it.

ANDREW. I didn't murder him.

DOPPLER. I accept that. As I said, I think it happened by accident. We'll be quite content with a charge of manslaughter.

ANDREW. I did not kill him! He left here alive.

DOPPLER. If you will pardon a flippancy, sir, you had better tell that to the judge.

ANDREW. Look. There's one way of settling this. If you think Tindle is in the garden, go and dig him up.

DOPPLER. We don't need to find him, sir. Recent decisions have relieved the prosecution of producing the corpus delicti. If Mr. Tindle is not under the newly turned earth, it will merely indicate that in your panic you first thought of putting him there, then changed your mind and buried him somewhere else.

ANDREW. Where?

DOPPLER. Does it matter? Spook Spinney! Flasher's Heath! It's all the same to us. He'll turn up sooner or later—discovered by some adulterous salesman, or oversexed boy scout. And if he doesn't, it scarcely matters, there's so much circumstantial evidence against you. Come along, it's time to go.

ANDREW. Go! What do you mean go? I'm not going anywhere!

DOPPLER. I'm afraid I must insist, sir! There's a police car outside.

ANDREW. You can have twenty police cars out there. I'm not going.

DOPPLER. Now let's have no trouble, sir. Please don't make it difficult.

ANDREW. (*Wildly.*) I must see a lawyer. It's my right.

DOPPLER. We can make a call from the station, sir. We wouldn't want to do anything unconstitutional. Come on, sir. At the most you'll only get seven years!

ANDREW. (*Horried.*) Seven years!

DOPPLER. Seven years to regret playing silly games that go wrong.

ANDREW. (*Bitterly.*) It didn't go wrong. It went absolutely right. You've trapped me somehow.

DOPPLER. Yes, sir. You see, we real life detectives aren't as stupid as we are sometimes portrayed by writers like yourself. We may not have our deer-stalker hats, our pipes, or our orchid houses, but we tend to be reasonably effective for all that.

ANDREW. Who the hell are you?

DOPPLER. Detective Inspector Doppler, sir, spelt as in C. Doppler 1803-1853 whose principle it was that when the source of any wave movement is approached, the frequency appears greater than it would to an observer moving away. It is also not unconnected with the German word *Dopple* meaning double—hence *Doppleganger* or double image. And of course, for those whose minds run to these things, it is virtually an anagram of the word *Plodder*. Inspector *Plodder* becomes Inspector *Doppler*, if you see what I mean, sir! (*MILO removes his disguise.*)

ANDREW. (*A shriek.*) Milo!

MILO. (*Normal voice.*) The same.

ANDREW. You shit!

MILO. Just so.

ANDREW. You platinum-plated, copper-bottomed, dyed in the wool, all-time, knock-down, dragout, champion bastard Milo!

MILO. Thanks.

ANDREW. You weasel! You cozening coypu! You mendacious bollock of Satan.

MILO. Obliged.

ANDREW. Milo! You triple-dealing turd!

MILO. In your debt.

ANDREW. Mind you, I'm not saying it wasn't well done. It was absolutely brilliant.

MILO. Thank you.

ANDREW. Have a drink, my dear fellow

