

John Troughton

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE

15

*(MARY crosses in front of Troughton to kitchen door.)*

MARY. *(To Troughton.)* I'll get his coffee then. It was really very good of you to drive him back home.

TROUGHTON. *(Grins.)* He's in no fit state, is he? I must admit I quite enjoyed sitting behind the wheel of his taxi. Lovely feeling of power, driving along with the light on, ignoring people trying to wave me down.

MARY. I'm most grateful.

TROUGHTON. Least we could do. Your husband's a hero, aren't you, Mr. Smith?

JOHN. *(Brightly nodding.)* Yes!

MARY. It's so unlike him to do anything spectacular.

TROUGHTON. He "had a go," Mrs. Smith. Didn't you?

JOHN. *(Smiling blankly.)* Yes!

MARY. He's a silly fool. *(Exits into kitchen.)*

TROUGHTON. *(Takes out his notebook.)* I won't stay long, sir. I'd just like to clarify a couple of points.

JOHN. Right!

*(During the ensuing speech JOHN looks 'round the room trying to take it all in, whilst TROUGHTON walks around the back of the settee and DRC.)*

TROUGHTON. Now then. *(Refers to notebook.)* Last night—approximately 23:00 hours—*(Smiles at John.)* that's 11:00 p.m.—you were driving your taxi. It is your taxi, sir. You're the proprietor as it were? The owner-driver?

JOHN. Excuse me, what time is it?

*(TROUGHTON stops by chair DR.)*

TROUGHTON. (*Surprised.*) Quarter to nine, sir.

JOHN. (*Trying to work it out.*) Quarter to nine.

TROUGHTON. (*Moves to settee and sits on R. arm.*) So back to 11 p.m. last night, sir. When you got involved with this mugging incident.

JOHN. Mugging. Yes.

TROUGHTON. (*Refers to notes.*) You were driving home to Wimbledon with an empty cab.

JOHN. (*Worried but still hazy.*) Quarter to nine in the morning?

TROUGHTON. That's right. (*Refers to notes.*) And as you were passing Wimbledon Underground Station, you saw an old lady struggling with two youths.

JOHN. Wednesday morning?

TROUGHTON. Yes.

JOHN. What happened to Tuesday night?

TROUGHTON. Well, half of it you spent at Wimbledon Police Station and half at Wimbledon Hospital.

JOHN. (*Thinking.*) Schedule.

TROUGHTON. Beg pardon?

JOHN. (*Trying to pull himself together.*) I think I'm out on my schedule.

TROUGHTON. I'm not surprised.

JOHN. (*Looking around.*) This is Wimbledon.

TROUGHTON. (*Bemused.*) That's right.

JOHN. (*Looks towards kitchen.*) That was Mary.

TROUGHTON. Yes, she's just making some coffee.

(*JOHN quickly takes his diary from inside pocket of his jacket and flicks through the pages to check on his "schedule."*)