

John

JOHN. (*Moves to Barbara.*) Well, it wasn't serious, pumpkin. I just nipped into their casualty department. (*To Porterhouse.*) Banged my head under the taxi bonnet, checking the plugs.

PORTERHOUSE. You're dead unlucky with your head, aren't you?

JOHN. (*Moves back to Porterhouse.*) Yes. I'm always doing it. I was in and out of the place in five minutes. It was nothing. But, of course, they took down all my particulars. (*To Porterhouse.*) That explains it, doesn't it?

PORTERHOUSE. Does it?

(*JOHN refers through the ensuing speech to Porterhouse's notes as though the information was obvious.*)

JOHN. (*Smoothly.*) Yes, the hospital has both my address from the other day and the address of the *other* Mr. Smith—from this morning. Naturally, the *other* Mr. Smith asks the police to take him to an address in Wimbledon—where he lives—but when the hospital is asked for the other Mr. Smith's address they look up the wrong page in their casualty book and see John Smith, Taxi Driver, Nature of Injury—abrasion of the cranium—and give you my address in Streatham—not realizing that on the very next page is the address of the other John Smith, Taxi Driver, Nature of Injury—abrasion of the cranium—who's just gone home to Wimbledon.

PORTERHOUSE. (*Looks totally blank for a moment. Finally.*) Well, I think that explains it all then.

JOHN. Yes! You can close the file!

(*JOHN escorts Porterhouse to door URC. BARBARA hurries up and opens door.*)