

Troughton / Stanley

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RUN FOR YOUR WIFE

BARBARA. You've always said it cures anything.

JOHN. Well, yes.

BARBARA. Especially headaches.

JOHN. Yes, that's *your* headaches, not *my* headaches.

BARBARA. Come on. (*SHE pulls him towards the bedroom DR.*) We'll soon get rid of that nasty old headache.

JOHN. Well, as long as you let me go out afterwards.

(*SHE drags him into bedroom as STANLEY comes out of Mary's kitchen, followed by TROUGHTON.*)

STANLEY. (*Looks around.*) Yes, well, I thought I ought to explain, Sergeant.

TROUGHTON. Dreadful bit of news.

STANLEY. You walked right in the middle of the phone call, you see. Mrs. Smith was shattered.

TROUGHTON. Bound to be. I'm glad you told me.

STANLEY. Yes. Always worse when you hear suddenly like that.

TROUGHTON. Yes. *Both* her grandparents, was it?

STANLEY. Yes, both.

TROUGHTON. Dear oh dear!

STANLEY. Yes, dear, oh dear.

TROUGHTON. On a hiking holiday, too.

STANLEY. Yes. Both in their eighties, mind you.

TROUGHTON. Still, not a nice way to go—over the side of a mountain.

STANLEY. It was quick though.

TROUGHTON. The Canadian Rockies, you say?

STANLEY. Yes. The Canadian—er—Rockies. (*Quickly.*) Now you wanted to see Mr. Smith again, did you?

TROUGHTON. Yes, I did actually. It appears there's some confusion over Mr. Smith's address.

STANLEY. Is there?

TROUGHTON. As to whether it was in Wimbledon or Streatham.

STANLEY. (*Is taken aback.—Off-hand.*) Wimbledon or—er—St—St—

TROUGHTON. Streatham, sir. Mr. Smith reckoned it was all a silly mistake on the part of the hospital.

STANLEY. Probably was.

TROUGHTON. No, it wasn't. When I got back to the Station, they'd had Streatham Police on to say that another John Smith was reported missing from that area.

STANLEY. (*In mock amazement.*) No!

TROUGHTON. 47 Lewin Road, Streatham, S.W. 16.

STANLEY. Good lord.

TROUGHTON. And that's the same address as they had at the hospital.

STANLEY. It's a puzzle, isn't it?

TROUGHTON. So do you know the present whereabouts of *our* Mr. Smith?

STANLEY. No. I think he's on the job at the moment.

TROUGHTON. Driving his taxi, you mean.

STANLEY. Yes.

TROUGHTON. Well, I think I'll go and call on this other Mr. Smith. (*Moves up to door ULC.*)

STANLEY. (*Worried.*) Call on him? (*Hurries after Troughton.*)

TROUGHTON. In Streatham.

STANLEY. (*Worried.*) Do you think you should?

TROUGHTON. It's only in the next Manor.

STANLEY. Outside your jurisdiction though, isn't it?

TROUGHTON. Just a social call, Mr. Gardner, just a social call.

(TROUGHTON goes out into Mary's hall. STANLEY dashes to Mary's telephone as TROUGHTON returns.)