

ACT TWO

ACT TWO

No time has passed. MRS. MANNINGHAM takes the whiskey from ROUGH in a mechanical way, and stares at him.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. This house— How do you know this was the house?

ROUGH. Why, Ma'am, because I was on the case, and came here myself, that's all.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. The idea is mad. I have been married five years. How can you imagine my husband is— what you imagine he may be?

ROUGH. Mrs. Manningham—

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes?—

[Pause.]

ROUGH. When the police came into this place fifteen years ago, as you can understand there was a great deal of routine work to be done—interviewing of relatives and friends and so forth. Most of that was left to me.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Well?—

ROUGH. Well, amongst all the acquaintances and relatives, nephews and nieces, etc., that I interviewed, there happened to be a young man of the name of Sydney Power. I suppose you have never heard that name at all, have you?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Power?—

ROUGH. Yes, Sydney Power. It conveys nothing to

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Sydney Power. No—

ROUGH. Well, [*Crosses to Left of table and turns to Mrs. Manningham and during the following sips*] he was a kind of distant cousin, apparently much attached to the old lady and even assisting her in her good works. The only thing that I remembered his face. Well, I saw that again just a few weeks ago. It took me a whole day to recollect where I had seen it before, but at last I remembered.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Well—what of it? What if you remember him?

ROUGH. It was not so much my remembering Mr. Sydney Power, Mrs. Manningham. What startled me was the lady on his arm and the locality in which I saw

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Oh—who was the lady on his

ROUGH. *You were the lady on his arm, Mrs. Manningham, [Turning toward window and crossing up the street.]* and you were walking down this street.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Crossing to Right of table.*] What are you saying? Do you mean you think my band—my husband is this Mr. Power?

ROUGH. Well, not exactly, for if my theories are correct— [*He drinks.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. What are you saying? [*Sits.*] You stand there talking riddles. You are so cold. You are as heartless and cold as he is.

ROUGH. [*Coming down to Left of table.*] No, Mrs.]

ningham, I am not cold, and I am not talking riddles. [*Puts his drink on table.*] I am just trying to preserve a cold [*Sits.*] and calculating tone, because you are up against the most awful moment in your life, and your whole future depends on what you are going to do in the next hour. Nothing less. You have got to *strike* for your freedom, and *strike* now, for the moment may not come again.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Strike—

ROUGH. [*As he leans across table to her.*] You are not going out of your mind, Mrs. Manningham. [*Rises.*] You are slowly, methodically, systematically being *driven* out of your mind. And why? Because you are married to a criminal maniac who is afraid you are beginning to know too much—a criminal maniac who steals back to his own house at night, still searching for something he could not find fifteen years ago. Those are the facts, wild and incredible as they may seem. [*Crossing to table.*] His name is no more Manningham than mine is. He is Sydney Power and he murdered Alice Barlow in this house. Afterward he changed his name, and he has waited all these years, until he found it safe to acquire this house in a legal way. He then acquired the empty house next door. Every night, for the last few weeks, he has entered that house from the back, climbed up on to its roof and come into this house by the skylight. I know that because I have seen him do it. [*Crossing to back of settee.*] You have watched the gas-light, and without knowing it been aware of the same thing. [*Pause as he crosses up Center then down to chair Left of table.*] He is up there now. Why [*Crossing to Left Center.*] he should employ this mad, secretive, circuitous way of getting at what he wants, God Himself only knows. For the same

reason perhaps, that he employs this mad, secretive, circuitous way of getting rid of you: that is, by slowly driving you mad and into a lunatic asylum.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Why?

ROUGH. The fact that you had some money, enough to buy this house is part of it, I expect. For now that he's got that out of you he doesn't need you any longer. [*Crosses and sits Left of table.*] Thank God you are not married to him, and that I have come here to save you from the workings of his wicked mind.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Not married?—Not married?—He married me.

ROUGH. I have no doubt he did, Mrs. Manningham. [*Rises and turns away to Left.*] Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, [*Turns to her.*] he contracted the same sort of union with another lady many years before he met you. Moreover the lady is still alive, and the English law has a highly exacting taste in monogamy. You see, I have been finding things out about Mr. Sydney Power. [*A look at the ceiling.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Are you speaking the truth? [*Rises.*] My God—are you speaking the truth? Where is this wife now?

ROUGH. [*Crossing to Left Center.*] I'm afraid, she is the length of the world away—on the Continent of Australia to be precise, where I know for a fact he spent two years. Did you know that?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. No. [*Pause. She crosses to front of settee and faces fireplace.*] I—did—not—know—that.

ROUGH. Ah, yes. If only I could find her, things would be easier, and that's the whole root of the matter, Mrs. Manningham. [*Crossing to back of settee.*] So far I am only dealing in guesses and *half facts*. I have got to have evidence, and that is why I came to see you. *You have got to give me the evidence or help me find it.*

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Turning upstage and facing ROUGH.*] This is my husband. Don't you understand—this is my husband. He married me. Do you ask me to betray the man who married me?

ROUGH. By which you mean, of course, the man who has betrayed you into thinking that you are married to him—don't you?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. But I'm married to him. You must go. I must think this out. You must go. I must cling to the man I married. Mustn't I?

ROUGH. Indeed, cling to him by all means, but do not imagine you are the only piece of ivy, on the garden wall. You can cling to him if you desire, as his fancy women in the low resorts of the town cling to him. This is the sort of wall you have to cling to, Ma'am.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Sits on settee.*] Women? What are you suggesting?

ROUGH. I'm not suggesting anything. I am only telling you what I have seen. He comes to life at night, this gentleman upstairs, in more ways than one. [*Crossing to Center.*] I have made it my business to follow him on some of his less serious excursions, and I can promise you he has a taste in *unemployed actresses* which he is at no pains to conceal.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*After pause.*] God in heaven!—what *am* I to believe?

ROUGH. [*Crossing to Left end of settee.*] Mrs. Manningham, it is hard to take everything from you, but you are no more tied to this man, you are under no more obligation to him than those wretched women in those places. You must learn to be thankful for that.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Pause.*] What do you want me to do? What do you want?

ROUGH. [*Pause as he crosses down and sits.*] I want his papers, Mrs. Manningham—his identity. There is some clue somewhere in this house, and we have got to get at it. [*Looking around the room. ROUGH has now completely changed his tone.*] Where does he keep his papers?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Rises.*] Papers? I know of no papers. Unless his bureau—

ROUGH. [*Rises—crosses at Center around Left end of settee and looks around room and to Right.*] Yes. His bureau? His bureau?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes. There. [*Points to desk Left. As he crosses and is above table.*] But he keeps it always locked. [*He stops at Left Center.*] I have never seen it open.

ROUGH. Ah—he keeps it locked, does he?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. It is just his desk—his bureau—

ROUGH. [*Crosses Left above desk and around to back of it.*] Very well. We will have a look inside.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. But it is locked. How can you, if it is locked?

ROUGH. Oh—it doesn't look so very formidable. You know, Mrs. Manningham, one of the greatest regrets of my life is that fate never made me one of two things—one was a gardener, [*Going to overcoat, to fetch ring of keys and implements.*] the other a burglar—both quiet occupations, Mrs. Manningham. As for burgling I think, if I'd started young, and worked my way up, I should have been a genius. [*Crosses back to desk.*] Now let's have a look at this.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Crossing to him at desk.*] But you must not touch this. He will know what you have done.

ROUGH. Come now, Ma'am. You're working with me, aren't you—not against me? [*Looks at desk.*] Yes—Yes—Now do you mind if I take off my coat? I'm a man who never feels at work until his coat's off. [*He is taking off his coat, and hanging on chair down Left, revealing a pink fancy shirt.*] Quite a saucy shirt, don't you think? You didn't suspect I was such a dandy, did you? Now. [*Sits at desk and gets out keys.*] Let's have a real look at this.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*After a pause. As she crosses up Center facing Right.*] But you must not tamper with that. He will know what you have done.

ROUGH. Not if we are clever enough. And this one here doesn't even ask for cleverness— You see, Mrs. Manningham, there are all manner of—

[*LIGHT comes up.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*She looks at brackets and crosses to above desk.*] Stop—stop talking— Haven't you noticed? Haven't you noticed something?

ROUGH. Noticed? I've only—

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Stop! Yes—I was right. Look! Can't you see? The light! It's going up. He's coming back.

ROUGH. The light?—

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Quiet! [*Pause, after which the light slowly goes up in a tense silence. Whispering.* There. It's come back. You see. [*Crossing to Left Center.*] You must go. Don't you see? He's coming back—He's coming back and you must go!

ROUGH. [*Rises.*] God bless my soul. This looks as if the unexpected *has* entered in.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes. He *always* does the unexpected. I never know what he'll do. You must go [*Crosses to upper end of desk.*]

ROUGH. [*Without moving, looking up ruminatively.*] I wonder. Yes. Well, well— [*Puts the keys in his pocket and begins to put on his coat.*] Now—will you go and ring that bell for Elizabeth?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Elizabeth. Why do you want her?

ROUGH. Do as I say, and ring the bell. At once. Please! Or you can go and fetch her if you like. [*MRS. MANNINGHAM crosses up and rings bell.*] Now let me see.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Go, please!—Go, please do! You must go at once. [*Crossing to above desk.*] Why do you want Elizabeth?

ROUGH. [*Picks up overcoat, puts it on, then his scarf and crosses below desk to her.*] All in good time. He's not

Look.
coming

going to jump through the window, you know. In fact he can't be round at our front door in less than five minutes—unless he's a magician. Now can you see anything I've missed?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. No. No. [*Turns and sees whiskey bottle and crosses and gets it and gives it to ROUGH.*] Yes, the whiskey here.

ROUGH. Oh, yes. I told you you'd make a good policeman. Don't forget the glasses.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Oh, do go, please, please go.

[*ELIZABETH enters Left Center. MRS. MANNINGHAM puts glasses away in secretary and slowly crosses down Right.*]

ROUGH. Ah—Elizabeth—come here will you?

ELIZABETH. [*Crosses to ROUGH.*] Yes, sir?

ROUGH. Elizabeth, you and I have got to do a little. quite calm, but rather quick thinking. You've told me you're anxious to help your mistress, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. Why, yes, sir, I told you I was, sir. But what's it all about?

ROUGH. Are you anxious to help your mistress, blindly, without asking any questions?

ELIZABETH. Yes, sir. But you see—

ROUGH. Come now, Elizabeth. Are you or are you not?

ELIZABETH. [*After pause, looking at MRS. MANNINGHAM, in quiet voice.*] Yes, sir.

ROUGH. Good. Now, Elizabeth, Mrs. Manningham and

I have reason to suppose that in about five minutes' time the master is returning to this house. He mustn't see me leaving. Would you be good enough to take me down to your kitchen and hide me away for a short space of time? You can put me in the oven if you like.

ELIZABETH. Yes, sir. But you see—

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*As he crosses to window and looks out.*] You must go. You must go. He won't see you if you go now.

} [*Together*

ROUGH. What were you saying, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. Yes, sir. You could come to the kitchen. But—Nancy's down there, sir.

ROUGH. Nancy! What the devil's this now? I thought this was Nancy's afternoon off. Was it not arranged that I should come when Nancy was away?

ELIZABETH. [*Agitated.*] Yes, sir. But for some reason she's stayed on. I think she's got a young man, and couldn't make her go, could I, sir? If I'd done that I'd've—

ROUGH. All right—all right. Then she was here when I came, and she knows I am here—is that it?

ELIZABETH. Oh, no— She was in the scullery when I answered the door, and I said it was a man who had come to the wrong house. She hasn't no idea, sir, and I'm—

ROUGH. All right. All right. [*Quickly crossing below the table to Right Center.*] That's better news. But it means you can't entertain me in the kitchen. [*At down Right*

Center turns to ELIZABETH.] Now where are you going to hide me, Elizabeth? Make up your mind quickly.

ELIZABETH. I don't know, sir. Unless you go to the bedroom. Mine and Nancy's, I mean.

ROUGH. [*Crossing up to Right of ELIZABETH.*] That sounds altogether entrancing! Shall we go there now?

ELIZABETH. [*Coming to him. MRS. MANNINGHAM goes Left.*] Yes, sir, but supposing Nancy went up there before she goes out?

ROUGH. You're a good soul and you think of everything, Elizabeth. [*Going to up Right Center.*] Where does this lead to, and what's the matter with this?

ELIZABETH. [*Crossing to ROUGH.*] It's where he dresses, where he keeps his clothes. Yes, sir. Go in there, sir. He won't see you there. There's a big wardrobe there, at the back.

ROUGH. [*Going toward up Right door.*] Excuse me. [*Goes through door up Right.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Crossing to Center.*] Oh, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. [*Crosses to MRS. MANNINGHAM.*] It's all right, Ma'am. Don't take on so. It'll be all right.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I'm sure he ought to go.

ELIZABETH. No, Ma'am. He knows best. [*ROUGH enters from up Right.*] He's bound to know best.

ROUGH. [*As he trots across to upper end of window for a peep.*] Perfect accommodation. [*Has seen something.*] Yes, there he is. [*Crossing to MRS. MANNINGHAM.*]

Now we really have got to hurry. Get off to bed, Mrs. Manningham, quick. And you, Elizabeth, go to your room. You can't get downstairs in time. Hurry, please. Elizabeth, turn down that lamp.

[ELIZABETH *does so. He goes to turn down gas.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. To bed? Am I to go to bed?

ROUGH. [*Really excited for the first time.*] Yes, quick. He's coming. Don't you understand? Go there and stay there. You have a bad headache—[*Cross to fireplace and start to turn down upper gas bracket.*]-—a bad headache. [*Quite angry, turning from gas of downstage bracket.*] Will you go, in Heaven's name!

[MRS. MANNINGHAM *goes upstairs and ELIZABETH exits Left Center and to the Right leaving the doors open as ROUGH turns down the gas in the downstage bracket. There is a light from the hall through the open doors. ROUGH crosses to the Left end of the settee, pauses a moment watching the hall then nimbly on tip toes crosses up to the open doors and listens. After a short pause there is the sound of the front DOOR closing. He stiffens and starts to quietly trot to the up Right door and as he reaches up Right Center, feels his head, discovers his hat missing, and turning quickly trots to the desk, gets his hat, puts it on as he quickly crosses to up Right door and exits. There is a short pause and MR. MANNINGHAM appears in the doorway, peers into the room and enters, closes the doors and looks up the stairway, then crosses to upstage bracket turns it up, then to the downstage bracket and turns it up. Then he goes back of the settee, puts his hat on the settee, crosses to the bell and rings it. Then leisurely he starts to the fireplace. As he reaches the settee ELIZABETH opens the doors and enters.*]

ELIZABETH. Did you ring, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Turning to ELIZABETH.*] Yes, I did. [*Without yet saying why he has rung, he removes his coat and places it over settee, and then comes and stands with his back to the fireplace.*] Where is Mrs. Manningham, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. I think she's gone to bed, sir. I think she had a bad headache and went to bed.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Oh, indeed. And how long has she been in bed, do you know?

ELIZABETH. She went just a little while ago, sir—I think, sir—

MR. MANNINGHAM. Oh. I see. Then we must be quiet, mustn't we? Walk about like cats.—Can you walk about like a cat, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. [*Trying to smile.*] Yes, sir. I think so, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Mincing upstage.*] Very well, Elizabeth. Walk about like a cat. All right. That's all.

ELIZABETH. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

[*Just as ELIZABETH is going to exit, he calls her back.*]

MR. MANNINGHAM. Er—Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. [*Coming back.*] Yes, sir? [MANNINGHAM is again silent.] Did you call, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Yes. Why haven't you cleared away the tea things?

ELIZABETH. [*Crossing to above table.*] Oh—I'm sorry, sir. I was really just about to, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Crossing left to Left Center.*] Yes I think you had better clear away the tea things, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. Yes, sir. [*After pause, putting a dish on the tray.*] Excuse me, sir, but were you going to have some supper, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Crossing to desk.*] Oh, yes. I am going to have supper. The question is, am I going to have supper here?

ELIZABETH. Oh, yes, sir. Are you having it out, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Yes, I am having it out. [MANNINGHAM *takes off his undercoat and puts it carefully over a chair Left of table. He is beginning to undo his tie.*] I have come back to change my linen.

[*He is undoing his collar. There is a pause.*]

ELIZABETH. [*Looks up and realizes his coat is off.*] Do you want a fresh collar, sir? Shall I get you a fresh collar?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Why, do you know where my collars are kept?

ELIZABETH. Why, yes, sir. In your room, there, sir. Shall I get you one, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. What a lot you know, Elizabeth. And do you know the sort of collar I want tonight?

ELIZABETH. Why yes, sir— I think I know the sort of collar, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*As he crosses up back of settee.*] Then all I can say is you know a great deal more than I

do— No— I think you must let me choose my own collar— [*Turns to ELIZABETH.*] That is, if I have your permission, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. [*Gazing at him.*] Yes, sir—yes, sir—

[*MANNINGHAM crosses to door up Right and exits. ELIZABETH puts on the table the plate she is holding and lowers her head, remaining motionless in suspense. Not a sound comes from the other room, and nearly a quarter of a minute goes by. At last MANNINGHAM comes out in a perfectly leisurely way. He is putting his tie on and crosses down to mirror over fireplace, looking at himself in the mirror during the ensuing conversation.*]

MR. MANNINGHAM. What did you think about Mrs. Manningham tonight, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. Mrs. Manningham, sir? In what way do you mean, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Oh—just as regards her general health, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. I don't know, sir. She certainly seems very unwell.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Yes. I doubt if you can guess to what extent she is unwell. [*Turns to ELIZABETH.*] Or are you beginning to guess?

ELIZABETH. I don't know, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Crossing to back of settee.*] I'm afraid I was compelled to drag you and Nancy into our troubles tonight. Perhaps I should not have done that.

ELIZABETH. It all seems very sad, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Smiling and somewhat appealingly as he takes a step toward ELIZABETH.*] I'm at my wits' end, Elizabeth. You know that, don't you?

ELIZABETH. I expect you are, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. I have tried everything. Kindness, patience, cunning—even harshness, to bring her to her senses. But nothing will stop these wild, wild hallucinations, nothing will stop these wicked pranks and tricks.

ELIZABETH. It seems very terrible, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. You don't know a quarter of it, Elizabeth. You only see what is forced upon your attention—as it was tonight. You have no conception of what goes on all the time. [*He is looking at his tie in his hand.*] No—not this one, I think— [*Starts to up Right door.*]

ELIZABETH. Do you want another tie, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Stops and turns to ELIZABETH.*] Yes. [*He strolls again into the other room. ELIZABETH turns and watches the up Right door intently. After a pause, he comes out with another tie. As he enters ELIZABETH quickly turns to tea table. He crosses down to fireplace mirror. He is putting his tie on during the ensuing conversation.*] I suppose you know about Mrs. Manningham's mother, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. No, sir. What of her, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Not of the manner in which she died?

ELIZABETH. No, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. She died in the mad-house, Elizabeth, without any brain at all in the end.

ELIZABETH Oh, sir!—How terrible, sir

MR. MANNINGHAM. Yes, terrible indeed. The doctors could do nothing. [*Pause. Turns to ELIZABETH.*] You know, don't you, that I shall have to bring a doctor to Mrs. Manningham before long, Elizabeth? [*As he crosses to Left below table and to Left of it and gets his undercoat.*] I have fought against it to the last, but it can't be kept a secret much longer.

ELIZABETH. No, sir— No, sir—

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Putting on his undercoat.*] I mean to say, you know what goes on. You can testify to what goes on, can't you?

ELIZABETH Indeed, sir Yes.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Indeed, you may *have* to testify in the end. Do you realize that? [*Pause. Sharp.*] Eh?

ELIZABETH [*Looking quickly up at him.*] Yes, sir. I would only wish to help you both, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Crossing below table to settee, gets coat and puts it on, crosses to mirror and adjusts coat.*] Yes, I believe you there, Elizabeth. You're a very good soul. I sometimes wonder how you put up with things in this household—this dark household. I wonder why you do not go. You're very loyal.

ELIZABETH. [*Looking at him in an extraordinary way. He cannot see her.*] Always loyal to you, sir. Always loyal to you.

appeal
in at my

indness,
r to her
allucina-
d tricks.

er of it,
ar atten-
of what
e in his
p Right

ABETH.]
ZABETH
After a
S ELIZA-
to fire-
ensuing
s. Man-

ich she

MR. MANNINGHAM. There now, how touching. I thank you, Elizabeth. [*Crosses back of settee to ELIZABETH.* You will be repaid later for what you have said, and repaid in more ways than one. You understand that, don't you?

ELIZABETH. Thank you, sir. I only want to serve, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Crosses back of settee, gets hat.* Yes, I know that. Well, Elizabeth, I am going out. In fact, I'm even going to try to be a little gay. Can you understand that, or do you think it is wrong?

ELIZABETH. Oh, no, sir. No. You should get all the pleasure you can, sir, while you can.

MR. MANNINGHAM. I wonder—yes—I wonder—it's curious existence, isn't it— Well—good night, Elizabeth. [*Goes off Left Center and to Left.*]

ELIZABETH. Good night, sir—good night.

[*MANNINGHAM has left the door open. ELIZABETH quickly crosses up to door and looks after him. After a pause ROUGH comes forth and ELIZABETH turns to him. He and ELIZABETH stand there looking at each other. At last, ROUGH goes to the window and looks out. The DOOR is heard slamming.*]

ROUGH. [*Coming back to ELIZABETH.*] He was right when he said you would be repaid, Elizabeth. Though not in the way he thinks. [*Taking off hat, puts it on desk, then his overcoat and muffler and puts them on chair down Left. Pause.*] Will you go and get Mrs. Manningham?

ELIZABETH. Yes, sir. I'll get her, sir. [*Starts to stairs.*]

I thank
ABETH.]
, and re-
at, don't

[ROUGH gets implements out of overcoat pocket. MRS. MANNINGHAM comes downstairs.]

ROUGH. Ah—there you are.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I saw him go.

[ELIZABETH takes tray and exits Left Center to Right.]

ROUGH. Now we must get back to work.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. What did he want? What did he come back for?

ROUGH. He only came to change his clothes. Turn up the lamp, will you? [MRS. MANNINGHAM does so, and comes to him as he again reaches desk.] Now let's have another look at this.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [Crosses to desk.] What if he comes back again? There is no light to warn us now.

ROUGH. Oh, you've realized that, have you? Well, Mrs. Manningham, we've just got to take that risk. [Takes his keys from pocket.] This is going to be child's play, I fancy. Just a little patience—a little adroitness in the use— [The front DOOR slams.] What's that?—Go and have a look, will you? [MRS. MANNINGHAM crosses to the window.] We seem to be rather bothered this evening, don't we?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. It's all right. It's only Nancy. I forgot. She usually goes out at this time.

ROUGH. She uses the front door—does she?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Oh, yes. Indeed she does. She behaves like the mistress in this house.

ROUGH. A saucy girl. [The top of the bureau opens.]

Ah—here we are. Next to a key there's nothing a loo appreciates like kindness.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Will you be able to close it again

ROUGH. Yes. No damage done. There we are. [*Pulls the upstage drawer out and puts it up on top of desk.* MRS. MANNINGHAM turns away to Right.] Now. Let's see. Doesn't seem much here. [*Picks up brooch.*] And when she got there the cupboard was bare—and so the poor detective—

MRS. MANNINGHAM. What is that in your hand? What is that in your hand?

ROUGH. [*Holding up a brooch.*] Why, do you recognize this?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes! My brooch! Yes! Is there anything else there? What else is there?—Look, my watch! Oh, God, it's my watch!

ROUGH. This also is your property then? [*He is watching her.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes. Both of them. This watch lost a week ago—my brooch has been missing three months. And he said he would give me no more gifts because I lost them. He said that in my wickedness [*He looks in drawer.*] I hid them away! Inspector, is there anything else—? [*Pause. She crosses to upper end of the desk and looks over his shoulder.*] Is there a bill there? [*He looks up at her.*] Is there a grocery bill?

ROUGH. [*Searching drawer.*] A grocery bill?—No—There doesn't seem to be— [*He has pulled out a letter which he drops on the desk.*]

[II

II]

ANGEL STREET

69

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Picking up letter.*] One moment— One moment— This letter!—this letter! [*She goes on reading it.*] It's from my cousin—my cousin—

ROUGH. Is your husband's correspondence with your relations very much to the point at the moment, Mrs. Manningham?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. You don't understand. [*Speaking rapidly.*] When I was married I was cast off by all my relations. I have not seen any of them since I was married. They did not approve my choice. I have longed to see them again more than anything in the world. When we came to London—to this house, I wrote to them, I wrote to them twice. There never was any answer. Now I see why there never was any answer. [*Dazed.*] This letter is to me. It's from my cousin.

ROUGH. [*Cynically.*] Yet you never got it. Now you're beginning to understand, Mrs. Manningham?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*As she crosses to chair Left of table and sits.*] Listen. Let me read to you what he says. Let me read it to you. [*Feverishly.*] "Dear Cousin— All of us were overjoyed to hear from you again." [*Looks up at ROUGH.*] Overjoyed, do you hear that? [*Returns to reading the letters.*] He goes on to say that his family are in Devonshire, and that they have gone to the country. He says we must meet and recapture old ties. [*She is showing signs of great emotion.*] He says that they all want to see me—that I must go and stay with them—that they will give me—that they will give me their Devonshire cream to fatten my cheeks, and their fresh air to bring the sparkle back to my eyes—they will give me— They'll give me— [*Breaking down.*

ROUGH *crosses to her.*] Dear God, they wanted me back
They wanted me back all the time!—

ROUGH. [*Coming to her as she cries softly.*] Poor child
You shall have your Devonshire cream and you shall
have the fresh air to bring the sparkle back into your
eyes. [*She looks up at him.*] Why, I can see a sparkle in
them already. If you will be brave now and trust me, you
will not have to wait long. Are you going to trust me?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Thank you, Inspector, for bringing
me this letter. [ROUGH *crosses up and to back of
desk.*] What do you wish me to do?

ROUGH. For the moment, nothing. Tell me. This drawer
here. It seems to me to have a special lock. Has it ever
been open to your knowledge?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Hesitantly.*] No.

ROUGH. No?—I suspected as much. Yes, this is a tough
proposition, I'm afraid. [*He goes to his overcoat and
produces an iron instrument.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Rising and crossing to Center to
stop him.*] What are you going to do? Are you going to
force it?

ROUGH. [*Calmly.*] If I possibly can. I don't know that—

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Crossing to desk.*] But you must
not do that. You must not. What shall I say when my
husband comes back?

ROUGH. [*Ironically. Getting his jimmy from coat.*]
I have no idea *what* you will say when he comes back, Mrs
Manningham. But then I have no idea what you will
do, Mrs. Manningham, if I have no evidence to remove
you from his loving care for good.

me back!

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Torn with doubts.*] Oh, God. I am afraid. What can I do?

oor child.
you shall
into your
sparkle in
at me, you
ust me?

ROUGH. [*Sharply.*] There is only one thing we can do—go ahead. If we go back now, we are lost. I am going to force it and gamble on finding something. Are you with me?

or bring-
back of

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Tormented as she studies him.*] But, don't you see— All right. Force it! Force it! But be quick. [*She turns away to up Right.*]

is drawer
as it ever

ROUGH. There's no hurry, madam. He's quite happy where he is— Now I don't like violent methods—of this sort—it makes me feel like a dentist— There— [*There's a sound of splitting wood.*] All over now— Now let's have a look.

a tougher
coat and

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*After pause in which she watches him. As he pulls out the drawer.*] Is there anything there? Is there anything there?

Center to
going to

ROUGH. [*Looking at papers.*] No I don't see anything yet—I don't see anything. Wait a minute— No— No— What's this? [*As he picks up a bundle of papers.*] Mr. Manningham—Mr. Manningham—Mr. Manningham—

ow that—

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Is there nothing?

you must
when my

ROUGH. No— Not a thing. We have lost our gamble, ma'am, I'm afraid.

a coat.] I
back, Mrs.
t you will
to remove

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Frightened.*] Oh, dear me, what are we to do? What are we to do? [*Crosses to Center.*]

ROUGH. [*Crossing above the desk to ner.*] Some rapid thinking at the moment. Don't have any fear, Mrs. Man-

ningham, I've been in many a tighter corner than this. Let's get those things back to begin with, shall we? Give me the watch and the brooch. [*Takes watch and brooch.*] We must put them back where they were. [*Starts up back of desk.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes—here they are.

ROUGH. Here on the right, was it not?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes. There— That's right. There.

ROUGH. [*Holding up brooch.*] A nice piece of jewelry. When did he give you this?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Soon after we were married. But it was only second hand.

ROUGH. Second hand, eh? I'm afraid you got everything second hand, from this gentleman, Mrs. Manningham. Well—that's all right. [*He puts brooch in drawer and drawer back in desk.*] Now I must lock this up again, [*Closes the second drawer.*] if I can— [*About to lock first drawer.*] Second hand did you say?—How did you know that brooch was second hand, Mrs. Manningham?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. There's an affectionate inscription to someone else inside.

ROUGH. [*Vaguely.*] Oh— Is there?— [*Opens first drawer.*] Why didn't you tell me that—

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Why—I only found it myself a little while ago.

ROUGH. [*As he takes out brooch.*] Oh—really. Do you know, I have a feeling I have seen this somewhere before? Where is this inscription you speak of?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. It is a sort of trick. I only discovered it by accident. You pull the pin at the back. It goes to the right, [*He follows directions.*] and then to the left. It opens out like a star.

ROUGH. [*Crossing to Center. As he opens it.*] Oh, yes—Yes—Ah—here we are. Yes. [*As he sits Left of table and takes out his jeweler's glass.*] How very odd. What are these spaces here?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Crosses to Left Center.*] There were some beads in it, but they were all loose and falling out—so I took them out.

ROUGH. Oh—there were some beads in it, but they were all loose and falling out—so you took them out. [*Pause.*] Have you got them by any chance?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes. [*Pause. He shows interest.*] I think so. I put them in a vase.

ROUGH. May I see them, please?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes. [*Goes to mantelpiece. Crosses below settee. He rises and goes up back of table.*] They should still be here.

ROUGH. There should be nine altogether, I think.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes, that's right, I think there were. Yes. [*Takes vase down from upper end of mantel.*] Here they are. Here are some of them at any rate.

ROUGH. [*Crossing to her.*] Let me see, will you?—Ah—Thank you. [*Gets the rubies and quietly crosses to back of table and puts rubies in the brooch.*] Try and find them all, will you? [*She goes back to mantel.*] Did you happen to read this inscription at any time, ma'am?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes, I read it. Why?

ROUGH. [*Reading.*] "Beloved A.B. from C.B. Eighteen fifty-one." [*Looking up at her.*] Does nothing strike you about that?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. No. What of it? What should strike me?

ROUGH. Really, I should have thought that as simple as A.B.C. Have you got the others? There should be four more.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Crossing back to him.*] Yes. Here they are.

ROUGH. Thank you. [*Takes them.*] That's the lot. [*He is putting them in brooch on the table.*] Now tell me this—have you ever been embraced by an elderly detective in his shirt sleeves?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. What do you mean?

ROUGH. For that is your immediate fate at the moment. [*Puts down brooch and comes to her.*] My dear Mrs. Manningham— [*Kisses her.*] My dear, dear Mrs. Manningham! [*Steps back from her and takes her hands.*] Don't you understand?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. No, what are you so excited about?

ROUGH. [*Leaves her, and picks up brooch.*] There, there you are, Mrs. Manningham. The Barlow rubies—complete. Twelve thousand pounds' worth before your very eyes! [*Crosses to her and gives her brooch.*] Take a good look at them before they go to the Queen.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. But it couldn't be—it couldn't.

They were in the vase all the time. [*She glances toward mantel, then back at him.*]

ROUGH. Don't you see? Don't you see the whole thing? *This* is where the old lady hid her treasure—in a common trinket she wore all the day. I knew I had seen this somewhere before. And where was that? [*Crossing to Left Center.*] In portraits of the old lady—when I was on the case. She wore it on her breast. I remember it clearly though it was fifteen years ago. Fifteen years! [*Crosses to MRS. MANNINGHAM.*] Dear God in Heaven, am I not a wonderful man!

MRS. MANNINGHAM. And I had it all the time. I had it all the time.

ROUGH. And all because he could not resist a little common theft along with the big game— Well, it is I who am after the big game now. [*He shows signs of going.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Crosses to front of table.*] Are you going?

ROUGH. Oh, yes. I must certainly go. [*Begins to collect his coat and things.*] And very quickly at that.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Where are you going? Are you going to leave me? What are you going to do?

ROUGH I am going to move Heaven and earth—Mrs. Manningham—and if I have any luck I— [*Looking at his watch.*] It's very early yet. What time do you think he'll be back?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I don't know. He's not usually in till eleven.

ROUGH. Yes. So I thought. Let's hope so. That will give

me time. Here, give me that. Have you closed it? [*Take brooch.*] We will put it back where we found it. [*Crosses above desk to upstage drawer.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Follows to upper end of desk.*] But what are you going to do?

ROUGH. It's not exactly what I am going to do. It's what the Government is going to do in the person of Sir George Raglan. Yes, ma'am. Sir George Raglan. No one less. The power above all the powers that be. [*Put brooch in drawer—closes and locks drawer.*] He knows I am here tonight, you see. But he didn't know I was going to find what I have found. [*Pause. Looks at broken drawer.*] Yes— We've done for that, I'm afraid— Well, we must just risk it, that's all. [*Tries to force broken drawer into place.*] Now, Mrs. Manningham, you will serve the ends of justice best by simply going to bed. [*Crosses to MRS. MANNINGHAM.*] Do you mind going to bed?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. No. I will go to bed. [*She starts upstairs.*]

[*WARN CURTAIN*]

ROUGH. Good. Go there and stay there. Your headache is worse. Remember be ill. Be anything. But stay there you understand. I'll let myself out. [*Crosses up to Left Center door.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Suddenly. Comes downstairs and crosses to ROUGH.*] Don't leave me. Please don't leave me. I have a feeling— Don't leave me.

ROUGH. Feeling? What feeling?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. A feeling that something will hap-

[II

II]

ANGEL STREET

77

pen if you leave me. I'm afraid. I haven't the courage.

ROUGH. Have the goodness to stop making a fool of yourself, Mrs. Manningham. Here's your courage. [*He gives her whiskey, taking it from pocket.*] Take some more of it, but don't get tipsy and don't leave it about. [*Pause—crosses up to doors.*] Good-bye. [*He is at Left Center doors, opens them and is about to exit.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Inspector.

ROUGH. [*Turns to her.*] Yes.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Summoning courage.*] All right. Good-bye. [*She starts up the stairs.*]

ROUGH. [*Pause. As he exits.*] Good-bye. [*Shuts the door. Pause as she stops on the stairs and glances around the room. ROUGH suddenly opens the door.*] Mrs. Manningham!

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes.

[*ROUGH motions to her to go upstairs. She does so and he watches her.*]

ROUGH. Good-bye.

[*When she is out of sight around the curve on the stairs he exits and closes the doors.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS