

TROTTER. Now can I have all your names, please?

MRS. BOYLE. This is quite ridiculous. We are merely staying in a kind of hotel. We only arrived yesterday. We've nothing to do with this place.

TROTTER. You'd planned to come here in advance, though. You'd booked your rooms here ahead.

MRS. BOYLE. Well, yes. All except Mr—? *(She looks at PARAVICINI.)*

PARAVICINI. Paravicini. *(He moves to the left end of the refectory table.)* My car overturned in a snowdrift.

TROTTER. I see. What I'm getting at is that anyone who's been following you around might know very well that you were coming here. Now, there's just one thing I want to know and I want to know it quick. Which one of you is it that has some connection with that business at Longridge Farm?

(There is a dead silence.)

You're not being very sensible, you know. One of you is in danger – deadly danger. I've got to know which one that is.

(There is another silence.)

All right, I'll ask you one by one. *(to PARAVICINI)* You, first, since you seem to have arrived here more or less by accident, Mr. Pari—?

PARAVICINI. Para – Paravicini. But, my dear Inspector, I know nothing, but nothing of what you have been talking about. I am a stranger in this country. I know nothing of these local affairs of bygone years.

TROTTER. *(rising and moving down to left of MRS. BOYLE)* Mrs—?

MRS. BOYLE. Boyle. I don't see – really I consider it an impertinence... Why on earth should I have anything to do with such – this distressing business?

(MAJOR METCALF looks sharply at her.)

TROTTER. *(looking at MISS CASEWELL)* Miss—?

MISS CASEWELL. *(slowly)* Casewell. Leslie Casewell. I never heard of Longridge Farm, and I know nothing about it.

TROTTER. *(moving to right of the sofa; to MAJOR METCALF)* You, sir?

MAJOR METCALF. Metcalf – Major. Read about the case in the papers at the time. I was stationed at Edinburgh then. No personal knowledge.

TROTTER. *(to CHRISTOPHER)* And you?

CHRISTOPHER. Christopher Wren. I was a mere child at the time. I don't remember even hearing about it.

TROTTER. (*moving behind the sofa table*) And that's all you have to say – any of you?

(*There is a silence.*)

(*moving centre*) Well, if one of you gets murdered, you'll have yourself to blame.