

(**GILES** leaves the window open and exits to the front door up right.)

MRS. BOYLE. I suppose that's what we pay our police force for, nowadays, to go round enjoying themselves at winter sports.

(**MOLLIE** crosses below the refectory table to the window.)

PARAVICINI. (moving up to centre of the refectory table; in a fierce whisper to **MOLLIE**) Why did you send for the police, Mrs. Ralston?

MOLLIE. But I didn't. (She shuts the window.)

(**CHRISTOPHER** enters from the drawing-room left and comes to left of the sofa. **PARAVICINI** moves to the right end of the refectory table.)

CHRISTOPHER. Who's that man? Where did he come from? He passed the drawing-room window on skis. All over snow and looking terribly hearty.

MRS. BOYLE. You may believe it or not, but that man is a policeman. A policeman – ski-ing!

(**GILES** and **TROTTER** enter from the front door. **TROTTER** has removed his skis and is carrying them.)

GILES. (moving right of the arch up right) Er – this is Detective Sergeant Trotter.

TROTTER. (moving to left of the large armchair) Good afternoon.

MRS. BOYLE. You can't be a sergeant. You're too young.

TROTTER. I'm not quite as young as I look, madam.

CHRISTOPHER. But terribly hearty.

GILES. We'll stow your skis away under the stairs.

(**GILES** and **TROTTER** exit through the archway up right.)

MAJOR METCALF. Excuse me, Mrs. Ralston, but may I use your telephone?

MOLLIE. Of course, Major Metcalf.

(**MAJOR METCALF** goes to the telephone and dials.)