

PHILLIPA. I believe you want to see me?

CRADDOCK. Yes, Mrs. Haymes. Do sit down.

(PHILLIPA sits rather hesitantly.)

PHILLIPA. Oh, dear – this sounds serious.

CRADDOCK. (after a pause) If you lie about something, Mrs. Haymes – you have to cover your tracks very, very carefully.

PHILLIPA. I – I don't...

CRADDOCK. Yes, you do understand. Don't lie any more. You know what I'm talking about.

(A moment's pause. During this and the following,

PHILLIPA clenches and unclenches her hands.)

PHILLIPA. (bitterly) Everyone says we have more freedom nowadays – the world is – more understanding – than it ever was. Well, Inspector Craddock, you try being an unmarried mother...

CRADDOCK. I don't think it would work!

(She smiles in spite of herself.)

PHILLIPA. It isn't easy in a small village.

CRADDOCK. So, you invented a husband!

PHILLIPA. How do you think Letty Blacklock would react if she knew the truth?

CRADDOCK. She strikes me as being a sympathetic and understanding person. What's more, she's no fool. I've a sneaking suspicion she may have guessed the truth.

(PHILLIPA's hand goes up to her mouth.)

PHILLIPA. So, that's why...

CRADDOCK. What?

PHILLIPA. She's so kind to me – there aren't many like her.

CRADDOCK. Does your son know the truth?

PHILLIPA. He believes – his father died...

CRADDOCK. Silly. He'll find out sometime.

PHILLIPA. Maybe.

CRADDOCK. My advice to you is to tell him – and everyone else.

PHILLIPA. Will you tell the others if I don't? It isn't a crime.

CRADDOCK. I couldn't live with it. But, it's up to you.

PHILLIPA. How did you find out.

CRADDOCK. We do a lot of routine work.

PHILLIPA. You've been checking up on me?

CRADDOCK. Sort of.

PHILLIPA. You make it sound very casual.

CRADDOCK. It isn't, But it is puzzling.

(A moment's pause.)

PHILLIPA. Puzzling?

CRADDOCK. It's only a small thing – but I'm sure you can help. It's about your son's birth certificate.

PHILLIPA. (warily) Yes?

CRADDOCK. It gives the mother's name as – Phillipa Haymes.

PHILLIPA. (nervously) Well – that's me.

CRADDOCK. Ah, well – in that case, there is a problem.

(PHILLIPA drops her head.)

You see – we can't find a birth certificate – for anyone with your name – well, not one that corresponds with what we know about you.

(PHILLIPA looks up at him and bites her lip.)

(The Main Door opens and MISS BLACKLOCK enters, carrying a photographic album.)

MISS BLACKLOCK. I've found it... Am I interrupting?

CRADDOCK. Your timing is perfect. Mrs. Haymes and I have just finished. (He pauses.) For the time being!

(PHILLIPA gets up, her mind cleanly in a whirl, and exits without a word. Closing the door behind her.)

Are there any photos of Sonia and her husband?

MISS BLACKLOCK. I haven't had a chance to look yet.