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# The October Man

By Eric Ambler

(Train whistle)  
(Tyres squeal)  
(Train whistle continues)  
Depressed fracture of the skull  
and extensive damage to the brain area.  
Two attempts at suicide during  
the first convalescent period.  
It's an interesting case.  
We knew, of course, that he  
was upset about the child.  
The parents were friends of his.  
He felt in some way responsible.  
It wasn't his fault. It was an accident.  
An injured brain isn't  
always logical, Mr Graham.  
It may seem easier to take  
one's life than to go on living.  
Well, it's a most unsatisfactory case.  
From an insurance point of view?  
Oh, I'm as sympathetic as the next man.  
We can't go on paying out indefinitely.  
Is there still a qualifying disability or  
isn't there? That's what I have to determine.  
If the world's kind to him during the next  
few months, he'll be all right. If it isn't...  
A final breakdown. Insanity?  
He'll probably commit suicide  
first. There's still that tendency.  
Any evidence of abnormality  
before the accident?  
None. He was an industrial chemist  
- intelligent and quite sane.  
It's all right, you can put your things on.  
It was the claims manager himself  
and he didn't bring a doctor.  
- Oh.  
- It's a good sign.  
They'll probably agree now.  
If your head bothers you during the  
next year or so, you can still claim.  
It's good of you to take  
so much trouble, doctor,  
but I want to forget the whole thing.  
Insurance companies like paying out.

Any idea where you're  
going to live in London?  
Yes, Brockhurst Common  
Hotel, it's near the works.  
What about your friends in Sheffield  
- are you going to see them again?  
Yes, I suppose so, sometime.  
You know they never blamed you.  
No, but if I hadn't kept her out so  
late, she'd still be alive, wouldn't she?  
Apart from work, have you  
any idea what you want to do?  
Mm?  
Oh, I don't know, I might get married.  
Anyone in view?  
No. The view's been rather  
restricted lately, hasn't it?  
There's a piece of advice  
I ought to give you.  
- About marriage?  
- In a way.  
I wouldn't make any important  
decision for a time, if I were you,  
about marriage or changing  
your job or anything else.  
You mean there's a good chance of a relapse.  
Not necessarily.  
If you came to me with a broken  
leg, I'd say don't play football.  
That's sense, isn't it?  
Well, goodbye, Doctor, thank you.  
Remember you'll tire easily  
at first. Don't overdo it.  
Go to bed early and take it easy.  
- Thanks, I will.  
- And that's not just routine advice.  
When you've been in hospital a  
long time, the outside world seems  
strange and noisy.  
People will upset you at  
first. Try not to let them.  
- All right, Doc, I'll remember. Goodbye.  
- Goodbye.  
- Here, mind what you're doing.

- Sorry.

(Train whistle)

(Train whistle)

(Typewriter clacking)

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

My name's Ackland, I believe  
there's a room booked for me.

- Oh, yes of course, Mr Ackland.

- Yes.

- It's ready for you, I think.

- Thank you.

Room number eight on the  
top floor. I'll show you.

- Right.

- Oh, the book. Will you sign it, please?

Such a nuisance, I always think.

- My last address?

- Yes, please.

Your firm booked the  
room for you, didn't they?

Yes.

Loughton Hospital

- you're a doctor there?

No, I've been a patient there.

- For long?

- About a year.

- Would you show me to my room now.

- Oh, yes, of course.

No, it's quite all right, I can manage.

- Is this all your luggage?

- The rest of it's being sent on.

That's the dining room back  
there and this is the lounge.

Oh, good evening, Miss Selby.

Oh, good evening, Miss Heap. This  
is Mr Ackland. Mr Ackland, Miss Heap.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

I wonder, could we have a little  
more coal on the lounge fire?

It's really getting a bit chilly.

I'll take Mr Ackland up to  
his room and I'll get you some.

You won't forget, will you?

No, Miss Heap! Miss Heap  
always feels the cold so.

Oh, good evening, Mr Peachy.

Good evening.

- This is Mr Ackland.

- Good evening.

He's going in the room above you.

He's a retired businessman,  
very rich, I've heard.

I think he likes it here because it's homey.

Number seven's Miss Newman.

She has a gramophone and the noise  
comes through the wall sometimes,  
but if it bothers you, just  
knock on the wall and she'll stop.

And here's you.

It used to be Mr Leiper's  
room. He went to Australia.

- Oh.

- (Train whistle)

We're a bit near the trains but  
after a time you don't notice it.

If you let me know what time you'd  
like your bath, I'll reserve it for you.

We like to have times so there's no waiting.

You look tired. Can I get you anything?

- No, thanks.

- An aspirin?

No, thanks very much.

Well, I'll leave you now. It's dinner time.

Good.

If there's anything you  
want, please do let me know.

No, thanks very much. Thank you.

(Door closes)

From ghoulies, ghosties  
and long-leggedy beasties  
and things that go bump in the  
night, good Lord, deliver us.

There, game end.

They could have set us if Mr  
Pope had led the ace of diamonds.

Wisdom after the event.

- And before.

- Well, we'll see, eh, partner?  
You'll have to excuse me, I'm  
afraid. The accounts, you know.  
I have a lot to do. There's Mr Ackland.  
I was looking for you  
after dinner, Mr Ackland.

- I was unpacking.

- Let me see.

- Miss Heap you met before dinner.

- Yes.

- Mrs Vinton...

- Could we have more coal on the fire?  
Yes, Miss Heap. Mrs Vinton, Miss  
Parsons, Mr Pope. Mr Ackland.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

- Do you play bridge?

- Well, I have.  
Couldn't have come at a better time.  
Just the man we need for a fourth.

- You and me against the ladies, eh?

- I'm agreeable.  
It's very kind of you, but  
I only came in for a book.  
Surely you'll play one rubber?  
We have so few players here.  
Mr Ackland is just out of  
hospital. He's been there a year.

- Do excuse me.

- What was the trouble?

- Internal?

- A fractured skull.

- Ah, get headaches, I expect.

- You need taking out of yourself.  
That's the idea. Cheer you up, a game would.

- I expect Mr Ackland's tired.

- Well, I was going to bed.  
With a book? Now that is  
bad for you, reading in bed.  
Tire yourself out thoroughly  
first, then go to bed and sleep.  
That's what you need.  
Shall he just take Miss Selby's

place or shall we cut for partners?

I'm sorry, I really would rather go to bed now.

You won't play?

That's very unsociable.

I'm sorry, but not tonight if you don't mind.

Oh, well. Too bad. Another night perhaps, eh?

- Yes, another night.

- These invalids!

Self-pity, that's what it is mostly, pure selfishness.

I think he heard.

What if he did? I know his kind, I married one.

Mr Ackland?

Yes?

What time would you like to be called in the morning?

Seven thirty, please.

Would you like early morning tea?

We charge sixpence a day extra.

Yes, please.

Are you all right, Mr Ackland?

Yes, thank you, good night.

Good night.

- Sure you're not cold?

- No, darling, I'm as warm as toast.

Good. Hello there.

Good evening, Mr Wilcox.

- See you next week, dear.

- Yes. Bye-bye, darling.

Bye-bye, old thing.

Who was that?

Mr Ackland, he arrived today. Number eight.

Oh. I say, I'm awfully sorry I didn't let you know I wouldn't be in for dinner, but Mr Wilcox was in town and wanted to see me, and I couldn't get to a telephone.

- It doesn't matter.

- Yes, it does.

But he's trying to get me a job with Kitskas, the big wholesale people.

It's lingerie, and you know I don't

model underwear in the ordinary way,  
but, well, the money's good. Oh, any mail?  
Your bill, Miss Newman.  
Do try and pay some of it. You  
know I'm only the manageress.  
If people get behind with  
their bills, I get into trouble.  
I know, dear, and I'll pay it this  
week without fail, don't you worry.  
You've been very sweet about  
it and I love you very much,  
- but then you're June.  
- June?  
- Your horoscope.  
- Oh.  
Good-natured, easy-going and  
generous to a fault, that's June.  
I'm June too. I'll lend you my book.  
Will you really, Miss  
Newman? Thank you very much.  
Of course I will, dear. Remind me.  
Da-da-da-dee,  
da-dum-da...  
- Oh, hello.  
- Good evening, Miss Newman.  
- Could you spare me a moment?  
- What is it?  
I couldn't help overhearing what  
Miss Selby was saying about your bill.  
Oh, couldn't you?  
I only wanted to say if  
you need any more money...  
No, thanks, not any more.  
But you let me before. You used to  
be nice to me. Oh, I'm sorry if I...  
I said no, thanks and I'll pay you  
back every penny you've lent me.  
I don't want you to do that.  
I don't suppose you do.  
Just the same, I'm going to.  
And you can leave me alone.  
Molly, that's not kind.  
Miss Selby, could we have  
some more coal on the fire?



Yes, Miss Heap.

(Miss Newman) La-da-da-dee,

da-dum-da-da- da-dum

( Big-band jazz on gramophone)

(Train whistle)

You don't know Harry Carden, do you?

- No.

- He's a nice chap, capable too.

I think you'll like working with him,  
and he told me he'd be glad to have  
you but don't let him work you to death.

No, I... I won't.

Good morning, Harry.

- Morning.

- This is Ackland.

- Hello.

- How do you do?

Look, Mr Stebbins, when are you  
going to get us that new centrifuge?

I'll see what we can do, Harry.

Well, I'll leave you to  
it now. See you at lunch.

Righto, thanks.

I always ask him for something new when he comes in

- keeps him away.

Well, it is nice to have you with us.

I'm not just being polite.

You got a crack on the head  
in some road smash, I hear.

Yes.

- Where are you living?

- Brockhurst Common Hotel.

I live across the common,  
you must come and see us.

Thanks, I'd like to.

- Did Stebbins tell you what we're doing?

- Yes, synthetic starch, isn't it?

Yes, that's one thing. What we're  
really after is a whole series...

There it is, Jim, 80% sugars. 15%  
more than the economic minimum.

Now we'll have to wait and  
see what the board has to say.

- You think they'll let us go on?

- If they've got any sense.

- What's the time?

- Eight thirty.

We're working too late.

What do you do with yourself  
instead of coming to see us?

I've asked you often enough.

Well, I generally go to bed early and read.

- At weekends too?

- Oh, go for walks.

It certainly seems to agree with you.

You look better than three months ago.

It was the hotel, I think. The first  
day or two there really got me down.

Yes, it's a terrible dump.

Oh, they tried to be kind  
but I wanted to be left alone.

You know, people scared me.

I just wanted to run away and hide.

- That's all over now?

- Yes. Yes, I... think so.

Well, then, why don't you get out  
and see a few people now and then?

My young sister's staying with us.

Why don't you come to the Spring  
Dance with us next Saturday?

Well...

They rather like all the  
staff to come, you know.

I suppose I really ought to.

Course you should. Come on,  
I'll drop you at the hotel.

- Thanks for the ride.

- Righto. Sorry I made you miss dinner.

It's a pleasure to miss  
a meal here. Good night.

Good night.

( Big-band jazz playing)

- Good evening, Miss Selby.

- Good evening, Mr Ackland.

- No dinner again.

- I had a sandwich at the works.

There's some mutton left.

I could warm it up for you.

Erm, no, thanks, it was quite a big sandwich.

It wouldn't take a minute.

No, thank you, good night.

( Jazz continues, louder)

- (Miss Newman) Oh! Ohh...

- (Gramophone slows to a stop)

- (Thud)

- Oh, my goodness!

Oh, who's that?

Oh, it's you. I was ironing,

the wire started to smoke,

there was a flash and the lights went out.

Oh, I think the fuse box is here somewhere.

- My last match. You got a light?

- I've got a lighter here.

My lights have gone out.

Where's Miss Selby?

It's all right, Miss Heap,

it's only a fuse gone.

Hold the light up a bit, will you?

Here we are.

I say, I'm terribly sorry. Can you mend it?

Yes, I think so.

Seems to be enough wire left.

It'll... have to be fixed

properly tomorrow though.

There we are.

- That's better.

- (Music starts up again)

You did switch the iron off, I suppose?

- No.

- Well, it may fuse the lights again.

Well, I was frightened

to touch it. Do you mind?

No, all right.

Oh, dear, I'm afraid

everything's in a terrible muddle.

What happened? Did you

catch your foot in the flex?

No, I didn't do anything,

it just started smoking.

Let's have a look at it.

Well, that's that. Burned right through.

You'll have to get a new connector.

- That means I can't finish my ironing.

- Afraid not.

What you want is a drink.

Well, it's, er... it's very nice  
of you, but I think really...

Don't be stuffy. I don't know what I  
should've done if you hadn't been there.

Gin and lemon? I'm afraid it's all I've got.

Well, er... thanks.

I expect I'd have had Mr  
Peachy up here breathing around,  
trying to make passes at me.

Mr Peachy?

Mm, the one with the face like a sheep.

Yes, I know him, but...

Oh, you'd be surprised.

- I should. Thanks.

- Sit down.

Well, this is really very nice of you.

- Well, I was lonely. Besides, I'm grateful.

- I had to have the light on too.

I didn't mean that. I mean for  
not complaining about the radio.

The man who had your room before complained.

- Oh, I rather enjoy it.

- Oh? What month's your birthday?

October, why?

That accounts for it. You're an October man.

I'm June.

Good-natured, easy-going,  
generous to a fault.

Do you know your horoscope?

- Er... no.

- Look, I'll show you.

Ah, here we are.

Let's see, October.

Yes, October sign, Libra,  
that means the scales.

Mm-hm.

October people are affable, suave,  
dapper, and have a sense of beauty.

The October people love gaiety at  
friends' and all the good things.

Above all, they love life. There!

Affable, suave and dapper, eh?  
Well, you love life, don't you?  
Well, doesn't everybody?  
No, not everybody.  
Have another drink?  
No, thanks.  
Oh, well, I will.  
Is this your job?  
- Yes, I model.  
- Oh, who for?  
Oh, hat people, dress people, advertising.  
You don't like it?  
It's all right, what there is of it,  
but... well, I want to get married.  
Anyone in particular?  
Yes, only he's married already and  
she won't divorce him, so he says.  
He's a buyer for a firm in Birmingham.  
- Oh, you're tired.  
- I've just been working late.  
Thanks, thanks very much for the drink.  
Well, I've always got some if  
you feel like a little chat.  
- Now, you won't forget?  
- Thanks, I won't.  
Thanks again for doing the light, darling,  
I don't know what I should've done.  
Thank you.  
Warm-hearted and demonstrative, that's me.  
Well, that's, erm, very nice.  
- Good night. -  
Bye-bye, darling.  
( Jazz orchestra playing )  
Look, there's Jim.  
Hello, Jim, you're late.  
- Sorry.  
- Joyce, dear, this is Jim. Jim, my wife.  
- How are you?  
- How do you do?  
I'll call you Jim because  
Harry's spoken of you so often.  
- Good.  
- I think Jenny's dancing.  
- Shall we go back to the table?

- Right.

We were beginning to think you'd backed out at the last minute.

- No, I've been looking forward to it.

- Good. That's fine.

Evening, Ackland.

- Good evening.

- Nice to see you.

I was just telling Miss Jenny that the staff dance is the one occasion when I can see your husband without getting asked for new equipment.

Oh, sorry. Jenny, this is Jim Ackland. Jim, my sister, Jenny.

- Hello.

- How do you do?

You're the man who never comes to tea.

Oh, you can see what a reputation you've got.

- Yes, I shall have to try and correct that.

- ( Lively tune starts)

Will you... dance?

Yes.

**Ah, 11:**

Yes.

Come on, we don't want to be sitting here as if we were waiting up for them.

Darling, you've said that every night for the past week.

It's been a lovely evening.

- I like your hair like that.

- Do you?

Same time tomorrow?

Same time.

Good night.

Good night.

(Knock on door)

Er, yes?

- Oh, hello.

- Hello. I wanted to talk to you.

Oh, well, er... come in.

You've been out a lot lately. I said to myself, he's got a girlfriend.

I'm afraid I can't offer you

a drink. Won't you sit down?

Er, no, I wanted to ask you a favour.

- Light gone wrong again?

- No, it's not that.

Er... look, I've got three modelling jobs for Kitskas, the wholesalers, next week, and they owe me for three others, but they don't pay till the end of the month.

I've got to have some money. I'm

in a jam and I hate asking you,

but could you possibly lend me some?

Yes, of course. How much do you need?

Er... thirty pounds.

I could definitely pay you back at the end of the month when I get my cheques in.

Thirty pounds, that's rather a lot, isn't it?

You'll have it back, I promise you.

Oh... that's all right.

Well, I haven't got that much

on me. When do you want it by?

Well, now. As soon as possible.

Oh.

Look, I'm terribly sorry to bother you but, well, I have to have it.

Let's see, it's... Saturday, isn't it?

I could go to the bank on Monday morning, or Miss Selby could cash me a cheque tomorrow.

Must you really have it before Monday?

Look, I know it's awkward for you. I could get a cheque cashed.

By Miss Selby?

Oh, no, I wouldn't let her know.

Oh, no, of course not.

There we are.

Well, it's terribly kind of you.

I'll let you have it back faithfully.

Oh, that's all right. Don't worry about it.

How's the man from Birmingham?

I haven't seen him this week.

Oh.

I had a letter from him though.

It's a great life, isn't it?

Is there anything else I can

do to help apart from the money?

Oh, no.

No, no, thanks. No, I think I'll go home soon.

My mother and father live in Maidstone, and...

well, maybe I could get my old job back.

- I was in Woolworths.

- Oh.

- Oh, I'm keeping you up.

- No, you're not.

Well...

Well, thanks again.

- I won't forget.

- All right.

- Good night.

- Good night.

What do Joyce and Harry think about me?

Well, they like you.

- Do they mind my being with you?

- Of course they don't. Why?

Oh, I just... just wondered.

Harry thinks a lot of you. He says you've done most of the work on this process.

Oh, nonsense.

Did he, er... tell you about that accident I had?

Yes. Poor darling, it must've been dreadful.

But that's all over now, isn't it? You're well again.

Yes, I'm... I'm... well, but...

What, darling?

There's... something I never told Harry.

What?

It's my head.

- I'm not sure if it's right yet.

- But it must be now.

I love you. You know that, don't you?

And I want to ask you to marry me...

but I can't until I know for certain that I'm all right.

You see, they warned me that for a time, there's a chance of a relapse.

If that happens, I... have



to go back to hospital.  
That won't happen.  
The day I came here, I stopped by the bridge.  
An express came by and I  
wanted to fall in front of it.  
It's... something in my mind, a sort of  
fear, as if it's dangerous to stay alive.  
Because the child was killed?  
Yes. Yes, I suppose so.  
When the fear goes, the danger will go.  
Same time tomorrow?  
Same time.  
Just going to post a letter.  
(Clock chiming in distance)  
(Police whistle)  
(Whistle)  
(Whistle)  
(Bell)  
Yes, sir.  
Yes, sir, they're here.  
Right, sir.  
How do they know it was Miss  
Newman? How can they be sure?  
Her bag.  
She just went out to post a letter.  
That's just what I can't get over.  
She just went out to post a letter,  
just like she always did on Sundays.  
It must've been a lunatic.  
Something here, sir.  
(Clock chimes)  
One o'clock.  
Where's Miss Selby?  
She went up to Miss Newman's  
room with that plainclothes man.  
It's chilly here.  
I was so warm in bed.  
I think I shall go back.  
They said we had to wait in here.  
That was a CID man, you  
know, the one in the mac.  
It's all so sordid, the  
police and everything.  
We'd have had time to

play a dozen hands by now.  
Rich, with Miss Newman  
dead?! It's Sunday too.  
It's Monday now.  
Besides, I think she was  
knocked down by a car.  
They say she was strangled from  
behind with a scarf or something.  
Poor little thing, she  
was always so full of life.  
Mr Ackland's been rather a  
long time in there, hasn't he?  
25 minutes.  
I shouldn't have thought  
he had so much to tell them.  
He may have gone to bed.  
His coat's still there and his scarf.  
Miss Newman went to post a letter.  
The box is just down the road  
- what was she doing in the middle of the common?  
She must've been dragged there.  
All the way to the middle of  
the common? Don't be silly.  
She must've gone there herself.  
- With the murderer, you mean?  
- With someone she knew.  
- Some man.  
- She had a boyfriend.  
Perhaps it was him.  
Yes, and perhaps it was someone from here.  
- Oh, no!  
- Well, let's see.  
Now, you were in, Mr  
Pope, and you, Mr Connor?  
- Yes, yes.  
- What about you, Mr Peachy?  
- Oh, I went for a walk. You saw me go.  
- Mm.  
I got back just before it rained.  
That leaves Mr Ackland.  
That was the last time you saw  
her, when you gave her this cheque?  
Yes, definitely.  
And you didn't see her while

you were walking on the common?

No.

- At least I don't think so.

- You're not sure?

I was thinking of something else.

I don't remember seeing anyone.

Which way did you go?

I've been trying to remember.

I didn't want to come straight here, so I walked on the common.

- In the rain?

- It wasn't raining then.

Where were you when the rain stopped?

Near Brockhurst Avenue, I think.

But I'm not sure. I didn't keep to the roads.

Mm.

You say you never met this married man she knew, the one from Birmingham?

- No.

- Did she ever mention his name?

No. Miss Selby might know it, though.

Well, we'll see.

I'll get you to make a written statement, Mr Ackland,

- that's if you're prepared to.

- Certainly.

- Perhaps tomorrow morning.

- I'll be at the works.

- Oh, yes, now that's at...

- (Knock on door)

- What is it?

- Excuse me, sir,

- can you spare me a minute outside?

- Excuse me a moment.

Yes.

There it is, you see, sir.

JK Ackland. Last address, Loughton Hospital.

- Yes.

- I've been onto the hospital to check.

- Didn't they know him?

- Yes, they know him.

He was in for a bad head injury.

- Road accident.

- Well?

They said he wasn't quite  
right in the head for a time.

Seems all right.

Yes, sir, but... they always do, don't they?

All right.

- Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr Ackland.

- That's all right.

- You wanted my business address.

- Yes, but I think, if you don't mind,

I'll ask you to make your written  
statement tonight after all.

I should've thought that  
you, being an insurance agent,  
would have had some sense of  
your responsibilities, Mr Pope.

Don't let's go over all that again, Mrs V!

If the police ask me  
questions, I'll answer them,  
but I'm not gonna put ideas in their heads.

The police should have the facts.

Yes, and the only fact we know is that  
he was out when the murder was done.

So were lots of other people.

I bet he scarcely knew her.

On the same landing?

Well, to say good morning to, yes.

I knew her that much. Mr Peachy knew her.

Yes, I've seen him talking  
to her on the stairs.

You see, it doesn't prove anything.

No one's going to tell me that a  
girl like her and a man like him  
on the same landing scarcely knew each other.

You're talking about the dead!

- He's not dead.

- (Mr Pope) She wasn't his type.

Well, perhaps I should say, several  
times he was in her room at night.

When?

Oh... several times. Often.

- How do you know?

- My room is just below.

You must tell the police immediately.

If they ask! It doesn't prove anything.

No, it doesn't.

- Perhaps I shouldn't have said anything.

- Why not?

- Well, one doesn't like to...

- No, that's what I say.

If you don't tell them, I shall.

Men!

Always saying you're so strong and masterful,  
and when it comes to it  
you're babies, just babies!

Ah. You've been a long time.

Yes.

Miss Selby's in there now.

- Good night, Mr Ackland.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Will they want us?

I really don't know. Good night, everybody.

Well, Mr Newman, I don't think

I can keep you any longer.

The inquest is tomorrow.

Evidence of identification from you  
and then we'll ask for an adjournment.

Anything that'll help to catch that fiend.

- We'll do our best, Mrs Newman.

- (Sobs)

This way, sir.

- Family?

- Yes, sir. Nothing.

- District superintendent's in your office.

- Oh, right.

Sorry to keep you waiting, sir.

That's all right, did you see the doctor?

Yes, sir, not very helpful at first.

- Did he admit the possibility?

- After a bit, sir, but he didn't like it.

I've got a statement.

He admitted that the fellow was only  
convalescent when he left the hospital.

Apparently they couldn't  
do anything more for him.

What sort of a chap is this Ackland?

Good manner, impress a jury.

He'd be fairly safe on an insanity plea.

Safer if he hadn't lied about his relationship with the girl, though.  
What about Peachy  
- is he going to make a good witness?  
Yes, sir, a respectable quiet type.  
Oh, and we've traced the Birmingham man, sir. Name of Wilcox. Birmingham checked up on him. He was in a local Conservative Club until ten, so that washes him out. He has to come up today on business. I told him to look in tomorrow before he leaves. Scared stiff his wife'll find out. What're you doing about Ackland?  
I'll have another go at him, sir. He may decide to be sensible. There's this other girl he was out with. Should be a line there. You're quite sure he is the man?  
Well, sir, his cheque was found by the body. There's definite evidence he knew her better than he admits. He was on the common when she was killed, but says he doesn't know whether he saw her or not. Used to be a mental case. Recently. I think it's disgraceful. Nobody's safe with a man like that about.  
- No, indeed.  
- A man like what, Mrs Vinton?  
A man like... like the man who murdered Miss Newman.  
- The police'll find him.  
- The police!  
They invite the cooperation of the public and when you go there and try to help them, all you get is rudeness. I expect they're fed up with listening to gossip. Well, I certainly don't consider it gossip to...  
- Oh, hello.  
- Good evening.

Excuse me. I shan't be in to dinner this evening, Miss Selby.

- Very well.

- Can I have the flowers I left?

Oh, yes. Here they are.

I'm afraid I forgot to put them into water but...

That's all right, thank you.

Flowers!

(Car pulling up)

Ah, Mr Ackland, could you spare us a few minutes?

There's one or two points we'd like to straighten out.

What points?

What we'd really like is a more detailed statement from you.

- But I've told you everything I know.

- If you don't mind, Mr Ackland.

Won't tomorrow do?

I think it'd be better if we could settle it up now.

All right, you better come inside.

There's no need to bother the hotel people.

If you'd like to come back to my office, it'd really save time.

Just as you like. I have to make a phone call first though.

You can do that from the office too.

"Mr Ackland left me at my brother's house.

"The time was about 10:30pm.

"He did not say he was going back to the hotel, but I assumed that he was.

"I know of no appointment he may have had. I did not see him again that night."

Now, if you'll just read that through yourself, Miss Carden, and if it's correct, sign it.

Look, what is the point of all these questions?

Just a routine enquiry, sir.

But this about his being normal or abnormal, that's not routine.

I just want to get everything straight, sir.

Yes, I suppose it was silly of me to ask.

- Here you are.

- Thank you, miss.

Does Mr Ackland know you're making these enquiries?

I don't really know, miss. There's no harm in your telling him, of course.

I should tell him anyway, whether there was harm or not.

Well, I'll be going.

Thank you very much, miss.

Sorry to have disturbed you. Good night, ma'am.

- Good night.

- Good night, miss.

We have to do our duty, you know, sir.

Yes, but you mustn't expect people to enjoy it.

- Good night.

- Good night, sir.

(Telephone)

Hello? Oh, hello, Jim, yes.

Oh.

Yes, all right, I'll tell her.

See you later.

That was Jim. He'll be a little late.

The police want him to make another statement about this girl.

He's at the police station now.

But why Jim? What's he got to do with it? Do they think he murdered her?

Don't be silly, darling.

They have to do all they can to find out who did it.

But why Jim? What can he know about it? It's ridiculous.

(Joyce) Of course.

Jim talked about it today.

The girl lived at his hotel.

She borrowed some money from him. He gave her a cheque.

It was found near the body.

After he left you last night, he didn't go straight home.



Says he went for a walk on the common  
but can't remember much about it.

(Joyce) Harry!

Those are the facts.

The police deal in facts.

Oh, excuse me, is there anybody...

Yes. Miss Selby?

Can I help?

Oh, I don't know if you  
remember me, my name is Wilcox,

- I was a friend of Miss Newman's.

- Yes, I remember.

I only heard about the tragedy today.

It was a great shock.

I was in Birmingham. I  
came up as soon as I heard.

- It was a great shock to all of us.

- Yes.

Poor little Molly.

I'd like to get my hands  
on the swine who did it.

We were hoping to be married, you know.

Oh, dear. I am sorry.

I expect you would like to see her parents.

Well, no, I wouldn't  
want to intrude just now.

They were here this afternoon, I  
think they're staying at the Crown.

Oh, I'm staying there myself,  
so I'll probably be seeing them.

What I really came for, Miss Selby,  
what I really wanted to ask you was,  
if I might sit quietly  
in her room for a while.

- Well...

- I know it's sentimental of me, but...  
well, we were very close to each other.

You can understand that, I know.

I'll get the key. I don't  
suppose there's any harm in it.

Her parents have taken away most  
of her things except the gramophone.

Things don't matter now, Miss Selby.

Oh, no, of course not.

It's room number seven on that side. I'll show you.

No, no, don't you worry, I can find it.

What are you doing here?

Well, old man, is it any of your business?

No, I'm not the police. I'll call them.

Now look here, there's no need for that sort of talk.

Besides, I have Miss Selby's permission to be here.

Have you got permission to take anything out of the room?

Well, these letters are my property.

I wrote them and legally that makes them my property.

They might be evidence.

Oh, no, there's nothing to them, they're just friendly.

Miss Newman was a friend of mine.

But, er... well, if they got into the wrong hands... You know.

What hands?

Well, you're a man of the world, the wife, you know how it is.

I asked Miss Newman to burn them, but you know what women are about letters - sentimental.

She told me she kept them pinned up behind the curtains.

For safety, you see.

Yes.

Women can be a bit of a nuisance sometimes, can't they?

As a matter of fact, I think you've got something there, eh?

By the way, what about her letters to you?

Always put them on the fire.

No use asking for trouble.

What about the letter she posted last night?

What letter?

When she went out last night, she was going to the post box.

She may have posted that letter before she was... killed.

Supposing it was to you?  
She always wrote on Sundays.  
But that wouldn't be evidence,  
that letter, would it?  
Police might think so.  
Have you seen them?  
Tomorrow morning. This  
is going to be awkward.  
They're bound to bring it out at  
the inquest, even if it's harmless.  
It's all so unfair.  
You know what I should do if I  
were in your position, Mr Wilcox?  
What?  
When you get back, put it on the fire with the rest  
- unopened.  
That's the best way.  
Yes.  
It's not as though she's say anything  
they could use to find this lunatic.  
No, you'll only involve yourself.  
Hm.  
Anyway, the police already know who did it.  
They know him? Who is it?  
They haven't actually arrested him yet,  
but it's only a matter of hours, I gather.  
Let's go downstairs a minute.  
Jenny, darling, won't you  
have something to eat now?  
No, thanks, I'll wait  
and have dinner with Jim.  
Would you like Harry to  
phone the hotel again?  
(Telephone ringing)  
Hello?  
Oh, hello, Jim, dear. Where are you?  
Aren't you coming here?  
Yes, darling, of course I want to see you.  
Darling, I don't understand,  
I want to see you.  
All right.  
At the corner.  
- But, Jim...  
- (Click)

Jenny, what is it?

Jim, he won't come here.

I'm going to meet him.

- But, darling...

- Jenny, you're not to go out.

Please, Jenny. Jim can look after himself, you mustn't get mixed up in all this.

Besides, it may be dangerous.

You do think he did it, don't you?

Well, it's possible, yes.

Be reasonable, Jenny.

Wait until the whole thing's cleared up before you see him.

It'll only be a day or two.

Don't wait up for me.

(Jenny) It's all right. It's all right now.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, darling. I didn't mean to sound like that on the phone.

I know. The police were at our house this evening, they wanted to know what time you left me last night.

Is it bad?

They think I killed her.

Jim?

The didn't say that, of course, but they keep asking the same questions in different ways.

How many times have I seen Miss Newman?

How often have we spoken?

How, when, why, what for?

- But it's all right now?

- I don't know, I get confused.

I've been wondering...

perhaps I did kill her and don't remember.

That's not possible.

It might be... with me.

What does Harry think?

- Well, he doesn't like the police asking...

- Does he think I did it?

- It doesn't matter what Harry thinks.

- It does a bit, you know.

Harry's a very reasonable

person. If he's not quite sure...

You didn't do it and they're bound to find the person who did.

- Not if they're trying to prove it was me.

- They can't do that.

Can't they? Do you know Mrs Ackland

- her husband's a successful murderer?

Perhaps they can't hang me, but they can make me wish they could.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I...

I try to be reasonable, then I... I get tired and I... I can't hold on any more.

You've got to, darling.

Now, let's think.

She went to post a letter, so it...

What was she like?

Pretty. A little pathetic.

Boyfriend in Birmingham.

- Couldn't it have been him?

- No, he was in Birmingham.

A man named Wilcox. The police checked.

Jenny?

- What is it, what do you want?

- It's getting late.

- Hello, Jim.

- Hello.

I'm going to walk back to the hotel with Jim.

No, darling, Harry's quite right.

You'd have to walk back across the common and it isn't safe.

Shall I see you tomorrow?

It isn't what Harry wants, it's what you want.

I'll call for you at the hotel at eight o'clock.

You do understand, don't you, Jim?

- Until this business is cleared up.

- Yes, I understand.

I won't see her.

I'll give you a letter for her in the morning. Good night.

Jim, I don't want you to think that I...

Oh, excuse me... is your name Ackland?

Er... yes, why?

I'd... I'd like a word with you.

Who is it? What do you want?

You dirty tyke!

(Grunts)

Hello, what's up? What's happened?

- Hurt yourself?

- No, I'm all right.

- Can you manage?

- Yes, thanks.

- What did you do, trip over?

- I'm quite all right, thanks.

- What is it? What's the matter?

- He tripped over in the drive.

- Are you all right, Mr Ackland?

- Yes, thanks.

Look, you better put  
some iodine on those cuts.

I've got some in my  
room. I'll get it for you.

Oh.

Thanks.

What is it? What's happened?

I don't know. I just found  
him lying outside in the drive.

I saw that chap Wilcox drive off  
as I was coming along the road.

- But he went half an hour ago.

- He must've waited outside.

After what they were telling  
him in there earlier...

I better get that iodine.

- Is it bad?

- No, just a graze.

Shakes you up though, doesn't  
it? Here, let me give you a hand.

Why don't you take your  
coat off and sit down?

Thanks.

No, it isn't bad.

Did you, er... see a man drive away  
in a car just as you came along?

Mr Wilcox, you mean?

Oh, that's who it was.

I'm going to put some iodine on. Hold tight.

Thanks.

I didn't really trip over, you know.

Your Mr Wilcox knocked me down.

- With his car?

- No, his fists.

Oh.

- I think it'll be all right now.

- Thanks, I really am grateful.

Do you know this Wilcox?

No, I just met him here this evening.

Shall I leave the iodine?

You might want more.

No, it'll be all right.

He seemed to be a little bit

upset. The police probably.

Well, he's going to see them tomorrow.

Oh.

So the police aren't the only ones who think I'm a murderer, is that it, Mr Pope?

Well...

I'll be going.

Look, Mr Ackland, I don't like murder any more than anybody else, but you may as well know what you're up against.

I'm not mentioning any names, but there's one party in this hotel who's definitely been to the police and everybody else with a lot of stuff that's three parts lies and the rest hearsay. That's all.

Mrs Vinton?

I've said I'm not mentioning any names. Just so long as you know.

Good night.

Thanks.

Good night.

She went to post a letter.

I'm not sure how long I'll be gone but I have some important business.

Of course. When were you thinking of going?

Well, I haven't made up my mind yet.

I suppose I should be wanted for the adjourned inquest.

How tiresome, I do hope  
all this unpleasantness...

Excuse me. Miss Selby, there was a  
Mr Wilcox here earlier this evening,  
- do you remember him?

- Yes, I think I do, yes.

Do you happen to know where he's  
staying? It's rather important.

Well, no, I... I don't think...

It's important, Miss Selby, try to remember.

He did say something about the Crown.

The Crown, thank you.

Of course, my doctor's  
the best man in Birmingham.

But I told him, ulcer or no  
ulcer, I've got my job to do.

(Woman) What have you done to your hand?

Oh, I knocked it.

He said I'm a nervy, sensitive  
type. I suppose I am in a way.

- Splash?

- Water, please.

No, when you've got a lot of brain work  
to do and you're virtually indispe...

It's all right, you needn't  
worry, I just want a word with you.

What about?

This is the resident's bar, you know.

Well, we can go somewhere else, if you like.

Sit down.

Well?

You must've left Birmingham  
early this morning.

I suppose you wouldn't have had time  
to receive a letter posted last night?

What's the idea?

When your friend, Miss Newman, was murdered,  
she'd gone out to post a letter.

I think that letter was to you.

- Why me? It could've been to anyone.

- But most likely to you.

She borrowed money from me on Saturday night.

She seemed to be in some sort of trouble.

She might've said something



about it in her letter.

She couldn't phone you  
because of your... wife.

Are you trying to kid me?

Borrowed money. What do you think I am?

I'd paste the living daylight out of  
you, only it'd be like kicking a dead man.

Now, get out.

Oh!

(Woman) Yes, do you want another?

Do you?

No, thank you.

Now, how friendly am I supposed  
to have been with Miss Newman?

Friendly?

I know you were in her room every night.

- Is that what you were told at the hotel?

- Isn't that enough?

Yes, it's enough.

Now, listen, Wilcox, this is advice.

If you do get that letter, don't  
lose it. Give it to the police.

Morning. Good morning.

- Good morning.

- Good morning.

Good morning.

Morning, Mrs Vinton.

- Morning.

- Good morning.

They've forgotten to put  
the marmalade out again.

I'd like a word with you, Mrs Vinton.

Oh? Will you pour out or shall I?

- Time I was off.

- Just a minute, Mr Pope.

I'd like everybody to hear what  
I have to say to Mrs Vinton.

Will you pass your cup, dear?

Lying to the police when there's been  
a murder, is a very serious offence.

You can be sent to prison for it.

Mr Pope, are you going to

allow this man to insult me,

- or do I have to send for Miss Selby?

- Yes...

Mr Pope and Miss Selby can't alter the fact that you've made false statements. I've done my duty as a citizen.

- By lying?

- I haven't lied.

Everyone will bear me out.

I only said what everybody thought.

Nobody cares a rap about me.

There, now!

What did you mean by telling the police that I was in Miss Newman's room every night?

That wasn't her! That was Mr Peachy.

Mr Peachy?

- Is that right, Pope?

- Well, yes, I think it was.

(Mrs Vinton) Of course it was!

Only it's the truth.

He had the room below.

Oh, I've never been so insulted in my life! (Sobs)

Miss Selby, is Mr Peachy in?

No, he's gone into town on business. At least, I think so.

All right, thank you.

I'm sorry, Mrs Vinton, but I wanted the truth.

- Goodbye.

- These are up to date.

Thanks.

Jim, I've been trying to speak to you all day, to apologise.

- What for?

- Losing my head last night

- and behaving so absurdly.

- Oh, that's all right.

You can't be too careful.

Yes, but, er...

Looks a bit different in the daylight, is that it?

Oh, erm... that's for Jenny about tonight.

- Well...

- Go on, take it.

I'm leaving early, if you don't

mind, I've got to see the police.

No...

I'm seeing them this time.

From what was said by

Miss Parsons and Mr Pope,

I concluded that my

relationship with Miss Newman

had been grossly

misrepresented to the police.

I repeat, I was in her

room on only one occasion -

when the lights fused.

She came to my room on only one occasion,

and that was to borrow the money.

I see. Is that all, Mr Ackland?

Yes, that's all. I'll sign it.

Well, I imagine that clears

the air a good deal, Inspector.

When did you decide to make this statement?

- As soon as I'd heard what'd been said.

- I see.

As soon as you discovered the

existence of Mr Peachy's statement.

Yes, that's right.

Oh, I see.

You mean that when I found

I'd been caught out in a lie,

I came to discredit Peachy, is that it?

Is there any reason that you know of

why Mr Peachy should make a false...

I've already told you, no,

he must've been mistaken.

The other guests in the

hotel don't think it likely...

- What they think isn't evidence.

- But then neither is this, Mr Ackland.

- The letter she wrote is evidence.

- We haven't overlooked it.

- It was probably addressed to Wilcox.

- Probably.

Have you any idea how your cheque

came to be just by her when she was found?

Lt... must've fallen out of

her handbag in the struggle.

Was there a struggle?

I imagine there usually is  
when somebody's strangled.

The cheque was screwed up into a ball.

If it had just slipped out of her  
handbag, it would be flat, wouldn't it?

Why don't you ask me if I murdered her?

Oh, I don't know. Should I?

It might save time.

That would depend on your reply, wouldn't it?

Shall we forget this and start again?

We have a pretty clear idea  
about the person we want.

We think he's a man with mental  
trouble in the background -  
a paranoiac, believing that  
the world is against him,  
that people are lying about him.

Someone not quite responsible  
for his actions at times.

We think he got tired of this girl  
because another girl came along.

We think that Molly Newman  
tried to blackmail him  
and that in a fit of rage, he killed her.  
That's not true.

Most people'd hang for it, but not  
this man, not with his mental history.  
They'd call it an uncontrollable impulse.  
There'd be a verdict of guilty but insane.  
No fuss

- quiet, proper medical treatment.

What do you say, old chap?

One more statement? A real one, this time.

I didn't do it, you know.

I just, er... crossed the common.

I was... walking.

Yes?

I didn't do it.

I didn't do it, Inspector. It's fantastic!

I couldn't have done it... could I?

(Train whistle)

(Train puffing)

(Train whistle)

- Mr Ackland, your key.

- Is Mr Peachy in?

Yes.

I heard your knock. Didn't answer because I didn't want to be disturbed.

There's something important I want to ask you.

Well?

Why did you lie to the police about Miss Newman and me?

Shut the door, will you, please?

I'd rather these wild accusations weren't heard by everybody else.

They might be taken seriously.

Supposing you take this one seriously.

I don't like your tone.

If you think you've been lied about, why don't you go to the police?

I have been.

- Oh? Didn't they believe you?

- You haven't answered my question.

- Why did you lie?

- I told the truth.

You were in her room and she was in yours, often.

That's not the truth.

One night I saw you kissing on the landing. Is that not true?

Well, yes, but that was not...

You asked for answers, you better listen.

You gave her money too, didn't you?

- Thirty pounds.

- How do you know that?

Miss Newman showed me the cheque.

When?

Just before I killed her.

You stay where you are.

I don't want anyone else to hear us.

No... No witnesses.

I think I'd like you to hear.

I think a condemned man should always know why he is condemned.

- You're insane.

- I have my pride, Mr Ackland.

Before you came here,  
Miss Newman... liked me.  
She was a nervous girl  
always, but she liked me,  
and I liked her.  
Why else do you think I stayed  
in this middle-class filth?  
I could buy the place up ten times!  
You must've known her  
before you came here, then?  
Previous acquaintance? Oh, no.  
No evidence of that kind either.  
I saw her one day in the  
street. I followed her here.  
She didn't know my real name, of course.  
Neither do you.  
But... she was... beautiful to me.  
She was always in need of  
money and I gave her money.  
Gave it to her. You understand?  
Yes, yes, I... I understand.  
Then you came here and  
everything began to change.  
You made her hate me.  
How did you feel about Wilcox?  
She never got any money from Wilcox.  
She wouldn't have dared ask him.  
He didn't know about... Molly and me.  
But you, the pair of you up there  
sniggering about me, paying me off.  
I threw the cheque in her face.  
So, that's how it was.  
Yes. That's how it was.  
I threw the cheque in  
her face. That scared her.  
Then she started to run and...  
I always... liked her in that scarf.  
It was soft... pretty.  
I took it away as a... memento.  
Oh, no, I burned it afterwards. It  
wouldn't have been safe to keep it.  
So, now there's no evidence  
at all against me, none.  
She said nothing about me in

her letters to Wilcox, nothing.

Now there's only you.

First her...

and now you.

I shan't stay in London again.

It's been very lonely.

I need somewhere new, somewhere in the sun.

No, there's nothing you can do.

The police didn't believe you  
before, they won't believe you now.

There's no evidence. No proof.

Nothing.

(Objects smashing)

Why are you here? Didn't

Harry give you my note?

You should've known it wouldn't stop me.

- Move over.

- What's the matter?

- I'm going to the police.

- What's happened?

But he had a poker in his hand,

he's quite obviously crazy!

I see, and you think we ought to detain

Mr Peachy for questioning, is that it?

I don't know what the formula is

but he told me he's killed her.

- He's clearing out. He's already packed.

- This is a free country.

It's not yet a criminal  
offence to leave your hotel.

But this man's confessed

he did it, Inspector.

- Were you at the interview?

- No.

Then I can't ask you to  
make any statement about it.

Mr Peachy is going to Scotland. He'll

be staying in Glasgow until the 10th,

when he returns here for

the adjourned inquest.

He telephoned this afternoon to tell me.

Glasgow? I don't believe it.

He has a room booked at

the Midland Hotel there.

I still don't believe it.  
And neither would you if  
you'd heard what I heard.  
He's going away all  
right, but not to Glasgow.  
Mr Ackland, you've been under a  
great strain these last few days.  
Mental trouble can play tricks with people.  
Leave my mental state out of this.  
I've given you some information.  
Are you going to act on it or aren't you?  
You've given me no information.  
You've made some accusations,  
I've taken note of them.  
- What's the matter?  
- I'll walk from here.  
Jim.  
What are you going to do?  
I'm going back to the hospital tomorrow.  
No, darling, no, you can't  
do that. You can't give in.  
(Train whistle)  
You said that when the fear  
went, the danger would go.  
But the fear's come back again.  
- And this time it won't go away.  
- (Train whistle)  
But don't you see? This time  
you're not alone, it's both of us.  
I've got to go back to the hospital, Jenny.  
Then you'd always be afraid,  
always, because you'd given in.  
But you don't know what  
these things are like.  
A child without a head  
and I'm the executioner.  
A strangled girl and I'm the murderer.  
- The wheels of...  
- Jim!  
You're not the murderer and you know  
who is and you've got to stop him.  
- It wouldn't be any use.  
- Maybe not,  
but it'd be something, you'd still be trying.



Look, darling, don't give up, don't give up, please.

- What more can I do?

- You can stop Peachy.

I'm tired, Jenny.

Darling...

you can't give in now.

All right.

Better get your coat on.

District Superintendent, CID, please.

And tell them outside, if anything

comes through from Birmingham,

I want to see it immediately.

Hello, Godby here, sir. It's about Ackland.

I think it's time we had him inside.

You wait here.

- Are you going out?

- I won't be intimidated.

We can't spend all our

time cooped up in here.

Besides, everybody's out

and we can't find a fourth.

- So, we're going to the pictures.

- Oh, do be careful.

- Where is he?

- Upstairs.

Oh. Well, anyway, I can take care of myself.

We shan't go across the common, though.

Which is Mr Peachy's room?

Number three, but he left this afternoon.

Left?

Yes, he had to catch a night

train to Scotland. He...

- He's gone.

- Yes.

British European Airways label.

- It might be an old one.

- I don't think so.

European Airways?

He said he was going somewhere in the sun.

Couldn't you phone up the airline

and find out if he's got a booking?

He won't be travelling in the name of Peachy.

But if we can find his real name and

prove he hasn't gone to Scotland...

There's something we can try. Come on.

Brockhurst Common Hotel.

When Mr Peachy left, how did he go?

- How?

- Yes, how, did he have a taxi or what?

Don't get flustered, Miss Selby.

He had a car. One of those from the station.

Did he go to the station?

- He had his luggage...

- Let's try the station.

...so I suppose he was going to the station.

Miss Selby... the fire.

Yes, Miss Heap, you want some more

coal. I'll just finish this typing...

- Good evening. Is Mr Ackland in?

- Oh.

No, he went out a minute ago.

Do you know here to, Miss Selby?

- He said something about the station.

- Thank you.

(Knocks)

Yes?

How many people bought  
tickets in the last hour?

- Must've been about ten or a dozen.

- Do you remember a short...

Let me see, that's not  
generally a very busy train.

Do you remember a  
middle-aged man with glasses?

- He had luggage with him.

- Don't know about luggage.

- I can't see from here, you see.

- No, but I think...

There's lots of middle-aged  
men with glasses.

- Yes.

- Friend of yours?

Yes.

Bert, d'you see a middle-aged  
chap with luggage on the 8:40?

He wore glasses.

- Yes, there was. A short plumpish chap?

- That's it. Where'd he go?  
London, I suppose. That's

**where the 8:**

- When's the next?  
- (Car doors closing)  
- Five minutes.  
- Thanks. Two tickets to Paddington.  
- Single or return?  
- Singles.  
- Mr Ackland.  
- What do you want?

You have to come to the station.  
We'll detain you for questioning  
in connection with the murder...

- Jim!

- Stop him!

Hey, what's the game?

Listen.

- Did you see him go right across?

- No.

He could've doubled back.

We'd better put a call out for  
him quick. You get out on the road.

- He's got away.

- Not for long, Miss Carden.

There'll be a call out. Where's the phone?

- Excuse me.

- Yes, sir, what can I do for you?

I want a car to go to Paddington.

I'm sorry, sir, got no drivers in just now.

Oh. Well, couldn't I drive myself?

- Oh, no. Insurance.

- It's urgent. Could you take me?

I've got a job to finish on a back  
axle by first thing tomorrow morning.

- Look, double fare. I've got to go right away.

- What time's your train?

- It isn't a train, I've got to meet somebody.

- Won't she wait?

No, no, she says she'll break  
our engagement if I'm late.

My wife used to be like that.

- Paddington, you said?

- That's right. Yes.

(Whistle)

**The 8:**

Common came in ten minutes ago.

On time, for a change!

Up the front, on the right.

Do you happen to remember a short middle

- aged man with a lot of luggage?

Most of them have. Travelling,  
you know. Up front, on the right.

This luggage had white bands  
and a lot of labels on it.

Been to a lot of places, eh?

Up the front, on the right.

- I don't know. Ask a porter.

- Thanks.

Must have a platform ticket  
to go on. There's the machine.

- Joe?

- Yeah?

Was there much luggage on the  
last from Brockhurst Common?

- Not much, why?

- Better ask him.

Thanks.

I'm trying to find a friend  
of mine, came up on the 8:40.

He had luggage with white  
bands and a lot of labels on it.

Mm, not me. I was a wicker basket,  
a bike and a crate of chicks.

- What'd he look like? - Oh,  
middle-aged, glasses, not very tall.

- What was he wearing?

- Don't know.

Sorry. Better ask one of the other boys.

Hey, Bert, did you handle a lot of  
luggage with white bands on the 8:40?

Yes, why?

Looking for a friend of his. Where'd he go?

Search me. Put his bags in the left  
luggage, that was the last I saw of him.

- Where's left luggage?

- (Both) Over there, sir.

Thanks.

Thank you, sir!

- Ticket, please.

- I haven't got one.

I want to ask about luggage left here

ten minutes ago by a friend of mine.

You better enquire at the other counter, sir.

Thanks.

I want to ask about luggage left

ten minutes ago by a friend of mine.

- Other counter.

- The other counter sent me here.

- We only take luggage in here.

- I just want to look at the labels.

- Look at the labels?

- It's important.

Just a moment, sir.

- Couldn't I come round and have a look?

- Sorry, sir, against the rules.

- It's urgent.

- I'm sorry, sir.

What's the trouble?

Wants to look at somebody's  
luggage. Hasn't got the ticket.

Oh, well, you know, sir...

You see, Officer, I missed a  
friend of mine I was meeting,  
and I thought the name of his  
hotel might be on his luggage.

- Oh.

- I've really got to see him.

It's vitally important

- his wife's been taken seriously ill.

Oh, well, in that case, you

better come round this way.

Thank you.

I'll talk to the clerk in charge.

Brown overcoat, blue scarf,

Ackland's the name. Got it?

Yes, Sergeant.

Watch your step if you do see him.

He's already run for it once tonight.

Yes, Sergeant.

- Is this it, sir?

- No, not enough labels on it.

(Man) Beckett.

There's a general call  
for a man named Ackland,  
wanted for questioning

- murder.

Clean-shaven, medium height,  
thickset, brown overcoat, blue scarf.

- Brown overcoat, blue scarf?

- Yes.

- There's a chap like that in here now.

- Where?

Just round the other side.

I thought you said five minutes.

- Sorry.

- Did you meet her?

No.

My wife always meets me.

He hired a black Austin saloon from  
the garage and went to Paddington.

Good, circulate that and  
keep a man at the garage.

You're treating him like a criminal!  
He's behaving like one, Miss Carden.

- Come on, Jenny.

- (Telephone)

Hello? Ackland?

Yes, put him through.

Yes, Ackland? Where are you?

Never mind where I am. Now, listen.

Peachy's leaving the country by air tonight.

Flight number B/324 to Lisbon.

I see. Yes, I've got it. Where are you?

What does he say? Let me speak to him.

Yes, yes, of course I'm  
going to do something.

But where are you now, Ackland?

What difference does it make where I am?

You've got under an hour to get Peachy.

Either at Paddington when he picks  
up his luggage or at Northolt.

But you haven't enough  
evidence to extradite him.

If he gets out, you've lost him.

Yes, I realise all that. Don't worry, we'll look after it.

In the meantime, why don't you be a reasonable chap and come back here?

What for?

But I've answered all your questions.

Well, you wouldn't listen to me, I had to get proof. What else could I do but run?

But there's no point in my coming to your office now.

You don't believe me, do you?

You don't believe a word of it.

You still think I'm a lunatic trying to save my own skin.

No, I won't!

No!

- Now, look here, Inspector...

- Please, Mr Carden.

Get onto Northolt, give them a description of Peachy.

He may be on the Lisbon plane under the name of Hatfield.

If he is, they're to delay him.

We're not fools, Miss Carden.

Give us a statement we can check and we'll check it.

Teleprint from Birmingham, sir.

It's the letter the girl wrote on Sunday.

A man named Peachy.

I want to go to Loughton Hospital.

Loughton? That's in the Midlands.

I've got to go back there.

Well, you're not going there in this lot. I only did Paddington as a favour.

Well, do you want to go back to Brockhurst or don't you?

All right. I'll go back.

(Woman on PA) Attention, please, will all passengers for Lisbon please report to the embarkation desk immediately.

This Portuguese visa isn't quite in order, Mr Hatfield.

The date's rather indistinct.

The travel bureau got it for me.

I dare say we can straighten it  
out if you don't mind waiting a bit.

Just a moment, Mr Peachy.

Changed your mind about Glasgow?

I see. Thanks.

He got out on the corner at  
Brockhurst Avenue and London Road.

The driver said he was talking  
about going to Loughton Hospital.

We've got to do something!

Wait a minute, darling, he's  
probably gone back to the hotel.

No, he won't do that, he doesn't know  
what's happened. I'm going to find him.

I could send the patrol car to find him, sir.

I think you've done enough.

I think we both have.

- He won't be here.

- Well, where else can he be?

We've been all over the common.

Anyway, I'll have another  
talk to Miss Whatshername.

- Selby.

- She might have some idea.

It's worth trying anyhow.

(Train whistle)

(Train whistle)

Jim!

Jim!

(Train whistle)

Jim!

It's all right. The police know now.

I didn't give in! I didn't give in.