

ELSA. Much worse. Now he's been murdered.

PETER *and* DEBBIE *exchange a stressed glance.*

This is very tragic for me. I'm on a roller coaster.

PETER. Why do they want to talk to you?

ELSA. They can't help themselves. To them everything is an 'investigation'. Can't they leave murdered people in peace? Haven't they suffered enough? Don't murdered people have any right to privacy?

DEBBIE. But why – ... why are they talking to *you*, Elsa?

ELSA. Oh, I guess, because I spent a week with him before I got here.

DEBBIE. Sorry, what?

ELSA. Just a week of innocent companionship.

DEBBIE. But when you first got here, you said you'd come straight from the airport.

ELSA. Did I?

DEBBIE. Yes, you did. You absolutely did. You said you'd just flown in from Denver.

ELSA. How interesting!

DEBBIE. Now you're telling us you'd been in London for a whole week before you even got here.

ELSA. Well, it's a grey area, isn't it? Let's agree on that. If you'll excuse me, I have to go pack.

PETER. Are you leaving?

ELSA. Oh, I just like to pack every now and then, in case of any events.

ELSA now heading up the stairs.

DEBBIE. Elsa... are you a suspect?

ELSA. Could you be a little more specific, dear?

DEBBIE. In Barnaby's murder.

ELSA. Oh, no, no. Just at the talking stage. You know men, they take ages before they get round to the subject. I made him sandwiches.

PETER. So you're *not* a suspect?

ELSA. Nobody's a suspect, sweetie, they think it's food poisoning.

DEBBIE. Food poisoning?

PETER. You just said it was murder.

ELSA. Tomayto, tomahto.

(Heading up the stairs.) If I have to leave suddenly could you say goodbye to the kids for me.

She heads up the stairs out of sight.

PETER *and* DEBBIE *look at each. Shit. Shit!!*

PC JUNKIN *has appeared through from the back garden. He's already deposited the milk back in the fridge, and teacup in the sink.*

He now appears through the living-room door with a large plate which has a single sandwich remaining on it.

PC JUNKIN. Can I use your toilet?

They stare at him for a moment. Thrown. Not sure what to say.

Sorry. Hello. Should have introduced myself earlier. PC Junkin, Dellside Station – I've just been talking to Elsa. Call me Phil, if you like. Or Dave. There were three Daves at the station already so I was moved on.

(Still their stares.) Can I use your toilet?

DEBBIE. What were you talking to Elsa about?

PC JUNKIN. Just routine. One of her friends has passed on, very suddenly – a purely routine conversation, that's all.

PETER. About what?

PC JUNKIN. Is it over there, the toilet? Would you mind?

He's pointing to the a toilet door, near the front door.

PETER. I'm sorry but we're going to need a bit more detail.
Actually, a lot more detail, if you don't mind.

PC JUNKIN.... Number twos.

PETER. No. No, I –

PC JUNKIN. Is that okay, downstairs? Some people are sensitive about solids near their living areas.

PETER. No, it's fine, we'd just like to know a bit more about what you were saying to Elsa.

PC JUNKIN.... Would you mind if I went to the toilet first? Too many sandwiches!

DEBBIE looks sharply at the plate.

DEBBIE. Did Elsa make those?

PC JUNKIN. Yes, sorry. Couldn't stop her, she was like a machine. Every time I opened my mouth, she popped one in. It was like being a postbox at Christmas. Or a turkey. Excuse me!

DEBBIE. Are you... feeling okay?

PC JUNKIN. Yes, yes, just a bit –

(Pats stomach.) I could go upstairs, if you're concerned about... particles.

They shake their heads – No, it's fine. PC JUNKIN *disappears into the toilet.*

PETER and DEBBIE *look at each other.*

PETER. No, it's ridiculous. She wouldn't.

DEBBIE grabs his arm, pulls him to the kitchen, safely out of PC JUNKIN's earshot.

DEBBIE. She wouldn't what? What wouldn't Elsa do? Kill people?

PETER. Not here, not in our house.

DEBBIE. Do you actually believe that?

PETER. She's been here for nearly a week, she hasn't killed anyone –

DEBBIE. For Christ's sake!

PETER. – we don't have to leap to conclusions, that's all I'm saying.

DEBBIE. Okay! How about this?

She grabs the sandwich plate with its solitary sandwich.

Would you eat this sandwich?

PETER.... why?

DEBBIE. Would you eat it?

PETER.... yeah.

DEBBIE. Would you though?

PETER. Yes.

DEBBIE. Would you *actually* eat it, for real? Would you eat it, in front of me, right now?

She's shoved it right under his nose. He's clearly uneasy.

PETER.... within reason.

DEBBIE. What does that mean?

PETER. Maybe a corner.

DEBBIE. Why only a corner? What's the point in that? You either think she's a serial killer, or you don't. You either think that sandwich is poisoned or you don't. What's the point in only eating a corner?? What's your strategy?

She shoves the sandwich plate into his hands – he now clutches it throughout the next sequence.

PETER.... splitting the difference.