

Hubert can only look at Leslie and cry

David Well, Sergeant, as none of this involves my wife, I think she'd like to go home.

Sergeant Your wife can go home, Doctor, when I've had some answers to a few questions. Like why Matron Pathological had a six-inch syringe stuck in her backside and why Ear, Nose and Throat and Surgical, having suffered similar injections, have disappeared off the face of the earth. Why Dr Bonney has a wife he knows nothing about, a mistress he calls Miss Tate, Mrs Tate and Mrs Lesley — and a *mother* he calls *Pussy*. Why the doctors in this place can make some patients rise amazingly from the dead, and, at the same time, they don't know if *other* patients are D.O.A., C.O.D., or have been hit by a number 34 B-U-S. Why there seems to be some permanent pantomime rehearsal in progress running concurrent with some vicar's tea party. Why the name Lesley seems to cover all forms of life — from unbalanced punks to neurotic dogs. And why, if you're called Lesley or Tate all your relatives have suffered fatal climbing accidents in the Himalayas. Why, if you have those aforementioned names of Lesley or Tate you don't seem to know who your mother or father is — and why I'm beginning to think you're *all* a bunch of baskets.

There is a pause

David What was the first question again, Sergeant?

Bill enters from the bathroom and walks down to the Sergeant

Bill (to the Sergeant) Is it safe to come out? (*He realizes he's talking to the Sergeant. Politely*) Nice to see you again, Sergeant.

There is a momentary pause and then Bill runs back into the bathroom

Sergeant Oi!

The Sergeant runs into the bathroom after Bill

David quickly closes the door and puts the chair from the desk underneath the door handle

David Rosemary — I've got to be quick. I think the time has come to tell you the truth about Leslie.