

**GILLETTE.** I'm so sorry to keep you waiting, Inspector.

**INSPECTOR.** Not at all. I'm only sorry I forgot my snowshoes.

**FELIX.** Hello.

**INSPECTOR.** There is no means of escape, Professor Moriarty!

*(She chuckles.)*

I recognize you from Mr. Gillette's most interesting play.

**FELIX.** Oh. I see. Did you enjoy it?

**INSPECTOR.** I found it unlikely, illogical, far-fetched and I enjoyed it immensely. Especially when you plunged to your death.

**FELIX.** Thank you.

**INSPECTOR.** I've always liked Sherlock Holmes, of course. You can't be in my business and not appreciate him. He's such a misfit. I like misfits. I don't know why.

*(GILLETTE and FELIX glance at each other. The INSPECTOR strolls around the room observing things.)*

**FELIX.** I don't suppose there's much crime out here in Connecticut, eh?

**INSPECTOR.** Oh, you'd be surprised. I have loads of cases, I just can't solve any of them. Ha! I seem to miss the clues for some reason. And yet I do catch all the criminals in the end. I don't know how exactly... *"The evil that men do lives after them! The good is oft interr'd with their bones!"* I thought I'd be an actress when I was a youngster, you see. I just never had the confidence, alas. But then I got a nose for blood, and that's all I needed. *"Blood will have blood!"* *"Is this a dagger which I see before me?!"* No it isn't, actually, it's missing.

**GILLETTE.** I'm sorry?

**INSPECTOR.** The dagger from your wall. This spot here. I can see the discoloration from where the dagger used to be.

**FELIX.** You know, it is unusual meeting a *woman* detective. I didn't know they existed. Are you one of many?

**INSPECTOR.** Not yet, I'm afraid, but I believe you might call me the wave of the future. I think of myself as a pioneer, heading West, fertilizing the land as I go.

**FELIX.** I don't want to think too hard about that...

**GILLETTE.** So what can we do for you, Inspector?

**INSPECTOR.** Well, a few minutes ago, someone called the police station and reported a murder. According to the operator, the call came from this house.

**FELIX.** This house?

**GILLETTE.** That's ridiculous.

**INSPECTOR.** Then it wasn't either of you who called?

**FELIX.** No.

**GILLETTE.** Not at all.

**INSPECTOR.** I see. And how is your arm feeling?

**GILLETTE.** I beg your pardon?

**INSPECTOR.** The arm where you were shot two weeks ago on the stage of your theatre in New York City. It was in all the papers. You see, I believe that *if* these two events – the shooting and the call – are unrelated, then we've got ourselves quite a coincidence. And coincidence makes me *very* suspicious.

*(Suddenly turning to FELIX who has been trying to get GILLETTE to notice the dead body on the floor.)*

Do you have a twitch?

**FELIX.** Twitch? No. Yes. Why?

**GILLETTE.** Inspector, the fact is, nothing unpleasant has happened here tonight. Unless you count my rather poor singing voice during the Christmas carols. Ha ha!