

TURING. About seven.

RON. About seven.

TURING. Don't change your mind.

RON. (*a grin*) I'll be there. (*RON Exits.*)

## Scene 4

*SCENE: LIGHTING change: Winter morning.*

*AT RISE: ROSS Enters.*

ROSS. We're having a bit of a problem with regard to this brush salesman you were telling us about.

TURING. Oh?

ROSS. We spoke to some of your neighbors. No one seems to have seen him but you. I don't understand it.

TURING. Perhaps they were out when he called.

ROSS. All of them?

TURING. It's possible.

ROSS. And we checked with the local domestic appliance firms. None of them have had a salesman working in your area.

TURING. Well, as I said, I might've been mistaken.

ROSS. What about?

TURING. What he was doing, what he was selling.

ROSS. I can't believe you'd make a mistake like that, sir. You must've been talking to him for several minutes.

At least. Weren't you?

TURING. As I recall, I was rather preoccupied. I was working, you see, and, uh ... well, to be honest, I don't remember much about him.

ROSS. What did he look like? You must remember what he looked like.

TURING. Not really. Youngish. Ordinary. I really didn't take much notice of him.

ROSS. You didn't, did you, sir?

TURING. Well, no.

ROSS. Why not?

TURING. He was only a travelling salesman, after all.

ROSS. Even so ... all that talk about burglars and suspicious characters — I'd have made sure I knew what he looked like.

TURING. Perhaps that's because you're a policeman.

ROSS. Could be.

TURING. Anyway, why is he so important? Surely it's the burglar you should be looking for.

ROSS. Supposing he wasn't a brush salesman. Supposing he was somehow involved in the burglary.

TURING. (*a hint of alarm*) What makes you think that?

ROSS. He might even be the burglar. It's an old trick: he knocks on the door, if no one answers, in he goes. The brush salesman story is just camouflage.

TURING. That doesn't make sense.

ROSS. Why not?

TURING. If he was involved in the burglary, why should he pretend to warn me?

ROSS. (*shrugs*) People do funny things.

TURING. Oh look, this is ridiculous. I feel I'm making a fuss about nothing. I didn't lose very much, well, hardly anything. I can't think why I bothered to report it.

ROSS. I'm glad you did, sir. All crimes should be reported: big and small.

TURING. It all seems to trivial.

ROSS. Trivial...?

TURING. Don't you think?

ROSS. Well, that's our problem now, so don't you worry about it. Okay?

TURING. (*a reluctant nod*) If you say so.

ROSS. Good. (*Goes to the door.*) If you remember anything — no matter how trivial it may seem — I'd be grateful if you'd let me know.

TURING. All right. (*ROSS opens the door for TURING.*)

ROSS. You won't be leaving Manchester, will you, sir?

TURING. (*a frown*) How do you mean?

ROSS. Just in case I need to talk to you.

TURING. Oh no — no, no ... well, I'll be in London next week, just for a couple of days.

ROSS. When?

TURING. Tuesday and Wednesday. I'm doing a broadcast.

ROSS. Oh really?

TURING. A talk — you know — a discussion.

ROSS. What about?

TURING. Er — machines. Can machines think? Is it possible to build a machine that thinks for itself?

ROSS. Sounds interesting. When's it on?

TURING. Tuesday evening, eight o'clock.