

ROSS. Sorry to bother you at home, sir.

TURING. It's no bother. Please come in.

ROSS. Thank you, sir. (*TURING closes the door; he feels obliged to explain his mode of dress.*)

TURING. I've just been, uh ... I do a bit of running.

ROSS. Ah.

TURING. I can't do as much as I used to, alas. (*small smile*) Middle-age creeping on.

ROSS. What were you: long distance, sprinter or what?

TURING. Long distance. Marathon, actually.

ROSS. God, I couldn't run that far when I was twenty, let alone now. (*TURING smiles; he and ROSS stand facing each other.*)

TURING. Do you, um ... do you want to ask me some more question?

ROSS. Yes, sir, I do; but first of all, I think we should try to clear up this story of yours.

TURING. What story?

ROSS. The one about a young man coming to your house to sell things; brushes, I think you said...?

TURING. Yes?

ROSS. We have good reason to believe that you were lying. (*no response*) Were you lying?

TURING. (*hesitates*) Yes.

ROSS. Why?

TURING. I'm sorry. It was very foolish of me.

ROSS. Would you like to tell me what really happened?

TURING. There was no brush salesman. I, uh ... a friend told me about the burglar. George.

ROSS. A friend...?

TURING. Yes.

ROSS. How did this friend know about the burglary?

TURING. He didn't know, exactly; he guessed.

ROSS. How did he guess?

TURING. He was having a drink with George, you see; in a milk bar, and, uh ... he mentioned me, my friend mentioned me, and told George where I lived. (*ROSS looks; waits.*) He'd been to dinner, you see. My friend. He'd been to dinner just a few days before, and he was telling George all about it. And then, um ... after the burglary — I told my friend what had happened and he said it might've been George. He knew that George was a petty thief, or whatever the expression is. It was just a guess.

ROSS. Well, your friend was right.

TURING. Was he?

ROSS. Detectives found some fingerprints here in your house. This man George has a criminal record.

TURING. Oh, I see. So that proves it? (*no response*) Yes, I see. (*brief pause*)

ROSS. This friend of yours: what's his name?

TURING. Ron. Ron Miller.

ROSS. A colleague of yours at the university?

TURING. Well, no.

ROSS. A social acquaintance?

TURING. In a way.

ROSS. Have you known him long?

TURING. Not long.

ROSS. How long?

TURING. Three or four weeks.

ROSS. And in those three or four weeks, how many

times have you seen him?

TURING. About once a week.

ROSS. How did you meet?

TURING. Just — you know, casually.

ROSS. He's just a casual, social acquaintance?

TURING. Yes.

ROSS. Not what you'd call a close friend?

TURING. Oh no.

ROSS. So why did you lie to conceal his identity?

TURING. I, um ... I didn't want to get him into trouble.

ROSS. Why not?

TURING. Well...

ROSS. He was, after all, partly responsible for your house being burgled.

TURING. I wouldn't say that.

ROSS. Wouldn't you, sir?

TURING. I wouldn't say, responsible.

ROSS. Partly responsible.

TURING. It's difficult to say. I mean, it's difficult to say exactly what his involvement in all this actually was — is.

ROSS. He told George your address.

TURING. Yes.

ROSS. And presumably he knows that George has got a criminal record.

TURING. Well, yes.

ROSS. So why go to all these lengths to protect him?

TURING. (*blurted it out*) The truth is, I'm having an affair with him. (*pause*)

ROSS. With Miller?

TURING. With Ron, yes.

ROSS. You're having a sexual relationship with this man?

TURING. Yes.

ROSS. What sort of sexual relationship?

TURING. How many sorts are there?

ROSS. You tell me, sir.

TURING. What exactly do you want to know?

ROSS. I need to understand the precise nature of this sexual relationship.

TURING. You mean you want to know what we did?

ROSS. That would help.

TURING. Well — since you ask — it wasn't much more than mutual masturbation.

ROSS. Did penetration occur?

TURING. No.

ROSS. You do realize, don't you, sir, that this is a criminal offense?

TURING. Look, isn't this rather beside the point? I thought we were trying to establish who had burgled my house.

ROSS. That's part of it, yes.

TURING. "Part of it" ... ? Part of what?

ROSS. You've just told me that you've committed a criminal offense. I can't ignore that, can I?

TURING. What criminal offense?

ROSS. Gross indecency.

TURING. Oh, now look — I didn't corrupt him — Ron knew what he was doing — he came to my house — *my* house, don't forget — he came here perfectly well aware

that we'd almost certainly go to bed together — it didn't come as any great surprise to him — he'd had other homosexual experiences — I mean, it's ludicrous to talk about criminal offenses — and, as I say, everything happened here, in private, in my own house, in private — if I hadn't told you, you wouldn't have known anything about it.

ROSS. But you did tell me.

TURING. Can't you forget about it? (*no response*) Can't you? (*pause*)

ROSS. How old is this man, Miller?

TURING. I don't know. Nineteen, twenty.

ROSS. And how old are you, sir?

TURING. Thirty-nine. (*brief pause*) Obviously I shouldn't have told you. I'm always saying things I shouldn't say. (*no response*) Look — surely there's no need to make a fuss about this? I mean, surely you can forget what I told you. Can't you? It's not asking much, after all. Please. (*ROSS remains silent; pause.*) What's the position if I make a statement? Shall I?

ROSS. That's up to you, sir. (*TURING hesitates for a moment.*)

TURING. Anyway ... all right ... yes, I'll make a statement. (*Looks at ROSS.*) You'll want me to go to the police station. I'd better get dressed. (*TURING Exits briskly.*)

CURTAIN