

HANGMEN AUDITION

INSPECTOR FRY

FRY. But, overall, I just think you went a bit far, that's all.

Uncomfortable silence from all.

I mean, nobody needs to know numbers, do they? Or what was said int' death cell, or who were scared or who weren't scared. Some things ought remain, I don't know, sacrosanct or summat.

Pause.

HARRY. Well...I agree, don't I? It says in black and white I refused to deign to give him a number, doesn't it, at start?

FRY. It does, at start, aye. Later it says two hundred and thirty-three.

Pause.

BILL. He wormed it out of you, didn't he, Harry?

HARRY. He wormed it out of me, that's right.

FRY. I know. That's what lad's like.

HARRY. I know!

FRY. That's why I said you shouldn't've talked to him int' first place.

HARRY. By, you're in a funny mood today, George. Just because *you're* not int' paper, were it?

FRY. No. I don't like being int' paper.

HARRY. You do!

FRY. I don't. It interferes with me job.