

A YOUNG SERGEANT shuts a heavy door. He stops Watson.

SERGEANT
You can't be here.

WATSON
I'm a Doctor.

The Sergeant waves the Police Man off. Watson kneels.

WATSON (CONT'D)
Dear G-D! Lord Ashworth...

SERGEANT
A neighbor called in: excited
shouts and what sounded like the
overturning of furniture. However,
after some minutes, the dispute
ended with, "playful banter," as
the Lady recalled.

Watson takes the dead man's pulse. There are two small wounds
in the man's neck.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Turned out to be more grim then she
could have expected.

Watson takes off his coat. He rolls up his sleeves.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

No signs of forced entry, nor did the neighbors spot any suspicious persons roaming about.

The Police Man inspects a nearby windowsill.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Is it...*him*? Is *he* back, Doctor?

WATSON

I've yet to be sure.

SERGEANT

Right, then. We've the maid in the next room. Helena Flaversham. But, be warned, she hasn't uttered a word of sanity all night.