

SCOTLAND YARD**-Ranjith R Dixit**

Detectives	Soldier	Police	Prime Minister
Harrison Brown	Ping Mist	Trevor Silver	Octus Vilza
James White		Mar	
Thief			
Xylis Black			

SILVER: Jewels all right, Mist?

MIST: Looks like it, Silver.

[They hear a swoop.]

SILVER: What is this, Ping?

MIST: I don't know, sir.

[BROWN comes rushing in.]

SILVER: Oh my—

BROWN: Don't you know? They are stolen. The er—whatever are gone.

SILVER: The Jewels? No, of course they cannot be. Mist is here and is telling me that everything is all right. You must be joking. Surely it is not real, is it?

BROWN: It is real.

SILVER: Get White and search this place all around.

BROWN: Underground, bus or taxi?

SILVER: Anything. Take Mist. I will come. And, oh, by the way, don't take Mist. Call up White and ask him.

[BROWN telephones.]

BROWN: Hello White. Very good. Check Ping-Pong? <groans> Let's see. Good— He is not here! You are on him already. Good. By—

[Telephone cuts.]

BROWN: MIST!

SILVER: Calm down HB. Ping has to do some investigation too.

[BROWN and SILVER are in downtown.]

BROWN: We have searched quite everywhere. Of course, except the Thames. Can't help not searching there, although. Why don't we go to the cafe? Nothing better than some hot chocolate.

[They are at the cafe.]

SILVER: Let us go to the Tower, HB.

[At the tower.]

BROWN: Excuse me, could you tell me anything about the theft, Mist?

MIST: Well, go ask JW, HB and TS.

BROWN: T, P T M T A O Y A S T I C A M H O T O Y A.

MIST: What?

BROWN: Then please let us get our way to get your thoughts about the thoughts of a person who has thought of covering up his thoughts, so that I might think of thinking up his thoughts in order to think up the thoughts of another thinking person who is thinking what am I thinking. Or, T P L U G O W T G Y T A T T O A P W H T O C U H T S T I M T O T U H T I O T U T T O A T P W I T W A I T.

WHITE: Tit for tat.

MIST: Oh, thief!

[A swoop]

WHITE: Where is PM gone?

BROWN: Octus Vilza?

WHITE: Ping Mist.

BROWN: Where is Silver?

WHITE: Silver? Oh, you mean Silver. He is —well— slivered. Not him, as in. His job, actually. A soldier now. Might be here any moment.

BROWN: What is happening round here? One swoop, Silver disappears, one swoop and Mist disappears. White, I need your explanation. How could Silver disappear and become the soldier so fast? And how come you appear so fast?

WHITE: HB, Silver is not disappearing. It is Xylis Black who is. He is striking at you.

BROWN: Dear friend, You think I don't know the difference between a —

WHITE: Oh yes, you see it all now, I presume.

BROWN: I must get to TS at once.

[A swoop.]

[SILVER appears and WHITE disappears]

BROWN: What in the world are these swoops?

SILVER: Hello.

BROWN: Hey, Silver. You are a soldier now, by what I hear, right?

SILVER: Are you nuts? Anyways, who told you that?

BROWN: White, James White, Trevor Silver. What in the words Harrison Brown has said is being proven wrong, Trevor Silver?

SILVER: Now listen, don't get your temper worked up. Since when do you know White is a trickster? Oh listen, He once told me that you had left for Austria in a stolen aircraft containing smuggled goods. And I called the Austrian police to check, got in trouble with the Austrian and English government, and my job of the head of Scotland Yard was almost reduced to a mere parking duty. Ah, so even you have fallen in for his great tricks!

BROWN: White, a trickster? Impossible. I have been working with him all my life. Is this just some of YOUR jokes?

SILVER: No, of course not.

BROWN: Very well then. So what do you think? Is this mysterious Xylis Black actually Mist?

SILVER: I don't think so. Anyways, let us go and see him altogether.

[They arrive at Mist's place: XCYI Cottage]
[They get inside.]

MIST: I didn't expect you here. I demand your reason for breaking in here.

BROWN: Wait a bit, Ping-Pong. I mean Sir Ping. I mean Mr. Mist, sir. Sorry. Let me note that down. You said: "I did —

MIST: "didn't". I must remark you have an awful memory, Brown-Orange.

BROWN: "I didn't extreme —

MIST: "expect". If you continue li —

BROWN: "expect you here. I destroy —

MIST: It is "demand". Ge —

SILVER: No Mist. Brown cannot remember what is the first word you said when we got here without having a look at his notebook. Brown, — — — — mind.

MIST: So, am I, the guard, proved innocent of the charges declared and accused by the James White?

SILVER: How did you get to know?

MIST: He told me. Tell me. You accused me didn't you?

BROWN: Let us get out of here, Mr. Mist, sir.

SILVER: No, let us stay here a little longer.

BROWN: Go—now.

[They rush off into the dark street beyond.]

SILVER: I am waiting for an explanation. You have just snatched defeat from the jaws of victory, Harrison Brown.

BROWN: No, in fact, I have just snatched victory from the jaws of defeat.

SILVER: What?

BROWN: I wanted Mist to lose his temper. I want to see him as he was, not under a disguise. If he really were a thief, he should have not corrected me. He should have made sure that I do not get the correct records. And why did he let slip the accusation that he was the thief if me and you, members of the Scotland Yard, had come to investigate on him?

SILVER: Well, he could be bad at thieving?

BROWN: Then how could he realise that we were after him when we came to his house, Silver?

SILVER: I don't know, HB.

BROWN: And since when has he been guarding the Jewels?

SILVER: About, say, ten years?

BROWN: And how many times in that ten years has Mist taken out the jewels to the museum?

SILVER: Say, 5-6 times?

BROWN: Exactly. Why didn't he steal it the first chance he got? Why did he have to wait all the way until the Scotland Yard was at full power before striking again? I think it is not anyone outside the Scotland Yard, Silver. It is someone inside it. Xylis Black is the Scotland Yard.

SILVER: Who do you suppose it is, anyways?

BROWN: I leave no one unsuspected, Silver, no one should be given the chance to go without our tests, Silver.

SILVER: Except of course, James White.

BROWN: Oh, please. Anyways, I will be gone now, to Colours Place. Do you want a ride to Uppers Colours'?

SILVER: Sure, thanks.

[They leave]

[Next day at Scotland Yard HQ's]

BROWN: Who could it be, TS?

SILVER: We just have to wait for the next swoop, HB.

BROWN: You forgot about the test that happened this morning. Someone was missing, I know someone was.

SILVER: Run through the list again if you want, HB.

BROWN: We have never ran through it even once, TS. Only White has, I know.

SILVER: HB, we have no reason to suspect a member of the Scotland Yard, I hope you know that by now.

BROWN: I am not saying that I am suspecting James White. Or—

SILVER: No, HB. He is inn—

BROWN: How do you know? He might not have attended the test at all for all we know.

SILVER: No, he has. And if it says he has in the list, he has.

BROWN: What if he has tampered with the list? What will you say then?

SILVER: Well, whatever you say, he has not tampered. I think I ought to fire you for spouting out such ridiculous suggestions about people tampering about with SY lists.

BROWN: Well, I agree they cannot if they are not in the SY, such as Mist. But if they are in the SY, it is a whole different situation.

[The telephone rings]

SILVER: I will receive it. Hello? Yes? Vilza? Here? Now? How about Later? No? Okay? Yes. No. Won't. B—

[The telephone cuts.]

SILVER: Vilza wants to see us.

BROWN: Does he support White?

SILVER: Apparently yes. He wants us to stop wasting money on these tests and use them for getting better detectives such as White. And HB, I am not blaming you for those tests. I agree that these tests are essential, but I have to stand my position. Thank you for your time.

BROWN: What? Are you firing me?

SILVER: No, Just doing something called dismissing.

[The door opens.]

VILZA: No need for anyone to leave this room. In fact I want if possible everyone who is related to this case here. Where is the head of the detectives, James White?

BROWN: James White is not the head of the detectives. I am.

VILZA: Hahaha. Are you James White, sir?

BROWN: No, I am Harrison Brown, Head of the Detectives at the Scotland Yard.

VILZA: Aren't you the person who is pouring out money to the tests at Scotland Yard? Listen to me: you are justing wasting both time and money of the government.

BROWN: Well, I think you are so addicted to money that you would call space-time cash-time if you were a physicist.

VILZA: Well, you think you are a clever man, don't you? Well, I suppose you would be more clever if you were hanging out in the streets, searching for a job, not able to pay all those big loans of money with nothing but loans, and finally, unemployed. Regret it.

BROWN: You may be the PM, but you cannot fire a person of the Scotland Yard without the Scotland Yard's permission.

VILZA: And who says that?

BROWN: You. James White proposed a bill last week saying that "No one from the Scotland Yard may be fired of their employment without the permission of the Head of the Scotland Yard, presently Trevor Silver". So, whatever Silver says is my command. Right, Silver?

SILVER: Well, I think you can manage if you are just slivered a little bit, right? As in, become, well, just a detective. You can manage that, can't you?

BROWN: Well, of course yes.

VILZA: I am the Prime Minister. I am the law. So I can alter it all right.

BROWN: If you alter it, you are just altering yourself. But if you bend it to an extent where it stretches for exceptions to the name of just one individual, you shall make sure that you have just cut yourself with the amount of exercise you are doing. So it is, after all, just your choice. Do you want to stay the same, or just get cut bad.

VILZA: I am going. I give in. The Scotland Yard is totally yours, Trevor Silver. It is not going to coincide with the Government. The Scotland Yard is now just a quasi force. And you, Silver, are going to make sure that this body shall not interfere economically with the Government. Get money somewhere else. We are only going to pay you for your services and nothing else. All the money and property that you have now is going to be under a bet: get me the Jewels or your property is under control of the Government. If you do manage to get the Jewels, you are going to have what you have now, and twice that amount in money. And by the way, the bet is to be completed by five days, that is, this Sunday. So, I am going to give you time till Monday next week. Thank you for your time.

[Door closes]

SILVER: Get James White up here, Mar. And you too Brown.

BROWN: Slivering my job, Silver?

SILVER: No, Brown. Just exchanging parts of your job with White.

BROWN: Are you firing me now?

SILVER: No, as you can see, I am not. If you are so keen on knowing whether you are being fired or not, your job could as well become parking duty. So do you want to be fired or not?

BROWN: Are you threatening me with all this parking duty? You cannot stop me from trying to find out if White is the thief because you should try to meet me meeting White to stop me from meeting White. And anyways, I would already have met him because you will come after I meet him or I would not have met him at all.

[White enters the room.]

WHITE: Hello everyone. See I have a promotion in my field.

BROWN: Silver, I am clinging on to my job for more time than you think I am going to. I do not care whether you are going to give White a promotion or not: I am going to be the Head of Detectives. White can be Xylis Black for all I care.

WHITE: Me, Black? Impossible Head, aren't you? Cannot afford a penny in our name.

SILVER: You are just a person who has hit us with a double edged sword, you cheat.

BROWN: Are you Xylis or not?

WHITE: I do not care if I am a detective or not. I am not with the police on this matter. I have just saved you, remember, Brown, by legislating that bill which makes sure that all administrative matters of staff shall fall within the street of the Head, in this case the Impossible Silver? Why don't you confess you are Xyl—

SILVER: White, I am not Black. You know that you are the opposite of what you are, White.

WHITE: Then I am W—

BROWN: Yes, you are White, White. Then please tell me who is Black.

WHITE: Mist. The cleverest person in the world.

BROWN: Mist is not a thief. You are.

WHITE: I am not. Mist is. He is the soldier.

[Mist enters.]

MIST: I am not a soldier yet.

WHITE: See, he is Black. I do not see why should he not be Black.

MIST: Because I found the criminal to this case, and it is Harrison Brown—

BROWN: You are not stepping another step, you are not, Mist.

MIST: Brown who knows the key to it. I have been directly forbidden by him to say his name. Although, to prove that I am not Black, I am warning you he is extremely powerful and you can have a nuclear problem here if you annoy him. He is— He is—

WHITE: I am not!

MIST: Octus Vilza.

[There are bangs and slams of doors. The room's door busts open. Vilza enters.]

VILZA: Freeze, you traitor of a Ping.

WHITE: Stop, you tyrant.

VILZA: I am not Black.

MIST: I am not Black.

WHITE: I am not Black.

BROWN: I am Black.

VILZA: What? I thought I was Black!

BROWN: Confessed!

VILZA/BLACK: Enough. Scotland Yard is dismissed from the Government. Isolation for all the members in this room except for me.

BROWN: White, get Vilza.

[WHITE drags VILZA back into the room.]

BROWN: Looks like we should not go by our suspicions, right, Silver and White? Mr.X is caught now by the Detectives of Scotland Yard. We have won the bet with Vilza, haven't we? Looks like White's the new PM now. No Mist, Prime Minister, not Ping Mist. Sponsor us, James White.

