

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE BLUE ROLLS ROYCE SPED ON THE M1.

The steering's fine now. I'm very grateful you Mr...er...

Carruthers, Frederick Carruthers.

Now that name rings a bell. I'm sure I've come across it somewhere before. But I can't quite place it. And so, tell me Mr Carruthers, what do you do?

FREDERICK PAUSED. HE LOOKED OF THE WINDOW AND WAVED HIS HAND IN A RATHER VAQUE WAY.

I...er... I'm in prisons.

Well I never! Isn't that a coincidence! So is my husband. Perhaps you've heard of him. His name is Sir Gerald Prescott.

FREDERICK SANK LOWER IN HIS SEAT. A COLD SHIVER RAN HIS SPINE.

Your husband is Sir Gerald Prescott? The Governor of Newtown Jail?

Er... not personally. But I... em... know of him... he has quite a reputation in my field.

That's right! Do you know him?

Does he? Does he indeed? Well I'm sure it's a reputation... childish, incompetent stupidity! My husband has the intelligence of a pineapple and the imagination of a do-nut.

LADY PRESCOTT'S VOICE GREW LOUDER AS SHE WARMED TO HER SUBJECT.

Sir Gerald is the weakest, the stupidest, the meanest and the most selfish man to walk this earth.

FREDERICK WANTED TO MOVE TO ANOTHER TOPIC LIKE THE WEATHER OR THE PRICE OF CAULIFLOWERS BUT IT WAS NO GOOD. LADY PRESCOTT WAS GETTING CARRIED AND THERE WAS JUST NO STOPPING HER NOW.

SHE WAS LIKE A DRAGON BREATHING FIRE.

Sir Gerald's nickname is Niagara because he keeps bursting... tears. When I first met him he was a tiger but he's turned... a kitten. He's a stubborn, ignorant jelly and he drives me... the wall.

FREDERICK SAT IN A STATE OF SHOCK TRYING TO SQUEEZE WORDS HIS FROZEN LIPS. BUT IT WAS JUST NO GOOD. HIS MOUTH OPENED AND CLOSED LIKE A DEMENTED GOLDFISH.

SO - RECOGNISING DEFEAT - HE GAVE... TRYING TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT, SAT... AND JUST WATCHED THE VOLCANO ERUPT.

FREDERICK'S MIND WAS NOT AT PEACE. HERE HE WAS SITTING IN A ROLLS ROYCE DRIVEN... THE WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE PRISON HE'D JUST ESCAPED...

HE WAS MUMBLING, HIS STOMACH WAS RUMBLING, HIS CONFIDENCE WAS CRUMBLING, AND LADY PRESCOTT WAS GRUMBLING.

THE DRIVER PUT HER FOOT... AND THE BLUE ROLLS ROYCE ROARED...

Perhaps I should have stayed in my cell.