
THE BLUE ROLLS ROYCE SPED ON DOWN THE M1.
The steering's fine now. I'm very grateful to 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 OUT OF THE WINDOW AND WAVED HIS HAND IN A RATHER VAGUE 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 DOWN HIS SPINE.
Your husband is Sir Gerald Prescott? The Governor of Newtown Jail?
That's right! Do you know him?
Er... not personally But I... em... know of him... he has quite a reputation in my field.