

the gun, she stole slyly to the doorway and shot the shot that got Miss Shogbot . . . Bogshot.

DOROTHY

(*breaking down*) I didn't!

PRATT

I think that ties things up nicely. Thompson, charge her.

THOMKINS

Pardon, sir?

PRATT

Charge her. Then we'll take her down to the station.

THOMKINS

I wonder if I might have a word, sir.

PRATT

What is it now?

(*THOMKINS is rather agitated, so PRATT moves to him.*)

Yes?

THOMKINS

I don't think we can charge her, sir. We don't have any real evidence.

PRATT

What's the matter with you, man . . . we can soon make some up!

THOMKINS

But if it doesn't stick, sir?

PRATT

Course it will. When I've finished with her she'll be like putty in my hands.

(*PRATT moves away.*)

THOMKINS

I was only thinking of your reputation, sir.

PRATT

What?

(*PRATT moves back to THOMKINS.*)

THOMKINS

If we couldn't make a real case.