

Norman (to be memorised)

It gives me a thrill, that's why. Oh don't look so disapproving Sergeant. It takes all kinds, you know. Some people can't live without the excitements of hang gliding or drag racing. Me, I like playing famous murderers. So far I've been Fredrick henry Seddon, the Tollington Park killer who disposed of his tenant with arsenic; and George Chapman who poisoned three of his so-called wives with strychnine; and Henry Wainwright the Whitechapel Road murderer.

Millie (to be memorised)

Why not? I've helped you before, haven't I? You've obviously forgotten last week I spent a whole afternoon in a half gale on Henley Common, dressed in stays and crinoline as Mary Blandy, yelling "Gentlemen, don't hang me high for the sake of decency!" And the previous weekend you had me dressed in an ancient nursing costume, pushing a 240 pound weight 'round the suburbs of Nottingham playing that hideous poisoner Dorothea Waddingham.

Elizabeth (to be memorised)

If she wasn't bored, you'd be out with her now, scampering around tying her to trees, or rummaging abattoirs, or throwing blood-stained parcels out of train windows, or wasting your time in some equally morbid manner. Why don't you think seriously about growing up, Norman? If you want my opinion, giving you and your infantile fantasies the push was the best day's work that sleazy little trollop of yours ever did.

Stenning (to be memorised)

While you've been studying it, I have had to deal with it – as it is, in the flesh. At various times, and in various places, I have seen the agony of murdered people, and I've smelt the odour of murdered people, and I've touched the skin of murdered people, and I can tell you there's nothing compelling about it in any way. Do not continue to play with death, Mr Bartholomew. I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that most murder victims spend all their time searching for their murderers. Be warned. You do not know the game you play at all well. Stop in time.