

Pawn realizes the true position of Clarissa and pushes Doreen in the appropriate direction

Pawn Grip yourself, ma'am. It's strangulation what we have here.

Doreen You mean she's dead?

Pawn Alack, that is the case.

Clarissa has a coughing fit

Doreen Poor Clarissa. And on a wonderful day like today.

Pawn What a tragedy.

Doreen Is that a lifeless chess-piece I see clutched in Clarissa's black hand?

Pawn Yes, a bishop.

Doreen But Bishop is our family name. Could there be a connection?

Pawn Not half, milady. Look at this here chess-board.

They move to where the chess-pieces are scattered over the floor

Doreen Why, yes, this is as clear as day. A black bishop is missing from the board.

Pawn Snort. Well, there is nothing we can do to solve this mystery. Shall I telephone for the police?

Doreen Be so good as to do that.

Pawn discovers he doesn't know where the telephone is and enquires into both wings without success

Pawn (consulting the "corpse") Have you seen the telephone, Mrs Reece?

Clarissa Underneath the chair, dear.

Pawn removes the telephone from underneath the armchair, and places it on the table

Doreen (ad libbing) How's that telephone call coming along, Pawn?

Pawn Just trying to get through, milady.

He picks up the receiver and speaks into it without pausing at all during the speech. Simultaneously Doreen reconstructs the chess-table, and is handed a dustpan and brush from off stage with which she sweeps up the chess-pieces

(*On the phone*) Good-morning. This is Pawn, Lady Bushop's bitler at Checkmate Manor. Yes, it is indeed a capital morning, but I fear we must discuss a graver matter than—oh. (*He replaces the receiver, picks it up again and dials a number and speaks without pausing as before*) Good-morning. This is Pawn, Lady Butler's bishop at Checkmate Manor. Yes, it is indeed a capital morning, but I fear we must discuss a graver matter than the weather. What am I driving at? I'll tell you, Officer. Murder that's what. (*He takes the receiver, looks at it quizzically, and then replaces it to his ear*) No, this is not a practical joke. There is a corpse up here and it smells fishy to me. What's that you say? The inspector will make this case a priority? I'll inform her ladyship. (*He hangs up. To Doreen*) Good news... (*He picks up the receiver again*) Thank you very much. Goodbye. (*He hangs up again. To Doreen*) Good news, your lady... m' ship shape lady... Inspector O'Reilly will be here in a flash.

Doreen disposes of the chess-pieces by tipping them on to the chess-board
Doreen O'Reilly? But he's the man who solved the Limehouse murders. Tell Régine, our French maid, to take the plastic covers off the armchairs and put an extra coat of liquid Gumption on the wash basin in the guest cloakroom.

Pawn I hasten to do your bidding, ma'am.

Thelma, as Daphne in a tennis outfit, makes false entrance L and then retreats off

Doreen Hold your horses, though. Do you hear a faint scuffling outside the door?

Pawn A faint scuffling? Why, no.

Doreen Surely my ears do not deceive me. Hist.

Deafening sound as of several flats falling to the ground

Voice (off) You blithering idiot!

Pawn The house is as silent as the grave, milady.

Doreen It would certainly seem so. And yet some sixth sense warns me we are not alone.

Pawn Is someone out there trying to put the wind up milady?

Daphne (off) It is only I, dear Pawn.

Doreen Phew! We were becoming agitated by none other than my own daughter, Daphne.

Pawn The enchanting lass.

He and Doreen face in opposite directions to greet Daphne

Doreen (beckoning into the wings) Daphne, darling...

After some moments Thelma, as Daphne, bounds in, holding a tennis racquet and ball. She opens and closes her mouth and flaps her tennis racquet about—she has forgotten her lines

Doreen and Pawn dart their eyes at each other nervously. Suddenly Daphne panics, screams and falls on top of Clarissa, causing her to groan in pain

She's going to faint. Quick, Pawn, catch her.

Pawn She's safe in my grasp, milady.

They move to Doreen, crouching by her side

Doreen This has been too much of a shock for her teenage metabolism.

Thank goodness I always carry smelling salts with me. (*She fumbles for the smelling-salts she's forgotten. To Pawn*) Would you administer them?

Pawn Where are they?

Doreen Haven't got them.

Daphne surreptitiously produces them from her pocket and hands them to Pawn

Daphne, darling, speak to your mother.