

Steady on, dear, for heaven's sake.
Pawn Sorry.

He taps her terribly lightly on the shoulder a couple of times with the sock. Régine moans a little as Pawn tries to push her out of the window—an impossible task

Régine We're never going to do this, dear.
Pawn Can't you lift your leg up?
Régine Get a chair. Get that chair over there.

Pawn hits Régine again with the sock then brings one of the U chairs closer to the window

Get rid of that book.
Pawn It has to stay here. It's terribly important.
Régine Get rid of it.

Pawn throws the book out of the window

Help me up.

Pawn helps Régine on to the chair. She pretends to struggle a little

Now push me. Not that hard!

Régine is helped out of the window. Once safely on the other side she begins to disappear from view—giving a diminishing cry—as if falling from second storey

Pawn Are you all right?
Régine Yes, thank you.

Pawn hits her again

Régine shoots him a malevolent look, sinks beneath the window, then rises stiffly and walks off

Rose (off) Did you hear a scream, Violet?
Violet (off) 'Appen I did, Rose.

Pawn tries to escape, but finds his coat caught on a nail in the flat

Audrey, as Violet Bishop, appears L pushing Theima, as Violet's sister, Rose, in a wheelchair. Both are doddering old ladies in dressing-gowns and blankets with strong Yorkshire accents which they sometimes lose. They make little progress on to the stage because the wheelchair brake is on

Rose It seemed to come from in here, like.
Violet Ay.

Rose But there's nowt to be seen.
Violet Nay.

Rose Except that window's open.
Violet Eeccc.

Rose (forgetting accent) Are we going in or not?
Violet (dirto) Can't move the chair.

Pawn frees himself and runs off up the stairs

Rose Wheel me closer, Violet.
Violet Ay, I will.

Rose I think I can see summat in t' flowerbed.
Violet Eeccc.

Rose Ay, it's Régine the French maid.
Violet Nay.

Rose She's dead, Violet.

Violet By gum!

Rose The brake's on, you idiot.

Violet Oh, I never thought of that. (She takes the brake off and wheels the wheelchair straight into one of the other chairs)

Rose Watch where you're going! (She picks up the chair and hands it to Violet)

O'Reilly enters L and switches on the standard lamp

Pause. Violet hands O'Reilly the chair. The Lights come up full

O'Reilly Are you Lady Bishop's spinster aunts? (He passes the chair out through the arch)

Violet Ay, we're both right frail and we came downstairs to sup cocoa little expecting the hideous sight of a bleeding corpse crushed in the mangled remains of . . . One of my contact lenses has dropped out.

O'Reilly Régine! (He moves to the window)

Violet No! Don't move!

O'Reilly The second victim.

Rose What shall we do?

Violet Well, if you can just feel around the floor in this area because it must be here somewhere . . .

O'Reilly I don't think there's anything we can do tonight. After all, it's a bit chilly out there. So why don't we all go to bed and get a good night's sleep?

Rose You know best, young chap.

Violet No, hang on a sec! This is serious. I let the insurance lapse.

There is a bewildered silence while Violet feels around on the floor

O'Reilly So we're all going to bed then.

Rose Yes, and I'm right looking forward to my cocoa.

O'Reilly What sort of cocoa are you going to have?

Violet (finding the lens) There he is, the little devil. Let's hope I've got some Transol.

O'Reilly exits

Black-out. A cock is heard crowing. The Lights come up to give a dawn effect, revealing Rose and Violet trying to exit through the painted door. There is the sound of approaching coconut shells

Mrs Reece enters L as Patricia Bishop. Lady Bishop's young equestrienne