

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.*