

(**DORIS** enters up centre from left.)

**DORIS.** (standing in the French windows) Ssh!

**SERGEANT.** Hullo.

**DORIS.** (moving centre; conspiratorially) I come round this way because I didn't want Mr. Gudgeon to spot me. They say out there it's common to have anything to do with the police, but what I say is let justice be done.

**SERGEANT.** That's the spirit, my girl. And who says it's common to have anything to do with the police?

**DORIS.** (turning to the **SERGEANT**) Mrs. Medway - the cook. She said it was bad enough anyway to have police in the house and a thing that had never happened to her before and she was afraid she wasn't going to have a light hand with her pastry. (She pauses for breath.) And if it wasn't for her ladyship she'd give in her notice, but she couldn't leave her ladyship in the lurch. (She crosses to left of the sofa. To the **INSPECTOR**) All potty about her ladyship they are.

**SERGEANT.** Well, come to the part about justice being done.

**DORIS.** (turning and crossing to right of the **SERGEANT**) It's what I seen with my own eyes.

**SERGEANT.** And very nice eyes they are, too.

**DORIS.** (nudging the **SERGEANT**) Oh, go on! Well, Saturday afternoon it was - the very day of the murder. I went to shut the bedroom windows because it looked like rain, and I happened to glance over the banisters, and what did I see?

**SERGEANT.** Well - what did you see?

**DORIS.** I saw Mr. Gudgeon standing in the front hall with a revolver in his hand and he looked ever so peculiar. Gave me quite a turn it did.

**INSPECTOR.** Gudgeon?

**DORIS.** (moving to left of the sofa) Yes, sir. And it come to me as perhaps *he* was the murderer.

**INSPECTOR.** Gudgeon!

**DORIS.** *(crossing below the sofa to left of the INSPECTOR)* And I hope I've done right in coming to you, but what they'll say to me in the servants' hall I don't know, but what I felt was - let-

**SERGEANT.** *(Moving below the sofa.)* Justice be  
*(together).* done.

**DORIS.** -justice be done.

**SERGEANT.** You did quite right, my girl.

**DORIS.** And what I feel is ... *(She breaks off and listens.)*

Someone's coming. *(She moves quickly up centre.)* I must hop it. I'm supposed to be counting the laundry.  
*(She exits up centre to left.)*

**SERGEANT.** *(moving up centre and looking after DORIS)* That's a useful girl. She's the one who was hanging about for Miss Craye's autograph.

**(SIR HENRY enters left.)**