

## Start

**Inspector** Hmm—there seems to be a discrepancy here. This is most suspicious—I wonder what the explanation could be.

*A pause*

**Major** Seems pretty obvious to me, Inspector, by Jove, by Jove!

**Inspector** Does it, sir?

**Major** Yes—er—ah! I would surmise that his wristwatch—*(he indicates D'Arcy Senior)*—and his grandfather clock—*(he indicates D'Arcy Junior)*—were both wrong.

**Inspector** I believe, sir, you have hit upon the solution, sir. *(He goes to raise his hand, index finger pointing to the skies, in an "aha" position, only to find his hand is stuck in the lining of his raincoat. After a struggle, he manages to free it and strikes the pose)* And what were you doing while this was going on?

*A pause*

**Major** Who, me?

**Inspector** *(laughing nervously)* Yes, sir, **YOU!**

**Major** Oh . . . *(He asks the next line as if it were a question)* I was taking a breath of fresh air in the garden, Inspector?

**Inspector** *(sighing relievedly)* I see, sir, did you hear the scream?

**Major** No, Inspector, can't say I did, though I did see something deucedly funny.

**Inspector** *(with venom)* Oh, and what was that?

**Major** A figure, Inspector, at the drawing-room window, wearing evening dress.

**Inspector** Was it the deceased, sir?

**Major** No, Inspector, don't think it was. It was a broad-shouldered chappy with a long black beard.

**Inspector** Could it have been either of these two gentlemen, here?

**Major** It's so damned difficult to tell. The moment I caught sight of him, the damned light went off.

**Inspector** *(raising his finger)* That would imply there was someone else in the room at the time?

**Major** By Jove, Inspector, you're right! By Jove!

*The Major, having finished his lines at last, resumes his inane grin*

## End