SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

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SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

Something's Afoot

Book, Music and Lyrics by
James McDonald, David Vos
& Robert Gerlach

Additional Music by
Ed Linderman

SAMUEL FRENCH
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ISBN 978-0-573-68072-4

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presented by

THE AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATRE

Something's Afoot

Book, Music & Lyrics by
JAMES McDONALD,
DAVID VOS & ROBERT GERLACH

Additional Music & Musical Consultation by
ED LINDERMAN

Directed by
TONY TANNER

with

Gary Beach	**Barbara Heuman**
Willard Beckham	**Lu Leonard**
Douglas Broyles	**Pamela Myers**
Darryl Ferrera	**Jack Schmidt**
Gary Gage	**Liz Sheridan**

Scenic Design by
RICHARD SEGER

Costumes by
WALTER WATSON

Lighting by
FRED KOPP

Musical Direction by
JOHN PRICE

Orchestra:

Larry Epstein, Bass
Charles Peterson, Woodwinds
John Price, Keyboard
John Rae, Percussion

Production Stage Manager
FRED KOPP

SOMETHING'S AFOOT was also produced by the **Goodspeed Opera House,** East Haddam, Connecticut.

Marines' Memorial Theatre
San Francisco, Calif.

SOMETHING'S AFOOT, book, music and lyrics by James McDonald, David Vos and Robert Gerlach; additional music by Ed Linderman; directed by Tony Tanner; scenery by Richard Seger; lighting by Richard Winkler; costumes by Walter Watson and Clifford Capone; orchestrations by Peter Larson; musical direction by Buster Davis; production stage manager, Robert V. Straus; stage manager, Marilyn Wilt; was presented by Emanuel Azenberg, Dasha Epstein and John Mason Kirby May 27, 1976 at the Lyceum Theatre, N.Y.C.

CAST

(*In order of their appearance*)

LETTIE ..... *Neva Small*
(*the saucy maid*)

FLINT ..... *Marc Jordan*
(*the caretaker*)

CLIVE ..... *Sel Vitella*
(*the butler*)

HOPE LANGDON ..... *Barbara Heuman*
(*the ingenue*)

DR. GRAYBURN ..... *Jack Schmidt*
(*the family doctor*)

NIGEL RANCOUR ..... *Gary Beach*
(*the dissolute nephew*)

LADY GRACE MANLEY-PROWE ..... *Liz Sheridan*
(*the grande-dame*)

COL. GILLWEATHER ..... *Gary Gage*
(*the old army man*)

MISS TWEED ..... *Tessie O'Shea*
(*the tweedy, elderly amateur detective*)

GEOFFREY ..... *Willard Beckham*
(*the juvenile*)

STANDBYS ..... *Meg Bussart, Bryan Hull, Lu Leonard, Sal Mistretta*

All the characters are British.

THE PLAYING STYLE:

SOMETHING'S AFOOT is a musical spoof of the whodunit genre. All of the characters are British stereotypes: two of them, Lettie and Flint, are Cockney. The situation is farcical, but, because the plot is a murder mystery, the characters should play the play for real. For maximum comic effect, SOMETHING'S AFOOT should not be burlesqued.

THE MUSICAL NUMBERS:

During "A Marvelous Weekend," four hours pass. The sun sets. The house is lighted for evening. The guests change from traveling clothes into dressing gowns, and, for the ending, into evening dress. "Something's Afoot" and "Suspicious" reflect the mystery. "Carry On" is about courage. "I Don't Know Why I Trust You," "The Man With the Ginger Moustache," "The Legal Heir," "You Fell Out of the Sky," and "Dinghy" are 'turns' for the various characters. "I Owe It All" is the big, '11*th*-hour' number, and "New Day" is a glowing hymn to a future which will never come to pass.

Because SOMETHING'S AFOOT is a mystery, theatre programs should not list who sings the various musical numbers.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

"A Marvelous Weekend"

"Something's Afoot"

"Carry On"

"I Don't Know Why I Trust You (But I Do)"

"The Man With the Ginger Moustache"

"Suspicious"

"The Legal Heir"

"You Fell Out of the Sky"

"Dinghy"

"I Owe It All"

"New Day"

TIME

Late spring, 1935

PLACE

Rancour's Retreat—

The country estate of Lord Dudley Rancour, located on an island in the middle of a lake, somewhere in the English lake district.

SETTING

The entrance hall to Rancour's Retreat—

Not like any entrance hall one has ever seen: a composite room. From this large, two-story room are doorways or hallways leading to the library, the study, the kitchen and the servants' quarters. There is also a large door leading to the outside: the main entrance into the house. There are stairs leading from the room to a landing, onto which the bedrooms and guest rooms open. Doorways to two of these rooms must be visible, the others may be Offstage. All of the essentials in furniture, props and architecture are included in the text of the play.

Something's Afoot

ACT ONE

The Curtain rises, as we hear three clock chimes. Birds are heard chirping outside, in the sunlight. The stage is in semi-darkness. The outside door opens. LETTIE *enters. She takes off her coat, puts down her suitcase, and takes a long look around the room.*

As the lights come up, LETTIE *strikes the dustcover, Stage Left, which covers the desk and desk chair.* FLINT *is asleep under the dustcover.* LETTIE *does not see him until she strikes the dustcover from the pouff, Stage Right.* LETTIE *turns, sees* FLINT, *screams.* FLINT *awakens.* CLIVE *enters from outside.*

CLIVE. Flint!

FLINT. H'lo, Clive.

CLIVE. (*To* LETTIE.) It's only Flint, the caretaker.

LETTIE. How was I to know?

CLIVE. Now that you do, take those cases into the servants' quarters! Flint, this is Lettie, the new maid.

LETTIE. H'lo. (*She exits into Servants' Quarters.*)

FLINT. Pleased to meet *you!* Things are lookin' up around 'ere. Eh, Clive, where's the missus?

CLIVE. My wife passed on last December. Her heart gave out.

FLINT. Aw, Clive . . . I'm going to miss her bubble and squeak.

CLIVE. (*Stiffly.*) Flint. The guests will arrive momentarily and the house is still not ready.

FLINT. Garn, Clive. I been workin' as fast as I can. The upstairs is done.

(LETTIE *enters, with feather duster, dusting the furniture. She passes* FLINT *and* CLIVE. FLINT *pinches her.*)

LETTIE. Ohhhh! Gripper! (*She dusts her way toward the outside doors.*)

CLIVE. (*Sternly, confidentially, to* FLINT.) Watch yourself, Flint. Lettie prefers the well-manicured hand.

FLINT. Garn, Clive, you don't mean the master?

CLIVE. I'm not at liberty to say. (*Car horn.*)

LETTIE. Clive! There's cars comin' across the bridge! (*Music under.*)

CLIVE. It must be the guests! Lettie, those dustcovers! (LETTIE *begins striking dustcovers.*)

FLINT. How many guests will there be?

CLIVE. Six. (*He exits into kitchen.*)

LETTIE. Where do I put these?

(FLINT *shrugs shoulders,* LETTIE *dumps the covers into his arms and* FLINT *dumps them into the closet.* CLIVE *enters with liquor tray from kitchen. He sets tray on liquor cart.*)

CLIVE. The duster! The chair! (*As the doorbell rings,* LETTIE *puts duster in closet. All three are stationed at the door to greet the guests. Doorbell.* CLIVE *opens the door.* HOPE LANGDON *enters with hat box.*) You must be Miss Langdon.

HOPE. Yes. That's right. (*Singing.*)

OH, WHAT A LOVELY HOUSE!

CLIVE. I'll take your things, Miss.

HOPE. Thank you. (*Moves into room, singing.*)

OH, WHAT A MARVELOUS ATMOSP*HERE!*

(*Doorbell.* DR. GRAYBURN *enters with golf clubs and doctor's bag.* LETTIE *and* FLINT *exit front door, then return with bags and go upstairs.*)

CLIVE. Dr. Grayburn, how nice to see you.

DR. GRAYBURN. It's nice to see you again, Clive. Has Lord Rancour arrived?

CLIVE. No, sir, we're expecting him shortly. Dr. Grayburn, this is Miss Langdon.

DR. GRAYBURN. Oh, there's another guest?

HOPE. Hello, I'm Hope.

DR. GRAYBURN. Of course you are.

HOPE. (*Singing.*)

OH, WHAT A LOVELY HOUSE IT IS, HOUSE IT IS

DR. GRAYBURN. Yes, it *is.*

(*Doorbell.* NIGEL RANCOUR *enters. He drops his coat and hat into* CLIVE'S *arms and walks into the room.*)

NIGEL. How are you, Clive? Doctor, what are you doing here? Is Uncle Dudley under the weather again?

DR. GRAYBURN. No, Nigel, just a social visit. Miss Langdon, Nigel Rancour.

NIGEL. (*To* HOPE.) I'm the black sheep nephew. Like a drink?

HOPE. No, thanks, it's rather early for me.

NIGEL. I thought I was invited here alone this weekend. (*Crossing to the bar.*)

HOPE. (*Singing.*)

OH, WHAT A LOVELY, LOVELY, LOVELY, LOVELY
HOUSE IT *IS*

(*Doorbell.* LADY GRACE MANLEY-PROWE *enters, anxious, a woman with a problem on her mind.*)

LADY MP. Oh! (*She fumbles in her handbag, finds a calling card, hands it.*)

CLIVE. Lady Manley-Prowe.

LADY MP. (*She snatches back her calling card.*) Bonjour! Bonjour! Who are all these people? (*She enters the room, downs* NIGEL'S *drink.*) Is Lord Rancour here?

DR. GRAYBURN. He's expected shortly.

LADY MP. I must see him immediately.

HOPE. (*Singing.*)

AREN'T WE LUCKY TO ALL BE HERE?

LADY MP. Yes, I suppose so.

(*Doorbell.* COLONEL GILLWEATHER *enters with shotgun, wearing a pith helmet.*)

CLIVE. (LETTIE *and* FLINT *come down stairs.*) Colonel Gillweather, sir, let me take your pith.

COLONEL. Oh . . . umh . . . umh . . . thank you. How d'you do. How d'you do. Colonel Gillweather here. Pleased to meet you. I didn't know this was to be a *party.*

(*Doorbell.* MISS TWEED *enters with easel and canvas.*)

CLIVE. Mrs. Tweed!

TWEED. Miss Tweed! (TWEED *comes into the room and sings:*)

SONG: A MARVELOUS WEEKEND

SET UP MY EASEL, I FEEL SO INSPIRED.
WHO COULD FEEL TIRED IN THIS ATMOSPHERE?

CAST OFF THE CARES THAT YOU HAVE
ACQUIRED,
AND PAY HEED WHILE I'M RECITING,
COUNTRY LIFE GIVES AN INVITING
PROMISE OF A MOST EXCITING WEEKEND.
WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO A MARVELOUS
WEEKEND
A MARVELOUS WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY AIR.

ALL.

WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO A MARVELOUS
WEEKEND,
A MARVELOUS, INVIGORATING,
GLORIOUS AND STIMULATING,
RADIANT, EXHILIRATING WEEKEND!

FAR, FAR AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION,
TRUE RELAXATION IS OUR GOAL.
WE'LL PASS OUR EVENINGS IN POLITE
CONVERSATION.
AFTER DINNER WE'LL RETIRE FOR A BRANDY
BY THE FIRE.
WE'LL BE CARELESS THIS ENTIRE WEEKEND!

COLONEL. I say! Are the squash courts in order? Are the archery targets set about?

CLIVE. Yes, Colonel, everything is in readiness.

DR. GRAYBURN. Good show!

COLONEL. (*Singing.*)

PUNTING AND HUNTING WILL BE ON THE
AGENDA.

DR. GRAYBURN.

NO NEED TO HURRY ON THIS HOLIDAY.

HOPE.

BIKING AND HIKING WILL MAKE UP THE
ADDENDA.

LADY MP.

I RECOMMEND A BIT OF GAY CROQUETING.

NIGEL.

I RECOMMEND A TANQUERAY . . . TANQUERAY!

CLIVE, FLINT, and LETTIE.

PUNTING, PAINTING, SWIMMING, ROWING
PUNTING, PAINTING, SWIMMING, ROWING
BIKING, HIKING, DOMINOING

TWEED and DR. GRAYBURN.

WE HAVE BEEN INVITED FOR THE WEEKEND.

LADY MP and COLONEL.
MARVELOUS, INVIGORATING WEEKEND.
HOPE and NIGEL.
WE'LL BE MERRY THIS ENTIRE WEEKEND.
ALL. (*Everyone excepting* COLONEL, *ascends the stairs and exits.*)
WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO A MARVELOUS WEEKEND.
A MARVELOUS WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY AIR.
WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO A MARVELOUS WEEKEND,
A MARVELOUS, INVIGORATING,
GLORIOUS AND STIMULATING,
CASUAL, NOT IRRITATING,
CELEBRATING, RUSTICATING . . .
COLONEL. (*Ascending stairs.*)
PUNTING, PAINTING, DOMINOING.
PUNTING, PAINTING, DOMINOING.
HOPE. (*Upstairs. Having examined her room.*)
OH, WHAT A LOVELY ROOM!
COLONEL. (*Upstairs.*) Yes, yes, my dear. Lovely. Everything here is lovely. I remember, now when was it? . . . back in 1919, when we first had the opportunity to, umh, hmmm . . . (*Exits.*)
HOPE.
OH, WHAT A MARVELOUS ATMOSPHERE!
(*Exits.*)
LETTIE and FLINT. (*Enter.*)
AREN'T THEY LUCKY TO ALL BE HERE?
CLIVE. (*Enters.*) Flint! Dispose of the luggage and park the cars. Lettie! There is much to be done. Follow me. (*Descends and exits into kitchen.*)
LETTIE and FLINT. (*Descend.*)
ABSOLUTELY DEVASTING!
OB-VIOUS-LY INEBRIATING!
DEF-NITE-LY SUBORDINATING!
TOTALLY EXASPERATING WEEKEND!
(LETTIE *exits into kitchen.*)
TWEED. (*Enters from her room.*) Hello, there. I don't believe I know your name.
FLINT. Flint, Miss.
TWEED. Flint. Flint. Solid as a rock. Oh, Flint. I do hope to capture the sunset.
FLINT. You don't!
TWEED. I do. But I don't have the proper magenta.
FLINT. You don't?

TWEED. I do. But it's in the wicker in my boot. Could you fetch it?

FLINT. Yes, Miss. (*Exits, saying.*) A magenta in her wicker. (LETTIE *enters.*)

TWEED. Yoo-hoo! You, who?

LETTIE. Lettie, Miss.

TWEED. Lettie. Lettie, might I have a cup of Ovaltine? I'd like to toast the sunset.

LETTIE. Yes, Miss. (*Exits into the kitchen.*)

HOPE. (*Pops her head out to sing.*)

AREN'T WE LUCKY TO ALL BE HERE?

(*Exits.* TWEED *starts to exit through the wrong door.*)

CLIVE. (*Entering, seeing* TWEED.) Miss Tweed! That is Lord Rancour's room. Yours is there.

TWEED. (*Going to her own door.*) So it is. I'm such a silly! (*Exits.*)

NIGEL. (*Enters.*)

AHHHHHHH! FRESHEN MY GLASS AGAIN, I FEEL SO ELATED!

(*He comes down the stairs, while* CLIVE *pours gin into a glass for him.* NIGEL *takes the drink.*)

AHHHHHHH!

(*He ascends.*)

LADY MP. (*Enters, dressed in a wrapper. Meeting* NIGEL *at the top of the stairs, she takes his drink and downs it, then sings an even higher.*)

AHHHHHHH! YOU'RE STIMULATED BY THE COUNTRY AIR!

(NIGEL *goes down again, to meet* CLIVE, *who refills the glass.* LADY MP *to* CLIVE.) Has Lord Rancour arrived? I must see him the minute he does. (*Exits.*)

LETTIE. (*Enters from the kitchen, carrying Ovaltine in a cup.*) Ovaltine, indeed. (*She starts up the stairs, meeting* NIGEL.)

NIGEL.

THIS IS THE SETTING TO BECOME TETE-A-TETED.

LETTIE.

THIS IS THE SETTING FOR A QUIET AFFAIR.

(*She and* NIGEL *ascend.*)

A QUIET AFFAIR.

CLIVE. Lettie! (NIGEL *slinks off.*)

COLONEL. (*Enters, meeting* LETTIE *at the top of the stairs. He carries a chamber pot.*) I say. What's this?

LETTIE. (*Ascending.*) It's a chamber pot. It's merely for decoration.

COLONEL. (*Noticing the cup and saucer she carries.*) Oh! Ovaltine! Lord Rancour thinks of everything! (*He gives* LETTIE *the chamber pot and takes the Ovaltine.*) Oval-tee-ny. O-val-tee-ny. (*He exits singing.*)

HOPE. (*Enters from her room, in a wrapper, carrying a necklace.*) Lettie, could you clasp me? (FLINT *enters front door with wicker.*)

LETTIE. Yes, Miss.

(LETTIE *gives* HOPE *the chamber pot to hold.* HOPE *turns to be clasped.* LETTIE *does the clasp and immediately heads onward.* HOPE, *left with the chamber pot, turns to say "Thanks," but* LETTIE *is gone.* FLINT *is now at the top of the stairs, with cases.*)

HOPE.
OH, WHAT A LOVELY . . .
(*She realizes she is holding a chamber pot.*) OH! (*She sets the chamber pot atop* FLINT'S *burden and exits.* LETTIE *closes the drapes.*)

FLINT. (*Shrugs.*) Oh! (*Exits, into* TWEED'S *room.*)

LETTIE. (*Descending the stairs, sings.*)
OVALTINE AND NECKLACES AND CHAMBER POTS AND GIN.
WHEN THEY GO TO BED AT NIGHT, I'LL HAVE TO TUCK 'EM IN!
(*Passes* CLIVE, *exits into the kitchen.*)

CLIVE. (*Through the kitchen door.*) Don't boil the consomme! (CLIVE *crosses with vase of flowers to small table Down Right of library door.*)

FLINT. (*Enters from* TWEED'S *room, holding the chamber pot. To* CLIVE.) She's already got one!

DR. GRAYBURN. (*Enters, to* FLINT.) Excuse me, have you seen the . . . oh! There it is! (*He grabs the chamber pot from* FLINT *and exits.*)

FLINT. (*Descending the stairs.*) Paint. In all them cases, she's got nothin' but paint. No clothes. Just paint. (*The Clock begins to strike "seven."*)

CLIVE. (*Pointing to a position at the bottom of the stairs.*) Flint! The lights! (FLINT *switches on the lights. Calling through the kitchen door.*) Lettie! (FLINT *takes position,* CLIVE *joins* FLINT, LETTIE *enters, on the run, cap askew and takes position with them.* CLIVE *to* LETTIE.) Your cap! (FLINT *helps* LETTIE *with her cap. Music swells. Guests appear above in all their evening finery.*)

HOPE. (*Singing, on the gallery.*)
I'VE BROUGHT A SUPER SWIMMING COSTUME.
COLONEL. (*On gallery.*)
I'VE GOT MY CHESS SET FROM BOMBAY.
LADY MP.
MADRIGALS AT TWILIGHT ARE TOMORROW'S HIGHLIGHT.
NIGEL.
GET THE OARS AND LET'S GO ROWING.
TWEED.
CHOOSE UP SIDES FOR DOMINOING.
DR. GRAYBURN and ALL.
LLOYD'S OF LONDON HAS INSURED . . . THAT . . .
ALL. (*Descend.*)
WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO A MARVELOUS WEEKEND,
A MARVELOUS WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY AIR.
WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO A MARVELOUS WEEKEND,
SOME FOR PUNTING, SOME FOR HIKING,
SOME FOR PAINTING, SOME FOR BIKING.
SOME FOR CARDS AND DOMINOING,
SOME FOR SWIMMING, SOME FOR ROWING.
PUNTING, PAINTING, DOMINOING, BIKING, HIKING, SWIMMING, ROWING
GUARANTEE US ALL A GLOWING WEEKEND . . .
WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY AIR!

(CLIVE *exits to* RANCOUR'S *room.* FLINT *and* LETTIE *exit to kitchen.*)

HOPE. (*Having stepped outside for a second, re-enters.*) B-r-r-r-r. It's getting chilly. Perhaps I should have a wrap.

NIGEL. A drink would warm you up.

HOPE. No, no thank you. And I did so want to see the rose garden by moonlight.

DR. GRAYBURN. You'll get a complete tour of the entire grounds tomorrow, I'm sure. Rancour's Retreat is Lord Rancour's pride and joy.

HOPE. I can well imagine. I've never seen a house this beautiful. I find it all quite enchanting. You see, it's my very first weekend in the country.

TWEED. This is my first weekend here, although it's as if I'd been here many times. Lord Rancour carries photographs of the Estate as some men carry pictures of their children.

HOPE. How sweet.

NIGEL. I myself have never understood his attachment for this old place.

HOPE. I find it quite charming.

LADY MP. And do you find his Lordship charming, also?

HOPE. Actually, I've never met Lord Rancour . . . I . . .

LADY MP. It looks as if you never will. I find his tardiness extremely derriere.

DR. GRAYBURN. Perhaps he intends arriving in the morning.

COLONEL. No . . . no . . . he'll be down presently.

TWEED. Oh, then he has arrived?

COLONEL. Yes, yes . . . soon after I went to my room, I saw his car pull up.

LADY MP. Then I see no reason for dinner to be retard . . . dez.

TWEED. (*Confidentially, to* HOPE.) I hope dinner is a bit late. One should never rush a good sherry. (*She downs sherry and goes for another one.*)

COLONEL. I'd no idea this was to be a party. I'd thought I alone was invited.

DR. GRAYBURN. My invitation mentioned no other guests.

LADY MP. Mine stated clearly that Lord Rancour wished to speak to me privately.

NIGEL. Really? Mine, too.

HOPE. Yes!

TWEED. Well! It seems we've found a most interesting topic for dinner conversation.

CLIVE. (*Appears at the head of the stairs, steps down one step.*) Ladies and Gentlemen, I have some distressing news. (*He steps down one step more.*) A severe electrical storm is rapidly approaching. (*He steps down one step more.*) Should there be a power failure, candles are distributed generously throughout the house. (*He steps down one step more.*) The rising water level of the lake has made the bridge to the mainland impassable. (*He steps down one step more.*) The master will not be dining with you this evening: Lord Rancour is dead. (*He steps down one step more.*) Dinner is served. (*The step on which* CLIVE *is standing immediately blows up, leaving him dead. The Guests momentarily freeze, then:* HOPE *faints into* NIGEL'S *arms.* LADY MP *faints into the* COLONEL'S *arms.* TWEED *and* DR. GRAYBURN *advance toward the stairs as the two men seek to revive the two women.*)

DR. GRAYBURN. Oh, my God! (*To* TWEED.) Quickly. My bag. It's in the hall closet. (TWEED *quickly gets the bag.*)

TWEED. Have you smelling salts?

DR. GRAYBURN. I'm afraid he's beyond that.

TWEED. For the ladies.

(*The ladies are reviving.* TWEED *administers to them. The* COLONEL *advances to the foot of the stairs.* LETTIE *and* FLINT *enter, on the run.* LETTIE *sees the body of* CLIVE, *faints into the arms of the* COLONEL.)

COLONEL. Oh . . . oh . . . oh dear . . . oh dear.

FLINT. Garn.

TWEED. Everyone please be calm. (*She goes to* LETTIE *and the* COLONEL.) I'll take care of her. (TWEED *revives* LETTIE. NIGEL *advances towards* CLIVE's *body.*)

DR. GRAYBURN. Stand back please.

TWEED. Yes, everyone be seated. Lettie, if you've quite come to, I believe we could all use a little sherry.

LETTIE. Yes, mum. (*She begins pouring sherry at the bar.*)

TWEED. Is it as I expected?

DR. GRAYBURN. What did you expect?

TWEED. He is dead?

DR. GRAYBURN. Quite.

TWEED. Lightning, I suppose.

DR. GRAYBURN. No. Someone has tampered with this stair.

NIGEL. You're not trying to tell us it's . . .

DR. GRAYBURN. I'm afraid it is.

TWEED. Intentional.

COLONEL. But . . . but . . . but . . . how?

TWEED. (*Sniffs the air.*) An explosive. The type is yet uncertain.

FLINT. A bloomin' booby-trap?

DR. GRAYBURN. Precisely.

FLINT. But why Clive?

HOPE. It needn't have been he. It could have been any one of us.

TWEED. That's true, my dear. Unless . . . unless the device was carefully controlled.

COLONEL. But . . . but . . . that would be murder! (*Thunder. Lightning. Wind. Rain. A huge storm hits. Everyone sits on the pouff while* TWEED *sings.*)

SONG: SOMETHING'S AFOOT

TWEED.
SOMETHING'S AFOOT!
AND THE BUTLER DIDN'T DO IT!
OTHERS.
THE BUTLER DIDN'T DO IT?!?!?!?!?
TWEED.
SOMETHING'S AFOOT, AND

IF HE DIDN'T DO IT,
SOMEONE ELSE HAS HAD TO DO IT.
A STORM IS HERE,
WE'RE SURROUNDED BY A LAKE.
LETTIE.
THE HOUSE IS DREARY.
LETTIE and OTHERS.
THE WEEKEND IS A BIG MISTAKE.
TWEED.
SOMETHING'S AFOOT . . . A
SOMETHING VERY SCARY.
(*Spoken.*) Lettie, please, another sherry.
SOMETHING IS QUITE AMISS.
ALL. (*Except* TWEED, *spoken.*) But the butler didn't do it.
(*Repeated four times, rapidly.*)
TWEED.
THOUGH I'M NOT BOUND BY SUPERSTITION,
I'M FORCED TO ADMIT THE SUPPOSITION,
WITHOUT A QUIZ
THAT SOMETHING IS A . . .
OTHERS. (*While* OTHERS *sing and pour sherry,* TWEED *examines the stairs and re-latches the broken railing.*)
WHAT SAY A LITTLE SPOT OF SHERRY?
WHAT SAY A LITTLE BIT OF SONG?
WHEN ONE HAS A LITTLE SPOT OF SHERRY,
WHAT CAN POSSIBLY GO WRONG?
IN A MOMENT OF UNPLEASANTNESS,
WE NEVER SHOULD PURSUE IT.
COLONEL.
WHAT HO!
DR. GRAYBURN.
RIGHT-O!
NIGEL.
NOT A WHIT!
OTHERS.
FOR WE'RE QUITE PROTECTED BY THE ONE
WHO KNOWS JUST HOW TO DO IT.
TWEED. (*Spoken.*) Cheers.
OTHERS.
SO YOU'LL NEVER FIND US IN AN AGITATING SNIT.
HERE'S TO ANOTHER SPOT OF SHERRY,
RAISING OUR GLASSES IN A SONG.
WHEN ONE HAS ANOTHER SPOT OF SHERRY,
NOTHING IN THE WORLD,
IN THE WHOLE UNITED KINGDOM,

NOTHING IN THE WORLD COULD BE WRONG!
COULD BE . . . WRONG
(*They notice the body.*)
SOMETHING'S AFOOT!
AND THE BUTLER DIDN'T DO IT!
HOW COULD THE BUTLER DO IT?
SOMETHING IS QUITE AMISS.
TWEED.
DON'T BE BOUND BY SUPERSTITION,
OTHERS.
THOUGH FORCED TO ADMIT THE SUPPOSITION,
OTHERS.
WITHOUT A QUIZ, THAT SOMETHING IS A . . .
TWEED. (*Spoken.*)
Exploding stairs are rather rare,
You just don't find them everywhere.
OTHERS.
WITHOUT A QUIZ, THAT SOMETHING IS A . . .
TWEED. (*Spoken.*)
Considering the way he died . . .
I don't think it was suicide.
OTHERS.
WITHOUT A QUIZ, THAT SOMETHING IS A . . .
(*Spoken.*)
The situation's not the best
For someone who is a weekend guest.
OTHERS.
WITHOUT A QUIZ, THAT SOMETHING IS A . . .
FOOT!
TWEED. (*Spoken.*)
And the butler didn't do it!
Murder! A very serious business.

FLINT. Garn. A murder. At Rancour's Retreat.

TWEED. Perhaps two.

NIGEL. What do you mean?

TWEED. Recall Clive's last words.

COLONEL. Dinner is served?

HOPE. Lord Rancour is dead! (*All gasp, then advance toward the stairs.*)

TWEED. Stop! The stairs are now safe. Doctor, you see to Lord Rancour. I think it best we remain all together. (DR. GRAYBURN *hurries up to the stairs and off.*)

NIGEL. But what if he needs help?

TWEED. He knows his business. We can better use you down here. Since we'll be spending some time here, I think it best to remove Clive to another room.

LADY MP. I shan't be spending time here. I'm leaving.

HOPE. You can't leave. None of us can leave. Clive said the bridge is impassable.

LADY MP. But we've only the word of a dead man for that. Send someone to make certain.

TWEED. We will do that. But, with order. First, we'll remove Clive. Master Nigel, please assist Flint in removing Clive to . . . the library. (FLINT *and* NIGEL *take up the corpse and exit.*)

LETTIE. (*Unearnestly.*) Is there anything I can do to help?

TWEED. Keep the sherry glasses filled, my dear. And take a bit for yourself. 'Twill sooth the nerves.

LETTIE. That's what I need, all right.

COLONEL. I believe I could do with something a . . . a bit stiffer.

TWEED. Good idea, Colonel; you will have to lead the scouting party to survey the bridge.

COLONEL. A scouting party? By Jove, I haven't led a scouting party since I fought against the Fuzzy-Wuzzies.

TWEED. Yes, Colonel Gillweather.

COLONEL. Should I set off now?

TWEED. No. No, wait until we know Lord Rancour's condition. (FLINT *and* NIGEL *re-enter.*)

COLONEL. (DR. GRAYBURN *enters from* LORD RANCOUR'S *room.*) As you say. By Jove, I should have had you in Inja. With your head and my heart, those Fuzzy-Wuzzies would have ended up . . .

DR. GRAYBURN. (*At the head of the stairs.*) Dead. Lord Rancour is quite dead. (TWEED *rushes up the stairs.*)

NIGEL. But, how?

LADY MP. His heart!

NIGEL. He had a bad heart.

HOPE. It was a *heart* attack!

DR. GRAYBURN. (*To* TWEED, *on the landing.*) It was a *revolver.* Discharged at close range.

TWEED. I trust you didn't touch the revolver.

DR. GRAYBURN. Certainly not. There was no revolver to touch.

TWEED. I see! (*She exits into* LORD'S RANCOUR'S *room.* DR. GRAYBURN *descends stairs.*)

FLINT. The master. Murdered.

NIGEL. Dr. Grayburn. How long would you say my uncle has been dead?

DR. GRAYBURN. It's difficult to tell, three hours . . . probably less.

HOPE. Three hours! That means he was shot while we were in the house!

COLONEL. Ridiculous!

LADY MP. I agree, I heard no gunshots.

FLINT. It's an old house. The walls are thick . . .

TWEED. (*Appears on landing.*) And . . . the revolver was muffled! (*She descends the stairs.*)

DR. GRAYBURN. Most likely.

NIGEL. But who would have wanted to kill my uncle? (*Everyone turns and cocks an eye at* NIGEL.)

TWEED. A murderer, good or bad, usually has a motive.

NIGEL. Quite true, and what would this motive be?

TWEED. I've always been partial to revenge, passion, lust and greed.

DR. GRAYBURN. Recently, on my visits to Lord Rancour, I have noticed an inexplicably tense atmosphere between him and one of his servants . . . Clive!

NIGEL. Right, Doctor! Clive was completely devoted to my uncle, until . . .

DR. GRAYBURN. Until Clive's wife passed away.

FLINT. 'Ere now, Clive always said that his missus was bein' worked to hard.

HOPE. Then the motive was revenge?

LETTIE. I for one don't think he done it.

TWEED. I don't think he done . . . did it either, my dear.

LADY MP. And why not?

TWEED. Because Clive has also been the victim of foul play.

COLONEL. And . . . and that murderer is probably, say, miles from here by now.

TWEED. Unless . . . he found the bridge impassable.

HOPE. That would mean the murderer is still on the island!

TWEED. Or . . . in this house! (*Everyone freeze and step back—strum on piano strings.*)

DR. GRAYBURN. Then I think we should brave the storm and find out.

TWEED. Just what I had planned. Colonel Gillweather . . .

COLONEL. What . . . what? Oh, time for that scouting party? Let's go, men . . . up and at 'em. Ummmh . . . Flint, we'll need raingear.

FLINT. Aye, aye. (*He takes raingear for the men from the closet. During the* COLONEL'S *speech, the men put on slickers and rain hats, get lanterns from* LETTIE, *and exit.*)

COLONEL. (LETTIE *exits to kitchen and returns with lanterns.*) And lanterns . . . yes. Doctor, you and young Nigel here, take the road to the bridge and survey the battlements there. Flint, you'll be my aide-de-camp. We'll make a wide sweep of the island and rout the enemy from his entrenchment. Then we'll all reconnoiter at the iron gates. You've got your orders . . . into the fray! (*All men exit except* COLONEL.)

COLONEL. (*Walks to the door, turns to the ladies, saluting.*) Don't give up the sh . . . chalet! (*He exits.*)

LETTIE. (*Closes the door behind them.*) They didn't wear rubbers. They'll muck up the carpet when they come back.

LADY MP. *If* they come back. (*The ladies are left alone in the house. Thunder booms. Lightning flashes. The ladies all huddle around the pouff.*) I'm hungry.

LETTIE. Dinner's cold. And what ain't cold's burnt.

TWEED. But, Lettie, do you suppose we could have some biscuits with our sherry?

LETTIE. Yes, mum. (*She starts for the kitchen. She opens the kitchen door, but does not exit . . . lost in thought . . . she is frightened.*)

LADY MP. Well, Miss?

LETTIE. I'm afraid to go in there.

HOPE. (*Puts her arm around* LETTIE's *shoulder.*) I'll go with you. (LETTIE *smiles weakly. They exit.*)

TWEED. Be careful, girls.

LADY MP. I'm terribly frightened.

TWEED. Nonsense.

LADY MP. The gentlemen left us completely unprotected.

TWEED. We'll make do.

LADY MP. But I'm a mere woman.

TWEED. Poo . . . Poo.

SONG: CARRY ON

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT,
WHO RULES THE COLONIES,
SAID, "THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR ITSELF"
MOST APROPOS WORDS ARE THESE.

THOUGH WE'RE WOMEN THAT IS CLEAR,
WE WILL SOMEHOW PERSEVERE,
PAYING HEED, THOUGH WE'RE DISTRAUGHT,
TO MR. ROOSEVELT'S THOUGHT . . .

DON'T BE AFRAID
WHEN YOU CAN BE COURAGEOUS.
WHY BE AFRAID?
HIGH SPIRITS ARE CONTAGIOUS.
CARRY ON . . .

DON'T BE AFRAID.
THERE IS NO NEED TO COWER.
WHY BE AFRAID?

IT'S NOT OUR DARKEST HOUR.
CARRY ON!

WHEN THE DAY IS BLEAK,
AND YOUR KNEES ARE WEAK,
TELL YOUR FEARS, "AWAY, BEGONE!"
POO, POO! PIP, PIP!
STIFF UPPER LIP.
CARRY ON.

DO NOT CONDONE
EMOTIONS THAT ARE SKITTISH.
YOU'RE NOT ALONE.
REMEMBER WE ARE BRITISH.
CARRY ON!
(*Spoken.*)
Lady Grace!
TWEED and LADY MP.
CARRY ON!!
TWEED. (*Spoken.*) These spears should do nicely. (*She takes down spears from wall over desk.*)
LADY MP. You expect me to use that?
TWEED. Of course, my dear.
LADY MP. Miss Tweed, that's all well and good, but you see . . . (*Sings.*)
I CANNOT APPEAR TO HIDE MY FEAR
FOR I ADMIT TO HAVING QUALMS.
WHEN THE MOMENT'S TENSE, I'VE NO DEFENSE,
JUST PERSPIRATING PALMS.
TWEED. (*Spoken. Slaps a spear into her hand.*) Rubbish! (*Sung.*)
DO NOT CONDONE
EMOTIONS THAT ARE SKITTISH.
YOU'RE NOT ALONE.
REMEMBER WE ARE BRITISH.
CARRY ON . . .
TWEED and LADY MP.
CARRY . . .
LADY MP.
NEVER WEAR A FROWN WHEN YOU'RE FEELING DOWN.
AFTER NIGHT MUST COME THE DAWN.
WHERE THERE'S HOPE THERE'S LIFE,
SO FORGET YOUR STRIFE,
AND REMEMBER CARRY ON.
TWEED and LADY MP.
DON'T BE AFRAID,

WHEN YOU CAN BE COURAGEOUS.
WHY BE AFRAID,
HIGH SPIRITS ARE CONTAGIOUS.
CARRY ON,
CARRY ON!!

TWEED.

ARE YOUR TENSIONS TAUT?
ARE YOUR NERVES DISTRAUGHT?
ARE YOU LOOKING PALE AND WAN?

LADY MP. (LETTIE *enters.* TWEED *throws her a spear, then gets another from the wall.*)

RAISE THE COURAGE CUP,
KEEP YOUR PECKER UP . . .

LETTIE.

AND REMEMBER CARRY ON!
I'M NOT AFRAID, YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME COWER.
WHY BE AFRAID? OH, NO, I'M RIGHT, DON'T COWER.
WHY BE AFRAID? IT'S NOT OUR DARKEST HOUR.
CARRY, CARRY, WE SHALL CARRY ON.

TWEED and LADY MP. (*Sing with* LETTIE, *as she sings above verse.*)

DON'T BE AFRAID, THERE IS NO NEED TO COWER.
WHY BE AFRAID? IT'S NOT OUR DARKEST HOUR.
CARRY, CARRY, WE SHALL CARRY ON.

HOPE. (*She enters from kitchen. She gets a spear from the wall.*)

NEVER WEAR A FROWN WHEN YOU'RE FEELING DOWN,
AFTER NIGHT MUST COME THE DAWN.
POO, POO! PIP, PIP!
STIFF UPPER LIP
AND REMEMBER QUEEN VICTORIA!

ALL. (HOPE *sings the obligatto.*)

DO NOT CONDONE
EMOTIONS THAT ARE SKITTISH.
YOU'RE NOT ALONE.
REMEMBER WE ARE BRITISH.
CA . . . RRY . . .

LETTIE and HOPE. (*Spoken.*) Our hearts shall burst with pride!

LADY MP and TWEED. Forever side by side!

ALL. O-o-o-o-n. (*Kick line.*)

DON'T BE AFRAID,
WHEN YOU CAN BE COURAGEOUS.

WHY BE AFRAID,
HIGH SPIRITS ARE CONTAGIOUS.
CARRY
CARRY ON!

TWEED. Atten-hut!

(*After the end of the song, thunder booms, lightning flashes, the door flies open and we see* GEOFFREY. *He is dressed in rowing togs, with a pack on his back. Across his chest is the letter "W." The girls drop their spears and run for cover.*)

GEOFFREY. Drat! My letter's running! (*Looking at his T-shirt.*)

TWEED. (*Picks up spear and advances.*) Returning to the scene of the crime, eh?

GEOFFREY. I beg . . .

TWEED. (*To the others.*) They always do that, you know. Advance, villain. (LADY MP *picks up the other spear and* TWEED *nudges* GEOFFREY *from behind.*)

GEOFFREY. I say.

HOPE. The poor fellow is wringing wet. He'll catch his death.

GEOFFREY. An angel of mercy. (LETTIE *closes door.*)

TWEED. He'll catch more than that when we turn him over to the authorities.

GEOFFREY. I'm a bit confused.

LADY MP. Hmmmmff. Well, we're not. We've been much too clever for you.

GEOFFREY. You don't seem to understand.

TWEED. (*She pushes* GEOFFREY *into the desk chair.*) Quiet, harbinger of evil. Lettie, bind his hands and feet. (*She undoes her muffler from round her neck.*)

LETTIE. By myself? I'd rather not, Miss.

TWEED. Lady Grace, I have him covered. Assist Lettie, if you will. (*They start for* GEOFFREY. *He moves back in the chair.* TWEED *menacing with her spear.*) Hold fast, varlet. (LETTIE *and* LADY MP *bind his hands and feet with* TWEED'S *rather long muffler.*)

GEOFFREY. I think it possible you have me confused with someone else.

TWEED. I said quiet. We know more about you than you think. We need hear none of your cunning lies.

GEOFFREY. (*To* HOPE.) Gentle miss, I appeal to you.

HOPE. Yes! Yes?

GEOFFREY. Can you do nothing?

HOPE. (*To* LETTIE *and* LADY MP.) Don't cut off his circulation. (*She and* GEOFFREY *smile at each other.*)

GEOFFREY. Thank you.

TWEED. Don't be taken in by his wiles, my dear. The hardest criminal can, on occasion, display charm. (*Offstage, Voices are heard.*)

HOPE. But, Miss Tweed . . .

TWEED. Lettie, I think I hear the men without. (LETTIE *goes to the door. The door swings open.* FLINT *starts to enter the room.*)

LETTIE. Don't muck up the carpet!

FLINT. (*Wiping his feet before entering.*) We've covered every inch of the island.

DR. GRAYBURN. (*Wiping his feet.*) The rising waters have washed out the bridge completely.

COLONEL. (*Wiping his feet.*) We found not a trace of the enemy.

(NIGEL *enters. During the entrances,* FLINT *takes the McIntoshes and lanterns and deposits them in the closet.*)

DR. GRAYBURN. (*To* TWEED.) The murderer seems to have vanished into thin air.

TWEED. Only to reappear (TWEED *reveals* GEOFFREY. *Much murmurs and exclamations.*)

COLONEL. Who is this?

TWEED. If my deductions are correct, this is our man.

NIGEL. (*Amused.*) So this is our murderer.

GEOFFREY. Murderer? Is that what . . . Murderer???

HOPE. Please don't say anything else.

NIGEL. But what would be his motive?

TWEED. Simple. He has a letter on his chest. He is a college student. College students are notoriously impoverished. He came here, hoping to steal something of value, was discovered by Lord Rancour, and promptly did him in.

HOPE. But what about . . . ?

TWEED. One moment, my dear. I haven't finished. Therefore, I deduce that this young man is not only a college student and a thief but our murderer as well. Lettie, if you will check his knapsack, I believe you will discover the weapon. (LETTIE *advances cautiously to* GEOFFREY *and opens the knapsack.*)

LETTIE. . . . a shirt . . . a pair of trousers . . . a cucumber sandwich . . .

LADY MP. Oh, Lettie . . . thank you. (LADY MP *signals to* LETTIE, *who hands her the sandwich. She begins nibbling on the sandwich.*)

LETTIE. There's nothing else in here but . . . (*She pulls out a gun and drops it on floor. Everyone gasps.*)

TWEED. Mustn't smudge the fingerprints. (*She picks up the gun with the point of her handkerchief.*)

DR. GRAYBURN. Miss Tweed, you are remarkable.

COLONEL. Well done. Yes, yes, well done.

GEOFFREY. May I speak?

HOPE. Yes, it's only fair.

TWEED. You may speak. But don't expect us to believe a word you say. (*While* GEOFFREY *speaks,* TWEED *goes to the liquor cart, and, with her back to the audience, switches guns for one loaded with a blank.*)

GEOFFREY. Your first deduction was correct: I am a college student. But I'm not a thief . . . I'm a third oarsman. My team and I were rowing on the lake when the storm overcame us. Our tiny craft capsized. The others swam to the mainland, but I, not wanting to ruin my jersey, swam here. It was closer. My intention was to walk across the bridge to the mainland. But, finding it washed out, I came here for refuge.

LADY MP. A likely story.

HOPE. It sounds plausible. (*She and* GEOFFREY *smile at each other.*)

GEOFFREY. Instead of refuge, I find myself accused of murder . . . a murder I did not commit.

FLINT. There have been two murders.

HOPE. That's right! What about Clive's murder, Miss Tweed? A happenstance thief wouldn't have had the time to wire the stairs.

COLONEL. By Jove, she's right. Good thinking, Miss.

LETTIE. But what about the gun? He did have a gun.

TWEED. (*Takes the gun out of her pocket and sniffs.*) And it has been fired recently.

NIGEL. (*Takes the gun, sniffs.*) Yes, it has.

GEOFFREY. That's our starting pistol. It fires blanks.

NIGEL. In that case, you wouldn't mind my pointing it at you.

GEOFFREY. (*Nervously.*) Why, no.

NIGEL. Then why are you so nervous?

GEOFFREY. It's only that I've never had a gun pointed at me before. (*Everyone else draws back.* HOPE *has a hand to her mouth, another to her breast.*)

NIGEL. And you still maintain that this is a blank pistol?

GEOFFREY. Yes, yes it is.

NIGEL. Well, in that case, you won't mind my firing it at you? (*He fires.* HOPE *screams.* LETTIE *faints into the arms of the* COLONEL. *There is a moment of strained silence.*)

GEOFFREY. I think you can untie me now.

TWEED. Well, well, we all make mistakes. (*She unties him,*

rewraps the muffler around her neck. LETTIE *revives.* FLINT *collects the spears and exits.*)

GEOFFREY. I realize that I'm an outsider, but now that I'm inside, will someone please explain what has been going on?

HOPE. Well, you see . . .

TWEED. I think I'd best explain, my dear. We are all weekend guests of the late Lord Rancour.

GEOFFREY. How late?

TWEED. Approximately three hours and thirty minutes. He and his butler, Clive, have been murdered. This evening.

GEOFFREY. Murdered? Here in the house?

TWEED. Yes. One upstairs. One on. And, naturally, you, being the only stranger in our midst . . . we suspected you.

GEOFFREY. Is help on the way?

COLONEL. How could help be on the way? The bridge is washed out.

GEOFFREY. Have you telephoned? (*There is a moment of silence, as they look at one another.*)

DR. GRAYBURN. Telephone? Of course!

HOPE. Isn't he wonderful?

DR. GRAYBURN. (*Rushes to the telephone on the desk.*) Are you there? Operator? Operator?

TWEED. Dr. Grayburn . . .

DR. GRAYBURN. Are you there? I say . . . (*He continues saying "Hello."*)

TWEED. Dr. Grayburn. I said, Dr. Grayburn, the wire has been cut.

DR. GRAYBURN. Good God, the wire has been cut! Operator, the wire's been cut!

FLINT. (*Enters.*) Anyone seen my garden shears?

TWEED. Hmmmmmmm. Cut wire. Missing shears.

DR. GRAYBURN. Is this the only telephone in the house?

LETTIE. Oh, no. There's one in every room.

DR. GRAYBURN. Would you check them?

LETTIE. (*Eyeing* NIGEL.) Alone?

GEOFFREY. I'll help you.

HOPE. Hadn't you better change first? You're soaked to the skin.

GEOFFREY. How thoughtful of you to notice. (*He exits up the stairs with his knapsack, following* LETTIE.)

LADY MP. I hope at least one of the telephones is "en service." I don't see how I can stay another minute on this island.

NIGEL. We're all most anxious to leave, Lady Grace.

HOPE. Something has been troubling me.

DR. GRAYBURN. What's that, my dear?

HOPE. You said that Lord Rancour has been dead for approximately three hours.

DR. GRAYBURN. That is correct.

HOPE. Did it happen in his room?

DR. GRAYBURN. I'd say so, yes.

HOPE. Yet, the Colonel saw his car pull up.

COLONEL. I did . . . I did . . . no more than two hours ago.

HOPE. You see . . . that's what has been troubling me.

FLINT. But I drove the Master's car up.

TWEED. You drove the car here?

FLINT. Yes, Miss.

TWEED. And your missing shears most likely cut our only means of communication.

FLINT. My shears must have been stolen. The rest is simple.

TWEED. Nothing is simple when murder is involved . . . Why were you driving Lord Rancour's car?

FLINT. I found it parked beside the west wing. I drove it 'round to the garage, that's all.

TWEED. Did you see Lord Rancour?

FLINT. No. I figgered he'd already arrived and gone straight to his rooms.

TWEED. Perhaps . . . But how do you explain why . . .

LETTIE. (*Appears at the top of the stairs, carrying as many telephones as is humanly possible.*) *All* the wires have been cut off! (*She brings the telephones down the stairs and deposits them in a heap on the floor.*)

NIGEL. Then we really are completely cut off from the outside world. All alone here on this damned island. (*Everyone sits.* FLINT, *not seeing* TWEED *in the desk chair, starts to sit, then jumps away.*)

COLONEL. I say, anyone up to a romping game of chess?

(*Telephone rings a double "English" ring and continues while everyone frantically scrambles with the phones, trying to get an answer. Then, the ringing stops. Silence.*)

HOPE. There was a ring, wasn't there?

LETTIE. I heard it too.

NIGEL. But that's impossible!

TWEED. The other day, I was reading a treatise on mass hallucination . . .

(*Phone.* GEOFFREY *enters. Phone keeps ringing, while they once again try the instruments on the floor.* DR. GRAYBURN *goes to desk. He finds hidden phone. He says "shush" to everyone. He lifts receiver and says.*)

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