

Acting Edition

Ken Ludwig's Lady Molly of Scotland Yard

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|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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The world premiere of *KEN LUDWIG'S LADY MOLLY OF SCOTLAND YARD* was produced by Asolo Repertory Theatre (Peter R. Rothstein, Producing Artistic Director; Ross Egan, Managing Director) in Sarasota, FL, on January 17, 2025. The production was directed by Peter Rothstein, with scenic design by Alexander Dodge, costume design by Jen Caprio, lighting design by Philip Rosenberg, sound design by Alex Ritter, and projection design by Greg Emetaz. The production stage manager was Jacqueline Singleton. The cast was as follows:

LADY MOLLY		Kate Loprest
PEG		Adelin Phelps
WOMAN ONE		Ellen Harvey
WOMAN TWO		Ayda Ozdoganlar
MAN ONE		Chris Hoch
MAN TWO		Jake Loewenthal
MAN THREE		Christian Thompson
CLYDE/TICKET SELLER		John Leggett
REVEREND GRIMES		Brian Zane
ENSEMBLE		Alan Kim, John Leggett, Elle Miller, Caitlin Rose, Brian Zane, Zoe Zervas

CHARACTERS

The play is written for eight actors.

LADY MOLLY

PEG

WOMAN ONE

RHONDA

XIMENA

CLEMENTINE CHURCHILL

MISS GRUNECKER

GLADYS CLAYPOLE

WOMAN TWO

TEAROOM WAITRESS

BETTY ROOT

SARAH CHURCHILL

MAN ONE

WINSTON CHURCHILL

PROFESSOR EARL GREY

PROFESSOR HOUSMAN

ALISTAIR DENNISTON

MAN TWO

JOCK COLVILLE

ALAN TURING

MAN THREE

INSPECTOR VICTORIA

CLEMENT

DUKE

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

MAN FOUR

TRILBY

THUG

REVEREND GRIMES

TICKET SELLER

CLYDE THE SAVOY WAITER

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*For my colleague
Ashley Polasek
who is clearly the brains of the operation.*

ACT ONE

(Pre-show music of the World War II era in England onstage before the action begins.)

Scene One: A Tearoom

(We're in an attractive London tearoom in late September 1940. Over the music, we hear the clinking of porcelain and the chattering of a few voices. A middle-aged professor is drinking chocolate at one of the tables, and a waitress is standing in the corner.)

(PEG enters. She is about twenty-five, smart and likeable. She addresses the audience.)

PEG. It all began in a London tearoom. It was the height of the Blitz, with German bombs dropping on London day and night – a time of almost unbearable tension, and, like some dread and relentless disease, it felt unstoppable. But even then there were islands of peace here and there, and you'd think that a tearoom would have been one of them.

I was with my friend Lady Molly of Scotland Yard, the most remarkable person I've ever met. She used to say, "when life is short, don't be small," and trust me, she was *never* small. Except when we were solving the "Wee Willie Winkie" serial murders and she was in disguise as Shirley Temple.

I first met Molly while working for the London Metropolitan Police Force – or Scotland Yard, as it's better known. She was an officer and I was her sergeant. We had been together for two years by this time. Little did we know that the events of the next few weeks would bring us to the brink of death and change the course of the entire war.

It began on one of those bright London mornings when everything seems possible. The night before, we had solved a sensational murder case that the papers were calling the East End Terror, and we decided to take a well-deserved day off, including tea and a film. To prepare, I went to bed early, but Molly pulled on a party dress and stayed out dancing all night at the Ritz.

(She calls out.)

*Molly, hurry up, if we don't eat now, we'll miss the film!
It's with Rosalind Russell!*

*(LADY MOLLY enters. She is a force of nature
who at the moment has a terrible hangover.)*

MOLLY. I'm coming, I'm coming. Ahh. My God, this head,
I think it's going to explode.

PEG. Hangover?

MOLLY. No thank you. I have one already.

PEG. Guess what? We're seeing a double feature with
Maureen O'Hara in *How Green Was My Valley*.

MOLLY. I have no interest in the color of Miss O'Hara's
valley.

(PEG snorts with laughter.)

Oh Peg, please don't snort. You sound like the
plumbing.

WAITRESS. May I help you ladies?

PEG. Yes, I'd like Earl Grey tea, please. And the sandwiches.

WAITRESS. Miss?

MOLLY. A pot of Lapsang souchong with a raw egg cracked into it.

WAITRESS. For a headache, Miss?

MOLLY. If by that you mean two little Swiss people inside my head hitting a bell with hammers, then yes, and make it two eggs.

WAITRESS. (*Confidentially.*) I do the same but I add Tabasco.

MOLLY. Oh, excellent. I'll have that. If I die, I die.

(*The WAITRESS goes. Beat.*)

PEG. Molly?

MOLLY. Yes, my dear?

PEG. I've been meaning to tell you something and I don't think you'll like it. I'm thinking of resigning from the Force. I'm sorry.

MOLLY. Because of the war, I take it.

PEG. Yes! I want to make a difference. I know that what we do is important, but I want to join up and serve the country. I want to fly.

MOLLY. Metaphorically.

PEG. No! Fly a plane! A Spitfire! I've been taking flying lessons and I want to be in the RAF.

MOLLY. Yes, that's an excellent goal, but the RAF has this stupid rule – and it's *very* stupid – that discriminates between human beings on the basis of how they're able to cross their legs.

PEG. I know, I know. I'm a woman. But it's so unfair.

MOLLY. It's philistine.

PEG. Barbaric.

(*To WAITRESS delivering tea.*) Thank you.

(*To MOLLY.*) And I've become such a good pilot, you should see me. I can do barrel rolls and fly in formation. I'm crackerjack, and I want to make a difference.

MOLLY. Well, then you must do it. We'll just have to make it happen, that's all.

PEG. Really?

MOLLY. Yes. Of course. Someone has to be first, right? Who was the first woman to get a PhD at Cambridge?

PEG. Katherine Margaret Wilson.

MOLLY. Right. Who was the first woman in Parliament?

PEG. Lady Astor.

MOLLY. Right.

PEG. And who was the first staff officer in charge of the women's section of the London Metropolitan Police Force?

MOLLY. I was.

PEG. Right!

MOLLY. And what's our motto?

PEG. If anyone can do it,

MOLLY & PEG. *We can!*

MOLLY. *Good!*

PEG. Oh, I feel so much better now. Let's have some tea. I'm starving. I'll devour it. I'll decimate it!

(*No answer.*)

Molly?

(*No answer; MOLLY is looking at something.*)

Molly?

MOLLY. That man over there. Look at his fingers. And now his eyes.

PEG. Do you think –?

MOLLY. Yes. He's about to die. *Quickly!*

(They run to the man's table, but just as they get there, the MAN gurgles and pitches forward with a crash – along with a scream of Stravinsky.)

WAITRESS. *Ahhhhhhh!*

MOLLY. Sir. Sir! ...He's dead.

PEG. Oh no.

MOLLY. It's poison.

WAITRESS. How do you know?

MOLLY. His lips and fingernails are slightly blue, his skin is clammy, which means that his heart stopped almost instantly, and the teacup doesn't match the saucer which means that the cups were switched. This one has the poison in it.

PEG. What kind is it?

MOLLY. Nitrobenzene. Which always has the smell of almonds and reveals itself with yellow crystals. Call the Inspector.

PEG. Right away.

(PEG hurries off. The WAITRESS reaches for the cup.)

MOLLY. *Don't touch that!*

WAITRESS. *Ah!*

MOLLY. Nitrobenzene can be absorbed through the skin, in which case you'd be dead in minutes.

(The WAITRESS gasps.)

MOLLY. “Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, thou art not so.”

WAITRESS. Yes, ma’am.

MOLLY. Donne.

WAITRESS. Yes he is.

PEG. *(Re-entering.)* The Inspector is on his way.

MOLLY. Do you know who he was by any chance?

WAITRESS. I do in a way. He come here on the weekends, with
his wife usually. He was a professor like, at Cambridge. I
heard ’em talking. His name is Professor Grey.

MOLLY. Do you know his first name?

WAITRESS. I do, miss. I heard his wife use it.

MOLLY. And?

WAITRESS. You’re not going to believe it, miss.

MOLLY. Try me.

WAITRESS. Earl.

MOLLY. Earl Grey?

WAITRESS. Yes, miss. Like the tea.

*(The three of them look at each other and start
to laugh.)*

PEG. Sorry.

WAITRESS. Sorry.

MOLLY. Stop it. The man is dead. Very bad form.

WAITRESS. Of course.

PEG. Terrible.

MOLLY. ...I heard he had a brother named Oolong.

PEG. I thought it was Chamomile.

WAITRESS. And a sister Darjeeling.

*(They scream with laughter. They can't stop.
Then **INSPECTOR VICTORIA** strides on and
they go silent.)*

INSPECTOR. *What the 'ell did you do THIS time?!*

PEG. Inspector Victoria!

*(The **INSPECTOR** is always angry, barks with
disgust, and has the voice of a meat grinder.)*

INSPECTOR. *(Sees the body.)* 'Oo's 'e? Is 'e dead? 'E looks dead. Why do I always get the dead ones?

MOLLY. Because you're in homicide?

INSPECTOR. Does he have a name?

MOLLY. Professor Grey.

WAITRESS. He was married to Rhonda Cushing the actress.

PEG. Really?!

INSPECTOR. Never 'eard of 'er.

PEG. She was in *Grand Hotel* with Wallace Beery and then had a small but significant role in the first *Tarzan* film –

INSPECTOR. Shut it.

PEG. Yes sir.

INSPECTOR. *(To the **WAITRESS**.)* Did you see anything odd? Special?

WAITRESS. Not really. His wife was here and left, and then a woman went up to his table.

MOLLY. Did you recognize her?

WAITRESS. No, I couldn't see her face. She was wearing a large red hat with a feather.

INSPECTOR. Do we know his address, this professor fella?

MOLLY. It'll be in his wallet. I have it right here.

WAITRESS. Lord love a duck! You picked his pocket!

MOLLY. (*From the wallet.*) The professor lives at 18 Riverdale Gardens, Kensington. Teaches at Trinity College, Cambridge... Oh my Lord. I remember now. I heard him lecture once. He was brilliant.

PEG. (*Confidentially, proudly, to the INSPECTOR.*) She was at Cambridge. Got a double first in maths and engineering and was offered a –

INSPECTOR. Miss Bright! I don't need a dissertation on your senior homicide partner!

PEG. Sorry.

INSPECTOR. Now you two, call the coroner, then clean this mess up and go see the victim's wife, this Rhonda Pushpin.

PEG. Cushing, sir. She had a nice career, including a small but significant part in *Rose Marie* with Nelson Eddy –

INSPECTOR. *Just clean it up!*

PEG. Yes sir!

(*To us.*) It took us almost two hours to finish up. We had to question the staff, search the kitchen, dust for fingerprints, then taste all the sandwiches – that was Molly's idea.

MOLLY. "I like the cheese and tomato."

PEG. "I prefer the mango and cress."

MOLLY. Now let's go see that actress of yours.

PEG. Oh I can't wait! I'll bet she's a dear.

(Quietly in the background we hear the rousing strains of a tune that evokes the golden age of Hollywood.)

You know, people say that actresses are ambitious and only *pretend* to be friendly up on the screen. But *I* think you can watch a film and tell immediately who's nice and who isn't, and I'll bet that Rhonda Cushing is as good as they come.

(RHONDA enters aggressively from the next scene.)

RHONDA. *You make me vomit!*

Scene Two: Rhonda's Sitting Room

RHONDA. *(Continued.) You're revolting! You're like the press, you want to provoke me and provoke me! Ohh, you should have seen the headlines: "Former actress marries brain trust." "Parts dry up and so does Rhonda." And now my husband is gone like that.*

(She weeps.)

How is it possible that God would sunder two hearts in their prime, beating as one like a tom-tom on the Ganges.

PEG. Didn't you say that in *Gunga Din*?

RHONDA. How dare you impugn my love for that sainted old man?

MOLLY. He was forty-one.

RHONDA. Which is old when you're a girl of thirt--... twenty-sss-four.

MOLLY. And I believe you were only recently married, is that correct?

RHONDA. Am I a suspect now? Is that your game? Well he was dear to me. He was my sun, my moon, my nebula of happiness.

PEG. Didn't you say that in *Strike Up the Band*?

RHONDA. *Oh leave me alone!* I could have been one of the greats, you know. I could have played *Cleopatra* if that little bitch Claudette Colbert hadn't stolen the part. And you know how she did it? A little method acting. Reclining on a chaise longue in the producer's office, popping his dates in her mouth.

PEG. Dates?

RHONDA. I could have been in *The Wizard of Oz*.

PEG. Of course! As Auntie Em, in your sweet little apron!

RHONDA. No, you idiot! *As the other one!*

PEG. The Wicked Witch of the West?

MOLLY. Just a few more questions. Where did you go when you left your husband at the tearoom?

RHONDA. I went shopping. Have you heard of shopping?

MOLLY. And where did you shop?

RHONDA. In Kensington. I'm sure they'll remember me.

MOLLY. Any particular store?

RHONDA. The blue one.

PEG. And that would have been around one p.m.?

RHONDA. I suppose. What else?

MOLLY. That photograph on the wall.

RHONDA. Yes, that's me. Don't I look glamorous?

PEG. The signs on the street are all in German.

RHONDA. Yes, it's Berlin. I love Berlin. Does that make me a Nazi? That was years ago. I must have been thirteen- eighteen. Are we finished?

MOLLY. Yes, for now. But we'd like to take a look around, then talk to your maid.

RHONDA. Suit yourself. Her name is Ximena and I would be careful. She's a Castilian and she lies like a rug.

PEG. (*To us.*) The house was gorgeous and very Hollywood. It had a pool with its own pool house, and a library covered with photographs of Rhonda in all her films. There she was with all the big stars like Vivien Leigh and Katherine Hepburn, but in every shot she was well in the back, clearly a minor contract player, and for a moment I felt sorry for her. That changed when we met her maid Ximena, who had a distinctive style that was all her own.

Scene Three: Rhonda's Pool

(**XIMENA** is a sexy woman in a maid's outfit.
She has a heavy Castilian accent.)

XIMENA. Allo, you may athk me anything. I am at your dithpothal.

MOLLY. What do you think of Miss Cushing?

XIMENA. She ith a focking beech.

MOLLY. I beg your pardon?

PEG. She said that Rhonda is a foc-

MOLLY. I know what she *said*. I was asking for context.

XIMENA. "Contextht?"

MOLLY. In what way is your employer...unpleasant?

XIMENA. Aha. Contextht. Well, for example, she ith alwayth shopping and she taketh me along to carry the bagth. Yethterday she wanted a hat. "*I wanna new hat!*" She hath plenty of hat. But she buyth a new hat.

MOLLY. Was it a red hat?

XIMENA. Oh, jeth and it had a beeg red feather. Ugh. It wath ugly. And the money she thpends! *Ay que mi!* And it ith not her money, it ith her husbandth money and he ith berry rich. No, thorry. *Wath* berry rich. He ith dead now. He ith dead like a...what do you call it?

MOLLY. Corpse?

PEG. Body?

XIMENA. Doorbell. He ith dead ath a doorbell.

PEG. Did she and her husband ever argue?

XIMENA. Argue? Are you making the fun with me? Eet wath a war thone in here. Oneth she hit heem in the head with a crythtal punch bowl.

PEG. Did it shatter?

XIMENA. His head or the punch bowl?

MOLLY. What did they argue about?

XIMENA. I will tell you exthactly.

(XIMENA disappears as PROFESSOR EARL GREY appears in his own light.)

EARL. Rhonda, you need to stop spending so much money! It has been like this since the day we were married! Clothes. Furniture. Jewelry that you don't even wear! Do you remember the car I bought you? Oh, you had to have that car, it was life or death, and you've never even driven it! You have got to stop! We'll go to the poorhouse at this rate. You need an allowance!

(And now RHONDA joins EARL in the light.)

RHONDA. *An allowance, Earl?! How dare you threaten me with an allowance?!*

EARL. I-I-I was simply suggesting –

RHONDA. I don't *do* allowances, you skinflint! You're loaded with money, and you're spending it on that woman you're seeing. I have proof!

EARL. Such as?!

RHONDA. First of all, you're never here in *London*, are you?

EARL. I teach at Cambridge.

RHONDA. Five days a week?!

EARL. *Yes!*

RHONDA. *Liar! Liar! I had you followed, and you don't go to Cambridge, do you, Earl?*

(RHONDA sweeps off.)

EARL. *(Shouting at the now-absent RHONDA.)* Of course I go to Cambridge, you maniac! I *teach* at Cambridge, which does not mean I am always *living* at Cambridge! I have colleagues at Oxford and I need to visit them! We have conferences with specialists in Manchester and Birmingham. I have to go all over the country and at times abroad. This is life and death! There is a war on, there are jobs to be done, there is a country to save, and I *do not answer to you or anyone else as to my whereabouts, you are a raving lunatic!!*

(EARL disappears.)

MOLLY. So it wasn't a happy marriage, then.

XIMENA. *(Reentering.)* No it wath not.

MOLLY. I have one more question. Is Rhonda seeing a man, do you think?

XIMENA. Oh yeth. Hith name ith Othawald Mothley.

PEG. The head of the Nazi Party in England?

XIMENA. That ith right. He wath here yethterday. He make my thkin crawl away. He thay "Rhonda, you are *thtunning* and *thofisthicated*, and tho berry *young*," have you thigned your will yet?"

MOLLY. Her will?

XIMENA. Thi. And she thay "Oh Othawald, I will thine the will and your Nazthi Party will get all my money, but I am thtill *young*, I am only forty-thirty-twenty-five." Focking beech.

(She exits.)

MOLLY. Peg, do me a favor. Remember the wardrobe in the master bedroom?

PEG. Yes. I searched it.

MOLLY. Well search it again and this time look for hidden spaces and false bottoms. See if you can find a copy of the will and the hat.

PEG. The red one? With the feather?

MOLLY. Let's hope so. And keep your eye out for anything to do with Oswald Mosley and the Nazi Party. Everything about this place makes me suspicious. I don't know why it's just...

MOLLY & PEG. Intuition.

MOLLY. Exactly. Meanwhile, I'll have another chat with Miss Cushing. Perhaps she forgot to tell us something.

(MOLLY walks back into the study.)

Scene Four: Rhonda's Sitting Room

(We hear an ominous rumble. Something is amiss. Something dangerous is going on.)

MOLLY. ...Miss Cushing, may I bother you again? I have a few more questions.

(We hear the wind outside. The drapes on the window blow open just a little.)

It's freezing in here. Do you mind if I close the window?
...Miss Cushing? ...Is something the matter?

(The wind whistles. The curtain moves again.)

*(Then suddenly **RHONDA** collapses onto her chaise with a knife in her back. Screeetch!)*

God almighty. **PEG! PEG, COME QUICKLY!**

*(**MOLLY** rushes to **RHONDA** to see if she's still alive. As she does, she notices that **RHONDA** is clutching a piece of paper in her hand. She pries **RHONDA**'s hand open and takes the paper.)*

*(At which moment, we hear the wind again and the curtain flutters. **MOLLY** freezes. Something's wrong. She moves quietly. She approaches the curtains...)*

*(And we hear "MEOOOW!" **MOLLY** sighs with relief. She turns back to **RHONDA** – when a **THUG** jumps out from behind the curtain with a roar and grabs her, one arm around her neck, the other over her mouth.)*

Mfff! Mffrelp! LET ME GO!

THUG. *Halt die Klappe!*

(They struggle furiously. PEG walks in.)

PEG. Molly, I swear the wardrobe's empty...

MOLLY. *Mpfff!*

PEG. *MOLLY!*

MOLLY. *Help!*

PEG. *Hold on!*

(PEG grabs a halberd from the wall, but it's so heavy that it pulls her this way and that around the room.)

MOLLY. *PEG!*

PEG. *I'M TRYING!*

(The THUG pulls a knife –)

AHH!

(But suddenly, MOLLY reverses things. She bites the THUG's hand that holds the knife –)

THUG. *ARGH!*

(And the knife clatters to the floor. Then she pivots around the THUG's back and pulls his jacket down to his elbows so that his arms are pinned to his sides.)

MOLLY. *PEG, KICK HIM IN THE COBBLERS!*

PEG. *(To us.)* It was not in my nature, but I did my best.

(And PEG does it – Wham! – and the THUG screams with pain and hits the floor with a bang. He doesn't move. MOLLY kneels beside him.)

MOLLY. I think he's dead.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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