



Theatre Memphis is a nonprofit community theatre dedicated to producing the highest quality theatrical experiences for our volunteers and patrons. A Memphis arts institution since 1920, Theatre Memphis is a well-established community theatre, staffed with talented professionals. Members of our community have the unique opportunity to learn more about theatre production and hone their talents in a professional setting while enjoying the affable spirit of community theatre. We invite any interested member of our community to get involved either onstage or backstage. All cast and crew at Theatre Memphis are volunteers, and we are always excited to add to this special group of hard-working and dedicated members.

We seek to engage diverse and energetic volunteer teams
that comprise of many shapes, sizes, colors, genders and ages.

Theatre Memphis is a community theatre, and all performers are volunteers.

The Mousetrap

IF AUDITIONING FOR BOTH *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* AND *THE MOUSETRAP*
IT IS ADVISED THAT YOU AUDITION ON SEPARATE DAYS

Mysterious and Clever. In this all-time favorite mystery, guests and staff are stranded at Monkswell Manor during a snowstorm when a local woman is murdered. It soon becomes clear that the murderer is amongst them. A police inspector interrogates them as they grow increasingly suspicious; and when a second murder takes place, tension and fear escalate. Seven strangers turn on one another as an unsuspecting twist reveals who-done-it.

By Agatha Christie

Directed by Bruce Huffman

Auditions: Saturday, April 13th at 10:00 AM

Sunday, April 14th at 5:30 PM

Callbacks: Sunday, April 14h at 7:30 PM (by invitation only)

Rehearsals: August 2024 - October 2024

Performances: October 11th- 27th 2024 on the Lohrey Stage

Auditions & Callbacks will be held at Theatre Memphis 630 Perkins Extd Memphis, TN 38117

All persons interested need to sign up [here](#); however, walk-ins will be accommodated on a first come first serve basis. On the day of your audition, please arrive about 15 minutes in advance for check in. An audition form will be available on our [website](#) starting **April 8th**. Current performance resume and headshot strongly advised for all auditionees.

As of: March 14th

- Auditions are open to all genders, races, and ethnicities; see character descriptions below.
- Cold readings will be from the script. You can find the sides below.
- British dialect is strongly encouraged.
- Please note any scheduling conflicts on your audition form.
 - Regular rehearsals will be 5-6 days a week, starting **August 26th**. Weekday call times may begin as early as 6 PM and end as late as 10 PM. (Tech rehearsals may end as late as 11:00 PM.) Weekend times may vary.
 - For the good of the show and fairness to all production volunteers and staff, we ask that you not add conflicts to your schedule once you have committed to a Theatre Memphis production. If you are cast in ***The Mousetrap*** and cannot keep your rehearsal and performance commitments, Theatre Memphis reserves the right to replace you.
- Familiarity with the script and score is strongly advised for all auditionees. Scripts (provided on a first-come/first-serve basis) are available to check out at the theatre box office during regular box office hours. Materials may be rented for up to 3 days with a refundable \$10 **cash** deposit. Rental deposits are forfeited if materials are returned after the due date.

All evening performances begin at 7:30 PM & Sunday matinees at 2:00 PM.

Actors cast in *The Mousetrap* should remain flexible as one or two performances may be added if needed the final week. Please see the calendar on the audition form for the schedule.

If the information and links above do not answer all of your questions, please contact at psm@theatrememphis.org or call 901-682-5261.

CHARACTERS

MOLLIE RALSTON

Female presenting; Age 20s to early 30s. The pleasant young owner of Monkswell Manor; anxious about hosting the inn's first guests; married to Giles for one year. She has "an ingenuous air," which is to say she comes off as innocent and often unsuspecting.

GILES RALSTON

Male presenting; Age 20s to early 30s. Owns Monkswell Manor with his wife Mollie, whom he loves; somewhat arrogant and jealous of the other guests' attentions toward Mollie. He may appear arrogant, but he's really just overprotective of his wife.

CHRISTOPHER WREN

Male presenting; Age 20s to 30s. The first guest to arrive at the hotel, Wren is a hyperactive young man who acts in a very peculiar manner. Wren claims to have been named after the architect of the same name by his parents. A bit flighty and somewhat neurotic. He is both quirky and vulnerable. And a little mysterious.

MRS. BOYLE

Female presenting; Age 40s to 60s. Mrs. Boyle is an imposing woman in a bad temper; she complains about everything. She is disapproving of every effort that Mollie and Giles produce to make her comfortable. She is retired, ancient, grumpy, unpleasant. If there's a kind bone in her body, she hides it well.

MAJOR METCALF

Male presenting; Age 40s to 60s. Major Metcalf is a middle-aged, typical, retired, square-shouldered, British military officer. He is friendly and very polite, and serves as a good counter to Mrs. Boyle during the play's first act. Underneath his gruffness... is more gruffness.

MISS CASEWELL

Female presenting; Age 20s to 30s. An edgy, aloof, somewhat tomboyish woman who speaks offhandedly about the horrific experiences of her childhood. She keeps her cards close to the vest and remains aloof... and a little mysterious.

MR. PARAVICINI

Male presenting; Age 30s to 50s. A man of unknown origin and age who turns up claiming his car has overturned in a snowdrift. He appears to be affecting a foreign accent and artificially aged with make-up. He is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma... with an indeterminate accent. He's a little mysterious.

SGT. TROTTER

Male presenting; Age late 20s to early 40s. Detective Sergeant Trotter is a cheerful, common-place person who arrives at the guest house on skis to investigate a local murder. Determined to get to the bottom of things, who is dogged in his pursuit of the truth.

THE MOUSETRAP SIDES

SIDE A- GILES, MOLLIE

SIDE B- CHRISTOPHER

SIDE C- MOLLIE, GILES, PARAVICINI

SIDE D- METCALF, BOYLE

SIDE E- BOYLE, CASEWELL

SIDE F- MOLLIE, CASEWELL

SIDE G- TROTTER, MOLLIE

SIDE H- CHRISTOPHER, MOLLIE

SIDE I- GILES, MOLLIE

SIDE J- TROTTER, METCALF

SIDE K- TROTTER, PARAVICINI

SIDE L- TROTTER, CASEWELL

START

GILES. Why? Where have you been? Surely you've not been out in this weather?

MOLLIE. I had to go down to the village for some stuff I'd forgotten. Did you get the chicken netting?

GILES. It wasn't the right kind. *(He sits on the left arm of the armchair centre.)* I went on to another dump but that wasn't any good either. Practically a whole day wasted. My God, I'm half frozen. Car was skidding like anything. The snow's coming down thick. What do you bet we're not snowed up tomorrow?

MOLLIE. Oh dear, I do hope not. *(She crosses to the radiator and feels it.)* If only the pipes don't freeze.

GILES. *(rising and moving up to MOLLIE)* We'll have to keep the central heating well stoked up. *(He feels the radiator.)* H'm, not too good – I wish they'd send the coke along. We've not got any too much.

MOLLIE. *(moving down to the sofa and sitting)* Oh! I do so want everything to go well at first. First impressions are so important.

GILES. *(moving down to right of the sofa)* Is everything ready? Nobody's arrived yet, I suppose?

MOLLIE. No, thank goodness. I think everything's in order. Mrs. Barlow's hooked it early. Afraid of the weather, I suppose.

GILES. What a nuisance these daily women are. That leaves everything on your shoulders.

MOLLIE. And yours! This is a partnership.

GILES. *(crossing to the fire)* So long as you don't ask me to cook.

MOLLIE. *(rising)* No, no, that's my department. Anyway, we've got lots of tins in case we are snowed up. *(Crossing to GILES)* Oh, Giles, do you think it's going to be all right?

GILES. Got cold feet, have you? Are you sorry now we didn't sell the place when your aunt left it to you, instead of having this mad idea of running it as a guest house?

MOLLIE. No, I'm not. I love it. And talking of a guest house. Just look at *that!* *(She indicates the sign board in an accusing manner.)*

GILES. *(complacently)* Pretty good, what? *(He crosses to left of the sign board.)*

MOLLIE. It's a disaster! Don't you see? You've left out the "S." Monkwell instead of Monkswell.

GILES. Good Lord, so I did. However did I come to do that? But it doesn't really matter, does it? Monkwell is just as good a name.

MOLLIE. You're in disgrace. *(She crosses to the desk.)* Go and stoke up the central heating.

GILES. Across that icy yard! Ugh! Shall I bank it up for the night now?

MOLLIE. No, you don't do that until ten or eleven o'clock at night.

GILES. How appalling!

MOLLIE. Hurry up. Someone may arrive at any minute now.

GILES. You've got all the rooms worked out?

MOLLIE. Yes. *(She sits at the desk and picks up a paper from it.)* Mrs. Boyle, Front Fourposter Room. Major Metcalf, Blue Room. Miss Casewell, East Room. Mr. Wren, Oak Room.

GILES. *(crossing to right of the sofa table)* I wonder what all these people will be like. Oughtn't we to have got rent in advance?

MOLLIE. Oh no, I don't think so.

GILES. We're rather mugs at this game.

MOLLIE. They bring luggage. If they don't pay we hang on to their luggage. It's quite simple.

GILES. I can't help thinking we ought to have taken a correspondence course in hotel keeping. We're sure to get had in some way. Their luggage might be just bricks wrapped up in newspaper and where should we be then?

MOLLIE. They all wrote from very good addresses.

GILES. That's what servants with forged references do. Some of these people may be criminals hiding from the police. *(He moves up to the sign board and picks it up.)*

MOLLIE. I don't care what they are so long as they pay us seven guineas every week.

GILES. You're such a wonderful woman of business, Mollie.

(GILES exits through the arch up right, carrying the sign board. MOLLIE switches on the radio.)

STOP

VOICE ON THE RADIO. And according to Scotland Yard, the crime took place at twenty-four Culver Street, Paddington. The murdered woman was a Mrs. Maureen Lyon. In connection with the murder, the police –

(MOLLIE rises and crosses to the armchair centre.)

– are anxious to interview a man seen in the vicinity, wearing a dark overcoat –

(MOLLIE picks up GILES' overcoat.)

– light scarf –

(MOLLIE picks up his scarf.)

– and a soft felt hat.

(MOLLIE picks up his hat and exits through the arch up right.)

Motorists are warned against ice-bound roads.

(The door bell rings.)

The heavy snow is expected to continue, and throughout the country...

(MOLLIE enters, crosses to the desk, switches off the radio and hurries off through the arch up right.)

MOLLIE. *(off)* How do you do?

CHRISTOPHER. *(off)* Thanks so much.

(CHRISTOPHER WREN enters through the arch up right with a suitcase which he places right of the refectory table. He is a rather wild-looking neurotic young man.)

CHRISTOPHER. (*as he enters*) Absolutely perfect. Real bedrock respectability. But why do away with a centre mahogany table? (*looking off right*) Little tables just spoil the effect.

(GILES enters up right and stands left of the large armchair right.)

MOLLIE. We thought guests would prefer them – this is my husband.

START

CHRISTOPHER. (*moving up to GILES and shaking hands with him*) How do you do? Terrible weather, isn't it? Takes one back to Dickens and Scrooge and that irritating Tiny Tim. So bogus. (*He turns towards the fire.*) Of course, Mrs. Ralston, you're absolutely right about the little tables. I was being carried away by my feeling for period. If you had a mahogany dining-table, you'd have to have the right family round it. (*He turns to GILES.*) Stern handsome father with a beard, prolific, faded mother, eleven children of assorted ages, a grim governess, and somebody called "poor Harriet," the poor relation who acts as general dogsbody and is very, very grateful for being given a good home!

STOP

GILES. (*disliking him*) I'll take your suitcase upstairs for you. (*He picks up the suitcase. To MOLLIE*) Oak Room, did you say?

MOLLIE. Yes.

CHRISTOPHER. I do hope that it's got a fourposter with little chintz roses?

GILES. It hasn't.

(GILES exits left up the stairs with the suitcase.)

CHRISTOPHER. I don't believe your husband is going to like me. (*Moving a few paces towards MOLLIE.*) How long have you been married? Are you very much in love?

MOLLIE. (*coldly*) We've been married just a year. (*moving towards the stairs left*) Perhaps you'd like to go up and see your room?

Mollie, Giles, And
Paravicini

Side C

START

Hercule Poirot, which may give a wrong impression to the audience. He wears a heavy fur-lined overcoat. He leans on the left side of the arch and puts down the bag. GILES enters.)

PARAVICINI. A thousand pardons. I am – where am I?

GILES. This is Monkswell Manor Guest House.

PARAVICINI. But what stupendous good fortune! Madame!

(He moves down to MOLLIE, takes her hand and kisses it.)

(GILES crosses above the armchair centre.)

What an answer to prayer. A guest house – and a charming hostess. My Rolls Royce, alas, has run into a snowdrift. Blinding snow everywhere. I do not know where I am. Perhaps, I think to myself, I shall freeze to death. And then I take a little bag, I stagger through the snow, I see before me big iron gates. A habitation! I am saved. Twice I fall into the snow as I come up your drive, but at last I arrive and immediately – *(He looks round.)* despair turns to joy. *(changing his manner)* You can let me have a room – yes?

GILES. Oh yes...

MOLLIE. It's rather a small one, I'm afraid.

PARAVICINI. Naturally – naturally – you have other guests.

MOLLIE. We've only just opened this place as a guest house today, and so we're – we're rather new at it.

PARAVICINI. *(leering at MOLLIE)* Charming – charming...

GILES. What about your luggage?

PARAVICINI. That is of no consequence. I have locked the car securely.

GILES. But wouldn't it be better to get it in?

PARAVICINI. No, no. *(He moves up to right of GILES.)* I can assure you on such a night as this, there will be no thieves abroad. And for me, my wants are very simple. I have all I need – here – in this little bag. Yes, all that I need.

MOLLIE. You'd better get thoroughly warm.

(PARAVICINI crosses to the fire.)

I'll see about your room. *(She moves to the armchair centre.)* I'm afraid it's rather a cold room because it faces north, but all the others are occupied.

PARAVICINI. You have several guests, then?

MOLLIE. There's Mrs. Boyle and Major Metcalf and Miss Casewell and a young man called Christopher Wren – and now – you.

PARAVICINI. Yes – the unexpected guest. The guest that you did not invite. The guest who just arrived – from nowhere – out of the storm. It sounds quite dramatic, does it not? Who am I? You do not know. Where do I come from? You do not know. Me, I am the man of mystery. *(He laughs.)*

(MOLLIE laughs and looks at GILES, who grins feebly.)

PARAVICINI nods his head at MOLLIE in high good humour)

But now, I tell you this. I complete the picture. From now on there will be no more arrivals. And no departures either. By tomorrow – perhaps even already – we are cut off from civilization. No butcher, no baker, no milkman, no postman, no daily papers – nobody and nothing but ourselves. That is admirable – admirable. It could not suit me better. My name, by the way, is Paravicini. *(He moves down to the small armchair right.)*

MOLLIE. Oh yes. Ours is Ralston.

(GILES moves to left of MOLLIE.)

PARAVICINI. Mr. and Mrs. Ralston? *(He nods his head as they agree. He looks round him and moves up to right of MOLLIE.)* And this – is Monkswell Manor Guest House, you said? Good. Monkswell Manor Guest House. *(He laughs.)* Perfect. *(He laughs.)* Perfect. *(He laughs and crosses to the fireplace.)*

(MOLLIE looks at GILES and they both look at PARAVICINI uneasily as – the curtain falls.)

STOP

Scene II

START

(Scene – The same. The following afternoon.)

(When the curtain rises it is not snowing, but snow can be seen banked high against the window. MAJOR METCALF is seated on the sofa reading a book, and MRS. BOYLE is sitting in the large armchair right in front of the fire, writing on a pad on her knee.)

MRS. BOYLE. I consider it *most* dishonest not to have told me they were only just starting this place.

MAJOR METCALF. Well, everything's got to have a beginning, you know. Excellent breakfast this morning. Good coffee. Scrambled eggs, home-made marmalade. And all nicely served, too. Little woman does it all herself.

MRS. BOYLE. Amateurs – there should be a proper staff.

MAJOR METCALF. Excellent lunch, too.

MRS. BOYLE. Cornbeef.

MAJOR METCALF. But very well disguised cornbeef. Red wine in it. Mrs. Ralston promised to make a pie for us tonight.

MRS. BOYLE. (*rising and crossing to the radiator*) These radiators are not really hot. I shall speak about it.

MAJOR METCALF. Very comfortable beds, too. At least mine was. Hope yours was, too.

MRS. BOYLE. It was quite adequate. (*She returns to the large armchair right and sits.*) I don't quite see why the best bedroom should have been given to that *very* peculiar young man.

MAJOR METCALF. Got here ahead of us. First come, first served.

MRS. BOYLE. From the advertisement I got *quite* a different impression of what this place would be like. A comfortable writing-room, and a much larger place altogether – with bridge and other amenities.

MAJOR METCALF. Regular old tabbies' delight.

MRS. BOYLE. I beg your pardon.

MAJOR METCALF. Er – I mean, yes, I quite see what you mean.

STOP

(CHRISTOPHER enters left from the stairs unnoticed.)

MRS. BOYLE. No, indeed, I shan't stay here long.

CHRISTOPHER. *(laughing)* No. No, I don't suppose you will.

(CHRISTOPHER exits into the library up left.)

MRS. BOYLE. Really that is a very peculiar young man.
Unbalanced mentally, I shouldn't wonder.

MAJOR METCALF. Think he's escaped from a lunatic asylum.

MRS. BOYLE. I shouldn't be at all surprised.

(MOLLIE enters through the archway up right.)

MOLLIE. *(calling upstairs)* Giles?

GILES. *(off)* Yes?

MOLLIE. Can you shovel the snow away again from the back door?

GILES. *(off)* Coming.

(MOLLIE disappears through the arch.)

MAJOR METCALF. I'll give you a hand, what? *(He rises and crosses up right to the arch.)* Good exercise. Must have exercise.

(MAJOR METCALF exits. GILES enters from the stairs, crosses and exits up right. MOLLIE returns, carrying a duster and a vacuum cleaner, crosses the hall and runs upstairs. She collides with MISS CASEWELL who is coming down the stairs.)

MOLLIE. Sorry!

MISS CASEWELL. That's all right.

(MOLLIE exits. MISS CASEWELL comes slowly centre.)

MRS. BOYLE. Really! What an incredible young woman. Doesn't she know anything about housework? Carrying a carpet sweeper through the front hall. Aren't there any back stairs?

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MISS CASEWELL. (*taking a cigarette from a packet in her handbag*)

Oh yes – nice back stairs. (*She crosses to the fire.*) Very convenient if there was a fire. (*She lights the cigarette.*)

MRS. BOYLE. Then why not use them? Anyway, all the housework should have been done in the morning before lunch.

MISS CASEWELL. I gather our hostess had to cook the lunch.

MRS. BOYLE. All very haphazard and amateurish. There should be a proper staff.

MISS CASEWELL. Not very easy to get nowadays, is it?

MRS. BOYLE. No, indeed, the lower classes seem to have no idea of their responsibilities.

MISS CASEWELL. Poor old lower classes. Got the bit between their teeth, haven't they?

MRS. BOYLE. (*frostily*) I gather you are a Socialist.

MISS CASEWELL. Oh, I wouldn't say that. I'm not a Red – just pale pink. (*She moves to the sofa and sits on the right arm.*) But I don't take much interest in politics – I live abroad.

MRS. BOYLE. I suppose conditions are much easier abroad.

MISS CASEWELL. I don't have to cook and clean – as I gather most people have to do in this country.

MRS. BOYLE. This country has gone sadly downhill. Not what it used to be. I sold my house last year. Everything was too difficult.

MISS CASEWELL. Hotels and guest houses are easier.

MRS. BOYLE. They certainly solve some of one's problems. Are you over in England for long?

MISS CASEWELL. Depends. I've got some business to see to. When it's done – I shall go back.

MRS. BOYLE. To France?

MISS CASEWELL. No.

MRS. BOYLE. Italy?

MISS CASEWELL. No. (*She grins.*)

(MRS. BOYLE looks at her inquiringly but MISS CASEWELL does not respond. MRS. BOYLE starts writing. MISS CASEWELL grins as she looks at her, crosses to the radio, turns it on, at first softly, then increases the volume.)

MRS. BOYLE. (annoyed, as she is writing) Would you mind not having that on quite so loud! I always find the radio rather distracting when one is trying to write letters.

MISS CASEWELL. Do you?

MRS. BOYLE. If you don't particularly want to listen just now...

MISS CASEWELL. It's my favourite music. There's a writing table in there. (She nods towards the library door up left.)

MRS. BOYLE. I know. But it's much warmer here.

MISS CASEWELL. Much warmer, I agree. (She dances to the music.)

STOP

(MRS. BOYLE, after a moment's glare, rises and exits into the library up left. MISS CASEWELL grins, moves to the sofa table, and stubs out her cigarette. She moves up stage and picks up a magazine from the refectory table.)

Bloody old bitch. (She moves to the large armchair and sits.)

(CHRISTOPHER enters from the library up left and moves down left.)

CHRISTOPHER. Oh!

MISS CASEWELL. Hullo.

CHRISTOPHER. (gesturing back to the library) Wherever I go that woman seems to hunt me down – and then she glares at me – positively glares.

MISS CASEWELL. (indicating the radio) Turn it down a bit.

(CHRISTOPHER turns the radio down until it is playing quite softly.)

CHRISTOPHER. Is that all right?

MISS CASEWELL. Oh yes, it's served its purpose.

CHRISTOPHER. What purpose?

MRS. BOYLE. One tries to do a public duty and all one gets is abuse.

(PARAVICINI laughs heartily.)

PARAVICINI. You must forgive me, but indeed I find all this most amusing. I enjoy myself greatly.

(Still laughing, PARAVICINI exits down left to the drawing-room. MOLLIE moves to right of the sofa.)

MRS. BOYLE. I never did like that man!

MISS CASEWELL. (moving to left of the sofa table) Where did he come from last night? (She takes a cigarette from the box.)

MOLLIE. I don't know.

MISS CASEWELL. Looks a bit of a spiv to me. Makes his face up, too. Rouge and powder. Disgusting. He must be quite old, too. (She lights the cigarette.)

MOLLIE. And yet he skips about as though he were quite young.

MAJOR METCALF. You'll be wanting more wood. I'll get it.

(MAJOR METCALF exits up right.)

MOLLIE. It's almost dark and yet it's only four in the afternoon. I'll turn the lights on. (She moves down right and switches on the wall brackets over the fireplace.) That's better.

(There is a pause. MRS. BOYLE glances uncomfortably first at MOLLIE and then at MISS CASEWELL, who are both watching her.)

MRS. BOYLE. (assembling her writing things) Now where did I leave my pen? (She rises and crosses left.)

(MRS. BOYLE exits up left to the library. There is the sound of a piano being played from the drawing-room – the tune of "Three Blind Mice" picked out with one finger.)

MOLLIE. (moving up to the window to close the curtains) What a horrid little tune that is.

START

MISS CASEWELL. Don't you like it? Reminds you of your childhood perhaps – an unhappy childhood?

MOLLIE. I was very happy as a child. *(She moves round to centre of the refectory table.)*

MISS CASEWELL. You were lucky.

MOLLIE. Weren't you happy?

MISS CASEWELL. *(crossing to the fire)* No.

MOLLIE. I'm sorry.

MISS CASEWELL. But all that's a long time ago. One gets over things.

MOLLIE. I suppose so.

MISS CASEWELL. Or doesn't one? Damned hard to say.

MOLLIE. They say that what happened when you're a child matters more than anything else.

MISS CASEWELL. They say – they say. Who says?

MOLLIE. Psychologists.

MISS CASEWELL. All humbug. Just a damned lot of nonsense. I've no use for psychologists and psychiatrists.

MOLLIE. *(moving down below the sofa)* I've never really had much to do with them.

MISS CASEWELL. A good thing for you you haven't. It's all a lot of hoocy – the whole thing. Life's what you make of it. Go straight ahead – don't look back.

MOLLIE. One can't always help looking back.

MISS CASEWELL. Nonsense. It's a question of will power.

MOLLIE. Perhaps.

MISS CASEWELL. *(forcefully)* I know. *(She moves down centre.)*

MOLLIE. I expect you're right... *(She sighs.)* But sometimes things happen – to make you remember...

MISS CASEWELL. Don't give in. Turn your back on them.

MOLLIE. Is that really the right way? I wonder. Perhaps that's all wrong. Perhaps one ought really to – face them.

MISS CASEWELL. Depends what you're talking about.

STOP

MOLLIE. *(with a slight laugh)* Sometimes, I hardly know what I am talking about. *(She sits on the sofa.)*

MISS CASEWELL. *(moving to MOLLIE)* Nothing from the past is going to affect me – except in the way I want it to.

(GILES and TROTTER enter from the stairs left.)

TROTTER. Well, everything's all right upstairs. *(He looks at the open dining-room door, crosses and exits into the dining-room. He reappears in the archway up right.)*

(MISS CASEWELL exits into the dining-room, leaving the door open. MOLLIE rises and begins to tidy up, rearranging the cushions, then moves up to the curtains. GILES moves up to left of MOLLIE. TROTTER crosses down left.)

(Opening the door down left) What's in here, drawing-room?

(The sound of the piano is heard much louder while the door is open. TROTTER exits into the drawing-room and shuts the door. Presently he reappears at the door up left.)

MRS. BOYLE. *(off)* Would you mind shutting that door. This place is full of draughts.

TROTTER. Sorry, madam, but I've got to get the lay of the land.

(TROTTER closes the door and exits up the stairs. MOLLIE moves above the armchair centre.)

GILES. *(coming down to left of MOLLIE)* Mollie, what's all this...?

(TROTTER reappears down the stairs.)

TROTTER. Well, that completes the tour. Nothing suspicious. I think I'll make my report now to Superintendent Hogben. *(He goes to the telephone.)*

MOLLIE. *(moving to left of the refectory table)* But you can't telephone. The line's dead...

TROTTER. *(swinging round sharply)* What? *(He picks up the receiver.)* Since when?

START

TROTTER. (*considering*) Major Metcalf? (*He moves to the armchair centre and sits.*)

MOLLIE. Middle-aged. A soldier. He seems quite nice and perfectly normal – but it mightn't show, might it?

TROTTER. No, often it doesn't show at all.

MOLLIE. (*rising and moving to left of TROTTER*) So, it's not only Christopher who's a suspect. There's Major Metcalf as well.

TROTTER. Any other suggestions?

MOLLIE. Well, Mr. Paravicini did drop the poker when I said the police had rung up.

TROTTER. Mr. Paravicini. (*He appears to consider.*)

MOLLIE. I know he seems quite old – and foreign and everything, but he mightn't really be as old as he looks. He moves like a much younger man, and he's definitely got make-up on his face. Miss Casewell noticed it, too. He might be – oh, I know it sounds very melodramatic – but he might be *disguised*.

TROTTER. You're very anxious, aren't you, that it shouldn't be young Mr. Wren?

MOLLIE. (*moving to the fire*) He seems so – helpless, somehow. (*turning to TROTTER*) And so unhappy.

TROTTER. Mrs. Ralston, let me tell you something. I've had all possibilities in mind ever since the beginning. The boy Georgie, the father – and someone else. There was a sister, you remember.

MOLLIE. Oh – the sister?

TROTTER. (*rising and moving to MOLLIE*) It could have been a woman who killed Maureen Lyon. A woman. (*moving centre*) The muffler pulled up and the man's felt hat pulled well down, and the killer whispered, you know. It's the voice that gives the sex away. (*He moves above the sofa table.*) Yes, it might have been a woman.

MOLLIE. Miss Casewell?

TROTTER. (*moving to the stairs*) She looks a bit old for the part. (*He moves up the stairs, opens the library door, looks in, then shuts the door.*) Oh yes, Mrs. Ralston, there's a very wide field. (*He comes down the stairs.*) There's yourself, for instance.

MOLLIE. Me?

TROTTER. You're about the right age.

(*MOLLIE is about to protest.*)

(*checking her*) No, no. Whatever you tell me about yourself, I've got no means of checking it at this moment, remember. And then there's your husband.

MOLLIE. Giles, how ridiculous!

TROTTER. (*crossing slowly to left of MOLLIE*) He and Christopher Wren are much of an age. Say, your husband looks older than his years, and Christopher Wren looks younger. Actual age is very hard to tell. How much do you know about your husband, Mrs. Ralston?

MOLLIE. How much do I know about Giles? Oh, don't be silly.

TROTTER. You've been married – how long?

MOLLIE. Just a year.

TROTTER. And you met him – where?

MOLLIE. At a dance in London. We went in a party.

TROTTER. Did you meet his people?

MOLLIE. He hasn't any people. They're all dead.

TROTTER. (*significantly*) They're all dead?

MOLLIE. Yes – but, oh you make it sound all wrong. His father was a barrister and his mother died when he was a baby.

TROTTER. You're only telling me what *he* told you.

MOLLIE. Yes – but... (*She turns away.*)

TROTTER. You don't know it of your own knowledge.

MOLLIE. (*turning back quickly*) It's outrageous that...

TROTTER. You'd be surprised, Mrs. Ralston, if you knew how many cases rather like yours we get. Especially since the war. Homes broken up and families dead. Fellow says he's been in the Air Force, or just finished his Army training. Parents killed – no relations. There aren't any backgrounds nowadays and young people settle their own affairs – they meet and marry. It's parents and relatives who used to make the enquiries before they consented to an engagement. That's all done away with. Girl just marries her man. Sometimes she doesn't find out for a year or two that he's an absconding bank clerk, or an Army deserter or something equally undesirable. How long had you known Giles Ralston when you married him?

MOLLIE. Just three weeks. But...

TROTTER. And you don't know anything about him?

MOLLIE. That's not true. I know everything about him! I know exactly the sort of person he is. He's *Giles*. *(turning to the fire)* And it's absolutely absurd to suggest that he's some horrible crazy homicidal maniac. Why, he wasn't even in London yesterday when the murder took place.

TROTTER. Where was he? Here?

MOLLIE. He went across country to a sale to get some wire netting for our chickens.

TROTTER. Bring it back with him? *(He crosses to the desk.)*

MOLLIE. No, it turned out to be the wrong kind.

TROTTER. Only thirty miles from London, aren't you? Oh, you got an ABC? *(He picks up the ABC and reads it.)* Only an hour by train – a little longer by car.

MOLLIE. *(stamping her foot with temper)* I tell you Giles wasn't in London.

TROTTER. Just a minute, Mrs. Ralston. *(He crosses to the front hall, and comes back carrying a darkish overcoat. Moving to left of MOLLIE.)* This your husband's coat?

(MOLLIE looks at the coat)

STOP

Side H

MOLLIE. (*suspiciously*) Yes.

(TROTTER takes out a folded evening paper from the pocket.)

TROTTER. *Evening News*. Yesterday's. Sold on the streets about three-thirty yesterday afternoon.

MOLLIE. I don't believe it!

TROTTER. Don't you? (*He moves up right to the arch with the coat.*) Don't you?

(TROTTER exits through the archway up right with the overcoat. MOLLIE sits in the small armchair down right, staring at the evening paper. The door down right slowly opens. CHRISTOPHER peeps in through the door, sees that MOLLIE is alone and enters.)

START

CHRISTOPHER. Mollie!

(MOLLIE jumps up and hides the newspaper under the cushion in the armchair centre.)

MOLLIE. Oh, you startled me! (*She moves left of the armchair centre.*)

CHRISTOPHER. Where is he? (*moving to right of MOLLIE*)
Where has he gone?

MOLLIE. Who?

CHRISTOPHER. The sergeant.

MOLLIE. Oh, he went out that way.

CHRISTOPHER. If only I could get away. Somehow – some way. Is there anywhere I could hide – in the house?

MOLLIE. Hide?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes – from *him*.

MOLLIE. Why?

CHRISTOPHER. But, darling, they're all so frightfully against me. They're going to say I committed these murders – particularly your husband. (*He moves to right of the sofa.*)

MOLLIE. Never mind him. (*She moves a step to right of CHRISTOPHER.*) Listen, Christopher, you can't go on – running away from things – all your life.

CHRISTOPHER. Why do you say that?

MOLLIE. Well, it's true, isn't it?

CHRISTOPHER. (*hopelessly*) Oh yes, it's quite true. (*He sits at the left end of the sofa.*)

MOLLIE. (*sitting at the right end of the sofa; affectionately*)
You've got to grow up some time, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER. I wish I hadn't.

MOLLIE. Your name isn't really Christopher Wren, is it?

CHRISTOPHER. No.

MOLLIE. And you're not really training to be an architect?

CHRISTOPHER. No.

MOLLIE. Why did you...?

CHRISTOPHER. Call myself Christopher Wren? It just amused me. And then they used to laugh at me at school and call me little Christopher Robin. Robin – Wren – association of ideas. It was hell being at school.

MOLLIE. What's your real name?

CHRISTOPHER. We needn't go into that. I ran away whilst I was doing my Army service. It was all so beastly – I hated it.

(*MOLLIE has a sudden wave of unease, which CHRISTOPHER notices. She rises and moves to right of the sofa.*)

(*rising and moving down left*) Yes, I'm just like the unknown murderer.

(*MOLLIE moves up to left of the refectory table, and turns away from him.*)

I told you I was the one the specification fitted. You see, my mother – my mother... (*He moves up to left of the sofa table.*)

MOLLIE. Yes, your mother?

CHRISTOPHER. Everything would be all right if she hadn't died. She would have taken care of me – and looked after me...

MOLLIE. You can't go on being looked after all your life. Things happen to you. And you've got to bear them – you've got to go on just as usual.

CHRISTOPHER. One can't do that.

MOLLIE. Yes, one can.

CHRISTOPHER. You mean – you have? *(He moves up to left of MOLLIE.)*

MOLLIE. *(facing CHRISTOPHER)* Yes.

CHRISTOPHER. What was it? Something very bad?

MOLLIE. Something I've never forgotten.

CHRISTOPHER. Was it to do with Giles?

MOLLIE. No, it was long before I met Giles.

CHRISTOPHER. You must have been very young. Almost a child.

MOLLIE. Perhaps that's why it was so – awful. It was horrible – horrible... I try to put it out of my mind. I try never to think about it.

CHRISTOPHER. So – you're running away, too. Running away from things – instead of facing them?

MOLLIE. Yes – perhaps, in a way, I am.

(There is a silence.)

Considering that I never saw you until yesterday, we seem to know each other rather well.

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, it's odd, isn't it?

MOLLIE. I don't know. I suppose there's a sort of – sympathy between us.

CHRISTOPHER. Anyway, you think I ought to stick it out.

MOLLIE. Well, frankly, what else can you do?

CHRISTOPHER. I might pinch the sergeant's skis. I can ski quite well.

MOLLIE. That would be frightfully stupid. It would be almost like admitting you're guilty.

CHRISTOPHER. Sergeant Trotter thinks I'm guilty.

STOP

GILES. I tell you I'm worrying about my wife's safety.

CHRISTOPHER. So am I. I'm not going to leave you here alone with her. *(He moves up to left of MOLLIE.)*

GILES. *(moving up to right of MOLLIE)* What the hell...?

MOLLIE. Please go, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER. I'm not going.

MOLLIE. Please go, Christopher. Please. I mean it...

CHRISTOPHER. *(moving right)* I shan't be far away.

(Unwillingly CHRISTOPHER exits through the arch up right. MOLLIE crosses to the desk chair, and GILES follows her.)

START

GILES. What is all this? Mollie, you must be crazy. Perfectly prepared to shut yourself up in the kitchen with a homicidal maniac.

MOLLIE. He isn't.

GILES. You've only got to look at him to see he's barmy.

MOLLIE. He isn't. He's just unhappy. I tell you, Giles, he isn't dangerous. I'd know if he was dangerous. And anyway, I can look after myself.

GILES. That's what Mrs. Boyle said!

MOLLIE. Oh, Giles - don't. *(She moves down left.)*

GILES. *(moving down to right of MOLLIE)* Look here, what is there between you and that wretched boy?

MOLLIE. What do you mean by between us? I'm sorry for him - that's all.

GILES. Perhaps you'd met him before. Perhaps you suggested to him to come here and that you'd both pretend to meet for the first time. All cooked up between you, was it?

MOLLIE. Giles, have you gone out of your mind? How dare you suggest these things?

GILES. *(moving up to centre of the refectory table)* Rather odd, isn't it, that he should come and stay at an out-of-the-way place like this?

MOLLIE. No odder than that Miss Casewell and Major Metcalf and Mrs. Boyle should.

GILES. I read once in a paper that these homicidal cases were able to attract women. Looks as though it were true. *(He moves down centre.)* Where did you first know him? How long has this been going on?

MOLLIE. You're being absolutely ridiculous. *(She moves right slightly.)* I never set eyes on Christopher Wren until he arrived yesterday.

GILES. That's what you say. Perhaps you've been running up to London to meet him on the sly.

MOLLIE. You know perfectly well that I haven't been up to London for weeks.

GILES. *(in a peculiar tone)* You haven't been up to London for weeks. Is – that – so?

MOLLIE. What on earth do you mean? It's quite true.

GILES. Is it? Then what's this? *(He takes out MOLLIE's glove from his pocket and draws out of it the bus ticket.)*

(MOLLIE starts.)

This is one of the gloves you were wearing yesterday. You dropped it. I picked it up this afternoon when I was talking to Sergeant Trotter. You see what's inside it – a London bus ticket!

MOLLIE. *(looking guilty)* Oh – that...

GILES. *(turning away right centre)* So it seems that you didn't only go to the village yesterday, you went to London as well.

MOLLIE. All right, I went to...

GILES. Whilst I was safely away racing round the countryside.

MOLLIE. *(with emphasis)* Whilst you were racing round the countryside...

GILES. Come on now – admit it. You went to London.

MOLLIE. All right. *(She moves centre below the sofa.)* I went to London. So did you!

GILES. What?

MOLLIE. So did you. You brought back an evening paper.

(She picks up the paper from the sofa.)

GILES. Where did you get hold of that?

MOLLIE. It was in your overcoat pocket.

GILES. Anyone could have put it in there.

MOLLIE. Did they? No, you were in London.

GILES. All right. Yes, I was in London. I didn't go to meet a woman there.

MOLLIE. *(in horror; whispering)* Didn't you – are you sure you didn't?

GILES. Eh? What d'you mean? *(He comes nearer to her.)*

(MOLLIE recoils, backing away down left.)

MOLLIE. Go away. Don't come near me.

GILES. *(following her)* What's the matter?

MOLLIE. Don't touch me.

GILES. Did you go to London yesterday to meet Christopher Wren?

MOLLIE. Don't be a fool. Of course I didn't.

GILES. Then why did you go?

(MOLLIE changes her manner. She smiles in a dreamy fashion.)

MOLLIE. I – shan't tell you that. Perhaps – now – I've forgotten why I went... *(She crosses towards the archway up right.)*

GILES. *(moving to left of MOLLIE)* Mollie, what's come over you? You're different all of a sudden. I feel as though I don't know you any more.

MOLLIE. Perhaps you never did know me. We've been married how long – a year? But you don't really know anything about me. What I'd done or thought or felt or suffered before you knew me.

GILES. Mollie, you're crazy...

MOLLIE. All right then, I'm crazy! Why not? Perhaps it's fun to be crazy!

STOP

Side J

PARAVICINI. *(moving down right)* I left Major Metcalf in the dining-room. *(He opens the door down right and looks in.)*
Major Metcalf! He's not there now.

GILES. I'll try and find him.

(GILES exits up right. MOLLIE and MISS CASEWELL enter from the stairs. MOLLIE moves to right of the refectory table and MISS CASEWELL to left of it. MAJOR METCALF enters up left from the library.)

MAJOR METCALF. Hullo, wanting me?

TROTTER. It's a question of my skis.

MAJOR METCALF. Skis? *(He moves to left of the sofa.)*

PARAVICINI. *(moving to the archway up right and calling)*
Mr Ralston!

(GILES enters up right and stands below the arch.

PARAVICINI returns and sits in the small armchair down right.)

TROTTER. Did either of you two remove a pair of skis from the cupboard near the kitchen door?

MISS CASEWELL. Good Lord, no. Why should I?

MAJOR METCALF. And I didn't touch 'em.

TROTTER. Nevertheless they are gone. *(to MISS CASEWELL)*
Which way did you go to your room?

MISS CASEWELL. By the back stairs.

TROTTER. Then you passed the cupboard door.

MISS CASEWELL. If you say so – I've no idea where your skis are.

START

TROTTER. *(to MAJOR METCALF)* You were actually in that cupboard today.

MAJOR METCALF. Yes, I was.

TROTTER. At the time Mrs. Boyle was killed.

MAJOR METCALF. At the time Mrs. Boyle was killed I'd gone down to the cellar.

TROTTER. Were the skis in the cupboard when you passed through?

MAJOR METCALF. I haven't the least idea.

TROTTER. Didn't you see them there?

MAJOR METCALF. Can't remember.

TROTTER. You must remember if those skis were there then?

MAJOR METCALF. No good shouting at me, young fellow. I wasn't thinking about any damned skis. I was interested in the cellars. *(He moves to the sofa and sits.)* Architecture of this place is very interesting. I opened the other door and I went on down. So I can't tell you whether the skis were there or not.

TROTTER. *(moving down to left of the sofa)* You realize that you, yourself, had an excellent opportunity of taking them?

MAJOR METCALF. Yes, yes, I grant you that. If I wanted to, that is.

TROTTER. The question is, where are they now?

MAJOR METCALF. Ought to be able to find them if we all set to. Not a case of "Hunt the Thimble." Whacking great things, skis. Supposing we all set to. *(He rises and crosses right towards the door.)*

TROTTER. Not quite so fast, Major Metcalf. That may be, you know, what we are meant to do.

MAJOR METCALF. Eh, I don't get you?

TROTTER. I'm in the position now where I've got to put myself in the place of a crazy cunning brain. I've got to ask myself what he wants us to do and what he, himself, is planning to do next.

I've got to try and keep just one step ahead of him. Because, if I don't, there's going to be another death.

MISS CASEWELL. You still don't believe that?

TROTTER. Yes, Miss Casewell. I do. Three blind mice. Two mice cancelled out – a third mouse still to be dealt with. *(moving down centre, with his back to the audience)* There are six of you here listening to me. One of you's a killer!

TOP

GILES. *(moving to right of the refectory table)* Stop frightening my wife at once.

MOLLIE. It's silly of me. But you see – I found her. Her face was all purple. I can't forget it...

PARAVICINI. I know. It's difficult to forget things, isn't it. You aren't really the forgetting kind.

MOLLIE. *(incoherently)* I must go – the food – dinner – prepare the spinach – and the potatoes all going to pieces – please, Giles.

(GILES and MOLLIE exit through the archway up right.

PARAVICINI leans on the left side of the arch and looks after them, grinning. MISS CASEWELL stands by the fireplace, lost in thought.)

START

TROTTER. *(rising and crossing to left of PARAVICINI)* What did you say to the lady to upset her, sir?

PARAVICINI. Me, Sergeant? Oh, just a little innocent fun. I've always been fond of a little joke.

TROTTER. There's nice fun – and there's fun that's not so nice.

PARAVICINI. *(moving down centre)* Now I do wonder what you mean by that, Sergeant?

TROTTER. I've been doing a little wondering about you, sir.

PARAVICINI. Indeed?

TROTTER. I've been wondering about that car of yours, and how it happened to overturn in a snowdrift *(He pauses and draws the right curtain.)* so conveniently.

PARAVICINI. Inconveniently, you mean, don't you, Sergeant?

TROTTER. *(moving down to right of PARAVICINI)* That rather depends on the way you're looking at it. Just where were you bound for, by the way, when you had this – accident?

PARAVICINI. Oh – I was on my way to see a friend.

TROTTER. In this neighbourhood?

PARAVICINI. Not so very far from here.

TROTTER. And what was the name and address of this friend?

PARAVICINI. Now really, Sergeant Trotter, does that matter now? I mean, it has nothing to do with this predicament, has it? *(He sits at the left end of the sofa.)*

TROTTER. We always like the fullest information. What did you say this friend's name was?

PARAVICINI. I didn't say. *(He takes a cigar from a case in his pocket.)*

TROTTER. No, you didn't say. And it seems you're not going to say. *(He sits on the right arm of the sofa.)* Now that's very interesting.

PARAVICINI. But there might be – so many reasons. An *amour* – discretion. These jealous husbands. *(He pierces the cigar.)*

TROTTER. Rather old to be running round with the ladies at your time of life, aren't you?

PARAVICINI. My dear Sergeant, I am not, perhaps, quite so old as I look.

TROTTER. That's just what I've been thinking, sir.

PARAVICINI. What? *(He lights the cigar.)*

TROTTER. That you may not be as old as you – try to look. There's a lot of people trying to look younger than they are. If somebody goes about trying to look older – well, it does make one ask oneself why.

PARAVICINI. Having asked questions of so many people – you ask questions of yourself as well? Isn't that overdoing things?

TROTTER. I might get an answer from myself – I don't get many from you.

PARAVICINI. Well, well – try again – that is, if you have any more questions to ask.

TROTTER. One or two. Where were you coming from last night?

PARAVICINI. That is simple – from London.

TROTTER. What address in London?

PARAVICINI. I always stay at the Ritz Hotel.

TROTTER. Very nice, too, I'm sure. What is your permanent address?

PARAVICINI. I dislike permanency.

TROTTER. What's your business or profession?

PARAVICINI. I play the markets.

TROTTER. Stockbroker?

PARAVICINI. No, no, you misunderstand me.

TROTTER. Enjoying this little game, aren't you? Sure of yourself, too. But I shouldn't be too sure. You're mixed up in a murder case, and don't you forget it. Murder isn't just fun and games.

PARAVICINI. Not even this murder? *(He gives a little giggle, and looks sideways at TROTTER.)* Dear me, you're very serious, Sergeant Trotter. I always have thought policemen have no sense of humour. *(He rises and moves to left of the sofa.)* Is the inquisition over – for the moment?

TROTTER. For the moment – yes.

PARAVICINI. Thank you so much. I shall go and look for your skis in the drawing-room. Just in case someone has hidden them in the grand piano.

STOP

(PARAVICINI exits down left. TROTTER looks after him, frowning, moves down to the door and opens it. MISS CASEWELL crosses quietly towards the stairs left. TROTTER shuts the door.)

TROTTER. *(without turning his head)* Just a minute, please.

MISS CASEWELL. *(pausing at the stairs)* Were you speaking to me?

TROTTER. Yes. *(crossing to the armchair centre)* Perhaps you'd come and sit down. *(He arranges the armchair for her.)*

(MISS CASEWELL looks at him warily and crosses below the sofa.)

MISS CASEWELL. Well, what do you want?

Side L

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TROTTER. For the moment – yes.

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(PARAVICINI exits down left. TROTTER looks after him, frowning, moves down to the door and opens it.)

MISS CASEWELL *crosses quietly towards the stairs left.*

TROTTER *shuts the door.*

START

TROTTER. *(without turning his head)* Just a minute, please.

MISS CASEWELL. *(pausing at the stairs)* Were you speaking to me?

TROTTER. Yes. *(crossing to the armchair centre)* Perhaps you'd come and sit down. *(He arranges the armchair for her.)*

(MISS CASEWELL looks at him warily and crosses below the sofa.)

MISS CASEWELL. Well, what do you want?

TROTTER. You may have heard some of the questions I was asking Mr. Paravicini?

MISS CASEWELL. I heard them.

TROTTER. (*moving to the right end of the sofa*) I'd like to have a little information from you.

MISS CASEWELL. (*moving to the armchair centre and sitting*) What do you want to know?

TROTTER. Full name, please.

MISS CASEWELL. Leslie Margaret (*she pauses*) Katherine Casewell.

TROTTER. (*with just a nuance of something different*) Katherine...

MISS CASEWELL. I spell it with a "K."

TROTTER. Quite so. Address?

MISS CASEWELL. Villa Mariposa, Pine d'or, Majorca.

TROTTER. That's in Italy?

MISS CASEWELL. It's an island – a Spanish island.

TROTTER. I see. And your address in England?

MISS CASEWELL. Care of Morgan's Bank, Leadenhall Street.

TROTTER. No other English address?

MISS CASEWELL. No.

TROTTER. How long have you been in England?

MISS CASEWELL. A week.

TROTTER. And you have been staying since your arrival...?

MISS CASEWELL. At the Ledbury Hotel, Knightsbridge.

TROTTER. (*sitting at the right end of the sofa*) What brought you to Monkswell Manor, Miss Casewell?

MISS CASEWELL. I wanted somewhere quiet – in the country.

TROTTER. How long did you – or do you – propose to remain here? (*He starts twirling his hair with his right hand.*)

MISS CASEWELL. Until I have finished what I came here to do. (*She notices the twirling.*)

(TROTTER looks up startled by a force in her words. She stares at him.)

TROTTER. And what was that?

(There is a pause.)

And what was that? *(He stops twirling his hair.)*

MISS CASEWELL. *(with a puzzled frown)* Eh?

TROTTER. What was it you came here to do?

MISS CASEWELL. I beg your pardon. I was thinking of something else.

TROTTER. *(rising and moving to left of MISS CASEWELL)* You haven't answered my question.

MISS CASEWELL. I really don't see, you know, why I should. It's a matter that concerns me alone. A strictly private affair.

TROTTER. All the same, Miss Casewell...

MISS CASEWELL. *(rising and moving to the fire)* No, I don't think we'll argue about it.

TROTTER. *(following her)* Would you mind telling me your age?

MISS CASEWELL. Not in the least. It's on my passport. I am twenty-four.

TROTTER. Twenty-four?

MISS CASEWELL. You were thinking I look older. That is quite true.

TROTTER. Is there anyone in this country who can – vouch for you?

MISS CASEWELL. My bank will reassure you as to my financial position. I can also refer you to a solicitor – a very discreet man. I am not in a position to offer you a social reference. I have lived most of my life abroad.

TROTTER. In Majorca?

MISS CASEWELL. In Majorca – and other places.

TROTTER. Were you born abroad?

MISS CASEWELL. No, I left England when I was thirteen.

(There is a pause, with a feeling of tension in it.)

TROTTER. You know, Miss Casewell, I can't quite make you out. *(He backs away left slightly.)*

MISS CASEWELL. Does it matter?

TROTTER. I don't know. *(He sits in the armchair centre.)* What are you doing here?

MISS CASEWELL. It seems to worry you.

TROTTER. It does worry me... *(He stares at her.)* You went abroad when you were thirteen?

MISS CASEWELL. Twelve – thirteen – thereabouts.

TROTTER. Was your name Casewell then?

MISS CASEWELL. It's my name now.

TROTTER. What was your name then? Come on – tell me.

MISS CASEWELL. What are you trying to prove? *(She loses her calm.)*

TROTTER. I want to know what your name was when you left England?

MISS CASEWELL. It's a long time ago. I've forgotten.

TROTTER. There are things one doesn't forget.

MISS CASEWELL. Possibly.

TROTTER. Unhappiness – despair...

MISS CASEWELL. I daresay...

TROTTER. What's your real name?

MISS CASEWELL. I told you – Leslie Margaret Katherine Casewell. *(She sits in the small armchair down right.)*

TROTTER. *(rising)* Katherine...? *(He stands over her.)* What the hell are you doing here?

MISS CASEWELL. I... Oh God... *(She rises, moves centre, and drops on the sofa. She cries, rocking herself to and fro.)* I wish to God I'd never come here.

(TROTTER, startled, moves to right of the sofa.

CHRISTOPHER enters from the door down left)

CHRISTOPHER. *(coming to left of the sofa)* I always thought the police weren't allowed to give people the third degree.

STOP