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AUDITION INFORMATION

WHEN

8/5/24 & 8/6/24 @ 7:00 PM

WHERE

Hamline Chapel

102 W. High St.

Lawrenceburg, IN 47025

WHAT TO PREPARE

Please prepare one of the provided scenes for your desired role. These scenes will also be printed and available at the audition, for your convenience.

If possible, please print the [Audition Form](#) provided and bring it to your audition. If this is not possible, these forms will also be available to fill out at your audition.

RIVERTOWN PLAYERS, INC.

AUDITION FORM

Agatha Christie's

"The Mousetrap"

Name:

Address:

City/State/Zip:

Phone: _____ **Can number receive text**
messages? (circle one) YES NO

Email:

Preferred method of contact: (circle one) CALL TEXT EMAIL

Best time of day to reach you?

If under 18, enter information for parent/guardian:

Name:

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Age: _____ **Height:** _____

Who is an actor you most relate to

Can you do a true British accent: YES NO

Have you ever performed in a drama YES NO... **If Yes please briefly**
describe

If not chosen as a cast member are you interested in any of the following: Check all that apply:

- Stage Crew
- Usher
- Make up
- Lighting director, or operator
- Sound director, or operator

If not chosen as a cast member would you be willing to be familiar with lines of a given character in the event a cast member is unable to perform? This is NOT an understudy role. YES NO

Theatrical Experience: Use the Notes area below for additional information you would like us to know

Date/Year	Show	Role	Organization	Director

Formal Training (type, genre, instructor)

Special skills / talents

PERFORMANCE & PRODUCTION INFORMATION

WHEN

10/25/24 & 10/26/24 @ 7:30 PM

WHERE

Agner Hall

Dearborn County Fairground

Lawrenceburg, IN 47025

WHAT TO KNOW

There will be light hors d'oeuvres served at 6:30 PM for both shows. Tickets for the show include food and will be priced at \$40.

WHO TO KNOW

Paul Schwartz, director

Bev Toon, producer

Elise Gillespie and Penny Britton, props managers

Maggie Bruening, stage manager

Please contact the Rivertown Players, Inc. Board of Directors with any questions at rtpboard@gmail.com

SYNOPSIS

On a snowy day in 1952, Maureen Lyon is murdered in London. Across the country, Mollie and Giles Ralston prepare to open their new guest house, Monkswell Manor. Their four guests arrive for the night: Metcalf - a retired military major, Mrs. Boyle - a magistrate, Christopher Wren - a young architect, and Miss Casewell - a blunt young woman. An unexpected and mysterious foreigner named Paravacini soon joins the mix. The next morning, the Ralstons receive a phone call saying a police officer is on his way. Upon his arrival, Sergeant Trotter reveals that the police believe the next murder will take place at Monkswell Manor. The police's primary suspect is an unknown man who was abused, alongside his sister and little brother, under Mrs. Lyon's foster care as a child. As a result of the abuse, the other boy died. Now, the police believe the surviving brother is looking for revenge. But who is he? As the guests speculate, they discover the phone line has been cut. Mrs. Boyle is discovered to have been the magistrate that sent the children to the foster home. Minutes later, she is found murdered. After Mrs. Boyle's body is found, suspicions rise and the guests begin to turn on each other, believing another murder is imminent. The pasts of some of the guests are revealed before Trotter finally suggests they all walk through their actions at the time of the murder to test their alibis. After everyone disperses to their positions, Trotter calls Mollie in. He then reveals that he knows Mollie was the schoolteacher of the abused children. He blames her for ignoring a plea for help. Trotter finally reveals himself to be Georgie, the surviving brother. He disguised himself as a policeman to infiltrate the guest house. He is about to kill Mollie when Miss Casewell stops him, revealing that she is his sister Kathy. As Major Metcalf reveals that he is really an undercover policeman, Miss Casewell leads the subdued Georgie away.

MOLLIE RALSTON

A newlywed in mid 20's or older, slightly naïve, who has inherited Monkswell Manor and has recently opened it as a guesthouse with her husband. But why has she opened a guesthouse now... and what is she hiding?

MOLLIE. *(calling)* Mrs. Barlow! Mrs. Barlow! *(Receiving no reply she crosses to the armchair center, picks up her handbag and one glove and then goes out through the arch up right. She removes her overcoat and then returns.)* Brr! It's cold. *(She goes to the wall switch above the door down right and switches on the wall brackets over the fireplace. She moves up to the window, feels the radiator and draws the curtains. Then she moves down to the sofa table and switches on the table lamp. She looks round and notices the large sign board lying on its side on the stairs. She picks it up and places it against the wall left of the window alcove. She steps back, nodding her head.)* It really does look nice - oh! *(She notices that there is no "S" on the sign.)* How stupid of Giles. *(She looks at her watch then at the clock.)* Gosh!

(MOLLIE hurries off up the stairs left. GILES enters from the front door right. He is a rather arrogant but attractive young man in his twenties. He stamps his feet to shake off the snow, opens the oak chest and puts inside a big paper carrier he has been carrying. He takes off his overcoat, hat and scarf, moves down and throws them on the armchair center. Then he goes to the fire and warms his hands.)

GILES. *(calling)* Mollie? Mollie? Mollie? Where are you?

(MOLLIE enters from the arch left.)

MOLLIE. *(cheerfully)* Doing all the work, you brute. *(She crosses to GILES.)*

GILES. Oh, there you are - leave it all to me. Shall I stoke the Aga?

MOLLIE. Done.

GILES. *(kissing her)* Hullo, sweetheart. Your nose is cold.

MOLLIE. I've just come in. *(She crosses to the fire.)*

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 center.)* 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 in 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 right 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 RALSTON

The more cautious proprietor of Monkswell Manor, and Molly's husband of only a year. A man in mid to late 20's with no solid past, he appears to have little interest in running a guesthouse, and is quick to judge his guests. Cynical and very protective of his wife.

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CHRISTOPHER WREN

A young architect, late 20's to early 30's with a flamboyant and often inappropriate sense of humor. His energetic conversation style can appear light-hearted, but also has an unnerving undertone. Artistic, scatterbrained, flamboyant, and a bit unstable. It is clear that he is hiding something.

CHRISTOPHER. *(as he enters)* Absolutely perfect. Real bedrock respectability. But why do away with a center 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.

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!

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?

CHRISTOPHER. Ticked off! *(He moves above the sofa table.)* But I do so like knowing all about people. I mean, I think people are so madly interesting. Don't you?

MOLLIE. Well, I suppose some are and *(turning to CHRISTOPHER)* some are not.

CHRISTOPHER. No, I don't agree. They're all interesting, because you never really know what anyone is like - or what they are really thinking. For instance, you don't know what I'm thinking about now, do you? *(He smiles as at some secret joke.)*

MOLLIE. Not in the least. *(She moves down to the sofa table and takes a cigarette from the box.)* Cigarette?

CHRISTOPHER. No, thank you. *(moving to the right of MOLLIE)* You see? The only people who really know what other people are like are artists - and they don't know why they know it! But if they're portrait painters *(He moves center.)* it comes out - *(He sits on the right arm of the sofa.)* on the canvas.

MOLLIE. Are you a painter? *(She lights her cigarette.)*

CHRISTOPHER. No, I'm an architect. My parents, you know, baptized me Christopher in the hope that I would be an architect. Christopher Wren! *(He laughs.)* As good as halfway home. Actually, of course, everyone laughs about it and makes jokes about St. Paul's. However - who knows? - I may yet have the last laugh.

(GILES enters from the archway up left and crosses to the arch up right.)

Chris Wren's Prefab Nests may yet go down in history! *(to GILES)* I'm going to like it here. I find your wife most sympathetic.

GILES. *(coldly)* Indeed.

CHRISTOPHER. *(turning to look at MOLLIE)* And really very beautiful.

MOLLIE. Oh, don't be absurd.

MRS. BOYLE

A retiree, mid to late 50's whose acerbic tone makes her a challenging guest. Strong-willed and uncompromising, she has a chip on her shoulder and a secret on her mind... she is stern, critical, condescending, and very unpleasant.

CHRISTOPHER. There, isn't that like an Englishwoman? Compliments always embarrass them. European women take compliments as a matter of course, but Englishwomen have all the feminine spirit crushed out of them by their husbands. *(He turns and looks at GILES.)* There's something very boorish about English husbands.

MOLLIE. *(hastily)* Come up and see your room. *(She crosses to the arch up left.)*

CHRISTOPHER. Shall I?

MOLLIE. *(to GILES)* Could you stoke up the hot water boiler?

(MOLLIE and CHRISTOPHER exit up the stairs left. GILES scowls and crosses to center. The door bell peals. There is a pause then it peals several times impatiently. GILES exits hurriedly up right to the front door. The sound of wind and snow is heard for a moment or two.)

MRS. BOYLE. *(off)* This is Monkswell Manor, I presume?

GILES. *(off)* Yes...

(MRS. BOYLE enters through the archway up right, carrying a suitcase, some magazines and her globes. She is a large, imposing woman in a very bad temper.)

MRS. BOYLE. I am Mrs. Boyle. *(She puts down the suitcase.)*

GILES. I'm Giles Ralston. Come in to the fire, Mrs. Boyle, and get warm.

(MRS. BOYLE moves down to the fire.)

Awful weather, isn't it? Is this your only luggage?

MRS. BOYLE. A Major - Metcalf, is it? - is seeing to it.

GILES. I'll leave the door for him.

(GILES goes out to the front door.)

MRS. BOYLE. The taxi wouldn't risk coming up the drive.

(GILES returns and comes down to left of MRS. BOYLE)

It stopped at the gate. We had to share a taxi from the station - and

there was great difficulty in getting *that*. (*accusingly*) Nothing ordered to meet us, it seems.

GILES. I'm so sorry. We didn't know what train you would be coming by, you see, otherwise of course, we'd have seen that someone was - er - standing by.

MRS. BOYLE. All trains should have been met.

GILES. Let me take your coat.

(*MRS. BOYLE* hands *GILES* her gloves and magazines. She stands by the fire warming her hands.)

My wife will be here in a moment. I'll just go alone and give Metcalf a hand with the bags.

(*GILES* exits up right to the front door.)

MRS. BOYLE. (*moving up to the arch as GILES goes*) The drive might at least have been cleared of snow. (*after his exit*) Most offhand and casual, I must say. (*She moves down to the fire and looks round her disapprovingly.*)

(*MOLLIE* hurries in from the stairs left, a little breathless.)

MOLLIE. I'm so sorry I...

MRS. BOYLE. Mrs. Ralston?

MOLLIE. Yes, I... (*She crosses to MRS. BOYLE, half puts out her hand, then draws it back, uncertain of what guest house proprietors are supposed to do.*)

(*MRS. BOYLE* surveys *MOLLIE* with displeasure.)

MRS. BOYLE. You're very young.

MOLLIE. Young?

MRS. BOYLE. To be running an establishment of this kind. You can't have had much experience.

MOLLIE. (*backing away*) There has to be a beginning for everything, hasn't there?

MRS. BOYLE. I see. Quite inexperienced. (*She looks round.*) An old house. I hope you haven't got dry rot. (*She sniffs suspiciously.*)

MOLLIE. (*indignantly*) Certainly not!

MRS. BOYLE. A lot of people don't know they have got dry rot until it's too late to do anything about it.

MOLLIE. The house is in perfect condition.

MAJOR METCALF

A disciplined and affable gentleman, 50 to 60 who seems all too keen to help his hosts cope with the consequences of the snowstorm. But who is he really, and why is he there?

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.

MISS CASEWELL

An aloof young, 20's to 30's woman on a business trip. Unwilling to discuss private matters and disinterested in the opinion of her fellow guests. She's traveled a long way to be there, but why?

MISS CASEWELL. *(in a deep, manly voice)* Afraid my car's bogged about half a mile down the road - ran into a drift.

GILES. Let me take this. *(He takes her case and puts it right of the refractory table.)* Any more stuff in the car?

MISS CASEWELL. *(moving down to the fire)* No, I travel light.

(GILES moves above the armchair center.)

Ha, glad to see you've got a good fire. *(She straddles in front of it in a manly fashion.)*

GILES. Er - Mr. Wren - Miss - ?

MISS CASEWELL. Casewell. *(She nods to CHRISTOPHER.)*

GILES. My wife will be down in a minute.

MISS CASEWELL. No hurry. *(She takes off her overcoat.)* Got to get myself thawed out. Looks as though you're going to be snowed up here. *(taking an evening paper from her overcoat pocket)* Weather forecast says heavy falls expected. Motorists warned, etcetera. Hope you've got plenty of provisions in.

GILES. Oh yes. My wife's an excellent manager. Anyway, we can always eat our hens.

MISS CASEWELL. Before we start eating each other, eh?

(She laughs silently and throws the overcoat at GILES, who catches it. She sits in the armchair center.)

CHRISTOPHER. *(rising and crossing to the fire)* Any news in the paper - apart from the weather?

MISS CASEWELL. Usual political crisis. Oh yes, and a rather juicy murder!

CHRISTOPHER. A murder? *(turning to MISS CASEWELL)* Oh, I like murder!

MISS CASEWELL. *(handing him the paper)* They seem to think it was a homicidal maniac. Strangled a woman somewhere near Paddington. Sex maniac, I suppose.

MR. PARAVICINI

A roguish 40 to 60 yrs of age gentleman who hides his reasons for being there and acts as if visiting from another era. He delights in the guests' uncertainty and appears to enjoy the game...he is extravagant and bizarre, but what part does he play?

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 center.)

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.

DETECTIVE SGT. TROTTER

The young mid 20's detective that is assigned to report on the Monkswell Manor situation as it unfolds. Determined and authoritative, with a keen mind, and good natured. Will he solve the case before it's too late?

TROTTER. *(surprised)* Done? Oh, it's nothing of *that* kind, Mrs. Ralston. It's something quite different. It's more a matter of police protection, if you understand me.

MOLLIE. Police protection?

TROTTER. It related to the death of Mrs. Lyon - Mrs. Maureen Lyon of twenty-four Culver Street, London, West two, who was murdered yesterday, the fifteenth instant. You may have heard or read about the case?

MOLLIE. Yes. I heard it on the wireless. The woman who was strangled?

TROTTER. That's right, madam. *(to GILES)* The first thing I want to know is if you were ever acquainted with this Mrs. Lyon.

GILES. Never heard of her.

(MOLLIE shakes her head.)

TROTTER. You mayn't have known of her under the name of Lyon. Lyon wasn't her real name. She had a police record and her fingerprints were on file so we were able to identify her without difficulty. Her real name was Maureen Stanning. Her husband was a farmer, John Stanning, who resided at Longridge Farm not very far from here.

GILES. Longridge Farm! Wasn't that where those children...?

TROTTER. Yes, the Longridge Farm case.

(MISS CASEWELL enters from the stairs left.)

MISS CASEWELL. Three children... *(She crosses to the armchair down right and sits.)*

(Everyone watches her.)

TROTTER. That's right, miss. The Corrigans. Two boys and a girl. Brought before the court as in need of care and protection. A home was found for them with Mr. and Mrs. Stanning at Longridge Farm. One of the children subsequently died as the result of criminal neglect and persistent ill-treatment. Case made a bit of a sensation at the time.

MOLLIE. *(very much shaken)* It was horrible.

TROTTER. The Stannings were sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Stanning died in prison. Mrs. Stanning served her sentence and was duly released. Yesterday, as I say, she was found strangled at twenty-four Culver Street.

MOLLIE. Who did it?

TROTTER. I'm coming to that, madam. A notebook was picked up near the scene of the crime. In that notebook was written two addresses. One was twenty-four Culver Street. The other (*he pauses*) was Monkswell Manor.

GILES. What?

TROTTER. Yes, sir.

(During the next speech PARAVICINI moves slowly left to the stairs and leans on the upstage side of the arch.)

That's why Superintendent Hogben, on receiving this information from Scotland Yard, thought it imperative for me to come out here and find out if you knew of any connection between this house or anyone in this house, and the Longridge Farm case.

GILES. *(moving to the left end of the refractory table)* There's nothing - absolutely nothing. It must be a coincidence.

TROTTER. Superintendent Hogben doesn't think it is a coincidence, sir.

(MAJOR METCALF turns and looks at TROTTER. During the next speeches he takes out his pipe and fills it.)

He'd have come himself if it had been in any way possible. Under the weather conditions, and as I can ski, he sent me with instructions to get full particulars of everyone in the house, to report back to him by phone, and to take what measures I thought fit to ensure the safety of the household.

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- [Story Synopsis](#)
- Character Bios & Audition Scripts
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Female presenting, mid-20s or older
 - [Giles Ralston](#)

Male presenting, mid- to late-20s
 - [Christopher Wren](#)

Male presenting, late-20s to early
30s

○ [Mrs. Boyle](#)

Female presenting, mid- to
late-50s

○ [Major Metcalf](#)

Male presenting, 50 to 60

○ [Miss Casewell](#)

Female presenting, 20s to 30s

○ [Mr. Paravicini](#)

Male presenting, 40s to 60s

○ [Detective Sgt. Trotter](#)

Male presenting, mid-20s

AUDITION INFORMATION

WHEN

8/5/24 & 8/6/24 @ 7:00 PM

WHERE

Hamline Chapel

102 W. High St.

Lawrenceburg, IN 47025

WHAT TO PREPARE

Please prepare one of the provided scenes for your desired role. These scenes will also be printed and available at the audition, for your convenience.

If possible, please print the [Audition Form](#) provided and bring it to your audition. If

this is not possible, these forms will also be available to fill out at your audition.

RIVERTOWN PLAYERS, INC.

AUDITION FORM

Agatha Christie's

"The Mousetrap"

Name:

Address:

City/State/Zip:

Phone:

Can number receive text messages?

(circle one)

YES NO

Email:

Preferred method of contact: (circle one)

CALL TEXT EMAIL

Best time of day to reach you?

**If under 18, enter information for
parent/guardian:**

Name:

Phone:

Email:

Age: _____ **Height:** _____

Who is an actor you most relate to

Can you do a true British accent:

YES NO

Have you ever performed in a drama

YES NO

If Yes please briefly describe

If not chosen as a cast member are you interested in any of the following:

Check all that apply:

___ Stage Crew

___ Usher

___ Make up

___ Lighting director, or operator

___ Sound director, or operator

If not chosen as a cast member would you be willing to be familiar with lines of a given character in the event a cast member is unable to perform?

This is NOT an understudy role.

YES NO

Theatrical Experience: Use the Notes area below for additional information you would like us to know

Date Year	Show	Role	Organization	Director

Formal Training (type, genre, instructor)

Special skills / talents

List your preferred roles:

Are you willing to accept any role?

(circle one)

YES NO

Please review the provided schedule and list any conflict(s) you have, or may likely have

As a member of Rivertown Players, staff, crew, or cast of “The Mousetrap”, by signing below, I commit to participating, to the best of my ability, in stage construction, set move-in, house set-up, and set tear down.

NAME

SIGNATURE

PERFORMANCE & PRODUCTION INFORMATION

WHEN

10/25/24 & 10/26/24 @ 7:30 PM

WHERE

Agner Hall

Dearborn County Fairground

Lawrenceburg, IN 47025

WHAT TO KNOW

There will be light hors d'oeuvres served at 6:30 PM for both shows. Tickets for the show include food and will be priced at \$40.

WHO TO KNOW

Paul Schwartz, director

Bev Toon, producer

Elise Gillespie and Penny Britton, props
managers

Maggie Bruening, stage manager

Please contact the Rivertown Players, Inc.

Board of Directors with any questions at

rtpboard@gmail.com

SYNOPSIS

On a snowy day in 1952, Maureen Lyon is murdered in London. Across the country, Mollie and Giles Ralston prepare to open their new guest house, Monkswell Manor. Their four guests arrive for the night: Metcalf - a retired military major, Mrs. Boyle - a magistrate, Christopher Wren - a young architect, and Miss Casewell - a blunt young woman. An unexpected and mysterious foreigner named Paravacini soon joins the mix. The next morning, the Ralstons receive a phone call saying a police officer is on his way. Upon his arrival, Sergeant Trotter reveals that the police believe the next

murder will take place at Monkswell Manor. The police's primary suspect is an unknown man who was abused, alongside his sister and little brother, under Mrs. Lyon's foster care as a child. As a result of the abuse, the other boy died. Now, the police believe the surviving brother is looking for revenge. But who is he? As the guests speculate, they discover the phone line has been cut. Mrs. Boyle is discovered to have been the magistrate that sent the children to the foster home. Minutes later, she is found murdered. After Mrs. Boyle's body is found, suspicions rise and the guests begin to turn on each other, believing another murder is imminent. The pasts of some of the guests

are revealed before Trotter finally suggests they all walk through their actions at the time of the murder to test their alibis. After everyone disperses to their positions, Trotter calls Mollie in. He then reveals that he knows Mollie was the schoolteacher of the abused children. He blames her for ignoring a plea for help. Trotter finally reveals himself to be Georgie, the surviving brother. He disguised himself as a policeman to infiltrate the guest house. He is about to kill Mollie when Miss Casewell stops him, revealing that she is his sister Kathy. As Major Metcalf reveals that he is really an undercover policeman, Miss Casewell leads the subdued Georgie away.

MOLLIE RALSTON

A newlywed in mid 20's or older, slightly naïve, who has inherited Monkswell Manor and has recently opened it as a guesthouse with her husband. But why has she opened a guesthouse now... and what is she hiding?

MOLLIE. *(calling)* Mrs. Barlow! Mrs. Barlow!

(Receiving no reply she crosses to the armchair center, picks up her handbag and one glove and then goes out through the arch up right. She removes her overcoat and then returns.) Brr! It's cold. *(She goes to the wall switch above the door down right and switches on the wall brackets over the fireplace. She moves up to the window, feels the radiator and draws the curtains. Then she moves down to the sofa table and switches on the table lamp. She looks round and notices the large sign board lying on its side on the stairs. She picks it up and places it against the wall left*

of the window alcove. She steps back, nodding her head.) It really does look nice - oh! (She notices that there is no "S" on the sign.) How stupid of Giles. (She looks at her watch then at the clock.) Gosh!

*(**MOLLIE** hurries off up the stairs left.*

***GILES** enters from the front door right. He is a rather arrogant but attractive young man in his twenties. He stamps his feet to shake off the snow, opens the oak chest and puts inside a big paper carrier he has been carrying. He takes off his overcoat, hat and scarf, moves down and throws them on the armchair*

center. Then he goes to the fire and warms his hands.)

GILES. *(calling)* Mollie? Mollie? Mollie?
Where are you?

(MOLLIE enters from the arch left.)

MOLLIE. *(cheerfully)* Doing all the work,
you brute. *(She crosses to GILES.)*

GILES. Oh, there you are - leave it all to
me. Shall I stoke the Aga?

MOLLIE. Done.

GILES. *(kissing her)* Hullo, sweetheart. Your
nose is cold.

MOLLIE. I've just come in. *(She crosses to
the fire.)*

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 center.)* 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 in 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 right 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 RALSTON

The more cautious proprietor of Monkswell Manor, and Molly's husband of only a year. A man in mid to late 20's with no solid past, he appears to have little interest in running a guesthouse, and is quick to judge his guests. Cynical and very protective of his wife.

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CHRISTOPHER WREN

A young architect, late 20's to early 30's with a flamboyant and often inappropriate sense of humor. His energetic conversation style can appear light-hearted, but also has an unnerving undertone. Artistic, scatterbrained, flamboyant, and a bit unstable. It is clear that he is hiding something.

CHRISTOPHER. *(as he enters)* Absolutely perfect. Real bedrock respectability. But why do away with a center 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.

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!

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?

CHRISTOPHER. Ticked off! (*He moves above the sofa table.*) But I do so like knowing all about people. I mean, I think people are so madly interesting. Don't you?

MOLLIE. Well, I suppose some are and (*turning to **CHRISTOPHER***) some are not.

CHRISTOPHER. No, I don't agree. They're *all* interesting, because you never really know what anyone is like - or what they are really thinking. For instance, *you* don't know what *I'm* thinking about

now, do you? *(He smiles as at some secret joke.)*

MOLLIE. Not in the least. *(She moves down to the sofa table and takes a cigarette from the box.)* Cigarette?

CHRISTOPHER. No, thank you. *(moving to the right of MOLLIE)* You see? The only people who really know what other people are like are artists - and they don't know why they know it! But if they're portrait painters *(He moves center.)* it comes out - *(He sits on the right arm of the sofa.)* on the canvas.

MOLLIE. Are you a painter? *(She lights her cigarette.)*

CHRISTOPHER. No, I'm an architect. My parents, you know, baptized me Christopher in the hope that I would be an architect. Christopher Wren! *(He laughs.)* As good as halfway home. Actually, of course, everyone laughs about it and makes jokes about St. Paul's. However - who knows? - I may yet have the last laugh.

(GILES enters from the archway up left and crosses to the arch up right.)

Chris Wren's Prefab Nests may yet go down in history! *(to GILES)* I'm going to like it here. I find your wife *most* sympathetic.

GILES. *(coldly)* Indeed.

CHRISTOPHER. *(turning to look at*

MOLLIE) And really very beautiful.

MOLLIE. Oh, don't be absurd.

MRS. BOYLE

A retiree, mid to late 50's whose acerbic tone makes her a challenging guest. Strong-willed and uncompromising, she has a chip on her shoulder and a secret on her mind... she is stern, critical, condescending, and very unpleasant.

CHRISTOPHER. There, isn't that like an Englishwoman? Compliments always embarrass them. European women take compliments as a matter of course, but Englishwomen have all the feminine spirit crushed out of them by their husbands. *(He turns and looks at GILES.)* There's something very boorish about English husbands.

MOLLIE. *(hastily)* Come up and see your room. *(She crosses to the arch up left.)*

CHRISTOPHER. Shall I?

MOLLIE. *(to GILES)* Could you stoke up the hot water boiler?

(MOLLIE and CHRISTOPHER exit up)

the stairs left. **GILES** scowls and crosses to center. The door bell peals. There is a pause then it peals several times impatiently. **GILES** exits hurriedly up right to the front door. The sound of wind and snow is heard for a moment or two.)

MRS. BOYLE. *(off)* This is Monkswell Manor, I presume?

GILES. *(off)* Yes...

(MRS. BOYLE enters through the archway up right, carrying a suitcase, some magazines and her globes. She is a large, imposing woman in a very bad temper.)

MRS. BOYLE. I am Mrs. Boyle. *(She puts down the suitcase.)*

GILES. I'm Giles Ralston. Come in to the fire, Mrs. Boyle, and get warm.

(MRS. BOYLE moves down to the fire.)

Awful weather, isn't it? Is this your only luggage?

MRS. BOYLE. A Major - Metcalf, is it? - is seeing to it.

GILES. I'll leave the door for him.

(GILES goes out to the front door.)

MRS. BOYLE. The taxi wouldn't risk coming up the drive.

(GILES returns and comes down to left of MRS. BOYLE)

It stopped at the gate. We had to share a taxi from the station - and there was great difficulty in getting *that*. (*accusingly*) Nothing ordered to meet us, it seems.

GILES. I'm so sorry. We didn't know what train you would be coming by, you see, otherwise of course, we'd have seen that someone was - er - standing by.

MRS. BOYLE. All trains should have been met.

GILES. Let me take your coat.

(*MRS. BOYLE hands GILES her gloves and magazines. She stands by the fire warming her hands.*)

My wife will be here in a moment. I'll just go alone and give Metcalf a hand with the bags.

(GILES exits up right to the front door.)

MRS. BOYLE. *(moving up to the arch as GILES goes)* The drive might at least have been cleared of snow. *(after his exit)* Most offhand and casual, I must say. *(She moves down to the fire and looks round her disapprovingly.)*

(MOLLIE hurries in from the stairs left, a little breathless.)

MOLLIE. I'm so sorry I...

MRS. BOYLE. Mrs. Ralston?

MOLLIE. Yes, I... *(She crosses to MRS. BOYLE, half puts out her hand, then draws it back, uncertain of what guest house proprietors are supposed to do.)*

(MRS. BOYLE surveys MOLLIE with displeasure.)

MRS. BOYLE. You're very young.

MOLLIE. Young?

MRS. BOYLE. To be running an establishment of this kind. You can't have had much experience.

MOLLIE. *(backing away)* There has to be a beginning for everything, hasn't there?

MRS. BOYLE. I see. Quite inexperienced.

(She looks round.) An old house. I hope you haven't got dry rot. *(She sniffs suspiciously.)*

MOLLIE. *(indignantly)* Certainly not!

MRS. BOYLE. A lot of people don't know they have got dry rot until it's too late to do anything about it.

MOLLIE. The house is in perfect condition.

MAJOR METCALF

A disciplined and affable gentleman, 50 to 60 who seems all too keen to help his hosts cope with the consequences of the snowstorm. But who is he really, and why is he there?

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.

MISS CASEWELL

An aloof young, 20's to 30's woman on a business trip. Unwilling to discuss private matters and disinterested in the opinion of her fellow guests. She's traveled a long way to be there, but why?

MISS CASEWELL. *(in a deep, manly voice)*

Afraid my car's bogged about half a mile down the road - ran into a drift.

GILES. Let me take this. *(He takes her case and puts it right of the refractory table.)*

Any more stuff in the car?

MISS CASEWELL. *(moving down to the fire)* No, I travel light.

(GILES moves above the armchair center.)

Ha, glad to see you've got a good fire.

(She straddles in front of it in a manly fashion.)

GILES. Er - Mr. Wren - Miss - ?

MISS CASEWELL. Casewell. *(She nods to CHRISTOPHER.)*

GILES. My wife will be down in a minute.

MISS CASEWELL. No hurry. *(She takes off her overcoat.)* Got to get myself thawed out. Looks as though you're going to be snowed up here. *(taking an evening paper from her overcoat pocket)* Weather forecast says heavy falls expected. Motorists warned, etcetera. Hope you've got plenty of provisions in.

GILES. Oh yes. My wife's an excellent manager. Anyway, we can always eat our hens.

MISS CASEWELL. Before we start eating each other, eh?

*(She laughs silently and throws the overcoat at **GILES**, who catches it. She sits in the armchair center.)*

CHRISTOPHER. *(rising and crossing to the fire)* Any news in the paper - apart from the weather?

MISS CASEWELL. Usual political crisis. Oh yes, and a rather juicy murder!

CHRISTOPHER. A murder? *(turning to **MISS CASEWELL**)* Oh, I like murder!

MISS CASEWELL. *(handing him the paper)* They seem to think it was a homicidal maniac. Strangled a woman somewhere

near Paddington. Sex maniac, I
suppose.

MR. PARAVICINI

A roguish 40 to 60 yrs of age gentleman who hides his reasons for being there and acts as if visiting from another era. He delights in the guests' uncertainty and appears to enjoy the game...he is extravagant and bizarre, but what part does he play?

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 center.)*

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.

DETECTIVE SGT. TROTTER

The young mid 20's detective that is assigned to report on the Monkswell Manor situation as it unfolds. Determined and authoritative, with a keen mind, and good natured. Will he solve the case before it's too late?

TROTTER. (*surprised*) Done? Oh, it's nothing of *that* kind, Mrs. Ralston. It's something quite different. It's more a matter of police protection, if you understand me.

MOLLIE. Police protection?

TROTTER. It related to the death of Mrs. Lyon - Mrs. Maureen Lyon of twenty-four Culver Street, London, West two, who was murdered yesterday, the fifteenth instant. You may have heard or read about the case?

MOLLIE. Yes. I heard it on the wireless. The woman who was strangled?

TROTTER. That's right, madam. *(to GILES)*

The first thing I want to know is if you were ever acquainted with this Mrs. Lyon.

GILES. Never heard of her.

(MOLLIE shakes her head.)

TROTTER. You mayn't have known of her under the name of Lyon. Lyon wasn't her real name. She had a police record and her fingerprints were on file so we were able to identify her without difficulty. Her real name was Maureen Stanning. Her husband was a farmer, John Stanning, who resided at Longridge Farm not very far from here.

GILES. Longridge Farm! Wasn't that where those children...?

TROTTER. Yes, the Longridge Farm case.

(MISS CASEWELL enters from the stairs left.)

MISS CASEWELL. Three children... *(She crosses to the armchair down right and sits.)*

(Everyone watches her.)

TROTTER. That's right, miss. The Corrigan's.

Two boys and a girl. Brought before the court as in need of care and protection.

A home was found for them with Mr. and

Mrs. Stanning at Longridge Farm. One

of the children subsequently died as the

result of criminal neglect and persistent

ill-treatment. Case made a bit of a sensation at the time.

MOLLIE. (*very much shaken*) It was horrible.

TROTTER. The Stannings were sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Stanning died in prison. Mrs. Stanning served her sentence and was duly released. Yesterday, as I say, she was found strangled at twenty-four Culver Street.

MOLLIE. Who did it?

TROTTER. I'm coming to that, madam. A notebook was picked up near the scene of the crime. In that notebook was written two addresses. One was

twenty-four Culver Street. The other (*he pauses*) was Monkswell Manor.

GILES. What?

TROTTER. Yes, sir.

*(During the next speech **PARAVICINI** moves slowly left to the stairs and leans on the upstage side of the arch.)*

That's why Superintendent Hogben, on receiving this information from Scotland Yard, thought it imperative for me to come out here and find out if you knew of any connection between this house or anyone in this house, and the Longridge Farm case.

GILES. *(moving to the left end of the refractory table)* There's nothing - absolutely nothing. It must be a coincidence.

TROTTER. Superintendent Hogben doesn't think it is a coincidence, sir.

(MAJOR METCALF turns and looks at TROTTER. During the next speeches he takes out his pipe and fills it.)

He'd have come himself if it had been in any way possible. Under the weather conditions, and as I can ski, he sent me with instructions to get full particulars of everyone in the house, to report back to him by phone, and to take what

measures I thought fit to ensure the safety of the household.