

MILDRED / DOROTHY

MILDRED: Are you absolutely sure that the dinner will be ready Dorothy?

DOROTHY: Of course, I've been in the kitchen burning it for most of the day.

MILDRED: It's so rarely that I have people for dinner these days.

DOROTHY: I thought you'd prefer mutton actually.

MILDRED: Pardon dear?

DOROTHY: Sorry?

MILDRED: Sorry I thought you spoke. Would you close the curtains dear. It seems to get so cold in here.

DOROTHY: Absolutely...I'd love to. Nothing better to do.

(Mildred takes a carved elephant from hearth and throws it into the fire)

DOROTHY: Aunty! That's the elephant!

MILDRED: Oh dear, how careless of me. Is it damaged?

DOROTHY: A little scorched down one side but I think it'll survive. You ought to start wearing your spectacles then we wouldn't have these little accidents, would we.

BUNTING / MILDRED

MILDRED: Just put a log on the fire Bunting.

BUNTING: Very good Ma'am. Will there be anything else Ma'am?

MILDRED: I expect that the guests will be arriving shortly. I suggest that you station yourself by the front door so they don't have to wait for ten minutes.

BUNTING: By the front door Ma'am. As you like.

MILDRED: And we'll be wanting sherry when they've all arrived.

BUNTING: Sherry Ma'am. As you like. Will that be the best sherry Ma'am or the cooking?

MILDRED: Really, Bunting, I don't know what's got into you these days! The best of course.

BUNTING: I only ask Ma'am because there is very little of the best left. Half a bottle.

MILDRED: What! But we only recently re-stocked!

BUNTING: You must have drunk it Ma'am.

MILDRED: What! What are you saying Bunting?

BUNTING: I said you must have drunk it Ma'am.

MILDRED: Now look here Bunting...I think it's time you were reminded of your position in this house.

BUNTING: I'm sorry if I don't give satisfaction Ma'am.

MILDRED: It's not a question of satisfaction. I just don't expect you to answer back. Is that clear?

BUNTING: I'll try to curb my naturally exuberant nature Ma'am

CHARLES / MILDRED

MILDRED: Well Charles, how have you been?

CHARLES: Oh not bad y'know. Lot's of stick from Margaret. Seems to think I spend too much time at the club. Can't understand her....chap needs the company of other chaps. Know where you stand with chaps.

MILDRED: Stop rambling, Charles, you know what I mean. When are you going to take me up on my little proposition?

CHARLES: Steady old girl. You're putting me in a dashed awkward spot.

MILDRED: Do you remember Charles, thirty years ago?

CHARLES: Course I do, as though it were yesterday. Nineteen hundred and six....Kent won the County Championship.

MILDRED: The year we met...when our affair started.

CHARLES: Ah that..hmm...yes. Damn long time ago. Lot of water under the bridge and all that.

MILDRED: And every since, you've been promising, Charles. Next year....then the year after that.

CHARLES: We're getting too long in the tooth for all that sort of stuff now, old girl. Chap tends to slow down a bit.

JOAN / DOROTHY / MILDRED

JOAN: How charming. I do so love a party. And I can't help noticing that delicious smell emanating from the kitchen. I expect you've excelled yourself, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: Thank you Miss Maple. It's very kind of you.

JOAN: But I mustn't keep you. You'll want to enjoy yourself with your friends. I have a very small cold collation prepared for myself. I was rather hoping that my nephew would be dropping by to see me, but it seems he's too busy. I find it so dull eating alone.

(Pause)

Anyway, I must leave. I only called because I thought Dorothy may be away this weekend. I hated to think of you on your own up here Mildred.

(Pause)

Still, I have my cold collation.

MILDRED: There's no need for you to leave straight away Joan. Stay for a little while.

JOAN: No I couldn't possibly disturb you. I expect you'll be dining soon.

MILDRED: Yes, but it's no trouble.

JOAN: I'd hate to intrude.

MILDRED: You wouldn't be.

JOAN: Oh very well then, as you're so insistent. I promise you that I have the appetite of a sparrow...you'll hardly notice I'm here.

MILDRED: You're staying for dinner?

JOAN: It would be quite churlish of me to refuse such a delightful invitation.

PRATT / THOMKINS

PRATT: So, we are all in the very room where Missus Bagshot was so cruelly and brutally cut down last night. What I would like...

THOMKINS: Excuse me, sir.

PRATT: Yes Thompson?

THOMKINS: Thomkins, sir.

PRATT: Yes, what is it?

THOMKINS: Missus Bagshot wasn't actually in this room at the time sir. She was in the dining room...by the door, sir.

PRATT: As I was saying, the shot which so fatally killed Missus Bagshot was fired from this very room. What I would like

THOMKINS: Sorry again, sir.

PRATT: Now what is it!

THOMKINS: The shot wasn't fired from in here, sir. The murderer was in the hall and fired through the doorway, sir.

PRATT: Thank you very much. I really don't think we need to be such sticklebacks for detail, Thomson.

THOMKINS: Thomkins, sir.

MARGARET / CHARLES

MARGARET: Why don't you do something about it?

CHARLES: Nothing much we could so...completely outnumbered.

MARGARET: To get us out of here! Two hours we've been waiting and nothing!

CHARLES: Expect somebody will turn up eventually. Due process and all that.

MARGARET: It's not as if we don't know who did it. Come along Charles you're going to make a phone call.

CHARLES: Am I? Who to?

MARGARET: The police...someone in authority. They can't hold us here like this.

CHARLES: Think they probably can, actually.

MARGARET: Charles, I'm not arguing! We'll use the phone upstairs...in private. Charles!

CHARLES: Alright, coming, old girl.

MARGARET: And stop calling me old girl!

PIERRE / ELIZABETH

A) Pierre with French accent. Elizabeth with clipped accent.

PIERRE: I come to sell some paintings I 'ope. I stay for two or three weeks, depending on my success.

ELIZABETH: The man's an absolute genius... absolutely super.

PIERRE: You flatter me, Elizabeth. Unfortunately I 'ave to make my money in other people's work. 'Ow you say...a dealer wheeler.

ELIZABETH: I really don't know how he can drag himself away from Paris. Super little town.

B) Pierre with English accent. Elizabeth with cockney accent from her second line.

ELIZABETH: That sounded very English, Pierre.

PIERRE: It was about to get extremely anglo-saxon. And will you stop using that ridiculous accent...it frightened me to death.

ELIZABETH: It gets to be a 'abbit. Did it work then?

PIERRE: What do you think! She's going to tell the police everything.

ELIZABETH: You bleedin' blew it!

PIERRE: I did everything you said. We're going to have to get out of here fast.

ELIZABETH: What good would that do? They'd get us before we'd got five mile. I told you before...there's only one way out.

PIERRE: We can't kill her!

DOROTHY/PIERRE

DOROTHY: I think you're far too modest. The work of a famous French painter you said, when you sold them to my aunt.

PIERRE: But of course. One day they will be worth many times the price that your aunt paid.

DOROTHY: I'm sure the originals will. Such a pity that these are forgeries.

PIERRE: What are you saying. You were with your aunt when she purchased them. ..we 'ad them valued by another gallery.

DOROTHY: But then you replaced the originals with your forgeries. You knew my aunt was ignorant about art...she'd never know the difference.

PIERRE: Dorothy, never 'ave I 'eard such a cock and cow story. Elizabeth can vouch for me...many times 'ave I dealt with 'er father.

DOROTHY: I don't care tuppence for how you've swindled Elizabeth or her father. Do you think I'm a fool, Pierre? I may not know about art but I do have a very good eye for detail.

PIERRE: You are making a very big mistake, Dorothy. I swear to you that these are originals.

DOROTHY: In that case, you won't mind if I call he police.