

# A BUTLER DID IT

A musical - murder mystery - comedy

Book and Lyrics

**Caroline Russell-King**

Music

**Patrick R. Brown**

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DEDICATION

*To Elizabeth Johnson with admiration and Agatha Christie with apologies.*

A BUTLER DID IT was commissioned by Lunchbox Theatre and workshopped at STAGE ONE, THE PETRO-CANADA PLAYS '89 with the following cast:

WEDGEWOOD ..... Lawrence Elion  
STONE..... Kevin Rothery  
McWOLF ..... Bruce Parkhouse  
LAVIGNE..... Howard Siegel  
FARNSWORTH..... Michelle Fansett

Musician..... Tom Doyle

Directed by ..... Margaret Bard

A BUTLER DID IT was first produced by Lunchbox Theatre in November, 1989 with the following cast:

WEDGEWOOD .....Deryck Hazel  
STONE..... Stephen Sparks  
McWOLF ..... Bruce Parkhouse  
LAVIGNE.....David LeReaney  
FARNSWORTH..... Lana Skauge

Musician..... Tom Doyle

Directed by .....Paul Knight

## CHARACTERS

STONE	(M) English actor, lower class
LAVIGNE	(M) French Jew
WEDGEWOOD	(M) About 65, upper British class accent
FARNSWORTH	(F) British youth
McWOLF	(M) Scottish

## SETTING

Beautiful French doors UC lead onto the elegant drawing room of Lord Marble's manor, Wiltshire, England. DL there is a Queen Anne sofa covered with tassled cushions. UL there is a sideboard which supports many crystal decanters and an ornate telephone. Beside the sideboard is a huge storage cupboard. There are numerous oil paintings on the walls, the most dominant of which is a huge portrait of a stern old man who could be at least one hundred years old. The decor is one of faded opulence.

## TIME

A spring afternoon in 1939.

## MUSICAL NUMBERS

ALL Butlers Rule the World

ALL The Butler Did It

ALL Alibi Soft Shoe

STONE An Actor's Life

ALL England Forever

FARNSWORTH A Bastard's Tale

LAVIGNE Crazy Bubbie

ALL Don't Mess About with the Brits

ALL Clueless

McWOLF Confessions of a Golfer

ALL In Conclusion

ALL Butlers Rule the World (last verse)

(As opening music plays, a spotlight high lights each character in turn as)

VO WEDGEWOOD. The head butler, old, but with sharp eyes. A man seemingly above reproach. STONE. A devilishly good-looking man in his early twenties. Is he a butler, or is he just playing the part? McWOLF. A Scotsman and a gentleman, with a shadowy past those hints of divorce and distress. FARNSWORTH. A determined and troubled youth with a suspicious moustache. LAVIGNE. A Frenchman whose soft voice and calm demeanour perhaps conceal hidden fires. A foreigner.

(Blackout, music out. The lights come up on the drawing room. Everyone is on stage except STONE)

WEDGEWOOD Now are we all present and accounted for? Let me see. (He pulls out his little black book). Mr. McWolf.

McWOLF Present sir.

WEDGEWOOD Mr. Farnsworth

FARNSWORTH Present sir.

WEDGEWOOD Lav-ig-nee.

LAVIGNE It's pronounced Lavigne, sir.

WEDGEWOOD Precisely what I said. Mr. Stone (STONE rushes in).

STONE What?

WEDGEWOOD Don't run, Mr. Stone.

STONE But I fought I'd be late.

WEDGEWOOD You had better mend your ways, or else you'll lose marks for punctuality. This is your last warning, Mr. Stone.

STONE (Scuffing feet). Sorry sir.

WEDGEWOOD Now it is precisely 4:15. I know you've been working hard at your tasks since five this morning. You may take a ten minutes tea break.

ALL Thank you, sir.

- WEDGEWOOD     Except you, Mr. Stone. You will serve the master's tea.
- STONE            I've only been 'ere two days and you're pickin' on me.
- WEDGEWOOD     Most certainly not. I am merely focusing my attention where it is needed most.
- STONE            Well, 'e just lies in bed all day and night. I'm sure 'e'd feel better if 'e got up. Why don't I invite 'is Lordship to have tea wiv us in the kitchen.
- WEDGEWOOD     Farnsworth, maybe you'd like to try and answer.
- FARNSWORTH    'er, 'is Lordship is frail and 'as to be attended to and it's a privilege to serve 'im.
- WEDGEWOOD     Very good. Mr. McWolf, do you have anything further to add?
- McWOLF          Ay, a privilege and because it is our station in life.
- WEDGEWOOD     Good. Mr. Er, er, er.
- LAVIGNE         Lavigne.
- WEDGEWOOD     Yes, yes.
- LAVIGNE         I have been taught that the British working class are the backbone of the nation.
- WEDGEWOOD     You are quite right. I have been in this manor for forty-seven years and being Head Butler is the highest position a man of my station can attain. Not only do I take pride in my work, but I also take pleasure in it.
- STONE            Pleasure? Being a butler?
- WEDGEWOOD     Yes, Mr. Stone. It's time you learned a little secret.

(They sing BUTLERS RULE THE WORLD)

#### THE BUTLERS RULE THE WORLD

*WEDGEWOOD     The butlers serve the gentry  
We serve them tea at three  
We see to every meal  
They don't care how we feel.  
Though we cater every whim  
We lay down life and limb  
To please we go to any length  
But they don't realise our strength!*

*We are the glue that bonds the household  
We are the ties that bind  
And here at butler school you'll find  
We keep it all together  
We keep things running smooth  
And should we all stop working  
That would just go to prove*

*ALL The sun never sets on the British Empire  
And now the truth unfurls  
The King may rule old England  
But; the butlers rule the world.*

*WEDGEWOOD You think I exaggerate perhaps?  
Without us there would be collapse  
These people never work  
They eat and sleep and play  
Oh, they are a lazy race  
Pompoused up in chintz and lace  
They while away the day  
Playing cricket or croquet  
And life is very pleasant  
They dine on ham and pheasant  
Telling jokes and making merry  
As they polish off the sherry  
And they may be very civilized  
But one they haven't realized  
That by serving the gentry  
We run the cities and the countries*

*ALL And the sun never sets on the British Empire  
And now the truth unfurls  
The King may rule old England  
But; the butlers rule the world.*

*The men play bonds and stocks  
Or hunt on horse with hounds for fox  
And when manly tensions fraught  
They do battle on the tennis court  
And the ladies make their social calls  
They waltz the waltz in ballroom halls  
Or pass away the hours  
Arranging vases full of flowers  
Or pressing leaves or roses  
Or putting powder on their noses*

*They read and sew and paint  
Because we know that they would faint  
If they had to run a household  
Or do things without being told*

*ALL We'd tell them but we haven't got the nerve  
They were born to be idle  
And we were born to serve.  
Though our feelings we can't show  
Deep inside our hearts we know*

*That the sun never sets on the British Empire  
And now the truth unfurls  
The King may rule old England  
But; the butlers rule the world.*

(The telephone rings.)

WEDGEWOOD Now, off you go for tea. Mr. Stone, upstairs.

(They leave and he answers the phone).

This is Warminster double four, double seven. Lord Marble's residence and the Butler Training School. Yes, this is Mr. Reginald Wedgewood speaking. Good afternoon, Mr. Johns. I see, completely inoperable. Well, that just won't do. Yes, I'll see to that immediately. Good afternoon. (He hangs up).

STONE (Rushing in a state of great agitation). Wedgewood, you'll never...

WEDGEWOOD Mr. Stone, firstly, a Butler never, I repeat never, comes tearing into a room. He pads softly about.

STONE WEDGEWOOD!

WEDGEWOOD And secondly, Mr. Stone, you will address me as 'Sir' at all times. Is that quite understood? You see...

STONE SIR!!!

WEDGEWOOD And, Mr. Stone, a butler in training never, ever interrupts a senior staff member.

STONE But, but..

WEDGEWOOD Now, go out of the room and enter again. And let's see if you can do it properly



this time shall we?

(Gritting his teeth, he rushes out. WEDGEWOOD crosses to the sofa and fluffs a pillow. The drawing room doors open again and STONE enters, walking deliberately slowly).

STONE Sir, I wonder if I might have a moment of your time?

WEDGEWOOD Yes, Mr. Stone.

STONE (Very properly) I'm here to inform you that His Lordship has been murdered.

WEDGEWOOD( Sighing and shaking his head). Mr. Stone, a butler never indulges in practical jokes. Our manner must always be impersonal and completely professional. Now, it's time to clear His Lordship's afternoon tea things.

STONE (Losing patience). I just went up to clear the tea things. That's how come I know he's been murdered.

McWOLF (Entering) Good afternoon, Sir.

WEDGEWOOD Good afternoon, Mr. McWolf.

McWOLF I'm reporting back for duty.

STONE Wedgewood, what about His Lordship?

WEDGEWOOD His Lordship is elderly. He's probably just resting.

STONE Yes, usually he's dead to the world. Now, he's just dead.

WEDGEWOOD Nonsense.

STONE Not just dead. Murdered.

McWOLF Murdered? The old boy?

STONE Yeah. Someone has repeatedly hit him over the head and caved in his skull. Bits of brains are on the bed and blood has been spattered all over the walls. Oh and his eyes... one was looking right at me...and the other was looking at the tea tray.....

WEDGEWOOD Stone! Are you quite sure he's dead?

STONE (Pause) Yeah.

WEDGEWOOD Oh, dear.

STONE Want me to ring up the coppers?

WEDGEWOOD No, no, no, not yet. I'm in charge here. And this has to be done the correct way.  
(He rings the bell and FARNSWORTH and LAVIGNE enter).  
I have an announcement to make. I regret to inform you, our Master has been murdered.

FARNSWORTH Struuth!

LAVIGNE Oye, la, la!

WEDGEWOOD Mr. Stone has found Lord Marble's murdered body.

LAVIGNE (To STONE) Are you sure he's dead.

STONE Yes.

McWOLF Och, it must have been a mad man on the grounds.

LAVIGNE Mais oui, when I was outside, I thought I saw a figure lurking by the shed.

WEDGEWOOD Perhaps you saw a tramp. But no, that's not possible, because just before Mr. Stone informed me of the Master's death, I received a telephone call from Johns, who, as you know, is the gate keeper. He informed me that the gate has been jammed shut for the past two days. He rang me to get a repairman in.

FARNSWORTH Which means

LAVIGNE That nobody could have left or entered

McWOLF The Manor IN THE LAST FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

STONE Because the gates were locked.

FARNSWORTH Which means?

LAVIGNE One of us

McWOLF In this very room

STONE                Must be

ALL    THE MURDERER.

(They sing THE BUTLER DID IT)

THE BUTLER DID IT

McWOLF	<i>What a plight!</i>
STONE	<i>What a quandary!</i>
WEDGEWOOD	<i>What a fuss!</i>
LAVIGNE	<i>Knowing there's a murderer</i> <i>Amongst us.</i>
FARNSWORTH	<i>One of us!</i>
STONE	<i>What a terrible sensation!</i>
ALL	<i>But by the process of elimination</i>
LAVIGNE	<i>And with patience</i>
McWOLF	<i>and with time</i>
WEDGEWOOD & STONE	<i>We'll find the culprit</i>
FARNSWORTH	<i>of this crime.</i>
ALL	<i>We will all learn how to sleuth</i> <i>Because one thing we can deduce</i> <i>THE BUTLER DID IT.</i>
ALL	<i>We'll get to the bottom of this mess</i>
WEDGEWOOD	<i>Would anyone care to confess?</i>
ALL	<i>As detectives we will ponder</i> <i>Let our imaginations wonder</i> <i>While our brains are whirling 'click'</i> <i>And our little brain cells tick.</i> <i>There's a murderer on the loose</i> <i>And one thing we can deduce</i> <i>THE BUTLER DID IT.</i>
ALL	<i>And by careful observations</i> <i>And by gathering information</i>
STONE	<i>Our brains will not be lax</i> <i>We'll uncover all the facts</i>
McWOLF	<i>We will learn all to be learned</i>
FARNSWORTH	<i>We will leave no stone unturned</i>
LAVIGNE	<i>The killer will hang by a noose</i>
ALL	<i>'Cause one thing we can deduce</i> <i>THE BUTLER DID IT.</i>

FARNSWORTH This is dreadful, how did he die?

STONE He was beaten to death.

McWOLF With what?

STONE I found this ladies hair pin on the nightstand by the bed.

WEDGEWOOD I hardly think that was the murder weapon.

LAVIGNE It might have been dis. (He holds up a golf club).

WEDGEWOOD A mashie niblick.

McWOLF A number seven iron.

FARNSWORTH Looks like a golf club to me.

LAVIGNE I was in the garden by the petunias and dis was thrown out of de window. It heet me on de head.

WEDGWOOD And how do we know it was not you who brandished the murder weapon?

McWOLF Because Frenchy doesn't even know how to hold a club.

STONE And you would I suppose?

McWOLF Er....well....

WEDGEWOOD Were you not once a professional player?

McWOLF Not any longer, Mac.

WEDGEWOOD And undoes this club belong to you, Mr. McWolf?

McWOLF No, it's probably Lord Marble's. Mine are in my room.

WEDGEWOOD Please fetch them.

McWOLF If you insist. (He exists).

FARNSWORTH Maybe it was the nazis wot killed the master.

WEDGEWOOD Don't be ridiculous, Farnsworth.

LAVIGNE Chamberlain said 'Peace in our time'.

FARNSWORTH No, you're dead wrong. I heard it on the wireless, the Germans are going to take over the world.

WEDGEWOOD Mr. Farnsworth, stop this nonsense. Mr. Hitler might have created havoc in Europe, but I assure you he didn't kill Lord Marble.

FARNSWORTH Well, them nazis is sneaky. You never know.

STONE You're touched in the 'ead, Farnsy.

McWOLF (Entering). Here you are gents.

STONE' Ere, 'ow many clubs does a professional carry?

McWOLF( Getting the clubs). Fourteen and as you can see, there are one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, wait a minute.

WEDGEWOOD Thirteen remaining.

FARNSWORTH Which means....

LAVIGNE That dis club is actually yours, Misteer McWolf.

FARNSWORTH Which means??

McWOLF That somebody stole my club to murder the master and throw suspicion on me.

WEDGEWOOD Mr. Stone. You served the Master lunch at what time? Twelve o'clock? And he was alive and well then?

STONE Yeah.

WEDGEWOOD The Master's body was discovered at a quarter past four. I'm going to have to ask each of you where you were and what you were doing from twelve o'clock until a quarter past four this afternoon.

STONE} Look, guvner, I really-  
McWOLF} Och, I don't remember exact-  
FARNSWORTH} Are you implying that-?  
LAVIGNE} Pardonnez moi, vous-

- WEDGEWOOD      Enough, silence! As senior butler, it is right and proper that I shall conduct this investigation. Even though an atrocity has been committed in our very midst, and, in fact, by one of us, the investigation must be carried out in a civilized manner. And when I have determined which of you is the culprit then, and only then, will I notify the authorities.
- McWOLF            What do you mean, "which of you". Don't you mean "which of us"?
- STONE             Yeah, how do we know it wasn't you what coshed him?
- WEDGEWOOD      Mr. Stone. I have been serving Lord Marble for forty-seven years. If I'd wanted to murder him, surely, I could have done it a lot more quietly and effectively before now, don't you agree? I would hardly have waited until the house was full of trainees at the height of the season.
- McWOLF            Perhaps you wanted to frame one of us.
- WEDGEWOOD      Ask yourself why! I have never met any of you before this week's training session. And though I find it trying to train you for domestic service, I hardly think that seeing you hang for murder is just and fair punishment for incorrectly polishing the brasses. Now let's get down to the task at hand. Each of you, in turn, will give a clear account of where you were and what you were doing between twelve o'clock and a quarter past four. Who will begin? (There is silence) I see I shall have to set the example.

(They sing ALIBI SOFTSHOE)

ALIBI SOFTSHOE

- WEDGEWOOD      *I was in the attic  
Clearing off the dust  
Up among the cobwebs  
And the mothballs and the rust*
- FARNSWORTH     *I was in the kitchen  
busy cooking a steak  
I was making mince pies  
I was icing a cake.*
- McWOLF            *I was in the front room  
I was polishing the brass  
Toppin' up decanters  
I cleaned all the glass.*

LAVIGNE            *I was in the garden*  
                         *I was weeding a bed*  
                         *I was pruning bushes*  
                         *When this fell on my head.*

STONE                *I was in the study*  
                         *I was sorting the bills*  
                         *When I came upon a box*  
                         *That contained the master's will.*

ALL (spoken)        THE WILL!

STONE                Right then, we all have alibis, but who has a motive?

LAVIGNE            Who would benefit monetarily after his death?

WEDGEWOOD        His only daughter. She is the sole beneficiary.

FARNSWORTH        She gets everything?

STONE                Yeah, that's what it says.

WEDGEWOOD        How do you know? Did you read it?

STONE                Er, yeah, I happened to glance at it.

FARNSWORTH        And the money was left to his only daughter?

WEDGEWOOD        Yes.

FARNSWORTH        (Firmly) Josey.

WEDGEWOOD        No, Melinda.

FARNSWORTH        Melinda?

WEDGEWOOD        Lord Marble married Her Ladyship in 1910. She died in childbirth. His Lordship tried to raise the child, but she rebelled and when she was fourteen, she ran away from home to join the theatre and become an actress.

McWOLF             Melinda Marble. I've never heard of her.

STONE                She's a nice bit of work.

WEDGEWOOD        Have you ever seen here, Mr. Stone?

STONE            No, no, I've never met 'er.

WEDGEWOOD    But you just commented that "she is a nice bit o' work".

STONE            I saw her portrait hanging in the mansion.

WEDGEWOOD    There are no portraits of her in this house. His Lordship was very angry when she left, she was a difficult child you see, and he'd given her everything, everything. Well, he took all remaining evidence of her existence from this manor and threw it away.

STONE            But he gave 'er everything anyway in the Will.

WEDGEWOOD    How do you know that?

STONE            I told you, I 'appened to glance at the Will.

WEDGEWOOD    (He takes the will) And what business did you have looking at a document that clearly was not meant for the eyes of someone of your position?

STONE            'Ere, Wedgewood, I don't like your attitude.

WEDGEWOOD    And Mr. Stone, I don't like yours. If you intend to graduate from one of the finest butler training schools in England, then ...

STONE            I don't want to be a butler the rest of me life.

McWOLF         Then why are you here, Mr. Stone?

WEDGEWOOD    My question exactly.

FARNSWORTH    Yes, why?

STONE            (Feeling trapped, looks around). I'm an actor. At the last audition I was told to come back when I had some training. I was auditioning for the part of a butler.

LAVIGNE         Didn't they mean training as an actor?

STONE            Oh, do you think so?

WEDGEWOOD    So, let me get this straight. You're training to be a butler so that you can play a butler for the theatre? (He sighs).

STONE            Well, yeah.



FARNSWORTH Are you a big star?

STONE Not exactly...

FARNSWORTH How many plays you been in?

STONE Well, none but I have had some experience.

WEDGEWOOD In what?

STONE I was in a panto at Weston-Super-Mare.

WEDGEWOOD Pantomime, the lowest form of theatre. Oh, dear.

#### AN ACTOR'S LIFE

STONE *I always wanted to be an actor  
I read Shakespeare, Sheridan and Shaw  
I wanted to go to the theatre  
But, alas, I was too poor*

*I longed to be a thespian  
My name up there in lights  
So I studied all the plays  
And I practiced late at night.*

*ALAS! Poor Yorick I knew him well.  
Alas, POOR Yorick I knew him well.  
Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him, WELL?*

OTHERS *Get on with it.*

STONE *I read it in the paper  
The ad said "Auditions!"  
I ran out of my flat  
I hadn't heard of this play  
"Dick Wittington and His Cat"*

*I ran round to the theatre  
They pushed me on the stage  
I was blinded by the lights  
I couldn't see the page.  
My mouth got very dry  
I couldn't say a line*

*The director unsympathetically said  
"Have you considered mime?"*

*Then he sort of snickered  
"Do you really want a part?"  
I replied, "Of course"  
And he cast me as the horse.  
The costume had a lovely mane  
'Twas all to no avail  
I asked if I could play the head  
He said, "Neigh, you'll play the tail".*

*Now I have smelled the grease paint  
And I've heard the roaring crowd  
Hamlet I was not  
But I was really proud  
I have been an actor  
I pulled it off with class  
Though no one saw my face  
I was the best damned horse's arse.*

- McWOLF            Pathetic.
- FARNSWORTH    That's sad. (The others just look at him).
- WEDGEWOOD    So you lied to us Mr. Stone. You said you didn't know Her Ladyship, but you did know her, didn't you?
- STONE           Melinda Marble? Yes, she was Dick Wittington. But I didn't really know her, after all, she was the star of the show, and I was just...
- WEDGEWOOD    Yes, yes, we know.
- STONE           She played a fine Dick.
- WEDGEWOOD    That's quite enough!
- STONE           Do you want to see me review? Look.
- (He pulls out a piece of paper and McWOLF takes it.)
- WEDGEWOOD    What I want to know is why did you lie to us, Mr. Stone? You said at first that you didn't know Her Ladyship, but then you just admitted you did.
- STONE           I thought that if you thought that I knew her, you'd think....

McWOLF            That Melinda hired you to come here to impersonate a butler, find out about the Will and bump off dear old dad, after which she'd give you a cut of the inheritance.

STONE             No, it's not like that at all. I just want to train so that I can get a part as a butler.

FARNSWORTH     I believe him.

McWOLF            That's because you're soft, Farnsworth.

WEDGEWOOD      Well, Stone, the truth of your story remains to be seen. Oh, dear, I just remembered Lady Windsor was going to dine with His Lordship tonight. Stone, please telephone her and explain that His Lordship is under the weather.

McWOLF            That's an understatement.

WEDGEWOOD      And that, regrettably, the Master has to cancel his dinner engagement.

STONE             You want me to lie? I can't do that.

WEDGEWOOD      I want you to act.

STONE             Oh, that I can do.

WEDGEWOOD      This murder has disturbed our schedule dreadfully, but we must carry on with things. (He pulls out his black book to refer to it.) Mr. McWolf, please set the dining room table for dinner.

McWOLF            Yes, sir.

WEDGEWOOD      I'll be checking your place settings. Mr. Farnsworth, there is a pheasant hanging in the pantry. We can't let it go to waste. We'll dine on that.

FARNSWORTH     Oooh, His Lordship wouldn't like the staff to eat his pheasant.

STONE             Skinflint's dead, isn't he Farnsy.

WEDGEWOOD      That's enough Stone. Now we'll need some wine to accompany dinner.

LAVIGNE          I'll go and get some from the cellar.

WEDGEWOOD      No, no, no. You don't have the training, or the knowledge yet, to make a selection.

LAVIGNE But I am a Frenchman! I know my wines.

WEDGEWOOD No. I'll do it. Why don't you go outside and cut some flowers for the dinner table? After I've been to the cellar, I shall see to the master.

FARNSWORTH But he's dead, sir.

WEDGEWOOD I know that, but someone has to clean the walls and scrub the carpet.

FARNSWORTH Ooh, the blood.

LAVIGNE Sacre bleu.

WEDGEWOOD Now, I've given you all your instructions. You are dismissed. (No one moves.). I said you are dismissed.

FARNSWORTH Er, Sir.

WEDGEWOOD Yes, Mr. Farnsworth?

FARNSWORTH Do you think the killer will strike again?

WEDGEWOOD I suppose there is that possibility.

FARNSWORTH Couldn't we all go and do one thing together?

WEDGEWOOD But the killer's in this room.

McWOLF And so are the four others who aren't murderers.

STONE Unless all four of you are in on it and the fifth is the next victim.

LAVIGNE And the murderer could strike again you said.

FARNSWORTH We dunno who.

McWOLF We don't know when.

STONE We dunno where.

LAVIGNE Or even why.

FARNSWORTH But we do know...

ALL We could be next!

## ENGLAND FOREVER

STONE *All our feelings may be fickle*

LAVIGNE/FARNSWORTH  
*The hair on our necks may prickle*

ALL *I don't trust them, no one trusts us  
Have to keep our wits about us*

McWOLF *Temperaments are really riled*

STONE *Paranoia running wild*

McWOLF/FARNSWORTH  
*Trying hard to keep our nerve*

WEDGEWOOD *Mustering courage in reserve*

FARNSWORTH *Getting shivers down the spine*

STONE/FARNSWORTH  
*Looking backwards all the time  
Getting goosebumps on the skin  
Is it him, or him, or him.  
All our nerves are really raw  
Is that scraping at the door?  
Hearing noises in the hall  
Seeing shadows on the wall  
There's a creaking on the stair  
Turn around and no-one's there*

LAVIGNE I can't stand it. (He runs out)

McWOLF He's cracked under pressure.

WEDGEWOOD Of course he did, he's a Frenchman.

FARNSWORTH But we're all scared Sir.

WEDGEWOOD Nonsense. You're British.

FARNSWORTH Oh.

WEDGEWOOD In the face of adversity, the English fear naught.

STONE (sarcastically) What, close your eyes and think of England.

WEDGEWOOD Exactly, Mr. Stone.

*Close your eyes and think of England.  
Think of her and you'll never go wrong.  
Close your eyes and think of England.  
Fear will leave you if you sing along.  
You'll get courage when you think of England.  
You'll find you can do anything  
If you close your eyes and think of England.  
Should you get scared, just start to sing.*

ALL

*Hurray for England.  
We'll right the wrong, we'll fight the cause  
for England  
That is why we win the wars for England  
We have something foreign chappies will never  
We'll have England, England forever!  
We'll keep our stiff upper lip I'll say  
So let's say hip, hip, hurray  
And give three cheers for England.*

*Hip, hip, hurray  
Hip, hip, hurray.  
Hip, hip, hurray.*

(They stand, arms around each other, sniffing)

FARNSWORTH Thank you, sir. I feel ever so much better now.

(They break away from each other, self-consciously, but resolute.)

STONE That was stirrin'. Didn't that song move you?

(LAVIGNE enters)

McWOLF I was born in Scotland.

LAVIGNE Bloody foreigner.

(They start for each other.)

WEDGEWOOD (Stopping them). Now, let's get on with things.

FARNSWORTH (Still caught up in the song). Hear, hear.

LAVIGNE We must keep our eyes to the ground and our ears peeled.

McWOLF Well, I just got new glasses so nothing shall escape me.

WEDGEWOOD Now everyone back to work. While carrying out your duties, you must be on the lookout for clues.

STONE This is exciting.

WEDGEWOOD Actually, you may have already seen, or heard, something before today that didn't mean anything to you at the time, but...

STONE But now it does.

WEDGEWOOD Exactly.

LAVIGNE While you were singing, I went up to the Master's room.

McWOLF Returning to the scene of the crime, eh, Lavigne?

LAVIGNE I went on to do some of my work. One of my duties this afternoon was to polish the fire irons in His Lordship's room, but I couldn't.

McWOLF Immobilized by fear, eh, Frenchie?

LAVIGNE No. I noticed the poker, which is usually kept by the fireplace, is missing.

STONE What does that have to do with anything?

LAVIGNE I don't know, but I thought it might be relevant.

FARNSWORTH Mark my words, it's them Nazis.

WEDGEWOOD Farnsworth, you're trying my patience. Now everyone get back to your duties. We've had enough dilly dallying about. Lavigne, tend to the garden.

McWOLF I'd like to see you in private, if you don't mind, sir.

WEDGEWOOD As a matter of fact, I'd like to talk to you, too, Mr. McWolf.

(STONE, FARNSWORTH and LAVIGNE leave.)

McWOLF Now, whoever the murderer is, it seems to me is a very violent man. I mean there are many ways to kill someone -- arsenic -- all sorts of poisons. The man was resting in his bed. He could have been smothered quietly with a pillow. Anyway, people would think it was natural causes at his age. Why beat the old codger to

death?

WEDGEWOOD Why, indeed.

McWOLF I, myself, am a gentle man and I believe this is the work of a psychologically disturbed person and I just wanted tell you that....

(A female is heard screaming. Everyone rushes back in. FARNSWORTH is last.)

STONE Who was the woman what was screaming?

LAVIGNE What's happening? Has someone else been killed?

FARNSWORTH (Excitedly, flapping) It's the bird.

WEDGEWOOD Who?

FARNSWORTH The bird we're going to have for dinner. It's hanging upside down and it ain't really dead. It started squawking and flapping its wings and pecking at me. The bird ...

WEDGEWOOD It's not referred to as a bird, it's fowl.

FARNSWORTH I'll say. It gave me such a scare, I hate hunted animals. I'm going to set it free. We'll 'ave corned beef instead. (He begins to exit.).

WEDGEWOOD Don't be such a woman, Farnsworth. (He stops dead in his tracks.) We'll have the pheasant.

FARNSWORTH What do you want me to do with it?

WEDGEWOOD Wring its neck and pluck it.

FARNSWORTH I can't.

McWOLF Ouch, you are soft, Farnsworth. I'll do it.

WEDGEWOOD You'll wring its neck? I thought you were of a gentle nature, Mr. McWolf.

McWOLF What are you insinuating?

STONE 'Old your 'orses, McWolf. I believe I can unveil the murderer right now gents -- or should I say, "Lady and Gents"?



(He crosses to FARNSWORTH and pulls off her moustache).

Here is the proof for you.

ALL Gasp!

McWOLF Who are you, lassie?

LAVIGNE Explain yourself, mademoiselle.

(FARNSWORTH nurses lip where the moustache was.)

WEDGEWOOD Can you explain, Stone?

STONE Ah, yeah, well -- I fink she's a suffragette.

ALL A what?

STONE A suffragette. She's here to prove she can do a man's work as well as any man, but she gave herself away. First by the hairpin I found in His Lordship's room. At first, I thought it could have belonged to his lady friend, but Lady Windsor has white hair and wouldn't choose a brown clip would she? Secondly, that pheasant and the evidence of her not being able to kill anything living. Gentlemen, here is your murderer!

WEDGEWOOD (Exasperated) If she is the murderess and she couldn't kill anything, how did she kill Lord Marble?

STONE Ah, yeah, well, you see. This suffragette business has gone right to her head. She hates to serve men.

WEDGEWOOD So, why did she enrol in a training school for butlers?

STONE Well, she's gone mad, quite mad. And she saw Lord Marble as the aristocratic oppressor of the working class. It drove her into a rage and she coshed him with the golf club.

WEDGEWOOD Oh, Stone, do dry up. My, dear, who are you? And why are you masquerading as a butler in Lord Marble's house?

FARNSWORTH I'm not a suffragette.

WEDGEWOOD Who are you?

FARNSWORTH I am Lord Marble's daughter.

ALL (Gasp)

STONE But, you're not Melinda.

FARNSWORTH No, I'm Josey.

WEDGEWOOD My dear, Lord Marble only has one daughter. I've worked here for forty-seven years and I know these things.

FARNSWORTH Do you remember twenty-four years ago the name of the cook what worked in the kitchen?

WEDGEWOOD Er, yes. That would be Rosie. Lord Marble dismissed her from service.

STONE Lord Marble sacked your mother?

FARNSWORTH In more ways than one.

WEDGEWOOD Oh, dear.

#### A BASTARD'S TALE

FARNSWORTH *Me mum was a young girl  
In the prime of youth  
The master was a bastard  
possessing a sweet tooth.*

*One night he got a craving  
To the kitchen he went back  
And there he met me mum  
She was his midnight snack.*

*He said "I'm a little peckish.  
Show me what you've got."  
Me mum unsuspecting  
Offered cold or hot.*

*She took him to the pantry  
She showed him what was there  
He looked at food and fruit  
And said, "I'll have a pear".*

*She offered him dessert  
He said, "Don't trifle with me".  
Me mum became flustered  
She said, "Take anything you see".*

*He said, "I've come to feast here.  
I haven't come to look.  
I don't care much for food  
Because I'm hungry for the cook."*

*He said, "Don't scream.  
You'll wake my wife".  
Mum looked round for a weapon  
But she couldn't find a knife.*

*So, she hit him with a pork chop*

ALL *(Gasp)*

FARNSWORTH *But it missed its mark*

ALL *Ahhhh*

FARNSWORTH *Instead it hit the candle  
And everything went dark.*

ALL *Oooooooh.*

FARNSWORTH *And right there in the pantry  
The dirty, rotten beast,  
With predatory nature  
on dear Mum he did feast.*

STONE So you came back here to bump off the old codger and get even and collect the inheritance. You see, I was right after all.

FARNSWORTH No, I didn't knock 'im off. You see I only found out about Lord Marble being me dad last week. See, me mum died and on 'er death bed she told me the truth. Well, I tried to get an appointment to see 'is Lordship, but 'e wouldn't see me.

LAVIGNE So you disguised yourself as a butler and to avenge your maman, you killed him.

FARNSWORTH No, we just chatted.

STONE And then he let you know you weren't in the Will and so you killed him.

McWOLF Ah, ha, revenge!

FARNSWORTH No, that's not it at all. I didn't kill him. I didn't know, or even care about the will. I didn't even know I had a half-sister, Melinda, until today. 'Ere what's this I'm sitting on? (She pulls out a black box). This must be yours Stone, you were just sitting here. Perhaps it fell out of your pocket.

STONE No, it's not mine.

LAVIGNE Quesque c'est?

FARNSWORTH (Opening the box). Looks like an engagement ring, what a beauty.

McWOLF Who were you going to get tied down to?

STONE NO ONE!

WEDGEWOOD Here, let me have a look. (He takes the ring). There's engraving inside.

FARNSWORTH What does it say?

WEDGEWOOD "I love you with all my heart. M.M." I thought you said you hardly knew Melinda Marble, Stone.

STONE IT'S NOT ME RING.

McWOLF That's quite a rock. You must fancy her a lot to give her that.

STONE It's not for Melinda Marble.

WEDGEWOOD But the initials say M.M.

STONE It must be for someone else with them initials.

WEDGEWOOD Who?

STONE (Quickly). Mary Magdelene. (He winces).

WEDGEWOOD (Moves into STONE) I see. I put it to you, Mr. Stone, that you found out Melinda Marble was to inherit a large estate and you planned to woo her, marry her and share the money.

STONE No, Guvnor! That's not even my ring. I'm innocent.

- McWOLF I happen to agree with him. This man may be in love with Melinda. He may be a fool and a bad actor, but he's not a murderer.
- STONE Thank you, McWolf.
- McWOLF (Crosses to get the ring and puts it by the phone). Actors don't make much money. He couldn't afford a ring like this. I have my own theory. I believe we're ready to bring in the police and let them sort it out.
- WEDGEWOOD Do you know something that we don't, McWolf?
- McWOLF I believe I do. On the other side of Stone's theatre review were the obituaries. One caught my eye. And old Jewish woman died recently.
- WEDGEWOOD And what does that have to do with anything, you Scottish fool?
- McWOLF She was somebody's grandmother.
- STONE Nobody here is Jewish.
- McWOLF That remains to be seen.
- (Nobody stirs. McWOLF continues.)
- McWOLF At the moment, our murderer isn't saying much. He appears to be normal on the outside, but inside, he's a raving lunatic. By all appearances he is gentle, efficient and above all, quiet. Quite -- now which of us fits that description? (Everyone looks at LAVIGNE) Precisely. The man you would least expect. A man, apparently above reproach and a man, apparently, with no motive.
- LAVIGNE I haven't got a motive, because I didn't do it.
- McWOLF Your grandmother died last week, didn't she?
- LAVIGNE Mais oui, but...
- FARNSWORTH Oh, you poor man, so did me mum.
- STONE There's a lot of it going about.
- WEDGEWOOD Your grandmother was an employee too?
- FARNSWORTH Are you me bruvver?
- LAVIGNE No, no, ma grandmere didn't work here.

WEDGEWOOD     Where did she work?

LAVIGNE         She didn't work. She was too (pause) sick.

McWOLF          True. She died in a sanatorium.

STONE            T.B.?

FARNSWORTH     Or not T.B.

WEDGEWOOD     That is the question.

McWOLF          No, she died in a mental sanatorium.

ALL              (Gasp)

LAVIGNE         Alright ... I admit my grandmere was institutionalized. But this is 1939. Surely in this day and age, we know that being a little crazy doesn't make you a murderer?

#### CRAZY BUBBIE

LAVIGNE         *They called her "Crazy Bubu"  
She liked it living there.  
She never ever kvetched  
She said she didn't care.  
We'd walk around the grounds  
I'd slip her sips of kosher wine  
Bubbie would sing the old songs  
We'd have a lovely time.*

*Yes, I'm crazy, life is crazy.  
Was the lesson Bubbie taught.  
We're all a little mad  
It's just that some of us get caught.*

ALL              Oy!

LAVIGNE         *Now I know her problem  
She wouldn't play the game.  
So she'd pretend to be meshegana  
When she was really sane.*

*She'd say, "Don't worry the Rabbi  
Never get upset, or pout.  
Just say a little brocha (birkhot)  
And pray they don't find you out."*

*Yes, I'm crazy, life is crazy  
Was the lesson Bubbie taught.  
We're all a little mad  
It's just that some of us get caught.*

ALL Oy!

LAVIGNE *So she lived in a home  
Locked in night and day  
She was simply one who got caught  
While others got away.  
Yes, my Bubbie had her mishigos  
They called her crazy names.  
But, sometimes, like her, I wish  
I had the guts to be insane.*

*Yes, I'm crazy, life is crazy  
Was the lesson Bubbie taught.  
We're all a little mad  
It's just that some of us get caught.*

ALL Oy!

McWOLF So you're Jewish.

FARNSWORTH And a Foreigner.

WEDGEWOOD Oh, dear.

LAVIGNE All right, so it's all out in the open now. I'm a Jew and my grandmere was mad, but that's no reason for me to kill Lord Marble.

McWOLF Yes, it is. It was in all the papers. Lord Marble has always been a financial contributor to the sanatorium, but he pulled his funding when it was revealed that some of the members of the Board were pocketing his contributions. He stopped donating. The quality of care at the sanatorium dropped drastically....

LAVIGNE But, still, I don't see...

WEDGEWOOD (Backs him up) I do. You blamed your grandmother's death on Lord Marble

because he withheld funds.

LAVIGNE That's crazy.

McWOLF I heard you talking of psychiatrists on the phone.

LAVIGNE I can explain. The doctor had been here last week to attend to His Lordship, who had been suffering from acute melancholia. The doctor had prescribed a sleeping draught. When he telephoned yesterday to talk to Lord Marble, I told him the Master was taking an afternoon nap. The doctor seemed happy to hear this. Obviously, he felt his prescription was working. We chatted for a few minutes on clinical depression before saying au revoir.

McWOLF That's a total fabrication.

LAVIGNE Telephone the doctor and ask him.

McWOLF All right, I will. (He crosses to the phone). The line is dead.

ALL (Gasp)

STONE There's a lot of that going about.

McWOLF We're cut off.

LAVIGNE And locked in.

WEDGEWOOD It's probably just a storm in the area interfering with the phone lines.

McWOLF No, look, the wire's been cut.

ALL (Gasp)

McWOLF (Points to LAVIGNE). He did it, so I couldn't telephone the doctor.

LAVIGNE I didn't. I swear.

McWOLF I'm always suspicious of foreigners. Why are you working here, Lavigne?

LAVIGNE I want to be a butler.

McWOLF Pull the other one.

WEDGEWOOD Let's have the truth.



LAVIGNE I told you, I just decided to become a butler.

WEDGEWOOD I did some checking into your background before I admitted you into this school.

STONE And what did you find out?

WEDGEWOOD (He consults his book) You had a respectful Government job. You were the French equivalent to a high-up civil servant and one day, you just up and left and decided to train as an English butler?

STONE Very suspicious.

LAVIGNE I suppose I might as well tell you, but it mustn't leave this room. (pause). I still work for the French Government.

ALL (Gasp)

McWOLF You're a spy!

LAVIGNE Yes.

FARNSWORTH Kill him!

LAVIGNE Yes, but I'm working with the British Government, not against it.

STONE How do we know your Government didn't send you to kill Lord Marble?

LAVIGNE I needed to enlist his help, not kill him.

WEDGEWOOD Explain.

LAVIGNE Well, you see, the manor is far enough away from the main cities to avoid being bombed and we wanted to use this place, in co-operation with the British Government to set up a headquarters for communications with agents all over Europe.

FARNSWORTH Struth!

WEDGEWOOD And how do you propose to substantiate your story, Mr. Lavigne?

LAVIGNE My story can be verified by the British Intelligent agent in this room if he would care to reveal his identity.

WEDGEWOOD/FARNSWORTH (Turning to McWOLF). McWolf?!

STONE Er, no.

WEDGEWOOD/FARNSWORTH/McWOLF You?!

FARNSWORTH (Disappointed) You're not an actor after all?

McWOLF You're a British spy pretending to be an actor, disguised as a butler?

STONE Sorry, chaps, I'm afraid so.

FARNSWORTH Cor, you lost your accent.

STONE Lavigne and I were working together to enlist the aid of Lord Marble in the eventuality of war.

FARNSWORTH So it could have been a nazi what killed him after all.

WEDGEWOOD The nazis will never hurt the British, my dear.

LAVIGNE Or the French.

WEDGEWOOD You see, my dear....

#### DON'T MESS ABOUT WITH THE BRITS

WEDGEWOOD *Mr. Hitler's just preposterous  
He's a silly, little man.  
If he thinks no one will stop him  
He'll soon find out that Britain can.*

STONE *Great Britain is a castle  
We've even got a moat  
And if into water he should venture  
We'll torpedo all his boats.*

McWOLF *If he wants to cross the Channel.  
I'm afraid he'll have to swim.  
We'll politely greet him on the shoreline  
then we'll tear him limb from limb.*

ALL *We've got the best Royal Air Force  
So we don't have to worry about a blitz.  
He can tangle with the other Europeans  
but he won't mess about with the Brits.*

LAVIGNE *Or French.*

WEDGEWOOD *We aren't having swastikas  
replacing our Union Jack.  
He can forget world domination  
'cause the Brits*

LAVIGNE *And the French*

WEDGEWOOD & LAVIGNE  
*Are fighting back.*

McWOLF *We won't eat his German strudel.*

STONE *We won't drink his German brew.*

WEDGEWOOD *If he thinks we'll Zeig Hiel der Furrher.*

ALL *Mr. Hitler, we've got news for you.  
We won't goosestep, Mr. Hitler  
We won't play your little game.  
If you think that you can beat us.  
Mr. Hitler, think again.*

*Mr. Hitler, we are stronger.  
We can match your brains and wits.  
You can tangle with the other Europeans  
but, don't mess about with the Brits.*

LAVIGNE *And French.*

ALL *Time to worry, Mr. Hitler.  
'Cause your game plan's on der fritz.  
You can tangle with the other Europeans.  
BUT DON'T MESS ABOUT WITH THE BRITS!*

LAVIGNE *And French.*

FARNSWORTH *So we've established it wasn't a nazi wot killed him.*

LAVIGNE *I don't think there ever really was a chance of that. No the killer's still in this  
room and I have my own theory.*

STONE *Go on dear boy, we're all waiting.*

LAVIGNE *I believe the murderer is also a thief.*

McWOLF           What're you talking about?

STONE            When I first encountered the corpse, I must say it did rather appear that nothing was amiss. The room wasn't dishevelled and I noticed the victim was still wearing his rings.

LAVIGNE         But what if what was stolen wasn't apparent?

FARNSWORTH     Yeah, his money.

STONE            Only one person has direct access to Lord Marble's money, and that person is you, Mr. Wedgewood

WEDGEWOOD     I had to keep his books because the old fool... (he recovers) ... Lord Marble, was incompetent. It is the duty of the Head Butler to account for all bills and to pay the tradesmen. Go ahead. Check the books. Every shilling and penny can be accounted for.

LAVIGNE         I wasn't thinking about money. I was thinking about wine.

ALL              Wine?

LAVIGNE         Yes. Lord Marble was known for his great stock. Of course, he was old and feeble and couldn't get out of bed...

STONE            Well, he was a hundred and two.

LAVIGNE         And too old to walk about. I bet if he were to check the cellar, he'd find the stock sadly depleted. That's why you wouldn't let me go into the cellar.

McWOLF         Are you suggesting Wedgewood is an alcoholic?

LAVIGNE         No, he sold the bottles. They must be worth a fortune and...

WEDGEWOOD     Nonsense!

STONE            Yes, I know who really did it.

ALL              So do I

LAVIGNE         Let me finish first.

CLUELESS

LAVIGNE            *The cellar holds the wine  
And the butler holds the key  
And when the wine's been stolen  
It would surely seem to me  
You gave the master's head a clout  
When the master found you out.*

*Now this keychain is a clue  
And the finger points to you.*

ALL                *Ah, ha.*

FARNSWORTH I was on the wrong track completely, I thought Stone was the culprit.

*When I found that velvet box  
The one with the pretty ring  
And the engraving says M.M.  
Now wasn't that a silly thing.  
I thought, "Why buy a ring for her finger  
If you didn't know Melinda?"*

*I thought the black box was a clue  
And the finger pointed to you.*

ALL    *Ah, ha.*

STONE            That's all right, my dear. You see...

*When I was in the bedroom  
I found lying on the ground  
A shiny woman's hairpin.  
I thought what a strange thing to be found  
A hairpin's one thing men don't need  
So, I wrongly concluded you did the deed.*

*I thought the hairpin was a clue  
And the finger pointed to you.*

ALL                *Ah, ha.*

McWOLF           I still suspect you.

*When the doctor rang yesterday  
I overheard the call.*

*You talked of psychiatrics  
I must say I was appalled.  
We know the killer is mad.  
I still say it's Lavigne who's bad.*

*The phone call is a clue  
And the finger points to you.*

ALL *Uh, uh.*

WEDGEWOOD I'm afraid you're all wrong.

*I found this golf scorecard  
Under a dusty ornament  
It shows you placing second  
To Lord Marble in a tournament  
That's why you went to his bed  
That's why you clubbed him on the head.*

*The scorecard is the real clue  
So, the finger points to you.*

ALL *Ooooh.*

WEDGEWOOD *The score card*  
FARNSWORTH *The black box*  
STONE *The hairpin*  
McWOLF *The phone call*  
LAVIGNE *The key chain*

ALL *Is the clue  
So the finger points  
to you  
to him  
to you!*

FARNSWORTH What does a scorecard have to do with anything?

WEDGEWOOD I'll explain, but first I have to deal with Lavigne's accusation. Lavigne, here are the keys to the wine cellar. Go downstairs and fetch us a nice claret for us to enjoy with our dinner. Then you can see just how depleted the stock is.

LAVIGNE Oh, it was the only thing I could think of that was valuable that the Master wouldn't notice was missing. I mean, if you cleaned out the stock quietly on the side for years, you could make a fortune and no-one would be any the wiser.

WEDGEWOOD I had no secrets from Lord Marble. He was a good, and fair employer. He even let me use the manor to run the training school so I could make extra money. Not many of the gentry open their homes up like this for all and sundry to see. Now, you wish to inspect the cellars, Mr. Lavigne? Here is the key.

(LAVIGNE takes the key and exits.).

McWOLF I still say it's Lavigne. Let's lock him in the cellar.

WEDGEWOOD Wait. Traditionally, in novels, the murderer is the one who accuses everyone else, Mr. McWolf.

McWOLF I didn't kill His Lordship.

WEDGEWOOD Let me ask you a few questions, Mr. McWolf. You used to be a Gentleman, did you not?

McWOLF Before I entered professional sport.

STONE Golf is hardly a sport, it's more of a game.

McWOLF You take that back!

(LAVIGNE enters with the wine).

STONE Rugger, football, those are what I calls sports. Cricket and croquet, maybe, but golf, never.

McWOLF One more word, Stone..

STONE Yes?

McWOLF Yeah, I'll punch your lights out.

STONE Or cosh me with a golf club?

ALL (Gasp).

STONE It certainly was a good ploy to admit you were a golfer and make it look like you'd been framed. I'll admit I fell for it.

FARNSWORTH You mean, you killed Lord Marble after all?

LAVIGNE Of course. That's why he was trying to accuse me.

WEDGEWOOD     Would you like to explain the evidence I found in the attic?

McWOLF         The score card? You can't be serious.

WEDGEWOOD     Deadly serious. This was an important tournament with a large sum of money in winnings. You lost to Lord Marble didn't you, on the very golf course he owns. How humiliating.

FARNSWORTH    (Incredulously) Bloody 'ell, he was 102!

McWOLF         HE CHEATED!

WEDGEWOOD     It was many years ago. Hadn't you better tell us everything?

McWOLF         I remember it as clearly as if it were yesterday. I was on the seventeenth hole. I had just shot a birdie and Lord Marble shot an eagle.

FARNSWORTH    Hunting, that's all you men ever think about.

McWOLF         He said his ball went into the rough, but I saw it hit water. He continued play and went on to win the tournament.

WEDGEWOOD     You saw his ball hit the water?

McWOLF         I saw the ripples, yes.

WEDGEWOOD     And this was on Lord Marble's own golf course, yes?

McWOLF         Aye.

WEDGEWOOD     Isn't there trout in the pond on the seventeenth hole? Isn't it possible that the movement you saw in the water was caused by fish?

McWOLF         No, I saw it with my own eyes.

WEDGEWOOD     But didn't you say that you just started wearing spectacles this week?

McWOLF         Well, yes, but...

WEDGEWOOD     Ah, ha!

FARNSWORTH    You killed Lord Marble because of a golf tournament!?

McWOLF         FNNo, I didn't!



WEDGEWOOD I bet your prints are on the club.

McWOLF OF COURSE THEY ARE, IT'S MY CLUB.

LAVIGNE And you tried to blame me. It's you who are mad.

McWOLF Look, golf was important to me, but being a golf addict ruined my life.

## CONFESSIONS OF A GOLFER

McWOLF *My wife abandoned me  
for a gardener named Rolf!  
And when I asked her why  
She said because he don't golf.*

*I dunno why she left  
I never treated her mean  
I used to enjoy golf  
But now I got  
I got the blues on the green*

ALL *Wa, wa, yeah, yeah.*

McWOLF *Took my daughter out to golf  
She didn't have any fun  
'Cause the bag was four foot six  
and she was three foot one.*

*I was a lovin' daddy  
Best you ever seen  
I used to enjoy golf  
But now I got  
I got the blues on the green.*

ALL *Wa, wa, yeah, yeah.*

McWOLF *Then I lost to Lord Marble  
more money than you can think  
He bragged he was the best that ever been.  
He was, he was in the pink  
And me I got  
the real red hot, purple rage*

*old grey day, big black mood, blues  
on the green.*

ALL *Oh, yeah!*

WEDGEWOOD You lost everything,

FARNSWORTH Your wife

STONE Your daughter

LAVIGNE The big tournament money to Lord Marble.

WEDGEWOOD So even if you got caught, you had nothing left to lose.

McWOLF I DIDN'T KILL LORD MARBLE!

WEDGEWOOD Tut, tut.

McWOLF (Beside himself with frustration). I DIDN'T KILL LORD MARBLE. DIDN'T, DIDN'T, DIDN'T.

STONE (Musingly) Methinks he doth protest too much.

McWOLF Look, I'm here because I wanted a job. I'd realized I'd lost everything because of golf and I retired my clubs.

WEDGEWOOD Until you found out who your master was.

McWOLF No, no. I'm perfectly innocent and I'll not stay here and listen to this nonsense any more. (He runs out the main door).

STONE Wedgie let's get him!

WEDGEWOOD Wedgie?! Wedgie!?

STONE Mr. Wedgewood, sir, let's get him.

WEDGEWOOD No, it's alright. The police will track him down.

STONE Lavigne, let's get him.

LAVIGNE He's not going anywhere, Stone. He won't manage to scale the wall. We're locked in, remember?

FARNSWORTH So, it's over. I don't believe it, it's really over.

STONE Yes. It was McWolf all along.

LAVIGNE C'est fini.

WEDGEWOOD Well, gentlemen.... lady.... let's relax and have a drink now. A little aperitif before dinner. (He pours sherry for everyone).

FARNSWORTH That's nice of you Wedgewood. Working together we can boost one of us over the wall and go and get the coppers now?

WEDGEWOOD In a moment. Have a drink first, my dear.

FARNSWORTH Oh, alright. Ta.

LAVIGNE I propose a toast.

STONE Yes. To Wedgewood.

ALL To Wedgewood.

McWOLF (He is standing at the doorway). STOP!

ALL McWOLF!

McWOLF Don't drink that!

WEDGEWOOD I take it you couldn't scale the wall? Come and join us for a drink.

McWOLF You'd like that, wouldn't you? Poison me too.

FARNSWORTH Poison!

McWOLF Yes, poison.

(He takes FARNSWORTH's glass and hands it to WEDGEWOOD).

Here, why don't you drink out of this glass, Wedgewood?

(WEDGEWOOD smashes the glass out of his hand).

ALL (Gasp)

McWOLF You were going to murder them all weren't you? It was because of Lady Windsor

wasn't it?

STONE I say, I don't quite follow this.

McWOLF You knew Lord Marble was going to propose to Lady Windsor didn't you? In fact, His Lordship had you pick up the engagement ring from the engravers. It says, "I love you with all my heart, M.M.". (To FARNSWORTH). We assumed that Stone had bought the ring for Melinda Marble.

STONE I told you it wasn't mine. I say, you mean, it was actually intended for Lady Windsor?

McWOLF Yes, signed Marcus Marble. (He turns to WEDGEWOOD) And you couldn't bear it, could you? After all, you'd loved and served Lord Marble for forty-seven years. And you knew that when he died he's show his appreciation monetarily. But if he were to re-marry, you'd get nothing. Everything would go to his new wife.

WEDGEWOOD But you saw the will. Everything goes to Melinda.

McWOLF That will was dated before you said he cut Melinda off. No, somewhere there is a new will stating you are the sole beneficiary. Where is it Wedgewood?

WEDGEWOOD I don't know what you're talking about.

McWOLF This is just a wild guess, but let's have a closer look at that job book you always carry with you.

WEDGEWOOD That contains personal information.

McWOLF I bet it does. Grab him, men.

(LAVIGNE and STONE hold WEDGEWOOD and FARNSWORTH takes the job book out of his pocket.)

FARNSWORTH (Opens up the book, the Will falls out). My gawd, you're right.

WEDGEWOOD You'll need more evidence than that.

McWOLF I have, I have. You see when I rushed out of here, I went up to the Master's room.

WEDGEWOOD Ah, ha! Returning to the scene of the crime!

McWOLF I had to find evidence to prove my innocence. I remembered you saying you had to clean up the blood on the carpet. But if you remember correctly, Stone only

mentioned there was blood on the bed and walls. Secondly, you knew Lady Windsor was dining here tonight. And you guessed that tonight Lord Marble was going to propose so that meant you'd have to act quickly. You saw the ring on his bedstand which fuelled your outrage. You grabbed the poker and before you knew it, Lord Marble lay in a pool of blood.

STONE But the murder weapon was a golf club.

McWOLF Your alibi, Wedgewood, was that you were in the attic and that is where I found THIS. (He holds up the poker).

ALL (Gasp)

#### IN CONCLUSION

McWOLF *You were in the attic  
I saw your footsteps in the dust  
which lead me to the poker  
'cause to hide it was a must.  
You had to throw suspicion  
onto one of us  
So you set me up. You know  
you really are a cuss.  
Next you took my golf club  
and rubbed it in the blood.  
Then you flung it out the window  
watching it land in the mud  
so Lavigne would find it  
and think that it was me.  
Then I would surely hang  
whilst you get off scot free.*

FARNSWORTH *Next you seized the ring  
so no evidence remained  
and then when I found it  
what ignorance you feigned.*

LAVIGNE *Then in case that we found out  
you killed the master dead  
you went and got the poison  
from inside the garden shed.  
My suspicions were aroused  
when I saw someone outside.*

*You said it was a tramp  
and once again you lied.*

STONE

*Next you got the poison  
to doctor up the sherry  
so no witnesses remained.  
You knew you had to hurry.  
You put the new will in your pocket  
But, you had to hide the ring  
behind the sofa cushions  
so we wouldn't know a thing.  
Next was Lady Windsor  
You hadn't long to wait  
You got me to ring her up  
and cancel out their date.*

ALL

*And so we wouldn't call the coppers  
You cut the telephone wire.  
You blamed it on the storm.  
You know you really are a liar.  
It was in this jealous rage  
that made you really manic.  
But it was you who played it cool,  
when the rest of us did panic.*

WEDGEWOOD (He can no longer bear them singing). Alright, I confess! I confess.

FARNSWORTH Tut, tut, tut, Wedgie, Wedgie, Wedgie.

WEDGEWOOD (With a dignified sniff of remorse). It's true, it's all true. I admit it. I killed Lord Marble.

McWOLF What you don't know is that, technically, you didn't.

ALL What!

McWOLF He was already dead when you bludgeoned him.

ALL What!

McWOLF As Lavigne stated, Lord Marble was suffering from acute melancholia. This was owing to the fact that Lady Windsor had already rejected his offer of marriage. Lord Marble thought he couldn't live without her, so he took all the sleeping draught the doctor had prescribed. I found this empty bottle next to the SUICIDE

note next to his tea tray.

WEDGEWOOD He was already dead when I killed him?

McWOLF I expect so.

WEDGEWOOD Well that's a relief. I shan't hang then. (He begins pouring everyone's sherry into the potted plants.)

McWOLF I don't suppose so.

STONE Well, what do we do now?

LAVIGNE We'll have to report this.

STONE We're bound by duty to.

WEDGEWOOD Then I shall have to tell the authorities that you revealed your true identities whilst, supposedly, working under cover. No, that just won't do.

LAVIGNE He's right, you know.

STONE Pity.

WEDGEWOOD Of course I'm right.

FARNSWORTH So what do we do now?

WEDGEWOOD We simply go on as before.

FARNSWORTH We do?

WEDGEWOOD Absolutely. Lord Marble was a recluse. The only person he saw was Lady Windsor, but since she rejected his proposal and Stone cancelled the dinner engagement, we won't have to worry about her anymore. All we have to do is do the proper thing.

ALL Which is what?

WEDGEWOOD Give the man a decent burial.

ALL Oh, all right.

WEDGEWOOD Is there room out there by your petunias, Lavigne?

LAVIGNE I have a bed ready and waiting.

WEDGEWOOD Splendid. Gentlemen, we have work to do. Let's get on with it.

THE BUTLERS RULE THE WORLD - LAST VERSE

WEDGEWOOD *You can trust a butler  
to do the proper thing.  
McWolf can have the golf course.  
Farnsworth, you can have the ring.  
And to cover up the lies  
You gents can use this place for spies.  
Now I taught you to behave.  
We'll just dig a little grave.*

*McWOLF And we'll lay him down to rest.  
STONE I suppose head butler's know what's best.  
LAVIGNE There's a funeral to prepare.  
FARNSWORTH We'll say a little prayer.  
ALL As we cover him with soil.  
We'll be solemn, we'll be loyal.  
And we'll put this in the past.  
Now the secret's out at last.*

*The sun never sets  
on the British Empire  
Now the truth unfurls.  
The King may rule old England  
But; the butlers rule the world.*

(Wave their flags)

BLACK OUT

THE END



