

PLAY THAT GOES WRONG AUDITION SELECTIONS

Please prepare 1 of the following monologues for your audition, or select a 1 minute comedic monologue of your own. If you are selecting your own, consider shows with a similar feeling to *The Play That Goes Wrong* such as *A Flea In Her Ear* by Georges Feydeau, *Noises Off* by Michael Frayn, *The Importance of Being Earnest* by Oscar Wilde, *39 Steps* by Patrick Barlow, *Mousetrap* by Agatha Christie, anything by Christopher Durang, and more.

Come prepared to commit fully to the character, explore physical movement and choices, and to try the text a few different ways. You are encouraged though not required to try an accent in your audition.

Selections from *The Play That Goes Wrong*:

CHRIS: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the Cornley Drama Society's presentation of *The Murder at Haversham Manor*. Please allow me to introduce myself; I am Chris, the director, and I would like to personally welcome you to what will be my directorial debut and my first production as head of the drama society. Firstly, I would like to apologize to those of you involved in our little box office mix-up. I do hope the six hundred and seventeen of you affected will enjoy our little murder mystery just as much as you would have enjoyed *Hamilton*.

We are particularly excited to present this play because, for the first time in the society's history, we've managed to find a play that fits the number of society members perfectly. If we're honest a lack of members has sometimes hampered past productions, such as last year's Chekhov play... *Two Sisters*. Last Christmas' *The Lion and the Wardrobe*. Or indeed our summer musical, *Cat*.

Of course, this will be the first time the society has been able to stage a play of this scale and we are thrilled. It's no secret we usually have to contend with a small budget, as was evident in our recent production of Roald Dahl's classic *James and the Peach*. Of course during the run of that particular show the peach we had went off, and we were forced to present a hastily devised alternative entitled *James! Where's Your Peach?*

Anyway, on to the main event, which I am confident will be our best show yet! So, ladies and gentlemen, without any further ado, please put your hands together for Susie H. K. Brideswell's thrilling whodunit—*The Murder at Haversham Manor*.

MAX (as Cecil Haversham): WELL, BRAVO INSPECTOR! YOU'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT FLORENCE AND I, BUT IT PROVES NOTHING! (*panicking, Max begins to mime his speeches he says it, building faster and faster to a climax*) We had nothing to do with Charles' murder, but Thomas Colley-moore does. Oh Inspector, he's a

dangerously unhinged man, with a devil of a temper and Florence is his sister. Now I've said it once before and I shall say it once again: He couldn't stand the idea of giving her up to any man, let alone his old school chum. He saw them together at tonight's engagement party and he lost control and he lashed out at Charles! A crime of passion perhaps, but there it is! *(Max strikes a pose and bows for the audience)*

JONATHAN (as Charles Haversham): But Thomas, Carter had you fooled didn't he? He never intended to share the money with you! Let me summarize... Inspector Carter knew I discovered you and he were both embezzling police money, so you hatched a plan to kill me, planting cyanide in my sherry for me/ to drink. Then mistakenly believing I was dead, Inspector Carter tried to pin my murder on Cecil and Florence because of their affair until your accomplice Thomas blundered in and shot my brother Cecil. Carter then tried to pin it on Perkins instead after finding my will in the ledger. Except what you didn't know Thomas, was that Inspector Carter made a nine thousand pound withdrawal from your private accounts this morning and after framing someone for my murder he planned to flee with a one-way ticket to Dover, taking every penny with him! I think it's time to have a look inside your attaché case Inspector, where we shall find... The bottle of cyanide. Thomas Colley Moore's nine thousand pounds. And of course, your one way ticket to-*(interrupted by incorrect sound cue)*

SANDRA (as Florence Colley Moore): Don't ask too much of me Inspector I feel fragile as glass. When did we first meet? Only seven months ago but my brother has known him since school, he introduced us at a local gala and it was love at first sight. I knew from the very first moment I saw him that he was the man I wished to marry. When you love someone there's no such thing as rushing Inspector. A murder? You diabolical beast. How can you? I won't stand for this, Inspector. Accuse me again and you'll be sorry!

~~Selections from Other Plays:~~

~~**JANE (from Christopher Durang's 'Identity Crisis):** When I was eight years old, someone brought me to a theatre with lots of other children. We had come to see a production of Peter Pan. And I remember something seemed wrong with whole production, odd things kept happening. Like when the children would fly, the ropes breaking and the actors would come thumping to ground and they'd have to be carried off by the stagehands. There seemed to be an unlimited supply of understudies to take the children's places, and then they'd fall to the ground. And then the crocodile that chases Captain Hook seemed to be a real crocodile, it wasn't an actor, and at one point it fell off the stage, crushing several children in the front row. Several understudies came and took their places in the audience. And from scene to scene Wendy seemed to get fatter and fatter until finally by the second act she was immobile and had to be moved with a cart. The voice belonged to the actress playing Peter Pan. You remember how in the second act Tinkerbell drinks some poison that Peter's about to drink, in order to save him? And then Peter turns to the audience and he says that Tinkerbell's going to die because not enough people believe in fairies, but that if everybody in the audience claps real hard to show that they do believe in fairies, then maybe Tinkerbell won't die.~~

The Play That Goes Wrong – Audition Sides
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CHRIS sides

CHRIS Side 1 (as Director):

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and... (*CHRIS steps forward into the spotlight*) ...welcome to the Cornley Drama Society's presentation of *The Murder at Haversham Manor*. Please allow me to introduce myself; I am Chris, the director, and I would like to personally welcome you to what will be my directorial debut (*pronounced "day-boo"*) and my first production as head of the drama society.

Firstly, I would like to apologize to those of you involved in our little box office mix-up. I do hope the six hundred seventeen of you affected will enjoy our little murder mystery just as much as you would have enjoyed *Hamilton*.

We are particularly excited to present this play because, for the first time in the society's history, we've managed to find a play that fits the number of society members perfectly. If we're honest a lack of members has sometimes hampered past productions, such as last year's Chekov play... *Two Sisters*. Last Christmas' *The Lion and the Wardrobe*. Or indeed our summer musical, *Cat*.

Of course this will be the first time the society has been able to stage a play of this scale and we are thrilled. It's no secret we usually have to contend with a small budget, as was evident in our recent production of Roald Dahl's classic *James and the Giant Peach*. Of course during the run of that particular show the peach we had went off, and we were forced to present a hastily devised alternative entitled *James! Where's Your Peach?*

Anyway on to the main event, which I am confident will be our best show yet! So ladies and gentlemen, without any further ado, please put your hands together— (*if the audience starts to clap too early, CHRIS can say "no yet"*) —for Susie H.K. Brideswell's thrilling whodunit — *The Murder at Haversham Manor*.

CHRIS Side 2 (as Inspector):

CHRIS

I must speak with you, Thomas.

ROBERT

Of course, Carter.

CHRIS

Are you sitting comfortably?

ROBERT

Most comfortably, Inspector.

DENNIS and ANNIE try to push ROBERT up.

CHRIS

Before we speak, I must check no one else is in earshot.

ROBERT

No one else is here, Inspector.

CHRIS

Very well. Colleymoore, I have found the weapon that was used to kill Cecil Haversham.

ROBERT manages to get up onto the upper level and takes the gun from CHRIS.

ROBERT

Good Lord, where was it?

CHRIS

In the library, lying on the table. Muzzle warm and the barrel still smoking.

ROBERT

Someone killed Cecil with this?

CHRIS

Yes, less than half an hour ago.

ROBERT

But who?

CHRIS

I was hoping you would be able to tell me that, Colleymoore. After all we are friends, aren't we?

ROBERT

I have no idea who killed Cecil, I was down in the kitchens when I heard the gunshots, fetching my sister some refreshment... *ROBERT forgets his line. Line!*

TREVOR/TINA

(on his way out of their tech box.) I don't know what page we're on, buddy.

ROBERT

I don't know what page we're on, buddy.

ROBERT realizes this isn't the line and looks to TREVOR/TINA furiously.

CHRIS

(prompts ROBERT.) Besides why would I / want to...

ROBERT

Besides why would I want to kill my oldest friend's younger brother?

CHRIS

Perhaps because you found out about his affair with Florence. We all know you're a jealous man, Colleymoore; ruthlessly protective of your sister.

ROBERT

Protective! I approve of whatever makes my sister happy.

CHRIS

Don't play the fool with me, Thomas. You shot Cecil Heversham in cold blood and you know that wasn't the plan.

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DENNIS sides

DENNIS Side 1:

CHRIS

How are you feeling, Perkins?

DENNIS

A little shaken, sir. But I'll be fine.

CHRIS

You and Charles Haversham, you were close?

DENNIS

Yes, sir. Very close.

CHRIS

You don't appear very upset—

DENNIS

On the contrary, I've barely—He was such a kindly, charming man.

CHRIS

It's true.

DENNIS

You met him?

CHRIS

Once at a local police station. He was a consultant on a fraud case I was working on.

DENNIS

I see.

CHRIS

How long have you been working at Haversham Manor?

DENNIS

Eighty years.

CHRIS

Eighty / years?

DENNIS

(Corrects himself.) Eight years! Eight / years.

CHRIS

Eight years. And have you enjoyed your time here?

DENNIS

My time with Mr. Haversham has been nothing but a joy. I feel that since I've come here I have been seen not only as a butler but also as a friend and a confidant. If you need me I'll be in my quarters. Exits.

CHRIS stares at him furiously.

DENNIS

Exits!

DENNIS realizes and turns to go.

DENNIS side 2:

DENNIS

Good heavens, Arthur, come inside. You won't believe what a nightmare this evening has been.

MAX

What do you mean? Woah, Winston, down from the chaise longue!

(MAX mimes holding down the invisible dog. MAX holds the imaginary dog back from going into the audience.)

DENNIS

Mr. Haversham was murdered tonight.

MAX

Mr. Haversham? Surely you don't mean Charles Haversham?

DENNIS

And not only that, his brother Cécil was also killed tonight.

MAX

Yes, well that explains the strange goings-on I have seen in the grounds this evening.

DENNIS

Strange goings-on?

MAX

A mysterious figure stood by the window to this very room and I noticed that the latch on the window was forced and Winston found this on the ground beneath it.

(MAX produces a handkerchief from his pocket and passes it to DENNIS.)

A lace handkerchief. With a deep red mark with a distinctive scent.

(DENNIS smells the handkerchief then reads off his hand.)

DENNIS

Cyanide! *(pronounced "ky-a-nid-ee.")*

MAX

Precisely! Cyanide.

(DENNIS becomes upset he has made yet another mistake and turns upstage to hide his emotion. MAX briefly comforts DENNIS, and he turns back to the audience.)

MAX

--and you can tell from the shape of the mark it's been used to hold a bottle.

(DENNIS reveals that a bottle has been crudely drawn onto the handkerchief.)

But not only that, it's embroidered with the initials F.C.

DENNIS

Florence Colleymoore.

MAX

Indeed.

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JONATHAN sides

JONATHAN

Thomas! You're not the man I knew at Eton, you've become greedy and jealous.

ROBERT

(Traumatized.) I'm sorry, Charles, my nerves are in shreds.

JONATHAN

There's a glass of sherry by the telephone.

ROBERT

Thank you, Charles. Ever the kind host.

JONATHAN

Drink it up.

ROBERT

Most kind.

(Robert drinks the sherry.)

JONATHAN

Tell me, Thomas, one last thing.

ROBERT

Anything, Charles. I'll tell no more lies.

JONATHAN

The glass of poisoned sherry the Inspector left out for me; what do you suppose I did with it?

ROBERT

Well, I don't... know. What do you mean? You don't mean you gave me... Charley? Charley, no!
(forgets his line.) Line!

TREVOR/TINA

(from the tech booth.) Just die already!

ROBERT dies.

JONATHAN

Oh how I wish this could have ended differently. Thomas, your lies and deceits have led you inexorably to this end. If men allow their conscience to be governed by avarice then death and destruction shall prevail. Betrayed by my brother— *(A short burst of "Rio" by Duran Duran)*

TREVOR/TINA

(Back in his box) Oh come on! *(TREVOR/TINA hits a button on his computer and the correct dramatic closing music plays.)*

JONATHAN

Cuckolded by my fiancé and almost murdered by my oldest friend. Let us hope we never again see... a murder at Haversham Manor.

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MAX sides

MAX Side 1:

SANDRA

Oh Cecil, let's run away from here. Far away! Together!

MAX

Soon, my love, but we must be careful. We mustn't arouse suspicion.

SANDRA

Cecil, tell me, who do you think killed Charles?

MAX

I have no doubt in my mind, he was killed by your brother: Thomas Colley Moore.

SANDRA

My brother a murderer and Charles dead? What a devil of a situation this is! But why would Thomas want Charles dead?

MAX

Isn't it obvious? He – *(MAX turns and walks upstage, hitting his head on the pillar underneath the upper level)*

Argh! He was always bitter and possessive when it came to you!

(Throughout the following dialogue, MAX begins miming his speech in a panic.)

He couldn't stand the idea of his best friend marrying his sister. He saw you two together at tonight's engagement party and it drove him half mad and he snapped and killed Charles!

SANDRA

But if it is Thomas, what if our affair is discovered?

MAX

I have no doubt in my mind he would try to kill us as well, just like he killed Charles!

SANDRA

Oh I feel faint again!

MAX

Don't worry Florence. Just follow my lead.

MAX Side 2:

MAX

Well, bravo, Inspector! You've found out about Florence and I, but it proves nothing.

Panicking, MAX begins to mime his speech as he says it, building faster and faster to a climax.

We had nothing to do with Charles' murder, but Thomas Colleymoore does. Oh Inspector, he's a dangerously unhinged man, with a devil of a temper and Florence is his sister. Now I've said it once before and I shall say it once again: He couldn't stand the idea of giving her up to any man, let alone his old school chum. He saw them together at tonight's engagement party and he lost control and he lashed out at Charles. A crime of passion perhaps, but there it is.

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ROBERT sides

ROBERT

ROBERT puts the [phone] receiver to his ear keeping the voice pipe in place with his foot and the barometer on the wall using his head.

Good evening. Yes, Thomas Colleymoore speaking. It is inconvenient, yes!... My recent deposits? What of them?... Discrepancies? What are you talking about, man?... Gone? Gone where?... None thousand pounds stolen? Good God, man! Perkins, get in here.

DENNIS enters.

DENNIS

Yes, sir.

ROBERT

Bring me my bankbook, Perkins.

PERKINS puts the bankbook into ROBERT's mouth.

ROBERT

(Muffled by the book) Thank you, Perkins.

DENNIS

Your pen, sir.

DENNIS produces a pen and forces it into ROBERT's mouth as well.

ROBERT

(Even more muffled) Thank you, Perkins.

(ROBERT rearranges himself to take the phone again)

This is an absolute disgrace! Who am I speaking with? I'll report you to your superiors! Mr. Fitzroy. I'll write that name down.

(ROBERT writes "Mr. Fitzroy" in the bankbook with a lot of difficulty.) but you find out who did and you call me back.

Mr... Fi.. tz... roy...ro...ro...oy, I'll have you know this telephone call has put me in a very difficult position. Now look here, Fitzroy, I didn't authorize this transaction, but you find out who did and you call me back.

MAX

What is it, Colleymoore?

ROBERT

Nine thousand pounds taken from my private savings.

MAX

Good Lord!

ROBERT

What a ghastly evening.

MAX

I'm afraid I have a confession to make.

ROBERT

Mm?

MAX

Well... Florence and I are having an affair!

ROBERT

WHAT?!

ROBERT launches himself at MAX who dives downstage.

You and my sister?!

ROBERT throws MAX stage left.

MAX

Now calm down, Colleymoore.

ROBERT

You always were a snake in the grass, Cecil.

ROBERT throws MAX downstage.

MAX

It's not what you think! We're in love!

ROBERT draws a sword from the fireplace.

ROBERT

My sister does not love you. How dare you lay a finger on her? Your own brother's fiancée. It's disgusting.
ROBERT slickly thrusts his sword upwards. No wonder your father hated you.

MAX

Don't speak about my father, Colleymoore!

ROBERT

The time has come for you to answer to me for your indiscretions. Draw your swo...

ROBERT turns to see MAX's sword is already drawn.

En garde! *They fight a few slick choreographed moves.*

Nice try, Cecil, but no match for my skill. You know sometimes I forget your Charley's brother, you're so pathetic.

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SANDRA sides

SANDRA

Don't ask too much of me, Inspector, I feel fragile as glass.

CHRIS

Don't fret, Miss Colley Moore, my questions will be brief and to the point and then you can get some rest. Firstly, how old are you Miss Colley Moore?

SANDRA

Twenty-one.

CHRIS

I'll make a note of that. And when were you engaged to be married?

SANDRA

In the new year.

CHRIS

And when did you and your fiancé first meet?

SANDRA

Only seven months ago, but my brother has known him since school, he introduced us at a local gala and it was love at first sight. I knew from the very first moment I saw him that he was the man I wished to marry.

(Pause.)

CHRIS

(Ad libs) Ah, I've run out of paper.

(Sandra comes in a line too early causing the lines to go out of sync. The two become more frantic as they try to get back on track.)

SANDRA

When you love someone there's no such thing as rushing, Inspector.

CHRIS

Did you ever think you were rushing into this marriage?

SANDRA

Why wouldn't I love him?

CHRIS

Did you love him, then?

SANDRA

How could anyone have benefitted?

CHRIS

Can you think of anyone who might have benefitted from your fiancé's death?

SANDRA

Cecil?

CHRIS

Not even Cecil?

SANDRA

I wasn't having an affair! Don't raise your voice to me, Inspector!

CHRIS

YOU WERE HAVING AN AFFAIR!

SANDRA

(Slaps CHRIS) Don't tell me to calm down!

CHRIS

Calm down, Miss Colleymoore. *(Reacts to slap)*

SANDRA

But where did you find it?

CHRIS

I found your letter; the one addressed to Cecil, written in your hand, declaring your love for him and saying that they thought of marrying Charles repulsed you.

SANDRA

Charles read it—

CHRIS

(Does SANDRA's line for her in a high voice) But where did you find it? *(Back to his normal voice)* I'll tell you where I found it: in Charles' pocket!

SANDRA

Charles read it?! Then it was suicide!

CHRIS

Indeed! *(returning to calmer delivery)* Or a murder, conceived by yourself and Cecil Haversham so you could run away together.

SANDRA

You diabolical beast. How can you? I won't stand for this, Inspector. Accuse me again and you'll be sorr...

ROBERT bursts in, followed by MAX; the door hits SANDRA sharply on the head and she collapses, unconscious.

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TREVOR or TINA

TREVOR/TINA Side 1:

(TREVOR/TINA addresses the audience) Okay, welcome to *The Murder at Haversham Manor*. Can I kindly request that all your cell phones and other electronic devices are switched off and please note that photography of any kind is strictly prohibited. Also if anyone finds a Duran Duran CD box set anywhere in the auditorium, that is a personal item and I want that back. Please do drop it at my tech box at the end of the show. Enjoy the performance. *(House and stage lights go down. Trevor/Tina exits.)*

(On their headset but broadcasts to the whole theater.) Alright, can we prepare for lights up on Act One, note for the cast Winston is still missing, we need to find him before the guard dog scene – we need him back in his cage as soon as possible. What's Annie doing onstage? Get her off so Chris can do his stupid speech – *oop!*

TREVOR/TINA Side 2:

TREVOR/TINA

(Trevor reluctantly reads as Florence) But Arthur, how can you resist me? I'm a beautiful woman.

MAX

Stop, Miss Colley Moore. You are using your powers over men as you always have.

TREVOR/TINA

You can't pretend your feelings aren't real.

MAX

Very well, perhaps it is true that I have admired you.

TREVOR/TINA

(Reads) Then kiss... *ohh!* Then kiss me, Arthur. You know you want to.

(Beat. MAX approaches TREVOR/TINA. They break away. They speak to someone offstage.)

Nah. Nah. No one wants to see that.

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ANNIE sides

JONATHAN pushes ANNIE onstage. ANNIE is wearing SANDRA's dress over her own clothes and clutches a script.

ROBERT

Florence, you don't look yourself this evening.

ANNIE

(Reading each word slowly from her script in an American accent)

Thomas, I'm frightened.

ROBERT

Don't worry, Florence; you're safe here with me.

DENNIS

What's happening, sir?

CHRIS

Isn't it obvious? Cecil has lost control.

ANNIE

Oh no not Cecil. *(pronounced "ke-sill.")*

CHRIS

He killed Charles tonight, driven mad by his lust for you and now he knows we've found him out.

ANNIE

I cannot bear it. Cecil *(Again pronounced "ke-sill.")* would not do such a thing.

DENNIS

Well this is a fine mess. The worst night I've seen in eighty—*(corrects himself)* eight years of service.

ANNIE

Save me, brother. *(ANNIE goes to CHRIS who pushes her back to ROBERT.)*

ANNIE

I'm panicking. *(ANNIE does a physical action to show she is panicking.)*

I can't believe... Cecil *(still pronounced "ke-sill.")*

CHRIS

Cecil!

ANNIE

Cecil... is doing this.

DENNIS

Try to relax, Miss Colleymoore.

ANNIE

I shall faint.

ROBERT

You shan't faint.

ANNIE falls back without warning. ROBERT just catches her.

CHARACTERS

All roles open to any race/
ethnicity.

RP Accent = Received
Pronunciation British
Accent

ANNIE (*She/Her, 18+*) The stage manager; she has the biggest journey of any of the characters; when Sandra is indisposed Annie, who cannot bear to be on stage, must step in; initially terrified by acting, she is willing to kill for it by the end of the play; her initial terror turns to joy, and then to fury; she starts small, but grows and grows; *American accent*.

CHRIS (*He/Him, 18+*) High status clown. Rigid, uptight, everything really matters; he is the director of the show and this is the biggest day of his life; everything is riding on this; it is a nerve wracking and exciting night; his pain is evident and every time someone laughs the pain deepens; he has equal amounts of contempt for his fellow actors and the audience watching the play; *RP accent*.

DENNIS (*He/Him, 18+*) He has no real desire to be involved in the theatre, he just wants to make friends (of which he has none); he believes if he does well in the show, he will be more successful socially; laughter from the audience is agony for him; he may be slightly oblivious, but understands when he gets things wrong; the laughter is a personal tragedy/failure; *RP accent*.

JONATHAN (*He/Him, 18+*) A bit bland, but sees himself as a James Bond type; excited and having fun, but not naïve; he technically has to drive the show; he cares about the play, but not to the same extent as the others; very physical role; *RP accent*.

MAX (*He/Him, 18+*) He has never been on stage before; he learned his lines and does exactly what he's told to do; he has zero connection with any of the other actors, but when he gets a laugh he breaks the 4th wall and engages with the audience; childlike and naïve; his mistakes are fundamental; he doesn't think anything through, just looks for approval; *RP accent*.

ROBERT (*He/Him, 18+*) Wants to be Richard Burton, as evidenced by his declamatory style; he is, however, not a parody of a bad actor; he is unaware of others around him; he does not feel badly when things go wrong and never learns from his mistakes; there is a power struggle between Robert and Chris to be president of the Cornley Poly Drama Society (a position that matters a great deal to Robert); seeking an actor with real vocal power; *RP accent*.

SANDRA (*She/Her, 18+*) She is vain and possesses a huge ego; wants to be loved; has ambitions to go to Hollywood and will hurt anyone standing in the way of what she wants, but is smart enough to stay on the good side of someone who can help her (like the director); you know the type; the stakes are high for her; very physical role; *RP accent*.

TREVOR (*He/Him, 18+*) The play's lighting and sound operator; he simply wants to get on with the show; curmudgeonly and doesn't care for actors; he is easily distracted and does many things he shouldn't, including engaging with the audience; when things go really sideways he is forced to act in the play; he hates acting; *American accent*.

AUDITION INSTRUCTIONS

The auditions will be cold readings from provided sides. Accents are required for the show, and specific dialects can be found in the character breakdown. Sides should NOT be memorized.

PLEASE NOTE: This is a physically demanding show. Most roles will require varying amounts of crawling, climbing, lifting, running, and/or falling. The show also includes a sword fight and some hand-to-hand combat.

If you need special accommodations for auditions (i.e. uncomfortable with in-person auditions due to Covid, unable to attend audition dates, disability accommodations, etc.), please contact the director, Jimmy Kontos, at jimmygkontos@gmail.com

Download and fill out an Audition Form ahead of time:

[Audition Form \(Word Format\)](#)

[Audition Form \(PDF Format\)](#)

Forms can also be accessed by visiting TheatreTallahassee.org/Auditions

SIDE 1

Max

Well bravo, Inspector! You've found out about Florence and I, but it proves nothing.

Panicking, Max begins to mime his speech as he says it, building faster and faster to a climax.

We had nothing to do with Charles' murder, but Thomas Colley Moore does. Oh Inspector, he's a dangerously unhinged man, with a devil of a temper and Florence is his sister. Now I've said it once before and I shall say it once again: He couldn't stand the idea of giving her up to any man, let alone his old school chum. He saw them together at tonight's engagement party and he lost control and he lashed out at Charles. A crime of passion perhaps, but there it is!

Max strikes a pose.

SIDE 2

Trevor
Annie
Chris

TREVOR. Good evening, ladies and gentle—

The mantelpiece falls off the wall. Annie emerges from the wing.

ANNIE. (To the audience member.) You said that was fine.

TREVOR. (Aside to Annie.) Just leave it, leave it.

Annie starts to try and repair the mantelpiece. Trevor addresses the audience.

Okay, welcome to The Murder at Haversham Manor. Can I kindly request that all your cell phones and other electronic devices are switched off and please note that photography of any kind is strictly prohibited. Also if anyone finds a Duran Duran CD box set anywhere in the auditorium, that is a personal item and I want that back. Please do drop it at my tech box end of the show. Enjoy the performance.

House and stage lights go down. Trevor exits SL

(On his radio but broadcast to the whole theatre.) Alright, can we prepare for lights up on Act One, note for the cast Winston is still missing, we need to find him before the guard dog scene—

CHRIS. Trevor! Trevor!

TREVOR. (Still over the speakers.) —we need him back in his cage as soon as possible. What's Annie doing onstage? Get her off so Chris can do his stupid speech-ooop!

Trevors microphone cuts off.

SIDE 3

Chris
Sandra

CHRIS. (*Ad-libs.*) Ah, I've run out of paper.

Chris puts the keys into the vase and puts the vase down on the SR table. Sandra comes in a line too early, causing the lines to go out of sync. The two become more frantic as they try to get back on track.

SANDRA. When you love someone there's no such thing as rushing, Inspector.

CHRIS. Did you ever think you were rushing into this marriage?

SANDRA. Why wouldn't I love him?

CHRIS. Did you love him, then?

SANDRA. How could anyone have benefitted?

CHRIS. Can you think of anyone who might have benefitted from your fiancé's death?

SANDRA. Cecil?

CHRIS. Not even Cecil?

SANDRA. I wasn't having an affair! Don't raise your voice to me, Inspector!

CHRIS. YOU WERE HAVING AN AFFAIR!

SANDRA. (*Slaps Chris.*) Don't tell me to calm down!

CHRIS. Calm down, Miss Colleymoore. (*Reacts to slap.*)

SANDRA. But where did you find it?

CHRIS. I found your letter; the one addressed to Cecil, written in your hand, declaring your love for him and saying that the thought of marrying Charles repulsed you.

SANDRA. Charles read it-

CHRIS. (*Does Sandra's line for her in a high voice.*) But where did you find it? (*Back to his normal voice.*) I'll tell you where I found it: in Charles' pocket!

SANDRA. Charles read it?! Then it was suicide!

CHRIS. Indeed! (*Returning to a calmer delivery.*) Or a murder.

SIDE 4

Annie
Robert
Chris
Dennis

ROBERT. Get in here, Florence.

*Jonathan opens the downstairs door and pushes Annie onstage.
Annie is wearing Sandra's dress over her own clothes and clutches a script.*

Florence, you don't look yourself this evening.

ANNIE. *(Reading each word slowly from her script in an American accent.)*
Thomas, I'm frightened.

ROBERT. Don't worry, Florence; you're safe in here with me.

DENNIS. What's happening, sir?

CHRIS. Isn't it obvious? Cecil has lost control.

ANNIE. Oh no not Cecil. *(Pronounced "ke-sill.")*

CHRIS. He killed Charles tonight, driven mad by his lust for you and now he knows we've found him out.

ANNIE. I cannot bear it. Cecil *(Again pronounced "ke-sill.")* would not do such a thing.

DENNIS. Well this is a fine mess. The worst night I've seen in eighty-
(Corrects himself.) eight years of service.

ANNIE. Save me, brother.

Annie goes to Chris, who pushes her back to Robert.

Ooh, save me, brother.

ROBERT. Don't worry, Florence. I shan't let anyone hurt a hair on your head.

ANNIE. I'm panicking.

Annie does a physical action to show she is panicking.

I can't believe ... Cecil- *(Still pronounced "ke-sill.")*

CHRIS. Cecil!

ANNIE. Cecil...is doing this.

DENNIS. Try to relax, Miss Colley Moore.

ANNIE. I shall faint.

SIDE 5

Chris

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and ...

Chris steps forward into the spotlight .

... welcome to the Cornley Drama Society's presentation of *The Murder at Haversham Manor*. Please allow me to introduce myself; I am Chris, the director, and I would like to personally welcome you to what will be my directorial debut (*Pronounced "day-boo."*) and my first production as head of the drama society.

Firstly I would like to apologise to those of you involved in our little box office mix-up. I do hope the six hundred and seventeen of you affected will enjoy our little murder mystery just as much as you would have enjoyed *Hamilton*.

We are particularly excited to present this play because, for the first time in the society's history, we've managed to find a play that fits the number of society members perfectly. If we're honest a lack of members has sometimes hampered past productions, such as last year's Chekhov play ... *Two Sisters*. Last Christmas' *The Lion and the Wardrobe*. Or indeed our summer musical, *Cat*.

The Play That goes Wrong

Audition Scenes

Actors	Page	Line	Notes
Robert Dennis	top 8	Charley-are you ready?	
Robert Dennis Sandra	1/3 down 10	Mr Haversham was murdered...	
Robert Dennis Sandra Max	bottom 12	Brother? Dead! it can't be!	
Robert Dennis Sandra Max Chris	mid 15	I can't believe Charles was...	
Robert Dennis Sandra Max Chris	top 18	Listen, you all must be...	
Robert Dennis Sandra Max Chris	bot 19	Cecil we must tread carefully...	
Robert Dennis Sandra Max	1/3 down 22	Perhaps one kiss then...	
Chris Dennis Robert Sandra	top 26	Don't just stand there...	Fire
Chris Robert Sandra Max	1/3 down 28	Don't fret Miss Colleymoore...	Sandra knocked out here
Max Chris	bottom 30	Well Inspector?...	Sandra's body extracted
Max Robert Dennis	Mild 34	Tell me Thomas, ...	The Phone and sword fight
Dennis Chris Robert Annie	¼ down 38	Gunshots in the Library	New Florence scene
Robert Dennis Sandra Max Chris	mid 66	Not so fast Inspector	This is complicated-only as a last resort
Jonathan Annie			