

**The Pichitawno Players**  
**Eric G. Lambert School, Churchill Falls**  
present

**“Murder in the Manor”**

**Cast**

**The Announcer .....Jonathan Heffern**  
**The Advertiser ..... Jonathan Brenton**  
**Sound Effects Technicians ..... Ryne Snow & Karl Penney**  
**Piano Player ..... Jennifer Dalley**  
**Jeeves, the Butler ..... Mark Thorne**  
**Sir Oliver Wentworth III ..... Robert Noel**  
**Angelica Longfellow, a poet ..... Ashley Ivany**  
**Veronica Golddigger, Oliver’s Friend ..... Nadine Byrde**  
**Gertrude Wentworth-Appleby, Oliver’s sister ..... Katie Edwards**  
**Hildegard Wentworth-DeLalla, Oliver’s other sister Brandy Down**  
**Detective Inspector Myrt ..... Sean Cochrane**

**Crew**

**Lights and Sound ..... Melissa Wells & Marc Farrell**  
**Director ..... Noreen Heighton**  
**Student Director ..... Jennifer Faulkner**  
**Parent Chaperone ..... Cathye Faulkner**

**This is a radio play presented for you, the studio audience, at Radio Station EGLS. On a dark and stormy night, Sir Oliver Wentworth III hosts a literary evening at his home, Hillcrest Manor. While poet, Angelica Longfellow, is presenting her verses, she is brutally murdered. Who did it? Was it the Butler? The two nosey sisters? Sir Oliver’s very young companion or the eccentric Sir Oliver himself? Stay tuned!**

## **“MURDER IN THE MANOR”**

*(The play begins with lively 40's Big Band music and fades to the announcer who is dressed in a tuxedo and standing in front of an old-fashioned microphone)*

**Announcer:** Good evening ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls listening out there in radio land. You are listening to radio station EGLS and we join our affiliated stations from coast to coast to bring you *(dramatic piano music)* Murder Mystery Theatre brought to you by Koka-Kola - the real taste.

*(Immediately, another tuxedo-dressed announcer steps forward and sings)*

**Jonathan:** Koka Kola you'll discover/ It's got fresh taste/ Like no other *(Sound effect of coke opening)* It's smooth and goes down easy, too. *(Sound effect of drinking)* And we've made it just for you! /Drink Koka Kola. Yeah! *(Sound effect of thunder and lightning)*

**Announcer:** Tonight's episode, Murder In The Manor takes place in Hillcrest Manor, the palatial home of Sir Oliver Wentworth III. It was a dark and stormy day and the frequent flashes of lightning interfere with the ancient electrical system at the manor. Our story begins in the drawing room of the Manor where Jeeves, the Butler, is sorting Sir Oliver's mail in his usual efficient manner.

*(Jeeves, the butler, enters with Sir Oliver's mail. Sound effect of shuffling paper)*

**Jeeves:** *(Looking through the mail, something catches his attention)* What do we have here? A letter from Macbeth, Edwards and Marriner - hmmm - looks like a will. *(Opens it. Starts reading it aloud)* Sir Oliver Wentworth III being of sound mind and body - you can't be serious, that must be a typo - if he has a mind. I haven't seen it yet. *(Lights flicker)* This has been going on all day, next thing we'll be plunged into darkness - do hereby divide my estate as follows:

To my dear and devoted companion, Tootsie, scratched out, Mitzi, scratched out, Barbie, scratched out, veronica - that's the current one, I leave all my worldly possessions. In the event of the death of my dear and devoted companion, Tootsie, scratched out, Mitzi, scratched out, Barbie, scratched out Veronica, all my worldly possessions will go to my devoted sisters - Gertrude and Hildegard. Gertrude will be the main benefactor receiving four million dollars and Hildegard will receive an annual benefit of \$1000 a month. Should any person proving that he/she is my son or daughter, s/he will be the first and only benefactor. So this is the latest will. I see that the lawyers made Sir Oliver put in a clause about his children. Well, that's unlikely - who would have a child with him. How come I'm not in the will? I thought he liked me.

**Sir Oliver:** *(Offstage)* Jeeves, Jeeves.

**Jeeves:** I'm here in the drawing room, Sir. Can I help you? *(He hastily puts the will in his pocket. Sir Oliver enters)*

**Sir Oliver:** Jeeves, Oh there you are. Did you check the mail Jeeves?

**Jeeves:** Yes sir. There was nothing of importance. You might be interested in this though, Sir. Its a flyer that came in the mail. A promising young poet is hoping for the opportunity to read her poetry at one of your famous literary parties.

**Sir Oliver:** Ah yes! That's what we'll do this weekend. I was going to take everyone on a short cruise to the Carribean or perhaps up to the mountains to my ski chalet but this sounds much better. We'll have a poetry party. That's much cheaper and its groovy, styling and it's happening with the young people these days. At least Veronica thinks so.

**Jeeves:** Yes sir. Are you sure your relatives will think its happening Sir?

**Sir Oliver:** Of course, don't you think my relatives enjoy these evenings together, with me in the manor?

**Jeeves:** Well, sometimes they tend to doze off, Sir. Why do you continue to invite them?

**Sir Oliver:** because if they don't come, I won't let them in my will. I'm so evil. *(Smiles with glee)*

**Jeeves:** Yes, diabolical Sir.

**Sir Oliver:** What did you call me? Don't make me take off my belt. *(Reaches for belt)*

**Jeeves:** Oh. No Sir, please. It's the only thing holding your pants up.

**Sir Oliver:** Jeeves, get an invitation ready for that grooving poet and my two, what's a good name for them, um, mentally distorted sisters.

**Jeeves:** Right away Sir.

**Sir Oliver:** Oh Jeeves.

**Jeeves:** Yes Sir?

**Sir Oliver:** Don't pay that poet too much. You know how young people are these days, once

money is involved.

**Jeeves:** Of course Sir. Tight-wad (*mumbled. Jeeves sits at desk and writes up the invitations, putting them in his pocket and then taking them out again and putting them into envelopes*)

**Announcer:** We go now to the home of the young poet who has advertised for the opportunity to read her poetry at Hillcrest Manor. Is poetry and the advancement of her poetic career the only reason for her contact with Sir Oliver? We join the poet and Jeeves immediately after he has handed her the invitation.

**Jeeves:** I must inform you, Miss, that you are expected to be at the manor at 5 pm sharp. Sir Oliver likes everything to start on time.

**Poet:** Thank you Jeeves, I will be there.

**Jeeves:** Very good Miss. I have enclosed a guest list with some information on each of the people who will be attending. You may wish to write a poem on the gathering, perhaps.

**Poet:** That is a good idea, Jeeves. Thank you. I'll see you at the party.

**Jeeves:** Very good Miss. (*Exits, bowing*)

**Poet:** (*Opens invitation, sound effect of envelope opening*) To my esteemed guest Angelica Longfellow, I hereby invite you to read your poetry at my poetry party. It is to take place this evening at Hillcrest Manor, 23 Crescent Avenue. The party shall commence at 5 o'clock. Yes, my plan worked. I must thank the Lord for sending a brochure about me to all the manor houses. I knew that one had to eventually get to Sir Oliver. Oliver is so gullible. He believed that I am merely a poet. What he doesn't know is that I am his only daughter. But he doesn't even know I exist. Now, what should I do? I know, I'll take all of his money. That should make up for all those years I've had to struggle along, penniless and alone. He won't suspect a thing. First, I'll astound him with my poems and get on his good side. Then, I'll destroy his life, take away his pride and his money! (*Laughs*) My mother's last words were to make my father pay.....this is for you, Mom. (*Opens the other paper in the envelope. Sound effect of envelope opening*) Let's just see who else will be at the party. This isn't the guest list as Jeeves said. (*Reads it*) Oh my God! This is a copy of Sir Oliver's will. Jeeves must have put it in the envelope by mistake. And it says here that if anyone can prove to be Sir Oliver's child, that person will be his only inheritor. (*She takes a paper from her briefcase*) This birth certificate proves that Sir Oliver is my father. I'll bring it and this copy of the will to the party tonight. Now, let me choose a poem that will

impress my father and all my future relatives. *(She looks in the poetry book)*  
Here's one of my favourites. *(Delivers poem in dramatic fashion):*

VOID

Squirrel in a big tree  
Oh, I forgot my laundry,  
Carpet is colourful  
So is the mural.  
On hamburgers we dine,  
While we drink our wine.  
Rabbits in the bush,  
My, our potatoes are mush,  
Squirrels are great,  
A black void is our fate.

**Announcer:** Armed with her proof and the copy of the will, Angelica hurries to the Hillcrest Manor where Jeeves shows her to the drawing room. Already present is Miss Veronica, Sir Oliver's latest girlfriend. *(Veronica is seated in the drawing room. As Angelica enters she stands up)*

**Poet:** Hello, my name is Angelica, um, uh, the poet you invited to the poetry reading tonight. *(They shake hands limply. Veronica eyes her suspiciously. Angelica steps away from Veronica)* Wow! What a beautiful place this manor is, what a lovely room. Imagine, I could have lived in this luxury all of my life! *(Lights flicker)* Do the lights do that all the time?

**Veronica:** Only when it's stormy. As you were saying, are you another one of Oli's girlfriends?

**Poet:** Oh, no, I'm his dau..... ah, that is I'm just here to read poetry. Are you one of Sir Oliver's children?

**Veronica:** Children! *(Laughs)* heavens, no! I'm his, uh, honey bunny. *(Giggle)* I answered an ad in the personal column.

**Angelica:** You got to be his honey-bunny by answering an ad in the paper?

**Veronica:** Yes, and I kept the ad because I thought that answering it would change my life and it has. Would you like to hear it? *(Takes out paper and starts to read)* "Very rich, very old, unbelievably handsome, charming nice guy seeks a good-looking sexy woman, less than half his age, who enjoys very slow walks, mindless chatter, Alzheimer meetings, endless stories and baby food meals". We've been dating

now for a month. I think he's going to marry me.

**Angelica:** Hmmm, well, nice to meet you, ah.....

**Veronica:** Veronica Golddigger.

**Poet:** Miss Golddigger. Please excuse me. I must arrange my poetry for the reading.  
*(She opens her briefcase and searches for a book. She doesn't notice that she drops the will and her birth certificate on the floor. Veronica picks it up. Angelica moves to upstage, engrossed in her book and recites)*

## PLACES

I was here.....  
Now, I'm there.....  
Where oh where?.....

**Veronica:** *(Downstage, reading the will)* What is this? Oli's will???? Look, I'm the main benefactor. Wow! If something happens top Oli, I get EVERYTHING. Oh, except.....if he has a child.....What, a kid! Oli doesn't have any kids. But he could have had a kid before he met me. Why was that poet asking me if I was Oli's daughter? Oh, here come Oli's nosey sisters. They can't see me with this will. *(She crumples the will and puts it in the waste paper basket. She exits as Gertrude and Hildegarde enter)*

**Gertrude:** Don't you just hate these get-togethers our brother invites us to? What is he trying to do to us?

**Hildegarde:** Bore us to death if my guess is correct.

**Gertrude:** Yes, send us to an early grave indeed.

**Hildegarde:** Like last week, we were invited to this piano recital, and the pianist was playing music by this guy named um, Martzart, ah, Moart?

**Gertrude:** I believe his name was Mozart.

**Hildegarde:** Oh yes.....whatever.

**Gertrude:** Who in the world listens to Mozart these days? What was his mother thinking of?

**Hildegarde:** Yes, the name, he must have been teased so much that he was forced to write

music to get back at them.

**Gertrude:** I believe I read that his mother was in an institute.

**Hildegarde:** (*Lights flicker*) Our cheap brother still hasn't improved the lighting at the Manor I see.

**Gertrude:** These must be the original lights Papa put in.

**Hildegarde:** What subject were we discussing first?

**Gertrude:** I believe we were talking about the will.

**Hildegarde:** Oh yes. The only reason we come to these get-togethers is to get a good place on the list of relatives for the money.

**Gertrude:** He must die one of these days. How old is he now? 182?

**Hildegarde:** I don't know. I stopped counting when I was three. Or was I born then?

**Gertrude:** I believe I was, or was I? (*Ladies start counting on their fingers*)

**Hildegarde:** Oh well, I don't know. I was never very good at math. Dad you hear that our brother's new girlfriend is coming to the poetry reading?

**Gertrude:** Yes, and also that the poet herself isn't all there. I heard her poetry is worse than a bee's. If bees could write poetry.

**Hildegarde:** Oh look, that woman must be the poet. (*Angelica in a daze recites poetry without even noticing the sisters*)

**Angelica:** The clock, The clock  
The moving clock  
It ticks, it tocks,  
It never stops,  
Time never stands still.

**Gertrude:** Good God! Don't tell me that that is the kind of poetry we'll have to listen to tonight?

**Hildegarde:** I told you he's trying to bore us to death.

**Gertrude:** Let's move over here closer to the desk. You never know what interesting things

you will find on Oliver's desk. Once I saw one of his bank statements - another time I saw a letter from his girlfriend. Very interesting.

**Hildegarde:** You don't mean to tell me that you would spy on our dear brother, Gertrude, I'm shocked!

**Gertrude:** *(rummaging through the waste basket)* Don't act shocked, Hildegarde. Didn't you once hide in the trunk of the limousine to see where he was going on a date with Mitzi, or Barbie, or whatever her name was?

**Hildegarde:** How dare you accuse me of spying on Oliver! You are the nosey one. Goodness Gertrude, don't rummage about in the waste paper basket!

**Gertrude:** My goodness, Hildegarde, I have found something terribly interesting - a copy of Oliver's will!

**Hildegarde:** A copy of his will? Quick, let's read it - maybe he'll leave us a fortune. *(They move downstage from others and quickly read the will, tussling over it.)*

**Gertrude:** Look what it says! I will inherit millions if Oliver dies. I always knew I was his favorite.

**Hildegarde:** *(shocked)* Give me that will. Where does it say that? You will inherit lots more than me - all I get is a measly \$1000 a month!

**Gertrude:** Unless I die before you in which case you would be the only heir and you would get it all! *(Laughs)* But that will never happen Hildegarde - I'm in much better shape than you are.

**Hildegarde:** What do you mean - better shape - I'm as healthy as a horse, sound as a dollar, fit as a fiddle.....

**Gertrude:** *(interrupts her when she sees Oliver entering the room)* Oliver, dear brother, there you are. I was just saying to Hildegarde how glad we are to be invited tonight to the poetry party. It will be such fun!

**Oliver:** Good evening Gertrude. Good evening Hildegarde. Have you all met my delightful new companion, Veronica? This poetry party was all Veronica's idea. She says poetry is the happening thing these days. Right dear?

**Veronica:** Yes dear, whatever you say.

**Jeeves:** *(entering with a tray)* Would any of you ladies like a canape?



**Gertrude:** Oh yes.

**Hildegarde:** Please.

**Veronica:** *(sits down)* Jeevie, I'd like one too.

**Jeeves:** Yes, you'd like one you bimbo.

**Veronica:** What did you say?

**Jeeves:** Oh nothing. *(Lights flicker. Veronica gives Jeeves a sly look)*

**Angelica:** Oh, here they are. My um, ah, prize-winning poetry.

**Jeeves:** Where did you enter them? In a circus?

*(Veronica snickers)*

**Sir Oliver:** Shall we begin?

**Veronica:** Oli, Oli, come sit with me.

**Gertrude:** Who's starting first? The clowns or the lions? I heard there was to be a circus here. *(She says this in a sarcastic voice)*

**Hildegarde:** Oooh, I love lions.

**Gertrude:** Oh shut up. I was only being sarcastic you bimbo.

**Angelica:** May I begin?

**Oliver:** By all means Angelica. I'm sure everyone here is so anxious to hear your poetry. Gather around everyone. Sit down please - we must all listen carefully to our special guest, a local poet, Ms Angelica Longfellow. Please proceed.

**Angelica:** Thank you Sir Oliver. I am so happy to be here in Hillcrest Manor - you have no idea how truly happy I am. I'd like to recite a poem called Father:

#### FATHER

Abandonment, he was gone, gone, gone;  
Mother and I were alone, alone, alone;  
How could he, questions, questions, questions;

He should die, rage, rage, rage;  
Father will pay, revenge, revenge, revenge

*(Polite applause follows, everyone reacts negatively but is careful not to let Angelica see)*

**Oliver:** *(With a wicked grin)* Excellent, excellent Angelica. It is just what I was hoping for - you are upholding the caliber of the Manor's literary evenings. Please recite another poem.

**Angelica:** I'd love to. This one is called Manor House "It is made of brick, or is it stone....."

*(Lights dim)*

**Announcer:** And so another exciting literary evening continues at Hillcrest Manor. Stay tuned, Murder In The Manor will continue after these messages from our sponsor, the Real One - Koka Kola. Give me a K.

**Jonathan:** You got your K, you got your K.

**Announcer:** Give me an O.

**Jonathan:** You got your O, you got your O.

**Announcer:** Give me a K.

**Jonathan:** You got your K, you got your K.

**Announcer:** Give me an E.

**Jonathan:** You got your E, you got your E.

**Announcer:** What have you got?

**Jonathan:** Koka Kola. Drink Koke!

**Announcer:** And now back to Murder In The Manor. When we left our story, the poet, who is really Sir Oliver's daughter, was inflicting Sir Oliver's guests with some very bad poetry. Will Angelica reveal her real identity to Sir Oliver? Will Veronica do something about Angelica's right to Sir Oliver's money? Is Hildegrade still upset about her modest inheritance? Should Sir Oliver die? And the will, the famous will. Will it keep reappearing in the most unlikely places. And now, back to Murder In The Manor. *(At appropriate places, the pianist will underscore dialogue with dramatic music. Lights come up to reveal Angelica reciting and the*

*guests in various poses of dozing off)*

**Angelica:** ....caught the spider web with claws so long and red,  
Oh Spider, Spider, Spider  
Where have you gone?  
Where is your web?  
And your lunch of fireflies?

*(Long pause. Finally Sir Oliver realizes she has stopped and rouses everyone to a smatter of polite applause. Thunder and lightning are heard and the lights flicker.)*

**Oliver:** Delightful! Delightful Angelica - you are a wonderful poet! Don't you all agree?

**Everyone:** *(mumbling)* Oh yes, great, the best, etc.

**Oliver:** Jeeves, Jeeves, let us have some refreshments before we continue. Can you bring in the cake and some tea for everyone.

**Jeeves:** Very good, Sir. *(Thunder and lightning, lights flicker)*

**Angelica:** Sir Oliver, I would like to make an announcement if you don't mind. I think it will be of interest to everyone here.

**Oliver:** An announcement?

**Veronica:** *(Jumping up)* Angelica! Please let's just hear one more poem first - we are all enjoying it so much.

**Angelica:** Very well. This one is entitled Daughter:

Once I was a baby  
Then I cut my teeth  
and peed in cotton diapers

*(Jeeves enters with a covered cake plate and knife on a tray. Loud thunder and lightning, lights flicker and go out. The tray clatters to the floor. A scream is heard. Everyone reacts according to character. Lights come up to reveal Angelica on the floor with a knife sticking out of her back. Thunder and lightning are heard)*

**Jeeves:** I'm afraid Sir, that our poet is dead! She has been murdered. *(Everyone reacts with horror)*

**Oliver:** You didn't already pay her did you, Jeeves? *(Jeeves stares at him)* perhaps you

had better call the police, Jeeves.

**Jeeves:** Very good, Sir. (*Exits*)

**Announcer:** Murder In The Manor! Murder In The Manor! Who is to blame for this dastardly crime? Is it the conniving and greedy Veronica? The jealous and grasping sisters, Gertrude and Hildegard? Or is it Sir Oliver himself? These and other questions will be answered when we return to Murder In The Manor. But first a word from our sponsor, refreshing Koka Kola.

**Jonathan:** Are you tired of drinking tea? (*Mimes drinking from a cup*)  
Does lemonade leave you lame? (*Mimes wilting*)  
Has ginger ale lost its zip?  
If so, try great tasting Koka Kola!  
Drink Koka Kola, the drink fit for champions!

**Announcer:** And now, back to Murder In The Manor” where we hear that Detective Inspector Myrt has been called and is conducting a thorough investigation of the murder of poetess, Angelica Longfellow.

**Inspector:** Everybody remain calm and just sit down. I have to ask you all a few questions.  
(*Everyone sits down except Jeeves who remains standing. Addressing Jeeves:*)  
Where did this knife, the murder weapon, come from, Jeeves?

**Jeeves:** It came from the kitchen Inspector. I was carrying it on the tea tray when someone grabbed the knife and upset the tray.

**Inspector:** I see. On the tea tray. Why did you choose such a big knife to carry in with the tea tray?

**Jeeves:** The knife was for cutting the cake, Inspector. I was going to bring in the cake as soon as I had served the tea.

**Inspector:** Yes, cake and tea. Very delicious and suspicious, Jeeves. (*Turning to Veronica*)  
And where were you when the lights went out, Miss (*consults notebook*)  
Golddigger?

**Veronica:** (*very flustered*) Which time? The lights have been going out all day. (*Everyone stares at her*) Oh, you mean that time? Why I was sitting right here next to Oliver. We were holding hands, weren't we Oli? (*Sir Oliver has dozed off. She wakes him up by rudely pinching him*) Weren't we Oliver? Oliver!

**Oliver:** What? Oh right! Mr. Prime Minister, I rise in the House today to object to the

raising of the minimum wage.....*(he is interrupted by Veronica)*

**Veronica:** Oli, you are not in the House of Parliament! Straighten up!

**Oliver:** Oh! Right! Forward men! Out of the trenches, you lily-livered women! Fight on! Never surrender!

**Inspector:** Sir Oliver, you are not at war. This is your house and a murder has been committed. Wake up!

**Oliver:** What! A murder! How damned inconvenient! We were planning on having a real happening poetry party here tonight! *(Everyone groans)*

**Inspector:** Hmmmmmmmmmm, confused, delusionary, perhaps insane. Highly malicious, delicious and suspicious. *(Turning to Oliver's sisters)* And you two, where were you when the lights went out?

**Gertrude:** We were just sitting here, Inspector, listening to poetry which was quite dreadful when everyone started to.....

**Inspector:** *(Whirling towards her)* dreadful! Did you say dreadful, dreadful poetry?

**Gertrude:** No Inspector, Dreadful! Terrible, horrible, nonsensical poetry!

**Inspector:** Very malicious, tenacious, delicious and suspicious, Madame. Obsessed with poor poetry.....DEADful poetry.

**Hildegard:** Inspector, surely you don't think that Miss Longfellow was murdered because her poetry was so bad. Although it was quite dreadful..I mean uninspiring....just babbling on about father, daughter and manor houses...oh, oh *(realizes she may have uncovered something)*

**Inspector:** Hmmmmmmmmmm. Highly malicious, tenacious, unscrupulous, delicious and suspicious, madame.....father, daughter, manor,hmmmmmmmmmm father, daughter, manor *(he paces about)* I've got it! The butler did it!

**Jeeves & all:** What? Me! The butler! It couldn't be! Jeeves! How preposterous!

**Oliver:** Really Inspector, I have to disagree. Jeeves is a butler and a damn good one! He may be lazy, slow and is always bugging me for more money but why would he want to murder an unknown poet? That reminds me of a book I once read: The Case of the Blundering Butler.....*(he is interrupted by the Inspector)*

**Inspector:** Of course! I was wrong! The Butler didn't do it! It was Sir Oliver!

**Oliver & all:** What! Me! Sir Oliver! How ridiculous! It can't be so! Whoever heard of such a thing?

**Jeeves:** Really Inspector. I think you must reconsider your accusation. Sir Oliver may be a senile old goat with the spending habits of a miser but I doubt he has the strength to stab someone. Besides, with his senility, I'm sure that he would forget whom he was trying to murder.

**Inspector:** *(Feeling Sir Oliver's spindly arms)* Quite right Jeeves. No strength, no mind to carry out such a crime. Well, then, who could the murderer be? It is someone in this room at this very moment! Look around you....one of you is the murderer!

*(Lights flicker and go out. Thunder and lightning is heard. A loud thump, crash of something)*

**Inspector:** Murder! Murder!

**Announcer:** Another murder in the manor! Who can be the victim this time? What clues will the clever inspector uncover? What wild accusations will he make? What wild accusations will he retract? All of these questions will be answered when we return. Now, a word from our sponsor, refreshing Koka Kola.

**Jonathan:** *(The music for the song YMCA is heard and the advertiser begins to sing:)*  
You gotta drink K-O-K-E  
You gotta drink K-O-K-E  
You will set yourself free  
And it will help you pee  
Yeah, you gotta drink K-O-K-E  
Drink KOKE! *(He exits singing)*

**Announcer:** And now, we return to Murder IN The Manor where Inspector Myrt is bending over the last victim. This time he seems to have some real evidence, an important clue.

**Inspector:** This is real evidence, an important clue. This birth certificate which I found in Miss Golddigger's pocket indicates that she is really your daughter, Sir Oliver!

**Oliver & All:** What! Daughter! Impossible!

**Inspector:** Now calm down everybody! I know it sounds sick, perverted, incestuous and downright disgusting but Sir Oliver here has been dating his own daughter.  
*(Everyone reacts)* It says clearly here that Angelica Longfellow is the daughter of

Sir Oliver Wentworth III. And this murdered woman is Angelica Longfellow. *(Points to Veronica Golddigger. Long pause. Everyone stares at him and then shouts out WHAT? Inspector then points to the first victim.)* No, this is Angelica Longfellow. Then who is this? *(Points to Veronica again and then stands there looking confused)*

**Jeeves:** Inspector, Inspector. You are right. The murdered poetess is Sir Oliver's daughter. In her book of unpublished poems, she dedicates her work to her father, Sir Oliver Wentworth III. What you need to find out now, Inspector, is why these two women were murdered.

**Inspector:** Right Jeeves, I knew that. Why were they murdered? Why? Why? I think the answer will be found in a handbag.

**Everyone:** In a handbag?

**Inspector:** Right! Open your handbags, ladies. I must inspect them for clues. *(He grabs Hildegard's bag and pulls out the will.)* Ah-ha! An important clue....Sir Oliver's will.

**Hildegard:** Give me that will! *(She grabs the will and begins running with it.)*

**Inspector:** After her, everyone! She is the murderer and that clue will prove it. *(All freeze in running/chase positions.)*

**Announcer:** With Hildegard running like a hounded fox and the Inspector and others in pursuit, a frantic chase takes place around Hillcrest manor. They run up the stairs *(runners assume posture of running up stairs, accompanied by the appropriate sound effects)* and down the stairs. *(runners assume posture of running down stairs.)* Through the kitchen, over the furniture and back to the drawing room where the Inspector and Jeeves try to subdue Hildegard. *(A slow motion scene follows in which Hildegard beats up Jeeves and the Inspector.)* Sir Oliver finally knocks his sister unconscious with his cane.

**Sir Oliver:** *(Brandishing his cane and his will which he has snatched from Hildegard's hand.)* Some people will go to any length to liven up one of my literary evenings.

**Gertrude:** *(Stepping over bodies to reach Sir Oliver)* I think that Hildegard's reasons were more profound than that, brother dear. It is obvious that she killed Veronica and Angelica to get your money. No doubt she planned to kill me too. She read your will which she found in your wastepaper basket. I told her it was none of her business but you know how she is! So nosy!

*(The Inspector and Jeeves struggle to their feet and help Hildegard to stand up.)*

**Inspector:** I have solved the crime! The poetess was killed by Miss Veronica Golddigger, who discovered that Angelica was actually Sir Oliver's daughter. And Miss Golddigger was murdered by your greedy sister, Hildegard. She knew that Miss Golddigger stood between her and your money, Sir Oliver. Hildegard Wentworth DeLalla, I arrest you for the murder of Veronica Golddigger. *(He leads her offstage)* You have the right to remain silent, anything you say or do, can and will be held against.....

**Sir Oliver:** That was a happening party! There's no reason for us to end the evening. I'll be the entertainment for the literary party. *(He begins to sing while Jeeves and Gertrude plus the sound effects guys provide the rhythm for the following song sung to the tune of "It's Not Unusual".)*

**Sir Oliver:**

It's not unusual to be stabbed by anyone  
It's not unusual to be killed by anyone  
When I see you walking around with a tommy gun  
It's not unusual to see me hide  
I don't wanna die

It's not unusual to be hung by anyone  
It's not unusual to be gassed by anyone  
But when I see you walking around with a hand grenade  
It's not unusual to see me fly  
I don't wanna die

It's not unusual to be stalked by anyone  
It's not unusual to be gutted by anyone  
But when I see you walking around with a chainsaw  
It's not unusual to hear me cry  
I don't wanna die

*(During the beginning of the second verse, Hildegard and the Inspector enter and join the singing. During the last two lines of the verse, Angelica and Veronica come alive and join the group. During the singing of the third verse, the Announcer says:)*

**Announcer:** Thank you ladies and gentlemen for tuning in tonight to Radio Station "EGLS" and for listening to "Murder Mystery Theatre" brought to you by refreshing Koka Kola. Tonight, the role of Inspector Myrt was played by Sean Cochrane; Hildegard was played by Brandy Down; Gertrude was played by Katie Edwards; the role of Veronica was played by Nadine Byrde; Angelica was played by Ashley Ivany; Jeeves was played by Mark Thorne; and the voice of Robert Noel brought



us the character of Sir Oliver. As usual, our technicians were Melissa Wells and Marc Farrell and the sound effects were made by our own studio wizards, Karl Penney and Ryne Snow, with piano music by Jennifer Dalley. The voice of Koka Kola was Jonathan Brenton. For Radio "EGLS", I'm Jonathan Heffernan. Good night and join us again next week for another exciting "Murder Mystery Theatre".

The End