

## **Monologue 1**

Well—they know there's no immediate danger to them. Then, last night some lunatic goes and spills the beans. What happens? It's the woman, cracks. Goes to pieces. Did you see him hanging round her when she was coming to? Not all husbandly solicitude? Not on your sweet life. He was like a cat on hot bricks. And that's the position. They've done a murder and got away with it. But if it's all going to be raked up again now, it's the woman will give the show away. She hadn't got the nerve to brazen it out. She's a living danger to her husband, that's what she is and him – he's all right. He'll go on lying till the cows come home, but he can't be sure of her. So what does he do? He drops a nice little dollop of something into a nice cup of tea, and when she's had it, he washes up the cup and saucer and tells the doctor she ain't had nothing.

## Monologue 2

Now that we're alone, I have no objection to telling you the facts of the case – Indeed I should like you to hear them. It was not a fit subject to discuss before gentlemen – so naturally I refused to say anything last night. That girl, Beatrice Taylor, was in my service. I was very much deceived in her. She had nice manners and was clean and willing. I was very pleased with her. Of course, all that was the sheerest hypocrisy. She was a loose girl with no morals. Disgusting! It was some time before I found out that she was what they call “in trouble.” (*Pause.*) It was a great shock to me. Her parents were decent folks too, who had brought her up strictly. I'm glad to say they didn't condone her behavior.

### **Monologue 3**

Yes – he was wicked – and I didn't know. He said he loved me, but that he was too poor to marry. There was a rock far out that Peter was always wanting to swim to. Of course, I wouldn't let him. It was dangerous. One day, we were on the beach and I had to go back to the house for something I'd forgotten. When I got back, I saw Peter swimming out to the rock. I knew he hadn't a chance, the current had got him already. I flew towards the beach and Hugh tried to stop me. "Don't be a fool," he said, "I told the little ass he could do it." I pushed past him – he tried to stop me, but I got away and rushed down. I plunged into the sea and swam after Peter. He'd gone before I could get to him.

#### **Monologue 4**

Yes. I wish you'd known her. She was so pretty, so gay. I loved her very much. Of course, I was a lot older than she was. She was only twenty-seven, you know. *(Pause.)* Arthur Richmond was twenty-six. He was my ADC. *(Pause.)* Lesley liked him. They used to talk of music and plays together, and she teased him and made fun of him. I was pleased. I thought she took a motherly interest in the boy. Damn fool, wasn't I. No fool like an old fool. *(A long pause)*. Exactly like a book, the way I found out. When I was out in France. She wrote to both of us. And she put the letters in the wrong envelope. So I knew.

### **Monologue 5**

Exactly, my dear sir. Don't you realize that this clever and cunning criminal is always comfortably one stage ahead of us? That he knows exactly what we are going to do next, and makes his plans accordingly? There's only one place, you know, where a successful murderer could hide it and have a reasonable chance of getting away with it. Here in this room – Mr. Owen's is one of us!