

## MEN'S MONOLOGUES – (may be asked to read more than one)

LOMBARD (Dashing confident Young Man)

I will add something to that. Not only are you here under a false name, Mr. Blore, but in addition I've noticed this evening that you're a first-class liar. You claim to have come from Natal, South Africa. I know South Africa and Natal well, and I'm prepared to swear that you've never set foot there in your life.

BLORE (Undercover detective)

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

ROGERS (Calm – understated servant - underdog)

There was a mention, sir, of me and Mrs. Rogers, and of Miss Jennifer Brady. There isn't a word of truth in it. We were with Miss Brady when she died. She was always in poor health, sir, always from the time we came to her. There was a storm, sir, the night she died. The telephone was out of order. We couldn't get the doctor to her. I went for him, sir, on foot. But he got there too late. We'd done everything possible for her, sir. Devoted to her, we were. Anyone will tell you the same. There was never a word said against us. Never a word.

WARGRAVE (Detective like – in charge)

I am obliged to you, Miss Marston. You have drawn my attention to a curious and suggestive point. I think the time has come for all of us to pool our information. It would be well for everybody to come forward with all the information they have regarding our unknown host. We are all his guests. I think it would be profitable if each one of us were to explain exactly how that came about.

GENERAL MACKENZIE (retired general – older man – set in his ways)

Fellow's a madman. Absolute madman. Gota bee in his bonnet. Got hold of the wrong end of the stick all round. Best really to leave this sort of thing unanswered. However, feel I ought to say - no truth - no truth whatever in what he said about - er - young Arthur Richmond. Richmond was one of my officers. I sent him on reconnaissance in 1917. He was killed. Also like to say - resent very much - slur on my wife. Been dead a long time. Best woman in the world. Absolutely - Caesar's wife.

## WOMEN'S MONOLOGUES – (may be asked to read more than one)

VERA;(Young confident secretary)

(Angrily.) A drink! Two corpses in the house at nine o'clock in the morning and all you say, "Have a drink!" An old man going quite crackers - "Have a drink!" Ten people accused of murder - that's all right - just have a drink. Everything's fine so long as you have a drink. Oh, you - you're nothing but a wanker - an adventurer - you make me tired.

EMILY. (stern old woman – very conservative)

Really, Miss Claythorne! (Spitefully.) Young people nowadays behave in the most disgusting fashion. (Fanatically.) Low-backed evening dresses, Lying half naked on beaches. All this so-called sunbathing. An excuse for immodest conduct, nothing more. Familiarity! Christian names - drinking cocktails! And look at the young men nowadays. Decadent! Look at that young Captain Lombard. What good is he?

ARMSTRONG (Series Female Doctor)

In the circumstances, I think I may admit that my visit here was professional. Mr. Owen wrote me that he was worried about his wife's health - her nerves, to be precise. He wanted a report without her being alarmed. He therefore suggested that my visit should be regarded as that of an ordinary guest.

MARTSON: (Rich Heiress – spoiled affected voice – Like from Harvard Boston)

Don't actually know the Owens. Got a wire from a pal of mine, Badger Berkeley. Told me to roll up here. Surprised me a bit because I had an idea the old horse had gone to Norway. I haven't got the wire.