

# A Frightful Evening



by  
**Ian McCutcheon**



*Published by Lazy Bee Scripts*

## **Organiser's Overview**

**Read This First!**

*Customer Taster*

# **A Frightful Evening**

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*Courtney Fish is a crime writer, and although rich and famous she has a serious heart condition. The beneficiaries to her will are due to gather at her home, and someone's in for a fatal shock.....*

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# A Frightful Evening

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## *Organiser's Overview*

***Read this THOROUGHLY before touching, printing or distributing the rest of the material!***

### ***Overview***

A Frightful Evening is a Murder Mystery designed to be played by 7 actors. The actors perform two formal scenes, then the audience receive additional written clues from which they try to solve the mystery before a speech by the narrator reveals the guilty party.

### ***Characters***

**Courtney Fish:** A famous, wealthy crime writer. She has a serious heart condition, and several beneficiaries to her will, all of whom are desperate for money.

**Flora Light:** Her secretary and PA, who's mother urgently needs expensive medical care.

**Claude Ball:** Her husband, although an acrimonious divorce is already under way.

**Willy Turner-Lampon:** Courtney's lawyer, and a gambler who's creditors are chasing him for money.

**Jilly Fish:** Courtney's sister. Not on the best of terms with Courtney, but needs money for a business venture.

**Herr Ringull:** An Austrian fisherman, who once saved Courtney's life, and is now about to go bankrupt.

**Narrator:** Reveals further evidence before the accusations, and reveals the solution at the end.

## ***Structure***

This murder mystery pack contains:-

- The Organiser's Overview (this document!) including plot overviews, character overviews, a rough guide on how to structure your event, notes on setting, and a props list.
- Act One and Two, to be performed by the actors [***Act 1 provided with this Customer Taster***]
- Six pieces of evidence for the audience to examine [***One provided with this Customer Taster***]
- "Accusation sheets" for the audience to enter their solutions.
- The solution.

## ***Plot Overview***

Courtney Fish, a wealthy crime writer, has been suffering with a heart condition for some time now. She regularly has to take medication to fend off life-threatening seizures. These have been frequent recently, as she has been receiving frightening anonymous phone calls. She has invited the four beneficiaries given in her will - and her husband Claude, who is currently engaged in a legal battle with Courtney over her most successful literary creation - to hear an announcement; she intends to give her entire estate to charity if the caller (whom she suspects to be among their number) does not come forward.

The beneficiaries arrive but, before Courtney can make her announcement, she receives a letter telling her the anonymous caller has marked her for death - and furthermore, they are in the room with her! This brings on one of her well-known seizures, but her medication has no effect and she dies. It appears someone has intentionally switched her medication with a bottle of headache tablets; the culprit must be, as the letter suggests, someone in the room.

Whilst the police are taking their time to arrive, the culprits argue and their possible motivations for killing the unfortunate Ms. Fish are revealed. A series of unlikely objects are found in each of their pockets by the police, and the audience - with help from a few items of evidence and police reports - are left to identify the killer.

The truth emerges... *eventually!*

## *Running the script in front of an audience*

**Note that you need to purchase a performance licence from the Murder Mysteries page of the Lazy Bee Scripts web site.**

### **Preparation**

Initial preparation can be done by distributing the opening scene, then running a first rehearsal in which the actors have to guess the identity of the murderer (evaluating the written evidence) before they seen the script for the Final Scene. (It's fun! Why not? It also ensures that the actors become familiar with the logic of the mystery - they will learn more about themselves and their roles from the evidence.) Decide on the format for declaring the winner and if you will be using a tie-breaker question in the event that two or more audience members guess the murderer correctly.

**Open the event by acting out the scripted dialogue.**

### **Distribute the written evidence**

Announce that you wish them to evaluate a selection of the evidence gathered by the police. Give the audience a specified time to evaluate the evidence.

### **Accusations**

At the end of the evaluation period, ask the audience to fill in the accusation sheets. (Make sure you have some spare pens or pencils!)

### **Solution**

Act out the final scene.

### **Prize giving**

There may be an option to read out some of the (more bizarre) audience solutions! Declare the winner. In the event of a draw, you may wish to include your own tie-breaker question. Award a prize to the best solution! (And possibly a prize for the worst.)

### ***As a broad guide your event might run as follows:***

7.30 to 8.00	Meet and greet; pre-dinner drinks
8.00 to 8.30	Act One
8:30	Serve starters
8.45	Act Two
9.00	Distribute evidence and "accusation sheets" to each member of the audience
9.10	Collect Accusation sheets. Main course (during which the cast/crew evaluate the audience answers and choose the winning answer - by reference to the tie breaker and drawing from a hat if necessary)
9.40	The Solution and Prize-giving.
9.50	Dessert.

Other timings could be accommodated, especially if you want your audience to eat earlier!

## **Character Overviews**

A successful and wealthy writer of crime thrillers, **Courtney Fish** lives in a large comfortable house near the coast. But she has problems, in particular a serious heart condition, which makes walking an effort, and can lead to her suffering minor seizures during periods of even mild stress. She has tablets which provide instant relief – but for how long? She’s the nervous type at the best of times, and has received a number of anonymous and disturbing phone calls recently, which have made things a lot worse. And then there’s her husband... ..

Having had his short and unremarkable career as a lion tamer cut short by a painful injury, **Claude Ball** swept Courtney off her feet eight years ago, and they were married within weeks of their first meeting. Since then Claude has devoted most of his time to spending as much of Courtney’s money as he can get his hands on. He is now anxious for a divorce, but has been advised by his solicitor to remain in the matrimonial home until his settlement has been agreed. However, Claude is locked in an expensive legal dispute with Courtney’s solicitor over the financial rights to her greatest creation – the charismatic Australian detective Sidney Harber-Bridge. Claude maintains it was he who invented the character, but Courtney is adamant she created him, inspired by a holiday in New South Wales. Unlike the remaining players in this drama, Claude is no longer a beneficiary in Courtney’s will. But if she was no longer around, who would get the sole rights to Sidney... ?

**Flora Light** has been Courtney’s faithful and devoted secretary for years, and has typed all her manuscripts. She has watched in admiration as her employer achieved fame and fortune in the literary world. But Flora has a family crisis with her mother, who is in urgent need of the sort of care only provided by expensive nursing homes that Flora cannot afford... Unless Courtney can come to her rescue. But when Flora asked for a loan Courtney turned her down. There have been rumours that Flora has been seen out with a mysterious male companion on her rare days off, but is he rich enough to help her? When the chips are down, blood is thicker than water, and if Courtney were to have a fatal heart attack... ..

Courtney thinks she has a friend in her solicitor **Willy Turner-Lampon**. Maybe. But Willy is certainly no friend of Claude’s, as he is representing Courtney’s interests in the Sidney Harber-Bridge affair, and the divorce. However, Willy is in serious financial trouble. He lives beyond his means in order to preserve his image as a high profile lawyer to the rich and famous. And due to his gambling addiction he owes a great deal of money to three bookmakers of dubious repute – and they won’t wait much longer. Willy was pinning his hopes on a substantial loan from Courtney, but she refused him. Time is running out, and he cannot hope to benefit from her will in time... .. Or can he?

**Jilly Fish** is Courtney’s sister although they are not, in the words of the song, such devoted sisters. Jilly was unable to hide her disgust when Courtney fell for Claude’s charms, and the sisters have scarcely spoken since the wedding was announced. Jilly currently lives in London, but has agreed to spend a few days with Courtney, who has mysteriously demanded that all those who are due to benefit from her will must meet at her home as a matter of extreme urgency. Jilly is anxious to get away to France as soon as she can, in order to continue renovation work on a run-down hotel in which she recently invested everything she had. One day it will turn out to be a goldmine, but it’s a money pit at present. If only she could think of a way to get a quick injection of cash... ..

A self employed Austrian fisherman would seem an unlikely beneficiary in her will, but Courtney owes her life to **Herr Ringull**. He just happened to be in the right place at the right time when Courtney crashed her Mercedes into a tree. Had he not dragged her half-conscious body from the wreckage she would certainly have died in the subsequent explosion that tore the car apart. As a dedicated member of the Socialist Workers’ Party, Franz Ringull now resents helping to preserve the life of one so rich. When he discovered who she was he is reported to have said ‘I wish I had left her in ze car.’ Although the thought of some badly needed funds to boost his flagging business might just allow Herr Ringull to put aside his political views and accept the bequest when it comes... But will that be in time to save him from bankruptcy?

## ***Setting***

The setting for this piece is the lounge of an ordinary house. One door leads out into the hall. All the other downstairs rooms, and the stairs, are off the hall.

A very simple set – sofa and chair, a coffee table, with a phone on it. Courtney's handbag is down by the side of the chair she is sitting in, the side facing the audience. A small bottle of tablets is just under the chair.

## ***Props***

### ***Act 1***

Sofa and chairs, a coffee table with a phone on it (Set Onstage)

Handbag (Courtney)

A pill bottle (under a chair)

A sheet of paper (Courtney)

A holdall/bag (Jilly)

Car keys (Jilly)

An envelope containing a letter (Flora)

### ***Act 2***

Set as before

Handbag as before (now containing a pill bottle with a few tablets in it)

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*Customer Taster, Extracted from the Main Script*



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## **Characters**

**Courtney Fish** - A successful, aging crime thriller writer. Suffers from a heart condition which gives her regular stress-induced attacks, against which her only defence is a bottle of medicinal tablets.

**Claude Ball** - Her husband, although he has been trying to divorce her for some time, delayed by a legal battle over who (of the two of them) created her most successful literary character.

**Flora Light** - Courtney's faithful secretary. Her mother has recently fallen ill and Flora needs a substantial sum of money to ensure she gets the right treatment. Courtney has refused to lend her anything.

**Jilly Fish** - Courtney's sister. The two are not on the best of terms, since Jilly disapproved of Courtney's hasty marriage to Claude. Owns a hotel in France that could do with a cash injection.

**Willy Turner-Lampon** - Courtney's solicitor, representing her interests in her legal battle with Claude. He has gambling debts - in excess of several thousands - which need paying off soon.

**Herr Ringull** - An Austrian fisherman living in the nearby coastal village of Bogsea. Once saved Courtney's life when she lost control of her car. A dedicated member of the Socialist Workers' party.

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# A Frightful Evening

## Act 1

(The drama unfolds in the lounge of Courtney and Claude's home. One door leads out into the hall. All the other downstairs rooms, and the stairs, are off the hall.)

(A very simple set – sofa and chair, a coffee table, with a phone on it. Courtney's handbag is down by the side of the chair she is sitting in, the side facing the audience. A small bottle of tablets (unseen by the audience) is just under the chair.)

(Courtney is alone on stage, sitting in her favourite chair, reading something on a sheet of paper)

**Courtney:** (Finishes reading and sighs) I hope I'm doing the right thing.

(The phone rings, and keeps ringing.)

**Courtney:** Oh no! It can't be... I can't face it. (She shouts) Flora! Flora!! Oh where is she? Flora!!! Where are you? (She looks anxiously at the phone, then picks it up) Hello... Hello?... Oh no!... Why are you doing this to me?... Who are you?... What do you want?... Speak to me for God's sake!... Ooh... Go to hell!! (She slams the phone down, grimaces with pain and clutches her chest.)

(Enter Flora. She is wearing a jacket. She realises Courtney's having a heart spasm.)

**Flora:** Quick, take a tablet! Where are they?

**Courtney:** They must be in my bag.

**Flora:** (searching frantically through the bag) No they're not.

(Enter Claude.)

**Claude:** What's all the noise?

**Flora:** She's having an attack you stupid man, isn't it obvious? And we can't find her tablets.

**Claude:** (looking down) Well I can. (He sees the bottle, picks it up and gives it to Courtney, who takes a tablet as quickly as she can. The relief is almost instant.)

**Courtney:** (Now recovering) Where was the bottle?

**Claude:** Just by your bag. (He looks at Flora) Didn't you see it, you stupid woman? Wasn't it obvious? (He takes the bottle from Courtney and puts it in the table.)

**Courtney:** It must have fallen out of my bag.

**Claude:** How extremely convenient.

**Flora:** And what do you mean by that?

**Claude:** Work it out for yourself – you're the one with the degree... In Latin and Ancient Greek, isn't it? Very useful!

**Flora:** Better than being an uneducated sponger! (She turns to Courtney) Was that The Voice again?

**Courtney:** I think so. (Pause) I don't know why we call him The Voice, he hardly ever speaks.

**Claude:** I thought you said you didn't know if it was a woman or a man?

**Courtney:** I don't. But women don't make calls like that, do they?

**Claude:** Oh don't they? (He looks accusingly at Flora)

**Flora:** You're pathetic. (To Courtney) I'll be back in a minute.

(Exit Flora.)

**Courtney:** I wish you'd leave her alone. She's done nothing to hurt you.

**Claude:** Perhaps I just enjoy the sport. Now... Was there something you wanted to talk to me about?

**Courtney:** Yes. If I ask you nicely, will you stay in this evening?

**Claude:** I might. But you haven't asked me nicely, have you?

**Courtney:** I'm asking you nicely now... Will you please stay in this evening?

**Claude:** Why?

**Courtney:** I've already told you: it's something I've got to say to you and to everyone who's in the will.

**Claude:** 'But I already know what you're going to say, don't I? And I have absolutely no desire to see that so-called apology for a lawyer... Willy Nilly or whatever his name is. And the same goes for that stuck-up sister of yours.

**Courtney:** You know very well what his name is. And Jilly is not stuck-up.

**Claude:** Huh!! Anyway, I've got an appointment.

**Courtney:** Who with? Where?

**Claude:** With a large gin at the Dog and Duck.

**Courtney:** Won't you do this one thing for me?' It's not much to ask is it?

**Claude:** Oh... .. alright. Just don't expect me to make small talk with Silly Willy – or that German communist.

**Courtney:** He's not a communist, he's in the socialist something or other party... And he's Austrian. Oh I wish you'd just stop arguing with me all the time. I'll have another attack in a minute.

**Claude:** No you won't. And if you do, you know where these are now **(he picks up the bottle)** ... After *she* hid them.

**Courtney:** Why would she hide them?

**Claude:** I'll leave you to work that out – you're the one that writes detective stories. **(He puts the bottle back on the table)**

**(Enter Flora.)**

**Claude:** Call me when the vultures arrive – I'll be in my study. **(He looks at Flora)** Oh good... Mrs. Danvers is here!

**(Exit Claude.)**

**Flora:** The sooner you get divorced and that creature is out of your life the better. Has he been upsetting you again?

**Courtney:** No more than usual. **(Pause)** I'm sorry about your mother Flora. But I really don't think I can lend you such a substantial sum without... .. **(She pauses again)**

**Flora:** Without any real hope of getting it back? Is that what you were going to say?

**Courtney:** No, that's not what I meant at all. Oh dear, this is so very difficult. **(She winces and puts her hand to her chest)**

**Flora:** **(Concerned)** Do you need a tablet? **(She picks the bottle up from the table)**

**Courtney:** No dear... At least, not yet. **(She laughs)** But I may do later.

**Flora:** After you've told them? **(She puts the bottle back on the table)**

**Courtney:** They're not going to like it are they?

**Flora:** No. I suppose you've told *him* already.

**Courtney:** I thought I should.

**Flora:** I wonder if he's told the others?

**Courtney:** I hardly think so!! He hates Willy, he can't stand Jilly and he doesn't even know Franz. And he only speaks to you when he has no choice.

**Flora:** And how did he take it?

**Courtney:** Surprisingly well in the circumstances. He just said he didn't give a flying fish about my will, as it was only a matter of time before the courts decided Sidney Harber-Bridge was his idea and he'd be rich from the royalties

**Flora:** Did he actually say flying fish?

**Courtney:** No dear, not exactly.

**(There is a knock at the front door.)**

**Flora:** I'll go. **(She looks at her watch)** It's probably Herr Ringull. It's exactly 8 o'clock and you know how punctual Germans are.

**Courtney:** He's Austrian dear.

**Flora:** Well that's the same thing, isn't it?

**(Exit Flora.)**

**Courtney:** **(Tapping her heart)** Just don't give up on me yet.

**(Enter Flora and Willy. Willy is wearing a jacket.)**

**Flora:** I was wrong.

**Willy:** Hello gorgeous! How's the old ticker?

**Courtney:** Still going Willy. Thank you for coming.

**Willy:** Not at all, my lovely. I was intrigued by your call. What's it all about?

**Courtney:** All in good time. **(To Flora)** Flora dear, I need to have a quiet word with Willy... would you make us some coffee?

**Flora:** Yes of course.

**(Exit Flora.)**

**(Willy sits down.)**

**Willy:** Now listen old darling, I...

**Courtney:** **(Interrupting)** No!! I don't want to hear another word about it.

**Willy:** Courtney – please!! These are bad people to owe money to. If I don't give them something very soon I don't know what they might do.

**Courtney:** You should have thought about that when you accepted their offer of credit. I'm not prepared to waste thirty thousand pounds to cover your bad debts.

**Willy:** I'll give you one last chance to...

**Courtney:** **(Interrupting)** One last chance, Willy? What does that mean?

**Willy:** Nothing. I'm sorry old love. Just forget it. I'll sort something out. **(Pause)**  
Changing the subject completely, are you sure the old ticker's OK? **(He picks up the bottle and looks at it)**

**Courtney:** It's fine.

**Willy:** Still taking the tablets I see.

**Courtney:** Please put them down Willy – I've already lost track of them once today.

**Willy:** Sorry old darling. **(He puts the bottle back on the table)**

**(Another knock at the door.)**

**Flora:** **(From off stage)** I'll go. It's probably the German.

**Courtney:** He's Austrian, dear. **(To herself)** But how did she know... And what was she...?

**Willy:** What's that old darling?

**Courtney:** Oh nothing.

**(Enter Flora and Jilly, who is carrying a small bag or holdall, and a handbag. Jilly is wearing a jacket.)**

**Flora:** It wasn't him.

**Courtney:** I can see that, dear.

**Flora:** It's Jilly.

**Courtney:** So it is.

**Flora:** I'll get back to making the coffee.

**Courtney:** Thank you, dear.

**(Exit Flora.)**

**Courtney:** So... The prodigal sister has returned!

**Jilly:** Only because you insisted. What's it all about?

**Courtney:** All in good time – introductions first. Willy, I'd like you to meet my sister Jilly. Jilly, this is my old friend and solicitor Willy Turner-Lampon. He's a leading light in the Law Society.

**Jilly:** **(To Willy)** Nice to meet you, Willy. **(They shake hands)**

**Willy:** The pleasure is all mine, dear lady. **(He kisses her hand)**

**Courtney:** OK Willy, you can switch off the charm – Jilly's as hard up as you are, and I'm not lending her anything either.

**Willy:** **(laughing)** Courtney always did have a good sense of humour.

**Jilly:** Not where money's concerned. **(She looks at Courtney)** Any chance of that idiot Claude getting my other bag from the car? I think I've got a trapped nerve. **(She holds her back and winces with pain)**

**(Before anyone can speak, enter Claude.)**

**Claude:** **(Looking at Jilly)** Well well! That's all I need. I was hoping that you'd refuse to attend this little get-together, and the rest of us could have a relatively pleasant evening. But we can't have everything, can we?

**Jilly:** And up yours Claude!! How's the old injury? Still giving you the odd twinge... I hope.

**Willy:** **(To Jilly)** I say old thing, that was a bit below the belt.

**Courtney:** Oh for Heaven's sake will you two stop it! You know this constant bickering is bad for my heart. Claude, would you mind bringing Jilly's bag in from her car? She's having trouble with her back.

**Claude:** Really?

**Jilly:** Yes – really!

**Claude:** (**Sarcastic**) Any more little jobs for me?

**Jilly:** Yes – if it’s not too much trouble! I’ve got a dreadful feeling I got a puncture just before I turned into the drive. Would it be too much effort to have a look for me?

**Claude:** You’ll be asking me to change the wheel next.

**Jilly:** Of course not!... the AA can do that.

**Claude:** Lucky AA! Keys??

**(Jilly takes her car keys from her pocket and throws them to him.)**  
**(Exit Claude. There is the sound of the front door shutting loudly.)**

**Jilly:** I’ll go up and start unpacking. Am I in my usual room?

**Courtney:** Yes, dear.

**Jilly:** Good. I like that room over the front door. I can see whoever comes to the house.

**Courtney:** Come back down as soon as you can. I’ve got something to get off my chest as soon as my last guest arrives.

**Jilly:** Another guest! How intriguing!

**(Exit Jilly, with bag and handbag.)**

**Willy:** Who’s this other guest? And what are we all doing here anyway.

**Courtney:** You of all people should be able to guess that, Willy dear.

**Willy:** Should I?

**Courtney:** Would you like a clue?

**Willy:** I rather think I need one.

**Courtney:** Right... who drew up my will?

**Willy:** One of my partners. I couldn’t do it, because I’m in it. Is that the clue?

**Courtney:** Yes.

**Willy:** Sorry, but I’m still in the dark.

**Courtney:** Well... think about the terms of the will.

**Willy:** You mean the beneficiaries and all that?

**Courtney:** Exactly.

**Willy:** Oh, right. Well, there’s me, of course. Claude’s been cut out... Jilly gets a share, so does the faithful Flora, and... Oh! I see.

**Courtney:** Go on.

**Willy:** Yes, I get it now. You’ve invited all the beneficiaries. So that Austrian bloke’s coming too, is he? I still think you’ve been a bit generous to him, old girl.

**Courtney:** I don’t. And what are the terms of the will?

**Willy:** Well... now that Claude’s out of it, the four of us get a quarter each after the usual deductions.

**Courtney:** And how much do you think that is at the moment?

**Willy:** Oh Courtney my old love, I wouldn’t have a clue.

**Courtney:** I would. Just over four million.

**Willy:** My God! Four million!!... pounds?

**Courtney:** Each.

**Willy:** Each?

**Courtney:** In cash. Plus whatever the house is worth.

**Willy:** Well!... I didn’t know writing thrillers was so lucrative. Is this all down to the Sidney Thingy books?

**Courtney:** More or less. I haven’t written much else. The film and television rights help, of course.

**Willy:** I still can’t believe it. And you’ve asked us all here because of the will? Is that it?

**Courtney:** More or less.

**Willy:** So why’s Claude here? He’s out of the will now.

**Courtney:** Yes, but he’s still got a financial interest in me as long as he keeps fighting for the rights to my detective.

**Willy:** He’s got no chance of that, old thing. Not in my professional opinion. **(Pause)** So when are you going to spill the beans?

**Courtney:** I’ll put you out of your misery as soon as Herr Ringull joins us.

**(Enter Claude, carrying a suitcase and Jilly's keys. He drops the suitcase by the door and puts the keys on the table.)**

**Claude:** Well that was a waste of time. Stupid cow hasn't got a puncture... Except perhaps in her brain.

**Courtney:** I will not have you insulting my only sister – do you understand?

**Claude:** And what are you going to do about it, my dearest? You've already cut me out of your will. Why not have the decency to divorce me so I can get on with my life?

**Courtney:** You're a fine one to talk about decency. After everything I've...

**(There is a loud knock at the door.)**

**Flora:** **(From offstage)** I'll get it.

**Courtney:** **(To nobody in particular)** How does she do that?

**Willy:** How does who do what?

**Courtney:** Flora. She always seems to be just outside the door at the right time. How does she manage it?

**Claude:** I should have thought it was blindingly obvious.

**Courtney:** Well?

**Claude:** She's a snooper. She's got ears like a bat.

**Courtney:** Rubbish. You've never liked Flora, have you?

**Claude:** No. But if you're happy to let her overhear all your private conversations, that's your funeral.

**(Enter Flora and Jilly. Flora is carrying an envelope.)**

**Flora:** **(To Courtney)** There was nobody there. But this was on the mat. It's for you. **(She gives the letter to Courtney)**

**Jilly:** **(Sees her bag and looks at Claude)** So you managed that without getting a hernia I see. Has the mystery guest arrived yet? **(She looks round the room)** Apparently not. **(She sees the envelope)** A bit late for the postman isn't it?

**Flora:** It's been hand delivered, there's no stamp. I wonder where it came from?

**Courtney:** Well I'll soon find out, won't I dear?

**(Courtney opens the envelope, takes the letter out and reads it. She gasps, drops the letter on the floor and falls back into her chair clutching her chest. The others react accordingly.)**

**Courtney:** My tablets!! Give me my tablets!

**(Flora grabs the bottle from the table and gives it to Courtney. She takes a tablet, but this time there is no instant relief. Courtney's agony increases and she 'dies' – as dramatically as she can manage! Jilly is the first to react. She checks Courtney's pulse and turns to the others, shaking her head.)**

**Willy:** Is she...?

**Jilly:** Dead? Yes I think she is.

**(Another knock at the door.)**

**Flora:** I'll go.

**(Exit Flora.)**

**Claude:** Why the hell didn't the tablet work?

**Willy:** A good question.

**(Enter Flora with Ringull. He looks suitably shocked when he sees the corpse.)**

**Ringull:** **(He speaks with a Austrian accent)** Mein Gott! What has happened here?

**(They all look at each other, as the curtain falls.)**

# A Frightful Evening

## *Evidence Part 1*

This is the Last Will and Testament of:

*Courtney Dolores Millicent Fish*

I hereby revoke all previous wills and testamentary dispositions made by me.

I hereby appoint the firm of Suemm, Grabbit and Runne, Solicitors, to act as the executors of my estate, and to expend such sums as are necessary to discharge all funeral and legal expenses incurred as a result of my death.

I hereby give and bequeath the remainder of my estate in equal shares to the following individuals, whose addresses are known to my executors:

Jillian Josephine Millicent Fish:

Flora Isabel Light:

William Wilberforce Montgomery Turner-Lampon:

Franz Ferdinand Ringull.

I hereby direct my executors to take whatever legal measures are required to ensure that, should I still be legally married to Claude Fitzwilliam Ball at the time of my death, the lazy good-for-nothing dishonest drunken scrounger receives no financial benefit whatsoever from any part of my estate.