



## 'The MOUSETRAP' by Agatha Christie

- **Audition: Tuesday 28MAY19 ... doors will be open from 7pm for a 7:30pm start**
- Auditionees must be over the age of 18.
- Performance Dates: **AUGUST 2, 3, 4, 9, 10**
- **Rehearsals:** Will hopefully commence Thursday 30MAY2019. However, it will depend on whether we are able to fully cast from the audition. The first rehearsal will be a dinner & read-through.
  - will be each Tuesday & Thursday for the first two weeks
  - then each Tuesday, Thursday & Sunday from then on
  - all cast may not be required for every rehearsal initially ... will advise more at audition
  - proposed rehearsal schedule attached
- **Casting requirements: 3 females & 5 males**
  - While age ranges have been stipulated, casting will be dependent on the chemistry of the ensemble. Some preferences - it is important that the following be believable:
    - Christopher, Miss Casewell & Detective Sergeant Trotter look a similar age and are the youngest of the group
    - Giles & Molly look just a little (approx. 5 years) older than Christopher, Miss Casewell & Detective Sergeant Trotter
    - Mrs Boyle & Major Metcalf are the oldest in the group (40s-60s)

### ABOUT THE PLAY:

A group of strangers is stranded in a boarding house during a snow storm, one of whom is a murderer. The suspects include the newly married couple who run the house, and the suspicions in their minds nearly wreck their perfect marriage. Others are a spinster with a curious background, an architect who seems better equipped to be a chef, a retired Army major, a strange little man who claims his car has overturned in a drift, and a jurist who makes life miserable for everyone. Into their midst comes a policeman, traveling on skis. He no sooner arrives, when the jurist is killed. Two down, and one to go. To get to the rationale of the murderer's pattern, the policeman probes the background of everyone present, and rattles a lot of skeletons.

## **CHARACTERS –**

**Mollie Ralston:** *Female Age 27-35*

the wife of Giles Ralston, Mollie is the owner of Monkswell Manor, a Victorian era estate that has recently been converted into a guest house.

**Giles Ralston:** *Male Age 27-35*

Mollie's husband of one year, Giles is the co-host of Monkswell Manor.

**Christopher Wren:** *Male Age 20-29*

The first guest to arrive at the hotel. A hyperactive young man who admits he is running away from something, but refuses to say what. A flighty, obviously neurotic young man, Christopher Wren is a guest at Monkswell Manor.

**Mrs. Boyle:** *Female Age 40-60*

Stern and generally unpleasant woman who is dissatisfied with just about everything and everyone. Mrs. Boyle is a guest at Monkswell Manor.

**Major Metcalf:** *Male Age 40-60*

A typical retired British military officer. Middle-aged man and amiable. Little is known about him. Major Metcalf is a guest at Monkswell Manor.

**Miss Casewell:** *Female Age 20-29*

A bit masculine in her demeanour, Miss Casewell, another guest at Monkswell Manor, remains mysteriously aloof from the other guests and speaks offhandedly about the horrific experiences of her childhood.

**Mr. Paravicini:** *Male Age 40-50*

An unexpected guest at Monkswell Manor, Mr. Paravicini is there only because of his car became stuck in a snowbank during a terrible blizzard. A man of unknown provenance who appears to be affecting a foreign accent and is artificially aged with make-up.

**Detective Sergeant Trotter:** *Male Age 20-29*

The police detective who arrives at the Manor on skis and questions the proprietors and guests. A late arriving guest at Monkswell Manor, Detective Trotter is trying to establish a relationship between any of the guests and a murder already committed at another location.

**Note:** The ages are a guide only. Casting will depend on a number of things, including delivery and the chemistry and believability as an ensemble.

**TIME PERIOD:** 1950's

**SETTING:** The Great Hall at Monkswell Manor. Near Berkshire. Approx an hours drive west of London.

## **PRODUCTION HISTORY**

*The Mousetrap* was first presented on the West End at the Ambassadors Theatre in London on November 25, 1952. The play began life as a short radio play broadcast on 30 May 1947 called *Three Blind Mice* in honour of Queen Mary, the consort of King George V. It originated from the real-life case of Dennis O'Neill, who died after he and his brother Terence suffered extreme abuse while in the foster care of a Shropshire farmer and his wife in 1945.

**IMPORTANT:** Anyone is welcome to audition, however all those successful in gaining a role must ensure they are a financial member prior to the first rehearsal.

WEEK	#	DAY	DATE	TIME	WHAT'S ON	WHO IS REQUIRED	DETAILS
1		TUE	28/05/2019	7:30pm	AUDITION		
	1	THU	30/05/2019	6:30pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast & Crew	Dinner & Read Through
2	2	TUE	4/06/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Discussions & read through
	3	THU	6/06/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Discussions & read through
3	4	TUE	11/06/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Blocking
	5	THU	13/06/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Blocking
4	7	MON	17/06/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Act 1 - Twice
	8	WED	19/06/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Blocking
	9	SUN	23/06/2019	2pm - 5pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Blocking
5	10	TUE	25/06/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Act 2 - Twice
	11	THU	27/06/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Act 1 - Twice
	12	SUN	30/06/2019	2pm - 5pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Act 2 - Twice
6	13	TUE	2/07/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Act 1 - Twice
	14	THU	4/07/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Act 2 - Twice
	15	SUN	7/07/2019	2pm - 5pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast	Full Run
7	16	TUE	9/07/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast & Crew	Act 1 - Twice; All props
	17	THU	11/07/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast & Crew	Act 2 - Twice; All Props
	18	SUN	14/07/2019	2pm - 5pm	REHEARSAL - Scripts Down	Full Cast & Crew	Full Run; All Props
8	19	TUE	16/07/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast & Crew	Full Run - Costumes, Lights, Sound & All Props; Prompt In
	20	THU	18/07/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast & Crew	Full Run - Costumes, Lights, Sound & All Props; Prompt In
	21	SUN	21/07/2019	2pm - 5pm	REHEARSAL - Scripts Down	Full Cast & Crew	Full Run - Costumes, Lights, Sound & All Props; Prompt In
9	22	TUE	23/07/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast & Crew	Full Run - Costumes, Lights, Sound & All Props; Prompt In
	23	THU	25/07/2019	7pm-10pm	REHEARSAL	Full Cast & Crew	Full Run - Costumes, Lights, Sound & All Props; Prompt In
	24	SUN	28/07/2019	2pm - 5pm	REHEARSAL - Scripts Down	Full Cast & Crew	Full Run - Lights, Sound & All Props, Trial Make-up & Costumes; Prompt In
10	19	TUE	30/07/2019	7pm-10pm	FINAL DRESS REHEARSAL - <i>Paul Beutel Photos</i>	Full Cast & Crew	Full Costume & Make-Up <u>Obligatory</u> ; Photos of show to be taken
	20	THU	1/08/2019	6:30pm- FINISH	MEMBERS NIGHT 7:30pm (6:30 call) - <i>Drinks After</i>	Full Cast & Crew	Full Costume & Make-Up <u>Obligatory</u>
	1	FRI	2/08/2019	6:30pm - FINISH	PERFORMANCE 7:30pm	Full Cast & Crew	CHOOKAS!
	2	SAT	3/08/2019	6:30pm - FINISH	PERFORMANCE 7:30pm	Full Cast & Crew	
	3	SUN	4/08/2019	2pm - FINISH	PERFORMANCE 3pm ( <i>Dinner Afterwards</i> )	Full Cast & Crew	
11	4	SAT	10/08/2019	6:30pm - FINISH	PERFORMANCE 7:30pm	Full Cast & Crew	
	5	SUN	11/08/2019	6:30pm - FINISH	PERFORMANCE 7:30pm	Full Cast & Crew	

Please contact Tracie Faithfull on 0439 509 056 if you are unable to attend

**NOTE:** This is a first draft and will be subject to change. The dates are set but what happens on each date may change.

## AUDITION PIECE #1 – MOLLY & GILES

*(MOLLIE hurries off up the stairs left. GILES enters from the front door right. He is a rather arrogant but attractive young man in his twenties. He stamps his feet to shake off the snow, opens the oak chest and puts inside a big paper carrier he has been carrying. He takes off his overcoat, hat and scarf, moves down and throws them on the armchair centre. Then he goes to the fire and warms his hands.)*

**GILES.** *(calling)* Mollie? Mollie? Mollie? Where are you?

*(MOLLIE enters from the arch left.)*

**MOLLIE.** *(cheerfully)* Doing all the work, you brute. *(She crosses to GILES.)*

**GILES.** Oh, there you are – leave it all to me. Shall I stoke the Aga?

**MOLLIE.** Done.

**GILES.** *(kissing her)* Hullo, sweetheart. Your nose is cold.

**MOLLIE.** I've just come in. *(She crosses to the fire.)*

**GILES.** Why? Where have you been? Surely you've not been out in this weather?

**MOLLIE.** I had to go down to the village for some stuff I'd forgotten. Did you get the chicken netting?

**GILES.** It wasn't the right kind. *(He sits on the left arm of the armchair centre.)* I went on to another dump but that wasn't any good either. Practically a whole day wasted. My God, I'm half frozen. Car was skidding like anything. The snow's coming down thick. What do you bet we're not snowed up tomorrow?

**MOLLIE.** Oh dear, I do hope not. *(She crosses to the radiator and feels it.)* If only the pipes don't freeze.

**GILES.** *(rising and moving up to MOLLIE)* We'll have to keep the central heating well stoked up. *(He feels the radiator.)* H'm, not too good - I wish they'd send the coke along. We've not got any too much.

**MOLLIE.** *(moving down to the sofa and sitting)* Oh! I do so want everything to go well at first. First impressions are so important.

**GILES.** *(moving down to right of the sofa)* Is everything ready? Nobody's arrived yet, I suppose?

**MOLLIE.** No, thank goodness. I think everything's in order. Mrs. Barlow's hooked it early. Afraid of the weather, I suppose.

**GILES.** What a nuisance these daily women are. That leaves everything on your shoulders.

**MOLLIE.** And yours! This is a partnership.

**GILES.** *(crossing to the fire)* So long as you don't ask me to cook. .... END

## AUDITION PIECE #2 – MOLLY & CHRISTOPHER

**MOLLIE.** *(off)* How do you do?

**CHRISTOPHER.** *(off)* Thanks so much.

*(CHRISTOPHER WREN enters through the arch up right with a suitcase which he places right of the refectory table. He is a rather wild-looking neurotic young man. His hair is long and untidy and he wears a woven artistic tie. He has a confiding, almost childish manner.)*

*(MOLLIE enters and moves up centre.)*

**CHRISTOPHER.** Weather is simply awful. My taxi gave up at your gate. *(He crosses and places his hat on the sofa table.)* Wouldn't attempt the drive. No sporting instinct. *(moving up to MOLLIE)* Are you Mrs. Ralston? How delightful! My name's Wren.

**MOLLIE.** How do you do, Mr. Wren?

**CHRISTOPHER.** You know you're not at all as I'd pictured you. I've been thinking of you as a retired general's widow, Indian Army. I thought you'd be terrifically grim and Memsahibish, and that the whole place would be simply crammed with Benares brass. Instead, it's heavenly *(crossing below the sofa to left of the sofa table)* - quite heavenly. Lovely proportions. *(pointing at the desk)* That's a fake! *(pointing at the sofa table)* Ah, but this table's genuine. I'm simply going to love this place. *(He moves below the armchair centre.)* Have you got any wax flowers or birds of Paradise?

**MOLLIE.** I'm afraid not.

**CHRISTOPHER.** What a pity! Well, what about a sideboard?

A purple plummy mahogany sideboard with great solid carved fruits on it?

**MOLLIE.** Yes, we have - in the dining-room. *(She glances at the door down right.)*

**CHRISTOPHER.** *(following her glance)* In here?

*(He moves down right and opens the door.)* I must see it.

.... END

## AUDITION PIECE #3 – GILES & MRS BOYLE

*(MOLLIE and CHRISTOPHER exit up the stairs left. GILES scowls and crosses to centre. The doorbell peals. There is a pause then it peals several times impatiently. GILES exits hurriedly up right to the front door. The sound of wind and snow is heard for a moment or two.)*

**MRS. BOYLE.** *(off)* This is Monkswell Manor, I presume?

**GILES.** *(off)* Yes ...

*(MRS. BOYLE enters through the archway up right, carrying a suitcase, some magazines and her gloves. She is a large, imposing woman in a very bad temper.)*

**MRS. BOYLE.** I am Mrs. Boyle. *(She puts down the suitcase.)*

**GILES.** I'm Giles Ralston. Come in to the fire, Mrs. Boyle, and get warm.

*(MRS. BOYLE moves down to the fire.)*

**GILES.** Awful weather, isn't it? Is this your only luggage?

**MRS. BOYLE.** A Major - Metcalf, is it? - is seeing to it.

**GILES.** I'll leave the door for him.

*(GILES goes out to the front door.)*

**MRS. BOYLE.** The taxi wouldn't risk coming up the drive.

*(GILES returns and comes down to left of MRS. BOYLE.)*

**MRS. BOYLE.** It stopped at the gate. We had to share a taxi from the station - and there was great difficulty in getting that. *(accusingly)* Nothing ordered to meet us, it seems.

**GILES.** I'm so sorry. We didn't know what train you would be coming by, you see, otherwise of course, we'd have seen that someone was - er - standing by.

**MRS. BOYLE.** All trains should have been met.

**GILES.** Let me take your coat.

.... END

## **AUDITION PIECE #4 – MRS BOYLE & MAJOR METCALF**

*(Scene - The same. The following afternoon.)*

*(When the curtain rises it is not snowing, but snow can be seen banked high against the window. MAJOR.METCALF is seated on the sofa reading a book, and MRS.BOYLE is sitting in the large armchair right in front of the fire, uniting on a pad on her knee.)*

**MRS. BOYLE.** I consider it most dishonest not to have told me they were only just starting this place.

**MAJOR METCALF.** Well, everything's got to have a beginning, you know. Excellent breakfast this morning. Good coffee. Scrambled eggs, home-made marmalade. And all nicely served, too. Little woman does it all herself.

**MRS. BOYLE.** Amateurs - there should be a proper staff.

**MAJOR METCALF.** Excellent lunch, too.

**MRS.BOYLE.** Cornbeef

**MAJOR METCALF.** But very well disguised cornbeef. Red wine in it. Mrs. Ralston promised to make a pie for us tonight.

**MRS. BOYLE.** *(rising and crossing to the radiator)* These radiators are not really hot. I shall speak about it.

**MAJOR METCALF.** Very comfortable beds, too. At least mine was. Hope yours was, too.

**MRS. BOYLE.** It was quite adequate. *(She returns to the large armchair right and sits.)* I don't quite see why the best bedroom should have been given to that very peculiar young man.

**MAJOR METCALF.** Got here ahead of us. First come, first served.

**MRS. BOYLE.** From the advertisement I got quite a different impression of what this place would be like. A comfortable writing-room, and a much larger place altogether - with bridge and other amenities.

**MAJOR METCALF.** Regular old tabbies' delight.

.... END

## AUDITION PIECE #5 – MISS CASEWELL, CHRISTOPHER & GILES

*(MRS. BOYLE and MOLLIE exit left up the stairs.)*

**CHRISTOPHER.** *(rising; childishly)* I think that's a perfectly horrible woman. I don't like her at all. I'd love to see you tum her out into the snow. Serve her right.

**GILES.** It's a pleasure I've got to forgo, I'm afraid.

*(The door bell peals.)*

Lord, there's another of them. *(GILES goes out to the front door.) (off)* Come in - come in.

*(CHRISTOPHER moves to the sofa and sits. MISS CASEWELL enters up right. She is a young woman of a manly type, and carries a case. She has a long dark coat, a light scarf and no hat. GILES enters)*

**MISS CASEWELL.** *(in a deep, manly voice)* Afraid my car's bogged about half a mile down the road - ran into a drift.

**GILES.** Let me take this. *(He takes her case and puts it right of the refectory table.)* Any more stuff in the car?

**MISS CASEWELL.** *(moving down to the fire)* No, I travel light.

*(GILES moves above the armchair centre.)*

Ha, glad to see you've got a good fire. *(She straddles in front of it in a manly fashion.)*

**GILES.** Er - Mr. Wren - Miss - ?

**MISS CASEWELL.** Casewell. *(She nods to CHRISTOPHER..)*

**GILES.** My wife will be down in a minute.

**MISS CASEWELL.** No hurry. *(She takes off her overcoat.)* Got to get myself thawed out. Looks as though you're going to be snowed up here. *(taking an evening paper from her overcoat pocket)* Weather forecast says heavy falls expected. Motorists warned, etcetera. Hope you've got plenty of provisions in.

**GILES.** Oh yes. My wife's an excellent manager. Anyway, we can always eat our hens.

**MISS CASEWELL.** Before we start eating each other, eh?

*(She laughs stridently and throws the overcoat at GILES, who catches it. She sits in the armchair centre.)*

**CHRISTOPHER.** *(rising and crossing to the fire)* Any news in the paper - apart from the weather?

**MISS CASEWELL.** Usual political crisis. Oh yes, and a rather juicy murder!

**CHRISTOPHER.** A murder? *(turning to MISS CASEWELL)* Oh, I like murder!

**MISS CASEWELL.** *(handing him the paper)* They seem to think it was a homicidal maniac. Strangled a woman somewhere near Paddington. Sex maniac, I suppose.

..... END

## **AUDITION PIECE #6 – PARAVICINI, GILES & MOLLIE**

*(MR. PARAVICINI staggers in up right, carrying a small bag. He is foreign and dark and elderly with a rather flamboyant moustache. He is a slightly taller edition of Hercule Poirot, which may give a wrong impression to the audience. He wears a heavy fur-lined overcoat. He leans on the left side of the arch and puts down the bag. GILES enters.)*

**PARAVICINI.** A thousand pardons. I am - where am I?

**GILES.** This is Monkswell Manor Guest House.

**PARAVICINI.** But what stupendous good fortune! Madame!

*(He moves down to MOLLIE, takes her hand and kisses it.)*

*(GILES crosses above the armchair centre.)*

**PARAVICINI.** What an answer to prayer. A guest house - and a charming hostess. My Rolls Royce, alas, has run into a snowdrift. Blinding snow everywhere. I do not know where I am. Perhaps, I think to myself, I shall freeze to death. And then I take a little bag, I stagger through the snow, I see before me big iron gates. A habitation! I am saved. Twice I fall into the snow as I come up your drive, but at last I arrive and immediately - *(He looks round.)* despair turns to joy. *(changing his manner)* You can let me have a room - yes?

**GILES.** Oh yes ...

**MOLLIE.** It's rather a small one, I'm afraid.

**PARAVICINI.** Naturally- naturally -you have other guests.

**MOLLIE.** We've only just opened this place as a guest house today, and so we're -we're rather new at it.

**PARAVICINI.** *(leering at MOLLIE)* Charming - charming...

**GILES.** What about your luggage?

**PARAVICINI.** That is of no consequence. I have locked the car securely.

**GILES.** But wouldn't it be better to get it in?

**PARAVICINI.** No, no. *(He moves up to right of GILES)}* I can assure you on such a night as this, there will be no thieves abroad. And for me, my wants are very simple. I have all I need - here - in this little bag. Yes, all that I need.

**MOLLIE.** You'd better get thoroughly warm.

..... END

**AUDITION PIECE #7 – INSPECTOR SARGEANT TROTTER, GILES, MRS BOYLE, CHRISTOPHER, MOLLIE, MAJOR METCALF, PARAVICINI**

*(GILES and TROTTER enter from the front door. TROTTER has removed his skis and is carrying them.)*

**GILES.** *(moving right of the arch up right)* Er - this is Detective Sergeant Trotter.

**TROTTER.** *(moving to left of the large armchair)* Good afternoon.

**MRS. BOYLE.** You can't be a sergeant. You're too young.

**TROTTER.** I'm not quite as young as I look, madam.

**CHRISTOPHER.** But terribly hearty.

**GILES.** We'll stow your skis away under the stairs.

*(GILES and TROTTER exit through the archway up right.)*

**MAJOR METCALF.** Excuse me, Mrs. Ralston, but may I use your telephone?

**MOLLIE.** Of course, Major Metcalf.

*(MAJOR METCALF goes to the telephone and dials.)*

**CHRISTOPHER.** *(sitting at the right end of the sofa)* He's very attractive, don't you think so? I always think that policemen are very attractive.

**MRS. BOYLE.** No brains. You can see that at a glance.

**MAJOR METCALF.** *(into the telephone)* Hullo! Hullo!. .. *(to MOLLIE)* Mrs. Ralston, this telephone is dead - quite dead.

**MOLLIE.** It was all right about half an hour ago.

**MAJOR METCALF.** The line's gone with the weight of the snow, I suppose.

**CHRISTOPHER.** *(laughing hysterically)* So we're quite cut off now. Quite cut off. That's funny, isn't it?

**MAJOR METCALF.** *(moving to left of the sofa)* I don't see anything to laugh at.

**MRS. BOYLE.** No, indeed.

**CHRISTOPHER.** Ah, it's a private joke of my own. Hist, the sleuth is returning.

*(TROTTER enters from the archway up right, followed by GILES. TROTTER moves down centre while GILES crosses to left of the sofa table.)*

**TROTTER.** *(taking out his notebook)* Now we can get to business, M r. Ralston. Mrs. Ralston?

*(MOLLIE moves down centre.)*

**GILES.** Do you want to see us alone? If so, we can go into the library. *(He points towards the library door up left.)*

**TROTTER.** *(turning his back to the audience)* It's not necessary, sir. It'll save time if everybody's present. If I might sit at this table? *(He moves up to the right end of the refectory table.)*

**PARAVICINI.** I beg your pardon. *(He moves behind the table to the left end.)*

**TROTTER.** Thank you. *(He settles himself in a judicial manner centre behind the refectory table.)*

**MOLLIE.** Oh, do hurry up and tell us. *(She moves up to the right end of the refectory table.)* What have we done?

**TROTTER.** *(surprised)* Done? Oh, it's nothing of that kind, Mrs. Ralston. It's something quite different. It's more a matter of police protection, if you understand me.

**MOLLIE.** Police protection?

**TROTTER.** It relates to the death of Mrs. Lyon - Mrs.

Maureen Lyon of twenty-four Culver Street, London, West two, who was murdered yesterday, the fifteenth instant. You may have heard or read about the case?

**MOLLIE.** Yes. I heard it on the wireless. The woman who was strangled?

**TROTTER.** That's right, madam. *(to GILES)* The first thing I want to know is if you were acquainted with this Mrs. Lyon.

**GILES.** Never heard of her.

*(MOLLIE shakes her head.)*

**TROTTER.** You mayn't have known of her under the name of Lyon. Lyon wasn't her real name. She had a police record and her fingerprints were on file so we were able to identify her without difficulty. Her real name was Maureen Stanning. Her husband was a farmer, John Stanning, who resided at Longridge Farm not very far from here.

**GILES.** Longridge Farm! Wasn't that where those children...?

**TROTTER.** Yes, the Longridge Farm case.

..... END