



AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

AUDITION PACK

WRITTEN BY
Agatha Christie

23RD – 25TH OCTOBER 2025 AT 7.30PM

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Ten strangers. One deadly secret. No way out.

Step into the chilling suspense of Agatha Christie's most famous mystery. On a remote island off the coast of England, ten guests are lured under different pretenses —only to discover that each harbors a dark past. One by one, they begin to die... and the killer is hiding in plain sight.

As paranoia mounts and trust crumbles, the guests must confront their own guilt before time runs out. With a tightly woven plot and shocking twists, And Then There Were None keeps audiences on the edge of their seats from the first moment to the final, unforgettable revelation.

A masterclass in mystery. A must-see for fans of thrillers and drama.

**TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM
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DIRECTED BY KIERAN JENKINS

PERFORMANCES ON 23 . 24 . 25 OCTOBER 2025 AT 7.30PM

WARBROOK HOUSE HERITAGE HOTEL, THE STREET, EVERSLEY, HAMPSHIRE, RG27 0PL

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THE PLAY

Ten strangers, each harboring a dark secret, are lured to the mysterious and isolated Soldier Island off the coast of Devon under various pretexts—some for employment, others for leisure or reunion. Upon arrival at a grand yet eerily empty mansion, they are greeted not by a host, but by a chilling gramophone recording accusing each of them of murder.

Among the guests is Justice Lawrence Wargrave, a stern and calculating retired judge, who is accused of sentencing an innocent man to death. Vera Claythorne, a reserved former governess, is tormented by the death of a child in her care. Philip Lombard, a soldier of fortune with a cold pragmatism, is said to have abandoned a group of men to die in Africa.

Dr. Edward Armstrong, a respected physician, is accused of causing a woman's death through drunken negligence. William Blore, a former police inspector arriving under an alias, is said to have lied under oath, condemning a man to prison and death. Emily Brent, a rigidly moralistic woman, is accused of driving a young girl to suicide after casting her out in disgrace.

Also present are General John Macarthur, a haunted war veteran who sent a fellow officer to his death; Anthony Marston, a wealthy, arrogant young man who killed two children in a hit-and-run; and the domestic staff, Thomas and Ethel Rogers, a butler and housekeeper accused of letting their ailing employer die by neglect.

After the first sudden death—Marston's, from poisoned drink—it becomes horrifyingly clear that the guests are being murdered one by one, each death eerily mirroring lines from a morbid nursery rhyme, "Ten Little Soldiers," framed in every room. The group realizes that the killer must be among them, and as fear and paranoia mount, alliances fray and accusations fly.

With each passing day, another guest dies—sometimes in plain sight, sometimes under mysterious circumstances—until only a few remain. The survivors desperately try to identify the murderer before they too are claimed by the rhyme. But justice, it seems, is being served by someone with a meticulous and merciless plan.

In the end, no one is safe. As the chilling truth is slowly revealed, the story concludes with one of the most shocking twists in mystery history—where guilt, justice, and retribution collide in total isolation.

THE CHARACTERS

Vera Claythorne | A former governess haunted by a child's death.

Philip Lombard | A daring ex-soldier with a shady past.

Blore | A former cop who lied about his identity.

Emily Brent | A stern, religious woman with no remorse.

Justice Wargrave | A clever, authoritative retired judge.

Dr. Armstrong | A guilty doctor with a drinking problem.

General Mackenzie | A war veteran consumed by guilt.

Mr. Rogers | A proper butler hiding a deadly secret.

Mrs. Rogers | A nervous maid overwhelmed by guilt.

Anthony Marston | A rich, reckless man without remorse.



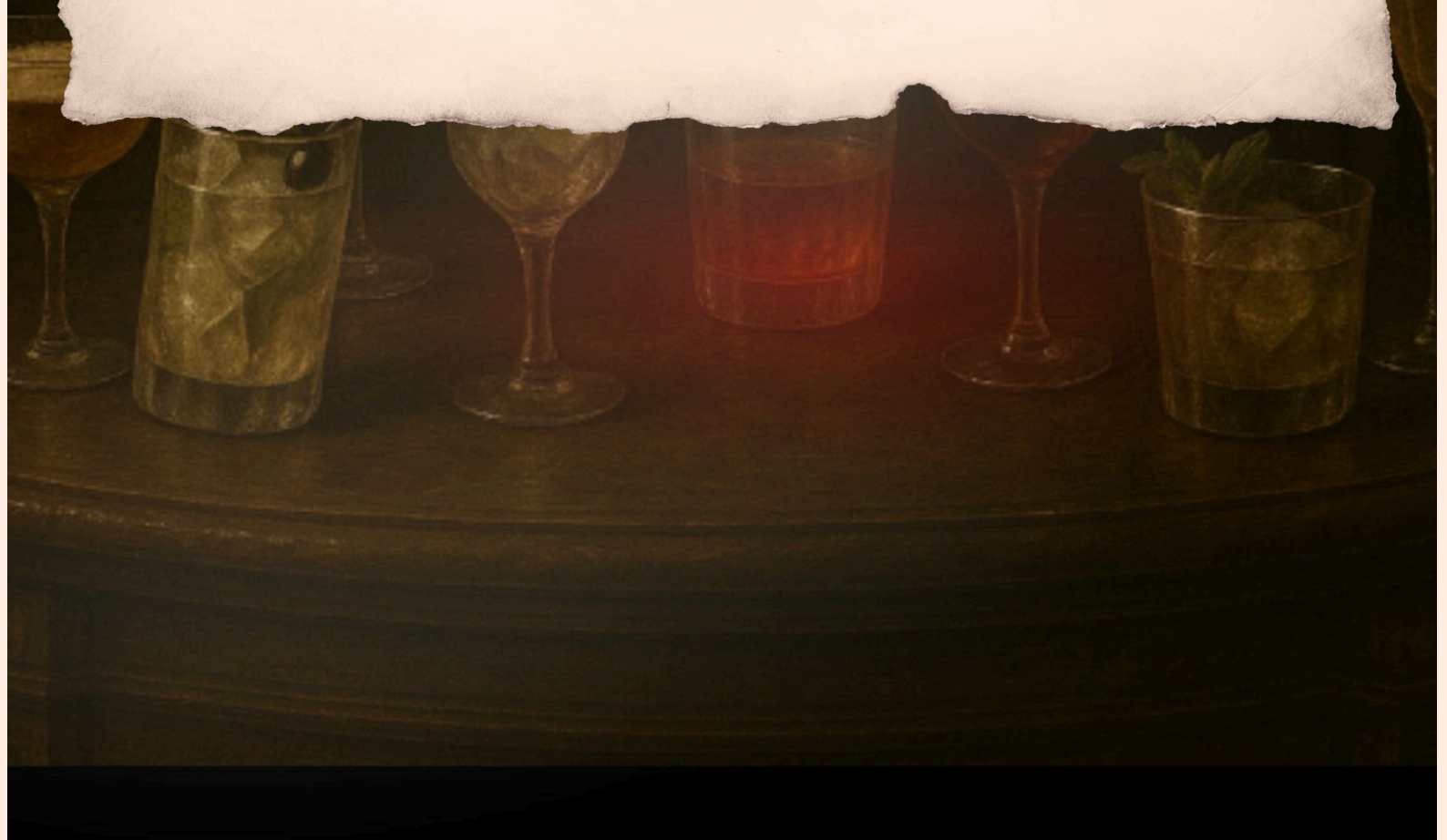
VERA CLAYTHORNE

Playing Age: 18-25

A former governess who comes to Soldier Island to serve as a secretary to Mrs. Owen.

Vera wants to escape a past in which she killed a small boy in her care.

Vera is one of the most intelligent and capable characters in the play, but she also suffers from attacks of hysteria, feels guilty about her crime, and reacts nervously to the uncanny events on the island. The “Ten Little soldier boys” poem has a powerful effect on her.



PHILLIP LOMBARD

Playing Age: 28-35

A mysterious, confident, and resourceful man who seems to have been a mercenary soldier in Africa. Lombard is far bolder and more cunning than most of the other characters, traits that allow him to navigate the uncertainty and danger of his situation.


His weakness is his chivalrous attitude toward women, particularly Vera, with whom he has a number of private conversations. He cannot think of her as a potential killer, and he underestimates her resourcefulness, which may prove a fatal mistake.

BLORE

Playing Age: 40+

As a policeman, he was corrupt and framed a man named Landor at the behest of a criminal gang. On the island, he adopts the alias of 'Davies'- a South African native.... with not very effective results.

He acts boldly and frequently takes initiative, consistently looking at the whom the killer amount them might be but he also makes frequent blunders. He constantly suspects the wrong person, and his boldness often verges on foolhardiness.

A stack of books is shown in the background. The top book is green. The bottom book is purple and has the words "HOLY BIBLE" embossed on its spine in a serif font.

HOLY BIBLE

EMILY BRENT

Playing Age: 40+

A sharp ruthlessly religious woman who reads her Bible every day. The recording accuses Emily Brent of killing Beatrice Taylor, a servant whom she fired upon learning that Beatrice was pregnant out of wedlock. Beatrice subsequently killed herself. Unlike the other characters, Emily Brent feels convinced of her own righteousness and does not express the slightest remorse for her actions. Rather than directly engaging with the investigations Emily holds firm on her values and the social expectations of someone of her stature.



WARGRAVE

Playing Age: 55+

A recently retired judge. Wargrave is a highly intelligent old man with a commanding personality. As the characters begin to realize that a murderer is hunting them, Wargrave's experience and air of authority make him a natural leader for the group. He lays out evidence, organizes searches, and ensures that weapons are locked away safely. Almost every character looks to him for guidance, and his command of the situation places him outside the realm of suspicion for most people.



DR. ARMSTRONG

Playing Age: 35+

Armstrong often draws the suspicion of the other guests because of his medical knowledge. He is a recovering alcoholic who once accidentally killed a patient by operating on her while drunk, though he mostly denies this throughout the play.

While professionally successful, has a weak personality, making him the perfect tool for the murderer. He has spent his whole life pursuing respectability and public success, and is unable to see beneath people's exteriors. When the situation starts to get really dire Armstrong loses all composure and looks to be led by his emotions.



GENERAL MACKENZIE

Playing Age: 50+

A serving general in the war, Mackenzie is accused of sending his trusted lieutenant Arthur Richmond to his death during the Great War after he found out that Richmond was his wife's Leslie's lover. Leslie dies not long after the war.

Already guilt-ridden about his crime, he becomes resigned to their situation on the island, feeling that the end is drawing near for all of them, the general sees it as a relief, and perhaps a chance to see his dearly departed wife again.



ROGERS

Playing Age: 40+

A professional parlour man, Rogers and his wife are hired by Mr and Mrs Owen to manage the house in preparation for the guests arrival. They have been given clear written directions by their unknown employers, even being given a special instruction to play a record on a gramophone when all of the guests have arrived.

Rogers continues to be a serve the group even after his wife is found dead and the bodies begin piling up, almost running as an automaton. The recording accuses Rogers and his wife of letting their former employer die because they stood to inherit money from her. He is shifty, moves silently across the room and is a lot of people's obvious choice as a murderer.

MRS. ROGERS

Playing Age: 40+

In the opening of the play, Mrs Rogers appears quite confident, laying out her opinions on the guests and complaining to her husband about being so far out from the mainland as well as having no additional staff to support them. After the announcement, her demeanour shifts and she faints in front of the other guests.

Her death happens offstage however her loss weighs very heavy on Mr Rogers who becomes an automated shell of himself when he finds her.

MARSTON

Playing Age: 20-30

A rich, athletic, handsome youth. Marston likes to drive recklessly and seems to lack a conscience.

He is accused of killing two small children in a car accident caused by his speeding, but shows no remorse. Armstrong also accuses Marston of driving him off of the road into a ditch as they were travelling to the island. Marston again shows no remorse.

The first of our cast of characters to die, Marston's death marks the point of no return in the play, and the lack of his huge personality sets the tone of things to come.

WARGRAVE

AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 1

(WARGRAVE raises a hand for silence.)

WARGRAVE. I wish to say this. Our unknown friend accuses me of the murder of one Edward Seton. I remember Seton perfectly well. He came up before me for trial in June, 1930. He was charged with the murder of an elderly woman. He was very ably defended and made a good impression on the jury in the witness box.

Nevertheless, on the evidence he was certainly guilty. I summed up accordingly and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. In passing sentence of death, I fully concurred with this verdict. The appeal was lodged on the grounds of misdirection. The appeal was dismissed and the man was duly executed. (Pause.) I wish to say before you all that my conscience is perfectly clear on the matter. I did my duty and nothing more. I passed sentence on a rightly convicted murderer.

SIDE 2

(WARGRAVE looks at her intensely then smiles.)

WARGRAVE. You know my dear you were one of the last of my guests to be recruited. I happened to be crossing the Atlantic at the time and late one night the sole occupants of the smoking room were myself and a good-looking young man. He had taken a considerable quantity of drink and was in a maudlin, confidential state. He told me the most intriguing story. I can remember his words now.

(WARGRAVE bends down to meet VERA's eyes.)

"I've known a murderess - known her I tell you. And what's more I was crazy about her."

(VERA shakes her head in horror.)

"You wouldn't think a girl like that - a nice straight jolly girl - would take a kid out to sea and let it drown?"

VERA. No - please -

WARGRAVE. Naturally I had to be absolutely certain, so I asked if he was sure and suddenly sober he thrust his face into mine:

"Quite sure. You see, she did it for me. I knew the moment I looked at her..."

MR & MRS ROGERS

AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 1

ROGERS. 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.

SIDE 2

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, there you are, Rogers. You ought to clear these dirty glasses. You're always leaving the dirty work to me. Here I am with a four-course dinner on my hands and no one to help me. You might come and give me a hand with the dishing up. Who was it that you were talking to, by the way?

ROGERS. Davis. South African gentleman. No class if you ask me and no money either.

MRS. ROGERS. I don't like him - Don't like any of 'em much. More like that bunch we had in the boarding house, I'd say.

ROGERS. Davis gives out he's a millionaire or something. You should see his underwear! Cheap as they make 'em.

MRS. ROGERS. Well, as I said, it's not treating us right. All these visitors arriving today and the maids not coming till tomorrow. What do they think we are?

ROGERS. Now, then - Anyway, the money's good.

MRS. ROGERS. So it ought to be! Catch me going into service again unless the money was good.

ROGERS. Well, it is good, so what are you going on about?

MRS. ROGERS. Well, I can tell you this, Rogers. I'm not staying any place where I'm put upon. Cooking's my business! I'm a good cook -

ROGERS. (Soothingly.) First rate, old girl.

MRS. ROGERS. But the kitchen's my place and housework's none of my business. All these guests! I've a good mind to put my hat and coat on and walk out now and go straight back to Plymouth.

ROGERS. (Grinning.) You can't do that, old girl,

MRS. ROGERS. (Belligerently.) Who says I can't? Why not, I should like to know?

ROGERS. Because you're on an island, old girl. Had you forgotten that?

MRS. ROGERS. Yes, and I don't know as I fancy being on an island.

ROGERS. Don't know that I do, either, come to that. No slipping down to a pub, or going to the pictures. Oh, well, it's double wages on account of the difficulties. And there's plenty of beer in the house.

MRS. ROGERS. That's all you ever think about - beer.

BLORE

AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 1

LOMBARD. So that's your idea?

BLORE. Well, why not? You heard that accusation last night. What if it's true? Miss Brent thinks it is, for one. Rogers and his missus did the old lady in. They're feeling quite safe and happy about it -

VERA. Happy?

BLORE. 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.

SIDE 2

LOMBARD. What a dog of the bulldog breed you are, Blore. By the way, between friends and without prejudice, you did go in for that little spot of perjury, didn't you?

BLORE. (Hesitating.) Well, I don't suppose it makes any odds now. Landor was innocent, all right. The gang squared me and between us we put him away for a stretch. Mind you, I wouldn't admit it now if it wasn't that

LOMBARD. You think we're all in the same boat?

BLORE. Well, I couldn't admit it in front of Mr. Justice Wargrave, could I?

LOMBARD. No, hardly.

BLORE. I say, that fellow Seton, do you think he was innocent?

LOMBARD. I'm quite sure of it. Wargrave had a reason for wanting him out of the way. Well, Blore, I'm delighted you've come of your virtuous perch. I hope you made a tidy bit out of it?

BLORE. (Injured.) Nothing like what I ought to have done. They're a mean lot, that Benny gang. I got my promotion, though.

LOMBARD. And Landor got penal servitude and died in gaol.

BLORE. I couldn't tell he was going to die, could I?

LOMBARD. No, that was your bad luck.

BLORE. His, you mean.

LOMBARD. Yours, too. Because as a result of that fact you may get your life cut short unpleasantly soon.

BLORE. What? Me? By Armstrong? I'll watch it.

LOMBARD. You'll have to. Remember there are only three soldier boys there.

BLORE. Well, what about you?

LOMBARD. I shall be quite all right, thank you. I've been in tight places before and I've got out of them. And I mean to get out of this one. (Pause.) Besides, I've got a revolver.

BLORE

AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 3

BLORE. Yes that revolver. Now listen. You said you found it lying down there. What's to prove you haven't had it all the time?

LOMBARD. Same old gramophone record! No room in your head for more than one idea at a time, is there?

BLORE. No, but it's a good idea.

LOMBARD. And you're sticking to it.

BLORE. And I would have thought up a better story than that, if I were you.

LOMBARD. I only wanted something simple that a policeman could understand.

BLORE. What's wrong with the police?

LOMBARD. Nothing - now that you've left the force.

BLORE. Now look here, Captain Lombard, if you're an honest man, as you pretend-

LOMBARD. Oh, come, Blore, we're neither of us honest.

BLORE. If you're telling the truth for once, you ought to do the square thing and chuck that revolver down there.

LOMBARD. Don't be an ass.

BLORE. I've said I'll go through the house looking for Armstrong, haven't I? If I'm willing to do that, will you lend me that revolver?

LOMBARD. No, I won't. That revolver's mine. It's my revolver and I'm sticking to it.

BLORE. (Angrily.) Then do you know what I'm beginning to think?

LOMBARD. You're not beginning to think it, you square-headed flattie. You thought it last night, and now you've gone back to your original idea. I'm the one and only

U.N. Unknown Owen. Is that it?

BLORE. I won't contradict you.

LOMBARD. Well, think what you damned well please. But I warn you-

VERA. (Incisively.) I think you are both behaving like a pair of children.

GENERAL MACKENZIE

AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 1

MACKENZIE. I wish I could find Lesley.

VERA. Your wife?

MACKENZIE. Yes. I wish you'd known her. She was so pretty. So gay-

VERA. Was she?

MACKENZIE. 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 A.D.C. (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 -

VERA. Oh, no.

MACKENZIE. It's all right, my dear. It's a long time ago. But you see I loved her very much and believed in her. I didn't say anything to him - I let it gather inside - here - (He strikes his chest.) a slow, murderous rage - damned young hypocrite - I'd liked the boy - trusted him.

(VERA looks about nervously.)

VERA. I wonder what the others are doing?

MACKENZIE. I sent him to his death.

VERA. Oh -

MACKENZIE. It was quite easy. Mistakes were being made all the time. All anyone could say was that I'd lost my nerve a bit, made a blunder, sacrificed one of my best men. Yes, it was quite easy (Pause.) Lesley never knew. I never told her I'd found out. We went on as usual but somehow nothing was quite real any more. She died of pneumonia. (Pause.) She had a heart-shaped face- and grey eyes - and brown hair that curled.

VERA. Oh, don't.

MACKENZIE. Yes, I suppose in a way it was murder. Curious, murder - and I've always been such a law-abiding man. It didn't feel like that at the time. "Serves him damn well right!" that's what I thought. But after - *(Pause.) Well, you know, don't you?

(VERA is at a loss.)

VERA. What do you mean?

(MACKENZIE stares at her as though something puzzles him.)

MACKENZIE. You don't seem to understand - I thought you would. I thought you'd be glad, too, that the end was coming -

VERA. I -

(MACKENZIE follows her. VERA looks round for help.)

MACKENZIE. We're all going to die, you know.

VERA. I - I don't know.

MACKENZIE. You're very young - you haven't got to that yet. The relief! The blessed relief when you know that you've done with it all, that you haven't got to carry the burden any longer.

VERA. General -

MACKENZIE. Don't talk to me that way. You don't understand. I want to sit here and wait - wait for Lesley to come for me.

GENERAL MACKENZIE

AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 2

MACKENZIE. Fellow's a madman. Absolute madman. Got a 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.



EMILY BRENT

AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 1

EMILY. Now that we are 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 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 behaviour.

VERA. What happened?

EMILY. (Self-righteously) Naturally, I refused to keep her an hour under my roof. No one shall ever say I condoned immorality.

VERA. Did she drown herself?

EMILY. Yes.

VERA. How old was she?

EMILY. Seventeen.

VERA. Only seventeen.

EMILY. Quite old enough to know how to behave. I told her what a low depraved thing she was. I told her that she was beyond the pale and that no decent person would take her into their house. I told her that her child would be the child of sin and would be branded all its life - and that the man would naturally not dream of marrying her. I told her that I felt soiled by ever having her under my roof-

VERA. (Shuddering.) You told a girl of seventeen all that?

EMILY. Yes. I'm glad to say I broke her down utterly.

VERA. Poor little devil.

EMILY. I've no patience with this indulgence toward sin.

VERA. And then, I suppose, you turned her out of the house?

EMILY. Of course.

VERA. And she didn't dare go home - What did you feel like when you found she'd drowned herself?

EMILY. (Puzzled.) Feel like?

VERA. Yes. Didn't you blame yourself?

EMILY. Certainly not. I had nothing with which to reproach myself.

VERA. I believe - I believe you really feel like that. That makes it even more horrible.

VERA & LOMBARD

AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 1

VERA. You've been here before?

LOMBARD. No - but I've heard a lot about the place.

VERA. From Mr. and Mrs. Owen?

LOMBARD. No, old Johnny Brewer, a pal of mine, built this house it's a sad and poignant story.

VERA. A love story?

LOMBARD. Yes, ma'am - the saddest of all. He was a wealthy old boy and fell in love with the famous Lily Logan married her - bought the island and built this place for her.

VERA. Sounds most romantic.

LOMBARD. Poor Johnny! He thought by cutting her off from the rest of the world - without even a telephone as means of communication - he could hold her.

VERA. But of course the fair Lily tired of her ivory tower - and escaped?

LOMBARD. U'huh. Johnny went back to Wall Street, made a few more millions, and the place was sold.

VERA. And here we are. Well, I ought to find Mrs. Owen. The others will be up in a minute.

(VERA makes to the hall door. LOMBARD stops her)

LOMBARD. It would be very rude to leave me here all by myself.

VERA. Would it? Oh, well, I wonder where she is?

LOMBARD. She'll come along when she's ready. While we're waiting, do you think I could have a drink? I'm very dry.

VERA. Of course you could.

LOMBARD. It's certainly warm after that steep climb. What's yours?

VERA. No, thanks, not for me - not on duty.

LOMBARD. A good secretary is never on duty.

(VERA looks round the room.)

VERA. Really. This is exciting!

LOMBARD. What?

VERA. All this. The smell of the sea - the gulls - the beach and this lovely house. I am going to enjoy myself.

LOMBARD. I think you are. I think we both are. Here's to you - you're very lovely.

VERA & LOMBARD

AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 2

VERA. Now we know where we are?

LOMBARD. A very pretty trick of yours, with that wire. Quite neat. Old Wargrave always knew you were dangerous.

VERA. You-

LOMBARD. So you did drown that kid after all.

VERA. I didn't! That's where you're wrong. Please believe me. Please listen to me!

LOMBARD. I'm listening. You'd better make it a good story.

VERA. It isn't a story. It's the truth. I didn't kill that child. It was someone else.

LOMBARD. Who?

VERA. A man. Peter's uncle. I was in love with him.

LOMBARD. This is getting quite interesting.

VERA. Don't sneer. It was hell. Absolute hell. Peter was born after his father's death. If he'd been a girl, Hugh would have got everything.

LOMBARD. Well-known tale of the wicked uncle.

VERA. 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."

LOMBARD. Go on. This is interesting.

VERA. 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.

LOMBARD. And everything went of well at the inquest. They called you a plucky girl, and you kept discreetly quiet about Hugh's part in the business.

VERA. Do you think anyone would have believed me? Besides, I couldn't! I really was in love with him.

LOMBARD. Well, it's a pretty story. And then I suppose Hugh let you down?

VERA. Do you think I ever wanted to see him again?

LOMBARD. You certainly are an accomplished liar, Vera.

VERA. Can't you believe the truth when you hear it?

LOMBARD. Who set the trap that killed Blore? I didn't -and Armstrong's dead. I've broken most of the Commandments in my time - and I'm no saint. But there's one thing I won't stand for and that's murder.

VERA. You won't stand for murder. What about those natives you left to die in Africa?

LOMBARD. That's what's so damn funny - I didn't.

VERA. What do you mean?

LOMBARD. For once just once, mark you, I played the hero. Risked my life to save the lives of my men, left them my rifle and ammunition and all the food there and took a chance through the bush. By the most incredible luck it came of - but it wasn't in time to save them. And the rumour got around that I'd deliberately abandoned my men. There's life for you!

VERA. Do you expect me to believe that? Why, you actually admitted the whole thing.

LOMBARD. I know. I got such a kick out of watching their faces.

VERA. You can't fool me with a stupid lie like that.

LOMBARD. Blast you!

VERA. Why didn't I see it before? It's there in your face- the face of a killer -

DR. ARMSTRONG

AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 1

(BLORE looks around at everyone.)

BLORE. The doctor says there are some lunatics you'd never know were lunatics. That's true enough, I'd say.

ARMSTRONG. We - we shouldn't just sit here, doing nothing! There must be something - surely, surely, there is something that we can do? If we lit a bonfire -

BLORE. In this weather?

WARGRAVE. It is, I am afraid, a question of time and patience. The weather will clear. Then we can do something. Light a bonfire, heliograph, signal.

(ARMSTRONG laughs in an unbalanced way.)

ARMSTRONG. A question of time - time? We can't afford time. We shall all be dead.

WARGRAVE. I think the precautions we have now adopted will be adequate.

ARMSTRONG. I tell you we shall all be dead. All but one- he'll think up something else - he's thinking now-

LOMBARD. Poor Louise - what was her name - Clees? Was it nerves that made you do her in, Doctor?

SIDE 2

ARMSTRONG. (Mechanically.) No, drink. I used to be a heavy drinker. God help me, I was drunk when I operated quite a simple operation. My hand shaking all over the place - I can remember her now - a big, heavy, countrified woman. And I killed her!

(ARMSTRONG buries his face in his hands.)

LOMBARD. So I was right - that's how it was?

ARMSTRONG. Sister knew, of course, but she was loyal to me - or to the hospital. I gave up drink - gave it up altogether. I went in for a study of nervous diseases.

WARGRAVE. Very successfully.

ARMSTRONG. One or two lucky shots. Good results with one or two important women. They talked to their friends. For the last year or two I've been so busy I've hardly known which way to turn. I'd got to the top of the tree.

LOMBARD. Until Mr. Unknown Owen - and down will come cradle and doctor and all.

ARMSTRONG. Will you stop your damnable sneering and joking?

WARGRAVE. Gentlemen, gentlemen, please. We can't afford to quarrel.

LOMBARD. That's okay by me. I apologise.

ARMSTRONG. It's this terrible inactivity that gets on my nerves.

MARSTON

AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 1

MARSTON. Absolutely wizard car - a super-charged Sports Varletti Carlotta. You don't see many of them on the road. I can get over a hundred out of her.
(VERA sits.)

BLORE. Did you come from London?

MARSTON. Yes, two hundred and eight miles and I did it in a bit over four hours.
(ARMSTRONG turns and looks at him.) Too many cars on the road, though, to keep it up.

Touched ninety going over Salisbury Plain. Not too bad, eh?

ARMSTRONG. I think you passed me on the road.

MARSTON. Oh, yes?

ARMSTRONG. You nearly drove me into the ditch.

MARSTON. (Unmoved.) Did I? Sorry.

ARMSTRONG. If I'd seen your number, I'd have reported you.

MARSTON. But you were footling along in the middle of the road.

ARMSTRONG. Footling? Me footling?

(BLORE attempts to relieve the atmosphere.)

BLORE. Oh, well, what about a drink?

MARSTON. Good idea.

SIDE 2

MARSTON. Old Badger Berkeley rolled up yet?

LOMBARD. Who did you say?

MARSTON. Badger Berkeley. He roped me in for this show. When's he coming?

LOMBARD. I don't think he is coming. Nobody of the name of Berkeley.

MARSTON. (Flabbergasted.) The dirty old double-crosser! He's let me down.

Well, it's a pretty wizard island. Rather a wizard girl, that secretary. She ought to liven things up a bit. I say, old man, what about dressing for dinner if there's time?

LOMBARD. Let's go and explore.

MARSTON. How wizard!

LOMBARD. Things are a bit at sixes and sevens with the Owens not turning up.

MARSTON. Tricky, what? I say, wizard place for a holiday, what?

HOW TO APPLY

To be considered, please carefully follow the submission guidelines outlined below.

To apply, please complete an audition form [here](#). We would love to see you audition in person on Sunday 22nd June - auditions will be taking place at the Ian Goodchild Centre in Camberley between 10am and 4pm. You may choose a preferred time slot within the form.

For the audition, please prepare chosen sides for one (or more) of the characters for whom you wish to audition. The panel will read in lines as necessary for each side.

If you are unable to attend the audition in person, we would love for you to send a self-tape audition. This can be filmed on any device, using the following format:

At the start of your self-tape, clearly state your full name, age and the role or roles you are auditioning for. Please ensure the video is well-lit, recorded in a quiet space, and that your voice is clearly audible. Please perform a scene from your chosen character(s) as provided. Make sure your audition file is labelled with your full name and the role (e.g., Jane_Doe_Vera.mp4) and a link to your self tape emailed to attwncamus@gmail.com

The actors should be available for scheduled rehearsals and performance dates, which will be shared with selected candidates. If you have any conflicts, please mention them in your audition form.

We look forward to receiving your submission. Break a leg!