

The Play That Goes Wrong – Audition Sides

CHRIS sides

CHRIS Side 1 (as Director):

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and... (*CHRIS steps forward into the spotlight*) ...welcome to the Cornley Drama Society's presentation of *The Murder at Haversham Manor*. Please allow me to introduce myself; I am Chris, the director, and I would like to personally welcome you to what will be my directorial debut (*pronounced "day-boo"*) and my first production as head of the drama society.

Firstly, I would like to apologize to those of you involved in our little box office mix-up. I do hope the six hundred seventeen of you affected will enjoy our little murder mystery just as much as you would have enjoyed *Hamilton*.

We are particularly excited to present this play because, for the first time in the society's history, we've managed to find a play that fits the number of society members perfectly. If we're honest a lack of members has sometimes hampered past productions, such as last year's Chekov play... *Two Sisters*. Last Christmas' *The Lion and the Wardrobe*. Or indeed our summer musical, *Cat*.

Of course this will be the first time the society has been able to stage a play of this scale and we are thrilled. It's no secret we usually have to contend with a small budget, as was evident in our recent production of Roald Dahl's classic *James and the Giant Peach*. Of course during the run of that particular show the peach we had went off, and we were forced to present a hastily devised alternative entitled *James! Where's Your Peach?*

Anyway on to the main event, which I am confident will be our best show yet! So ladies and gentlemen, without any further ado, please put your hands together— (*if the audience starts to clap too early, CHRIS can say "no yet"*) —for Susie H.K. Brideswell's thrilling whodunit – *The Murder at Haversham Manor*.

CHRIS Side 2 (as Inspector):

CHRIS

I must speak with you, Thomas.

ROBERT

Of course, Carter.

CHRIS

Are you sitting comfortably?

ROBERT

Most comfortably, Inspector.

DENNIS and ANNIE try to push ROBERT up.

CHRIS

Before we speak, I must check no one else is in earshot.

ROBERT

No one else is here, Inspector.

CHRIS

Very well. Colleymoore, I have found the weapon that was used to kill Cecil Haversham.

ROBERT manages to get up onto the upper level and takes the gun from CHRIS.

ROBERT

Good Lord, where was it?

CHRIS

In the library, lying on the table. Muzzle warm and the barrel still smoking.

ROBERT

Someone killed Cecil with this?

CHRIS

Yes, less than half an hour ago.

ROBERT

But who?

CHRIS

I was hoping you would be able to tell me that, Colleymoore. After all we are friends, aren't we?

ROBERT

I have no idea who killed Cecil, I was down in the kitchens when I heard the gunshots, fetching my sister some refreshment... *ROBERT forgets his line. Line!*

TREVOR/TINA

(on his way out of their tech box.) I don't know what page we're on, buddy.

ROBERT

I don't know what page we're on, buddy.

ROBERT realizes this isn't the line and looks to TREVOR/TINA furiously.

CHRIS

(prompts ROBERT.) Besides why would I / want to...

ROBERT

Besides why would I want to kill my oldest friend's younger brother?

CHRIS

Perhaps because you found out about his affair with Florence. We all know you're a jealous man, Colleymoore; ruthlessly protective of your sister.

ROBERT

Protective! I approve of whatever makes my sister happy.

CHRIS

Don't play the fool with me, Thomas. You shot Cecil Heversham in cold blood and you know that wasn't the plan.