

MURDER!

in Little Grimley

by

David Tristram

Featuring all the usual suspects...

GORDON

MARGARET

JOYCE

BERNARD

and introducing...

SAM

(The Detective)

The detective can be played as male or female,
with a couple of obvious word tweaks.
Either works just as well, just choose your strongest casting option.

This play contains the occasional naughty word. In context and played properly, my view is that it simply serves to heighten the comedy. But I also realise that not everyone is comfortable with certain degrees of swearing, so feel free to soften the odd word here and there to find the right balance for you. No permission needed for script amendments on that basis.

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MURDER IN LITTLE GRIMLEY

BY DAVID TRISTRAM

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MURDER IN LITTLE GRIMLEY

Ominous music pervades as Joyce enters the meeting room in darkness. She switches on the lights and starts to organise a couple of chairs, but then suddenly turns and notices a strange large object covered in a dust sheet in the opposite corner of the room. She approaches it, curious but wary. She finally plucks up courage to whip off the dust sheet. Underneath, slumped in a chair, is Gordon. There is an enormous dagger stuck in his chest, his shirt is drenched in blood. Joyce gasps and lets out a blood-curdling scream as she backs away.

Moments later, Bernard comes dashing into the room.

Bernard: Joyce! What's up? I heard the scream from the car park!

Joyce: *(hysterical and barely able to speak, she points to the 'body' with a trembling hand)* Look!

Bernard slowly turns, sees Gordon, and then addresses him calmly.

Bernard: Evening, Gordon.

Gordon: *(instantly coming to life)* Evening, Bernard.

Joyce, equally shocked by Gordon's miraculous recovery, just screams once again.

Gordon: All right, Joyce?

Joyce: What the hell?

Bernard: Well, that was fun.

Joyce: Fun? Fun??

Gordon: Just a little practical joke, Joyce. No need to be over-dramatic.

Joyce: I thought you were dead, Gordon!

Gordon: Yes, but I wasn't Joyce. Happy ending.

Joyce: (*suddenly realising her discomfort*) Uh! I think I've wet my panties.

Gordon: Oh, lovely.

Bernard: Could have been worse, Joyce.

Joyce: You...you two were in on this together!

Bernard: Well, the dagger and fake blood was Gordon's idea. But I added the dust sheet.

Joyce: What on earth do you...you...children...think you were up to?

Gordon: Just demonstrating the power of the genre, Joyce.

Joyce: What are you talking about, Gordon?

Gordon: Murder, Joyce. One of the most powerful and popular themes in the history of theatre. Everybody loves a good murder mystery. So I've decided that murder should be at the core of our next production. Consequently I, your distinguished chairman, am currently writing our very own murder mystery. And what you have just witnessed, Joyce, is the memorable way that it will start.

Joyce: Well, that's all well and good, Gordon. But unforgiveable. So, if you'll excuse me for a moment...I'm...damp.

Joyce heads off to the toilet.

Bernard: I think that went pretty well.

Gordon: Brilliantly, Bernard. Shall we try it again when Margaret comes?

Bernard: That'd be delightful. (*Bernard cracks open a banana and starts consuming it*) So how's the play coming on?

Gordon: Though I say it myself, Bernard, it's a corker. I think I've finally found my forte. Early days, but the plot so far is intriguing.

Bernard: Cut the waffle, can I be the one who gets killed?

Gordon: Why?

Bernard: I'm guessing the dead body won't have any lines to learn.

Gordon: I see. 'Fraid not, Bernard. You can't escape that easily.

Bernard: Why not?

Gordon: Because it's a whodunit, Bernard. Can't afford to waste an actor.

So I'm playing the detective...

Bernard: Of course...

Gordon: You play the thick Police Sergeant that makes me look clever...

Bernard: Cheers...

Gordon: Margaret will be the villain...

Bernard: Naturally...

Gordon: And Joyce can be the dead body.

Bernard: I thought you said you couldn't afford to waste an actor?

Gordon: I did.

Bernard: Right, gotcha, so Joyce is the dead body.

Joyce enters, haughtily.

Gordon: Better, Joyce?

Joyce: Yes, thank you. But I presume I don't have to remind you that what you just did was completely childish, dangerous, despicable and, I repeat, unforgiveable.

Bernard: We thought we'd try it out on Margaret as well.

Joyce: (*excitedly clapping*) Oh! Can we?

Gordon: We can, Joyce – all you have to do is just play along like you were seeing it for the very first time. Can you manage that?

Joyce: You know I can, Gordon!

Gordon: No, sadly, Joyce, I don't. But we'll give it a go anyway.

We hear a car pull up outside.

Bernard: Actually I think she's here...

Gordon: Right, positions everybody. Grab the dust sheet, Joyce. And as soon as Margaret is still outside but within earshot of the door, scream, just like before.

Joyce: You can rely on me, Gordon!

Gordon: (*muttering to himself*) No I can't, Joyce, we've been over this.

Bernard: What about me?

Gordon: Keep it simple, Bernard. Bugger off to the loo and finish your banana.

Bernard: Right.

Joyce: Good luck, Bernard!

Gordon 'plays dead' again on the chair. We hear a car door slam. Joyce, clutching the dust sheet, is distracted momentarily by watching Bernard giving her a quick 'thumbs up' as he exits on the opposite side. For a brief moment Joyce's eyes are then screwed tightly shut, as she silently concentrates on practising the next move. Consequently, she doesn't see Margaret enter and give her a bemused look.

Margaret: On your own, Joyce?

Joyce spins round, sees Margaret, and panics.

Joyce: Oh! Margaret. Er...

Joyce then belatedly screams and starts pointing wildly in the direction of Gordon. An unimpressed Margaret turns to see 'the body'.

Margaret: Evening, Gordon.

Gordon: Evening, Margaret.

Margaret: Playing silly buggers are we?

Gordon: Not entirely, Margaret. There's method in my madness.

Joyce: You weren't fooled, Margaret?

Margaret: No, Joyce.

Joyce: But how?

Margaret: Well, for a start, Joyce, when I came in just, you were pretending to be scared, weren't you.

Joyce: Yes, Margaret.

Margaret: Well, pretending is a form of acting, Joyce, and you can't do that.

Joyce: Oh.

Margaret: Besides, I was in the joke shop today buying a present for my niece, and Mrs O'Grady mentioned that Gordon had been in and purchased a rubber dagger and some fake blood. So I suspected that he might be up to something silly. Too early for Halloween.

Bernard enters.

Bernard: Oh, I don't know. The head witch has just flown in.

Margaret: Oh. Evening, Bernard. It is Bernard isn't it? I didn't recognise you without a banana in your trap.

Bernard: What's with all the constant banana jokes, Margaret? I don't eat that many bananas.

A small pause. Then Gordon, Margaret and Joyce answer in unison:

"Yes you do, Bernard."

Bernard: I haven't had one for ages.

Margaret: Bernard. There's an actual banana skin sticking out of your pocket, right now.

Bernard: Yeah, well. I didn't want to flush it down the loo.

Margaret: Oh, very admirable, Bernard. Considering what happened last time you did that.

Joyce: What happened last time?

Gordon: Septic tank blocked, Joyce. Backed up and over-flowed into the car park. You don't want to know the details.

Margaret: Right in the middle of our busiest panto season. Disgusting. Our loyal patrons come here for an evening at the theatre. They do not expect to have to wade through piles of crap.

Gordon: To be fair Margaret, they do.

Bernard: Yes, and who had to unblock the septic tank, eh? Not Lady Penelope here was it?

Margaret: You can sort out your own mess, Bernard.

Gordon: All right! All right...calm down everyone. Shall we get to the business in hand, before we end up with a real-life motive for murder?

Bernard: Oh, I see what you did there, Gordon. Very good.

Margaret: What's he talking about?

Gordon: He's talking about our next production, Margaret. I've decided we should do a murder mystery. Everyone loves a murder mystery. So I have started writing my very own whodunit.

Margaret: Have you lost your mind? We tried doing one of your murder mysteries before, remember? It was called Death in the Toilet, and it died on its arse.

Gordon: That's different, Margaret. I was inexperienced then.

Margaret: And now you're suddenly Agatha Christie are you?

Gordon: Well, though I say it myself...

Margaret: Because no-one else will...

Gordon: This has all the ingredients of a winner.

Joyce: Ooh, tell us more, Gordon.

Gordon: It's called 'The Joke Shop Murders' Joyce, inspired by my recent visit to Mrs O'Grady's. And though I say it myself, it's ingenious. The joke shop proprietor, no less, is found dead – apparently stabbed through the chest by a retractable dagger. Everyone is baffled, until eventually, the case is cracked by the ingenious sleuth, who notices that the retractable dagger mechanism had been tampered with, thus turning the toy into a lethal weapon. The deadly blow is then administered by the hands of an innocent colleague.

Bernard: Eh, that's cracking. Can we write in the dust sheet? That was my idea.

Gordon: Question is, Bernard, how would an innocent colleague who'd just accidentally stabbed someone with a toy dagger instinctively react? Would they scream, crap themselves and call the police? Or would they cover the body with a dust sheet and do a runner?

Bernard: Dust sheet, every time.

Gordon: Fair enough.

Margaret: Mmm. Ingenious sleuth, eh?

Joyce: Yes, you know, Margaret – like Miss Marple!

Margaret: You intrigue me greatly. So I am to be cast as an ingenious sleuth? I admit that does have a certain appeal.

Gordon: Actually, Margaret, it's more Poirot than Marple.

Margaret: How so?

Gordon: Because in this particular case, the ingenious sleuth...is male.

Margaret: (*a thoughtful pause*) I see. Well, good luck with it, Gordon.

Margaret heads for the door.

Gordon: Margaret – where are you going?

Margaret: Home, Gordon. Somewhere I know I'll be appreciated.

Gordon: Margaret, stop! All right. You win. Resistance is futile. You can

be the bloody detective.

Margaret: Thank you, Gordon.

Gordon: But it does mean that your police assistant will be Bernard.

Bernard: (*winking*) All right, boss?

Margaret: I do not need an assistant, Gordon.

Gordon: Your character needs someone to bounce off, Margaret.

Bernard: Sounds fun.

Margaret: I am not ‘bouncing’ off anyone, Gordon. Least of all some banana-munching half-wit who can’t even remember his lines.

Bernard: Well that’s rich coming from you. I was word-perfect in the panto.

Margaret: That’s because you’d only got one line, and you’d painted it on the stage floor, with a Rolf Harris-sized brush.

Joyce: Oh, Bernard. Is that why you were looking down at your feet every night? You told me you were shy.

Bernard: I am shy. And it was two lines, not one.

Margaret: ‘Hello’ is not a line, Bernard.

Bernard: It had a full stop after it. So yes it is.

Gordon: Margaret, for plot reasons, you’ve got to have an assistant.

Margaret: Nope.

Gordon: But I’ve already written half of it...

Margaret: Then re-write half of it, Gordon. And this time use your head. This is a whodunit, correct?

Gordon: Yes.

Margaret: And therefore we have to have somebody who the audience all think dunit – correct?

Gordon: Yes. And that will probably now have to be me.

Margaret: And we also have to have a dead body, correct?

Gordon: Yes, the shop owner - that’ll be Joyce.

Joyce: I beg your pardon?

Gordon: We’ll discuss it later, Joyce. It’s already been decided.

Margaret: So, tell me. There are a total of four people in this society. So if Joyce is the dead body, and two of the remaining three in the cast are the police, it doesn’t take a genius to work out which one of us in this whodunit actually dunit...does it.

Bernard: Margaret has a point. If you start with four people, then rule out

the two police folk and the dead body, there's only person left.

Margaret: Bravo – give the man a banana.

Bernard: So, when the intrepid sleuth finally reveals who did it, all the audience will say “No shit, Sherlock” and boo us off the stage. No, I'm afraid Margaret's right on this, Gordon. I can't be a policeman. I'm going to have to play another suspect.

Margaret: At last, someone here is finally using their head.

Gordon: Not entirely, Margaret, because with your plan there'd still only be a choice of two suspects – me, or Bernard. Correct?

Margaret: So? Two's better than one.

Gordon: So, then the best we could hope for is that half the audience guesses the wrong suspect, and the other half guesses the right one. Still not very satisfactory, is it?

Joyce: Can I say something?

Gordon: No Joyce, you're a dead body.

Joyce: But...

Bernard: Have you got a better idea, Gordon?

Gordon: Of course I have.

Margaret: Why am I not surprised?

Gordon: Because, as you rightly pointed out, with my plan, there's only one suspect. So everyone will guess who did it.

Margaret: Exactly!

Gordon: And everyone will...be...wrong!

Margaret: Explain.

Gordon: Have you ever seen a whodunit, Margaret, where the one who actually dunit, was...the detective?

A thoughtful pause.

Joyce: Ooh!

Bernard: Love it!

Margaret: So let me get this straight. I would be playing the brilliant detective, AND the evil arch villain?

Gordon: Yep.

Margaret: Mmm. When do we start rehearsing?

Lights out.

Infectious upbeat 1920's music underpins the next minute or so. It's essentially an all-action time-elapse scene change set to music, featuring stylized and choreographed sequences – Gordon typing scripts on a typewriter, handing them out, Bernard hammering a set panel or other practical tasks, Margaret and Joyce trying out period dresses and hats, some mimed chatting and rehearsal moments, etc.

As the music ends, Bernard, Joyce and Margaret are strutting about anxiously on stage, checking their watches.

Gordon comes rushing in.

Margaret: Where the hell have you been, Gordon? It's nearly half past seven!

Gordon: Couldn't help it - I had to dive into the joke shop to have it out with Mrs O'Grady.

Margaret: To have what out with Mrs O'Grady?

Gordon: That silly old bag assured me that the fake blood she sold me washes out easily.

Margaret: And?

Gordon: Does it bugged. Consequently, I've ruined a good dress shirt, my best trousers, my favourite tie, a coat and a pair of underpants.

Bernard: I'm amazed you believed her in the first place. You know she's totally off her trolley.

Gordon: Well, she got what was coming to her. I gave her a right earful I can tell you. Anyway, the bad news is, Joyce, you're going to have to find a new dress for every performance. Every one of them is going to be ruined.

Joyce: Oh, no!

Gordon: No way round it, Joyce.

Bernard: Couldn't we just poison her instead of stabbing her?

Gordon: Too late for major plot changes now.

Margaret: What about just smacking her over the head?

Gordon: Later, Margaret. Let's get the play done first.

Joyce: Charming.

Gordon: Oh, and there's even more bad news, Joyce.

Joyce: For me?

Gordon: Well, for everyone. Joyce, I'm afraid you're going to have to deliver a few spoken lines before we kill you.

Margaret: Oh, shit – really?

Gordon: I'm afraid so. I realised we needed to establish Joyce's character just a little bit more before she dies, so everybody knows that she runs a joke shop – otherwise the ending doesn't work. Is that okay, Joyce?

Joyce: I'll do my best, Gordon.

Gordon: Yes. That's what I feared. (*Handing her a piece of paper with three typed lines on it*) Here you go then. Disappear up a corner somewhere and start learning. Margaret, you'd best go and get changed.

Margaret: Why?

Gordon: Because this is a dress rehearsal. And you're not wearing a dress.

Margaret: Oh, right. Leave it with me. I have something stunning lined up.

Gordon: Course you do. Right, Bernard. Did you manage to get hold of an authentic period police costume?

Bernard: (*donning a cheap plastic toy police helmet*) Best I could do at short notice.

Gordon: I'm guessing you got that from the joke shop .

Bernard: Yep.

Gordon: And you'll be wearing that with your brown overalls, will you?

Bernard: It's all I've got.

Gordon: Mmm. Not exactly Agatha Christie period drama standard, is it. Oh well, I suppose it'll have to do.

Bernard: Er, Gordon – while those two aren't around. Can I have a quiet word?

They move forward for privacy, but we sense that Joyce is occasionally listening in at the back of the room, concerned.

Gordon: What is it, Bernard? I don't need any more problems.

Bernard: Well, that's sort of what I was wondering. Are you...you know, okay? Everything all right at home?

Gordon: What you mean?

Bernard: Well, I couldn't help noticing...you're a bit on edge. A bit more

than normal I mean.

Gordon: I'm not a bit on edge, Bernard. I'm right over the bloody edge, without a paddle. Does that metaphor work?

Bernard: I'm a plasterer, Gordon. I don't know what a metaphor is. But no.

Gordon: My new play is about to be savaged by the critics, and I've just had to chuck two hundred pounds worth of clothes onto a garden bonfire.

Bernard: Yeah. But, it's not just that is it.

Gordon: What do you mean?

Bernard: Well, like, the thing is...

Gordon: Spit it out, Bernard.

Bernard: Something's not right, is it.

Gordon: Explain.

Bernard: Well – for example, you said you've just been to the joke shop...

Gordon: So?

Bernard: But you haven't, have you?

Gordon: Are you calling me a liar?

Bernard: I'd never do that, Gordon.

Gordon: Good.

Bernard: But yes.

Gordon: What??

Bernard: Sorry. But there's something fishy about your alibi.

Gordon: Alibi??

Bernard: For being late.

Gordon: Bernard...

Bernard: Thing is, I also went to the joke shop – about three hours ago – to get the police helmet.

Gordon: What's your point?

Bernard: My point is, when I left, Mrs O'Grady locked the door behind me. The shop's been shut since half past four, Gordon. It's now half past seven.

A pause, underpinned by a sinister suspension of music.

A guilty-looking Gordon backs away, uneasy, tense and distracted, but finally replies.

Gordon: Yes. It was shut, Bernard. But as you know, she lives above the shop. So I just kept banging on the door until she let me in. I.er...I'm afraid I...well, I lost my temper with her.

Bernard: I see. Well, to be fair, she is an annoying old bat.

Gordon: She is.

Bernard: Sorry about your clothes.

Gordon: So am I.

Bernard: Anyway, all I'm trying to say is...I'm here.

Gordon: I know you're there, Bernard, I'm standing right next to you.

Bernard: I mean, I'm here, if you need somebody to talk to.

Gordon: Thanks.

Bernard: (*offering a handshake*) No hard feelings.

Gordon: (*reluctantly shaking his hand*) No.

Bernard: You've er...you've got blood on your hands.

Gordon: (*pulling his hand away*) It was everywhere, Bernard. Look, can we get on?

Bernard: Yes, sorry.

Margaret enters, dressed in a striking 1920's outfit.

Margaret: What are you two whispering about?

Gordon: Nothing, Margaret. Just...ooh...

Bernard: Wow. Margaret, you look genuinely...old.

Margaret: Cheers.

Bernard: I meant the dress – proper vintage. It suits you.

Margaret: I'll take that as a compliment, Bernard. And I see you've also made a special effort with *your* outfit.

Bernard: Fuck off. (*He tosses away the helmet*)

Gordon: All right - let's try it from the top. And this time, Margaret, try not to keep glancing at the script quite so much.

Margaret: It's not my fault that your writing isn't memorable, Gordon.

Gordon and Margaret slowly close in for an eyeball-to-eyeball bitchy confrontation.

Gordon: Thanks. I knew I could rely on you for support, Margaret.

Margaret: I'm, here, aren't I?

Gordon: Sadly, yes, Margaret. You are. And in case you'd forgotten, this is the dress rehearsal.

Margaret: So?

Gordon: So, as well as just floating around like a diva showing off your posh new dress, I'd also like to hear some natural flow to the dialogue.

Margaret: Then re-write it.

Gordon: Don't tempt me. I may decide it should be *your* character that gets stabbed.

Margaret: Well, that's better than dying on stage thanks to the quality of the dialogue.

Gordon is left simmering as Margaret breaks away.

Joyce: What about me, Gordon?

Gordon: What about you, Joyce?

Joyce: Am I allowed to use a script?

Gordon: Have you learnt all your words, Joyce?

Joyce: Is it just these three lines?

Gordon: Yes.

Joyce: Then, no.

Gordon: Okay. Just read them aloud from the piece of paper, Joyce. I sincerely doubt it'll affect your chances of an Oscar. Right, Margaret, from your entrance.

Margaret: Mrs O'Grumbly, what a quaint old joke shop you have here. Might you have a retractable toy dagger I could examine?

Joyce: Like this one perhaps?

Margaret: Perfect. It's for a friend.

Joyce: Be very careful with it, Madame...er...

Gordon: Voyant.

Joyce: Madame Voyant. Or should I call you...Claire?

Margaret: How do you know me?

Joyce: Oh, I read the papers, Madame. And after all, it's not every day that one gets to meet a world-famous, ingenious sloth.

Gordon: Sleuth, Joyce. Sleuth. it's not every day that one gets to meet a world-famous, ingenious sleuth.

Joyce: What did I say?

Gordon: Sloth.

Margaret: Do I look like a sluggish, three-toed, tree-hanging mammal, Joyce?

Bernard: Pretty damn close.

Margaret: Bollocks.

Gordon: You're not helping, Bernard. Go and get into costume.

Bernard: Eh?

Gordon: Put your plastic hat back on – we're approaching your starring moment. Right, where were we? Ah, yes. Sleuth, Joyce, sleuth. Rhymes with truth. Unlike sloth, which rhymes with cloth.

Joyce: Sorry, Gordon, it's my dyslexic eye.

Gordon: Then stop reading, Joyce. Toss away the script bearing those three short lines, and start trusting your memory.

Joyce: It's too early for that, Gordon.

Gordon: No, it's not Joyce. It's twenty to eight, and we open tomorrow night, complete with an audience.

Bernard: Don't bank on that. We haven't sold any tickets yet.

Gordon: Excellent, so we may still get away with this, but nevertheless...

Margaret: Someone may turn up on the door. According to other societies it can happen.

Gordon: Exactly. So for their sake, Joyce, toss away the script.

Joyce: Are you sure, Gordon?

Gordon: Trust me, Joyce. I instinctively know when something just...can't get any worse. So yes, trust me, and trust your own instinct. Go again. I'll prompt.

Joyce: Where from?

Gordon: "It's not every day..."

Joyce: What isn't?

Gordon: That's your line, Joyce. "It's not every day that one gets to meet a world-famous, ingenious sleuth." Say it.

Joyce: Oh. Break it down for me.

Gordon: "It's not every day..."

Joyce: "It's not every day..."

Gordon: "That one..."

Joyce: "That one..."

Gordon: "...one gets to meet..."

Joyce: "That one...one gets to meet..."

Gordon: No, not "one...one" Joyce. Just "one".

Joyce: What?

Gordon: Just say one one, Joyce.

Joyce: I did say one one, Gordon.

Gordon: No, you said "one...one" Joyce.

Joyce: Correct.

Gordon: Which is two ones.

Joyce: What is?

Gordon: One...and one...make two, Joyce. So instead of saying "one one", just say "one"...once.

Joyce: Now you're confusing me, Gordon.

Gordon: (*a deep sigh*) I blame myself.

Margaret: I'm losing the will to live.

Gordon: Let's start again. Repeat after me. "It's not every day that one gets to meet..."

Joyce: "It's not every day that one gets to meet..."

Gordon: ...a world-famous...

Joyce: Oh, yes...don't tell me...

Gordon: I just did, Joyce. Twice.

Joyce: It's not every day that one gets to meet...what was it?

Gordon: A world-famous...

Joyce: A world-famous...tree-hanging mammal?

Gordon: (*finally snapping*) Sleuth, Joyce! Sleuth!

Margaret: Jesus Christ! Can't we just cut to the bit where I stab her?

Bernard: Can I make a sensible suggestion?

Margaret: No you can't, Bernard. That's been proven over many years.

Bernard: Let's leave it there for tonight.

Gordon: Why, Bernard? Do you think we're in danger of peaking too early?

Bernard: No, but I think you're in serious danger of bullying Joyce.

Gordon: I am not bullying, Bernard, I'm directing. I'm the director – it's my job. And in case you'd all forgotten, I'm also the writer.

Joyce: Well it would help if you didn't keep writing tongue twisters, Gordon.

Gordon: For crying out loud, Joyce - it's not a tongue twister. It's a word. A one-syllable word. Sleuth.

Joyce: Ingenious...sleuth, Gordon. Ingenious sleuth. That's two S sounds together. It makes it so much harder.

Gordon: (*now totally snapping and losing it, ranting and waving his arms around*) No, Joyce, *you* make it so much harder! In fact, you make everything so much harder. You make speaking so much harder...

Bernard: Gordon...

Gordon: You make maintaining a sensible blood pressure so much harder. You make...living...so much harder!

Bernard: (*angry and serious*) All right – that's enough! Calm down, Gordon – you'll blow a gasket. Give her a break!

Gordon: (*ranting*) Fine! Take a break! All of you. Take a break! Break a leg! Break an arm. Break a neck! See if I care. I'm off to the pub to get slaughtered, before the critics slaughter me on opening night. See you all tomorrow. I'm sure it'll be another theatrical triumph.

Gordon storms off, leaving the others in stunned silence.

Margaret: Wow.

Bernard: I think Gordon's a bit stressed.

Margaret: Something's not right, Bernard. Time for a spot of detective work, methinks.