

Cast List

Cedric: Male. A spoilt man, late twenty's. Always been in the shadows of his brother.

Dorothy: Female. Cedric's mother. Snooty and blunt. Loves to despise Cedric.

Brigadier: Male. Old war veteran. Keen on Dorothy

Reverend Bernhard Wilhelm Wilson: Male. Local vicar. German descendant

Randy Lover: Male. American fighter pilot and business man.

Anita Hoare: Female. Local busty and flirtatious land girl.

Phil Graves: Male. Local grave digger/friend of the family.

Inspector Deere: Male. Police inspector.

Cherie Bakewell: Local Shop owner, husband is off fighting in the war, potential spy.

The play is set in autumn, 1940. Britain is at war. Cedric and his mother, Dorothy, are having a fundraising evening with all of the locals in the area as well as those who live on the vast estate they own, aiming to raise funds for spit fires, etc. Cedric and Dorothy live together in the estate house, and the property has been in their family for a long time.

The audience enter and take their seats - All cast members are sat at the tables with the audience.

The owner, a younger man, stands and walks to the fire. He addresses the gathered guests.

Cedric: Good evening everyone. Please may I have your attention; thank you. Now as you may be aware, we are here tonight at this Gala evening to raise money for Spitfires in this delightful barn, which was handed down to me upon my father's departure of this graceful world. What you may not be aware of is that my late father inherited this barn and land from his late father, who had inherited it from his late father who in turn inherited everything from *his* late father, so as you can tell, the land and barn in which currently reside, has been here a very long time. It isn't very often that we open our doors to all in sundry but my father was a firm believer

in the fact that if we help those less fortunate, they may do something free for us (*he laughs jovially*). But in these troubled times, when war has been progressing for nearly a year now, it is even more important that we stand together against the common foe. So, tonight as we dine, please do not be perturbed if you see a beggar man to your left and a rich man to your right; for tonight we are all the same. We all know where the fish fork is and if you don't know the difference between a dessert spoon and a serving spoon, what does it matter? As far as I am concerned, you are all welcome in my home; what is mine is yours and what is yours will soon be mine, ahem... I mean what is yours is mine, as we are all brothers and sisters of God's beautiful land. Before we begin the evening, there are a few people whom I would very much like to introduce to you.

Firstly, we have Brigadier Cordel-Smith who not only knew my late father but also my late father's father, which makes him rather old - much like this barn.

The brigadier stands and reveals his military bearing via his old uniform, medals and military dagger.

Brigadier: Thank you, Cedric, for that somewhat disrespectful introduction. I thought your father and mother would have taught you better than that.

Dorothy arises from her chair, a little unsteady due to her age/drinking habits.

Dorothy: Oh, we did Brigadier but when his father departed, God rest his soul, he became an untameable beast.

Cedric: Mother really, you do exaggerate so. I am not a beast, merely a young entrepreneur trying to carve my path in these desolate times.

Brigadier: A spell in the trenches would have served you well; would have defined you as a man.

Cedric: It's not my fault that I was born too late to help in the first conflict. Anyway, you ought to be quiet; you're spoiling my introduction of the guests.

Dorothy: Cedric, do hurry up, I'm famished.

Cedric: I'm trying to get on with it but everyone keeps interrupting me.

Dorothy: Your brother would have done this all by now! He inherited your father's attitude to events like this.

Cedric: My brother is dead; I am twice the man he was.

Dorothy: Poor Fredrick. *(She starts to wail)*

Cedric: Mother, please do stop crying, you're embarrassing the family name.

Brigadier: You insolent pest, look at what you've done; gone and upset your mother unnecessarily.

Cedric: I only said that Fredrick is dead, it's a fact you know. It's not my fault he got killed, it's those bloody German bounders across the water. They're the ones who shot him. I didn't pull the trigger, I didn't ask him to venture over there and stick his nose into their business...

Brigadier: *(Shouting)* That's enough!

A stunned silence descends. The brigadier throws Cedric a sharp and threatening look for a few moments before consoling Dorothy.

Brigadier: There, there Dorothy; everything will be alright - Donald is here, as I've always been. Cedric didn't mean to upset you, he can't help being jealous of all Fredrick achieved in his life.

Dorothy: Oh, Donald, thank you. Thank you for being so gallant, I know I can always count on you to come to my aid. That son of mine is a real beast when he wants to be. *(They embrace)* Oh, Donald, your dagger is digging into me, why don't you put that big gruff thing on the table out of the way; don't know why you carry that beastly thing with you all the time.

Brigadier: Dorothy my dear, my military background taught me to always carry protection! But for you, I'll go bare!

Dorothy slips the dagger out of its sheath and places it on the table. The Brigadier continues to comfort her in a rather over familiar manner, Dorothy responds and it gives the impression to the audience of a deeper relationship. Cedric turns the other way as he is used to this sign of affection from the Brigadier towards his mother and sees it as the norm from his early days.

Cedric: Sorry everyone about that little moment there ha ha, tad embarrassing, but then again, we are only human. *(To himself)* Now where was I?

Cherie Bakewell enters and calls across the room.

Cherie: Sorry I am late; you haven't started yet have you? Got held up sorting some last minute letters in the post office.... Oh good evening everyone.

She curtseys.

Cedric: Mrs Bakewell if you are going to be late, at least be quiet about it!

Cherie: Sorry Cedric, I bumped into the music group outside, very exciting! They want to know where you would like them to set up?

Cedric: Tell them to wait out the back for the moment, I'll be there soon, I'm trying to introduce everyone.

Cherie: Ok Cedric. Oh, nearly forgot, Brigadier this letter came for you. Must be important, was hand delivered by someone from the M.O.D.

Cherie hands the letter to him; he quickly puts it in his pocket without even looking.

Cedric: Why would the M.O.D be writing to you?

Brigadier: I am a Brigadier.

Cedric: But you're ex-military now!

Brigadier: And that doesn't mean I don't have friends in the M.O.D that I have communications with. I may be retired, but there is a war on and my services and experience may well be called upon from time to time with matters arising.

Cedric: What matters?

Brigadier Cordel-Smith gives Cedric a sly, knowing smile.

Dorothy: You can introduce Mrs Bakewell now that she has arrived Cedric; that would be the proper thing to do. *(Snidely)* Fredrick would have done that!

Cedric: Alright, I get it Fredrick was perfect, I am not the same as him, but I will be better, you'll see Mater! Everyone, in case you don't already know, this is Mrs Cherie Bakewell. She runs the local shop and Post Office in the village and is head of the W.I. Did you know they have just been allocated a Preservation centre to produce jam and canned

produce for the war effort. The Ministry of Food have even allocated them sugar and it's marvellous that we can do so much to help our brave boys. In spite of all this good news, unfortunately she is a war widower.

Cherie: That's not true! He's missing in action; doesn't mean he is dead.

Dorothy: Ignore my son's rather tactless comment Mrs Bakewell.

Cedric: What did I say wrong? I was just informing everyone about Mrs Bakewell.

Brigadier: Discretion is best Cedric!

Cedric: Oh you'd know all about that, carrying on the way you do with mother.

Dorothy: Censorious Child, If only your father was here!

Cedric: Yes, my father, I wonder what he would say about the goings on around here mother dear!

Dorothy and the Brigadier look at each other cautiously then at the floor.

Cedric: *(Snidely)* Mrs Bakewell, if I caused you any offence, then I whole heartedly apologise.

Cherie: In these hard times, we must all learn to lift our chins up and stick our chests out and carry on.

Cherie mimics what she says and by doing so her bloused chest is revealed through her coat.

Cedric: Well quite! Ladies and gentlemen, I quite forgot where I was in the proceedings of the evening, *(Thinks for a moment)* ah yes; I am overjoyed to present to you a man who has travelled all the way from America to be here. May I introduce to you Mr Lover, Mr Randy Lover.

Cherie: Oh a cowboy, how exciting.

Randy: Howdy y'all.

Anita: Howdy indeed!

Randy: It's mighty fine to be here in quaint ol' England. I've heard many stories of your hospitality and I look forward to receiving it.

Anita: Oh, you'll receive it - cowboy!

Randy: I beg your pardon ma'am, are you talking to me?

Anita: All night - hopefully!

Randy: Gee, you English girls don't hold back none, do ya?

Anita: Always need a little something to hold on to!

Randy: And you are, Miss...?

Anita: I'm...

Cedric: Miss Hoare, Anita Hoare.

Anita: (*Spelling it out*) That's H.O.A.R.E

Cedric: She's a local land girl, works here on the family estate, used to be a stable girl, feeding the horses, mucking out and what not; spent an awful lot of time in the hay barn.

Randy: You don't say?

Cedric: I certainly do say; Randy!

Randy: I bet she is!

Cedric: Pardon?

Anita: What Cedric is kindly trying to say, is that I know my job perfectly and I have become an expert in every area of it.

Randy: Well, that's certainly good to hear ma'am.

Anita: Please, call me Anita, all my intimate friends do!

Randy: Ok. Anita. Do you happen to have anything that I can slit open my tobacco pouch with?

Anita: I'm afraid not, cowboy!

Brigadier: Here, young fellow, please use my dagger.

Handing it to Randy

Randy: That's a mighty weapon you have there!

Brigadier: Deadly in the wrong hands!

Randy: I dare say, I dare say!

Randy opens his tobacco pouch and hands the dagger back to the Brigadier.

Cedric: As I was saying; Randy, here, has come from America. He is a pilot in their air force and a damn good one at that.

Randy: I sure know how to handle my machine, Cedric buddy.

Cedric: You never know, he may even be convinced to join in this war a little earlier than last time. *(He laughs terribly at his own joke)*

Randy: Wait a minute, buddy! We saved your asses in the Great War! If it wasn't for us, you'd still be laying there in those dirty trenches covered in God knows what!

Cedric: Was only a joke, old boy.

Randy: You English are all the same, holding your heads up high as if you own the world and ain't prepared to admit you needed help from your cousins to beat the Hun!

Cedric! Steady on, Randy, no need to insult us!

Randy: I just can't understand your high and mighty culture! Putting on all these airs and graces! You hide behind your fake little worlds where you believe you do all the hard graft, no matter what the consequences are! I know what your plans are; buddy and I don't like them. It may benefit everyone in the long run, but it benefits you more.

Cedric: Now look here, you jumped up Yankie doodle...

Rev. Wilson: I think that we all need to calm down a moment and remember why we are all here; to unite as one and fight a common foe; to come together as a united nation, excluding any social hierarchies or prejudices.

Randy: Who the hell is this fella in the black dress? A Mormon?

Rev Wilson: I am the Bernard W. Wilson; the local Reverend. Pleased to make your acquaintance. I must insist that you keep the peace, chaps. There are of course ladies present.

Anita: Randy, come. I think it would be a good idea if you and I were to get some punch before dinner is served. I believe that Cedric has finished opening the Gala evening.

Randy and Anita exit to get some punch as the stony atmosphere is felt by everyone.

Cedric: I, I think, I had better find out how long dinner will be and sort the band out, please excuse me everyone. Feel free to amuse yourselves in the meantime. Please don't touch the black outs though, we wouldn't want Duncan Disorderly, the ARP Warden, popping in to fine us.

Cedric exits. The brigadier leaves Dorothy and approaches the Reverend Wilson.

Brigadier: Well done, Reverend. Glad to see you're on our side.

Rev Wilson: What do you mean by that?

Brigadier: You know what I mean.

Rev Wilson: I don't know what you're talking about, my English is perfect.

Brigadier: Your English is Bernhard, sorry Bernard; just your name isn't common around here. You can tell a lot from a man's name; heritage, beliefs and the such like, wouldn't you say?

Rev Wilson: Are you threatening me?

Brigadier: Lord, no. I would never do such a thing, just pleased to see which side you're fighting for.

Rev Wilson: There is no misunderstanding of where my ligancy lies. More to the point, where do yours lie: Brigadier?

Brigadier: How dare you!

Rev Wilson: Just remember I know more about you than you think! One word from me and your taye-tar-tate with you know who would be spoilt forever.

Brigadier: If you dare try to take me down, I shall take you with me! 'Difference is they'll hang you for your actions!

Rev Wilson: I'm sure they'll hang a murderer too!

Brigadier: I don't know what you mean!

Rev Wilson: Oh, come now, Douglas. I'm sure you remember that fateful Saturday afternoon in 1932. The last drive of the day, the pheasants flying high. The mist spreading out near the vicarage wood, like gloved fingers over a victim's neck. Cedric, Fredrick and the others all lined up waiting for the beaters to push the pheasants through. Visibility growing harder by the minute. Several shots fired through the mist and Cedric's poor father, John, found dead on the ground. Police never did find the culprit! Life carries a somewhat cruel and untimely twist.

Dorothy has snuck up on them both right at the end of the speech by the Reverend Wilson.

Dorothy: Untimely twist?

Brigadier: *(Making him jump)* Heavens above!

Rev Wilson: It certainly is, Douglas!

Brigadier: The Reverend was just explaining about his sermon for Sunday, it has an untimely twist of fate for Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, most fascinating, I cannot wait to hear it all.

Dorothy: I see. Well Reverend Wilson, unfortunately I cannot attend church this week, so will miss out on hearing your sermon. It does sound rather interesting though. I am sure the Brigadier will be kind enough to fill me in afterwards. *(She looks coyly at the Brigadier)*

Brigadier: But of course, Dorothy.

Rev Wilson: That is such a shame that you will not be able to attend Sunday. I hope that there is nothing seriously wrong to keep you from my flock.

Dorothy: Oh, no, not at all. All is fine. It's Cedric. He needs my approval on some silly project he is working on. You see, he is meeting these fellows which...oh, wait. I mustn't say anything - Careless talk costs lives, never know who might be listening!

Rev Wilson: Worry not, Dorothy, you are among friends here.

Brigadier: No, Dorothy is correct. Careless talk costs lives. Wouldn't want the wrong people to overhear, hey vicar! Besides, it's none of our business.

Rev Wilson: My dear Dorothy, I do hope you did not take my interest in your story the wrong way? I merely wanted to help on a purely spiritual level - if

you needed it. The vicarage door is always open any time, day or night, for any plea of redemption or spiritual guidance in the way of God.

Dorothy: That is most kind of you, Reverend. Now, where did I put my glasses? I had them in the study earlier today when I was looking over plans for the meeting. Then I spoke to Cedric and... Now wait a minute, Cedric! I bet he took them!

Brigadier: Are you sure? Why would he do such a thing?

Dorothy: Always has done silly little things like this. He finds it funny. I find it jolly annoying. If only his brother was here, he would sort him out and keep him on the straight and narrow. That damn child!

Dorothy exits followed by the Brigadier.

Rev Wilson: Don't forget our chat, Douglas!

The Reverend watches as Dorothy and the Brigadier exit, he then picks up his bible and exits. Cherie Bakewell (Who everyone should have forgotten was sitting around) gets up turns and looks around and wanders over to a window and removes the blackout at various speeds as if signalling someone. After this is done, she quickly exits.

Phil Grave enters holding an apple. He walks to the table and picks up the dagger, he starts peeling the apple with the dagger. Cedric enters and goes to Phil.

Cedric: Now, Mr Grave...

Phil: Please, just Phil.

Cedric: Are you sure, Mr Grave? My father always told me to speak respectfully with my peers.

Phil: Honestly, Cedric. It's perfectly fine to call me Phil. You are a man now, not a boy. We are on par.

Cedric: If you say so... Phil. I say, it's jolly good fun this grown up stuff. Now as I was saying, have you got all the plans sorted for tomorrow?

Phil: As long as the chap from the military aviation group and the councillor both agree, then we have it in the bag. The new aerodrome and

ammunitions factory will get the go ahead and the vicarage and cottages on the estate will be no more.

Cedric: Good! That damn Reverend Wilson always gives me the creeps, always lurking around and watching your every movement. And those silly little cottages at the end there, where those bloody little paupers live, drive me mad. They act as if they don't know who I am! Damn cheek of it! They'll be laughing on the other side of their faces when I hand them their eviction notices! I'll shout "Get off my land" from the dozer!

Phil: Very witty, Cedric.

Cedric: The aerodrome and ammunitions factory will serve the country in its hour of need and shall make us both very rich indeed! No more working with dead bodies for you, Phil Grave.

Phil: I don't mind being the grave digger. Gets you out in the fresh air and the exercise is good for you. Keeps you fit and healthy!

Cedric: Eeeyuck. I couldn't imagine anything worse than getting down and dirty in the mud! Mother doesn't suspect our real intentions does she?

Phil: Not at all, Cedric. She firmly believes that what she is going to do is for the good of the country and won't affect anyone on the estate.

Cedric: Good, good. Make sure we keep it that way. If not, she may have to make an early exit from her mortal chains.

Phil: Would be a sad day when that happens. I've had the honour of burying your father and brother, unfortunately before their time. I daresay the whole village would be queued up to pay their respects to her when she goes; Fine lady.

Cedric: That may be so but she hates me, always did prefer my brother. I am just as good as him. Father didn't like me much either, always found me to be an annoying child and look at what happened to him!

Phil: Such a shame that those pheasants decide to fly low in the fog!

Cedric: Quite! ... *(Pause)* *(He takes the dagger from Phil and waggles it about.)* Mother had best not mess with me on this! We have just enough time before dinner to sort a few more bits for tomorrow. Come, Phil.

Cedric places the dagger back on the table and they both exit.

Enter Randy and Anita with glasses of punch in their hands.

Randy: It's good to get out of the way for a few moments with you, Anita. The walk in the fresh air and the punch did me the world of good! Cedric was getting to me.

Anita: I hadn't noticed!

Randy: There you go again with that English humour!

Anita: You mean sarcasm? Oh yes, it's a fine English tradition of humour!

Randy: I don't know if I'll ever get used to it.

Anita: If you stick around with me, I am positive you'll get used to it!

Randy: Are you talking about the hay barn again?

Anita: See, you're getting the hang of it already.

Randy: I wouldn't mind getting the hang of you!

Anita: And you say us English girls are forward; my, my! Oh Randy, before you try and get more acquainted with me, you must tell me more about yourself. What are you doing over here? How do you know Cedric?

Randy: Gee, what do I tell you? I first met Cedric when his father did business with my father during the First World War; I hadn't seen or heard from Cedric in a long time. Then out of the blue, he got in contact with my people about a business proposition, so I've come over to discuss it with him, I don't particularly like the idea 'cause of the effect it'll have but... I'm sorry; I can't give you any more information than that because it's classified.

Anita: Mr Lover, you can trust me!

Randy: I feel like I can but I've only just met you. What I will say is I'll do what I can to stop Cedric, this proposition isn't right, how it stands. Now it's my turn to ask the questions. How do you know Cedric? Have you and he ever... You know?

Anita: Randy, you should never ask an innocent girl such personal questions!

Randy: I didn't mean to offend you, Miss Hoare.

Anita: Please; Anita - And you didn't offend me at all; quite the opposite actually. I find it intriguing how our American cousins think. I have worked here on the estate for many years now. Worked my way up from a Saturdaygrooms girl to head stable girl, then, when the war started and the men went off to fight, I offered to help on the farm and become a land girl, do my bit for the country.

Randy: Have you and Cedric ever been an item?

Anita: Oh, Randy, you are inquisitive. Why? Would it bother you if we had?

Randy: Who a lady sees in her private life doesn't concern me; I guess I'm just trying to build the bigger picture here!

Anita: Cedric and I have never been an official item; I was keen on him once. He led me on, promised to marry me and we became betrothed to each other in secret. Then when he realised he wasn't going to get anywhere with me, he dropped me like a boulder. Shacked up with Clarissa, the tart who also worked here at the time. She was such a floozy - stole him from me with her curves and wiggly bottom!

Randy: He must have been mad to do that to you.

Anita: I was livid. He humiliated me in front of everyone on the estate! His mother and Father never knew what had really gone on, but everyone else knew. I cannot believe I was sucked in by his charms.

Randy: Cedric and charms are too words which I didn't think could ever go together!

Anita: Oh, believe you me; he can be very charming when he wants something. But don't worry about me, Randy; I will get my revenge one day. I'd love to stick it to him for wronging me; trouble is I am unlikely to ever get the chance to!

Randy: Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned!

Anita: So, you've been with English women before then? *(She laughs gaily)*

Randy: I sure ain't, but I intend to be with one English woman tonight. *(He kisses her softly)*

Anita: Oh, Randy...bugger! Stop, stop. I mustn't.

Randy: Never had an American Notch on your bedpost?

Anita: Oh I just can't resist a man in uniform! But reign it in cowboy; not here, it wouldn't be right. I have a cottage down at the bottom of the estate, near the vicarage. I live there on my own. I know this isn't very proper, but maybe you could visit me there tonight after this gala dinner has finished? Show me the ways of the west, camping under the stars like a real cowboy. If you're really luck I may let you show me the American smooth!

Randy: Anita, It would be an honour to introduce you to the American way of life. My pulse is racing with excitement.

Anita: You'll need to keep your pace with me! Come, we had better get back to the others.

They exit.

Reverend Wilson enters and sets a few bits up ready for the blessing of the meal. He exits, and Cherie enters, she looks at and admires the religious pieces on the table. Reverend Wilson enters and gets near the table, unbeknown to Cherie.

Rev Wilson: Mrs Bakewell.

She drops the item in her hand on the table in shock.

Cherie: *(Surprised)* GOD!

Rev Wilson: Where?

Cherie: Sorry Reverend, you gave me a fright.

Rev Wilson: Could say you gave the same to me!

Cherie: I've been looking for you, I know I don't attend church as often as I do, it's just after my Albert disappeared I have lost faith in humanity and what it stands for. Do you think they'll ever find my husband?

Rev Wilson: I am sure they will Mrs Bakewell. If I remember your husband correctly; he was a fighter. He could take care of himself.

Cherie: I hope so. I don't think I could handle it if he were....

Rev Wilson: You mustn't think that way. If you have faith, then God will make it happen.

Cherie: I do hope so.

Cedric and the others all appear and resume their seats.

Cedric: Now, I hope you all have your raffle tickets purchased ready to win three lovely oranges that we have managed to acquire. The war won't stop us enjoying ourselves! Also, don't forget to have a go on Mrs Bakewell's tombola; all funds are going towards the war effort, new Spitfires to beat the Hun.

Cherie: Only a half-penny a go and you can win some fresh jam from the W.I's first batch.

Cedric: No need to butt in Mrs Bakewell. I have been told that the food is almost ready, so make sure you have your coupons to hand! We have some very special guests tonight! Some fabulous singers who will serenade us all whilst we eat and then we can have a jolly nice dance after dinner and enjoy the frolics the evening may bring; Cheek to cheek! The Reverend Wilson will now say grace before we dine.

Rev Wilson: We are gathered here this evening in the sight of God to....

An air raid siren is heard.

Rev Wilson: Oh, Christ!

Brigadier: Keep calm everyone, keep calm. Cedric, you damn fool, where are the shelters? We must get to the shelters, Dorothy stick with me, I'll keep you safe.

In the following the Brigadier and Cedric will switch places: the lights go out, the siren continues. The sound of planes flying overhead is heard and the sound of the occasional bomb being dropped in the distance is heard.

Cedric: It's too late now. Everyone remain calm. I am sure the blackout is just temporary.

Dorothy: Cedric, do something you useless child. If your brother was here he would...

Cedric: Mother, will you please shut up! I am just as good as Fredrick!

Brigadier: How dare you speak to your mother like that, have you no respect!?

Cedric: You can mind your own business too, you old fool!

Phil: Cedric, your mother is a fine woman, perhaps you should

Cedric: Be quiet you...

Cherie: I hate these air raids – wish my Albert was here to protect me!

Randy: Everyone remain calm.

RevWilson: Ladies and Gentlemen, may I offer you the churches love in this hour of darkness and assure you all will be fine in a few moments. God will sort it, you mark my words! If you are frightened in this air raid, do hide under your table for protection.

A moment's silence.

Anita: Randy, is that you?

Randy: Anita?

Brigadier: Dorothy, where have you gone?

Rev Wilson: Fear not, the good Lord shall take control of all our woes!

Phil lights a hurricane lamp and wanders through the audience into the centre of the stage.

Phil: It's alright, I've got a lamp. Is everyone ok? That last bomb sounded close.

Brigadier: I'm fine. Takes more than a bomb to worry me; been through too much to get scared!

The "all clear" siren sounds and a few moments after the lights flicker and come back on. Cedric is slumped where he had sat, a dagger is in his back, but is concealed from the audience's view. All the cast start to check they are all ok and that everything is fine.

Phil: Phew, that was close. Glad that's all over. Everyone, we can resume as normal.

Phil, still holding the candle goes up to Cedric.

Phil: It's alright Cedric, I said; it's all over, you can stop cowering in fear. We can carry on the evening.... Cedric....Cedric.

Phil nudges him and Cedric falls to the floor with the dagger in his back. Dorothy, Cherie Bakewell and Anita scream. Phil Holds the dagger aloft with the blood on it so all the audience can see it. He drops it in fear.

Brigadier: That's my Dagger!

All the lights go out and the actors leave

End of Act One: Food is served.

Announcement: Ladies and gentlemen please, for tonight only, all the way from America: The sensation of the decade – The Andrews Sisters. *The Andrews sisters sing.*