

## **“AUNT AGATHA’S AILMENTS”-A Jazz Age Mystery**

### **“OVERTURE”**

**Scene 1**      *England, 1924. A country Mansion. Towards the end of the Overture, Grayson the butler enters with Mary the maid. They bustle around the Mansion house living room. The room is a little shabby. Grayson has a bundle of post which he looks through sighing and shaking his head. He puts the bundle down on the table. They are generally tidying when the door opens and Gerry enters. He is dressed in a silk dressing gown and has just got up. Music ends.*

Mary            Good morning sir.

Gerry            Morning Grayson, morning Mary and how is the world treating you both?

Grayson        We’re both very well sir, thank you for asking. I’ve put your post on the table.

Gerry            Excellent, excellent *(He moves over to the table and picks up the post)* Oh dear!

Mary            Bad news sir?

Gerry            These do look decidedly ominous I’m afraid.

Grayson        I’m sorry to be the bearer of bad tidings sir.

Gerry            Never mind...don’t shoot the messenger and all that, eh? *(He opens the envelope and looks at the letter)* Ah!

Mary            I’ll put the kettle on shall I sir?

Gerry            What? Er...yes. That would be nice Mary. I think I need to sit down.

Grayson        Chair sir? *(He moves a chair slightly)*

Gerry            Thank you. *(He sits down and continues to read the letter looking worried, Mary leaves the room and returns immediately with a tray of tea. He hands a cup to Gerry who sips it)* Ah...excellent tea Mary. Good old Earl Grey works his wily ways on the old grey cells once again. I feel like a new man. What am I to do about this Grayson? *(He gestures to the letter)* Any inspired ideas?

Grayson        It’s unusual to see you so flustered sir. Is there a problem?

Gerry            I have to admit...I haven’t been my normal flippant and jovial self recently. Things are not good I’m afraid. It’s the house again.

Mary            The house sir?

Gerry Yes indeed. This place is mortgaged to the hilt and the family coffers are almost as empty as my dear Grandfather's head when he decided to take up gambling as a career.

Mary Is that why you let the rest of the servants go?

Gerry Yes. It broke my heart doing it. Some of them had been with the family for generations, and now it's just the three of us.

Grayson You *were* perhaps overly generous with their redundancy cheques sir. They would have settled for less.

Gerry Well I couldn't see them starve could I? Although, if nothing turns up soon that might be my fate. You'd find new jobs easily enough though wouldn't you? I wish we didn't have these money troubles, all I want is to be left alone to live a quiet life here in the countryside.

### SONG 1: "THE QUIET LIFE"

Grayson Let's not be too pessimistic shall we sir? Today's a new day after all. Something might turn up.

*The door bell rings*

Mary There you go sir, perhaps it's good news.

Gerry I doubt it...(he holds his head) Oh no. It's Felicity. I'm meant to be going out with her today.

Mary Your fiancé sir?

Gerry Yes. I clean forgot about her.

Grayson *(Under his breath)* Maybe that's just wishful thinking.

Gerry What was that?

Grayson Nothing sir.

Gerry *(despondently)* This is all I need...why in the world did I ask her to marry me?

Mary It was a beautiful starry night, sir...who can tell where Cupid's arrow will fall?

Grayson ...And she is rich.

Gerry Oh yes. That's it.

Grayson I'll just let the *delightful* lady in. You'd better go back to the kitchen Mary. You know how she feels about servants getting in the way.

Mary Ooh yes...I'll make me'self scarce

*Grayson and Mary leave the stage.*

Gerry I suppose she has got money. Maybe this is the answer to my problems...I'd better make myself look a bit more presentable. *(he smoothes his hair)*

*Grayson, **Felicity** and Felicity's friend **Annabel** enter. They both have a look of permanent disapproval on their faces. They are both snobs.*

Grayson Miss Felicity Albright and her delightful friend, Miss Annabel Smith.

Annabel It's pronounced "Smy-the" Not Smith you foolish man.

Felicity And I think by now he knows who we are. Hello Gerry how are you? *(turns back to Grayson)* Yes Grayson? Is there a problem?

Grayson No madam.

Felicity Well why are you still here ogling us like an incompetent penguin. You may go.

Grayson *(with restraint)* Certainly madam *(he leaves the room)*.

Gerry I say darling. I do wish you wouldn't talk to Grayson like that.

Annabel But he's a servant. He's not one of us. That's the only way to get the lazy good for nothing layabouts to do anything.

Gerry But...but...

Felicity No buts. We know what's best for you. If it wasn't for our guidance you'd be inviting him to sit down for dinner with you next.

Gerry But he's my friend...

Felicity *(angrily)* No he's not. He's your servant and don't you forget it! I tell you something Gerry...when we're married you'd better start looking for a better class of staff because I'm not having *him* in the house!

Annabel Calm yourself Felicity, we'd better get going, we've got a lot of wedding arrangements to sort out. *(turns to Gerry)* You need to get dressed quickly and stop upsetting poor Felicity...We'll be in the car. Hurry up. *(they leave)*

Gerry Oh dear...What am I going to tell Grayson?

*(Grayson enters looking around carefully with a telegram on a tray)*

Grayson *(He looks around)* Have they left Sir?

Gerry They're in the car.

Grayson Oh good. I have a telegram for you to read Sir. Then you'd better get dressed.

Gerry           *(takes telegram)* Thank you Grayson. What would I ever do without you.

Grayson       The mind boggles, Sir.

Gerry           *(Opening telegram)* My word!

Grayson       More bad news sir?

Gerry           I'm not sure. It's from Great Aunt Agatha in America...She's dying and she wants to see me!

*Both men look shocked as they leave the stage. The scene ends.*

**Scene 2**       ***Driving to Southampton docks. England** Grayson and Gerry are seated behind a vintage car cutout facing the audience. Grayson is driving and Gerry is in the passenger seat. If possible there should be some form of moving backdrop behind them.*

Grayson       So what did you tell her then sir? If it's not a personal question.

Gerry           Eh...tell who?

Grayson       Miss Albright. I would have thought she'd have been reluctant to let you go away this close to your wedding... and to New York of all places.

Gerry           Yes...I can't say that she was overly enthusiastic. But Aunt Agatha is my only remaining relative, apart from my brother of course.

Grayson       Oh yes...your brother Clarence. Will you be staying with him in Manhattan?

Gerry           Definitely...It'll be a rare chance to see both him and Aunt Agatha.

Grayson       You know sir...I've never really understood why he went to America in the first place.

Gerry           Well...when Father died and the will was read out he was obviously disappointed to be left nothing.

Grayson       Yes, but it worked out better for him in the end didn't it?

Gerry           Definitely, I just ended up with was a heavily mortgaged house and a mass of other debts. He realised eventually that he was better off than I was because he was free of all that.

Grayson       And that's when he travelled to America to seek his fortune.

Gerry           He was always partial to the high life. I hear he's doing alright for himself over there. It'll be good to see him again.

Grayson       Yes indeed. It's a shame when families split up.

Gerry Are you sure that I can't tempt you to come with me Grayson? I'll be lost without you.

Grayson You can barely afford your own ticket Sir. I'm afraid you'll just have to manage without me.

Gerry Yes, I suppose so. Ah...here's the entrance to Southampton docks now. I think we need to turn left here.

Grayson Very well sir. Are you sure you've got everything now? Tickets? Passport?

Gerry Yes...yes. All present and correct. You can drop me off by the terminal just over there. They're boarding already...oh no!

Grayson What is it sir?

Gerry This is all I need...(he gets out of the car)...Hello Felicity.

*Felicity enters the stage followed by Wilkins her aged driver, he looks nervous. She still looks disapproving. Grayson gets out of the car and takes out a small suitcase from the back.*

Grayson (sarcastically) Ah Miss Albright. What a pleasant surprise.

Felicity (glaring at Grayson and then ignoring him) Hello Gerry.

Gerry (looking glum) Hello Felicity. What are you doing here?

Felicity Well I couldn't let my Gerry go without saying goodbye could I?

Gerry I suppose not, but how did you get here?

Felicity I got old Wilkins to drive of course. He's a bit stupid but he has his uses sometimes.

Gerry But isn't it your day off today, Wilkins?

Wilkins Er...yes sir.

Grayson Isn't your daughter getting married soon, Wilkins?

Wilkins Yes...today. But she won't mind me being a bit late.

Felicity He did mumble something about a wedding or something, but honestly they hardly do anything when they are at work, so it's hardly going to hurt him doing a bit extra is it. It's not like it's anyone important getting married, is it?

Grayson (through gritted teeth) No madam...no one important.

Felicity I wasn't talking to you? (she takes Gerry's arm and steers him away leaving Grayson with the suitcase) Now my dear, do promise that you'll hurry back won't you? We've got so much to arrange.

Gerry Er...yes.

Felicity        Do you really have to go? I'm sure your Aunt won't recognise you anyway.

Gerry            *(looking shocked)* But...she's dying. I must see her.

Felicity        Honestly...you worry me sometimes. She's probably dead already and then it's just a wasted journey? It's not as if you're made of money?

Gerry            That's not the point. She's family.

Felicity        Hmmph...Your problem is you just can't say no to anyone. I hope you're not thinking about going to any of those awful dance clubs while you're out there. I hear that they're full of semi-clad dancing girls.

Gerry            *(looking wistful)* Hmm...they sound terrible and I shall avoid them like the plague. *(A foghorn sounds)* I must go now; my boat is waiting.

Felicity        Very well. If you must. *(she offers a cheek)* You may kiss me. *(he does tentatively. She turns to Grayson)* And you can drive me home, Wilkin's car has broken down.

Grayson        It shall be my pleasure...It's like all my dreams have come true.

Gerry            Thank you Grayson. Goodbye. *(they shake hands)*

Grayson        Goodbye sir, have a good trip.

Felicity        *(annoyed)* Come on servant. I haven't got all day.

*Grayson rolls his eyes and shakes his head, then follows Felicity off stage. Gerry watches them go and then picks up the suitcase and leaves the stage at the other side.*

**Scene 3**      *In the ship's bar. Gerry is sat at a table with a drink and a newspaper. There is a **bartender** behind who is polishing glasses.*

Bartender      Another drink sir?

Gerry            Yes, why not. I might as well make the most of this while I can. There's still prohibition in American isn't there?

Bartender      Yes sir, I'm afraid so. *(he looks around carefully)* Of course, if sir knew where to look, there might be the chance of a wee dram.

Gerry            Yes...yes, I'm sure there are places like that, but you won't find me in any of them I can assure you. Do you know I do love travelling by sea.

Bartender      Indeed sir. There's nothing quite like a life on the sea.

**Song 2: "A Life on the Sea"**

Bartender      I'll just get you that drink now. *(He turns and pours a drink, giving it to Gerry who goes back to the paper)*

*A shifty, slightly scruffy man enters the bar. He gets a drink from the bar and comes over to Gerry.*

Arthur          Do you mind if I join you?

Gerry            No...not at all. Please sit down. My names Gerry.

Arthur          An interesting name. English I suppose?

Gerry            Yes indeed.

Arthur          My name's Arthur. Arthur Longfellow. Is it your first trip to the States?

Gerry            Yes...yes it is.

Arthur          I see. Where are you staying in New York?

Gerry            With my brother Clarence in Manhattan. He's been in the States for five years now. Do you know him?

Arthur          No I don't. New York's a big place.

Gerry            Sorry, I was forgetting. I'm from a tiny village in the countryside. We tend to know everyone there.

Arthur          Lord of the Manor are you? Rolling in it I suppose.

Gerry            Well I do live in a large house, but I'm not very well to do I'm afraid.

Arthur          I see. What brings you to the States then.

Gerry            I'm off to visit my Great Aunt. She's not well...not very well at all I'm afraid.

Arthur        Still, I suppose that if she pops her clogs there might be some money in it for you eh?

Gerry         I really don't know. I hadn't thought about it to be honest.

Arthur        No...no, I bet you haven't. What with that big house to support and everything.

Gerry         *(getting a bit annoyed)* No, I really haven't. I happen to care a lot for my Aunt. *(looks a bit thoughtful)* Still, the rumour was that she did have hidden wealth.

Arthur        *(stroking chin)* Hmm, Interesting. *(he gets up to go)* Nice to meet you Gerry. *(shakes his hand)* I'm sure we'll meet again...yes, I'm sure we'll meet again.

*Arthur Longfellow leaves the stage.*

Gerry         *(returning to his newspaper)* What a pleasant man. I hope all Americans are as accommodating as he was.

*He leaves the stage.*



**Scene 4**      *New York docks. Gerry has disembarked from the boat and is looking around the terminal to try to see his brother. He spots him and **Clarence** bounds onto the stage followed by **Geoffrey** his manservant.*

Clarence      Hey big brother...long time no see!

Gerry          *(Shaking his hand)* Clarence! How are you? It's been a long time.

Clarence      Too long Gerry...too long. This is Geoffrey my manservant.

Geoffrey      Pleased to meet you Sir. Can I take your luggage?

Clarence      It's so great to finally see you again.

Geoffrey      If you gentlemen would like to come this way. The car is waiting. You can catch up on the journey.

*Geoffrey picks up the case and turns to leave. As he does so Arthur Longfellow walks past them across the stage.*

Arthur        See you around Gerry.

Gerry          What? Oh yes...see you Arthur.

*Arthur leaves the stage.*

Clarence      Who was that? A friend of yours?

Gerry          Oh just someone I met on the boat.

Clarence      He looks familiar...where have I seen him before? *(pause)* Oh well...must be my imagination. Come on let's go. We're on a tight schedule.

Geoffrey      Remember. You must go to see your Aunt Agatha first.

Clarence      Of course...of course. All in good time. But I've got a lot planned for us to do and see. New York's gonna blow Gerry's socks off!

Gerry          Right ...I'm sure it will. But we should get to Aunt Agatha's as soon as possible...she is dying after all.

Clarence      Yeah right! The batty old hypochondriac is always at death's door. I can't believe she dragged you all the way here this time.

Gerry          Clarence! That's a terrible thing to say.

Clarence      Well...she's got that many ailments a hospital could use her as a living text book!

**Song 3: "Aunt Agatha's Ailments"**

Gerry          Well we should go and check on her anyway.

Clarence I don't think so thanks. I can think of far better ways of wasting my time. If you *have* to go there Geoffrey will take you and bring you round to mine later. I'll take a taxi to the club.

Gerry Well...ok. If you're sure

Clarence See you later...then we'll really paint the town red!

*Clarence leaves the stage*

Geoffrey This way sir.

*They leave the stage too.*

**Scene 5** *Aunt Agatha's apartment. Aunt Agatha is sat in her chair. She does not really look like she is dying. The door opens and Gerry is led in by Florence, Aunt Agatha's maid.*

Florence Your nephew has arrived m'lady.

Agatha Come on then if you're coming in. Don't hang around the door you're creating a draught and I don't really need hypothermia on top of everything else!

Gerry Sorry Aunty.

Florence Can I get you anything m'lady?

Agatha Ask Anthony to bring in a tray of tea please, Florence

Florence And some of those nice biscuits, m'lady?

Agatha Yes please

Florence Right away, m'lady. *(she curtsies and leaves)*

Agatha Now come over here and give your great Aunt a kiss. *(Gerry does so)* Lets have a look at you...my you have grown! But you seem to have something stuck on your top lip.

Gerry Er...it's a moustache Aunty.

Agatha A moustache! Florence has got a better growth than that. My goodness what does your wife think of it?

Gerry I'm not married yet Aunty...*(proudly)* but I *am* engaged.

Agatha Well I suppose that's something. What's the poor unfortunate girl's name?

Gerry Felicity. Felicity Albright.

Agatha A good solid name that. I approve. Is she from good stock?

Gerry Aunty! You make her sound like a racehorse.

Agatha            Nonsense! Good breeding is important. How are things back in the old country?

Gerry            Er...fine. Things are all tickety boo.

Agatha            Don't tell me fibs Gerry. I could always tell when you were lying... your left eyebrow twitches.

Gerry            It's not twitching.

Agatha            Yes it is...oops...there it goes again. Jiggling about like a maddened hamster. Tell me the truth. How are things really?

Gerry            Well...not good I'm afraid. Not good at all. The house is mortgaged to the hilt, the building's in desperate need of repair, I've had to lay off most of the staff and the family coffers have run dry.

Agatha            Ah yes...your Grandfather was always more popular with the bookmakers than the ladies. A lovely man, but a hopeless gambler.

Gerry            Yes...but anyway...keep a stiff upper lip and all that. The show must go on.

Agatha            You can dispense with the cliches Gerry. You were always so predictable...anyway, I may be able to help you. I did call you over here for a reason.

Gerry            Yes, you're dying aren't you?

Agatha            Balderdash Gerry. You are a bit thick sometimes aren't you? Do I look like I'm dying?

Gerry            Well...no. Now you come to mention it you actually look uncommonly healthy.

Agatha            Absolutely. Now listen carefully. This may come as a bit of a shock...but I think someone is trying to kill me.

Gerry            Auntie...no! Who would want to do that?

Agatha            Well...I can think of at least five people straightaway...and *that's* just amongst my close friends. But seriously...it's true. Someone *is* trying to bump me off.

Gerry            I...I can't believe it. How can someone as kind and generous as you have any enemies?

Agatha            Oh stop being such a snivelling great creep. I *know* what people think of me. But I never thought anyone hated me enough to try to kill me.

Gerry            Surely there must be a reasonable explanation?

Agatha            Can you think of an innocent reason for your tea smelling of bitter almonds?

Gerry Cyanide? My word.  
Agatha Yes indeed. Cyanide. And that's not all. There's been other attempts...

**Song 4: "Nine Lives"**

Gerry It certainly all seems a little fishy Aunty.  
Agatha Fishy? You can say that again. They're after me I tell you.  
*The door opens and Aunt Agatha's butler enters with a tray of tea and biscuits.*

Anthony Your tea and biscuits m'lady.

Agatha Ah Anthony. Thankyou  
*She takes her tea and sniffs it.*

Agatha Smells fine to me. What do you think Gerry? Have a good sniff. *(She passes him the cup)*

Gerry *(Sniffing)* Seems Ok. Would you like me to taste it?

Agatha If you like.  
*Gerry sips the tea carefully. There is a pause as Anthony and Agatha watch him carefully.*

Gerry I feel Ok...I think.

Anthony Are you sure, sir?

Gerry Yep...absolutely fine.

Agatha Ok then. Thank you Anthony, you may leave us.

Anthony Very well madam. Enjoy your tea. *(He leaves the room)*

Agatha A very reliable servant Anthony. He was mortified after the cyanide incident.

Gerry Understandably so. Now why did you bring me here Aunty? How can I help?

Agatha Well I want you to look into this for me. I've hidden my will away for safe keeping in case some one's after that but I need someone to be my eyes.

Gerry But shouldn't you go to the police?

Agatha I've tried but they're just not interested.

Gerry But I don't even know the city. What use would I be?

Agatha        An innocent abroad my dear...people won't suspect you at all. You're perfect for the job. *(She picks up a biscuit from the saucer)* Ah...almond fingers...my favourite. *(She takes a bite)* Anyway...I'd better tell you what I've done with the will. It's...

*She grabs her throat and starts to gag. She has been poisoned.*

Agatha        Aaah...the biscuit...I forgot about the biscuit.

Gerry         Auntie...hold on...I'll get help...

Agatha        No...it's too late. The will...it's...come closer...

Gerry         Don't tell me Auntie...save your breath.

Auntie        Shut up you fool...*(she is getting fainter)*...cat...cat...knows...where...it...is...

Gerry         The cat? What cat?

Auntie        The cat...uh. *(She falls back in her chair. She is dead)*

Gerry         Auntie...NO! ANTHONY!! HELP!!!

*He runs out of the room and the scene ends.*

**Scene 6**        ***Aunt Agatha's Apartment.** Gerry and 3 police detectives are in the room. They are walking around taking notes and looking thoughtful. Gerry looks worried. He is sat down.*

Detective 1    So you say she had no enemies sir?

Gerry         No...at least not that I know of. She was such a gentle person. I just can't believe it.

Detective 2    Indeed sir. And you were the only person in the room at the time were you?

Gerry         Er...yes. What are you inferring?

Detective 3    Well sir. We have to look at every eventuality. I hope you understand.

Gerry         You don't seriously think I did it do you?

Detective 1    Well...she didn't have many other relatives did she? And she was a very wealthy woman. You must stand to inherit a fair amount.

Gerry         How dare you! She was my favourite aunt. Whatever happened to innocent until proven guilty?

Detective 2    You *are* in America now sir. No one here is entirely innocent. Anyway I'm not accusing you of anything...just looking at all of the possibilities.

Gerry               What about the butler? Have you spoken to him yet?

Detective 3       Yes...he can barely contain himself. He's distraught.

Gerry               He had been with Aunt Agatha for nearly forty years. He must have been very attached to her.

Detective 1       Actually, it turns out that he was more attached than we realised. They were very fond of each other indeed!

Gerry               What?...Aunt Agatha and Anthony...my word!

Detective 2       Yes...anyway lets get back to the point...

*The door bursts open and Clarence enters. He seems out of breath.*

Clarence           Gerry! I came as soon as I heard. It's terrible...terrible. Why her?

Detective 3       You knew her then? Who are you?

Clarence           Who am I? I'm Clarence, I'm Gerry's brother.

Detective 1       I see. *(he makes a note in his book)* You were fond of her then I take it?

Clarence           Fond of her? *(melodramatically)* She was my guiding light.

*Gerry looks at him inquisitively.*

Detective 2       And where were you when she died?

Clarence           Where was I? I was at my club I suppose. That's where I'm normally found. After all if you can't enjoy the high life when you're young when else can you? And Gerry...I'm going to show you it all tonight!

**Song 5: "Clarence Takes Manhattan"**

Gerry               But Clarence...how can we possibly go out? Poor old Aunt Agatha.

Clarence           Well.. it's what she would have wanted. There's nothing we can do for her now. Goodbye Detective...if there's anything we can do to help don't hesitate to call. Come on Gerry.

*He grabs Gerry and leads him protesting to the door and out.*

Gerry               I...I...don't know. I'm not sure.

*The detectives look at each other.*

Detectives 1, 2 and 3   Most suspicious! *(They leave the stage)*

**Scene 7**      ***The Golden Palace Nightclub.** Very elegant. A few clientele are sat around the stage on tables (this could be off the stage). Clarence and Gerry enter from the side of the stage. Gerry looks unhappy to be there. Clarence is in his element. He waves to **Monty, Isobel** and **Alfie** as they enter and sit down at the edge of the stage.*

Clarence      Monty! Isobel! Hey...you're looking good. Alfie!..like the moustache. Very nice...very nice. *(turns to Clarence)* You know Gerry...this place is almost like a second home to me.

Monty          You too Clarence you old rogue, have you lost weight?

Isobel          *(to Monty)* He's so dreamy, I wish he was my boyfriend.

Monty          Steady on...you can hurt a chap's feelings!

Isobel          Oh yes...sorry I forgot about you for a moment there. *(they sit down)*

Alfie            Clarence old fella...have you thought any more about my movie offer?

Clarence      Sorry old chap. I can't be moving to Hollywood now...New York needs me!

Alfie            That's a shame...I could have made you a big star. *(he sits down)*

Gerry          It's very noisy and smoky Clarence.

Clarence      My dear boy...those are the sounds and smells of a party atmosphere!

Gerry          Well...I'm not sure if I like them all that much.

Clarence      Don't be silly...you're just not used to them that's all. Ah look...Big Cecil has saved my usual table for me. Come on lets sit down.

Gerry          Oh good...does that mean we're staying?

*They sit down. Clarence looks around for a waiter. He spots one and tries to attract his attention.*

Clarence      Oi...waiter. We're dying of thirst over here. Any chance of a drink sometime tonight?

Waiter          *(Coming over)* You called sir? What can I get you?

Clarence      About time too. I'd like a house special *(winks)* Know what I mean? What about you Gerry? A house special? I can heartily recommend them.

Gerry          Er...yes. Yes please.

*The waiter nods and turns to go. Clarence is turned facing the other way. Gerry grabs the waiter's arm.*

Gerry          Look...I'm really sorry about my brother's rudeness.

Waiter            Oh...I'm used to it. I'll just be off now to spit in his drink.  
*The waiter leaves.*

Clarence        Ah...here comes Big Cecil. He owns this place. He's a very important man about town...Cecil...over here!  
*Cecil comes over to the table. He is accompanied by two bodyguards: **Herbert** and **Ernie** who are not very clever.*

Cecil            Clarence!...welcome back...and who is the distinguished gentleman accompanying you.

Clarence        This is Gerry...my brother visiting from England.

Herbert        From England eh? I know someone from England. Mrs Jones...do you know her? She lives in London?

Gerry            Er...no. I'm afraid I don't.

Ernie            Are you sure you're from England? You're not very tall.  
*There is a pause as they all look blankly at Ernie. Cecil turns back first*

Cecil            Welcome to my little place Clarence. Have a good time. Ah...here come your drinks...on the house of course.  
*The waiter comes with the drinks. He puts them on the table. Clarence takes a sip of his.*

Clarence        *(spitting it out)* Euurgh! What's this? I ordered a house special. You know? A proper house special...not the rubbish you give to tourists. I'm a regular here you know.

Waiter           I...I'm sorry sir. I didn't realise.

Cecil            I'm very sorry. This sort of thing cannot be allowed to happen. Your drinks will be replaced immediately. Herbert. Ernie. Deal with this incompetent idiot will you.

Herbert        Certainly sir...it will be our pleasure.

Ernie            Come on you. *(They drag the waiter away)*

Gerry            But...but...

Cecil            I'm sorry you had to see that...an unfortunate circumstance, but sometimes you just can't get the staff.  
*There is a scream from backstage. The waiter has been dealt with. Herbert and Ernie return.*

Cecil            Ah boys...a job well done I presume?

Herbert        Yes sir.



Ernie            No problems.

Cecil            Good...good. Anyway gentlemen I must leave you. Important business to attend to. Enjoy the show and we'll catch up with you later.

*They leave.*

Gerry            The show...what show?

Clarence        It's about to start...

*The brothers sit at their table at the edge of the stage. All others move offstage. The MC comes out from backstage to introduce the show.*

MC               Ladies and gentlemen. May I present in her fabulous gown...The gorgeous and seductive headline show...Put a smile on your faces and please don't feel down...put your hands together for Miss Catherine Montreux... and the wonderful Golden Palace dancers....

*Catherine and Dancers enter the stage and song begins.*

***Song 6: "The Stage is Mine"***

*Song ends and the dancers leave. Catherine waves at Clarence and Gerry. Gerry is standing applauding with his mouth open. He is smitten. Catherine leaves.*

Clarence        She's quite something isn't she? And the dancers aren't bad either. *(he turns to Gerry)* Anyway...look. I'm really sorry for dragging you here...it's not really your cup of tea is it?

Gerry            *(looking towards where Catherine has left)* Clarence...

Clarence        Yes Gerry?

Gerry            Can we come again tomorrow?

*Gerry looks shocked and they leave the club. The scene ends.*

**Scene 8**      *In the Golden Palace nightclub. It is closed and there is only Big Cecil, Herbert and Ernie in there. The chairs are on the table.*

Cecil            Well boys. Any sign of it yet?

Herbert        No boss. Not yet. We've looked everywhere...honest.

Ernie            Yeah boss...everywhere.

Cecil            Well boys...I'm afraid it's not good enough. Someone's head is going to roll and I tell you something...

Herbert and  
Ernie            Sorry boss!

Cecil            Sorry!...I'm sick of that word. It's all I ever hear from you two. You're useless...both of you. I'm demoting you to doorman duties. Tell Fingers and Colin they can do your job from now on

Herbert and  
Ernie            Aw no...Sorry.

Cecil            It's too late for that now you incompetent pair. Clear off both of you. I've got to phone the boss.

*Herbert and Cecil leave. Cecil goes to the phone and dials.*

Cecil            Hello boss...it's me...big Cecil. *(he holds the receiver away from his ear as the boss is obviously shouting)* Yes boss...I know. I'm sorry but there's just no sign of it as yet...we've looked everywhere...yes we've looked there...someone must know where it is. Who?...that English fool!...why would he have it? Ah...I see. He was related to the old bag. I suppose she might have told him where it was...What would you like us to do?...Do you think that's wise? *(he holds the receiver away from his ear again)* Ok...ok! I'm sorry to have doubted you...we'll get him right away...I won't fail you again...goodbye.

*Cecil puts down the receiver and then picks it up again and redials.*

Cecil            Hello...is that Arthur? Arthur Longfellow? It's me Big Cecil...the boss needs some information...get over to the club right away.

*He puts down the phone and calls through the wall*

Cecil            Fingers...Colin...get in here? I've got a job for you...

*Fingers and Colin shuffle in.*

Fingers        Yes boss?

Cecil            Right...I've just spoken to the boss and he wants us to go out and get that idiot brother.

Colin            What? Clarence? But what does he know?

Cecil Not Clarence...he's a harmless fool...I mean his brother Gerry.

Fingers The English guy?

Cecil Yeah...the English guy. The boss reckons he knows where the will is.

Colin Will?...who's this guy Will? Do we have to snatch him as well?

Cecil You really are an idiot aren't you Colin?

Colin Yeah boss...I suppose I am.

Cecil Remember the will? The one that the old dear was supposed to have written? The one we're trying to get hold of so it can be...shall we say...amended?

Fingers Oh yeah...I remember. But we don't know where it is do we?

Cecil Oh well done Mr Quick...we've caught up at last. Now can you go and pick up our distinguished English visitor.

*There is a knock at the door and Arthur Longfellow enters.*

Cecil Ah...Mr Longfellow...I trust you have some information for us?

Arthur Yes indeed Cecil...he was most illuminating.

Cecil Excellent, excellent...now when would be the best time for us to strike?

Arthur Well...I was hanging around at the club earlier and I noticed that our English guest seems to have developed a bit of a thing for Miss Montreux. He was talking about coming back here tomorrow.

Cecil Ah...wonderful. Did you hear that boys? You won't need to pick him up after all...he's going to walk right back here into the trap!

*They all laugh and leave the club. The scene ends.*

**Scene 9** *Clarence's Apartment. Clarence and Gerry enter the apartment and Clarence slumps down into a chair. Gerry does not sit down but paces around the room. Geoffrey is in the room waiting on them*

Clarence For goodness sake Gerry...sit down...you're wearing the carpet out.

Gerry Oh...I'm sorry. I just don't seem to be able to settle.

Clarence *(knowingly)* Oh yes...and why's that then?

Gerry I don't know. I really don't know!

Clarence Nothing to do with a certain beautiful young dancer then?

Gerry What...no! Of course not! What makes you say that?

Clarence Well...nothing really...apart from the fact that you've been flustered and nervous ever since you set eyes on her. That can only mean one thing!

Gerry But...I don't have any feelings for her. Yes she's very beautiful, talented, shapely and has the most wonderful greeney blue eyes when you stare deeply into them...*(pauses and sighs)*...but honestly Clarence, there's nothing going on.

Clarence Yeah right...ok if you insist. So why do you want to the club again tomorrow then?

Gerry Er...well, I liked it. It had a certain...er...ambience...

Geoffrey I hope Sir likes Slapstick comedy.

Gerry I beg your pardon?

Geoffrey Well Sir...it's comedy night at the palace tomorrow. Slapstick comedy night...

Gerry Great. I love slapstick...er...what is slapstick exactly?

Geoffrey I'm led to believe people hit each other with things Sir. I gather many people consider it a "hoot," Sir.

Clarence Cat will be there anyway...she works as a waitress on the nights when she's not singing. Cecil's not known for his extravagant wages. But of course...that won't interest you will it?

Gerry Oh no...not at all!

Clarence *(Looking closely at Gerry)* You've fallen for her haven't you? Tell me the truth now.

Gerry No!...how dare you! I'm engaged to be married I'll have you know!

Clarence The truth...?

Gerry No...I don't like her...*(pauses)*...well...maybe just a bit.

Geoffrey A bit, Sir?

Gerry Alright...I love her! Are you both happy now? I haven't even spoken to the girl and I've fallen in love with her! But I'm never gonna be the person she wants me to be! She's so wonderful! What can I offer her?

**Song 7: "Never Gonna be the Person"**

Clarence Thought so! Would you like me to introduce you then?

Gerry *(Suddenly nervous)* er...I don't know.

Clarence Dunno! What have you go to lose?

Gerry           What will I say? What shall I wear?

Clarence       Don't worry dear brother. You have the most fashionable, debonaire, gentleman in the whole of New York to advise you.

Gerry           *(Looking around)* Who's that then?

Clarence       *(Looks slightly annoyed)* Me! You idiot. Come on...we've got shopping to do. *(They leave the stage)*

**Scene 10**       ***Golden Palace nightclub Slapstick Comedy Night.*** *The same club but the next night. Gerry and Clarence enter. They sit down at the same table as the previous night waiting for the entertainment. Gerry is looking around nervously.*

Gerry           Well...where is she? You said she'd be here...

Clarence       Calm down...calm down. She'll be around here somewhere.

Gerry           How can I be calm? I've got enough butterflies in my stomach to start a farm!

Clarence       Relax!...just remember all the things I told you to say.

Gerry           But...I can't remember!

Clarence       *(sighs)* Think carefully. What do you say when you first speak to her?

Gerry           *(woodenly)* er...hello Miss Montreux. You're looking lovely tonight?

Clarence       Not like that! Like this *(very smoothly)* Why hello Miss Montreux... you're looking lovely tonight...and then you kiss her hand.

Gerry           Oh right...ok *(he does not look sure)*

*MC #2 comes out from backstage.*

MC #2           Welcome ladies and gentlemen. It's Saturday night set alight...By the hilarious antics of slapstick men...Roll around in the aisles 'til your britches feel tight...let's laugh our socks off from now until ten...Ladies and Gentlemen...fresh from Hollywood...the slapstick fools....

*Applause. The MC, Clarence and Gerry leave the stage (moving the table) and the fools enter for the slapstick dance.*

***Song 8: "Slapstick"***

*The dance ends and the fools leave the stage. As the last one leaves the table is moved onto the stage. The two men sit down and Catherine enters. She is waiting on tables. Gerry spots her and ducks down.*

Gerry           *(trying to attract Clarence's attention, hisses)* Clarence...it's her...

Clarence       Of course...I said she'd be here. Now's your chance...*(he stands and shouts)*...Cat...Cat...over here!

Gerry           *(Trying to pull him down)* Clarence no!

Clarence       Don't be silly...Cat...baby...it's me...Clarence.  
*Cat looks over at them and waves. She comes over to them.*

Cat             Hi boys...how ya doin'

Clarence       I'm fine thanks Cat. I don't think you've met my brother Gerry.

Cat             No I haven't had the pleasure. Charmed I'm sure. *(She holds out her hand)*

Gerry           *(Standing frozen)* I...I...  
*Clarence nudges him.*

Clarence       Come on Gerry...say hello to Cat.

Gerry           Er...er...hello...er...Miss Montreux...you're...er...looking...er...lovely...er...tonight. *(he stands there looking embarrassed)*

Clarence       *(hissing out of the corner of his mouth)* The hand Gerry...the hand...

Gerry           Oh yes...the hand...*(He grabs her hand and not very romantically, kisses it)*  
*Cat pauses and then smiles at him.*

Cat             You're a very charming man Gerry. I hope to meet you again but now if you'll excuse me I have to serve more drinks.  
*She smiles at Gerry again and then leaves the stage. Gerry looks gobsmacked and slumps down onto his chair. Clarence is grinning.*

Clarence       Well...well...you old charmer you! You seem to have made an impression there! My word! Who'd have thought it?

Gerry           I made a bit of a fool of myself didn't I?

Clarence       I don't think so. I think she likes you!

Gerry           Do you really think so?

Clarence       Without a doubt!

Gerry           *(taking out his handkerchief and mopping his brow)* My goodness!  
*He is still looking flustered when Big Cecil accompanied by Jimmy and Knuckles come onto the stage and walk up to the table.*

Clarence       Hello Cecil. *(looks at the henchmen)* What happened to Herbert and Ernie?

Cecil           It's a long story. I replaced them with Fingers and Colin...but they were terrible. This is Jimmy...

Jimmy          Pleased to meet you

Cecil           ...And this is Knuckles.

Knuckles       *(grunting)* Hur...hur...me Knuckles!

Clarence       Ah!...an intellectual type.

Cecil           Ah Gerry...there you are. There's a phone call for you out the back.

Gerry           A phone call? For me? But who knows I'm here?

Cecil           I don't know I'm afraid. They wouldn't give their name.

Gerry           Oh right. Well I suppose I'd better go and see what they want.

Cecil           Yes...you better had! Jimmy, Knuckles...show this gentleman where the phone is will you.

Jimmy          Certainly boss we'll do that...*(he taps his nose knowingly)*...you can rely on us!

Knuckles       Hur...hur...me Knuckles!

Cecil           *(to Gerry)* You'll be safe in their hands Gerry. Take your time over the call.

*Jimmy and Knuckles take Gerry's arms and lead him briskly away and offstage. He is being kidnapped.*

Cecil           *(turning to Clarence)* ...and how is the world treating you Clarence?

Clarence       Oh fine, fine. *(pause)* Any chance of a house special...if you know what I mean?

Cecil           I do indeed Clarence my friend...I'll have one sent over.

*Jimmy returns and whispers in Cecil's ear.*

Cecil           I see...*(speaks to Clarence)* I'm afraid that Gerry has had to leave. Urgent business to attend to apparently.

Clarence       I understand. Anyway, I'd better be going as well. Don't want to outstay my welcome eh? I'll have that drink another time.

Cecil           Shall we see you later sir?

Clarence       Maybe...maybe...But for now goodbye.

*He puts on his coat and leaves the stage. The scene ends.*

**Scene 11**      *Upstairs at the club. It is a small room and Gerry has been tied to a chair. Big Cecil, Herbert, Ernie, Fingers, Colin, Jimmy and Knuckles are standing around as Big Cecil addresses them.*

Cecil            Right boys. Don't make me regret giving you another chance. We need him to talk. Here's your chance to impress me.

Herbert        *(going over to Gerry shouting)* COME ON THEN YOU STUBBORN FOOL...TALK!

Cecil            *(restraining him)* Er...Herbert...

Herbert        *(realising that Cecil is talking to him)* Yes boss?

Cecil            Do you not perhaps think that we should ask him a question first?

Herbert        Oh right...sorry boss.

Cecil            Don't worry...your incompetence has become almost comforting *(turns to Ernie)* Ernie...why don't you have a go.

Ernie            Ok Boss...*(turning to Gerry and shouting)* TELL US WHERE IT IS!!

Gerry            Er...where what is exactly?

Fingers        Don't try and be clever with us Gerry. We're not some of your limey amateur crooks. We're professionals and we're prepared to go a long way to get what we want.

Colin            Yeah...a long way!

Cecil            So you'd better loosen up your tongue quickly...or we may have to do it for you.

Knuckles       Hur! Hur!...me Knuckles!

Gerry            But I don't know what you're talking about. What is it that you think I have?

Cecil            The Will you fool...your Great Aunt Agatha's Will. Where is it?

Gerry            Oh that? But I don't know.

Herbert        You don't know...*(turns to Cecil)* If he doesn't know he's no use to us is he? Let me finish him off!

Cecil            No Herbert...I think he knows more than he's letting on. No one is going to "finish him off" as you so eloquently put it.

Ernie            Oh go on boss...please?

Cecil            NO!...Now I suggest that you start to think carefully about where the will is. I don't believe your story. My spies tell me that you visited your Aunt just before her unfortunate "accident."



Gerry Yes...but she didn't tell me anything...hang on. It was you wasn't it? You killed my Aunt! You cad!...but why? What use is the Will to you?

Cecil Calm yourself. From what I gather she died of natural causes...an allergy to bitter almonds apparently.

Gerry Yes...people do tend to be allergic to cyanide...it's quite common.

Cecil Very dry...Yes it was a shame she had to go...but she wasn't a very nice old lady at all...even her friends said so.

Gerry She was my Aunty!

Cecil Yes...and I can only offer my deepest condolences. Now you asked why we wanted the Will? I don't know if you're aware of it but your Aunt Agatha was a very wealthy woman. Her late husband invested wisely and managed to accumulate a *lot* of money.

Gerry And that's it? You did all this for just money?

Cecil *(feigning shock)* Just money! My dear boy that sort of attitude worries me. Just money indeed! Anyway, at great expense, we have produced an alternative Will which bequeaths everything to our little enterprise.

Gerry I see. So you think I know where it is then?

Cecil Yes. So I advise you to tell me before I ask my two friends here to "persuade" you to talk.

Gerry Look...if I knew anything I would tell you, but I don't! She was in a bad way before she died and only managed to mumble a few words...something about the cat knowing where the will was. She was delirious.

Cecil Hmm...I see. The CAT eh? What on earth did she mean? What do you think boys?

Henchmen *(making a big show of thinking)* Dunno boss.  
*There is a knock at the door and Catherine enters cautiously.*

Cat Er...Mr Cecil? Are you here? There's a phone call for you downstairs.

Gerry *(shouts)* Cat! Don't come in...run for it...get help!

Cecil Cat? Cat? *(realises)* It's her! Fingers, Colin...grab her.  
*She starts to run but Herbert and Ernie catch her and bring her in. She is tied to another chair next to Gerry.*

Cecil            Well, well...the gang's all here now aren't they? Welcome to our little soiree Miss Montreux. *(he shouts offstage)* MR LONGFELLOW...WILL YOU JOIN US?

*Arthur enters.*

Cecil            Hello Arthur. Would you be kind enough to question this young lady for us? Maybe you could use some of your specialist skills.

Cat              What do you want with me? Let me go.

Arthur          I think you have something that we want...some important information.

Cat              Me? I know nothing. I just serve tables and dance. What would I know about anything important?

Arthur          Ah...Miss Montreux. You are *too* modest. I think you are a clever girl and that someone realised that and decided to trust you with some very important information indeed.

Cat              Who?

Arthur          Gerry's Great Aunt Agatha. That's who! Now, enough of the fooling about. Where is it?

Cat              But I don't know where the Will is.

Arthur          Ah ha! You fell into my little trap. I didn't mention that I was looking for a Will did I? Now where is it so we can destroy it and replace it with our fake one.

Cat              Drat...I'm so stupid. I suppose I'd better tell you then.

*The phone starts to ring. Fingers answers it.*

Fingers          Hello...Yes he's here. Boss it's for you. It's the big Boss. He wants to talk to you.

Cecil            What...now? Right give it here. *(Herbert hands him the phone)* Hello...yes...yes...I'm just about to find out. The dancing girl knows exactly where it is...You want us to do what?...Now?...Ok...we'll be there in ten minutes. *(He puts down the phone)* Come on boys...the boss wants us to take them to him.

Arthur          But why don't we just ask them now and then go over?

Cecil            I don't know...but are you going to phone the boss back and argue with him?

Herbert        Don't do that...he scares me half to death. I've heard the rumours.

Ernie           Yeah me too. They say he's half mad.

Knuckles       *(looking frightened)* Hur! Hur!...me Knuckles!

Fingers           Why do they call him the “Masked Cloak”

Cecil             Oh I don’t know...could it be that he wears a mask and a cloak?

Colin             I heard he only goes out at night so no one knows what he looks like...he probably wears the mask to cover a horrible disfigurement!

Jimmy            ...and he’s ten feet tall...(everyone looks at him)...Not that I believe them...what do you think I am? Stupid?

Cecil             I won’t answer that one. Now come on...untie them and get them in the car.

*They take them out. Betsy leads out with Cecil on his arm. Arthur hangs back.*

Arthur            I’ll catch you all up. I need to make a quick phone call.

*They leave and the scene ends.*

**Scene 12**       *Cecil (holding a gun) leads in Gerry and Cat, accompanied by Arthur into a room which is bare except for a swivel chair which is facing the wrong way. The boss (Clarence) is hooded and cloaked and wears a white mask. All we see of the big boss to start with is his hand...*

Cecil             *(calling offstage)* You boys wait out by the car. I don’t want the boss to see how incompetent you are.

Boss  
(Clarence)       *(distorted voice)* Ah welcome...welcome...please make yourself comfortable.

Gerry             Huh...some chance of that.

Cecil             Silence! Show some respect.

Cat               Why? You’re probably going to kill us anyway!

Cecil             *(grudgingly)* Well yes...you’re probably right. But there’s no excuse for rudeness

Gerry             I hope you don’t mind me asking...but how tall are you?

Big boss         *(melodramatically)* I tower over the city like a black cloud, casting my evil shadow over its weak willed inhabitants. Not a crime is carried out without my knowing and permission. In fact...I am the city’s super criminal.

**Song 9: “He’s so Evil!”**

Big boss         Well does that answer your question?

Gerry             Er...yes. Thankyou.

Big Boss      And now to business...Miss Montreux...I believe you have something I want.

Cat            I'll never tell you...never!

Big Boss      Oh yes you will.

Cat            Oh no I won't!

Big Boss      Oh yes you will...oh for goodness sake...this isn't a pantomine. If you don't tell me you will be tortured...ok?

Cat            *(bravely)* I can stand *any* torture.

Big Boss      How about having your fingernails pulled out slowly?

Cat            *(looking scared)* No!...No!...I've only just had them manicured. I'll talk.

Gerry         Cat...no!

Cat            Be quiet Gerry...nails like these don't grow on trees!

Gerry         Oh!

Cat            The will is in...

*The cast all move towards her to hear when suddenly the door bursts open and Grayson the butler enters. He is carrying a revolver.*

Grayson      Don't move...any of you. Drop that gun.

*Cecil drops the gun and he, Arthur and the big boss put their hands up.*

Gerry         Grayson! What are you doing here?

Grayson      I was told you were in danger sir so I came as quickly as I could.

Cecil          But how did you get past my boys?

Grayson      Quite easily I'm afraid. Two of them were playing cards three were asleep and one was just grunting and polishing his knuckles .

Cecil          Hopeless! I give up!

Gerry         But what are you doing in America?

Grayson      Your Aunt didn't trust you to look after yourself I'm afraid sir...she sent me a ticket so I could keep an eye on you.

Gerry         Ah...jolly good...but I had everything under control.

Grayson      If you say so sir.

Cat            How did you know where we were though?

Grayson      My friend Mr Longfellow here tipped me off.

Cecil            Arthur? You traitor...

Grayson       Not so fast Cecil. Remember who's got the gun!

Cat             So is this the point where we get to find out who the mysterious, evil Mr Big is?

Grayson       Not quite my dear. First of all I have to point out that Mr Arthur Longfellow is really an undercover agent working for the FBI.

Cat             Ah right...(pause)...NOW can we find out who HE is (*points at big boss.*)

Grayson       Ok then if you must. (*He moves over to the chair and prepares to turn it around*) The mystery Mr Big is...

Gerry          Hang on...I can't see...(he moves around)

Grayson       (*annoyed*) Can I continue? Thankyou...the mystery Mr Big is...  
*He pulls off the mask and cloak to reveal Clarence*

Gerry, Cecil,  
Cat, Ernie,  
Herbert and  
Arthur       CLARENCE!

Clarence      Yes indeed...and I'd have got away with it it wasn't for you pesky kids!

Cat             Clarence! How could you?

Clarence      Quite easily! Anyway...you can't pin anything on me...you've got no proof!

Arthur        Maybe not...but we can get you for breaking the prohibition laws in your club. I have all the evidence I need.

Clarence      Oh!

Gerry          Why Clarence? Why did you do it?

Clarence      For the money of course...why else. I've seen how you live your pitiful, debt ridden life and I was determined not to let the same thing happen to me. Then I guess I just got greedy with the Will thing.

Cat             You pushed your luck just a bit too far!

Clarence      I don't regret anything.

Cecil          Nor do I!

Grayson       You've both got plenty of time to consider your actions in jail. They're all yours Arthur.

Arthur            Come on then boys...you're under arrest. Let's go and gather up your accomplices.

Clarence        It's a fair cop.

*Cecil and Clarence leave the room with Arthur at gunpoint.*

Gerry            Well, I think I've had my fill of America. I want to go home.

Grayson        I anticipated that sir. I have your return ticket here and I took the liberty of packing your bags.

Gerry            Righto then. Lets go.

*Grayson and Gerry leave the room. Cat is left on her own.*

Cat               Don't you want to know where the Will is?

*Grayson and Gerry return.*

Gerry            Oh yes? Where is it?

Cat               Here actually. I meant to put it somewhere safe but never actually got around to it. So I kept it on me.

*She pulls out a roll of paper. They begin to move offstage.*

Gerry            What does it say?

Cat               It says that she wants to leave everything she owns to...

*They have moved offstage and the scene ends.*

**Scene 13**      *Gerry and Grayson are in the room together. Gerry is sat down drinking a cup of tea.*

Gerry            Has it really been a months we got back Grayson? So much has happened.

Grayson        Indeed sir, who'd have thought that Aunt Agatha would leave all her money to her butler? I was sure she was going to leave it to you.

Gerry            Well to be honest, me too. But they had been an item for a long time apparently.

Grayson        Yes sir.

Gerry            Anyway...who'd have dreamt that there were such rich deposits of oil under this estate eh? And how much money there was to be made from it?

Grayson        Yes sir...you're now a very rich man. I'm very pleased for you.

*There is a ring from the door bell.*

Grayson      Ah...that will be the guests arriving for the party. I'll just go and let them in. *(he leaves the room)*

*Gerry gets up and goes to the door.*

Gerry      *(shouts)* Darling...are you ready...the guests are arriving. Ah...here you are!

*Cat enters the room in evening dress.*

Gerry      Darling...you look lovely.

Cat      Thank you my love. It's wonderful to have so many people coming to help us celebrate our engagement and our new found wealth.

Gerry      Absolutely my dear...it's fortunate for me that Felicity ran off with her gardener before I got back.

Grayson      Indeed it is...all's well that ends well eh?

Cat      I'm so happy I feel like singing...

**Song 10: "I feel like dancing!"** *During this song the cast enter to attend the party and take their bows.*