

And Then There Were None--Character List

(adapted from Wikipedia)

Except for the married couple, all of the following characters are strangers to each other. They have been invited to an island home by U.N. Owen on different pretexts with just enough familiar information to be thought genuine. Each has a deep dark secret, and they soon realize they have been gathered together to pay for their past crimes.

Fred Narracot...is the boatman who delivers the guests to the island.

Mrs. Ethel Rogers...the cook, the housekeeper and Thomas Rogers' wife. She is dominated by her husband and seems in mortal fear of something. The two came to the island thinking they had been hired by the owners to take care of the guests.

Thomas Rogers...is the butler and Ethel Rogers' very domineering husband. The two were responsible for the death of the elderly woman in their care.

Vera Claythorne...is a cool, efficient and resourceful young lady who was accused of the drowning death of a boy while she was serving as his nanny. She was acquitted, though. She thinks she has been hired to be Mrs. Owen's secretary.

Philip Lombard...is a soldier of fortune in his thirties. He had been accused of causing the deaths of a group of East African tribesmen whose food he had stolen. He claimed self-preservation and showed little remorse.

Anthony Marsdon...a handsome but amoral and irresponsible young man who killed two children while driving recklessly. He felt little or no remorse and only complained that his license was suspended.

William Blore...is an ex-police officer, now private investigator. He had been accused of falsifying evidence for a bribe from a dangerous criminal gang, which resulted in the conviction of an innocent man who died in prison. He thought he was invited to gather information for the owner.

General MacKenzie...is a retired WWI era war hero who discovered that a young officer had become his wife's lover. As his commanding officer, MacKenzie sent the young man on a mission that would most likely guarantee his death.

Emily Brent...is a middle-aged, religiously rigid, and socially respectable spinster. Earlier she had fired her young, unmarried maid for becoming pregnant, and the maid later committed suicide.

Justice Lawrence Wargrave...is a retired judge who had been known as a "hanging judge" for sentencing many to death. He was accused of influencing the jury to convict a man who may have been innocent.

Dr. Armstrong...is a middle-aged surgeon who was responsible for the death of one of his patients after he operated on her when he was drunk.

#1
 Prepare Emily for your monologue.
 (Someone else will read Vera.)

VERA. What a lovely evening!

EMILY. Yes, indeed. The weather seems very settled. (to center window)

VERA. (comes down right) How plainly one can hear the sea.

EMILY. A pleasant sound. (comes down center)

VERA. Hardly a breath of wind – and deliciously warm. Not like England at all.

EMILY. I should have thought you might feel a little uncomfortable in that dress.

VERA. (not taking the point) Oh, no.

EMILY. (nastily) It's rather tight, isn't it?

VERA. (good-humored) Oh, I don't think so.

EMILY. (sits left sofa; takes out gray knitting) You'll excuse me, my dear, but you're a young girl and you've got your living to earn.

VERA. Yes?

EMILY. A well-bred woman doesn't like her secretary to appear flashy. It looks, you know, as though you were trying to attract the attention of the opposite sex.

VERA. (coming to right center) And would you say I do attract them?

EMILY. That's beside the point. A girl who deliberately sets out to get the attention of men won't be likely to keep her job long.

VERA. (laughing at her) Ah! Surely that depends on who she's working for?

EMILY. Really, Miss Claythorne!

VERA. Aren't you being a little unkind?

EMILY. (spitefully) Young people nowadays behave in the most disgusting fashion.

VERA. Disgusting?

EMILY. (carried away) Yes. Low-backed evening dresses. Lying half naked on beaches. All this so-called sunbathing. An excuse for immodest conduct, nothing more. Familiarity! Christian names – drinking cocktails! And look at the young men nowadays. Decadent! Look at that young Marston. What good is he? And that Captain Lombard!

VERA. What do you object to in Captain Lombard? I should say he was a man who'd led a very varied and interesting life.

EMILY. The man's an adventurer. All this younger generation is no good – no good at all.

#2 Prepare Mrs. Rogers for your

monologue.

(Someone else will read Rodgers.)

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

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

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

ROGERS. (to center) Well, it is good, so what are you going on about?

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

ROGERS. (placating her) First rate, old girl.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROGERS. Now, now, stop your nagging. You get back to the kitchen or your dinner will be spoilt.

MRS. ROGERS. I'll be spoilt anyway, I expect. Everybody's going to be late. Wasted on them, anyway. Thank goodness, I didn't make a souffe.

(Enter VERA left 1, MRS. ROGERS goes to left 2 door.)

Oh, dinner won't be a minute, Miss. Just a question of dishing up. (exits left 2)

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

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

MRS. ROGERS. (comes down right of sofa to center) I don't like him - Don't like any of 'em much. More like that bunch we had in the boarding house, I'd say.

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

#3

Prepare Blore for your
monologue.(Someone else will read the
other lines.)

BLORE. Let's be practical. What did the woman have to eat
and drink last night after she went to bed?

ARMSTRONG. Nothing.

BLORE. Nothing at all? Not a cup of tea? Or a glass of water?

I'll bet you she had a cup of tea. That sort always does.

ARMSTRONG. Rogers assures me she had nothing whatever.

BLORE. He might say so.

LOWMEAD. So that's your idea?

BLORE. Well, why not? You heard that accusation last night.

What if it's true? Miss Brent thinks it is, for one. Rogers
and his missus did the old lady in. They're feeling
quite safe and happy about it -

VERA. Happy?

BLORE. (*sits left sofa*) Well - they know there's no immediate
danger to them. Then, last night some lunatic goes
and spills the beans. What happens? It's the woman
cracks. Goes to pieces. Did you see him hanging
round her when she was coming to? Not all husbandly
solicitude? Not on your sweet life. He was like a cat
on hot bricks. And that's the position. They've done a
murder and got away with it. But if it's all going to be
raked up again now, it's the woman will give the show
away. She hadn't got the nerve to brazen it out. She's
a living danger to her husband, that's what she is, and
him - he's all right. He'll go on lying till the cows
come home, but he can't be sure of her. So what does
he do? He drops a nice little dollop of something into
a nice cup of tea, and when she's had it, he washes up
the cup and saucer and tells the doctor she ain't had
nothing.

VERA. Oh, no. That's impossible. A man wouldn't do that -
not to his wife. (*rises; goes up left*)

BLORE. You'd be surprised, Miss Claythorne, what some
husbands would do. (*rises*)

ROGERS. (*Enters left 2. He is dead-white and speaks like an
automaton, just the mask of the trained servant, to VERA.*)
Excuse me, Miss, I'm getting on with breakfast. I'm
not much of a hand as a cook, I'm afraid. It's lurch
that's worrying me. Would cold tongue and gelatin be
satisfactory? And I could manage some fried potatoes.
And then there's tinned fruit and cheese and biscuits.

VERA. That will be fine, Rogers.

BLORE. Lunch? Lunch? We shan't be here for lunch! And
when the hell's that boat coming?

EMILY. Mr. Blore! (*picks up her case and marches up to right
window seat; sits*)

VERA. (*above right sofa*) It's isn't a story. It's the truth. I didn't kill that child. It was someone else.

LOMBARD. Who?

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

LOMBARD. This is getting quite interesting.

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

LOMBARD. Well-known tale of the wicked uncle.

VERA. Yes - he was wicked - and I didn't know. He said he loved me, but that he was too poor to marry. There was a rock far out that Peter was always wanting to swim to. Of course, I wouldn't let him. It was dangerous. One day we were on the beach and I had to go back to the house for something I'd forgotten. When I got back to the rock, I looked down and saw Peter swimming out to the rock. I knew he hadn't a chance, the current had got him already. I flew towards the beach and Hugh tried to stop me. "Don't be a fool," he said. "I told the little ass he could do it."

LOMBARD. Go on. This is interesting.

VERA. I pushed past him - he tried to stop me, but I got away and rushed down. I plunged into the sea and swam after Peter. He'd gone before I could get to him.

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

VERA. Do you think anyone would have believed me?

Besides, I couldn't! I really was in love with him.

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

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

LOMBARD. You certainly are an accomplished liar, Vera.

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

LOMBARD. Who set the trap that killed Blore? I didn't - and Armstrong's dead. I've broken most of the

#4

Prepare Vera for your
Monologue.

(Someone else will read
Lombard.)

#5 Prepare Mackenzie for
your monologue.

(Someone else will read Vera.)

MACKENZIE. Yes, it's much better to sit quietly -- and wait.

VERA. Wait for what? *(sits left sofa)*

MACKENZIE. For the end, of course. *(There is a pause, MACKENZIE rises, opens and shuts both doors left.)* I wish I could find Lesley.

VERA. Your wife?

MACKENZIE. *(crosses up right, below right sofa)* Yes. I wish you'd known her. She was so pretty. So gay --

VERA. Was she?

MACKENZIE. I loved her very much. Of course, I was a lot older than she was. She was only twenty-seven, you

know. *(pause)* Arthur Richmond was twenty-six. He was my A.D.C. *(pause)* Lesley liked him. They used to talk of music and plays together, and she teased him and made fun of him. I was pleased. I thought she took a motherly interest in the boy. *(suddenly to VERA, confidentially)* Damn fool, wasn't it? No fool like an old fool. *(a long pause)* Exactly like a book the way I found out. When I was out in France. She wrote to both of us, and she put the letters in the wrong envelope. *(He nods his head.)* So I knew --

VERA. *(in pity)* Oh, no.

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

VERA. *(trying to break the spell)* I wonder what the others are doing?

MACKENZIE. I sent him to his death.

VERA. Oh --

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

VERA. Oh, don't.

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

VERA. *(at a loss)* What do you mean?

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

#6

Prepare Wargrave for your monologue.

WARGRAVE. (*angrily*) Silence in Court! (*looks around suspiciously*) If there is any more noise, I shall have the Court cleared. (*down right center*) It's all right, my dear. It's all right. Don't be frightened. This is a Court of Justice. You'll get justice here.

(*crosses left, locks doors left 2 and left 1; VERA to right, confidentially*)

You thought I was a ghost. You thought I was dead. (*above right sofa*) Armstrong said I was dead. That was the clever part of my plan. Said we'd trap the murderer. We'd fix up my supposed death so I should be free to spy upon the guilty one. He thought it an excellent plan - came out that night to meet me by the cliff without any suspicion. I sent him over with a push - so easily. He swallowed my red herring all right.

(*VERA is petrified with horror, in a confidential manner.*)

You know, Vera Claythorne, all my life I've wanted to take life - yes, to take life. I've had to get what enjoyment I could out of sentencing the guilty to death.

(*VERA moves to the revolver.*)

I always enjoyed that - but it wasn't enough. I wanted more - I wanted to do it myself with my own hands -

(*WARGRAVE follows VERA to left, VERA leans against left 1 door, suddenly curbs excitement and speaks with severe dignity.*)

But I'm a Judge of the High Court. I've got a sense of justice. (*as if listening to an echo*) As between our Sovereign Lord the King and the prisoner at the Bar

(*VERA hammers on left 1 door. WARGRAVE takes her arm and drags her to right above left sofa.*)

Anthony Marston first. Then Mrs. Rogers. Barbitone in the brandy. MacKenzie - stabbed. Got Rogers with an axe when he was chopping sticks. Doped Emily Brent's coffee so she couldn't feel the hypodermic. Booby trap for Blore. (*confidentially*) Blore was a fool. I always knew it would be easy to get Blore. Returning that revolver was a clever touch. Made the end interesting. I knew you two would suspect each other in the end. The question was, who'd win out? I banked on you, my dear. The female of the species. Besides, it's always more exciting to have a girl at the end.