

Scene  
#1

# BECOME FAMILIAR WITH ALL SCENES!

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

13

*(She reads list. They both move down right.)*

VERA. It seems silly to have brought only us in the first boat and all the rest in the second.

LOMBARD. That, I'm afraid, was design, not accident.

VERA. Design? What do you mean?

LOMBARD. I suggested to the boatman that there was no need to wait for any more passengers. That and five shillings soon started up the engine.

VERA. *(laughing)* Oh, you shouldn't have done that!

LOMBARD. Well, they're not a very exciting lot, are they?

VERA. I thought the young man was rather nice-looking.

LOMBARD. Callow. Definitely callow. And very, very young.

VERA. I suppose you think a man in his thirties is more attractive.

LOMBARD. I don't think, my darling - I know.

*(MARSTON enters center from left. A good-looking young man of twenty-three or so, rich, spoiled - not very intelligent.)*

MARSTON. *(coming down right to them)* Wizard place you've got here.

*(MARSTON prepares to greet VERA as his hostess;*

*LOMBARD stands beside her like a host)*

VERA. *(shakes hands)* I'm Mrs. Owen's secretary. Mrs. Owen has been detained in London, I'm afraid, and won't be down until tomorrow.

MARSTON. *(vaguely)* Oh, too bad.

VERA. May I introduce Captain Lombard, Mr. - er -

MARSTON. Marston, Anthony Marston.

LOMBARD. Have a drink?

MARSTON. Oh, thank you.

*(BLORE comes up on balcony from left. A middle-aged, thickset man; is wearing rather loud clothes and is*

*giving his impression of a gold magnate. His eyes dart about, making notes of everything.)*

LOMBARD. What will you have? Gin, whiskey, sherry - ?

MARSTON. Whiskey, I think.

*(They go down right to cabinet.)*

BLORE. *(Comes down right to VERA at right center. Seizing VERA's hand and wringing it heartily.)* Wonderful place you have here.

VERA. I'm Mrs. Owen's secretary. Mrs. Owen has been detained in London, I'm afraid, and won't be down until tomorrow.

LOMBARD. Say when!

MARSTON. Oh, wizard!

BLORE. How are you? *(makes for cocktail cabinet)*

LOMBARD. My name's Lombard. Have a drink, Mr. -

BLORE. Davis. Davis is the name.

LOMBARD. Mr. Davis - Mr. Marston!

*(VERA sits on right sofa)*

BLORE. How are you, Mr. Marston? Pleased to meet you. Thanks, Mr. Lombard. I don't mind if I do. Bit of a stiff climb up here. *(he goes up center to balcony)* But whew! What a view and what a height! Reminds me of South Africa, this place. *(comes down center)*

LOMBARD. *(staring at him)* Does it? What part?

BLORE. Oh - er - Natal, Durban, you know.

LOMBARD. *(crosses center)* Really? *(hands him drink)*

BLORE. Well, here's to temperance. Do you - er - know South Africa?

LOMBARD. Me? No.

BLORE. *(with renewed confidence)* That's where I come from. That's my Natal state - ha ha.

LOMBARD. Interesting country. I should think.

BLORE. Finest country in the world, sir. Gold, silver, diamonds, oranges, everything a man could want. Talk

about a land flowing with beer and skittles. *(goes to cocktail cabinet down right)*

*(GENERAL MACKENZIE arrives on balcony from left; upright soldierly old man with a gentle, tired face.)*

MACKENZIE. *(hesitating courteously.)* Er – How do you do?

*(VERA rises; meets him above sofa seat)*

VERA. General MacKenzie, isn't it? I'm Mrs. Owen's secretary. Mrs. Owen has been detained in London, I'm afraid, and won't be down until tomorrow. Can I introduce Captain Lombard – Mr. Marston and Mr. –

*(MACKENZIE crosses toward them.)*

BLORE. *(approaching him)* Davis, Davis is the name. *(shakes hands)*

LOMBARD. Whiskey and soda, sir?

MACKENZIE. Er – thanks. *(goes down right; studies LOMBARD)*  
You in the service?

LOMBARD. Formerly in the King's African Rifles. Too tame for me in peace time. I chucked it.

MACKENZIE. Pity.

*(as LOMBARD pours out soda)*

When.

*(MISS EMILY BRENT arrives center from left. She is a tall, thin spinster with a disagreeable, suspicious face.)*

EMILY. *(sharply to VERA)* Where is Mrs. Owen? *(puts case on left sofa)*

VERA. Miss Brent, isn't it? I'm Mrs. Owen's secretary. Mrs. Owen has been detained in London, I'm afraid.

*(LOMBARD to right of EMILY)*

LOMBARD & VERA. And won't be down until tomorrow.

*(They trail off, rather embarrassed.)*

EMILY. Indeed. Extraordinary. Did she miss the train?

VERA. I expect so. Won't you have something? May I introduce Captain Lombard – General MacKenzie – Mr. Marston. I think you all met on the boat. And Mr. –

BLORE. Davis, Davis is the name. May I take your case? *(up to EMILY, then goes behind her to right)*

LOMBARD. Do let me give you a drink? A dry martini? A glass of sherry? Whiskey and soda?

EMILY. *(coldly)* I never touch alcohol.

LOMBARD. You never touched alcohol!

EMILY. *(She picks up the case; goes below sofa to left.)* I suppose you know, young man, that you left us standing there on the wharf?

VERA. I'm afraid, Miss Brent, I was to blame for that. I wanted to –

EMILY. It seems to me most extraordinary that Mrs. Owen should not be here to receive her guests.

VERA. *(smiling)* Perhaps she's the kind of person who just can't help missing trains.

BLORE. *(laughs)* That's what I reckon she is.

EMILY. Not at all. Mrs. Owen isn't the least like that.

LOMBARD. *(lightly)* Perhaps it was her husband's fault.

EMILY. *(sharply)* She hasn't got a husband.

Scene  
#2

LOMBARD. All judges look like tortoises. They have that venomous way of darting their heads in and out. Mr. Justice Wargrave is no exception.

ARMSTRONG. I hadn't realized he was a judge.

LOMBARD. Oh, yes. *(cheerfully)* He's probably been responsible for sending more innocent people to their death than anyone in England.

*(WARGRAVE enters and looks at him.)*

Hello, you. *(to VERA)* Do you two know each other? Mr. Armstrong - Miss Claythorne. Armstrong and I have just decided that the old boy -

VERA. Yes, I heard you and so did he, I think.

*(WARGRAVE moves over to EMILY. EMILY rises as she sees WARGRAVE approaching.)*

EMILY. Oh, Sir Lawrence.

WARGRAVE. Miss Brent, isn't it?

EMILY. There's something I want to ask you. *(EMILY indicating she wants to talk to him on the balcony)* Will you come out here?

WARGRAVE. *(as they go)* A remarkably fine night!

*(They go out center.)*

*(LOMBARD up center, MARSTON enters left 1 with BLORE, they are in conversation.)*

MARSTON. Absolutely wizard car - a super-charged Sports Varletti Carlotta. You don't see many of them on the road. I can get over a hundred out of her.

*(VERA sits on right sofa.)*

BLORE. Did you come from London?

MARSTON. Yes, two hundred and eight miles and I did it in a bit over four hours.

*(ARMSTRONG turns and looks at him.)*

Too many cars on the road, though, to keep it up. Touched ninety going over Salisbury Plain. Not too bad, eh?

ARMSTRONG. I think you passed me on the road.

MARSTON. Oh, yes?

ARMSTRONG. You nearly drove me into the ditch.

MARSTON. *(unmoved)* Did I? Sorry. *(to above left sofa)*

ARMSTRONG. If I'd seen your number, I'd have reported you.

MARSTON. But you were footling along in the middle of the road.

ARMSTRONG. Footling? Me footling?

BLORE. *(to relieve atmosphere)* Oh, well, what about a drink?

MARSTON. Good idea.

*(They move toward the drinks down right.)*

Will you have one, Miss Claythorne?

*(LOMBARD drops down toward VERA.)*

VERA. No, thank you.

LOMBARD. *(sitting beside VERA on sofa)* Good evening, Mrs. Owen.

VERA. Why Mrs. Owen?

LOMBARD. You'd make the most attractive wife for any wealthy businessman.

VERA. Do you always flirt so outrageously?

LOMBARD. Always.

VERA. Oh! Well, now we know. *(She turns half away, smiling.)*

LOMBARD. Tell me, what's old Miss Brent talking to the Judge about? She tried to buttonhole him upstairs.

VERA. I don't know. Funny - she seemed so definite that there wasn't a Mr. Owen.

LOMBARD. You don't think that Mrs. Owen - I mean that there isn't - that they aren't -

VERA. What, married you mean?

*(ROGERS enters left 2, switches on lights, draws curtains and exits to study up right. MARSTON comes to right end of left sofa. LOMBARD rises to left end sofa.)*

MARSTON. Damn shame we don't know each other. I could have given you a lift down.

VERA. Yes, that would have been grand.

MARSTON. Like to show you what I can do across Salisbury Plain. Tell you what -- maybe we can drive back together?

*(Enter WARGRAVE and EMILY center, MACKENZIE enters; sits chair down left.)*

VERA. *(surprised)* But I -- *(rising)*

MARSTON. But it seems damn silly. I've got an empty car.

LOMBARD. Yes, but she likes the way she's going back and --

VERA. *(crosses to fireplace)* Look! Aren't they sweet? Those ten little china soldiers.

*(MARSTON and LOMBARD scowl at each other.)*

Oh, and there's the old nursery rhyme.

LOMBARD. What are you talking about? What figures? What nursery rhyme?

VERA. *(She points at the figures and rhyme-reading:)* "Ten little soldier boys going out to dine.

One choked his little self and then there were nine -- "

*(ROGERS enters up right and crosses left. VERA continues reading nursery rhyme, BLORE crosses up to below her; EMILY to above her.)*

"Nine little soldier boys sat up very late.

One overslept himself and then there were eight."

*(crosses left)*

BLORE. "Eight little soldier boys traveling in Devon.

One got left behind and then there were seven -- "

Scene  
# 3

EMILY. I've no patience with this indulgence toward sin.

VERA. *(moves up left to above sofa)* And then, I suppose, you turned her out of the house?

EMILY. Of course.

VERA. And she didn't dare go home -- *(comes down right to center)* What did you feel like when you found she'd drowned herself?

EMILY. *(puzzled)* Feel like?

VERA. Yes. Didn't you blame yourself?

EMILY. Certainly not. I had nothing with which to reproach myself.

VERA. I believe -- I believe you really feel like that. That makes it even more horrible. *(turns away to right, then goes up to center windows)*

EMILY. That girl's unbalanced. *(opens bag and takes out a small Bible, begins to read it in a low mutter)* "The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made -- *(stops and nods her head)* In the net which they hid is their own foot taken."

*(ROGERS enters left 2. EMILY stops and smiles approvingly.)*

"The Lord is known by the judgment He executeth, the wicked is snared in the work of his own hand."

ROGERS. *(looks doubtfully at EMILY)* Breakfast is ready.

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

63

EMILY. "The wicked shall be turned into hell." *(turns head sharply)* Be quiet.

ROGERS. Do you know where the gentlemen are, Miss? Breakfast is ready. *(to above left sofa)*

VERA. Sir Lawrence Wargrave is sitting out there in the sun. Doctor Armstrong and Mr. Blore are searching the island. I shouldn't bother about them. *(She comes in.)*

*(ROGERS goes out to balcony.)*

EMILY. "Shall not the isles shake at the sound of the fall, when the wounded cry, when the slaughter is made in the midst of thee?"

VERA. *(to left, coldly, after waiting a minute or two)* Shall we go in?

EMILY. I don't feel like eating.

ROGERS. *(to MACKENZIE)* Breakfast is ready. *(goes off right on balcony)*

EMILY. *(opens Bible again)* "Then all the princes of the sea shall come down from their thrones, and lay away their robes, and put off their 'broidered garments.'"

*(enter BLORE, up right)*

"They shall clothe themselves with trembling, they shall sit upon the ground, and shall tremble at every moment, and be astonished at thee."

*(looks up and sees BLORE, but her eyes are almost unseeing)*

BLORE. *(speaks readily, but watches her with a new interest)* Reading aloud, Miss Brent?

EMILY. It is my custom to read a portion of the Bible every day.

BLORE. Very good habit, I'm sure. *(to down right)*

*(ARMSTRONG comes right along balcony and in)*

VERA. What luck did you have?

ARMSTRONG. There's no cover in the island. No caves. No one could hide anywhere.

*(warn curtain)*

BLORE. That's right.

*(LOMBARD enters left 2)*

What about the house, Lombard?

LOMBARD. No one. I'll stake my life there's no one in the house but ourselves. I've been over it from attic to cellar.

*(ROGERS enters from balcony. WARGRAVE comes right along balcony, slowly, and in to right of window.)*

ROGERS. Breakfast is getting cold.

*(EMILY is still reading.)*

LOMBARD. *(boisterously)* Breakfast! Come on, Blore. You've been yelping for breakfast ever since you got up. Let's eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die. Or who knows, perhaps, even today!

*(VERA and ARMSTRONG cross to left 2 door.)*

*(EMILY rises and drops the knitting. BLORE picks it up.)*

EMILY. You ought to be ashamed of such levity, Captain Lombard. *(crosses right)*

LOMBARD. *(still in the same vein, with determination)* Come on, General, can't have this. *(calls)* Breakfast, I say, sir – *(Goes out on balcony to MACKENZIE. Stops – stoops – comes slowly back and stands in window. His face is stern and dangerous.)*

Good God! One got left behind – there's a knife in MACKENZIE's back.

ARMSTRONG. *(goes to him)* He's dead – he's dead.

BLORE. But he can't be – Who could have done it? There's only us on the island.

WARGRAVE. Exactly, my dear sir. Don't you realize that this clever and cunning criminal is always comfortably one stage ahead of us? That he knows exactly what we are going to do next, and makes his plans accordingly? There's only one place, you know, where a successful murderer could hide and have a reasonable chance of getting away with it.

BLORE. One place – where?

WARGRAVE. Here in this room – Mr. Owen is one of us!

*(curtain)*

Scene  
# 4

66

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

Scene II

*(There is a storm; the room is much darker – the windows closed and beating rain and wind. WARGRAVE comes in from left 2, followed by BLORE.)*

BLORE. Sir Lawrence?

WARGRAVE. *(center.)* Well, Mr. Blore?

BLORE. I wanted to get you alone. *(looks over shoulder at dining room)* You were right in what you said this morning. This damned murderer is one of us. And I think I know which one.

WARGRAVE. Really?

BLORE. Ever hear of the Lizzie Borden case? In America. Old couple killed with an axe in the middle of the morning. Only person who could have done it was the daughter, a respectable, middle-aged spinster. Incredible. So incredible that they acquitted her. But they never found any other explanation.

WARGRAVE. Then your answer to the problem is Miss Emily Brent?

BLORE. I tell you that woman is mad as a hatter. Religious mad, I tell you – she's the one. And we must watch her.

WARGRAVE. Really? I had formed the impression that your suspicions were in a different quarter.

BLORE. Yes – but I've changed my mind, and I'll tell you why – she's not scared and she's the only one who isn't. Why? Because she knows quite well she's in no danger – hush –

*(WARGRAVE goes up right. VERA and EMILY enter from left 2. VERA is carrying coffee tray, EMILY up center.)*

VERA. We've made some coffee.

*(She puts tray on tabouret right center. BLORE moves up to tabouret.)*

Brr – it's cold in here.

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

67

BLORE. You'd hardly believe it when you think what a beautiful day it was this morning.

VERA. Are Captain Lombard and Rogers still out?

BLORE. Yes. No boat will put out in this – and it couldn't land, anyway.

VERA. Miss Brent's. *(hands coffee cup to BLORE)*

*(EMILY comes down; sits left sofa)*

WARGRAVE. Allow me. *(takes cup and hands it to EMILY)*

VERA. *(to WARGRAVE)* You were right to insist on our going to lunch – and drinking some brandy with it. I feel better.

WARGRAVE. *(returns to coffee tray, takes his own coffee, stands by mantelpiece)* The court always adjourns for lunch.

VERA. All the same, it's a nightmare. It seems as though it can't be true. What – what are we going to do about it?

*(BLORE sits in chair right center.)*

WARGRAVE. We must hold an informal court of inquiry. We may at least be able to eliminate some innocent people.

BLORE. You haven't got a hunch of any kind, have you, Miss Claythorne?

WARGRAVE. If Miss Claythorne suspects one of us three, that is rather an awkward question.

VERA. I'm sure it isn't any of you. If you ask me who I suspected, I'd say Doctor Armstrong.

BLORE. Armstrong?

VERA. Yes. Because, don't you see, he's had far and away the best chance to kill Mrs. Rogers. Terribly easy for him, as a doctor, to give her an overdose of sleeping stuff.

BLORE. That's true. But someone else gave her brandy, remember.

*(EMILY goes up left and sits.)*

WARGRAVE. Her husband had a good opportunity of administering a drug.

BLORE. It isn't Rogers. He wouldn't have the brains to fix all this stunt – nor the money. Besides you can see he's scared stiff.

(ROGERS and LOMBARD, in mackintoshes, come up right on balcony and appear at window. BLORE goes and lets them in. As he opens the window, a swirl of loud wind and rain comes in. EMILY half screams and turns around.)

LOMBARD. My God, it's something like a storm.

EMILY. Oh, it's only you –

VERA. Who did you think it was? (pause) Beatrice Taylor?

EMILY. (angrily) Eh?

LOMBARD. Not a hope of rescue until this dies down. Is that coffee? Good. (to VERA) I'm taking to coffee now, you see.

VERA. (takes him a cup) Such restraint in the face of danger is nothing short of heroic.

WARGRAVE. (crosses to down left; sits) I do not, of course, profess to be a weather prophet. But I should say that it is very unlikely that a boat could reach us, even if it knew of our plight, under twenty – four hours. Even if the wind drops, the sea has still to go down.

(LOMBARD sits left sofa. ROGERS pulls off his shoes.)

VERA. You're awfully wet.

BLORE. Is anyone a swimmer? Would it be possible to swim to the mainland?

VERA. It's over a mile – and in this sea you'd be dashed on the rocks and drowned.

EMILY. (speaking like one in a trance) Drowned – drowned in the pond – (drops knitting)

WARGRAVE. (rising; startled, moves up to her) I beg your pardon, Miss Brent. (He picks it up for her.)

BLORE. After dinner nap.

(another furious gust of wind and rain)

VERA. It's terribly cold in here. (to right; sits on fender)

ROGERS. I could light the fire if you like, Miss?

VERA. That would be a good idea.

LOMBARD. (crossing right) Very sound scheme, Rogers. (he sits on fender; puts on shoes)

ROGERS. (goes toward left door 1 – is going through but comes back and asks:) Excuse me, but does anybody know what's become of the top bathroom curtain?

LOMBARD. Really, Rogers, are you going bats too?

BLORE. (blankly) The bathroom curtain?

ROGERS. Yes, sir. Scarlet oilsilk. It's missing.

(They look at each other.)

LOMBARD. Anybody seen a scarlet oilsilk curtain? No good, I'm afraid, Rogers.

ROGERS. It doesn't matter, sir, only I just thought as it was odd.

LOMBARD. Everything on this island is odd.

ROGERS. I'll get some sticks and a few knobs of coal and get a nice fire going. (goes out left 2)

VERA. I wonder if he would like some hot coffee. He's very wet. (runs out after him, calling "Rogers")

LOMBARD. What's become of Armstrong?

WARGRAVE. He went to his room to rest.

LOMBARD. Somebody's probably batted him one by now!

WARGRAVE. I expect he had the good sense to bolt his door.

BLORE. It won't be so easy now that we're all on our guard. (lights cigarette at mantelpiece)