### THE BUTLER DID IT!
**BY TODD WALLINGER**

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**
(In Order of Appearance)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Lines</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>JENKINS</td>
<td>butler; unusually clever though he would be the last to admit it</td>
<td>331</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SARAH JANE</td>
<td>Cockney maid; uneducated; always seems about to unravel</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TREVOR BARSTOW</td>
<td>heir to the adjacent estate; arrogant chap and all-around cad</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GRAM</td>
<td>feisty and quite possibly deranged mother of Lady Miranda; rarely seen without her rifle</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COLONEL NIGEL COVINGTON</td>
<td>retired British Army colonel and master of Bournsley Manor; vain but harmless blowhard</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LADY MIRANDA COVINGTON</td>
<td>wife of the colonel; rather sickly; class-conscious to the extreme</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KAT COVINGTON</td>
<td>aspiring aviatrix and only child of the Covingtons; quite prickly</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FATHER TIMOTHY</td>
<td>vicar of the local parish and Edwina’s biggest fan; never knows when to shut up</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDWINA CORRY</td>
<td>world’s greatest mystery author and old school chum of Lady Miranda; brusque, assertive and intimidating</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SETTING

Time: Early 1930s.
Place: Bournsley Manor, England.

The play is set in the drawing room of an old English manor. The whole place should have an air of faded elegance.

The main door is LEFT and leads to the outside. A coat rack and umbrella stand are UPSTAGE from the door. An archway leading to the rest of the house is UP RIGHT. The kitchen is beyond a swinging door DOWN RIGHT and a small wastebasket is just DOWNSTAGE of this EXIT. A fireplace is UP CENTER with a set of fireplace tools to the RIGHT of it.

Two armchairs are CENTER. A sofa with a couple of throw pillows is CENTER LEFT. A hardback chair goes CENTER RIGHT once JENKINS has finished hanging the banner at the beginning of the play. An end table with a drawer stands between the armchairs. On the end table are a telephone and newspaper. A pen and paper are inside the drawer.
THE BUTLER DID IT!

ACT ONE

LIGHTS UP. SOUND EFFECTS: RAIN, THUNDER. JENKINS is standing on the hardback chair, UP CENTER, tacking a banner to the wall. The banner reads, “Congratulations, Edwina.”

SARAH:  (Hurries IN UP RIGHT, balancing a stack of plates. Halfway across the room, she drops them with a crash. [See PRODUCTION NOTES.]) Well, bloody Nora!

JENKINS:  (Climbs down from the chair and moves it to its place CENTER RIGHT.) Oh, dear. Is that the good china?

SARAH:  Not anymore, it ain’t.

JENKINS:  I dare say the madam won’t be pleased.

SARAH:  You won’t tell her, will you, Jenkins?

JENKINS:  No, but she might suspect something’s amiss when I’m forced to serve the mutton directly onto the tablecloth. (Grabs the wastebasket and helps SARAH pick up the pieces.)

SARAH:  I don’t know why madam insisted on the good china anyway. It’s not like we’re having a real celebrity for dinner.

JENKINS:  My dear girl, Miss Edwina Corry is the most popular mystery author in the English-speaking world.

SARAH:  Well, I never heard of her.

JENKINS:  Yes, well, they don’t really speak English where you come from, do they?

SARAH:  Why would she want to come here?

JENKINS:  Don’t you know? She and the madam have been best friends since they boarded together at Gipton. Each time Miss Corry publishes a new book, the madam holds a party for her. And this latest book promises to be her most successful in years.

SARAH:  Seems like an awful lot of fuss for nothing.

JENKINS:  Please move quickly. We don’t have much time. Miss Corry will be arriving on the 5:15.

SARAH:  (Scoops the rest of the pieces into the wastebasket.) I don’t see why people read them mysteries anyway. Anyone with half a brain knows who the killer is before they even open the book.

JENKINS:  Oh? And how do they know that?

SARAH:  Why, the butler did it, of course!

JENKINS:  Oh, dear.

SARAH:  I don’t mean you, of course. I mean all them other butlers.

JENKINS:  I can assure you, Sarah, butlers are the steadiest, most dependable chaps you will ever hope to meet.
SARAH: Well, there must be some reason why they keep bumping off people in books.

JENKINS: It’s the prerogative of the writer, I suppose. Who better to cast as the culprit than the person you least suspect?

SARAH: So who would you do in?

JENKINS: I beg your pardon?

SARAH: If you were to slit someone’s throat, who would it belong to?

JENKINS: Why, no one, of course. *(Uneasy with the direction the conversation is taking, starts toward the kitchen with the wastebasket.)*

SARAH: *(Follows.)* I’ll tell you mine if you tell me yours.

JENKINS: I have no interest in whom you would kill, fictionally or otherwise.

SARAH: It’s Gram!

JENKINS: What? Our dear lady’s mother?

SARAH: Yes!

JENKINS: But why?

SARAH: She just seems so lonely, wandering these drafty halls each night, her husband gone, her son gone...

JENKINS: Her mind going.

SARAH: So you see what I mean?

JENKINS: Yes, I suppose I do.

SARAH: Now, you tell me yours. *(TREVOR lets himself IN LEFT by the front door, unbeknown to them. He hides behind the sofa, listening with interest.)*

JENKINS: I am not going to tell you whom I would do away with.

SARAH: So there is someone!

JENKINS: No! *(Starts once more for the kitchen. SARAH blocks his way.)* Step aside, please.

SARAH: Not until you tell.

JENKINS: Oh, for heaven’s sake! Fine. It’s... *(Thinks about it a moment.)* ...Trevor Barstow.

SARAH: Our neighbor?

JENKINS: Yes. Now, will you please allow me to pass?

SARAH: Why would you kill him?

JENKINS: You didn’t say I had to give a reason.

SARAH: I know, but blimey! Trevor Barstow?

JENKINS: Well, if you must know, I just don’t trust the lad. He’s always sneaking around doorways and peering in keyholes, as if he were
trying to catch us at something. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if he were listening in right now.

SARAH: Go on!

JENKINS: And I dare say he's changed our beloved Katherine. She used to be so young and carefree. Now, with him hanging about, her sunlight seems to have dimmed. Why, if I ever found myself alone with the brute, I would—

TREVOR: (Stands up from behind the sofa.) You would what, Jenkins? (JENKINS and SARAH whirl around. SARAH betrays her surprise at seeing TREVOR there, but JENKINS maintains his ever-present composure. He sets the wastebasket down.)

SARAH: Master Trevor!

TREVOR: Sarah.

JENKINS: You know, at one time it was considered rude to eavesdrop.

TREVOR: Yes, and at one time it was considered rude to plot the murder of your neighbor.

JENKINS: Shall I announce you to the colonel, Master Trevor?

TREVOR: No need to bother. It's Kat I've come to see.

JENKINS: I'm sorry, but Miss Katherine is not at home.

TREVOR: Oh? Where is she?

JENKINS: Someplace else.

TREVOR: Don't tell me she's at the airfield again.

JENKINS: All right. I won't tell you.

TREVOR: I don't understand why any woman would want to go flying about in one of those blasted contraptions. It's so unladylike.

JENKINS: Not necessarily, sir. I understand Miss Katherine flies sidesaddle.

TREVOR: You're mocking me.

JENKINS: Yes, sir.

TREVOR: Well, stop it.

JENKINS: (Crosses LEFT and opens the front door.) Can I ring you up when Miss Katherine arrives?

TREVOR: Oh, no. I'll wait. (Setstles into an armchair and grabs the newspaper.)

JENKINS: (Struggles to hide his irritation.) Very good, sir. I'll be in the kitchen.

TREVOR: Be a good man and put on some coffee, won't you?

JENKINS: (Horrified.) Coffee?

TREVOR: It's the only thing I drink. You should know that, Jenkins.
JENKINS: I had hoped it was merely a case of temporary insanity.

TREVOR: Afraid not, old boy. America may be a cultural wasteland, but they do two things right. They build automobiles that don’t fall apart, and they brew beverages that don’t put you to sleep.

JENKINS: I shall put the percolator on, sir. (EXITS DOWN RIGHT.)

TREVOR: (Leaps out of the chair as soon as JENKINS leaves and throws his arms around SARAH.) Sarah!

SARAH: (Resists, but not much.) Master Trevor!

TREVOR: Come on, Sarah girl! Give me a kiss!

SARAH: Not until you tell me what’s going on between you and Miss Katherine.

TREVOR: That skinny old thing? Why would I want to pick at a bone when I can have the whole cow?

SARAH: Then, why were you asking for her?

TREVOR: I’ve got to make it look good, don’t I? Imagine the scandal it would cause if the colonel knew I was romantically involved with his servant.

SARAH: Yes, I suppose it would raise quite a stink.

TREVOR: Now, come on. One little kiss.

SARAH: All right, but then you’ve got to go. The colonel will be down any minute. (At last, allows TREVOR to kiss her.)

GRAM: (APPEARS in the archway UP RIGHT, holding a turn of the century rifle. She aims it at TREVOR and takes a few steps INTO the room.) Stand back, vile Dutchman!

TREVOR: (Alarmed, lets go of SARAH.) Oh, my word!

SARAH: By gaw! Don’t tell me you’re afeared of a little old lady?!

TREVOR: Of course, I’m afeared! She’s got a gun!

SARAH: Oh, she can’t do any harm. (Eases the gun out of GRAM’S hands and opens the chamber to show that it’s empty.) See? No bullets.

TREVOR: Well, what’s the matter with her?

SARAH: She thinks she’s still fighting the war.

TREVOR: We didn’t fight the Dutch in the Great War.

SARAH: Not the Great War, silly. The Boer War.

TREVOR: What would possibly make her think I’m a Boer?

SARAH: I haven’t the faintest idea. Come on, Gram. We’re going to take a nice long nap. (Guides GRAM back UP RIGHT.) Oh, Trevor?

TREVOR: Yes, dear?

SARAH: Do you know anything about dumbwaiters?
TREVOR: Only that I would never tip one.
SARAH: Not that. I mean the one in the kitchen. The door's stuck.
TREVOR: Can't you call in a repairman? I'm afraid I'm all thumbs when it comes to mechanical things.
SARAH: Yes, well, even a thumb is useful part of the time. (EXITS UP RIGHT with GRAM. TREVOR sits in the armchair.)
JENKINS: (ENTERS DOWN RIGHT, carrying a teapot.) I'm sorry, sir. But it appears we're out of coffee. Would you like some tea?
TREVOR: No, you imbecile, I— (JENKINS tilts the teapot, purposely pouring the contents onto TREVOR'S lap. TREVOR leaps to his feet.) Blast it, man! Are you drunk?
JENKINS: No, just terribly, terribly clumsy.
TREVOR: Well, don't just stand there! Get me a towel.
JENKINS: I'm sorry. All of our towels are in the laundry, but I'm sure you'll be able to find some towels at your own home.
TREVOR: Never mind. I'll just use the one in the loo. (EXITS UP RIGHT.)
JENKINS: (To himself.) Some people just can't take a hint. (EXITS DOWN RIGHT.)
COLONEL: (From OFF UP RIGHT.) Are you sure you can handle the strain, darling? This is the first time you've been out of bed in a week. (ENTERS UP RIGHT with LADY MIRANDA. They cross DOWN CENTER.)
LADY MIRANDA: (Leans heavily on the COLONEL'S arm.) I don't care. Edwina will be here any minute now. I've got to make sure everything's right. (Looks around.) I feel a draft. Is there a window open?
COLONEL: Not a window, darling. All of the windows.
LADY MIRANDA: Whatever for? It's pouring rain out there.
COLONEL: If there's one thing I've learned in the army, darling, it's that there's nothing quite so invigorating as a March breeze.
LADY MIRANDA: You served in the Sudan, dear.
COLONEL: Yes, but it was the northern part.
JENKINS: (ENTERS DOWN RIGHT, anxious to announce the arrival of TREVOR.) Colonel, I'm glad you're here—
COLONEL: Oh, Jenkins. Would you go around and shut all of the windows?
JENKINS: Of course, sir, but first—
COLONEL: Right away, Jenkins. The missus is getting a chill.
JENKINS: Yes, sir. (EXITS DOWN RIGHT, disappointed.)
COLONEL: What do you think of the decorations?
LADY MIRANDA: I don’t know. I’m not sure they set the proper tone.

COLONEL: How do you mean, dear?

LADY MIRANDA: Edwina is a mystery novelist, after all. We should scatter some bloody weapons about, perhaps a dead body or two.

COLONEL: You do have a morbid sense of humor.

LADY MIRANDA: Oh, I hope she can make it.

COLONEL: With this deluge, I’d be surprised if we’re all not washed away.

LADY MIRANDA: She’s had such a difficult time of it, you know. Her last three books didn’t sell well at all. Now with this latest one, she appears to have regained her muse.

COLONEL: It was a ripping good yarn, wasn’t it?

LADY MIRANDA: Oh, yes. Critics say it’s as though she’s a different writer.

COLONEL: Oh, really? Which one?

LADY MIRANDA: It’s an expression, darling.

COLONEL: So it is. So it is. (TREVOR ENTERS UP RIGHT, unnoticed.)

LADY MIRANDA: Say, that dreadful Trevor hasn’t stopped by today, has he? (Hearing his name, TREVOR ducks behind a chair again to eavesdrop.) It would be just like him to spoil the festivities.

COLONEL: I don’t know why you’re so hard on the chap. He doesn’t seem like such a bad fellow.

LADY MIRANDA: Bad? Why, down in the village they say he has ruined more than one unsuspecting lass. And now I’m afraid he’s got designs on our Kat.

COLONEL: Fluffy, you mean?

LADY MIRANDA: Not our pet kitty. Our daughter, Katherine.

COLONEL: Oh, thank heavens. I was wondering where we’d get a wedding dress that small.

LADY MIRANDA: Dear...

COLONEL: Not to mention Fluffy’s a boy.

LADY MIRANDA: Try to stay on the subject, dear.

COLONEL: What were we talking about?

LADY MIRANDA: Master Trevor.

COLONEL: Oh, yes. Well, you’ve always respected Edwina’s opinion. Why don’t you ask her what she thinks?

LADY MIRANDA: I did. Why, I wrote to her just a month ago about Trevor’s wretched behavior.

COLONEL: What did she say?
LADY MIRANDA: She said that a lot of fine people drink coffee.

COLONEL: Well, you know Kat is getting on in years.

LADY MIRANDA: Indeed. Thirty-three of them, in fact.

COLONEL: She may not have many more courting days left.

LADY MIRANDA: I know, but can’t we find a more suitable prospect than Trevor Barstow? You’d think that gentlemen would be banging down our door, what with the vast fortune she stands to inherit.

COLONEL: Let’s just keep that between ourselves, shall we, dear? I’d hate to have young men attracted to our daughter solely because of her wealth.

LADY MIRANDA: Better to marry for wealth than not at all.

COLONEL: Yes, well, that’s one reason Trevor would make such a suitable match. He’s already rich.

LADY MIRANDA: I don’t care how much money he has. I don’t want him skulking about the house.

COLONEL: All right, dear. I’ll be sure to keep him away.

LADY MIRANDA: How did I get such a wonderful husband as you?

COLONEL: Don’t you remember? Our parents arranged it. (They kiss. LADY MIRANDA starts toward the archway.) I say, are you going back to bed?

LADY MIRANDA: Yes, love. I don’t think I can stand on my own two feet any longer.

COLONEL: Why don’t you try standing on mine for a while?

LADY MIRANDA: You’re a dear. (EXITS UP RIGHT.)

COLONEL: (Notices TREVOR crouching behind the armchair.) Trevor!

TREVOR: Colonel!

COLONEL: I didn’t know you were here.

TREVOR: Jenkins let me in.

COLONEL: Funny. He didn’t mention it.

TREVOR: Yes, well, it’s so hard to get good help these days.

COLONEL: I’ve got something to ask you.

TREVOR: Wonderful, because I’ve got something to ask you.

COLONEL: You go first.

TREVOR: No, you go first.

COLONEL: All right, then. (Simultaneously with TREVOR’S line below.) Would you please go home?

TREVOR: (Simultaneously with the COLONEL’S line above.) Would you give me Kat’s hand in marriage? (The two stare at each other, each trying to absorb what the other just said.)
COLONEL: You want to marry Kat?
TREVOR: Yes. But you just asked me to—
COLONEL: Our daughter, Miss Katherine?
TREVOR: Well, yes. If she'll have me.

(Threws his arms around TREVOR.) Son!
TREVOR: What was that you said about wanting me to leave?
COLONEL: Oh, that's just the missus talking. Don't worry about her.
I've got her wrapped around my little finger.
TREVOR: Really?

Oh, yes. Unfortunately, she's got me wrapped around her big
finger. (KAT ENTERS LEFT dressed in a grease-stained mechanic's
outfit. She's drenched to the bone.) I do say, sir. We don't need our
chimneys swept today.

KAT: Father, it's me. Kat.
COLONEL: Kat who?
KAT: Your daughter, Katherine.
COLONEL: Oh, Kat. It's so good to see you again.
KAT: You saw me at breakfast, Father.
COLONEL: Oh, was that you? I thought it was the stable boy.

TREVOR: How are you, Kat?
KAT: (Cold.) I've been better.
TREVOR: I'm sorry to hear that. Is there anything I can do?
KAT: Yes, as a matter of fact. You can leave.
COLONEL: Kat!
TREVOR: That's quite all right. Kat and I, we're great kidders.
KAT: I'm not kidding.
COLONEL: Kat is busy preparing for her round-the-world trip.
TREVOR: Oh, really?
COLONEL: Yes. Personally, I don't see the sense of it. After all, you
just end up in the same place you started.
KAT: I've already explained it to you, Father. I want to be the first
woman to fly around the world. I want to get my name into all of
the history books. But most of all, I want to give it to that irritating
Earhart woman!

COLONEL: Well, she does have one small advantage.
TREVOR: What's that?
COLONEL: An airplane.
KAT: I have an airplane, Father. I just haven't gotten it off the ground
yet.
TREVOR: Oh? What’s the matter with it?

KAT: Well, the propeller’s cracked, the rudder’s broken and the engine tends to burst into flames. But other than that, it’s ready to go.

TREVOR: Kat, I know that flying is important to you—

KAT: The most important thing in the world.

TREVOR: Have you ever thought about settling down?

KAT: What, me? With a baby? Why, I wouldn’t even know what to do with it.

COLONEL: Oh, don’t worry about that. All you really need to know is the number of a good nanny.

KAT: Oh, no. I’m not going to settle down for a long time. There’s too much flying I want to do.

TREVOR: Don’t you think it’s dangerous?

KAT: That’s what I love about it, Trevor. The danger! There’s no sight so grand as the clouds whipping past your windows, no sensation so thrilling as the rush of air beneath your wings...

COLONEL: In the hypothetical sense, of course.

TREVOR: Kat, I—

COLONEL: Trevor, would you step out of the room for a minute? There’s something I want to discuss with my daughter.

KAT: Father?

TREVOR: Certainly, sir. (EXITS UP RIGHT.)

COLONEL: Kat, you know you’ve always been like a daughter to me.

KAT: I am your daughter.

COLONEL: Exactly. And I would never do anything to harm your happiness.

KAT: I should hope not.

COLONEL: Yes, well, suppose I told you that a young man has asked for your hand in marriage.

KAT: My hand?

COLONEL: I assume he’ll take the rest of you as well.

KAT: Who is it?

COLONEL: Trevor.

KAT: Trevor? But the very sight of him makes me ill.

COLONEL: Oh, don’t worry. They’ve got pills for that now.

KAT: Father, I—

COLONEL: Listen to me, Katherine. Trevor may not be the most reputable young man, but at least he comes from a good family.

KAT: If by good you mean wealthy—
COLONEL: Of course, I mean wealthy. There's nothing so good as a few crowns in the bank, I always say.

KAT: Yes, but to be shackled for a lifetime to a man I don't love—

COLONEL: I didn't want to tell you this, Kat, but... well, there's something that may change your opinion about Trevor.

KAT: Nothing but the threat of complete and imminent disaster could persuade me to marry him.

COLONEL: Oh, good. Then, you already know.

KAT: What?

COLONEL: We're about to lose the manor.

KAT: The manor? But why?! What happened to our fortune?

COLONEL: I lost it all on that blasted copper mine.

KAT: Oh, Father. I told you there wasn't any copper in Antarctica.

COLONEL: How was I supposed to know what's under all that snow?

KAT: Well, if it's money you need, I'd be willing to sell my airplane.

COLONEL: Oh, Kat. I couldn't ask you to do that. And besides, I doubt you could get half a crown for it.

KAT: But—

COLONEL: I'm sorry, Kat, but I'm afraid our only hope of saving the estate is for you to marry Trevor.

KAT: What about Mother?

COLONEL: She's already married.

KAT: I mean, how will she react when she finds out?

COLONEL: We'll just have to make it a private ceremony. Very private.

KAT: (Takes a deep breath, squares her shoulders.) All right. Bring him in.

COLONEL: I knew I could count on you. (Calls.) Trevor!

TREVOR: (ENTERS UP RIGHT.) Sir?

COLONEL: Come here, boy. I believe Katherine is ready for you.

TREVOR: You mean...?

COLONEL: I'll leave you two lovebirds alone. (Ducks OFF UP RIGHT.)

TREVOR: Katherine, you know how much you mean to me—

KAT: Cut to the chase, Trevor. I need to take a shower.

TREVOR: Oh, well, uh, will you marry me?

KAT: If I must.

COLONEL: (Rushes IN UP RIGHT.) Hallelujah! I'm so happy for both of you!

KAT: Where's the ring?

TREVOR: Ring?
KAT: Yes. You know, the symbol of your everlasting devotion?

COLONEL: Oh, don’t worry about a ring. It’s just a worthless piece of metal. You’ve already got one of those out on the airstrip. (To TREVOR.) Go on. Give her a kiss. (JENKINS and SARAH ENTER DOWN RIGHT just as TREVOR gives KAT a peck on the cheek. SARAH gasps.) Looks like our book party has suddenly turned into an engagement party!

SARAH: (Horrified.) No! (Rushes OFF DOWN RIGHT.)

TREVOR: (Panic.) Well, then, I guess I’d better freshen up. (EXITS DOWN RIGHT after SARAH.)

COLONEL: The W.C. is that way! (Points toward the archway UP RIGHT.) Poor lad. So easily confused.

KAT: Well, I suppose I ought to shower.

COLONEL: Good idea. I’ll bring up the wine from the cellar.

KAT: Make it a cheap one. (EXITS UP RIGHT.)

JENKINS: Would you like me to select the wine, sir?

COLONEL: Oh, no. I’ll take care of it. After all, how often does a father get to celebrate his daughter’s engagement? (EXITS UP RIGHT.)

JENKINS: (To himself.) In this case, hopefully twice. (SOUND EFFECT: DOORBELL. Crosses LEFT and opens the front door. FATHER TIMOTHY is there, holding an umbrella and a coat, with a book tucked under his arm.) Father Timothy. Come in, come in.

FATHER TIMOTHY: (ENTERS and sets his umbrella in the stand.) Jenkins, you’re looking most lugubrious today.

JENKINS: (Confused.) Uh, thank you, Father. Would you like me to take your coat?

FATHER TIMOTHY: Oh, no. I don’t think I could afford a new one. (Tosses his coat onto the sofa and crosses CENTER.)

JENKINS: (Picks up the coat and hangs it on the coat rack.) I wasn’t expecting you until Thursday.

FATHER TIMOTHY: Yes, well, I finished my rounds early this week so I thought I’d pop in today.

JENKINS: Well, I dare say Gram will be delighted to see you. (Starts for the archway. Instead of following, FATHER TIMOTHY stands looking around the room.) Are you coming?

FATHER TIMOTHY: Where?

JENKINS: To see Gram. You know, for your weekly visitation.

FATHER TIMOTHY: What, right away?

JENKINS: Well, yes. I mean, that’s how we’ve usually done things.
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES ONSTAGE
Sofa with throw pillows, one hardback chair, two armchairs, an end table with a drawer and pen and paper inside, old-fashioned candlestick telephone, newspaper, wastebasket, umbrella stand, coat rack, set of fireplace tools, banner reading “Congratulations, Edwina,” tacks.

PROPERTIES BROUGHT ON

ACT ONE:
- Two sets of breakable plates, platter of mutton (SARAH)
- Turn of the century rifle (GRAM)
- Teapot, paring knife (JENKINS)
- Overcoat, umbrella, book, rope (FATHER TIMOTHY)
- Wine bottle, yo-yo (COLONEL)
- Bath towel (KAT)
- Two suitcases (EDWINA)

ACT TWO:
- Mutton leg (COLONEL)

SOUND EFFECTS
Rain, thunder, doorbell, knocking, gunshot.

COSTUMES
JENKINS wears a black tailcoat and vest. After the murder, his right hand is bandaged and he wears a different tailcoat and vest.

SARAH wears a black dress, white apron and mob cap or frilly headpiece.

TREVOR BARSTOW wears a patterned suit or any other loud, tacky clothing you can find.

GRAM wears a ratty old nightgown and a well-worn sleeping cap.

COLONEL NIGEL COVINGTON wears a khaki shirt and shorts with safari helmet.

LADY MIRANDA COVINGTON, despite spending most of her time in bed, would never dream of greeting visitors in sleepwear. She wears a stylish gown.

KAT COVINGTON wears a grease-stained mechanic's outfit. After the murder, she wears a bathrobe. In ACT TWO, she wears a plain blouse and slacks—no frilly dresses for this modern gal.

FATHER TIMOTHY wears a black or tweed suit jacket and black shirt with a clerical collar.
EDWINA CORRY wears a frumpy, dark-colored dress and a flowered bucket hat. She arrives wearing an overcoat.

BROKEN PLATES
There are several companies that make safe-to-use breakaway props. These are often made with sugar, look like the real thing and are safe to use on stage. Real plates may be shattered if desired, but poses obvious safety concerns.

An effective alternative to breaking plates onstage is to use a crash box. A crash box, consisting of a sealed cardboard box with broken glass or china inside, creates the sound effect of broken dishes. Sarah can simply carry the crash box on with her as if she is carrying a box of dishes. When she drops it, there will be the desired sound effect of broken dishes without the actual mess.

ABOUT THE TELEPHONE
The telephone is an old-fashioned candlestick phone, which was a standard of the 1930s. This type of phone has a tall, candlestick-shaped base with a mouthpiece on top of it and a hand-held earpiece hooked on the side. Pictures of candlestick phones and ideas on how to easily make your own are readily available on the internet.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION
The Butler Did It! was first performed as a staged reading at the University School of Colorado Springs in Colorado Springs, Colorado on September 15, 2012. The cast was as follows:

Jenkins...............................Craig Engle
Sarah.................................Linda Roeming
Trevor Barstow ....................Roy Kieffer
Gram..................................Karann Goettsch
Colonel Nigel Covington .......Dan Robbins
Lady Miranda Covington .......Barbara Mosser
Kat Covington .....................Nancy Holaday
Father Timothy .................Buck Buchanan
Edwina Corry.......................Mary Sprunger-Froese

The reading was directed by Todd Wallinger.
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

We encourage you to read the entire script before making your final decision.

You may order a paper preview copy or gain instant access to the complete script online through our E-view program. We invite you to learn more and create an account at www.pioneerdrama.com/E-view.

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