

**PLEASE BRING THIS TO AUDITIONS**

## **SEE HOW THEY RUN – Weathervane Playhouse**

Auditions for *SEE HOW THEY RUN* by Philip King will be held at Weathervane Playhouse on Monday, February 27, 2012 and Tuesday, February 28, 2012, beginning at 7pm. Callbacks (if necessary) will be held Wednesday, February 29, 2012. No appointments are necessary, but auditioners must be signed in by 7:30pm unless special arrangements have been made with director, Eileen Moushey. ([emoushey@hotmail.com](mailto:emoushey@hotmail.com))

On the next pages:

- A brief synopsis of the play
- Cast of characters with descriptions
- Scenes that will be used at auditions.

Actors are invited to bring resumes and headshots, if available. All auditioners should bring their calendars so that rehearsal conflicts may be noted on the audition form.

Rehearsals begin Monday, March 7, 2012 and generally run from 7-10pm Monday-Thursday. Sunday rehearsals are held at a times to be determined.

“Must” rehearsal dates are:

- Sunday, April 29 (1pm – 10pm) “Double-Dress”
- Monday, April 30 (6pm) Dress Rehearsal
- Tuesday, May 1, (6pm) Dress Rehearsal
- Wednesday, May 2 (6pm) Dress Rehearsal

Performance dates are from THURSDAY, MAY 3 through SUNDAY, MAY 20.

Performance times are Thursdays at 7:30pm

Fridays & Saturdays at 8:00pm

Sundays, 2:30pm

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

**Rev. Lionel Toop** – mid-to-late 30’s, pleasant, rather handsome, but not “drop dead” gorgeous. Must be physically agile – will need to run, jump, etc. British accent.

**Penelope Toop** - mid 20’s to mid 30’s. American. Vivacious, charming, attractive. She lights up a room. Moves, speaks, and reacts quickly.

**Corporal Clive Winton** – late 20’s to late 30’s. American. Rather dashing, with a devil-may-care attitude. Also must have agility.

**Ida, the maid** – 18 to ? Does not suffer fools lightly but is loyal and playful enough to join in on the schemes. Must have a Cockney accent, although an Irish one could work. Must be strong enough to catch/drag/move Miss Skillon.

**Miss Skillon** – about the same age as Rev. Lionel Toop or older. Miss Skillon is the town busybody and arbitrator of all that is “correct.” Vedly, veddy British. Must be adept at physical comedy, falling, staggering, getting “slapped” etc.

**The Man** – mid 30s or older. Russian (East European) accent. He is a **Russian spy** and is very mysterious.

**The Bishop of Lax** – mid 50s or older. British. Imposing, dignified, accustomed to getting his own way. Must be somewhat agile, though not as much as the others.

**The Reverend Arthur Humphrey** – mid 40s or older. British. A sweet man, he is slightly (and not so slightly) befuddled most of the time.

**Sergeant Towers** – late 20s or older. A loud, blustery kind of man, he's a take charge kinda guy. Must have a Cockney (or Yorkshire) type accent.

## THE STORY

The play is set shortly after the end of World War II in the living room of the vicarage at the fictitious village of Merton-cum-Middlewick. The lead character is Penelope Toop, former actress and now wife of the local vicar, the Rev. Lionel Toop. The Toops employ Ida, a Cockney maid. Miss Skillon, a churchgoer of the parish and a scold, arrives on bicycle to gossip with the vicar and to complain about the latest 'outrages' that Penelope has caused. The vicar then leaves for the night, and an old friend of Penelope's, Lance-Corporal Clive Winton, stops by on a quick visit. In order to dodge army regulations, he changes from his uniform into Lionel's second-best suit, complete with a clerical 'dog-collar' in order to see a production of "Private Lives" in which they had appeared together in their acting days. He is pretending to be the visiting vicar Arthur Humphrey who is due to preach the Sunday sermon the next day.

Just before they set out, Penelope and Clive re-enact a fight scene from "Private Lives" and accidentally knock Miss Skillon (who has come back unannounced) unconscious. Miss Skillon, wrongly thinking she has seen Lionel fighting with Penelope, gets drunk on a bottle of cooking sherry and Ida hides her in the broom cupboard. Then Lionel, arriving back, is knocked silly by a Russian spy on the run, who takes the vicar's clothes as a disguise. To add to the confusion, both Penelope's uncle, the Bishop of Lax, and the real Humphrey unexpectedly show up early. Chaos quickly ensues, culminating in a cycle of running figures and mistaken identities. In the end, a arrives in search of the spy to find four suspects, Lionel, Clive, Humphrey and the Russian, all dressed as clergy. No one can determine the identity of the spy (or anyone else for that matter) and the Russian is almost free when he is revealed and foiled by the quick work of Clive and Ida. The scene calms down as the sergeant leads the spy away and Humphrey leaves. Miss Skillon emerges from the closet, and she, the Bishop and Lionel demand an explanation. Penelope and Clive begin to explain in two-part harmony, getting up to the scene from "Private Lives," when Miss Skillon again manages to catch a blow in the face. She falls back into Ida's arms as the curtain falls.

## AUDITION SCENES

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### Page 7-9      Rev. Lionel Toop, Miss Skillen

LIONEL: Good afternoon, Miss Skillen! I'm so sorry I wasn't in to receive Penelope didn't mention that you were coming to tea.

MISS SKILLEN: I have not come to tea, Mr. Toop. I wanted to see *you*.

LIONEL: Oh! Oh, yes, certainly. (*Seeing the tea.*) But tea is here, so won't you join us? (*Then, before Miss Skillon can speak.*) Do sit down. (*Miss Skillon sits. Lionel moves to the bottom of the stairs and calls up. Penelope is currently doing her off-key scales.*) PENELOPE! (*The scales continue.*) PENELOPE! (*pause*) No use! When Penelope begins her exercises, she's lost to the world! Never mind. We'll begin, shall we? (*He begins to pour tea.*)

MISS SKILLON (*solemnly*). Mr. Toop, I am hurt!

LIONEL (*vaguely*): Oh, dear! Where?

MISS SKILLON: I am hurt – *grieved!*

LIONEL: I am sorry, Miss Skillon. I'm afraid I can't offer you sugar.

MISS SKILLON (*witheringly*): No tea, thank you! Mr. Toop, I would be grateful if you could give me your undivided attention for just five minutes.

LIONEL: Five minutes. Why, of course, Miss Skillon. Certainly. Five minutes. (*He checks his watch.*)

MISS SKILLON: (*sharply*) It's the church decorations for the Harvest Festival.

LIONEL: What is?

MISS SKILLON: Mr. Toop, have you been dissatisfied with my contribution to the Church decorations in the past?

LIONEL: No, no, I don't think so. Why?

MISS SKILLON: You will remember that I have always decorated the pulpit for the Easter and Harvest Festivals. It has always been understood that the pulpit was my special little effort. Everyone knows it! I have decorated the pulpit since – since. .since.. .

LIONEL: Since time immemorial, I know!

MISS SKILLON: Not quite so long as that, Mr. Toop!

LIONEL: No, no, of course not, Miss Skillon. Do go on!

MISS SKILLON: This afternoon I arrive at the church to do my little bit, and what do I find? (*pause*) The pulpit has already been decorated, behind my back!

LIONEL: No! Who has dared to do such a thing?

MISS SKILLON: No one would tell me, but I have my suspicions. (The scales from above are heard again.) I have no quarrel with you, Mr. Toop. We have always been. . . er, the best of friends. Have we not?

LIONEL: Oh, yes, undoubtedly. Do have some tea. (*He offers her a cup.*)

MISS SKILLON: No thank you. (*She waves tea away with a sigh.*) Wonderful friends. Everyone knows that. (*a particularly shrill note from Penelope upstairs. Miss Skillon looks furiously around, then turns back to Lionel with a sickly smile.*) I . . . I find it very difficult to concentrated – er- with that dreadful noise – your dear wife singing.

LIONEL: Yes, it is a little distracting. I'll ask her to. . . Penelope! PENELOPE!!

**Pages 22-23                      Penelope, Clive**

PENELOPE: But what about you? What are you doing here in uniform? By the way, would you like some tea?

CLIVE: No, thanks.

PENELOPE: Sorry I can't offer you anything else, except cooking sherry.

CLIVE: I haven't brought anything to cook.

PENELOPE: Tell me about yourself.

CLIVE: Well, thanks to our Russian friends, my discharge hasn't yet come through. I've just been sent here from Berlin.

PENELOPE: Sent where?

CLIVE: Wathampton. The air base is there. Very unimportant job on the Air Lift to Berlin.

PENELOPE: Wathampton. Lionel has gone there for the evening. He's playing the piano for the village Glee Singers. They're giving a concert for the Americans.

CLIVE: Poor Americans.

PENELOPE: Clive, tell me, how did you know I was here?

CLIVE: I saw you yesterday.

PENELOPE: When?

CLIVE: You saw me, too. I was in a Jeep. I thought you recognized me. I waved and "yoo-hoo'ed." You waved back.

PENELOPE: (*laughing*) Good Lord! Was that you?

CLIVE: Yes, I saw you turn in at the gate here, and thought perhaps you were staying at the Vicarage, so, as I had the afternoon off, I thought I'd look you up.

PENELOPE: Thank goodness you did, Clive, I was just wondering what I was going to do to pass the evening. All the same, I don't think we ought to stay in the house.

CLIVE: Why not? It's a very comfortable house.

PENELOPE: Yes, but-except for you- I am completely alone in it.

CLIVE: H'm! I see. And Miss-er-Skillon wouldn't approve, eh?

PENELOPE: She wouldn't approve, but would she love it. God! What she'd make of it!

CLIVE: Then we'd better go out somewhere.

PENELOPE: Yes, but where? There's nowhere *to go* around here.

CLIVE: We can always go to the. . .I supposed it wouldn't be quite the thing for the Vicar's wife to be seen in the village pub with an American soldier.

PENELOPE: It wouldn't be quite the thing for the Vicar's wife to be seen in the pub at all, you fool! We might go to a movie. Wait a minute! (*She hunts for a newspaper.*) Could you bear to put your nose inside a theatre, or would it break your heart?

CLIVE: A theatre? What theatre?

PENELOPE: We have a little theatre group. Here we are! (*Reading.*) "This week the Court Players present Noel Coward's delightful comedy, PRIVATE LIVES!!!

CLIVE: (*laughing incredulous*). NO!!!

PENELOPE (*also laughing*). YES!!! Clive, just how many weeks did we tour "Private Lives" for the U.S.O?

CLIVE: Forty-three - - - oh, and a half! There were those last three nights at Merthyr-Tydfil.

PENELOPE: Could you bear to see it tonight?

CLIVE: Bear to? I'd love to! Though I'd probably be thrown out of the theatre for shouting out the lines of my old part.

PENELOPE: Then we'll go!

LIONEL: Good heavens, Miss Skillon, what has happened to you?

MISS SKILLON: "I'm a better man than you are, Gunga Din."

LIONEL: (*Picking up bottle from floor, holding to light*) Empty- almost. Miss Skillon! Miss Skillon, do you feel. . .er. . .well enough to sit up?

MISS SKILLON: Sit up? Who with?

LIONEL: Please! You must pull yourself together. How on earth did you get here- in this. . .er. . .condition.

MISS SKILLON: My legs. What's the matter with my legs?

LIONEL: Your legs?

MISS SKILLON: My legs. They lack co-ordination!

LIONEL: (*gingerly taking her ankles*) Perhaps if I. . .

MISS SKILLON: (*Giggling*) Cave man! (*Lionel helps her to a sitting position.*) Why, it's Mr. Toop!

LIONEL: Yes, do you feel better?

MISS SKILLON: Better than what?

LIONEL: Miss Skillon, you really must get a grip on yourself.

MISS SKILLON: That woman! She struck me!

LIONEL: What? What woman? Miss Skillon, what has happened here to-night?

MISS SKILLON: Nothing. It shall be our little secret.

LIONEL: Our little secret?

MISS SKILLON: When I saw what the woman was doing to you. . .!

LIONEL: To me? What woman?

MISS SKILLON: My heart bled for you. No wonder she wears trousers!

LIONEL: *(to himself)* Inebriated! Hopelessly!

MISS SKILLON *(singing)* - oh, mares eat oats and does eat oats and little lambs eat ivy. *(Lionel rises, gets bottle of smelling salts and advances on Miss Skillon.)*

MISS SKILLON: What's that?

LIONEL: Smell!

MISS SKILLON: *(smells)* OH!! California, here I come! *(She passes out again.)*

**Page 41-42 Ida, Bishop**

BISHOP: Mrs. Toop is expecting me.

IDA: *(with awe)* This way your Highness! *(She's searching for Miss Skillon who is in the closet.)* Now where's she gone?

BISHOP: Did she say when she'd be coming back?

IDA: *(still searching)* She never said she was goin'.

BISHOP: And I suppose Mr. Toop is with her?

IDA: Shall I take your things, your Highness?

BISHOP: My things? Oh, yes, thank you. *(He hands over his hat, and suitcase. Ida puts suitcase over near the stairs.)*

IDA: *(Nervously)* Turned out nice again, 'asn't it?

BISHOP: Er. .. yes, I suppose it has. *(Removing his coat.)*

IDA: We wasn't expecting you till to-morrow. *(Taking the coat.)*

BISHOP: I suppose there will be a bed for me somewhere.

IDA: *(muttering as she looks around, puzzled, still holding hat and coat)* Yes, somewhere, some'ow. *(She goes vaguely up the stairs with hat and coat.)*

BISHOP: Who are you?

IDA: I'm Ida.

BISHOP: Ida? Oh, well, of course that explains everything, doesn't it?

IDA: Eh?

BISHOP: Just what are you doing here?

IDA: I'm the maid.

BISHOP: Oh, the maid!

IDA: *(coming back down the stairs)* Of course you wouldn't think it, seeing me all dressed up like this, would you? Mind you, your Highness, if I'd know it was you at the front door, I've have slipped into my uniform, even though it was my night out.

BISHOP: *(with a wave of his hand)* You are forgiven.

IDA: Well, sit down, your Highness and I'll get you some supper.

BISHOP: I want nothing to eat, thank you.

IDA: *(shouting)* Well, sit down, anyway. *(The Bishop sits.)* 'Scuse me, but I'm a bit put out tonight.

BISHOP: You're quite well, aren't you?

IDA: Oh, yes, ever so! *(Holding out hat and coat.)* I'll. .. I'll just get rid of these. *(She goes to the closet, opens the door, hurling the things in wildly. There is a low groan from Miss Skillon in the closet. Ida slams the door quickly and stands in front of it.)*

BISHOP: What was that?

IDA: What?

BISHOP: I thought I heard someone groan.

IDA: That was me. .. leastwise, it was my neuritis.

BISHOP: Neuritis. You have my sympathy. I get a touch of it now and again. Mine is in the arm.

IDA: Mine's in the closet.

**Page 57-59                      Penelope, Clive, Bishop**

BISHOP: Penelope, I wish you would explain to that creature that I am neither the Archangel Gabriel nor the Aga Khan! And as for you, sir . . . *(he looks around for Clive who is hiding behind the sofa. The Bishop is under the impression that he is Lionel – Rev. Toop)* Where has he got to now?

PENELOPE: Who?

BISHOP: Your husband. *(Spots Clive)* Oh, there you are!

CLIVE: So I am!

BISHOP: As I came down the stairs just now, I could not help overhearing what you were both saying.

CLIVE: *(muttering)* We've got a sergeant like that.

BISHOP: Penelope, what are you hiding from me?

PENELOPE: Nothing – nothing at all! We'll talk it over in the morning. Now do go to bed.

BISHOP: I will not go to bed until I know what is going on in this house. I heard this man distinctly say, "If you don't find it, I'll go upstairs and tell the Bishop everything." Now, what did he mean by that?

PENELOPE: Nothing – nothing at all! *(To Clive)* Did you, dear?

CLIVE: No – my sweet!

BISHOP *(to Clive)* And I suppose you meant nothing when you said, "He'd love to know the kind of a man your husband really is."

CLIVE: Pen, please tell him the truth. Don't let him blabber on like this.

BISHOP: "Blabber," sir!

PENELOPE: Uncle. . .

BISHOP: No, Penelope! I am speaking to your husband!

PENELOPE: He's not my husband!

BISHOP: WHAT???

PENELOPE: He's not my husband! I'm not married to him!

BISHOP: (*aghast*) Not married. . . I think I'm going to faint! (*There is a blood-curling scream from the closet.*) Merciful heavens, what was that?

PENELOPE: I. . . I think it was an owl.

BISHOP: An owl?

CLIVE: Owl, my. . .

BISHOP: Sir!

CLIVE: -foot. Anyway, it wasn't an owl.

BISHOP: It sounded to me like a woman in distress. Was it someone in the house?

PENELOPE: Well, I thought it came from outside. (*She motions frantically to Clive to get the Bishop out of the outside.*)

CLIVE: (*misunderstanding*) What's the matter? Got something in your eye? Oh, outside!

BISHOP: No, I'm sure it came from inside. (*There is another scream.*) There it is again.

CLIVE: I know! The lily-pond.

PENELOPE: What?

CLIVE: The lily-pond. Someone must have fallen in the lily-pond.

PENELOPE: But we haven't got a lily-pond.

CLIVE: Of course we've got a lily-pond. Everybody's got a lily-pond. We must have a lily-pond. Come on, Bishop, we'll investigate.

BISHOP: But I'm not dressed for the lily-pond!

CLIVE: Lily won't mind.

MISS SKILLON: Where is he? Where is he?

HUMPHREY: Where is who, Madam?

MISS SKILLON: That man, that dreadful man!

HUMPHREY: Don't you think you had better sit down for a moment?

MISS SKILLON: No, I must get away from this house. This wicked house!

HUMPHREY: Wicked? But, madam, this is the Vicarage!

MISS SKILLON: Vicarage or no vicarage, I have been drugged!

HUMPHREY: What?

MISS SKILLON: Drugged!

HUMPHREY: Oh!

MISS SKILLON: And the Harvest Festival is tomorrow! Oh what will the harvest be? *(She sits)*

HUMPHREY: Bountiful, we hope. Dear lady, do sit down. Oh, you are sitting. Now, tell everything! *(He sits next to her)*

MISS SKILLON: No, not everything.

HUMPHREY: Well, go as far as you can.

MISS SKILLON: Are we alone? *(She puts her hand on his knee.)*

HUMPHREY: Now, now, now, now, now! *(Removing her hand.)*

MISS SKILLON: Are we alone? *(Replacing her hand on his knee.)*

HUMPHREY: Now, now, now! You mustn't do that. *(again removing it.)*

MISS SKILLON: Where is Mrs. Toop?

HUMPHREY: Mrs. Toop? Well, she was here a moment ago.

MISS SKILLON: She musn't find me here. This is all her doing.

HUMPHREY: My un-doing.

HUMPHREY: But I don't understand. Who has. . .er. . .undone you?

MISS SKILLON: Take me away! Take me away! (*She flings her arms around Humphrey. Ida enters.*)

HUMPHREY: Oh, Madam, please unhand me, I beg of you, Madam, I am a married man!

IDA: (*to Miss Skillon*) 'Ow did you get loose?

HUMPHREY: "Loose"!!

IDA: Trying 'er tricks on you, is she, sir? Don't take no notice of 'er. She isn't quite. . .well, you know (*taps her head significantly.*)

HUMPHREY: Oh! OH. I. . .er. . .Good heavens.

MISS SKILLON: This is an outrage! (*Lionel dashes in, then rushes out again.*) It's him- I mean, he! (*She screams, staggers past Humphrey, and faints into Ida's arms.*)

IDA: This is where we came in. (*To Miss Skillon*) Come on! Now, in you go. (*She puts her in the closet.*) Back to your kennel. (*Shuts the door.*)

HUMPHREY: But why do you put her in a closet?

IDA: 'Ow, she's a bad case, sir. 'As to 'ave darkness and lots of it. She's 'armless really, but "love-starved," if you know what I mean.

HUMPHREY: Quite. Quite! Tell me, who was the person who rushed in here just now?

IDA: The less I say, the better. There's things goin' on in this 'ouse that you wouldn't understand.

HUMPHREY: I can quite believe it! I have not understood a single thing that happened since I came here.

IDA: Would you like some coffee- while you're waiting like?

HUMPHREY: No. No coffee, thank you. But you procure me a glass of milk?

IDA: 'ot or cold?

HUMPHREY: 'Ot.

IDA: I'll get it right away, sir. *(At the door)* An' whatever you see, pretend you didn't see. See? *(She exits.)*

HUMPHREY: "Whatever I see, pretend I didn't see. See?"

**Page 77-79                      Man (Russian), Penelope, Clive, Humphrey**

*At this point Clive thinks that the The Man (a Russian spy) is Penelope's husband.*

CLIVE: *(to Penelope)* Your husband. . . have you told him about the er. . . *(points to himself and Penelope)* and has he told you about *(pointing to the Man and the closet)*.

PENELOPE: *(hurriedly)* Oh, yes! Yes! It was all a joke, wasn't it, my sweet?

MAN: A yoke – yes!

CLIVE: A yoke!! You call it a yoke to run around in your underpants?

PENELOPE: Of course it was. *(Miserably)* Ha-ha.

*(Humphrey is attempting to sneak out the door.)*

CLIVE: A yoke! Now where have I heard that before. . . *(to Humphrey.)*  
Whither away, friend?

HUMPHREY: I . . . I . . . Where can I wash?

CLIVE: All over if you like, but before you go. . . *(dragging him into the room.)*  
Do you think it's a yoke to run around the garden in your underpants?

HUMPHREY: I have never run around a garden in my underpants.

*Lionel, in underpants, dashes through the room and up the stairs.*

CLIVE: Just HOW mad are you?

HUMPHREY: I don't know – I was perfectly sane when I entered this house.

CLIVE: I'm wondering if you thought you saw what I thought I saw?

HUMPHREY: What do you think you saw?

CLIVE: I think I thought. . .Did a pair of underpants run up those stairs just now?

HUMPHREY: They did, but they were . . .er. . .inhabited.

CLIVE: Did you see them?

PENELOPE: Yes.

CLIVE: Who was it?

PENELOPE: The Vicar.

CLIVE: You just told me that he (*the Man*) was the Vicar. (*To the Man*) Who are you? Don't lie! You're not! (*He moves toward the Man*)

MAN: Stand back!

CLIVE: What?

MAN: Do not move, any of you!

CLIVE: Here! What the. . .

MAN: (*producing the revolver*) The first one to move a step will get a bullet in through the head.

HUMPHREY: But, Mr. Toop. . .

PENELOPE: This is not my husband!

HUMPHREY: (*baffled*) Not?

PENELOPE: (*almost shouting*) NO!!

HUMPHREY (*definitely shouting*) BUT YOU JUST SAID THAT HE WAS!

CLIVE: Don't bicker, Vicar! *(To Man)* Now, look here, old man – a yoke's a yoke, but. . .*(he moves in a step)*

MAN: If you move a step. . .Do svidan ya! *(Dahs-vee-tawn-ya.)*

CLIVE: Do svidan ya? He's a Commie!

HUMPHREY: What?

CLIVE: A Red!

PENELOPE: No!!

**Page 82-85**

**Man (Russian), Penelope, Sergeant**

*The Man (a Russian spy) is holding Penelope under duress – he has a gun. The Bishop and Sergeant are heard from outside the French windows.*

BISHOP *(off)* There is no need to go round to the front door. There's a window here.

SERGEANT: *(also off)* All right.

MAN: Who is that?

PENELOPE: My uncle.

MAN: Your uncle? Then he will know that I am not your husband. He will betray me, and I shall have to shoot you!

PENELOPE: I believe you're just aching to shoot me. If you will keep quiet, I think I can manage to save my own skin.

MAN: And mine?

SERGEANT: Orl right. . .orl right! *(He enters with Bishop.)* Nuffink to get excited about!

BISHOP: I am *not* excited, but I tell you that man of yours deliberately knocked me down on to that marrow-bed.

SERGEANT: 'E was only doin' his duty for his King and Country. 'E though you was the bloke we're after, see? 'E thought you was the Russian spy.

BISHOP: But I tell you. . .

SERGEANT: (*cheerfully*) 'An any'ow, 'ow do I know you're not, eh? You'ven't proved it yet, 'ave you, pal?

BISHOP: Pal!!! Penelope! Will you please tell this gentleman who I am?

PENELOPE: Of course, darling. (*To the Sergeant*) Sergeant, this is my uncle, the Bishop of Lax!

SERGEANT: A Bishop! Ooo 'ell! Sorry, yer Bishopric, no offense!

PENELOPE: What happened to you, Uncle?

SERGEANT: Well, yer see, mum, it's this way. We're lookin' for a Commie spy that's escaped from the Guard House, see. So we has a scout round and he comes across the old geyser here – no offence, sir, upside down in a gooseberry-bush, see? His legs was sticking up and at first we thought he was a wheelbarrow.

PENELOPE: Well, I can assure you, Sergeant, my uncle is not the man you are looking for.

SERGEANT: Oh, well, that's that. I suppose you haven't seen a stranger knockin' about, mum?

PENELOPE: No, I'm afraid I haven't.

SERGEANT: Oh, well, that's that.

MAN: Get rid of them.

PENELOPE: What?

MAN: Get rid of them.

PENELOPE: Uncle, dear, why don't you go to bed? You've had a very busy evening, you know. Sergeant, will you be round here long?

SERGEANT: We're bound to 'ang about until we find 'im. But don't you worry.

PENELOPE: I'll try not to.

SERGEANT: Well, I'll be off. Good night, all! (*pulling back curtains and looking out window*) What a lovely moon, makes me feel all romantic.

BISHOP: Are you married, Sergeant?

SERGEANT: Why bring that up? (*He exits.*)

BISHOP: Now, Penelope, I should like a full explanation, and I presume this is your husband?

PENELOPE: Yes, Uncle, this is my husband. Lionel dear, this is Uncle Dudley. You. . .you've heard me speak of him.

MAN: (Rising) Tovar. . . (Penelope pushes him back down.)

BISHOP: How do you. . .Oh, but I don't understand. If this is your husband, who was the man who kept hiding?

MAN: (aside to Penelope) He was the Russian!

PENELOPE: He. . . He was the Russian!!

BISHOP: WHAT????

PENELOPE: The Russian!

BISHOP: You mean the man those soldiers out there are hunting for? Then why didn't you tell me before?

PENELOPE: You see, all the time he was here, he had me covered with a revolver.

BISHOP: My poor child! No wonder you behaved so strangely. Then who was the person I mistook for a lunatic?

PENELOPE: That was you, wasn't it, Lionel?

MAN: Yes.

BISHOP: But why were you in a state of. . .er. . .er. . .undress?

PENELOPE: Yes, Lionel, why were you? Tell Uncle.

MAN: The Russian came in here when I was alone. He attacked me and took my clothes.

BISHOP: My dear children, what a ghastly experience! Suppose we telephone the police? What do you think?

MAN: I think it would be most unwise.