

# The Secret Adversary

Adapted by T. James Belich  
From the novel by Agatha Christie

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# The Secret Adversary

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## CHARACTERS

*In order of appearance*

TUPPENCE (F), *short for Prudence Cowley, a former war-time nurse in her 20s, British*

TOMMY (M), *short for Thomas Beresford, a former soldier in his 20s, British*

WHITTINGTON, *in the employ of Mr. Brown, British*

CARTER, *a high-ranking member of British intelligence*

PORTER, *at the Ritz Hotel*

JULIUS HERSHEIMMER (M), *an American millionaire, 20s or 30s, Jane Finn's cousin*

ALBERT (or ALBERTA), *works the lift at Rita's building, British*

BORIS IVANOVITCH (M), *a Russian member of Mr. Brown's gang, middle-aged, also known as "Number One"*

CONRAD (or CONRADINE), *a henchman, part of Mr. Brown's gang*

NUMBER FIVE, *German, possibly former military, part of Mr. Brown's gang*

NUMBER SIX, *an Irish Member of Parliament, part of Mr. Brown's gang*

NUMBER TEN, *an American financier, part of Mr. Brown's gang*

NUMBER TWELVE, *a city clerk, part of Mr. Brown's gang, British*

RITA VANDEMEYER (F), *an intelligent and glamorous woman, middle-aged, an associate of Mr. Brown, British*

SIR JAMES PEEL EDGERTON (M), *a middle-aged lawyer of striking appearance who radiates force and magnetism, British*

ANNETTE (F), *a Frenchwoman in her 20s, in the service of Mr. Brown's gang*

DR. HALL, *who runs a nursing home, British*

JANE FINN (F), *a young American in her 20s, much alike to Annette*

TOTAL ROLES: 18 (4 female, 4 male, 10 male or female), *doubling and extras possible*

*In addition, there are several minor roles (some non-speaking), which can be combined with the members of Mr. Brown's gang or other characters. For roles that may be either male or female, adjust pronouns, titles, etc. as needed to fit the performer.*

### Suggested Doubling

TOMMY (M)

TUPPENCE (F)

WHITTINGTON / DR. HALL

CARTER / CONRAD

BORIS IVANOVITCH (M)

JULIUS HERSHEIMMER / NUMBER TEN (M)

PORTER / ALBERT / NUMBER FIVE

RITA VANDEMEYER / JANE FINN (F)

SIR JAMES PEEL EDGERTON / NUMBER TWELVE (M)

ANNETTE / NUMBER SIX (F)

TOTAL ROLES: 10 (3 female, 4 male, 3 male or female)

ACT 1SCENE 1

(A busy street in London during the summer of 1919, some months after the end of the Great War. The sets are intended to be as minimal as possible, making it easy to quickly change locations, either between or within scenes. Additional cast members may be used in scenes on the street or other public areas. People cross to and fro as THOMAS BERESFORD, a former soldier known as TOMMY, enters and meets PRUDENCE COWLEY, a former war-time nurse known as TUPPENCE.)

TUPPENCE

Tommy, old thing!

TOMMY

Tuppence, old bean. Not seen you since hospital in 1916.

TUPPENCE

When you persuaded Sister Greenbank that the doctor had ordered you beer as a tonic.

TOMMY

Wasn't the old cat in a rage when she found out? At least I had you for a nurse. Good old hospital. Demobbed like everything else, I suppose, with the war over?

TUPPENCE

Leaving poor little Tuppence on the street. You too?

TOMMY

Two months ago. The army has no use for me in peacetime.

TUPPENCE

Gratuity?

TOMMY

Spent.

TUPPENCE

Oh, Tommy.

TOMMY

No, old thing, not in riotous dissipation. The cost of living if you do not know—

TUPPENCE

My dear child, there is nothing I do not know about the cost of living.

TOMMY

I've been job hunting ever since the Armistice. Result: there aren't any jobs and, if there were, they wouldn't give them to me. I'm just about desperate.

TUPPENCE

So am I. I've answered advertisements. I've saved and pinched. But it's no good. I shall have to go home.

TOMMY

Don't you want to?

TUPPENCE

Of course not. Father's a dear, but you've no idea how I worry him. He has that delightful early Victorian view that short skirts are immoral. He heaved a sigh of relief when the war took me off. But what else is there to do? Money, money, money. I think about money morning, noon, and night. I dare say it's mercenary of me, but there it is.

(Two women pass by and exit.)

WOMAN

And, do you know, she sat down and cried when I told her she couldn't have the flat after all. It was simply a bargain, too.

TOMMY

Funny scraps one overhears. I passed two people today talking about someone called Jane Finn. Did you ever hear such a name?

TUPPENCE

(Not paying attention)

I've thought over every imaginable way of getting money, too. Marriage is my best chance. I made up my mind to marry money when I was quite young. Any thinking girl would. I'm not sentimental, you know. Come now, you can't say I'm sentimental.

TOMMY

Certainly not. No one would ever think of sentiment in connection with you.

TUPPENCE

That's not very polite, but I dare say you mean it all right. Well, I never meet any rich men. All the boys I know are as hard up as I am. Now you could marry a rich girl.

TOMMY

You overrate my manly charms.

TUPPENCE

On the other hand, my millionaire would probably run for his life. No, our only chance is to make money.

TOMMY

We've tried that.

TUPPENCE

The orthodox ways, yes, but suppose we try the unorthodox. Tommy, let's be adventurers. People might hire us to commit crimes for them.

TOMMY

Delightful. Especially coming from Miss Prudence Cowley, the clergyman's daughter.

TUPPENCE

The moral guilt would be theirs, not mine. You must admit that there's a difference between stealing a diamond necklace for yourself and being hired to steal it.

TOMMY

There wouldn't be the least difference if you were caught.

TUPPENCE

I shouldn't be caught.

TOMMY

Modesty always was your besetting sin.

TUPPENCE

Don't rag. Look here, Tommy, shall we form a... what do you call it in bookkeeping? Oh, I know, a joint venture.

TOMMY

Trading under the name of the Young Adventurers, Ltd.? Is that your idea, Tuppence?

TUPPENCE

I feel there might be something in it.

TOMMY

How do you propose to get in touch with your would-be employers?

TUPPENCE

Advertisement. Have you got a pencil?

(TOMMY hands her one and she writes.)

"Two young adventurers for hire. Willing to do anything, go anywhere. Pay must be good." We might as well make that clear from the start. Then we might add, "No reasonable offer refused"—like flats and furniture.

TOMMY

I should think any offer we get in answer to that would be a pretty unreasonable one.

TUPPENCE

Tommy, you're a genius. That's ever so chic. "Two young adventurers for hire. No unreasonable offer refused." There you are. The Times, I think.

TOMMY

Shall we really try it? Just for the fun of the thing?

TUPPENCE

Tommy, you're a sport. To our joint venture.

TOMMY

To the Young Adventurers, Ltd. In the meantime, however, I must put off my landlady with the promise of future riches. Shall we say tea in half an hour?

TUPPENCE

Splendid.

(TOMMY exits. At some point after the mention of Jane Finn, WHITTINGTON enters and stops to listen to their conversation.)

WHITTINGTON

Excuse me, but I happened to overhear your conversation. I think I may be of some use to you.

TUPPENCE

In what way?

WHITTINGTON

My name's Whittington. Of the Esthonia Glassware Company. If you have a few moments, I will lay the details of my proposition before you.

(WHITTINGTON leads her to an office. The crowd exits.)

You want work? Well, I have work to offer. What should you say to one hundred pounds down and all expenses paid?

TUPPENCE

And the nature of the work?

WHITTINGTON

Nominal, purely nominal. A pleasant trip, that is all.

TUPPENCE

Where to?

WHITTINGTON

Paris. Yes, what could be more delightful? One of those charming *pensionnats de jeunes filles* with which Paris abounds.

TUPPENCE

A boarding school?

WHITTINGTON

Exactly. Madame Colombier's in the Avenue de Neuilly.

TUPPENCE

Quite high-class. For how long?

WHITTINGTON

Possibly three months.

TUPPENCE

And that is all? No other conditions?

WHITTINGTON

None whatever. You would go in the character of my ward, and you would hold no communication with your friends. I should have to request absolute secrecy.

TUPPENCE

You seem to be taking my consent for granted.

WHITTINGTON

Surely you are not thinking of refusing? The terms are most liberal.

TUPPENCE

That's just it. The terms are almost too liberal, Mr. Whittington. I cannot see any way in which I can be worth that amount of money to you.

WHITTINGTON

No? What I am willing to pay for is a young lady with sufficient intelligence and presence of mind to sustain her part well. And with sufficient discretion not to ask too many questions.

TUPPENCE

So far there has been no mention of Mr. Beresford. Where does he come in?

WHITTINGTON

Mr. Beresford?

TUPPENCE

My partner. You saw us together.

WHITTINGTON

I'm afraid we shan't require his services.

TUPPENCE

Then it's off. Good morning, Mr. Whittington.

WHITTINGTON

Wait a minute. Let us see if something can't be managed. Sit down again, Miss...?

TUPPENCE

Miss... Miss Jane Finn.

WHITTINGTON

So that's your game, is it? Been playing with me, have you? Who's been blabbing? Rita?

TUPPENCE

What? No, Rita knows nothing about me.

WHITTINGTON

Well, you knew enough to come in here and plump out that name.

TUPPENCE

It might be my own name.

WHITTINGTON

It's likely, isn't it, that there would be two girls with a name like that? Quit fooling, how much do you know? And how much do you want?

TUPPENCE

My dear Mr. Whittington, pray do not be so angry. You heard me say I proposed to live by my wits. It seems to me that I have now proved I have some wits to live by. I admit I have knowledge of a certain name, but perhaps my knowledge ends there.

WHITTINGTON

And perhaps it doesn't. You know a great deal more than you're willing to admit.

TUPPENCE

I shouldn't like to contradict you, Mr. Whittington.

WHITTINGTON

So we come to the usual question: how much?

TUPPENCE

Suppose we say a little something down and a fuller discussion of the matter later?

WHITTINGTON

Blackmail, eh?

TUPPENCE

Payment of services in advance, rather. You see, I'm so very fond of money.

WHITTINGTON

You took me in all right. Thought you were quite a meek little kid with just enough brains for my purpose.

TUPPENCE

Life is full of surprises.

WHITTINGTON

All the same, someone's been talking. If it wasn't Rita... Excuse me, I think I hear my clerk. Yes, Mr. Brown?

(WHITTINGTON exits briefly and returns with a piece of paper.)

Telephone message. A moment, please.

(WHITTINGTON reads the message.)

Come see me tomorrow, miss. I'm busy now. Here's fifty to go on with.

TUPPENCE

(Taking the money)

Good morning, Mr. Whittington. At least, *au revoir*, I should say.

WHITTINGTON

Exactly. *Au revoir*, my clever and charming young lady.

(TUPPENCE leaves the office. WHITTINGTON quickly gathers his things and exits. TUPPENCE then re-enters with TOMMY.)

TUPPENCE

I'm telling you, Tommy, it was most peculiar. It... That's strange, the place is shut.

TOMMY

Closed down by the looks of it. Are you sure this is the right spot?

TUPPENCE

Esthonia Glassware, yes. I was here not thirty minutes ago.

TOMMY

The place was a front, if you ask me. And once Whittington got the wind up, he paid you off and that was that.

TUPPENCE

All because I gave the name of Jane Finn. And the curious part is that I invented the name. I didn't want to give my own in case I should get mixed up in anything shady.

TOMMY

But you didn't invent it. I said earlier I'd overheard two people talking about Jane Finn. That's what brought the name into your mind so pat.

TUPPENCE

What were they like, the two you saw?

TOMMY

One was a big sort with little eyes.

TUPPENCE

That's him, that's Whittington. And the other?

TOMMY

I didn't notice him particularly. It was really the outlandish name that caught my attention.

TUPPENCE

And people say coincidences don't happen. Tommy, don't you see, if they are scared enough to run away, it shows there must be something in this Jane Finn business. Well, we'll get to the bottom of it. We'll be sleuths in earnest.

TOMMY

But there's no one left to sleuth.

TUPPENCE

That's why we'll have to start all over. Lend me that bit of pencil.  
(She writes.)

TOMMY

What's that?

TUPPENCE

Another advertisement.  
(She hands him the paper.)

TOMMY

"Wanted: any information respecting Jane Finn. Apply to the Young Adventurers, Ltd."

TUPPENCE

There. And now the adventures have really begun.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 2

(The next day, Tuesday. TOMMY and TUPPENCE meet on a city street.)

TUPPENCE

Well?

TOMMY

Well?

TUPPENCE

Don't be a wretch. Aren't there any answers?

TOMMY

I didn't want to disappoint you, old thing, by telling you right off. It's too bad. The advertisement has appeared, and... there are only two answers.

TUPPENCE

Tommy, you devil! Give them to me. How could you be so mean?

TOMMY

Language, Tuppence. As I have pointed out to you before, as a clergyman's daughter—

TUPPENCE

I ought to be on the stage.

TOMMY

That is not what I intended to say. But if you are sure that you have enjoyed the reaction of joy after despair with which I have kindly provided you, let us get down to our mail.

(TUPPENCE tears open one of the envelopes.)

TUPPENCE

"Dear sir, referring to your advertisement, I may be of some use to you. Please call upon me at the above address. Yours truly, A. Carter." 27 Carshalton Gardens. That's not far at all.

TOMMY

It is my turn to assume the offensive. Ushered into the presence of Mr. Carter, he says, "Please take a seat, Mister...?" To which I reply, "Whittington!" whereupon Mr. Carter turns purple and gasps, "How much?" Pocketing the usual fee of fifty pounds, I rejoin you outside and we proceed to the next address.

TUPPENCE

Don't be absurd, Tommy. Oh, this one is from the Ritz.

TOMMY

"Re your advertisement, I should be glad if you would call somewhere around lunchtime. Yours truly, Julius P. Hersheimer." Ha! Do I smell an American millionaire? At all events we'll call at lunchtime. It's a good time, frequently leads to free food for two.

TUPPENCE

Agreed. Now, let's go and meet this Mr. Carter.

(They transition to outside a house where they knock or ring the bell.)

Quite the fancy houses.

(CARTER—a high-ranking member of British intelligence—enters.)

CARTER

The Young Adventurers, I presume? Do come in, both of you.

(CARTER shows them into an office.)

TOMMY

Mr. Thomas Beresford and Miss Prudence Cowley.

CARTER

A pleasure. Now, regarding your advertisement...

TUPPENCE

We wanted to know... that is, would you tell us anything you know about Jane Finn?

CARTER

Ah, well, the question is, what do you know about her?

TUPPENCE

I don't see that that's got anything to do with it.

CARTER

Come now, you must know something to have advertised as you did. Suppose you tell me.

TUPPENCE

We couldn't do that, could we, Tommy?

TOMMY

I dare say the little we know won't be any good to you, sir. But such as it is, you're welcome to it.

TUPPENCE

Tommy!

(CARTER looks at TOMMY, who nods.)

TOMMY

Yes, sir, I recognized you at once. Saw you in France when I was with the Intelligence.

CARTER

No names, please. I'm known as Mr. Carter here. Well, now, who's going to tell me the story?

TOMMY

Fire ahead, Tuppence. It's your yarn.

TUPPENCE

There isn't much to tell. Someone called Whittington tried to hire me to go to Paris, to a *pensionnat*. When he asked my name, I said, "Jane Finn," and Whittington went all in a rage. He gave me some money and told me to come back, but when we did...

TOMMY

...he was gone.

TUPPENCE

So we put in the advertisement and here we are.

CARTER

Not much. But suggestive. If you'll excuse my saying so, you're a curious young couple. Who knows, you might succeed where others have failed. How would you like to work for me? Expenses paid and a moderate salary. All quite unofficial.

TUPPENCE

What should we have to do?

CARTER

Just go on with what you're doing now. Find Jane Finn.

TUPPENCE

But who is she?

CARTER

As for that, I will tell you what I can. In the early days of 1915 a certain document came into being. It was the draft of a secret and potentially dangerous treaty, drawn up in America—at that time a neutral country—and dispatched to England by a young fellow called Danvers. He sailed on the *Lusitania* but it was on that particular voyage that the *Lusitania* was torpedoed and sunk. Danvers was among those missing. Eventually his body washed ashore, but the packet containing the papers was missing. The question was, had it been taken from him or had he passed it on into another's keeping?

TOMMY

What makes you think that, sir?

CARTER

After the torpedo struck the ship, Danvers was seen speaking to a young American woman. It seems quite likely that he entrusted her with the papers believing she had a greater chance of bringing them to shore. Women and children first, you see. The young woman's name was Jane Finn. She appeared among the list of survivors, but then she vanished completely. Nothing could be heard of her after she set foot in England. By later advice from America it seemed Danvers had been shadowed on the way over. Was Miss Finn in league with his enemies? Or had she, in turn, been shadowed and forced into handing over the precious packet? No use was made of the draft treaty—as might very easily have been done—and we therefore concluded that Danvers had destroyed it. The war entered on another phase, the diplomatic aspect changed, and the treaty was never redrafted. Because of its delicate nature, rumors as to its existence were emphatically denied.

TUPPENCE

But why has it all cropped up now? The war's over.

CARTER

Because it seems that the treaty was not destroyed after all. Four years ago, that treaty was a weapon in our hands. Today, it is a weapon against us. If its terms were made public, it would bring about another war, not with Germany but within our own country. You may perhaps have heard that there is Bolshevist influence behind the present Labor unrest?

TUPPENCE

Of course.

CARTER

That is the truth. Bolshevist gold is pouring into this country for the specific purpose of procuring a revolution. The Bolshevists are behind the Labor unrest, but there is a man, a man whose real name is unknown to us, behind the Bolshevists. He is always spoken of as Mr. Brown. If he gets hold of this treaty, the revolutionary element would gain the upper hand.

TUPPENCE

Meaning what?

CARTER

Meaning, Miss Cowley, our government would collapse. Britain, as we know it, would end. In its place, a new order, and at the top, Mr. Brown. That is his goal.

TUPPENCE

And you think he could?

CARTER

He controls a marvelous organization. His spies are everywhere, but we have no clue as to his real identity. Somebody else always assumes the chief role while this Mr. Brown plays a secondary part, a servant or clerk who remains in the background, unnoticed. And so the elusive Mr. Brown escapes us once more.

TUPPENCE

In Mr. Whittington's office, the clerk, he was called Brown. You don't think...?

CARTER

Can you describe him?

TUPPENCE

I really didn't notice. He was quite ordinary, just like anyone else.

CARTER

That is the invariable description of Mr. Brown. He had a message for Whittington, perhaps?

TUPPENCE

Yes.

CARTER

That was Mr. Brown's way of giving an order to his subordinate. He overheard everything. Was it after that when Whittington handed you the money and told you to come back?

(TUPPENCE nods.)

Undoubtedly the hand of Mr. Brown. You see what you are pitting yourselves against? Possibly the finest criminal brain of the age. You're such young things, both of you. I shouldn't like anything to happen to you.

TOMMY

I'll look after her, sir.

TUPPENCE

And I'll look after you.

CARTER

Look after each other, to be sure. There's something mysterious about this draft treaty. We've been threatened with it in plain and unmistakable terms. The revolutionary element declares it's in their hands, but they are clearly at fault about many of its provisions. The government considers it mere bluff. I'm not so sure. There have been hints that the menace is a real one. Of course, Jane Finn may be dead for all we know. The curious thing is that they're trying to get information about her from us.

TUPPENCE

What?

CARTER

They know we're looking for Jane Finn. Well, they'll produce a Jane Finn of their own, say at a boarding school in Paris. No one knows what she looks like. This woman is primed with a trumped-up tale, and her real business is to get information from us. See the idea?

TUPPENCE

Then you think they wanted me to go to Paris as Jane Finn?

CARTER

I do.

TOMMY

My word, I don't wonder Whittington got the wind up when Tuppence plumped out that name. But look here, sir, have you any tips to give us before we clear out?

CARTER

I think not. My experts, working in stereotyped ways, have failed. You will bring imagination and an open mind to the task. The government is contemplating legislative action which will deal with the strike menace. It's possible that may bring things to a head. You haven't much time.

TUPPENCE

I think we ought to be businesslike. What exactly can we count upon you for, Mr. Carter?

CARTER

Funds within reason, detailed information on any point, and no official recognition. If you get yourselves into trouble with the police, you're on your own.

TUPPENCE

I quite understand. Now, about money...

CARTER

Shall we say three hundred pounds to begin with? And an equal sum for Mr. Beresford, of course.

TUPPENCE

You are kind. I do love money.

CARTER

Well, goodbye, and good luck to you both.

(CARTER shows them out and exits.)

TUPPENCE

Tommy, tell me at once, who is Mr. Carter?

(TOMMY whispers in her ear.)

Oh!

TOMMY

And I can tell you, old bean, he's it.

TUPPENCE

I like him. He looks so awfully tired and bored, and yet you feel that underneath he's like steel, all keen and flashing. Pinch me, Tommy, do pinch me. I can't believe it's real.

(He pinches her.)

Ow! That's enough! We're not dreaming. We've got a job.

TOMMY

And what a job. The joint venture has really begun.

TUPPENCE

It's more respectable than I thought it would be.

TOMMY

Luckily I haven't got your craving for crime. What time is it? Let's have—oh! Julius P. Hersheimer.

TUPPENCE

We never told Mr. Carter about him.

TOMMY

Well, there wasn't much to tell, not 'til we've seen him. Come on.

(They transition to a hotel lobby. A PORTER enters.)

PORTER

Welcome to the Ritz Hotel.

(The PORTER ushers them in and then exits.)

TOMMY

At least we've ceased being blackmailers.

TUPPENCE

I'm not sure I have.

(JULIUS HERSHEIMMER, an American in his 20s or 30s, enters.)

Mr. Hersheimer?

JULIUS

Get my note? Julius Hersheimer, how do you do? Out with it. Tell me all you know about my cousin.

TUPPENCE

Your cousin?

JULIUS

Sure thing. Jane Finn.

TUPPENCE

Is she your cousin?

JULIUS

My father and her mother were brother and sister.

TUPPENCE

Oh! Then you know where she is?

JULIUS

I'm darned if I do. Don't you?

TUPPENCE

We advertised to receive information, not to give it.

JULIUS

I guess I know that. I can read. But I thought maybe it was her history you were after and that you'd know where she was now.

TUPPENCE

Well, we wouldn't mind hearing her history. I'm Tuppence, by the way, and this is Tommy.

TOMMY

We're employed to find your cousin—she's been mixed up in some political show—so any details you can give us...

JULIUS

I guess that's all right. Just trot out your questions and I'll answer.

TUPPENCE

When did you last see your cousin?

JULIUS

Never seen her.

TOMMY

What?

JULIUS

No, sir. My father and her mother didn't always get on. Well, the upshot was that Aunt Jane went west and married Amos Finn and we never heard from her again. My father went into oil, and he went into steel, and he played a bit with railroads, then he died and I got the dollars. And my conscience got busy. Kept knocking me up and saying, what about your Aunt Jane? So I hired a man to hunt her down. Result, she was dead, and Amos Finn was dead, but they'd left a daughter—also Jane—who'd been torpedoed on the *Lusitania*. She was saved all right, but no one seemed able to hear of her, so I thought I'd come over and speed things up.

JULIUS (Cont.)

Scotland Yard said they'd make inquiries, even sent a man round to get her photograph. But say now, you're not after her for anything? Contempt of court or something British?

TUPPENCE

No, nothing like that.

JULIUS

That's good.

(The PORTER re-enters and hands JULIUS a card.)

PORTER

An inspector to see you, sir.

(The PORTER exits.)

JULIUS

"Inspector Japp, Scotland Yard." Another man this time. What does he expect I can tell him that I didn't tell the first chap this morning? I hope they haven't lost that photograph. It's the only copy in existence.

TUPPENCE

You... you don't know the name of the man who came this morning?

JULIUS

Sure, Inspector Brown. Quiet sort of chap.

TOMMY

There is no such fellow, old bean.

TUPPENCE

This Mr. Brown, we think he might be after your cousin. If he doesn't have her already.

JULIUS

Say, this isn't a bluff, is it?

TOMMY

I'm afraid not.

JULIUS

Inspector Brown. Guess I walked right into it. Well, can't do anything about it now. What about some lunch? On me. And you can tell me what put you two in the middle of all this.

TUPPENCE

Oysters and Sole Colbert for me, I think.

JULIUS

Whatever you say. You know, I've always had a kind of idea that English girls were just a mite moss-grown. I guess I'm a bit behind the times.

TUPPENCE

I should think so, Mr. Hersheimmer.

JULIUS

Where are you staying?

TUPPENCE

Here at the Ritz, of course. To keep in touch with Jane Finn's only living relation.

(Aside, to TOMMY)

And put like that, nobody could boggle at the expense.

(Blackout.)

To read the remainder of the script,  
please contact T. James Belich at [tjamesbelich@gmail.com](mailto:tjamesbelich@gmail.com)