***Сценарий театрализованного представления по мотивам Агаты Кристи «Десять негритят»***

**Участники: учащиеся 9 «А» и 9 «Б» классов**

**На сцене изображена гостиная-столовая английского поместья: камин, стол, на столе десять фигурок из пластилина и посуда, кресло.**

**На стене экран, на котором идут субтитры на русском.**

**АКТ первый**

**Авторы рассказывают про героев, и они по-очереди выходят и садятся за стол.**

**Author 1:** Ten not unrelated people are in a family house on a secluded island...
**Author 2:** Anthony Marston - a young guy. He likes to drive a car.
**Author 1:** Thomas Rogers – a butler. Ethel Rozhdres - the Thomas’ wife, a cooker.
**Author 2:** Джон Макартур — старый генерал.
John Macarthur - old general.
**Author 1:** Justice Lawrence John Wargrave recently resigned. Very smart and wise man.
**Author 2:** Vera Elizabeth Claythorne is a young girl, came to the island at the suggestion of Mrs. Onim to be her secretary.
**Author 1:** Philip Lombard was doing dirty deeds. He came to the island at the suggestion of Isaac Morris.
**Author 2:** Emily Brent - an elderly woman. Biblical fanatic. She was sixty-five, and she didn’t approve of the modern laxity.
**Author 1:** Edward George Armstrong - Dr. from Harley Street. Quite weak man. Has addiction to alcohol.
**Author 2:** William Henry Blore - a retired inspector. Scoundrel, always confident in his abilities.
**Author 1:** All of them are tormented by the question - why they all gathered here and where is the landlord?

**Author 2:** Dinner was drawing to a close. The food had been good, the wine perfect. Everyone was in good spirits. They had begun to talk to each other with more freedom and intimacy.

**Ведется живая беседа за ужином.**

**Anthony Marston**: "Funny statues, aren't they?"

**Tony**: "Indians." "Indian Island. I suppose that's the idea."

**Vera**: "I wonder. How many are there? Ten?"

"Yes - ten there are."

**Vera cried**: "What fun! They're the ten little Indian boys of the nursery rhyme, I suppose. In my bedroom the rhyme is framed and hung up."

**Lombard**: "In my room, too."

**Everybody:** "And mine."

**Vera:** "It's an amusing idea, isn't it?"

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "Remarkably childish."

**Emily Brent:** "Mrs. Oliver has been lucky to get servants. The woman's a good cook."

**Vera**: "Yes, I think Mrs. Owen has been very lucky indeed."

**Emily Brent:** "Owen? Did you say Owen?"

**Vera:** "Yes."

**Emily Brent:** "I've never met any one called Owen in my life."

**Vera:** "But surely -"

**Вдруг раздается голос. Услышав свое имя герои по-разному реагируют, и расходятся по сцене. Все последующие действия на сцене производятся на усмотрение постановщика.**

**Voice:** "Ladies and gentlemen! Silence, please!"

You are charged with the following indictments:

Edward George Armstrong, that you did upon the 14th day of March, 1925, cause the death of Louisa Mary Clees.

Emily Caroline Brent, that upon the 5th November, 1931, you were responsible for the death of Beatrice Taylor.

William Henry Blore, that you brought about the death of James Stephen Landor on October 10th, 1928.

Vera Elizabeth Claythorne, that on the 11th day of August, 1935, you killed Cyril Ogilvie Hamilton.

Philip Lombard, that upon a date in February, 1932, you were guilty of the death of twenty-one men, members of an East African tribe.

John Gordon Macarthur, that on the 4th of January, 1917, you deliberately sent your wife's lover, Arthur Richmond, to his death.

Anthony James Marston, that upon the 14th day of November last, you were guilty of the murder of John and Lucy Combes.

Thomas Rogers and Ethel Rogers, that on the 6th of May, 1929, you brought about the death of Jennifer Brady.

Lawrence John Wargrave, that upon the 10th day of June, 1930, you were guilty of the murder of Edward Seton.

Prisoners at the bar, have you anything to say in your defence?

**Lombard:** "Marston."

Anthony sprang to help him. Between them, they lifted up the woman and carried her into the drawing-room. Dr. Armstrong came across quickly. He helped them to lift her onto the sofa and bent over her. He said quickly:

**Dr. Armstrong**: "It's nothing. She's fainted, that's all. She'll be round in a minute."

**Lombard** said to Rogers: "Get some brandy."

**Rogers**: "Yes, sir."

**Vera** cried out: "Who was that speaking? Where was he? It sounded - it sounded -"

**General Macarthur**: "What's going on here? What kind of a practical joke was that?"

Armstrong being busy with the collapsed woman, Lombard was free once more to take the initiative.

**Lombard**: "That voice? It sounded as though it were in the room."

Lombard is walking and looking arount.

**Vera cried**:"Who was it? Who was it? It wasn't one of us."

**Lombard:** "Ah, here we are."

**Dr. Armstrong**: "A disgraceful and heartless practical joke, I suppose."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave** murmured: "So you think it's a joke, do you?"

**Dr. Armstrong**: "What else could it be?"

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "At the moment I'm not prepared to give an opinion."

**Anthony Marston**: "Look here, there's one thing you've forgotten. Who the devil turned the thing on?"

**Wargrave**: "Yes, I think we must inquire into that."

Rogers had just come in with a glass of brandy. Miss Brent was bending over the moaning form of Mrs. Rogers.

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "Who put that record on the gramophone? Was it you, Rogers?"

**Rogers:** "I didn't know what it was. Before God, I didn't know what it was, sir. If I had I'd never have done it."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "That is probably true. But I think you'd better explain, Rogers."

**Rogers:**wiped his face with a handkerchief. He said earnestly: "I was just obeying orders, sir, that's all."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "Whose orders?"

**Rogers:**"Mr. Owen's."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "Let me get this quite clear. Mr. Owen's orders were - what exactly?"

**Rogers:**: "I was to put a record on the gramophone. I'd find the record in the drawer and my wife was to start the gramophone when I'd gone into the drawing-room with the coffee tray."

**General Macarthur**: "A very remarkable story."

**Rogers cried**: "It's the truth, sir. I thought it was just a piece of music."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave** looked at Lombard."Was there a title on it?"

Lombard nodded. He grinned suddenly, showing his white pointed teeth.

**Lombard**: "Quite right, sir. It was entitled Swan Song..."

**General Macarthur** broke out suddenly: "The whole thing is preposterous - preposterous! Slinging accusations about like this! Something must be done about it. This fellow Owen whoever he is -"

**Emily Brent** interrupted: "That's just it, who is he?"

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "That is exactly what we must go into very carefully. Who is this Mr. Owen "

**Rogers** stared: "I am aware of that fact. What I want you to tell me is what you yourself know about the man."

**Rogers**:"I can't say, sir. You see, I've never seen him."

**General Macarthur**: "You've never seen him? What d'yer mean?"

**Rogers:** "We've only been here just under a week, sir, my wife and I. We were engaged by letter, through an agency. The Regina Agency in Plymouth."

**Blore:** "Old established firm."

**Rogers:** "We were to arrive on a certain day. We did. Everything was in order here. Plenty of food in stock and everything very nice. Just needed dusting and that. We got orders - by letter again - to prepare the rooms for a houseparty and then yesterday by the afternoon post I got another letter from Mr. Owen. It said he and Mrs. Owen were detained and to do the best we could and it gave the instructions about dinner and coffee and putting on the gramophone record."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "Surely you've got that letter?"

**Rogers:** "Yes, sir, I've got it here."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "H'm," he said. "Headed Ritz Hotel and typewritten."

**Blore** was beside him: "If you'll just let me have a look." He twitched it out of the other's hand, and ran his eye over it.

**Blore:** "Coronation machine. Quite new - no defects. Ensign paper - the most widely used make. You won't get anything out of that. Might be fingerprints, but I doubt it."

**Emily Brent**: "There's something very peculiar about all this," she said. "I received a letter with a signature that was not very easy to read. It purported to be from a woman I had met at a certain summer resort two or three years ago. I took the name to be either Ogden or Oliver. I am acquainted with a Mrs. Oliver and also with a Miss Ogden. I am quite certain that I have never met, or become friendly with, any one of the name of Owen."

**Vera**: I was offered a job as a secretary.

**Marston**: "Got a wire. From a pal of mine. Badger Berkeley. Surprised me at the time because I had an idea the old horse had gone to Norway. Told me to roll up here."

Dr. Armstrong: I was called in professionally. A colleague of mine was mentioned in the letter."

**General Macarthur**: "Got a letter - from this fellow Owen - mentioned some old pals of mine who were to be here - hoped I'd excuse informal invitation. Haven't kept the letter. I'm afraid."

Lombard: "Same sort of thing," he said. "Invitation, mention of mutual friends - I fell for it all right. I've torn up the letter."

**Lombard** "Just now we had a somewhat disturbing experience. The voice spoke to us all by name, but as far as we know there is no one named Blore amongst us. The name of Davis was not mentioned. What have you to say about that, Mr. Davis?"

Blore said sulkily:

**Blore**: "Cat's out of the bag, it seems. I suppose I'd better admit that my name isn't Davis."

**Marston** "You are William Henry Blore?"

**Blore**: "That's right."

**Lombard**: "Not only are you here under a false name, Mr. Blore, but in addition I've noticed this evening that you're a first-class liar. You claim to have come from Natal, South Africa. I know South Africa and Natal and I'm prepared to swear that you've never set foot in South Africa in your life."

**General Macarthur "**Now then, you swine," he said. "Any explanation?"

**Blore**: "You gentlemen have got me wrong. I've got my credentials and you can see them. I'm an ex-C.I.D. man. I run a detective agency in Plymouth. I was put on this job."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "By whom?"

**Blore:** "This man Owen. Enclosed a handsome money order for expenses and instructed me as to what he wanted done. I was to join the house party, posing as a guest. I was given all your names. I was to watch you all."

**Marston** "Any reason given?"

**Blore:** "Mrs. Owen's jewels. Mrs. Owen my foot! I don't believe there's any such person."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: " U.N. Owen. Or by a slight stretch of fancy, UNKNOWN!"

**Vera**: "But this is fantastic - mad!"

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "Oh, yes. I've no doubt in my own mind that we have been invited here by a madman - probably a dangerous homicidal lunatic. And I should admit he knows some facts from our lives.”

**General Macarthur**: “Nonsense”

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: “Our unknown friend accuses me of the murder of one Edward Seton. I remember Seton perfectly well. He came up before me for trial in June of the year 1930. He was charged with the murder of an elderly woman. He was very ably defended and made a good impression on the jury in the witness box. Nevertheless, on the evidence, he was certainly guilty. I summed up accordingly, and the jury brought in a verdict of Guilty. In passing sentence of death I concurred with the verdict. I did my duty and nothing more. I passed sentence on a rightly convicted murderer."

**Vera**: "I'd like to tell you. About that child - Cyril Hamilton. I was nursery governess to him. He was forbidden to swim out far. One day, when my attention was distracted, he started off. I swam after him... I couldn't get there in time... It was awful... But it wasn't my fault. At the inquest the Coroner exonerated me. And his mother - she was so kind. If even she didn't blame me, why should - why should this awful thing be said? It's not fair - not fair..."

**General Macarthur** patted her shoulder: "There, there, my dear. Of course it's not true. Fellow's a madman. A madman! He said about - er - young Arthur Richmond. Richmond was one of my officers. I sent him on a reconnaissance. He was killed. Natural course of events in war time. "

**Lombard:** "About those natives -"

**Marston**: "What about them?"

**Lombard**: "Story's quite true! I left 'em! Matter of self-preservation. We were lost in the bush. I and a couple of other fellows took what food there was and cleared out."

**General Macarthur** said sternly: "You abandoned your men - left them to starve?"

**Lombard**: "Sself-preservation's a man's first duty. And natives don't mind dying, you know. They don't feel about it as Europeans do."

**Vera**: "You left them - to die?"

**Lombard**: "I left them to die."

**Marston**: "I've just been thinking - John and Lucy Combes. Must have been a couple of kids I ran over near Cambridge. Beastly bad luck."

**Emily Brent:** "For them, or for you?"

Anthony said:

**Marston**: "Well, I was thinking - for me - but of course, you're right, sir, it was damned bad luck on them. Of course it was a pure accident. They rushed out of some cottage or other. I had my licence endorsed for a year. Beastly nuisance."

**Dr. Armstrong**: "This speeding's all wrong - all wrong! Young men like you are a danger to the community."

**Marston**: "Speed's come to stay. Well, anyway, it wasn't my fault. Just an accident!"

**Rogers**: "If I might just say a word, sir."

**Lombard** said: "Go ahead, Rogers."

**Rogers:** "There was a mention, sir, of me and Mrs. Rogers. And of Miss Brady. There isn't a word of truth in it, sir. My wife and I were with Miss Brady till she died. She was always in poor health, sir, always from the time we came to her. There was a storm, sir, that night - the night she was taken bad. The telephone was out of order. We couldn't get the doctor to her. I went for him, sir, on foot. But he got there too late. We'd done everything possible for her, sir. Devoted to her, we were. Any one will tell you the same. There was never a word said against us. Not a word."

**Lombard**: "What about yourself, Mr. Blore?"

**Blore:** "What about me?"

**Lombard:** "Your name was included in the list."

**Blore:** "Landor, you mean? That was the bank robbery - London and Commercial."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "I remember. It didn't come before me, but I remember the case. Landor was convicted on your evidence. You were the police officer in charge of the case?"

**Blore s**aid:"I was."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "Landor got penal servitude for life and died in Dartmoor a year later. He was a delicate man."

**Blore** said: "He was a crook. It was he who knocked out the night watchman. The case was quite clear against him."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave**: "You were complimented, I think, on your able handling of the case."

**Blore**: "I got my promotion." "I was only doing my duty."

**Lombard**: "What a duty-loving, law-abiding lot we all seem to be! Myself excepted. What about you, doctor - and your little professional mistake? Illegal operation, was it?"

**Dr. Armstrong**: "Drunk - that's what it was - drunk... And I operated! Nerves all to pieces - hands shaking. I killed her, all right. Poor devil - elderly woman - simple job if I'd been sober. Lucky for me there's loyalty in our profession. The Sister knew, of course - but she held her tongue, God, it gave me a shock! Pulled me up. But who could have known about it - after all these years?"

There was a silence in the room. Everybody was looking, covertly or openly, at Emily Brent.

**Emily Brent:** "Are you waiting for me to say something? I have nothing to say."

**Lombard** "Nothing, Miss Brent?"

**Emily Brent:** “I have always acted in accordance with the dictates of my conscience. I have nothing with which to reproach myself."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave** said: "How do you communicate with the mainland?"

**Rodgers**: "Fred Narracott, he comes over every morning, sir. He brings the bread and the milk and the post, and takes the orders."

**Mr. Justice Wargrave said**: "Then in my opinion it would be well if we all left tomorrow morning as soon as Narracott's boat arrives."

**Marston**: "Ought to ferret out the mystery before we go. Whole thing's like a detective story. Positively thrilling."

**Делает глоток и падает на пол, к нему подбегает доктор.**

**Dr. Armstrong:** "My God! he's poisoned!"