

MURDER ON THE STILE

by

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FIRST DRAFT

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ACT ONE SCENE TWO:

A field near Martlesham Manor. To the rear is a hedge with a stile (right of centre). In the background a church spire can be seen. A path leads from front stage right to the stile. An indistinct path tracks the edge of the hedge running Stage Left to Stage Right.

Enter Lydia Stage Left

Lydia: Oh do hurry up Robbie. I've found just the place spot.

Enter Robbie Stage Left (in a hurry and carrying a picnic basket, a butterfly net, two picnic chairs and an umbrella)

Robbie: Here I am darling. All present and correct! But what's the tearing hurry?

Lydia: Well we've been looking for an idyllic spot for an awfully long time and I'm ~~famished~~ hungry. Besides the sandwiches will be stone cold by now.

Robbie: (setting down the basket and unfolding a blanket) Don't fret darling - I can always warm them between my ~~arm-pits~~ manly thighs if that's what's worrying you.

Lydia: This is no time for joking Robbie. You know ~~father~~ mother will be arriving at the Manor soon and we'll have absolutley no time to ourselves. Tea with the vicar and a dozen old ladies all smelling of ~~Jean-Paul-Gautier for Men~~ wee - that's what we've got to look forward to from now on. It's too beastly. I simply can't imagine how we are going to stand the sexual tension it when all we really want to do is make love until my ~~vagina hurts~~ pelvis aches!

Robbie: But once we're married and your fortune is mine darling, there'll be plenty of time for that sort of ~~malarky~~ caper.

Lydia [sits on the blanket distracted]: How pretty the cornfields look when there's no corn in them. And the hedgerows too once all the hedges or rows or whatever they are have gone.

Robbie: Darling you do know that I love you even more than your money don't you?

Lydia: (reflectively) ~~Shall we have a quick shag now Robbie whilst we have the chance or would you rather wait until your blood is up?~~ Of course I do you silly goose. I know you are marrying me for my ~~generally well-acknowledged pulchritude and unusually large breasts~~ looks and ~~ever-active sex glands~~ wild appetites and not for my unimaginably large investments.

Robbie (enthusiastically): Darling I am so happy to hear you say that. I was worried that making you sign all that beastly paperwork before you had time to read it properly might have made you change your mind. But as long as we love each other ... You do know you've made me the ~~richest~~ happiest man in the world.







Lydia (thoughtfully): I imagine so ... (Glancing towards the hedgerow): What a pretty hedgerow and such an adorable stile. I can't imagine anything awful happening in ~~such a pretty spot~~ a place like this.

Robbie: (moving towards the stile) You're absolutely right of course darling. It's the prettiest place on God's earth. Dear old Martlesham - nothing untoward could ever happen in ~~a place like this~~. such a quiet and unobserved little nook. Why don't you come over here and take a closer peek at the stile - I believe it might have a lover's inscription on it. Yes - indeed it does. How delightful .... (He looks more closely) What the devil? ... Darling am I the first man you've ever brought here?

Lydia (stands concern on her face): But of course darling. As I told you I know these fields and woods like the back of my hand ever since Daddy took me in through them, but I've never brought a man here before. I did once bring a schoolfriend, but that was during my lesbian phase and beside it was the holidays and just ~~for fun~~ experimental.

Robbie: So who ~~the hell~~ dash it all is Desmond and why did ~~Lydikins~~ give him the best blow job ever will Lydikins love him forever?

Lydia (slightly alarmed): Darling I have no idea ... ~~I'd no idea he had a penknife in his pocket, I just thought he was excited to see me.~~ what you're talking about... I swear I'd never ...

Robbie (forcing a smile): Well never mind all that nonsense darling. It was just me being foolish. I am sure ~~there are many~~ there's more than just one Lydikins around here. Come here darling fruity-toots and bring that extremely dangerous sharp knife from the picnic basket. I need to trim the hedge a little where it's hanging over the stile. Someone might catch themselves on it and then this pretty little stile might be covered in / ~~spattered with?~~ stained with blood.

Lydia: (cheerful again, opens the picnic basket and locates the knife). Oh Robbie you are so thoughtful. I have never met a man so selfless and so concerned for the welfare of others. Perhaps that's why I love ~~your massive member / my Mr-Truecheon~~ you so much!

Robbie: Well, that's just the way I am darling and I can't change. So you're jolly well going to have to ~~get used to~~ put up with it me Lydikins! (He smiles a saturnine smile) And for as long as you live! Come here darling and give me the knife. This won't take a second.

Lydia: ~~As the bishop said to the actress!~~

— END OF ACT I —

— CURTAIN —