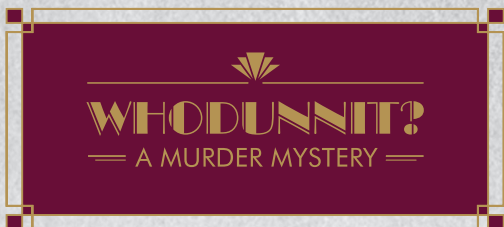




Roger
RIGHTHAND



All aboard!

It's been a rather chilly night on board the RMS Whodunnit – particularly for Dr McDogood. This terribly decent philanthropist and all-round jolly nice chap, was found dead in the pavilion pool.

So steady yourself with a drink and please do join us on our cruise ship. Because, dear old chum, you're a suspect. We all are.

RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

Read these to yourself first

1. Everyone's a suspect, including you. So make your case clear and ask plenty of questions to find out Whodunnit and, of course, prove your innocence.
2. Never read past a STOP sign, unless your host instructs you to do so.
3. Overacting and over-the-top gesturing are most welcome and will add immensely to your enjoyment.
4. If you are instructed to, please read the clue at the bottom of page 17.
5. After each scene, please engage in lively debate, questioning and probing for information.
6. You are welcome to be evasive in your answers, but you must not lie in response to direct questions, chaps.
7. Please make donations and text for spiffing clues along the way if you can. Macmillan needs your help like never before to make sure we can continue to be there for people living with cancer at this incredibly difficult time.

Above all, do have fun dears. Improvise and lark about as much as you like. Just make sure you get to the bottom of it, eventually. It's all for a smashing cause, for Macmillan Cancer Support, to help people living with cancer.





Roger RIGHTHAND

Read these tips to yourself

Summary

Dashing cricket star, and a bit of a flirt.

Play him with an ever-so-smooth voice, a wink and a wry smile.

What the world sees

Much-loved player on the field. Outrageous flirt off it. On his way home from the test match in the West Indies and currently courting Beryl Belter. Amongst others...

The truth

Do not reveal unless directly challenged

You're in agony, with a leg injury that threatens to ruin your career. And that useless Dr McDogood wouldn't help you. Good-for-nothing, more like...



**Do not continue reading until
instructed by host.**



INTRODUCE YOURSELF

You're in fine company this evening. Apart from the dastardly villain, of course. So before we commence, each character will read their introduction in the following order. Captain first, ladies next.

- Captain Crawley-Bumble
- Lady Iceberg
- Lily Iceberg
- Madame Who-de-Wotwot
- Beryl Belter
- Roger Righthand (that's you!)
- Cyril Slick
- Marvin Marigolds

Please read to the group when it's your turn

Roger Righthand: What ho ladies and gentlemen. Roger Righthand, batsman and tip-top sportsman here. Oh, and undeniably handsome chap – so Beryl tells me. And others!



***Do not continue reading until
instructed by host.***



SCENE ONE

Captain: Righty-ho sailors, ladies and SIRS. YES SIR! I've gathered you here, in the first-class dining room, to share some dreadful news. I'm sorry to say it's all gone bad for our friend Dr McDogood. We found him face down in the Pavilion Pool at TWENTY-TWO-HUNDRED HOURS. SIR!

Lady: How frightful. I'm frozen to the core.

Captain: I can hardly believe my eyes either and I've got 20:20 vision, SIR! I mean, LADY.

Lady: But we'd had such a frightfully pleasant evening. He'd only just gone to bed. He didn't even touch the absinth.

Roger: Poor devil. So you were the last to see him Lady?

Lady: Well we had dinner together. But we were all there. He walked me back to my room and that was the last I heard of it.

Captain: Had a few to drink then, had he?

Lady: Maybe. But haven't we all? Such a chilly night. It's medicinal.

Beryl: Yea, and the doc knew all about that!

Lady: What are you saying Ms...what's-your-name?

Beryl: Beryl Belter, ma'am. I'm saying he liked liquor. He was knocking 'em back good the other night – I should know.

Roger: What's all this darling? Was Dr McDogood being ungentlemanly?

Beryl: You were there Roger! Not that you'd have noticed...Sure, he was a Doctor, and a decent fella for the most part. But not after a cocktail. That's all I'm sayin'.

Roger: My god!

Beryl: Quite. And yes Roger, you were busy flirting with old Madame over there. So, the Doctor got carried away – and rather suggestive. I mean, I'm *half his age!* Disgusting! Then he told me about you and Madame Who-de-Wotwot fooling around behind my back. How dare you Roger! I thought we were exclusive!



Madame: Now, now child, don't you go throwing accusations around.

Roger: Yes darling. You've had a fright. I would never play away. Just at home. *Or on tour.*

Madame: Er, exactly. And Beryl, darling...we were just chewing the fat – I was asking Roger to model as my next nude. Where's the harm, my dear?

Captain: Ah. We're going rather 'orf course here. Let me check – yes it's almost twenty-three-hundred hours and we've barely started!

Madame: Right! And anyway, young lady, where were you when all the commotion was going on tonight? You weren't at your usual *singing spot* by the bar.

Beryl: I was feeling sick, if you must know. I was getting some air on the top deck. Where were you, painting my boyfriend?

Madame: I've got rather better things to do than listen to this my dear. I'm a distinguished lady, with money, talent and a brain. So I'm just going to bat your ridiculous, jealous accusations away, darling. If I want to paint him, I'll paint him. I'm a professional, not a liar.

Captain: Now now, LADIES. And what about the rest of you, ay? Marvin, MATEY, I sent you to run an errand for me earlier. And I nevva saw you again, until now.

Marvin: Captain, that was hours ago! You're getting a bit forgetful old fellow. I hope you're not suggesting...

Captain: ...I'm just trying to get to the bottom of this Marvin. You're always nosin' around, in and out of rooms. Some folk might find it suspicious matey.

Marvin: Doing my job, Mr Captain! I went to see the Doctor a lot, I won't lie. Wanted his advice, you see – I'd like to be a Doctor myself one day.

Lady: A Doctor? Well I find that rather odd, bellboy. Anyway...I just can't believe it. What happened to our dear Doctor?

Cyril: Maybe 'e was just 'aving a swim wot went wrong.

Beryl: I don't think so sweedie. Someone did this.

Madame: You do know it all, don't you, my dear.

Cyril: He was a character, the doc. Lily loved 'im.



Lady: What do you know about Lily, Mr what's-your-name, engine room boy?

Cyril: It's Cyril, M'lady.

Lily: He was like a father to me, I suppose. Especially since daddy died.

Captain: There's somefin' else n'all SHIPMATES! We didn't just find Doctor McDogood face down in the pool. We fished out a weapon. A cricket bat.

Roger: Well that puts me in rather a sticky wicket. I'm sure you won't believe me when I say I've been looking for my bat for days.

Lady: No Roger. I dare say we won't.

Roger: It's my most prized possession! Signed by the team – my lucky bat! Someone's stitched me up.

Marvin: Not lucky anymore, my friend.



WE'VE FOUND A CLUE!

Beryl: Talking of sticky wicket, I think you'll need to explain this – Roger's medical notes, found in Dr McDogood's room. Told you Roger. He wasn't doing you any favours was he. Not much *do-gooding* here.

BERYL BELTER TO READ ALOUD CLUE NO. 1



WE'VE FOUND A CLUE!

Cyril: It's a note from Lily. I don't know how Doctor McDogood got hold of this...it was in the Doc's room...

CYRIL SLICK TO READ ALOUD CLUE NO. 2





**TAKE A MOMENT
TO READ THIS PAGE.**

DISCUSSION TIME

Get ready to find out the truth and ask some serious questions to your fellow suspects. Pick one of these, or make up your own. **Lily** starts with a question, then the rest of you can follow.

BUT FIRST, REMEMBER...

Read these important points, before you launch into debate. This is for your eyes only – not to be read out. But you may want to mention some of it in your discussion, and you MUST reveal the truth if challenged.

- **The truth?** You were devastated by the Doctor's diagnosis. Your career is over. It was as if he washed his hands of you – wouldn't help at all.
- You didn't think much of him. As a Doctor, or a man.
- As for the cricket bat, you'll just have to keep pleading innocence for now.

START THE QUESTIONING...

1. Ask the Captain if he's ever seen anything untoward on top deck.
2. Find out who Lily's note was for.
3. Ask Lady Iceberg what she makes of all this.
4. Find out how Roger feels about the Doctor's note – were they friends?
5. Ask Beryl how she's feeling now.



SCENE TWO

Captain: RIGHTO my beauties. Let's get to the bottom of this letter nonsense Lily, before things get even more choppy 'round here. Then I MUST count the lifeboats – It's been over ONE HOUR since I checked.

Lily: Quite, Captain. But I hope you're not suggesting I had anything to do with Dr McDogood's death.

Lady: Well something's going on. Now out with it Lily, before we all freeze to death.

Cyril: It's my fault missus...I love 'er. I just do. We love each other.

Lily: Cyril! I wasn't going to...It's not the right time.

Lady: What are you playing at Lily? After all we've been through!! You need a good, well-bred boy. Not this ne'er-do-well. Even Roger would be more suitable.

Roger: Now now. That's rather below the belt.

Beryl: She's got the measure of you, you flirt.

Madame: You're missing something though dears. Why the devil was Lily's note in the Doctor's room?

Lily: He didn't approve. He'd found the note – I must have dropped it. He asked to speak with me about it, just yesterday.

Marvin: But what's it got to do with him?

Lady: We're very old friends. He was like a dad to Lily.

Lily: He thought he was. But my real dad would never stand in the way of my happiness.

Marvin: No. Exactly – that's what I said to Cyril.

Lily: What are you talking about?

Cyril: Yea Marv?

Marvin: Tell 'er!

Cyril: Never in my life 'ave I met such a busybody as you Marv.



Marvin: Busybody! I'm just helping these good people get to the bottom of things. Now out with it.

Cyril: Look, I didn't want to tell you Lily. But the doc threatened me, didn't he. He found the note, and he 'ad a word wiv me. I didn't want to use my muscle on 'im, but he almost pushed me to.

Lily: What did he say?

Cyril: Doc told me to stay away from you Lily, because I'm not the right sort for you. He said he had ways and means of getting rid of me. Of getting me off this ship, without a job or a penny to my name. But I told 'im! I said nuffink would stop us being together. We didn't speak after that, I'm a big fella and it brought out my worst side. So I stayed away. Told Marvin, didn't I. 'Ad to tell someone.

Lily: I can't believe the Doctor would say that. This is because he found my note, isn't it? How dare he tear us apart!

Madame: My dear, maybe it was for the best. You and old grubby trousers over here. I can't see a future in that, can you? Living in some pokey little house with six mucky little brats? Frightful.

Lady: Madame, do keep out of this. You're hardly heir to a fortune are you, just some cheap nude artist.

Madame: And they call you a Lady!

Lady: I'm just pleased he stepped in.

Roger: The doc got involved in rather too much of our business though, didn't he? The old soak.

Captain: That he did. Sounds like 'e made a few of us feel a bit stormy, like. We were old mateys, the doc and I. I may as well say it to you fellows, since we're bearing our souls out 'ere in the cold. Ex-navy, the two of us. We knew each other, like. He stole my girl, the blighter. Just like that, I was going to marry her when we got back on land. But he took 'er off me.

Roger: That was a long time ago though, old chap.

Captain: Yes, but it still hurts. Not that I'd do anything untoward, mind.

Cyril: I fort he was a do-good type. But he seems to have rubbed a lot of yous up the wrong way. And as for you *Madame*, you've rubbed me up the wrong way 'n all.



Marvin: Forgive me for piping in. But I was a friend of the Doctor, and...

Lily: I don't think that's what you were, Cabin Boy...more like a big nose in his business...

Marvin: Call me what you like, Miss, but I saw something that proves he was good after all. I was there delivering his whiskey a few nights ago. And there it was – a letter from Lily's father, Lord Iceberg, just before he died. All full of thanks and niceties.

Then again, the previous night, I walked in to the Doctor's room – forgot to knock, probably. And there was Madame Who-de-Wotwot. They looked rather serious. That didn't seem so nice.

Madame: So we're not allowed to have conversations now? You really are a troublemaker, young man. And if I might add, a thief. I saw you with Roger's cricket bat yesterday. I don't like to stir things up. But I saw you with it.

Marvin: Oh come on Madame. You told me you were going to keep quiet. I was just having a game with some of the boys. I thought it was up for grabs!

Madame: Quite the bellboy, you sneak. And that's not all is it...You're not being completely truthful now, are you? Doctor? My foot!

Marvin: OK – OK. Well I wasn't really in the market for a Doctor's apprenticeship. I was just filling my pockets with pills and things from his Doctor's bag. I know, I know, it was wrong. But in London you can make a *fortune* selling this stuff on. And I've got to make a living. Anyway...The old doc caught me red-handed. Grabbed me by the throat actually – said he'd lose his medical licence if word got out. Threatened to tell the police, get me locked up. The whole shebang. He said he thought I was no good. No good at all...



WE'VE FOUND A CLUE!

Lady: Gosh...This is the letter Marvin spoke about. It's from my late husband to Dr McDogood.

LADY ICEBERG TO READ ALOUD CLUE NO. 3





**TAKE A MOMENT
TO READ THIS PAGE.**

DISCUSSION TIME

It's time to find out the truth and ask some serious questions to your fellow suspects. Pick one of these, or make up your own. **Captain** starts with a question, then the rest of you can follow.

BUT FIRST, REMEMBER...

Read these important points, before you launch into debate. This is for your eyes only – not to be read out. But you may want to mention some of it in your discussion, and you MUST reveal the truth if challenged.

- **The truth?** You've been seeing a lot more of Madame than you care to admit.
- She's told you a few secrets along the way – never mentioned the Doctor though.
- As for that Marvin, he needs a good hiding.

START THE QUESTIONING...

1. Ask Madame Who-de-Wotwot what she and the Doctor were discussing.
2. Find out how far the Captain's heartbreak could have pushed him.
3. Find what Cyril thought of the Doctor.
4. Ask Marvin about his run in with the Doctor.



SCENE THREE

Lily: I didn't realise how close daddy and Dr McDogood were.

Lady: Yes, I suppose they were.

Lily: You don't know? Why was daddy saying thank you, as though Dr McDogood had given him a kidney or something?

Beryl: Maybe he did. Although the Doctor was all take-take-take in my experience, trying it on with me like that. Awful! I don't care how much he had to drink.

Lily: Well daddy was all give. He gave me this necklace.

Beryl: Yes, let's please change the subject...It's beautiful Lily.

Lily: I've had it since I was a girl.

Beryl: Where's the other half?

Lily: I don't know. Maybe there wasn't one.

Beryl: There will be, somewhere.

Roger: Well if we're looking for things, maybe you can help us find some answers. Like who stole my cricket bat and framed me.

Beryl: Oh darling, you're so confident it was stolen? Not that you lost your temper, because a Doctor told you your career is over. Over over over – all dead and buried?

Roger: You really are an angry young diva, aren't you? What did I do to you?

Beryl: You and Madame, carrying on!

Madame: Oh please! Can we just get back to the Doctor. And sorting this mess out.

Marvin: Quite right Madame. A misplaced bat here, a little love affair there, it's hardly what we're here for! We're here to talk about the Doctor – and his *many* sides.

Cyril: Right, Marv. Exactly. The doc was a meddling, no good, so-and-so.



Lady: I think we should all stay calm. I just want to find out who killed my husband's close friend. Not all this riff raff – posturing and accusing. It's shameful.

Madame: Shameful? Shameful! I'll tell you what's shameful my dear...

Captain: WHAT OH shipmates! NOW NOW... we're sailing off course again!

Cyril: Yea Sir, I dunno where she's going wiv this.

Madame: Who's *she*? The cat's mother?

Lady: No, she's not the cat's mother. She's...She's LILY'S MOTHER!



WE'VE FOUND A CLUE!

Roger: Steady on Lily. This is all rather a shock. We've got a page from Dr McDogood's diary here, over 20 years ago! Ready?

ROGER RIGHTHAND TO READ ALOUD
CLUE NO. 4 (found at the bottom of page 17)

Marvin: WHAT?!

Lily: I can't believe it.

Lady: It's true. Madame is your real mother, darling.

Lily: No, you are. What are you talking about?

Madame: I thought it was you – when we first came aboard. I could see the likeness...

Lily: But I'd never met you before! I can't...I don't know what to say!

Lady: I never thought you'd meet each other. And I certainly didn't want you finding out in such wretched circumstances. But with this whole grizzly business, it's going to come out. You needed to hear it from me.

Beryl: I need a drink.

Lily: WHAT?! What are you talking about? How could daddy do this!

Lady: He just wanted the best for you.

Madame: It's all in the past now. I might have given birth to you, but Lady Iceberg is your mother. Let there be absolutely no quarrel about that!



Lady: Thank you.

Lily: I don't know what to say.

Lady: We all wanted the best for you. We wanted you to marry well, be happy, and secure. Unlike us.

Marvin: I don't see what that's got to do with anything, ma'am.

Cyril: Yea and what about me? She can be 'appy with me.

Lady: Twoddle. Doctor McDogood was making empty threats about ruining you, engine room boy. He just wanted to warn you off. But I fear all it did was put fire in your belly to do something frightful.

Cyril: So now you're accusing me? What about you? Angry old woman!

Lady: Look you'll never be together, OK? Just face it. Over my dead body Cyril.

Cyril: Well careful what you wish for m'lady. There's a murderer 'ere. And a murder weapon!

Lady: That sounds like a threat.

Cyril: Well maybe it is. Don't mess with me, any of ya. And actually, I think it's about time Marvin spoke up. Sorry, you're a pal but are you ever gonna own up about the cricket bat? You weren't just playing cricket wiv it, were you? This has got out of 'and.



WE'VE FOUND A CLUE!

Marvin: It's the notes from the Doctors that attended to Dr McDogood...And by the way Cyril, you're meant to be my mate. You're trying to stitch me up! I've already told you – I didn't do anything bad with Roger's bat. And besides, you have no proof! You weren't snooping around the Doc's room. You didn't see what I saw! You weren't the one pinned up against the wall! You didn't see what was really going on. Sometimes being a busybody pays!

MARVIN MARIGOLDS TO READ ALOUD
CLUE NO. 5





**TAKE A MOMENT
TO READ THIS PAGE.**

DISCUSSION TIME

It's time to discuss the dreadful deed one last time and ask some serious questions to your fellow suspects. Pick one of these, or make up your own. **Madame** to go first, then the rest of you can follow.

BUT FIRST, REMEMBER...

Read these important points, before you launch into debate. This is for your eyes only – not to be read out. But you may want to mention some of it in your discussion, and you MUST reveal the truth if challenged.

- **The truth?** Doctor McDogood was a scoundrel! A selfish, no good man after all.
- But the post-mortem report does point the finger somewhat.
- Don't forget, you hadn't seen your cricket bat for days. Stick to your story.

START THE QUESTIONING...

1. Find out if Marvin's angry about the cricket bat accusations.
2. Ask Lily and Cyril what they'll do now.
3. Does anyone's story sound particularly fishy?
4. Find out how your fellow suspects are feeling.





THERE'S ONE LAST CLUE!

If you'd like a clue that's tailored to you, you can text **Roger** to **70550**. It might just give you the final piece of the puzzle!*

*Texts cost £3 + standard network rate.
£3 will go to Macmillan Cancer Support.
Get bill payer's permission. Age 16+. Queries
and full T&Cs call 0300 1000 200 [10019]

NOW CONTINUE TO THE NEXT PAGE

CLUE NO. 4

May 1906

Diary, Monday 6th

It's done. Now I can't say with any real confidence I know who I am anymore. I'm supposed to be a man everyone can trust. But I've done something bad.

I lied to help a friend. I signed the forms - said Madame Who-de-Wotwot was unfit to be a mother. She's in hospital ill, that's true enough. But she's not 'unfit'. It was a lie.

I had little baby Lily removed from her care, to save Alfred Iceberg's reputation - he was a scoundrel, a cheat. But I wanted Alfred and his family to have the child they yearned for.

It was wrong, but I can't let myself feel guilt. I signed the forms of my own free will. Lily's mother was a harlot and Alfred and his wife were the right people to care for Lily.

Of course, Alfred was wrong to have the affair. It was foolish. But he knows that. This is his chance for happiness. I know he'd do the same for me.

This is where the truth will live - here is where it will stay. And we will all go on with our lives.

I will keep remembering that I did a good thing for that baby. That I am good, and I will endeavour to do good for the rest of my life.



**HOST TO ANNOUNCE THAT
CLOSING STATEMENTS WILL BE READ
NOW, STARTING WITH THE CAPTAIN.**

CLOSING STATEMENT

Roger Righthand: Well the cricket bat was a bit of blow – puts me right in the frame. But I'm not the only handsome, suave, sophisticated cricket player on this boat. Am I ladies?

It's true, the Doctor didn't like me much, he was intent on ruining my career wasn't he. I mean, how easy would it have been to refer me to one of his specialist chums? Come on? He was out to get me – not the other way around. Maybe he knew about Madame. Probably had the hots for her too. Now where's my whiskey?



**IT'S TIME TO GUESS WHODUNNIT.
GO CLOCKWISE AROUND THE TABLE
AND SAY THE NAME OF YOUR
ACCUSED. CAPTAIN FIRST!**



**HOST, PLEASE ASK THE MURDERER
TO REVEAL THEMSELVES AND READ
THEIR CONFESSION.**

IT WASN'T YOU!

**A FINAL WORD FROM
MACMILLAN CANCER SUPPORT**

We hope you enjoyed your evening. Your support really does matter now more than ever before.

Thank you. And goodnight!



**MACMILLAN
CANCER SUPPORT**



Registered with
**FUNDRAISING
REGULATOR**

Macmillan Cancer Support, registered charity in England and Wales (261017), Scotland (SC039907) and the Isle of Man (604). Also operating in Northern Ireland.