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J. Russell Bogue, *Sexton Blake on the East Coast*, 1915

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Temp 21/2
Bristol Theatre

Jan 4/15

Add MS 66087D

No. 3121	
LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.	
~~~~~	
Name of Play.	<i>Sexton Blake of the East Coast</i>
Theatre	<i>Bristol</i>
Date of Licence	<i>Jan 1st 1915</i>



LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE,

ST JAMES'S PALACE, S.W.  
29th December 1914.

"SEXTON BLAKE ON THE EAST COAST", play in three scenes by J. Russell Bogue, for production at the Brixton Theatre, 4th January 1914.

A comic melodrama in little with the spy motif. The spy is "Sir William Schondhorst", a naturalized German, outwardly the friend and inwardly the bitter foe of Lady Martrem and her son Reginald. In the first scene Reginald has lost the inevitable despatches, of vital importance, and is delirious. It is clear that Schondhorst has stolen them and drugged him. Business of Blake, the detective, with another (comic) detective, finger prints, a bomb and so on. Scene II is in Piccadilly and Lady Martrem, working with the detective, has disguised herself as what is called "a Piccadilly Tottie", and in that character finds out Schondhorst's plan for kidnapping her son. Scene III is on the East Coast. Schondhorst has brought Reginald, kidnapped, to his house. He rants like the usual villain about his vengeance and how he will enable Germany to conquer England by his devices - wireless, a kite, and other things, this part being very confused. Lady Martrem is now disguised as an old Irish nurse, and she with Blake defeat the machinations of Schondhorst - who is finally shot.

I paused over the "Piccadilly Tottie" business, as this is obviously a euphemism for a prostitute: pages 14, seq: The point may deserve consideration, but as there is nothing indecent in the dialogue and the character is not meant seriously I do not think it need be censored. Otherwise the play is an ordinary compound of foolishly imagined spy business and comic relief.

Recommended for License.

(Sgd.) G. S. Street.

*S*

Dec. 29. 1914.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE,

a play in 3 ~~scenes~~ ST JAMES'S PALACE, S.W.

"Sexton Blake on the East Coast" by J. Russell Bogue.

To be produced at the Brixton Theatre, Jan. 4th.

A comic melodrama is little with the spy motif. The spy is "Sir William Schandhorst," a naturalized German, naturally the friend & really the bitter foe of Lady Martine & her son Reginald. In the first scene Reginald has lost the inevitable dispatches, of vital importance, to Sir William. It is then that Schandhorst has stolen them & dropped him. Business of Blake, the detective, with another (comic) detective, finger-prints, a bomb & so on. Scene II is in Piccadilly & Lady Martine, walking with the detective, has disguised herself as which is called "a Piccadilly Tottie," & is that character finds out Schandhorst's plan for kidnapping her son. Scene III is on the East coast. Schandhorst has bought Reginald, kidnapped, to his home. He wants like to send William home his vengeance & how he will make Germany to achieve England by his devices — wireless, a kite, & then tonight, try part being very confused. Lady Martine is now disguised as an old Irish nurse, & she with Blake defeat the machinations of Schandhorst who is finally shot.

I passed over the "Piccadilly Tottie" business, as this is mainly a euphemism for a prostitute: pages 14, seq. The point may deserve consideration, but as there is nothing indecent in the dialogue & the character is not meant seriously I do not think it need be censored. ^{otherwise} the play is an amusing compound of foolishly mixed spy business & comic relief.

Recommended for licence.

J. J. H. C.

31. XII. 14.

SEXTON BLAKE ON THE EAST COAST.  
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An Original Dramatic Sketch in 3 Scenes.

By J. Russell Bogue.  
-----

AUTHOR of:--

"A TRIP TO BLACKPOOL".

"A TRIP TO RUM FARM".

"A FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER".

"A NIGHT ON THE BIG WHEEL".

"LADY LANIGAN - LAUNDRESS".

"IT'S DOING ME GOOD". REVUE.

"JUST BY CHANCE".

"IN LUCK'S WAY".

"A WEE SCOTCH LASSIE".

"THE WOOLIN'".

"IS HE A CHRISTIAN?".

"ADRIFT". ETC. ETC.  
  
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SEXTON BLAKE ON THE EAST COAST.

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By J. Russell Bogue.

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Copy right Dec. 20th, 1914.

An Original Sketch in 3 Scenes.

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CHARACTERS.

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SEXTON BLAKE	Detective	Cool.
SIR WILLIAM SCHOND- HORST.	A German Spy	Cunning.
REGINALD MARTREM	A British Despatch Messenger	Confidential.
TINKER	Sexton Blake's in- separable con- vivial	
POLICE OFFICER	Y-M-2.	Capable.
LADY MARTREM	British, through and through	Courageous.

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SEXTON BLAKE ON THE EAST COAST.  
-----

By J. Russell Bogue.  
-----

An Original Dramatic Sketch in 3 Scenes.

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SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.  
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- SCENE 1. - LADY MARTREM'S DRAWING ROOM, LONDON. EVENING.  
SCENE 2. - TUBE STATION CORNER OF HAYMARKET AND  
PICCADILLY. NIGHT.  
SCENE 3. - HOUSE ON THE CLIFF, EAST COAST.

PERIOD - THE PRESENT HOUR.  
  
-----

SEXTON BLAKE ON THE EAST COAST.  
-----

SCENE I.     -     LADY MARTREM'S DRAWING ROOM, LONDON.

(ENTER LADY MARTREM followed by SEXTON BLAKE.)

BLAKE        Now don't be alarmed by my visit - whatever steps the War Office may take in this matter, will greatly depend on my investigation - proceed.

LADY M.       (Seated R. of table) Really the shock has left me so confused, I hardly know how to begin.

BLAKE        Don't hurry, I am here to listen and if possible to get the facts clearly. (Sits. notebook in hand L. of table.)

LADY M.       Just before war was declared my son Reginald was appointed a despatch messenger to the war office. Recently the government have found it necessary to issue a new code for the use in wireless telegraphy.

BLAKE        Yes, quite so.

LADY M.       Yesterday my son received instructions to deliver a copy of the new code together with a plan of the mined area in the North Sea to the Commander of the Channel Squadron. He was to start early this morning. Last night I went with my son to his room and I saw him lock the despatch box in his safe.

BLAKE        (Taking notes) Y-e-s. In his safe.

LADY M.       This morning my son was in a high state of fever, in fact delirious. I sent for a Doctor and informed the War Office, who sent another messenger. I unlocked my son's safe and handed the despatch box to the messenger who opened it in my presence and the despatch box was empty.

BLAKE        Y-e-s.

LADY M.       That is all I can tell you. My son is helpless at present, and cannot give us any information.

BLAKE        Um. (Thinks a moment) Did you notice anything peculiar about your son last night?

LADY M.       No. He was a little excited, as was only natural, over being entrusted with a message of such importance.

BLAKE        What are your son's habits?

LADY M.       Studious. He is greatly taken up with mechanism, and

LADY M.      photography.

BLAKE        Who are his companions?

LADY M.      He had none that I know of.

BLAKE        Any female attachment?

LADY M.      Not that I am aware of.

BLAKE        At what hour did your son arrive home last night?

LADY M.      (Thinks)      About 11 o'clock.

BLAKE        11 o'clock. Um - um - did you wait to receive him.

LADY M.      Yes, I always do.

BLAKE        And when you retired -

LADY M.      I left him seated at this table with Sir William Schondhorst - a very old and trusted friend of ours - in fact it was through Sir William's influence that my boy got his appointment.

BLAKE        (Now keenly attentive)      Sir William Schondhorst. That is a German name.

LADY M.      He is naturalised - has lived here for years. Why I believe he is more English than the English themselves.

BLAKE        Whether naturalised or not - a German is always a German and not to be trusted.

LADY M.      You surely do not suspect him?

BLAKE        To suspect a person does not prove him guilty. I shall have to examine your son's room. (Rising)

LADY M.      (Rising) This way.

BLAKE        Bye the way - have you engaged a nurse?

LADY M.      Not yet.

BLAKE        I will see to that. (Goes to 'phone) Hello, No. 1771 Gerrard. Yes. (To Lady M.) Your son's room is?

LADY M.      Through that door. (Pointing to door R.) and just across the corridor. It is a combination of bedroom and workshop. He calls it his den - the safe is in that room.

( 'Phone bell rings)

BLAKE        (Speaks into 'phone) Hello - yes - Is that you Tinker?

Right - send a nurse at once to Lady Martrem's - Bolton Cottage - Surbiton Road - yes - a discreet person - Yes - um - well not too old, Right. (Hangs up receiver - To Lady M.) If you will permit me - I would rather make this examination alone.

LADY M. Certainly - that is the key of the safe (Gives him key)

BLAKE (Bows to her) Thanks.  
(EXIT door R.)

LADY M. This mystery will drive me mad - who could have done this deed? Who is my son's enemy? His father died - a broken hearted Bankrupt, declaring that he was the victim of an unknown foe - now my boy's life is wrecked at the beginning of his career. Who can our enemy be - (Pacing, her hands in an appealing attitude) Oh, God - reveal to me our enemy - Bring him to me face to face.

(ENTER from opening L.C. - Hall - SIR WM. SCHONDHORST a naturalised German - boisteriously pleasant manner - laughs a good deal - speaks good English with a very slight accent - has a trick of pushing his hair back with his hand while speaking - his hair shines with brillian-tine - He comes forward to Lady M. with hands outstretched)

SIR W. My dear Lady Martrem - How do you do?

LADY M. (Does not offer hand - but stands gazing at him with a startled look in her eyes.)

SIR W. Why do you look at me so? Does my appearance startle you?

LADY M. Yes, very much.

SIR W. That is strange.

LADY M. It is strange, that you should appear at this moment.

SIR W. At this moment? I do not understand.

LADY M. (Looking anxiously ~~with~~ into his face - and speaking appealingly) You are my friend?

SIR W. Certainly - I am your friend, ah, I see how it is - you are upset because of your boy - He has gone ~~xxx~~ on a dangerous mission.

LADY M. My boy has not gone, he is seriously ill.

SIR W. Seriously ill - I am sorry. The despatches will be taken by another messenger and he will lose a great opportunity I am sorry.

- LADY M. The despatches have been stolen - (Watching him keenly)
- SIR W. (In great surprise) Stolen, when? By whom?
- LADY M. We cannot tell - my son is in a delirious state and can give no explanation of the affair (Suddenly) Why - when I retired last night I left my boy and you together.
- SIR W. My dear Lady Martrem - you surely do not suspect -
- LADY M. No, no - but please tell me what occurred after I retired?
- SIR W. Why - we had a little chat and a whiskey and soda together then he showed me out - and I -
- LADY M. Say no more please.
- SIR W. If I am suspected it will be very serious for me - your son will be arrested.
- LADY M. (Startled) Arrested?
- SIR W. They will send Detectives.
- LADY M. There is one here now.
- SIR W. (In alarm) What, Here now (Looking round furtively)
- LADY M. You seem alarmed?
- SIR W. (In altered tone) I am for your son's safety. Do you know the name of the Detective who is here?
- LADY M. The great Sexton Blake.
- SIR W. (In terror) What. That fiend whose powers of scent are greater than a Bluet hound - that cool-calculating human machine whose productions are as certain as death - Damn him.
- LADY M. Why should you fear him?
- SIR W. Me - you should fear him - your son should fear him - He will weave a web around your son from which there will be no escape.
- LADY M. What would you advise?
- SIR W. Get your son away as quickly as possible - do not wait - once he is arrested Sexton Blake will weave his web at his leisure.
- LADY M. What can I do - what can I do?

SIR W. Will you let me act for you?

LADY M. Yes. yes. Do what you will - only save my boy.

SIR W. That is right - trust in me - who else can protect you now?

(ENTER TINKER dressed as nurse from Hall L.C. comes down C.)

TINKER (Curtseying) The new Nurse Ma'am.

SIR W. What have you come for?

TINKER To nurse a delirious patient. Is it you?

SIR W. Do I look delirious?

TINKER No. (Aside) You look "up the pole"!

SIR W. (Turning sharply) Did you speak?

TINKER No.

SIR W. Oh, you're a clever woman

TINKER You're a liar.

SIR W. Eh?

TINKER (In confusion) I - I mean - I'm not a woman?

SIR W. Not a woman?

TINKER No, I'm only a girl.

SIR W. I can see that - I am not a fool.

TINKER You're very near one.

SIR W. Eh?

TINKER Mother always said - I was a fool.

SIR W. Your mother must have been fond of children.

TINKER (Aside) So was yours - or she would have drowned you.

SIR W. (To Lady M.) Who sent for her?

LADY M. Mr. Blake

SIR W. (Aside) Damn him) (Aloud) Send her away.

(RE-ENTER BLAKE - He has a number of things held

by one arm - HE enters in time to overhear sir W.  
say "Send her away" - takes in the situation at)  
*a glance*

BLAKE Ah, the new nurse - I see - this way please (Opens door R - TINKER crosses R.) That is your Patient's room (Pointing off as Tinker is going off Blake speaks aside to him) Tinker, keep your eyes open.

TINKER (Aside to Blake) Wow, wow.

(EXIT R.)

BLAKE (Sees that Lady M. looks at him coldly - but does not seem to notice - puts all the articles on table) May I speak before --

LADY M. Sir Wm. Schondhorst.

BLAKE Sir Wm. Schondhurst, ah, This is an unexpected pleasure. I am pleased to meet you (Seizing and shaking Sir W. hand in the most hearty manner - Sir W. does not respond but B. does not seem to notice it) Lady Martrem tell me that you are her best friend and that you were here with her son last night, now you can answer me one or two questions.

SIR W. Later on - if you don't mind - I have an appointment that -

BLAKE Oh very well Sir W. but you might have helped me very much & time is everything to me at present.

LADY M. You have a clue.

BLAKE Yes - I have a clue (Sir W. stops in hall to listen)

LADY M. You know who stole the plans of the code?

BLAKE Well, I know whom I suspect.

SIR W. (Coming down) Who is the man?

BLAKE I didn't say it was a man

SIR W. (Forced laugh) No, no? of course you did not - well - who is the woman?

BLAKE I never tell tales out of shcoool - Besides I haven't quite decided yet - whether it was a woman or a man.

SIR W. (Laughs contemptuously) You are between two stools.

BLAKE If it was a man

SIR W. Then

BLAKE I think I could put my hand on him.

SIR W. Why don't you?

BLAKE Because I cannot make an arrest without a warrant. (To Lady M.) I have examined your son's room and I can find no sign of robbery - there has been no forcible entrance that I am convinced - so I suspect -

LADY M. Sir Wm. Yes, yes.

BLAKE (Speaking to Lady M. while watching Sir Wm's face) That your son lost the papers before he arrived home last night.

SIR W. (Softly says) Ah.

BLAKE I found this note (Showing letter) in his pocket, it is an appointment to meet a lady yesterday evening at 8 o'clock at Piccadilly Circus. It is signed Lily - so when I find a magistrate to sign a warrant I will make the arrest at once.

SIR W. (Relieved) I am a magistrate - If it will assist you I will sign the warrant - if you will go and procure a form.

BLAKE Thanks- I have one with me. If you will be so kind (Takes papers from pocket and shows a sheet of carbon paper at back of papers - which he conceals behind his back - then places papers on the table - Sir Wm. places his L. hand on papers to straighten them out before signing and as he dips his pen in inkpot Lady M. speaks)

LADY M. Don't you think Sir Wm. - Mr. Blake has a remarkably clever brain to solve the mystery so quickly?

(Sir Wm. turns half round to listen to Lady M. raising hand off papers - Blake slips carbon sheet over the form Sir Wm. brings his hand down as emphasizes the following speech which he speaks sarcastically)

SIR W. Yes, remarkably clever. (He strikes carbon sheet with the tips of his fingers - Blake takes carbon sheet and form away quickly and places another form - then Blake shows to the audience the form that was under the carbon It bears the imprint of his finger tips)

BLAKE Got his finger prints (Sir Wm. turns to table to sign warrant) My dear Lady Martrem - The mystery is not solved yet!

SIR W. I like you clever men - you are always prepared for - defeat. (Gives Blake warrant)

BLAKE ~~Bye the way~~ a

- BLAKE      Bye-the-way Lady Martrem What is this curious thing  
I found in your son's room? (Holding it up)
- LADY M.      (Giving a slight scream) Oh, be careful - that is an  
Infernal machine - my son made it. The mechanism can be  
set to explode the charge at anytime from a week to a  
few seconds. Put it away please. (Blake puts it down  
and rings bell)
- SIR W.      You Detectives expect to find a clue in everything.
- BLAKE      It is an astonishing thing but the simplest clue is  
generally the most effective.
- LADY M.      What do you consider the simplest and most effective clue?
- BLAKE      Finger prints.
- SIR W.      (Quickly puts his under table)
- BLAKE      I photographed and developed some finger prints I found  
in the safe just now. Here is the negative (Holding up  
a glassplate)
- LADY M.      (Looking at plates) How wonderful.
- SIR W.      (Putting on folders) How curious - may I?
- BLAKE      Certainly Sir Wm. (Sir Wm. looks - then mounts on a  
chair in order to be nearer Electric light as he does so  
TINKER ENTERS comes down stands behind him - Sir Wm.  
holding up plate stumbles and drops plate at the same time  
Tinker holds out his apron by the lower corners and  
catches plate as it is falling.)
- TINKER      Got 'em. (PICTURE)
- SIR W.      I am very glad - I got such a fright - I thought it was  
broken.
- BLAKE      It wouldn't have mattered I have taken a print of it.
- (SIR W. AND LADY M. go up to back)
- TINKER      (Aside to Blake) Say Guv'nor how did you know it was me  
in this get up?
- BLAKE      (To Tinker) You're forgotten to change your boots. (Giving  
despatch box) Smell that? (Sir Wm. rubs his hand on his  
hair) Smell anything peculiar?
- TINKER      Yes - Fish and chips.
- BLAKE      Nonsense. Its your fingers you smell try again.

TINKER Where have I smelled that smell before. It does hang round ones smellier. Say Guv'nor Have you got a fag about you?

BLAKE Remember you're a girl now.

TINKER Well. Girls smoke fags - I've seed 'em.

LADY M. Nurse Bring me that despatch box. (TINKER is handing Box to Lady M. when it falls - Sir Wm. and Tinker stoop to pick it up - his hair comes under Tinker's nose - Tinker holds his nose and comes down to Blake - Sir Wm. picks up box and hands it to Lady M.)

TINKER (Comes down and nudges Blake) Got it.

BLAKE What?

TINKER Guv'nor (Speaking while he holds his nose) My nose is full of it.

BLAKE Full of what?

TINKER That smell - off the Box. Its on the old coves hair.

BLAKE (Puts his finger on his lips for Silence and pats Tinker on shoulder - Tinker looks pleased).

TINKER Say guv'nor There's a young cove hanging about the grounds out there. I've seed him through the window - P'raps he's looking for a gal - I'll drop round bye and bye and see if I can pal on.

BLAKE Put this away (Gives Tinker the infernal machine) Be careful - don't drop it or it might explode.

TINKER O-oh-oh - (Bus. as of lifting - it falls - LADY M. & SIR WM. make for Hall quickly - TINKER EXITS R.)

BLAKE (Goes up to window - as) Yes, Tinker is right there's a young man watching the house. What's his game. Good-bye Sir Wm.

SIR W. I hope you succeed Mr. Blake.

BLAKE I believe in the old maxim Sir Wm.

SIR W. And that is -

BLAKE If at first I don't succeed - I try - try - try again.

(EXIT by Hall L.C.)

SIR W. (Speaking hurriedly) Now, you must follow my advice - your son must be got away from here at once.

LADY M. Suppose we fail to get him away what then?

SIR W. I have everything to lose by helping you - Position - good name - we must not fail.

LADY M. Do as you will.

SIR W. (Goes to window waives Handkerchief - it is answered by a shrill whistle from the garden) My Motor is close at hand. Ring for the nurse & write a note, send her to a Doctors as far off as possible. In the meantime I will dress your son - we will take him to the car and in a few minutes we will be out of danger. (LADY M. rings bell, TINKER comes on - down to table at which Lady M. is writing - as) I will set the mechanism of that Infernal machine for 15 minutes, that will give us time to get away. Then when it explodes in that room - Mr. Sexton Blake will have to use all his wits to find a second clue.

(EXIT R.)

LADY M. Take this note to that address at once. Go quickly.

TINKER Yes Ma'am

(EXIT quickly by Hall L.)

LADY M. Oh Heaven, direct me aright - God have pity on a poor distracted mother - Help me to save my son.

(ENTER SIR WM. supporting REGINALD who looks pale and emaciated - the light of delirium in his eyes, in dressing gown, trousers and slippers - Sir Wm. throws a wrap up to Lady M.)

SIR W. Quick put that on - now open the door (Lady M. goes towards Hall and meets BLAKE)

BLAKE What is the meaning of this?

SIR W. Out of the way.

BLAKE You must not take that man from this house.

SIR W. (Aside) The machine - the machine (Aloud) Damn you I have no time to waste Stand aside and let us pass.

LADY M. Yes, let us pass.

BLAKE That man is my prisoner.

LADY M. Prisoner?

SIR W. You cannot arrest him without a warrant.

BLAKE I have a warrant signed by you.

SIR W. (Aside) The machine, the machine (Aloud) Damn you. Take your prisoner. (Throws Reg. round to Blake who watches him on his arm - Sir W. rushes past him Blake covers him with revolver)

BLAKE Stand or I'll fire. Lady Matrem. Restorations quick, your son is dying. (LADY MARTREM rushes off door R.)

SIR W. (Aside) The machine - the machine (In terror) (Aloud) please let me go - let me go.

(LADY MARTREM RE-ENTERS Infernal machine in hand)

LADY M. Look, Look. The machinism of the infernal machine is working.

BLAKE Hurl it through the window.

(LADY MARTREM hurls it through the window - a pane of real glass)

SIR W. (Screams) No, no, my boy, my boy.

(An explosion off - RE -ENTER RINKER quickly)

TINKER The explosion has killed a man in the grounds.

SIR W. Curse you, curse you. you have killed my son. (Falls at Lady Martrem's feet)

END OF SCENE I.

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SCENE 2. - TUBE STATION - Corner of Haymarket and Piccadilly.

(Nights - lights down - Exterior of Station in darkness.)

(ENTER POLICE OFFICER Y.U.2.)

P.O. My word - Since the war started, London's a lively place at night - I don't think - What with the Pubs closing at 10 - and the lights all out - It do seem a long night of it - almost as long as the way to tipperary.

(ENTER BLAKE - HE stands as if looking into the entrance to the tube)

Hullo, There's Sexton Blake 'Ees on the lookin' for someone - Lord 'elp 'em if e'es on their track - no matter where they 'ides theirselves 'e digs 'em out of their 'oles - I wish they'd send 'Im after the German Navy.

(EXIT)

BLAKE (Looking at watch) What can detain Tinker I wonder?

(ENTER LADY M. from Tube)

LADY M. How fortunate to meet you Mr. Blake my son has disappeared.

BLAKE Disappeared?

LADY M. This morningall trace of his delirium had gone - but as you desired I did not tell him of the loss of the despatches but told him they had been conveyed by another messenger. This morning, having business in Town - I left home. When I returned my son had gone - during my absence - a party representing himself as from the War Office called on my son and they left together. I have 'phoned and wired but I cannot find any trace of him.

BLAKE Have you tried Sir Wm. Schondhorst?

LADY M. Yes, Though almost distracted over the loss of his own son, yes he expressed deep sorrow for me. What a strange thing to happen. The nurse must accidently have started the machine working.

BLAKE Perhaps - you put a deal of trust in Sir Wm.?

LADY M. Why not - I have know him from girlhood - once he made me an offer of marriage.

BLAKE (Becoming interested) Oh, indeed.

LADY M. It was he who introduced my husband to me. whom I

afterwards learned was on the point of being engaged to Sir Wm's sister.

BLAKE Quite a romance.

LADY M. We have always been the best of friends. He was my Husband's chief business adviser and I have trusted him in every way.

BLAKE Even to investing your money?

LADY M. (Looks at him in wonder) Yes.

BLAKE And your money is invested in Germany?

LADY M. Yes.

BLAKE I thought so - now it is best to you forever.

LADY M. Sir Wm. could not anticipate the war.

BLAKE Don't be too sure of that - Sir Wm. is a German. Your Husband died a Bankrupt through Sir Wm's advice.

LADY M. Mr. Blake you terrify me.

BLAKE Had he succeeded in getting you and your son to fly with him last night, your son to-day would have been branded as a traitor to his country and you would have been his accomplice - Do you know that your son's delirium was caused by an irritant poison which acts upon the brain, administered by Sir Wm Schondhorst.

LADY M. My God. You think ---

BLAKE That Sir Wm. Schondhorst is a cruel vindictive scoundrel - whose friendship for you was a mask to hide a deep laid scheme of revenge.

LADY M. Oh Heaven . If this be true. What am I to do?

BLAKE You must hide all knowledge of this from from for the present, meanwhile I will keep him shadowed.

LADY M. Let me do the shadowing?

BLAKE Impossible.

LADY M. I was an Actress before I married.

BLAKE This job's too risky - it requires skill - coolness and courage you would be no match for German cunning.

LADY M. I am a mother fighting for my son and my son's life. That will give me courage. Knowing my enemy - that will keep

me cool. And my woman's wit will supply the skill to outmatch the very devil himself. (EXIT L.)

BLAKE By jove, She's got grit in her. She's British through and through. Now where can that dam'd Tinker be?

(ENTER TINKER as a silly Dude)

TINKER I say old chappie - dye you know?

BLAKE Oh, stop it Tinker & I'm busy.

TINKER (Crestfallen) I say Guv'nor How dye do it?

BLAKE Do what?

TINKER Always recognise me - in every fresh get up. What is remarkable about me?

BLAKE Cheek and silliness.

TINKER Oh, I say. That's beastly rotten, Guv'nor. You're jealous of me - that's what's the matter.

BLAKE In what way?

TINKER Because I'm so clever at disguising myself.

BLAKE I always know you.

TINKER Yes, But they others don't. - so that proves I'm clever. Doesn't it?

BLAKE No, It only proves what a lot of dam'd fools there are about.

TINKER Oh, I say. that's beastly rotten.

BLAKE Hang round here -- if you run against Sir Wm. Don't lose sight of him.

(EXIT R.)

TINKER Hang round here - Oh, I say that's beastly rotten.

(ENTER LADY M. as a Piccadilly Tottie)

LADY M. Hello, Algy dear boy.

TINKER Go away - my name is Adolphos.

LADY M. Oh, Dolly.

TINKER Don't you be so ~~dam'd~~ *beastly* familiar.

LADY M. I like you - you're a nice boy (puts arm through his)

You're a pretty boy. (Ruhs his face with her hand)  
You're - Just like my sister.

TINKER Oh, I say, this is beastly rotten.

LADY M. Going to buy me a drink old dear.

TINKER I only drink Ginger beer.

LADY M. (Pulls face) Oh, you ain't any good to me. Hop it.  
(Pushes him away)

TINKER (Going) Oh, I say

LADY M. (Catching his arm) Say Dolly - if you won't buy me  
a drink - give me my Bus fare home old dear?

TINKER Can't I Haven't any change.

LADY M. (Sticking to him) Oh, do, there's a dear boy.

TINKER That's all I've got a half sovæign. (Holding it out  
in his hand)

LADY M. (Taking it out of his hand) Well - that will do.  
Ta, ta, dear boy.

TINKER Don't you be so jolly clever - give me my half quid.

LADY M. (Change of tone) Don't you dare to speak to me. (Calls)  
Officer?

(ENTER P.O.)

This chæeky little urchin has insulted me - send him off.

P.O. 'Ere Boys like you ought to be in bed. Get 'Ome.

TINKER But I say ---

P.O. (Very authorative) 'Op it.

TINKER Oh I say, this is beastly rotten.

(EXIT followed by POLICE OFFICER)

LADY M. That's a bit of alright

(ENTER SIR WM. from Tube)

Hello, my dear. (Sir Wm. scowls at her) Oh, I beg  
your pardon. I thought you were my young man from the  
War Office Reginald.

SIR W. (Surprised) So you have a young man at the War Office?

LADY M. Yes, But I shouldn't have mentioned it. He's a good 'un - one of the best. He had to go away on very important business for the Government with a Code or something - I expected him back to-night.

SIR W. And his name is Reginald?

LADY M. Yes, but I didn't ought to tell you. I shouldn't like to do him any harm. He is very good to me - and a girl must live somehow and I have a poor old Mother to keep

SIR W? (Aside) This girl may be of service to me (Aloud) Your mother is ~~the~~ usual invalid I suppose?

LADY M. Not her. ~~She's~~ hale and hearty, Likes her drop o' gin old dear - ~~s~~not 'arf.

SIR W? Do you think she would undertake to look after a sick person - and do what she is told - If she were well paid?

LADY M. (Coming close and speaking significantly) Guv'nor my mother ain't very particular what she does - if ~~she~~ is well paid.

SIR W?. Good, She can be silent.

LADY M. As silent as your patient will be, when she has done with ~~her~~.

SIR W. Its not a woman but a young man.

LADY M. Oh, I thought it was your old woman you wanted to get rid of.

SIR W. I said nothing about getting rid of.

LADY M. No, but you looked it.

SIR W. I want her to go into the Country.

LADY M. Right, she's fed up with London.

SIR W. Where can I find you at any time?

LADY M. Knocking around here any night from 8 o'clock.

SIR W. Right (Going)

LADY M. I say Guv'nor leave us the price of a drink.

SIR W. There. (Gives her money)

(EXIT L.)

LADY M. A Sovereign. So Sir Wm. Schondhorst wants a nurse for an invalid young man. He shall have one that knows her business.

(ENTER BLAKE - he bumps into Lady m.)

Here I say you've knocked a quid out of my hand.

BLAKE I'm sorry - where did it fall?

LADY M. Over there.

BLAKE (Taking electric torch from pocket) What are you waiting here for?

LADY M. I'm waiting for Reginald my young man from the War Office.

BLAKE (Looking about for money) Waiting for Reginald, Reginald, who?

LADY M. He never told me his other name. But he's a toff.

BLAKE When did you see him last?

LADY M. Two days ago - he had to go away on very important business - I thought he'd be back to-night.

BLAKE What is your name?

LADY M. Lily.

BLAKE (Showing letter) Did you ever see that before?

LADY M. Yes, its my letter, I don't know how you came by it.

BLAKE I want you to answer me a few questions?

LADY M. I won't - I know you - you're Sexton Blake. If my young man got into trouble - you ain't going to get anything out of me (Going)

BLAKE ( Stop. (Catching her) If you don't answer me I'll hand you over to the Police - You said you lost a sovereign. That was a lie - its been in your hand all the time. (Opens her hand and shows coin)

LADY M. (Struggling) Let me go.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

BLAKE (Calls) Officer.

(ENTER POLICE OFFICER followed by TINKER)

I charge this woman with loitering.

TINKER And she did me down for half a quid.

BLAKE      Answer my questions - I don't want to harm you - I want your help - I will trust you - I can see you have skill - coolness - and courage.

LADY M.      (Throwing off disguise) Thanks you Mr.Blake.

TINKER      Guv'nor you've been ^{tricked} ~~done~~ by a woman.

(Black out)

END OF SCENE II.

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SCENE 3.     -     THE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF .

(Night - a divided set - Rooms R. & L. with passage between. Doors in each return piece, to open into rooms. Door at end of passage C. to open on. Small window in Room R. in back flat - ditto in Room L. both practicable. Door in flat R. to open off as if into another room. Wireless machine cables in each room. Small table in each room, also two chairs ditto. Large black kite in room R. Telephone on table in room L. Sir Wm. & REGINALD DISCOVERED in room R. Reginald bound sitting on chair R.)

- REG.            Why am I brought here and bound like this? What have I done?
- SIR W.        You are a traitor to your country.
- REG.         That's a lie.
- SIR W.        You sold the plans of the mine areas to Germany.
- REG.         I know I have been mad - but never mad enough for that.
- SIR WM.      Mad or sane, they are here (Holding them up)
- REG.         You scoundrel - you stole them, but they are of no service unless you can get them out of the country.
- SIR W.        You are wrong my friend - I can send the safety area to Germany by wireless and I can use the new code with the British Fleet.
- REG.         You double-dyed scoundrel.
- SIR W.        (Laughs) This little wireless machine will do my work.
- REG.         That is useless without a receiver - and you dare not erect one.
- SIR W.        Ah, you Britishers are so simple. You act like children Here is my receiver. Look. (Bring forward large kite) I come here at every opportunity and I fly kites. I fly them day and night. The people here think I am mad. In London I am Sir Wm. Schondhorst, Magistrate. Here I am simply a harmless crazy old professor. I will now fly my kite, and then I will wire to Germany the Safety route to ~~the~~ Townson the East Coast.
- REG.         Unprotected towns I suppose?
- SIR W.        Yes, they are best. There is no danger there.
- REG.         You villain - you would help to destroy harmless women

and innocent children.

SIR W. Why not? children grow to be men and women I would kill them all - I want to see you all butchered and trampled in mud. Mud made with your own blood.

REG. Why don't you kill me?

SIR W. (Coming forward and hissing the words into his face) Because - I want you to live, you will be branded as a traitor - spurned and scorned by your countrymen and women I want you to suffer until to end it you kill yourself.

REG. But why? I have never harmed you.

SIR W. No, but your Dam'd father and mother did. I broke your father's heart and I'll break your mother's heart - as I'll break yours.

REG. And you pretended to be our friend You contemptible Dog.

SIR W. (Laughs - a loud knocking is heard at door C. end of passage, ~~then opens door at end~~) Who can this be? (Opens door leading into passage, then opens door at end of passage) Come in.

LADY M. (Disguised as an old Irish woman DISCOVERED at door) Am I at the right place?

SIR W. Yes, if you are the nurse.

LADY M. Have I to nurse you?

SIR W. No, come in. This way.

LADY M. (Follows him into room singing in cracked voice) "Its a long way to Tipperary"

SIR W. Hold your row.

LADY M. Can't I keep my ~~spirits~~ up Guv'nor?

SIR W. Listen to me.

LADY M. Right, what are you going to sing?

SIR W. This is the invalid (Aside to her) He is a bit touched, (Touching his head) You understand?

LADY M. Ye mane he's dotty. Bless his bonny face and his big blue eyes (Sings) "When Irish eyes are smiling".

SIR W. Don't sing that, I don't like it.

LADY M. Alright Guv'nor. but (Sings) "It takes an Irish heart

to sing an Irish song" (Speaks) Bless his heart,  
what's he tied up for? (Starts to unloose him)

SIR W. Stop. Take your orders from me - obey them - and we shall be good friends.

LADY M. (Sings) "You made me love you - and I didn't want to do"

SIR W. (Turns up in despair) Take him into that room (Points to door in flat R.)

LADY M. (Opens door) Hadn't I better light a fire?

SIR W. No, no. No fire - there must be no smoke.

LADY M. What am I to do - sure I smoke.

SIR W. Oh, you will drive me mad.

LADY M. Then I'll have two loonnies to nurse.

SIR W. Will you - will you (Pulling his hair and dancing with rage)

LADY M. Of course I will (Lifts) Hi-tiddy - hi-ti - did-el  
id-elid-ll um (Dances in front of him - REG. laughs)

SIR W. You laugh - damn you (Rush at him to strike, as he has his hand raised there is a very loud knocking at the outer door Sir Wm. holds the picture while the knocking is repeated) What is that?

LADY M. Oh, that is my little bot with my luggage.

SIR W. Little boy - luggage - (In surprise) (Knocking repeated) Let him in or he will alarm the country side.

LADY M. (Opens door and admits TINKER as a big silly kid. He is loaded with all kinds of extraordinary parcels. Including a parrots cage, containing a live cat - when Tinker comes face to face with Sir Wm. he laughs idiotically. Sir Wm. looks in consternation) This is my little boy.

TINKER And this is my little mother (Laughs)

SIR W. And what is that? (pointing to Cat)

TINKER That's our canary.

SIR W.  $\frac{3}{4}$  You fool that's a cat.

TINKER Yes the Canary's inside the cat you fool. (Laughs)

SIR W. Has this boy any sense?

- LADY M. Offer him money and see.
- SIR W. (Holding up a penny and a sixpence) Which will you have?
- TINKER I'm not greedy, I'll have the littlest one (Takes sixpence)
- SIR W. Is he useful for any work?
- LADY M. He'll do anything he's told.
- SIR W. Right. Take the Invalid into that room. Give him some food. Afterwards give him a glass of water and pour 3 drops of that in it. (Giving vial) Mind 3 drops no more. If he should have one of his attacks of delirium don't be alarmed - he is quite harmless - you can unloose him - but don't let him out of your sight. You understand.
- LADY M. Can I have 3 drops myself?
- SIR W. No. There is no window there so you have a light - but remember you must never have a light in this room. If you expose a light before that window it might be taken for a signal and by a new Government order anyone signalling on this coast will be shot at sight. Remember.
- LADY M. (To Reg) Come dearie (Sings) "Somebody's Boy"
- (EXIT with REG. into Room R. - TINKER has been examining all round and finds Kite - HE examines receiver bar and attachments)
- SIR W. Who told you to meddle with that?
- TINKER Eh, isn't it a beauty?
- SIR W. Do you like Kite flying?
- TINKER Eh, I'm a champion Kite flyer.
- SIR W. You can assist me - you see this cable?
- TINKER Why that's a bit of string.
- SIR W. It is attached to this instrument
- TINKER Eh, can you play alone on the instrument? (Presses knob, there is a flame runs across the face of instrument - He jumps back in alarm shouting) Ah Mother - I want to go home - a want to go home.

(ENTER LADY M.)

LADY M. What's the matter?

TINKER Mother he's got a little Hell here.

SIR W. Make this idiot be quiet.

TINKER I want to go home.

SIR W. Take this away (Handing bird cage to Lady M.)

TINKER He wants to pinch our Canary.

LADY M. Be quiet and do what the Gentleman tells you.

TINKER I will if he gives me a bobo

SIR W. There (Tinker stops crying - EXIT LADY M.)  
stand by that window. Fasten the end of that cable to  
a hook, which I shall lower and pay it safely out. Then  
to me on the roof - you understand?

TINKER I'd understand better if I had another Bob.

SIR W. There. YOU're not such a fool, as you look. (Takes  
Kite off door at end of Passage)

TINKER And you don't look such a fool as you are. (Knocks on  
door R.) The coast is clear - he has gone on the roof.

(ENTER LADY M. RED. from door at passage -  
BLAKE comes into Room R. simultaneously  
with others)

BLAKE Well?

TINKER I have found out his secret. Its a Kite with wireless  
receiver attached. Everything is O.K. in that room  
(Pointing L.) When I get on the roof I will lower a  
hook to the window, pass the cable from our instrument  
up to me, and I will splice it to his attachment and  
so get his messages.

REG. (Shaking hands with Blake) Can you take the message?

BLAKE Here is a German Code Book which I have well studied.  
(The hook is seen at the window R. - TINKER passes  
cable out) Go back to your room, you will soon be  
free

(REG. & LADY M. go into Room off R.  
BLAKE into room L.)

TINKER And I will hie me to the regions above.  
(EXIT through door at end of Passage)

(BLAKE gets cable ready, puts 'Phone in position)

(SIR WM. ENTERS after slight pause - He goes to window sees cable is right, then sits at Instrument wipes face with handkerchief - is about to place cap on head - changes his mind and calls)

SIR W. Nurse.

LADY M. (ENTERS) Yes?

SIR W. There is some Brandy in that room.

LADY M. Bless you, I found it out long ago.

SIR W. Bring it to me.

LADY M. You mean what's left?

SIR W. Yes, quick.

(During foregoing Sc. TINKER has lowered hook and cable has been passed from Room L.)

SIR W. If my work to-night succeeds. England will have cause to remember Sir Wm. Schondhorst.

(RE-ENTER LADY M. with half a bottle of Brandy - Sir Wm. looks at Brandy and looks at her but does not speak, pours out Brandy is about to drink)

How is your Patient?

LADY M. Asleep.

SIR W. Asleep. (Looks at her suspiciously, puts down glass and goes to door - looking off as he does so - Lady M. pours from vial into glass of Brandy) It is just as well for him, I am in a dangerous mood at present. Hoch der Kaiser (Drinks) You may go (Lady M. is taking bottle - he stops her) You leave that with me.

LADY M. (Sings) "We mean to keep the Sea" (EXIT)

(During this BLAKE rings up Tele. and asks them to hold the wire)

SIR W. Keep the sea - after to-night Germany will keep the Sea - England will be wiped out.

(The electric lamp attached to the wireless instrument lights up simultaneously on both Sir Wm's and Blake's listen with receivers. Sir Wm. speaking as if hearing the message)

That is go

SIR W. That is good news - glorious news (Sits listening)

BLAKE (Holds the receiver of wireless to his ear and speaks into 'Phone as though he were 'Phoning the message at the same time of receiving it) A large fleet of German ships left Kiel canal last night at 7 o'clock, they are now in Lat.54 Long 69F.

SIR W. (Switches off light and works his machine as if wiring - Bus. light still on) Have no fear they have not had time yet to make fresh plans and change the code.

BLAKE (Speaks into Phone) He has just wired that all is safe in Lat 54.

SIR W. There are three or four unprotected towns within a few miles of this point. Send a boat ashore for me.

BLAKE ('Phoning) He has just told them there are some unprotected towns near - they are making straight for this point - Yes - Then all your plans are complete. Good - then they will get a warm reception. What, you'll give them Hell - Right that's that they deserve.

SIR W. (Who has leaned his head down on machine) Oh, my head, What is the matter? I am going mad. (The lamp lights up) My head. What is this I hear? No, its a lie. A dam'd lie - oh - my head - my head.

BLAKE ('Phoning) Just received wireless - the British Fleet have suddenly appeared in strong force.

SIR W. (Listening) No, no, say it is not true.

BLAKE ('Phoning) Four of their ships torpedoed. They have walked into the trap.

SIR W. No, no. I am no traitor. I did not set a trap. (Listening) My God. We are surrounded - our Fleet is doomed Ah, no, no. I have been tricked (Sound of gun heard in the distance) Ah! what sound is that?

(ENTER LADY M.)

LADY M. That's the sound of British Guns. This time it is not women and children but The British Navy. (Sound of guns nearer in quick succession)

(ENTER TINKER quickly)

TINKER Guv'nor an aeroplane has pinched your blooming kite.

SIR W. I am in a trap - you are?

LADY M. Lady Martrem (Throwing off disguise)

(SIR WM. springs at her - SHE eludes him  
He is caught by throat by REG. who ENTERS  
HE throws Reg off picks up knife - comes for  
Reg)

BLAKE (ENTERS - presents pistol) You are my prisoner.

SIR W. I will never be your prisoner - I will signal to them  
to kill you all (Takes electric torch from pocket,  
rushes to window - flashes a light - a shot is fired off  
He staggers from window - his face covered with blood)  
Curse you, curse you all. (Falls dead)

(Lady M. rushes into Reg's arms. - the sound  
of heavy cannoning is heard off as Curtain falls)

E N D.  
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