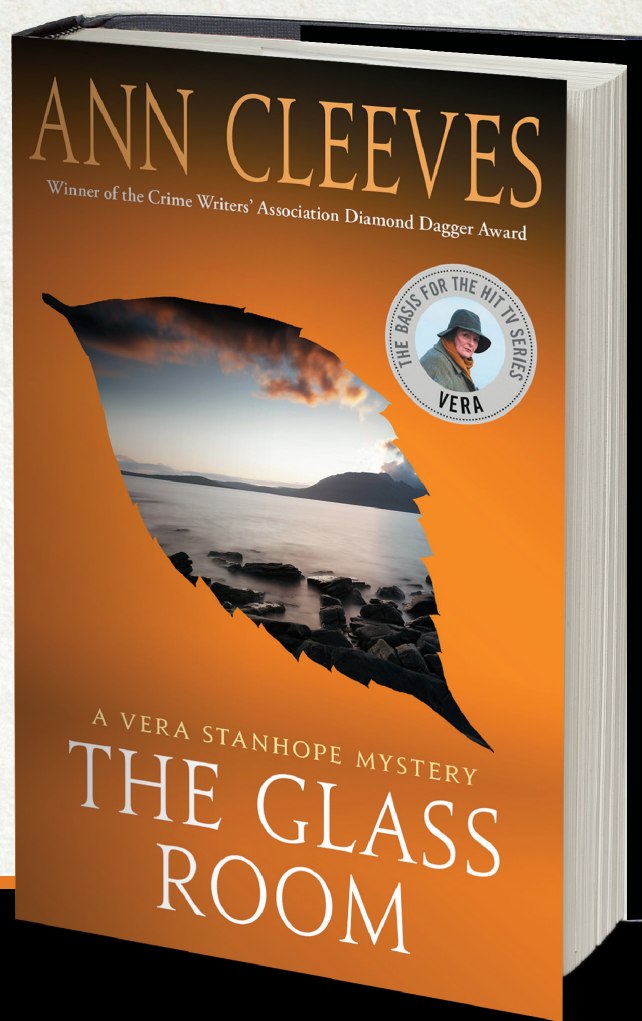


ANN CLEEVES

MURDER MYSTERY SCRIPT



To celebrate the release of *The Glass Room*, Ann Cleeves, author of Vera and Shetland series, has written a murder mystery that can be performed at a bookstore or library event.

The following script is designed to be read by four actors. Each will play one of the suspects, and one can read the Forensic Report after. Providing scrap paper and pencils for taking notes will help the audience to get involved.

Please email martin.quinn@macmillan.com to ask for Ann Cleeves' Vera and Shetland books to give out as prizes, and feel free to send any pictures of the event—Ann will post some of them on her Facebook page.

Have fun!



INSTRUCTIONS

1. Introduction: No need to follow this word-for-word – just to give you an idea.

This evening we're in the Writers' House in Northumberland, England. A group of aspiring authors has gathered here for a residential course to learn the art of the crime short story. This afternoon, the body of Tony Ferdinand, course tutor, academic and literary star-maker, was found in the summer house in the garden. In the tradition of the Golden Age detective novel only the people in the house could have committed the murder. One of the suspects standing before you is a killer and your task is to decide which of them stabbed the unpleasant and unloved Ferdinand. If you enjoy Agatha Christie and understand classic crime fiction, you can use your little grey cells to solve the mystery.

2. Witness statements: Introduce the witnesses in turn and they step forward to read their statements.
3. One person presents the forensic report.
4. Decision time: Hand out the competition form, and ask them to decide who killed Tony Ferdinand and why. Make sure everyone writes their name on the form. Collect them.
5. Confession: Ask the murdered to make themselves known. You could get all your suspects to start rising from their seats, before Godfrey is left standing. He reads the confession.
6. The winner is announced and the prize is given.

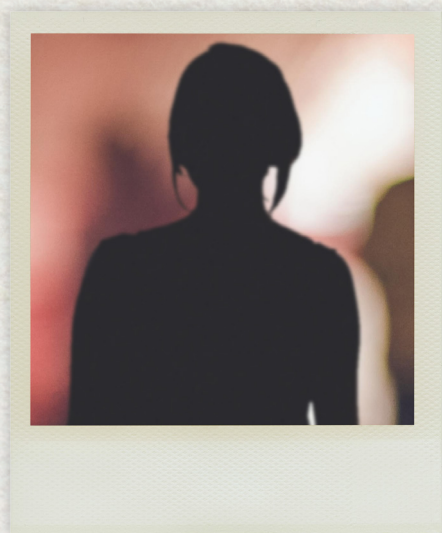
DISCOVER ANN CLEEVES AT ANNCLEEVES.COM



A DO-IT-YOURSELF MURDER MYSTERY BY ANN CLEEVES

JOANNA TOBIN

THE GLASS ROOM



I'm here at the Writers' House because I won a prize. There was a competition in the local paper and I sent in a short story after a few too many glasses of wine. I wouldn't have sent it if I were sober. It was too autobiographical, gave too much of myself away. On an impulse I hit the send button and immediately I wished I could cancel the action and drag the message back from the ether. Impossible, of course. A bit like stopping time.

The prize was a weekend here on a residential writers' course. I'm a classic ageing hippy, living the good life on a small-holding in the hills with my partner. Our neighbour is the mad old bat Vera Stanhope. I love it, honestly, but in recent weeks I've started to feel trapped, restless, and for some reason haunted by a past that I'd rather forget. This weekend came as a chance to escape the routine of the farm, to clear my head of nightmares. And to see if I might actually have the ability to write.

I'd heard of Tony Ferdinand of course. The press called him a star-maker, the Simon Cowell of the literary world. It was said that a good review from him could change a writer's career. He taught the MA in Creative Writing at St Cecelia's College, London and people would sell their souls to get onto the course. Their bodies too if the rumours are true. Ferdinand was a lecherous goat and according to the gossip here he wasn't averse to taking advantage of his female students or any young writers in search of fame and glory. I'm probably too old for his taste – certainly he never tried to seduce me. All the same he offered me a place on the St Cecelia's course and a bursary to cover my costs. Because he liked my work, he said. In the open session here at the Writers' House he was so complimentary that he made me blush. I had no plans to move to London, but he made me feel confident again—more than a small-time farmer with grubby fingernails. So you see I had no reason to kill him.



A DO-IT-YOURSELF MURDER MYSTERY BY ANN CLEEVES

JOANNA TOBIN

THE GLASS ROOM

Throughout the weekend he ran extra tutorials for me, and for Lennie Thomas, who was his teacher's pet too. He set us exercises and introduced us to editors and agents. Why did he bother? Because it amused him to annoy the more established aspiring writers, I think. And because he wanted to prove that he was better at creating a bestseller than the mainstream publishers. He was certainly playing some game, though I never understood quite what it was all about.

This afternoon he left a note for me in the office and asked if we might meet in the summer house. He said he had good news for me. Of course I was excited – I wondered even if he'd found an editor who might be interested in my writing. On my way out of the hotel, I bumped into Nina Backworth. She's an academic who ran our session on the short story, and she'd been encouraging about my work too. When I told her I was on my way to meet Ferdinand, she said: 'Just be careful with that man. Don't believe that you can trust him.'

I waited for Ferdinand in the Summer House. The only person I saw was Godfrey Rickard walking in the distance. He's been published for years and recently his Golden Age pastiches are back in vogue. I remember reading an article about him years ago and he seemed a little sad then. I'm glad he's doing so well now. His earlier work has just been collected into an edition for the publishing imprint Bello. He waved and for a moment I thought that he recognised me, but he seemed embarrassed, as if he'd made a mistake, and hurried away.

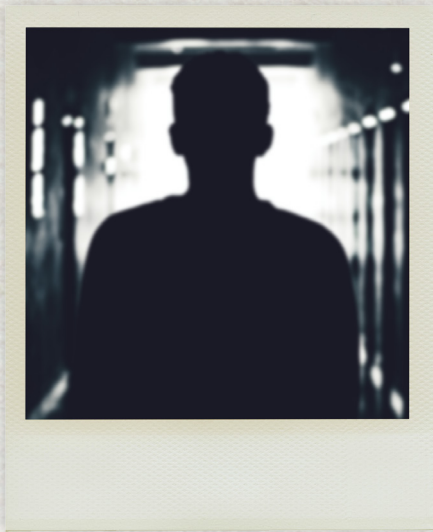
After 20 minutes Ferdinand still hadn't turned up. There was a lecture on literary snobbery that I wanted to attend. It occurred to me that it would be just the kind of pomposity that Tony Ferdinand would want to question and that he probably planned to attend the event too.

I was leaving when I saw a shard of broken glass on the floor. I picked it up in case a child might cut himself. It was only then that I came across Ferdinand's body. He lay half way across the path, with his feet in the flower bed. Another piece of glass was sticking out of his chest. Of course my fingerprints would be on the shard I had picked up from the ground, but that means nothing. I don't know what happened to the note that Tony Ferdinand left for me in the office. I expect I threw it away. But you can't suspect me of killing the man. Why would I? I only met him this weekend.



GODFREY RICKARD

THE GLASS ROOM



I've been writing for donkey's years and it's only recently that my gentle form of the genre has come back into fashion, helped by a rather brilliant adaptation on ITV1. Before then I survived on a small inheritance and meagre royalties. I've loved the Golden Age tradition since I was introduced to Christie by my partner years ago. He wrote the definitive book on the subject. Now I spend most of the time in my cottage on the Northumberland coast – at my age peace is important to me – and was only persuaded to lecture at the Writers' House by my publicist. She's a charming young woman and I found it hard to say no.

Tony Ferdinand never enjoyed my books. His taste was for harder-edged, more realistic crime. He gave me a couple of stinking reviews in my early days, but I ignored them. My partner was angry on my behalf and wrote to the newspaper concerned to complain, but I know that it's never sensible to pick a fight with someone as spiteful as Ferdinand. You can never win. If I'd been told that Ferdinand would be here I might never have come along, but I didn't see the programme until I arrived. I've been on my own for a long time now, and the prospect of a congenial weekend with aspiring writers appealed to me.

I managed to avoid Ferdinand in a satisfactory way for most of the weekend. Until he died of course. Now he's still making a nuisance of himself, being the centre of attention and causing the rest of us considerable inconvenience. I think he would have enjoyed the thought of that.

My only contribution to the course was to give a little speech of welcome at the beginning. I wanted to mention the history of the detective novel—a tradition that is of special importance to me. I noticed Tony Ferdinand at the back of the room. He was sneering and I wondered at one point if he might heckle, but he contained himself. At the drinks party later I saw him



GODFREY RICKARD

THE GLASS ROOM

making for my direction and I scuttled away to my room. I've never liked confrontation and I certainly didn't want a scene between two literary hacks to spoil the occasion for the new writers.

I thought that I recognised one of the participants. I'm sure now that Joanna Tobin was once married to my godson, Paul Rutherford. He was an editor for an English-language publishing house based in Paris and I visited them there a few times. I was sent samples of the prize-winning students' work in advance and something about Joanna's piece was familiar. Her name was different when I knew her – she must use her maiden name now – but the circumstances she described in the story rang a bell. And of course the setting was distinctive. She wrote about an unpleasant incident of domestic violence. I've never been tempted to use autobiographical material in my own work. Best save confession for a priest or a shrink, I always say. I thought Joanna's attempt to turn a real relationship into fiction was a mistake. We can never know exactly what goes on in a marriage, and I disliked the notion that my godson's misdemeanours might be made public.

This afternoon I saw her leave the house for the garden. She sat in the summer house and I was tempted to approach her to appeal to her better nature. Paul was young and hot-headed that summer in Paris. Now he's an influential MP and there's talk of a cabinet post at the next reshuffle. Tony Ferdinand would see any scandal surrounding the content of Joanna's work as PR potential.

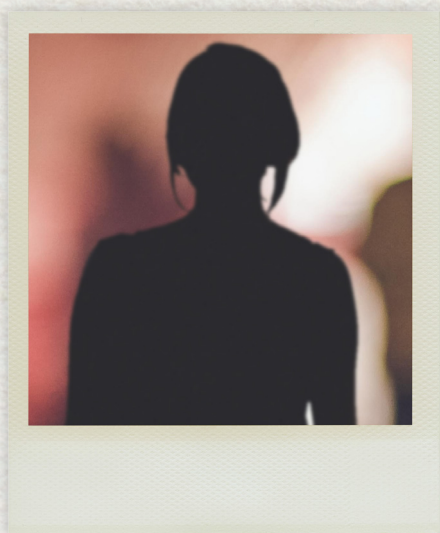
I wanted to ask her to change the details in her piece to make Paul less recognisable. And if she hadn't already told Tony Ferdinand that the villain of her story was based on a man very much in the public eye, that she might keep that information to herself. I lost my nerve in the end. I waved to her, but she seemed not to recognise me. Best let sleeping dogs lie, I thought. Her writing was competent enough, but there was no guarantee that Ferdinand would find a publisher for her, and no real reason why Paul's youthful excesses should come out. I walked back to the house.

No, I didn't see Tony Ferdinand's body in the garden. It might have been there at the time, but I didn't walk in that direction. What did I do then? I went to my room and checked the time of my train home tomorrow. Rather prosaic, I know. But I really wanted to be back in my little house in Craster. I'm sure there'll be obituaries and articles celebrating Tony Ferdinand's life. People will say what an asset he was to the literary world. In fact though, I suspect very few people will miss him at all.



NINA BACKWORTH

THE GLASS ROOM



I might not be a published author if it weren't for Tony Ferdinand and I suppose that I should be grateful to him for that, though it doesn't feel now as if he did me any sort of favour. I was young, straight out of university, and I spent the summer in my grandparents' home in Northumberland, working in a bar at night and writing during the day. Words and images seemed to spill out of me and as I remember it the coast was flooded with sunshine for the whole holiday. I'd never been so happy and never will be again.

I met Tony Ferdinand at a party to which my grandparents had been invited. I was only there to please them – I'd got a good degree from Oxford and they wanted to show me off to their friends. I'd hoped Godfrey Rickard would be there – he lived just up the coast. I'd read him as a kid and loved his work, but apparently he was away at a funeral. I knew that I'd be bored rigid and that the place would be full of elderly county types talking about golf and the price of land. And that was pretty much how it was until Tony walked in. I recognised him at once—he'd appeared the weekend before on an arts programme on Channel 4 talking about his favourite young writers. I'm not sure what he was doing there. Perhaps he'd been dragged along by friends like me or perhaps he'd sniffed out the possibility of free drink. He was always notoriously tight with his money.

I was too shy to talk to him, but soon he approached me. He'd managed to filch a bottle of champagne from somewhere and breezed up with it and a couple of glasses and we sat outside on the lawn, leaving the real grown-ups to chat inside. After a couple of glasses I was telling him about my book. At the end of the evening he gave me his card and asked me to send it to him, so of course I did. It wasn't quite finished, but I thought he'd get enough of a flavour of it to form an opinion.



A DO-IT-YOURSELF MURDER MYSTERY BY ANN CLEEVES

NINA BACKWORTH

THE GLASS ROOM

A week later he phoned and invited me to London to meet him. I couldn't sleep the night before—I'd never been so excited in my life! I remember nothing of the long train journey to town. If you're here to take part in a creative writing course you'll understand the feeling. It's a sort of validation,

I suppose, the fact that someone is taking your writing seriously. It means that you're not wasting your time. I thought that he might offer me a place on his MA course at St Cecelia's but that wasn't what he had in mind. He said that he was sure he could find a publisher for my novel. It just needed a little editing. He gave me ten pages of notes and asked me to change the ending. I was still thrilled. He was the expert, wasn't he? And I wasn't frightened of hard work. I began it on the way home.

It was only later, when the book was finished to his satisfaction and I had the page proofs for revision, that I realised that he'd edited the life out of it. By then it was too late to return to my original story. There was very little of that left. He'd turned something fresh and sparkling into an ordinary romantic comedy. Commercial perhaps, but missing my vision and my energy. I'd also signed a contract that gave him the world rights and most of the profits from the book. I'd trusted him. It had never occurred to me to ask an agent to check out the deal first.

The experience made me bitter. I gave up writing for a while and concentrated on my own academic career. I teach in the English department in Newcastle University and specialise in the short story. My session for the Writers' House was called 'Short Cuts' and it was about writing short crime fiction. Things are looking up though. I'm writing again and I've been published by a great independent press. The reviews have been fantastic. Certainly I had no reason to kill Tony Ferdinand after all this time.

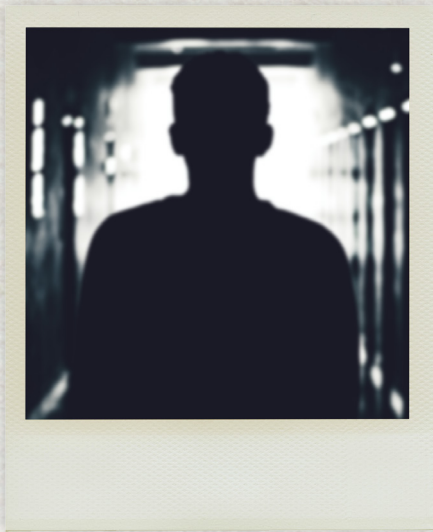
I don't think Tony Ferdinand had changed at all. He was still bewitching new and innocent writers with his reputation, with a promise that he could turn them into overnight bestsellers. Still conning them. That was why I warned Joanna Tobin not to trust him when I met her this afternoon. Though I have the sense that she can look after herself.

I'd been out for a walk when I met Joanna in the hall. I didn't see Tony Ferdinand when I was outside, though I did notice Lennie Thomas sneaking a quick cigarette in the garden. He's another Writers' House student, someone else with tremendous potential. And you should see this. I found it in my bag when I got in. A handkerchief with AF embroidered on the corner. Not mine obviously and I have no idea how it got there. I assume that Tony Ferdinand's real name is Anthony, so I suppose that it's possible that it belonged to him. What was it doing in my bag? I have no idea. Unless someone was trying to implicate me in his death.



LENNIE THOMAS

THE GLASS ROOM



You can't believe how brilliant this weekend has been for me. I was made redundant a while ago. Before then, I'd been working on the open cast site and earning good money and suddenly I had nothing. I was scrambling to get enough change to buy a pint in the club. It's impossible to find work in Ashington where I live. Especially when you've been inside. People treat you as if you're dirt and you start believing it. So to win one of the prizes for my writing and to come here and stay in this classy house, it felt like a dream.

I started writing when I was in prison. An education woman came in to run a class. She got us telling stories first and then writing them down. I loved it. Putting words on paper and seeing people come alive in my head. I can control what happens in a story and sometimes I feel I have no control at all in real life. My wife says I should try to get a real job and this idea that I can write is a dangerous fantasy. She says I'll only be disappointed.

Then someone like Tony Ferdinand said that my work was brilliant and that he'd help me find a publisher. He said that I was better than most of the established crime writers about. They're always harking back to some supposed Golden Age, but who needs Agatha Christie? You and I understand real life Lennie my boy. We won't let the traditionalists get in the way. Really it was probably the best moment of my life. And now he's dead and it's never going to happen, is it? Of course I didn't kill him. He was the only chance I had of being published. I don't have any contacts, there's no-one else to fight on my behalf.

I'd arranged to meet Tony Ferdinand in the summer house at two o'clock to discuss my book. He said he'd had an idea to make it better. Easier to sell. But I was late. I haven't got a watch and for some reason the clock in my room had stopped. I was working on the next chapter of my novel and by the time I'd noticed the clock wasn't going, it was already twenty past



LENNIE THOMAS

THE GLASS ROOM

two. When I'm writing I lose all sense of time.

It was probably nearer half past two when I got to the summer house and of course Tony had gone. He wasn't what you'd call a patient man. I could have kicked myself. The famous Tony Ferdinand had put himself out for me and I couldn't even keep a simple appointment.

If he was lying in the flower bed I didn't see him, and I didn't notice any shattered glass by the summer house door either. I came back to the house to look for Tony, but I couldn't see him. There was a queue of people lining up to go to the next session and I walked through them hoping that I'd see Tony there. If you ask around, someone will have noticed me. I was getting angry by now. Angry at myself for cocking up the time and at the clock for not working properly and at the pompous prats in the queue who looked at me as if I had no right to be there. I wanted to shout at them. I'm a bloody good writer. Tony Ferdinand said so.

I realised I'd better calm down or I'd do something I'd regret. That was how I ended up in prison in the first place—letting my anger get the better of me. So I went outside for a cigarette. If there's mud on my shoes it's because I wandered around for a while, shouting at myself in my head. I was still outside when Joanna Tobin came running towards the main entrance to the hotel saying that Tony Ferdinand was dead. I'd always felt jealous of Joanna, with her posh voice and her knowledge of books. A bit competitive. We were the stars in Tony Ferdinand's group. I'd never been top of the class before and I didn't want to share the honour. Not with someone like her. But she looked so weird running inside, blood on her clothes and the glass in her hand, that I felt sorry for her. I didn't know what had happened to her and everyone was staring.

I don't know who killed Tony Ferdinand. Someone who was jealous of his success, I expect. One of the writers he'd rejected or mocked. He could be very cruel. But it wasn't me. He was my passport to a different place, a different way of life. And I'd just caught a glimpse of that new world when his death took it away from me.



FORENSIC REPORT

Prof. Lorna Dawson, Forensic Soil Scientist, James Hutton Institute.

I was called to the Writers' House on the Northumberland coast to consider the murder of Tony Ferdinand, a middle-aged man who had been stabbed in the grounds close to a glass summer house.

There were footwear marks around the vicinity of the body and these have been compared with the footwear marks of four suspects who stand before you. These marks however were generally smooth and unfortunately not very distinctive. Still, if the suspect has a pattern then they can be excluded from the list of suspects.

The body itself lay on a gravel path and there were no marks there. I will check the shoes of all the suspects to see if any gravel, or any soil specific to the flower bed closest to the body, has been trapped on the soles of the footwear of the suspects.

There were two shards of broken glass at the crime scene. One was picked up by Joanna Tobin and there are fingerprints on this, which will probably be found to be hers. The other piece of glass was used to stab Ferdinand and this shard has no fingerprints on it. Did the murderer wear gloves? The glass is unusual, not clear, but of the kind that might be found in an old-fashioned mirror. Silvered and spotted where the silvering has deteriorated over time.

In the border next to the gravel path where the body was found are beautiful flower plants. These include a magnificent yellow iris in full bloom. The path is edged in grass and moss.

The summerhouse was surrounded by a grass lawn with a few ancient Scots pine trees which were towering over the summerhouse.

Joanna had pollen marks on her jumper and grass stains on her shoes. These markers confirmed that she had indeed been at the summerhouse, as the pollen had wings and matched that of the distinctive pollen of Scots pine. Her shoes had the same smooth appearance as the partial mark in the ground. In addition her distinctive fingerprints were on the piece of broken glass she was holding. The glass shard that physically matched the piece sticking out of the victim. It also matched in terms of its spectral chemical analysis and its appearance with the same spotty old silvering. A perfect match. Pretty strong physical evidence. So had she picked it up before killing Tony? Or had she genuinely picked it up afterwards? The writing on the note did not match that of Tony. Had she fabricated it?

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A DO-IT-YOURSELF MURDER MYSTERY BY ANN CLEEVES

CONFESSIO

GODFREY RICKARD

Yes, I admit it! I killed Tony Ferdinand. Not because I was concerned that he might use my godson's unsavoury past to find a publisher for Joanna Tobin's book. Paul Rutherford was a horrible and violent man and he deserves all the bad press he gets. I write traditional detective stories and you must allow me to throw some red herrings into the mix.

And although Ferdinand's sneering reviews were hurtful at the time I never let them rankle. Tastes in fiction are subjective. He didn't like the sort of books I write. Subtlety was never one of his virtues and he couldn't pick up the gentle satire that lies at the heart of my work. Many of us mock what we fail to understand.

Ferdinand had to die because of his campaign against David, my partner. David was a writer too, of non-fiction. He was an expert in the Golden Age of crime fiction and his biography of Christie has never been bettered. He wrote an article in the newspaper that had printed Ferdinand's review of my work, questioning his influence and calling him a talentless charlatan who lived off the skill of others. Ferdinand was furious and set out to destroy him.

He began a hate campaign, spreading lies about David, accusing him of plagiarism, dishonesty and fraud. He implied that the letters at the heart of the Christie biography had been invented. David lost his job and his publisher. He had always been a fragile soul and ten years ago he committed suicide. I vowed that I would get my revenge and the invitation to speak at the Writers' House provided the perfect opportunity. I knew that Ferdinand would be here.

I arranged to meet Ferdinand in the summer house this afternoon, knowing that he wouldn't resist the chance to gloat about his success. I sent the note to Joanna, hoping that she would find the body. Another red herring. And I stopped Lennie's clock so he would be late and I wouldn't be disturbed.

Did you notice the Christie references throughout the case? I didn't stab Ferdinand with glass, but with a shard of mirror. You must remember 'The Mirror Crack'd from Side to Side'. One of David's favourite works. And the stopped clock in poor Lennie Thomas's room came straight from 'The Clocks'. Nina found an embroidered handkerchief in her bag, just as an embroidered handkerchief provides a vital clue in 'The Orient Express'. And when I told you that I was checking the time of my train in my room, I was thinking of the 'The ABC Murders'. My way of honouring my lost love, while I was providing justice for him.

All of us in this room enjoy stories. I hope my killing of a worthless man has provided a story to satisfy you. I'm pleased that Tony Ferdinand is dead and I no longer care what happens to me. I haven't cared about myself since David died. My story is at an end.

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A DO-IT-YOURSELF MURDER MYSTERY BY ANN CLEEVES

ANN CLEEVES

— MURDER MYSTERY EVENING —

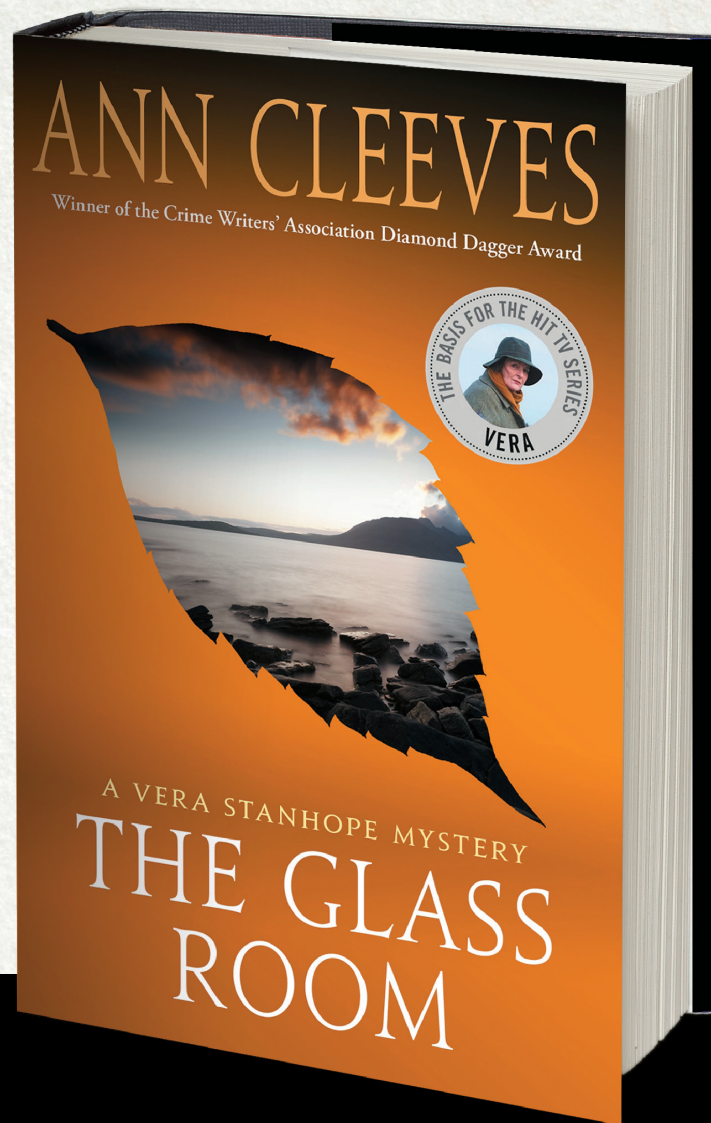




PHOTO CREDIT: CHLOE HEALY

ANN CLEEVES

IS TAKING AMERICA BY STORM

Shetland Series & Vera Series

THE SHETLAND TELEVISION SERIES

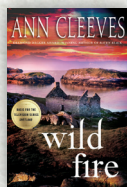
Ann is the author behind the BBC series *SHETLAND*, airing on **PBS** in over 20 markets, and on the streaming services **Netflix**, **Britbox** and **Amazon Video**.

SHETLAND SERIES PUBLICATION SCHEDULE

COMING IN 2018



Cold Earth
(Shetland #7)
Paperback
978-1-250-18213-5
On Sale: 7/3/18



Wild Fire
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Hardcover
978-1-250-12484-5
On Sale: 9/4/18

BACKLIST TITLES AVAILABLE:

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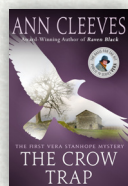
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THE VERA TELEVISION SERIES

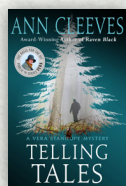
Ann is the author of the books behind the *VERA* series starring Brenda Blethyn, now airing on **PBS** in over 25 markets, and on the streaming services **Britbox**, **Amazon Video**, **Acorn** and **Hulu**.

VERA SERIES PUBLICATION SCHEDULE

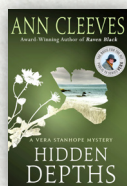
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On Sale: 11/6/18

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On Sale Now



Harbour Street
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The Moth Catcher
(Vera #7)
Trade Paperback
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PUBLICITY

Ann will be in the US in late March to attend *Malice Domestic* in Maryland, will do press with Vera star Brenda Blethyn, and events with Louise Penny.