

Audition Piece Five

LADY AMELIA SIMPSON-SQUIRE. An authoress
SIR MALCOLM SQUIRE. Amelia's husband
FREDDY LYONS. A family friend
DIANNE SIDES. A Police Inspector
VIC/DC FICKEY. A blundering extra
MISS MARBLES. A famous detective novelist

(FICKEY enters L, limping, without being noticed.)

MISS MARBLES: There's only one way to be sure. We'll have to examine the bodies.

MISS MARBLES: Right. I'll have a look at the first one, I think... *Vic Tim*, did you say?

(FICKEY looks at his costume, raises his eyebrows and turns to the door L, loosening his tie as he goes.)

MALCOLM: *(Noticing Fickey)* It'd probably be easier for everyone if you looked at the Detective Constable first.

(FICKEY turns back to face them, doing up his tie again.)

MISS MARBLES: *(Indignant)* If you *don't* mind, Sir Malcolm, I'd like to delay seeing Fickey until I absolutely have to. It's not long since I ate.

(FICKEY gives a look of frustration and turns and limps off L, once again loosening his tie as he goes.)

AMELIA: As you wish. You know best.

MISS MARBLES: Yes, as you say... *I* know best. But then again, I suppose it would make sense to see Fickey's body while it's still fresh...

(FICKEY gives an anguished cry from off L, then enters, his tie in his hand.)

FICKEY: *(Limping C)* Now look here, Marbles... you can't go messing people around like this. D'you want to see Fickey or the other bloke?

AMELIA: *(Shocked to see him)* Detective Constable Fickey! We thought you'd been... I mean... what about all those shots?

FICKEY: Missed me by miles. One got me in the leg, *(Dramatically; as if a martyr)* but it's only a flesh wound. Whoever is doing all this shooting is a lousy aim.

MISS MARBLES: Yes, you can say that again. Oh, well... it can't be helped, I suppose. Perhaps we'll be more lucky next time.

(SIDES enters R.)

SIDES: *(As she enters; annoyed)* Has anyone seen Detective Constable.... Oh, there you are, Fickey. Where the devil have you been?

FICKEY: Ah, I've been looking for you, Ma'am. I've got some new evidence...

SIDES: *(Very annoyed)* Never mind about that now, DC Fickey. Where have you been?

FICKEY: *(Limping to her)* I've been dodging bullets, Ma'am! One got me in the leg..!

SIDES: *(Furious)* No lame excuses, Fickey! There's work to be done. We can't have you disappearing every few minutes.

MISS MARBLES: Inspector Sides. Can't you control your temper for a few minutes? Fickey here, useless though he normally is, says he has some new evidence...

SIDES: I'll thank you not to interrupt, Miss Marbles. This is Police business, and, much to my relief, you do not, for the present at least, have any control over the Police Force.

MISS MARBLES: Yes, but surely...

SIDES: *(Ignoring her; turning to Fickey angrily)* I've had as much as I can stand of your complete disregard for my authority, Fickey. You're fired!

FICKEY: But Ma'am...

SIDES: Fired, Fickey... Sacked...! Given the big elbow...! The boot!

FICKEY: But Ma'am... I've been trying to tell you... I know who's been doing the murders.

(The door R opens and the hand with the pistol appears.)

SIDES: *(Amazed)* You do!?

AMELIA: Really? Then who...?