

## **Audition Piece four**

SIR MALCOLM SQUIRE. . . . . Amelia's husband  
WPC NUNNALL. . . . . A glamorous WPC

*(AMELIA exits L just as WPC NUNNALL enters R.)*

**MALCOLM:** *(Looking L)* But....!

**NUNNALL:** *(Seeing Malcolm)* Oh, sorry, Sir. I didn't know you were in here. Shall I come back later?

**MALCOLM:** *(Visibly and obviously standing upright, pulling in his stomach, and pulling back his chest and shoulders)* No, please. It's no bother. Come on in. Anything I can do for you?

*(NUNNALL looks half-heartedly round the room. MALCOLM follows her every move with lecherous interest.)*

**NUNNALL:** Inspector Sides has asked me to have another look around the room. Says a young pair of eyes might spot something they missed.

**MALCOLM:** From what I've seen of those two so far, the culprit could hand them a confession in four-foot high neon letters and they'd still miss it.

**NUNNALL:** *(Still looking; with a smile)* They're not that bad really.

*(NUNNALL has arrived by the "window" below C.)*

**NUNNALL:** *(Looking out; dreamy)* Oh, I love it here... Just look at that view.

**MALCOLM:** *(Behind Nunnall; studying her)* Yes... I am looking.

**NUNNALL:** *(With a sigh)* Beautiful.

**MALCOLM:** *(With a sigh)* Beautiful.

**NUNNALL:** It fills me with a sense of wonder... a primitive feeling of a *need* to be at one with nature.

**MALCOLM:** Yes... Me too.

**NUNNALL:** *(After a wistful pause; turning back to her searching)* Ah, well... Back to reality.

**MALCOLM:** Er... WPC Nunnall... Eve...

**NUNNALL:** *(Still searching)* Sir?

**MALCOLM:** *(Following her)* Er... Look... I'll be coming into town next week. What say... er.... in the evening.... you and I... er....

**NUNNALL:** *(Facing him)* I'm sorry, Sir. I'm washing my hair that night.

**MALCOLM:** *(Taken aback)* How d'you know? I haven't even said which night, yet.

**NUNNALL:** *(Patiently)* Well, er... My hair gets very dirty, Sir. I wash it *every* night.

**MALCOLM:** Must put quite a damper on your social life.

*(FREDDY enters L and sits on the settee. He is very agitated.)*

**NUNNALL:** Yes, Sir. *(She turns and resumes her search.)*

**MALCOLM:** How about during the day, then?

**NUNNALL:** Not while I'm on duty, Sir.

**MALCOLM:** Your day off, then?

**NUNNALL:** *(Stopping and facing him again)* My, my, sir. We *are* being persistent today, aren't we?

**MALCOLM:** Chap has to try, old girl.

**NUNNALL:** Does he now? Look, Sir, I've tried to be polite, I've tried diplomacy. Perhaps I should try a few home truths. *You* are a married man, Sir.

**MALCOLM:** Yes.

**NUNNALL:** You have children who are older than I am.

**MALCOLM:** Yes.

**NUNNALL:** I am a policewoman, Sir... a *young* policewoman.