

Audition Piece Three

DIANNE SIDES. A Police Inspector
VIC/DC FICKEY. A Blumbering extra

(As the curtain rises, the stage is empty. INSPECTOR SIDES enters L. She is smartly dressed in a dark suit. She stops just inside the door and surveys the room grimly.)

SIDES: *(Calling to off L)* Come along, Detective Constable! In here.

FICKEY: *(Off L)* Coming, Inspector!

(DC FICKEY enters breathlessly L. He wears a similar coloured suit and is trying to put his shoes on as he enters. He looks nervously at where he had been lying. After a moment he looks curiously at Sides.)

SIDES: Ah, there you are, D.C. Fickey.

FICKEY: *(Snapping to attention)* Sir!

SIDES: Now, Constable, what I want you to do is...

FICKEY: *(Looking at her curiously)* Excuse me, Inspector... Are you alright?

SIDES: Of course, Fickey, why shouldn't I be?

FICKEY: Well, er... it's just... *(He pauses.)* Could you come over here a second? *(He tries to turn her upstage.)*

SIDES: *(Resisting)* What the devil are you doing?

FICKEY: Please, Inspector. Just humour me.

SIDES: Oh, very well.

(SIDES allows herself to be turned upstage, her back to the audience. FICKEY goes round to the front of her and opens her jacket. His look of curiosity turns to one of amazement.)

SIDES: Anything wrong, Detective Constable?

FICKEY: *(Still looking)* No... Everything looks perfect to me. Except that... well... if you don't mind me saying so, Sir, you're not a sir, Sir.... You're a *Mrs Sir*, sir.

SIDES: Very observant, Fickey... and the term is "Ma'am".

FICKEY: Yes, Sir... Ma'am. Sorry, Ma'am. *(Confused)* I'm sure you were a sir in the script.

SIDES: Well, as you can see I'm not. Now perhaps we can get on with the investigation. *(She closes her jacket and turns downstage.)*

FICKEY: You been in the Force long, Ma'am?

SIDES: No, I was drafted in last night. They wanted a man, but I failed the physical. Now, can we *please* get on with it?

FICKEY: Anything you say... Ma'am.

SIDES: Good. *(She looks round the room)* This room, Fickey, is where the dreadful deed was perpetrated.

FICKEY: Yes, Inspector Ma'am, Sir. I know.

SIDES: *(Surprised)* You *know*....? How do you know?

FICKEY: Well, Ma'am, perhaps I don't exactly *know* as such. It's just a feeling I keep having... a sort of vision. Like an experience from a previous life.

SIDES: Déjà vu?

FICKEY: No thank you Ma'am. I don't like foreign food.

SIDES: I sometimes wonder how you ever got into the Police Force, DC Fickey. It's even more amazing how you ever got a promotion.

FICKEY: *(With pride)* That's easy, Ma'am. I'm related to the Producer.

SIDES: Yes... well never mind that now. We've got a murder to solve. Where's WPC Nunnall?

FICKEY: Following on later, Ma'am. She had to do some shopping.

SIDES: *(Furious)* What!?! Shopping!?! *Shopping!!?* What is this Police Force coming to? Shopping during office hours!?! Wait till I see her, I'll...