

Audition piece One

LADY AMELIA SIMPSON-SQUIRE. An authoress
SIR MALCOLM SQUIRE. Amelia's husband
FREDDY LYONS. A family friend

FREDDY: Now steady on, you two. I don't want to be a part of your marital differences...

AMELIA: Don't be a clot, Freddy. We're only joking. We wouldn't really harm a hair on each other's head. Would we, Malcolm?

MALCOLM: Well, er..... no..... of course not.

AMELIA: Although if Malcolm loses much more on top it'll be difficult to find any hair to harm.

(MALCOLM instinctively puts his hand to the top of his head.)

MALCOLM: Just 'cause a chap's receding a bit... *(He takes a comb from his pocket, dips it in his brandy and combs his hair.)*

AMELIA: *(Disgusted)* Malcolm!

MALCOLM: What's that, old girl?

AMELIA: No wonder you're going bald!

MALCOLM: Button it up, old girl. You keep on using your mouth like that and you'll wear it out... *(Pleading to heaven)* please. Now, Freddy, what were we saying Freddy?

FREDDY: You were going to say what you do after the golf.

MALCOLM: Ah, yes. Back here for dinner.

FREDDY: *(Sarcastic)* Hard life you lead.

MALCOLM: Yes, I know. Pressure, old man. Continuous pressure.

FREDDY: What d'you have for your dinner?

MALCOLM: Well, it varies, really.....

(The doorbell rings off R.)

AMELIA: I'll get it. *(Rising, she shouts to the door L)* Don't worry, Smalls, I'll go. You do the tables. *(She exits R.)*

MALCOLM: *(Looking at his watch)* I wonder who that can be.

FREDDY: Probably the mad axe murderer.

MALCOLM: No, he called last week. *(With a glance at his watch)* It's rather late for callers.

(AMELIA, carrying a business card, returns followed by VIC, who is dressed in a raincoat.)

AMELIA: Someone to see you, Malcolm. *(Reading the card)* A Mister Tim. *(She gives the card to Malcolm.)*

MALCOLM: *(He reads the card.)* Tim? That's an odd sort of name. *(He stands and shakes hands with Vic.)* Come in, old chap. Tim, eh...? That your first name or your last?

VIC: My last... My first's Vic.

MALCOLM: Should I know you, Mr Tim?

VIC: Please, call me Vic. No, I don't think we've ever met.

MALCOLM: (*Pensive*) Vic Tim, eh? Very unusual name that. You involved in this play in some way, Vic?

VIC: Yes, I think so. I'm not exactly sure what I have to do. They've only given me a few lines, then I have to come back later as a policeman. It's all very confusing really.

AMELIA: (*Pensive*) Hmmm.... Vic Tim, eh...? Vic Tim? You know, Vic, I think I may have an inkling of your role in tonight's little er... production. How many lines have you got, exactly?

VIC: Well... There's the one I'm speaking now, then two more.

MALCOLM: Hmmm. Not much of a part, is it? Well, go on then, old chap... Make the most of it. The stage is yours.

VIC: Thanks. (*Moving R*) Well, first I have to go to this door over here, open it, and go out. (*He exits R.*)

AMELIA: (*After he has gone*) Funny sort of chap.