

and, in clothing, the appearance – of a secret service agent [or film noir detective, even], he is frequently [and, at moments of crisis, invariably] a man frightened by his own shadow)

Todd: Male, 20s to 50s. Speaks with a pronounced Scottish accent. A professional hit man who's accent gets thicker the angrier he gets, until he's completely indecipherable.

a professional killer, and very good at his job. We first see him at his professional best: cool, quiet, perceptive. He wears an expensive suit overcoat and sunglasses

Mayor Meekly: Male, 50s to 70s. A sweet, gentle fellow, who seems very Innocent (with a capital I)

An innocent, with a capital i. An affable, gentle fellow. Not too quick on the pick-up, but a sweet, sweet soul. On every entrance – in every experience during the course of the play-he is forever happy and excited at the opportunity of discovery. As Mayor of only a "bigtown/small city," his appearance is more "friendly" than "camera ready political."

Mary Meekly: Female, 50s to 70s. The Mayor's wife. Small statured, she seems very sweet natured, and a good match for her husband the mayor.

is small in stature, and looks, in every way, to be the perfect match for her husband, Matching the Mayor, her clothes are more "friendly" than "camera-ready politician's wife."

Audition Pieces

ERIC

ERIC. Hello? Yes?

(Recognising the voice:)

Oh, Chief! *Hello*, Chief, I – No, not at all, sir.

No, I've been up and dressed for... *hours* now. Well, I knew how important it was to get an early start on the day. Exactly, sir. Very important day, for all of us on the force. Oh, things are going very well, sir. Very well. I'm sitting here now with Officer Dwyer, going over all the details of the investigation. Oh, I think we're ready, sir.

(Struggling with his clothes:)

I think you couldn't find anyone more ready than... I am... at this moment. Oh, the room is fine, Chief. What you'd expect a motel room to be. A little small, but –

(Reaching for his pants:)

but in some ways, not small enough. Yes, we've got an adjoining room with Ms, Brown, next door. And we've set up the camera in her room, and the monitor and the recording equipment in here, so –

Choreographed struggle

(More struggling)

Things could not be going any better, really. Oh no, we haven't said a word to anyone. No, that's understood, sir – we're prepared to handle this completely on our own. Not even a phone call, absolutely. Oh, and sir –

(Genuinely)

Thank you, again. For giving us this assignment. It's an honour, sir. And Chief-I promise you-Billie and I won't let you down.

(He hangs up.)

ERIC.

(Out of character, to KAREN:)

Oh, Right.

(Back in character; Macho)

Right! I'm comin' *with* you, I said. I'm not letting you meet *some* guy-*in* some *cheap* motel – all by *yourself* You think I don't know what kinda hanky-panky goes on in those places? I'm comin' to that motel, I said, and I'm gonna hide myself in the *closet*. You hear *that*?

(Coming at FRANK with an accusatory index finger)

You hear *that*, Mr. Town-Hall-Security-man-pointing-a-gun-in-my-face?

BILLIE

BILLIE. He put down his muffin pretty quick. Look, partner. Billie Dwyer's not gonna do anything to hinder this operation. Don't forget, I was first in my class at the Academy

ERIC.

(Not unkindly:)

No you weren't.

BILLIE. Well, I would've been, if it hadn't been for guns. And handcuffs.

ERIC. And self-defence.

BILLIE.

(Conceding:)

And self-defence.

ERIC. And driving

BILLIE. The point is, I've got what it takes. In here. And you, Eric, with your intelligence

ERIC. Billie

BILLIE. You don't belong behind some desk, shuffling papers.

ERIC.

(A little defensively:)

I don't shuffle paper-

BILLIE. Listen to me. You're cop material. We both are. And today we'll prove it. When we successfully execute the biggest police investigation in the history of this town. Today, Eric, you and I are bringing down the Mayor. Now. What do we do?

(ERIC crosses to the video monitor, which faces upstage in such a way as to never be seen by the audience.)

ERIC. Well we should turn on the video equipment.

BILLIE. God, it feels good being a cop.

TODD.

(This must be entirely indecipherable, but told with the range of emotion of a good story.)

Ah shoods hae killed 'er by noo, but Ah niver kill 'til Ah've played a sang oan mah bags, 'an Ah hud a wee bit ay trooble wi'mah bags-

(To FRANK:)

dinna ye ask – sae Ah tied 'er up an'pit 'er in th'lavvy, pit mah bags in mah plaidie poke, an'heeded tae mah motur tae gie mah ither bags in mah ither plaidie poke, but when Ah got oan th'lift, thaur was a laddie suckin'oan a candy bob lookin'at me funay, an'it ram tae me 'at Ah was still

wearin'mah feile-mhor, mah leine, mah feaither bunnet, an'mah sporran, an'ah thooght,

Ah canny gang it in public loch thea an''en kill someain, ur fowk nicht remember th'cheil in th'feile-mhor an'hink ay me as th'murthurer, sae Ah cam back ta teel ye ta tak'these bags in thes plaidie poke tae mah motur, an'gie mah ither bags in mah ither plaidie poke, an'brin'them riet haur.

(To FRANK:)

Div ye kin?

(Pause.)

FRANK

FRANK. Danger waits in unlikely places, Ms. Brown. My job is security. That means I'm ready for danger, wherever it hides.

(He now sees ERIC.)

FRANK.

(Upon seeing ERIC, FRANK reveals his more frightened nature:)

Holy Mary, mother of God!

(Leaping over the bed, to the Down Stage side, and cowering on the floor, his gun drawn:)

Get down, Ms.Brown

FRANK. For god's sake, save yourself!

FRANK.

(To Heaven:)

Dear Lord, in this our hour of judgment, as we prepare to gaze upon your heavenly countenance

FRANK. We ask that you open your arms to us

FRANK. As you call your children home to the garden of

FRANK. Are you nuts? There's always something to be afraid of! And right now there's a crazy man standing in your closet.

FRANK.

(Raising his gun, fully composed – the secret service agent again.)

Now, would you mind telling me exactly what you were doing hiding in that closet, while your girlfriend was in here having a meeting with the Mayor?

MAYOR

MAYOR. Alright then.

(He enters. At some point, KAREN closes the sting hallway door)

Thank you. It's nice to finally meet you, Ms. Brown. I apologise for being early.

KAREN. No, no

MAYOR. I just so look forward to meeting new people. Seeing different places. I spend so much time at Town Hall, you see. That's where I work. At Town Hall, I'm the Mayor. Well of course you know that. But it's such a stuffy place, and all the people are the same, day after day. But you're not the same, are you.

KAREN.

(Unsure:)

No?

MAYOR. I mean you're not the same accountant-the *old* accountant. Not that he was old.

BILLIE. This is going to be a long morning.

MAYOR. He was actually a little too young, as I recall. You're young, too, but I like you – you're new.

MARY

MARY. I'm sorry, I don't mean to be eavesdropping

MARY. I was just so enchanted with his accent. Are you from Scotland?

MARY. Well, isn't that wonderful! My first husband was from Scotland. Iver MacPhee.

(Change of character)

MARY. Quit stalling, dear, before I stop being cheery and pump ya fulla lead.

(BILLIE slowly draws her gun, and lays it down, MARY puts it in her purse.)

That's it. Now, why don't you eject that tape, Officer Sheridan – the one of my husband's meeting with Ms. Brown.