

OZARK ACTORS THEATRE
2012 Summer Season: Audition Sides
NOISES OFF

LLOYD DALLAS (male, 40s+)

Brooke!...

Your line. Come on, love, we're two lines away from the end of the act...

Give her the line!...

Poppy! Bring the book! Is that the line, Poppy? "I don't understand why the Sheikh looks like Philip?" Can we consult the author's text, and make absolutely sure? "What's that, Dad?" Right. That's the line, Brooke, love. We all know you've worked in very classy places up in London where they let you make the play up as you go along, but we don't want that kind of thing here, love, not when the author has provided us with such a considered and polished line of his own, not at one o'clock in the morning, not two lines away from the end of Act One, not when we're just about to get a tea-break before we all drop dead of exhaustion. We merely want to hear the line, "What's that, Dad?" That's all. Nothing else. I'm not being unreasonable, am I?

SELSDON (male, 60s-70s+)
LLOYD DALLAS (male, 40s+)

SELSDON: No bars, no burglar alarm. They ought to be prosecuted for incitement.

LLOYD: All right, Selsdon, hold it. Let's take it again.

SELSDON: No, but sometimes it makes me want to sit down and weep. When I think I used to do banks! When I remember I used to do bullion vaults! What am I doing now?—I'm breaking into paper bags.

LLOYD: Hold it, Selsdon. Hold it!

SELSDON: I know they're all in Spain, 'cause the old turkey in the kitchen told me so...

LLOYD: Hold it!!!

SELSDON: And I know *shes*'s out, 'cause I've just seen her come out of the front door in her swimming costume...

LLOYD: STOP!! My God, it's like Myra Hess playing on through the air-raids.

SELSDON: Stop?

LLOYD: Stop. Selsdon...

SELSDON: I met Myra Hess once.

LLOYD: I think he can hear better than I can.

SELSDON: I beg your pardon?

LLOYD: From your entrance, please, Selsdon.

SELSDON: Well, it was during the war, at a charity show in Sunderland...

LLOYD: Thank you. Poppy!

SELSDON: Oh, not for me. It stops me sleeping.

LLOYD: Put the glass back, will you?

SELSDON: Come on again?

LLOYD: Right. Only, Selsdon...

SELSDON: Yes?

LLOYD: A little sooner, Selsdon. A shade earlier. Like yesterday.

SELSDON: Say no more. May I make just one suggestion, though?

LLOYD: What is it, Selsdon?

SELSDON: Should I perhaps come on a little earlier?

LLOYD: Selsdon...

SELSDON: Only there does seem to be something of a hiatus between Freddie's exit and my entrance.

LLOYD: No, Selsdon. Listen. Don't worry. I've got it.

SELSDON: Yes?

LLOYD: How about coming on a little earlier?

SELSDON: We're obviously thinking along the same lines.

POPPY (female, 20s)
TIM ALLGOOD (male, 20s-50s)

POPPY: (into backstage mic) Five minutes, please. This is your five minute call.

TIM: And maybe five minutes is what we'll get. What do you think?

POPPY: Oh, she'll pull herself together now we've called five minutes. Now she knows she's got to be on stage in five minutes. Won't she?

TIM: Will she?

POPPY: You know what Dotty's like.

TIM: We've only been on the road for a month! We've only got to Des Moines! What's it going to be like by the time we've got to St. Louis?

POPPY: If only she'd speak!

TIM: If only she's unlock the door! Look, if Dotty *won't* go on...

POPPY: Won't go on?

TIM: *If* she won't.

POPPY: She will.

TIM: Of course she will.

POPPY: Won't she?

TIM: I'm sure she will. But if she *doesn't*...

POPPY: She must!

TIM: She will, she will. But if she *didn't*...

POPPY: I'd have five minutes to change. (checks watch) Four minutes.

TIM: If only she'd say something.

**FREDDY/PHILIP (male, 40s),
GARRY/ROGER (male, 30s),
BROOKE/VICKI (female, 20s)**

PHILIP: Darling, this stuff that eats through anything. It doesn't eat through glue... It just eats through *trousers*! Darling, if it eats through trousers, you don't think it goes on and eats through... Listen, darling, I think I'd better get these trousers off! Darling, quick, this is an emergency! Have we got any stuff that stops the stuff that stops the stuff? I mean, if it eats through absolutely anything... Darling, I think I can feel it! I think it's eating through... absolutely everything!

ROGER: There's something evil in this house.

PHILIP: The Inland Revenue!

ROGER: He's back!

PHILIP: No!

ROGER: No?

PHILIP: I'm not here.

ROGER: Oh my God.

PHILIP: I'm abroad.

ROGER: He's walking abroad.

PHILIP: I must go.

ROGER: Stay!

PHILIP: I'm not staying.

ROGER: Speak!

PHILIP: Only in the presence of my lawyer.

ROGER: Only in the ... ? Hold on. Hold on. You're just an intruder, an ordinary intruder.

PHILIP: Well, nice to meet you. I mean, have a sardine.

ROGER: No, you're not! You're some kind of sex criminal! You've done something to Vicki! I'm going to come downstairs and sort you out.

PHILIP: Oh, you've got some sardines. Well, if there's nothing I can offer you...

ROGER: Police!

PHILIP: ...I think I'll be running along.

ROGER: Come back...! (into phone) Hello, police? Someone has broken into my house! Or rather someone has broken into someone's house... Yes, a sex criminal! And a young woman is missing.

VICKI: It's in the garden now, and it's a man!

ROGER: (into phone) Sorry—the young woman has reappeared. (to Vicki) Are you all right?

VICKI: No, he almost saw me!

ROGER: (into phone) He almost saw her... No, but he's a burglar as well! He's taken our things!

VICKI: The things are here.

ROGER: (into phone) The things have come back. So we're just missing a plate of sardines.

VICKI: Here are the sardines.

ROGER: (into phone) And we've found the sardines.

VICKI: This is the police. You want the police here—in my underwear?

ROGER: (into phone) So what am I saying? I'm saying, Let's say no more about it.

(hangs up) I thought something terrible had happened to you!

VICKI: It has! I know him!

ROGER: You know him?

VICKI: He's dealt with by our office!

ROGER: He's just an ordinary sex criminal.

VICKI: Yes, but he mustn't see my like this! You have to keep up certain standards if you work for Inland Revenue!

ROGER: We'll, put something on!

VICKI: I haven't got anything!

ROGER: There must be something in the bathroom! Bring the sardines!