

# SHEILA'S ISLAND AUDITION PIECE 2

(SHEILA appears, walking up the shingle.)

SHEILA. Ah. You're back. How did you get on?

JULIE. Oh, er...

(She guiltily hides the phone.)

DENISE. (Jumping up to cover JULIE.) Blank, skipper. Nothing. Pas un sausage.

SHEILA. Right.

DENISE. Not overloaded with clues down your side then?

SHEILA. Er...

DENISE. NO. Well. Unless faithful Fay has come up trumps I think Julie and I have made what I'd like to call a pre-emptive strike.

SD (Suddenly FAY tears in from the trees.)

FAY. Sheila! (She sees the other two.) Julie! Denise! Oh you'll never guess what I've just found!

SD (DENISE shoots a look at JULIE.)

SHEILA. Oh, wonderful!

JULIE. (Immediately losing her confidence.) It was her idea! Come on now Denise, it was your idea to call for help. I know it'll look like mine because it was my / phone!

DENISE. (Sotto voce.) Shut up.

SHEILA. You've found the clues?

FAY. (Catching her breath.) I just saw a gyrfalcon!

SD (There is a pause.)

DENISE. A what-what?

FAY. It came down out of the mist and I thought, "It can't be, it can't" - pure white, black tips - then swept back up again. There's about one a year, if that, hardly ever this far in shore and never in the Lakes. Never, ever, not once recorded in the Lake District.

(She stands, panting.)

DENISE. You're telling us you saw a bird.

FAY. Oho, it's more than a bird, Denise. It's one / of -

DENISE. But it's a fluffy thing with wings. Not a paper square with clues on.

FAY. Oh. No, no I didn't find any clues. Sorry.

(JULIE relaxes.)

Sorry, is that...? Oh. Dear. I didn't mean / to

DENISE. Nope, no. That's the right answer, Fay. You did fine.

SHEILA. No clues at all, not even / where a clue might - ?

DENISE. Ap-ap! Come on Sheila, Captain, sorry. Fay may be a number-cruncher but she does use letters sometimes. She would recognize.

SHEILA. Sorry, yes / I -

DENISE. NO. I think the evidence appears to be pointing in one direction here, ladies. That we have gone in the wrong one.

SHEILA. I'm sorry. (She slumps down in despair.)