

Sandra and Chris Audition Scene

SANDRA. Don't ask too much of me, Inspector, I feel fragile as glass.

CHRIS. Don't fret, Miss Colleymoore, my questions will be brief and to the point and then you can get some rest Firstly, how old are you, Miss Colleymoore?

SANDRA. Twenty-one.

CHRIS. I'll make note of that. And when were you engaged to be married?

SANDRA. In the new year.

CHRIS. And when did you and your fiancé first meet?

SANDRA. Only seven months ago, but my brother has known him since school, he introduced us at a local gala and it was love at first sight. I knew from the very first moment I saw him that he was the man I wished to marry.

Pause.

CHRIS. (*Ad-libs.*) Ah, I've run out of paper.

Sandra comes in a line too early, causing the lines to go out of sync. The two become more frantic as they try to get back on track.

SANDRA. When you love someone there's no such thing as rushing, Inspector.

CHRIS. Did you ever think you were rushing into this marriage?

SANDRA. Why wouldn't I love him?

CHRIS. Did you love him, then?

SANDRA. How could anyone have benefitted?

CHRIS. Can you think of anyone who might have benefitted from your fiancé's death?

SANDRA. Cecil?

CHRIS. Not even Cecil?

SANDRA. I wasn't having an affair! Don't raise your voice at me, Inspector!

CHRIS. YOU WERE HAVING AN AFFAIR!

SANDRA. (*Slaps Chris.*) Don't tell me to calm down!

Chris. Calm down, Miss Colley Moore. (*Reacts to slap.*)

SANDRA. But where did you find it?

CHRIS. I found your letter; the one addressed to Cecil, written in your hand, declaring your love for him and saying that the thought of marrying Charles repulsed you.

SANDRA. Charles read it-

CHRIS. (*Does Sandra's line for her in a high voice.*) But where did you find it? (*Back to his normal voice.*) I'll tell you where I found it: in Charles' pocket!

SANDRA. Charles read it?! Then it was suicide!

CHRIS. *Indeed!* (*Returning to a calmer delivery.*) Or a murder, conceived by yourself and Cecil Haversham so you could run away together

SANDRA. You diabolical beast. How can you? I won't stand for this, Inspector. Accuse me again and you'll be sorry!