

## **TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY CAST - AUDITION PIECES**

### **THE MAINWARINGS - Landed Gentry**

ABEL MAINWARING, M.P. - M40s/50s

LADY MARIAN MAINWARING - F40s/50s

DICKIE - romantic lead - M20s

SYLVIA - F20s

### **THE WELWYNS - Keep a Boarding House**

LUCIUS WELWYN - M40s/50s

MRS. WELWYN (née BANKS) - F40s/50s

PERCY - M20s

TILLY - romantic lead - F20s

AMELIA - F teens/20s

GRANDMA BANKS - F60s/80s

### **MEMBERS OF OTHER FAMILIES**

MR. STILLBOTTLE - a bailiff - M30s/50s

MR. PUMPHERSTON - a Scotsman - M30s/50s

MR. MILROY - the Mainwarings butler - M30s/50s

MR. METHA RAM - an Indian law student - M20s/30s

THE REV. ADRIAN RYLANDS - a curate - M20s/30s

MISS CONSTANCE DAMER - a young lady - F20s/30s

**Audition Piece 1 - Abel Mainwaring, Lady Marian Mainwaring, Sylvia, Milroy, Rev Rylands, Constance Dahmer**

LADY MARIAN (voice upstairs). Sylvia !

SYLVIA. Yes, mother?

LADY MARIAN (voice). Is your father downstairs?

SYLVIA. Yes, mother! Ugh, what an afternoon! Draw all the curtains, Milroy.

MILROY. Yes, miss.

LADY MARIAN (voice off). Sylvia !

SYLVIA. Yes, mother?

LADY MARIAN (voice off). What is your father doing?

SYLVIA. He is reading The Spectator, mother.

*Enter LADY MARIAN. MAINWARING snores.*

LADY MARIAN. I thought as much. Abel, tea!

MAINWARING Tea? Who said tea?

LADY MARIAN. I said tea.

MAINWARING. Quite so! Ha, ha! Capital beverage, tea! I am quite ready for mine, dear.

LADY MARIAN Abel, I think it only right to tell you that Constance Damer will be here in a few minutes.

MAINWARING Oh!

LADY MARIAN. And your present appearance, to put it mildly, gives her an opening.

SYLVIA. Do you remember what she called you last time she found you asleep on the sofa in carpet slippers, father?

MAINWARING. I have no recollection. Something opprobrious but pithy, I should say.

SYLVIA. "A lean and slippered pantaloon."

MAINWARING. Ha, ha! So she did. Always pungent, the Damers-always incisive-never truthful!

SYLVIA. What about the slippers?

MAINWARING I had better finish The Spectator in the billiard room.

LADY MARIAN. Abel, you will kindly make yourself presentable and then come here at once.

MAINWARING By all means, my dear. I fly! *(Exit)*

*MILROY enters*

SYLVIA. It can't be Connie yet, surely. I never heard the carriage.

LADY MARIAN. A caller, probably. How tiresome people are !

SYLVIA. Hardly a caller on an afternoon like this!

LADY MARIAN. My experience is, that when people have resolved to be thoroughly annoying, nothing will stop them.

MILROY (re-appearing). Mr. Rylands!

*(Enter RYLANDS He dumbly resists MILROY's attempt to take his hat and stick and comes forward.)*

LADY MARIAN (in an undertone). Who is this?

SYLVIA (in a sibilant whisper). New curate!

LADY MARIAN How do you do, Mr. Highlands?

RYLANDS. My name is Rylands, not Highlands. How do you do ? *(In endeavouring to get a hand free to shake hands, he drops his hat.)* Oh, I beg your pardon!

LADY MARIAN. What a dreadful afternoon !

*(RYLANDS picks up his hat and finally seizes LADY MARIAN's hand and shakes it.)*

RYLANDS. The fact is, the Archdeacon asked me to come round this afternoon, and warn Mr.-Mr.-er-your husband-about the First Lesson to-morrow morning. The Archdeacon says-

LADY MARIAN. Be seated, pray.

RYLANDS. Thank you.

LADY MARIAN. Mr. Mainwaring will be here presently.

RYLANDS (volubly). The Archdeacon thinks it would be better-

LADY MARIAN. Milk?

RYLANDS. Four, please. -better to substitute an alternative lesson tomorrow - in view of the fact that certain -

LADY MARIAN This is my daughter, Sylvia.

RYLANDS. I beg your pardon! I didn't see you for the moment; the rain has somewhat dimmed my glasses. How do you do? I came at the request of the Archdeacon, to see Mr.-er (to LADY MARIAN) your father-(correcting himself, turns to SYLVIA)-your father-about an alteration in the First Lesson to-morrow; and-

SYLVIA. I don't think you need have troubled, Mr. Rylands. My father will probably read the wrong lesson in any case.

*(Enter MR. MAINWARING)*

MAINWARING Who is taking my name in vain?

LADY MARIAN. This is Mr. Rylands, Abel, who has recently come among us, to assist the dear Archdeacon.

*MILROY enters*

MAINWARING. Welcome to Shotley Beauchamp, Mr. Drylands !

RYLANDS My name is Rylands, not Drylands. How do you do, sir. I have called at the request of the Archdeacon, in reference to the First Lesson at Matins to-morrow.

LADY MARIAN. Sugar, Mr. Rylands?

RYLANDS. Four, please. It is one of those rather-er-characteristic passages in the Old Testament-

LADY MARIAN. Four, did you say?

RYLANDS. I mean-none, thank you!

SYLVIA. Why did you specify four, Mr. Rylands?

RYLANDS Well, the fact is, I always take four when I am alone by myself-in my lodgings, you know. But when I go out-Oh! thank you ! -to tea, four lumps sounds such an awful lot that-

SYLVIA. That you take none at all.

RYLANDS. Yes. Oh, I beg your pardon! They call these things "Curates' joys." When Curate meets-

MILROY Miss Damer!

RYLANDS. Curate, you know!

*Enter CONNIE DAMER.*

CONNIE. Hallo, everybody!

LADY MARIAN. Constance, dear! Welcome to the Towers!

CONNIE How do you. do, Mr. Mainwaring?

MAINWARING. Ah, Connie, my dear, we're very glad to see you -very glad.

CONNIE. Rotten afternoon, isn't it?

MAINWARING. It is inclement !

CONNIE. As for that branch line of yours-are you a Director?

MAINWARING. I am.

CONNIE. Well, when I go back home, you will come with me and push? Hullo, Sylvia!

SYLVIA How do you do, dear? Have some tea.

CONNIE Ta, muchly! Now to warm my toes! *(To SYLVIA in an undertone.)* Who's the Dodger ?

SYLVIA Mr. Rylands-Miss Damer.

RYLANDS. How do you do?

CONNIE. How do you do? Shall I hold your bun for you?

RYLANDS. Now we are no better off than we were before - (*CONNIE puts his bun into his mouth. Mumbling.*) How do you do?

CONNIE. That's right. Now sit down beside me and make yourself at home. I don't bite. What has the Archdeacon been up to lately?

RYLANDS. It is curious you should ask that, because I am here from the Archdeacon, with a message to-to-our host. It is on the subject of the First Lesson-

LADY MARIAN Connie, dear, did you see anything of Dick on the way down?

CONNIE No are you expecting him?

LADY MARIAN. Yes, and by your train. He said he would make a point of coming down by that one. In fact, he practically asked me to invite you this week-end. Not that we don't all love having you here, dear Connie, but (*archly*) we have always regarded Dick as your special friend in this household.

CONNIE (*turning suddenly to RYLANDS-sotto voce*). Bow wow ! (*He chokes.*)

LADY MARIAN. The naughty boy must have missed his train.

CONNIE. I expect the naughty boy is coming by the four-fifteen. It's a much better train.

LADY MARIAN Sylvia, dear, will you go upstairs and see if Connie's room is ready? See that the fire is burning.

SYLVIA. Yes, mother.

*SYLVIA exits*

CONNIE. Mr. Rylands, will you please choose me a nice heavy crumpet.

LADY MARIAN (*whispering*). Take him away!

MAINWARING Perhaps you will come and smoke a cigarette with me, Mr. Rylands, and we can discuss any necessary details.

LADY MARIAN (*to MAINWARING*). It was the unnecessary details that I objected to.

CONNIE. Remember I am coming to hear you preach to-morrow. Morning or evening?

RYLANDS I am preaching at Evensong, but I am also addressing the Sunday School at . . .

LADY MARIAN Good-bye, Mr. Rylands!

**ENDS**

**Audition Piece 2: Dickie Mainwaring, Lady Marian, Abel Mainwaring.**

LADY MARIAN Richard, I can bear it no longer! Who is that young woman?

DICKY Who? Oh, Tilly? I forgot you don't know about her, not having got my letter. I say, that's rather good-eh? Think of you two poor old things sitting there as good as gold and fancying she was just down for the weekend. I must tell her about this! Well, you know....

LADY MARIAN I knew it!

DICKY. Well, of course, Mum-and I brought her down to see you-that's all. (To his father) We met the goat outside the station-

MAINWARING My boy, do you realize that you are our only son, and that as such we take a not unreasonable interest in your future? Would you mind postponing the goat for a moment, and giving us a more succinct account of the young lady? I only had a glimpse of her just now, but she looked charming.

DICKY Dad, she's the most blessed little darling that ever walked this earth!

MAINWARING. Is that it? Bless you, my dear boy! I'm glad!

LADY MARIAN Abel! Sit down!

LADY MARIAN. I see from this letter that the girl's name is Tilly Welwyn.

DICKY. "Wellyn," mother.

LADY MARIAN. Tilly, I presume, is an abbreviation of Matilda ?

DICKY I don't know, but Tilly will. She knows everything.

LADY MARIAN You have known her only a short time, and became engaged to her last Sunday. Where?

DICKY. On the top of a bus.

MAINWARING. A bus...

LADY MARIAN. A rather unusual place, was it not?

DICKY. Unusual, but not irregular. Besides, Percy was there, three seats behind. Oh, the proceedings were most correct, I can tell you.

LADY MARIAN. I notice you do not say where you met Miss Welwyn.

DICKY. On the top of a bus. Not the same bus, of course.

LADY MARIAN. And was Percy present on this occasion ?

DICKY. No. If he had been I need not have interfered.

MAINWARING AND LADY MARIAN (together). Interfered?

DICKY. Yes. It was like this. It began to rain hard, and a poisonous looking bounder sitting beside her offered her his umbrella.

MAINWARING. Any gentleman would have done the same, Dick..

DICK. Possibly. But I don't think that any gentleman would have insisted on paying a girl's fare for her; and I don't think that any gentleman would have considered the loan of a half share in a three and ninepenny brolly an excuse for putting his arm round a girl's waist.

MAINWARING. And how did you dispose of the man with the umbrella?

DICKY. Ah, that was where I did a bright thing. The fellow looked as if he made rather a hobby of this sort of thing; so I leaned over his shoulder, and said right in his ear:—"Look here, do you remember what happened to you last time you were rude to a lady who you thought had no one with her?" Then my sportsman went a sort of gorgonzola colour, grabbed his umbrella, and executed a graceful slide from the steps of the bus.

LADY MARIAN. And what did you do?

DICKY I got up and took his seat, and gave Tilly my umbrella!

MAINWARING (*laughing*). And did you put your arm-

LADY MARIAN. Abel!

**ENDS**

### Audition piece 3: Dicky, Percy, Abel Mainwaring, Connie

DICKY My dear Percy, here you are after all! Dear old soul! Let me present you to the rest of the family. Mother, this is my friend Percy Welwyn.

PERCY. Mr. Percy Welwyn!

DICKY. Sorry, old friend!

PERCY No offence taken, and none intended, I'm sure. (Bows.)

DICKY. This is my mother, Lady Marian Mainwaring.

PERCY How de do, your ladyship? Very pleased to make your ladyship's acquaintance..

DICKY. This is my old Dad.

MAINWARING How do you do, Mr. Welwyn. We make you welcome.

PERCY How de do, your lordship. Very pleased to make your lordship's acquaintance..

DICKY. This is my little sister, Sylvia.

PERCY How do you do? Very pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss! I see we shall be calling each other Sylvia and Perce in no time! - Now I should like to address a few observations to the happy couple. You're a nice pair of turtle doves to come and play gooseberry to, I don't suppose! Here I give up a whole Saturday afternoon to come and chaperone Tilly and her young gentleman down to his ancestral home; and the first thing I know is the pair of them give me the slip at Waterloo. Chronic, I call it!

CONNIE. What else did you expect, Mr. Welwyn? Haven't you ever been engaged yourself?

PERCY (to DICK). Introduce me, please!

DICK I'm so sorry. Miss Damer.

PERCY How do you do? No, Miss Damer, I have never been engaged. Not that I mightn't have been, mind you, if I hadn't been born careful. Be born careful and you needn't be born lucky. The proverbs of Perce-number one! Well, to resume. I had my old push bike with me, and despite the filthy weather, I found my way down here in a matter of an hour and a half or so. And then what happens? Just as I'm doing a final spin up your carriage drive, your ladyship, I get bowled over in the dark by a charging rhinoceros!

DICK (to TILLY). That must have been Maximilian. I'm afraid the little fellow has got loose. Did you notice which way he was going?

PERCY. I did. He was going the opposite way to me.

DICK. In that case I fancy he must have got half way back to Mother by this time. Well, perhaps it's just as well. Did you observe whether he had the rain-gauge with him?

PERCY. All I noticed was about half a mud guard. Well, Tilly, seeing that you got here safe, I now resign the post of chaperon into her ladyship's hands. And perhaps (*with a bow*) I may be permitted to say that in my humble opinion a more capable pair of hands could not be found for the job. My trusty iron steed



waits without the battlements-all but three spokes, that is, accounted for by the rhinoceros--and I must hence, to catch the seven-thirty back to Londinium.

**ENDS**

#### Audition Piece 4: Dicky and Tilly

DICK. At last we are alone! Let's turn out these rotten lights - and have a cosy little chat, as mother would say, by the fire.

TILLY. Oh! But -

DICK. There's heaps of time before you need change.

TILLY I-I haven't anything to change into.

DICK. That's all right, then. I shan't change either. So we can sit here until dinner time. This is the first time you and I have sat together like this - just the firelight and us. Ripping, isn't it? Penny for your thoughts, little thing.

TILLY They aren't worth it, Dicky.

DICKY. I want them, all the same. How much? (Suddenly he kisses her.) There, they're paid for. Now what were you thinking about?

TILLY. Dicky, I was wondering if you'd ever- ever loved anyone before?

DICKY. Loved anyone before? I should think I had! Who hasn't?

TILLY. I haven't.

DICKY. I meant men, not girls. Girls are different. Not that some of them don't fall in and out of love rather easily, but they only do it as a sort of pleasant emotional exercise. The average male lover, however youthful, means business all the time. Quite right, too. So he picks out the first nice girl he meets, endows her in his mind with all the virtues, and tries to marry her. Usually it comes to nothing; and in any case it's hardly likely that he would meet the right girl straight off. So this child of nature goes on seeking for his mate, in a groping, instinctive sort of way, until at last he finds his Pearl of Great Price. Then he sells all that he has-which means that he straightway forgets all about every other girl he ever knew and loves his Pearl for ever and ever. Therefore, Tilly, if ever a man tells you that you are the only girl he ever loved - terrust him not! (He kisses her.)

TILLY. A girl likes to believe it, all the same.

DICKY. I don't see why she should. It's no compliment to be loved by a man who has had no experience. Now I can love and appreciate you properly, because I am able to compare you with about-*(he counts on his fingers, finally having recourse to his waistcoat buttons)* with about fourteen other girls of all ages whom I have admired at one time and another; and can unhesitatingly place you in Class One, Division One, all by your own dear self. Isn't that something?

TILLY. And you will go on loving me-always?

DICKY. Madam, your fears are groundless. Poverty, sickness, misunderstanding, outside interference-nothing will have any effect. I shall go on loving you.

TILLY. But how do you know? You can't be sure!

DICKY. Yes, I can! Because you love me. You have said it. Don't you see that that makes all the difference? The moment a man discovers that the woman he loves loves him in return, he is hers, body

and soul. I've been keeping my best for you, little thing, though neither of us knew it. Such as it is you have it. That is why I know I can never go back on you. Well, aren't you satisfied?

TILLY Dicky-I want to speak to you about something.

DICK. Um...?

TILLY. My people. We're not -

DICK. Oh, I know! After all, we're not all the mater would like to make out. As for some of the old Dad's relations-phew! Well, never mind! You're the dearest little thing in the world-

TILLY. But you don't understand. I've told Lady Marian-

(Enter CONNIE, wearing a dinner gown.)

CONNIE. Now then you two, you'll be late. Dick, your mother wants you.

**ENDS**

**Audition Piece 5: Amelia, Mehta Ram, Mrs Welwyn, Grandma, Lucius Welwyn**

AMELIA. Pretty comfortable, Granny?

(GRANDMA does not speak.)

Very well, then '

(A knock at the door.)

Come in!

(Enter MR. MEHTA RAM)

Good afternoon, Mr. Mehta Ram!

MEHTA. Good afternoon, Miss Amelia. Is your excellent mother within her domicile; or is she, so to speak, out on a ta-ta?

AMELIA. Out-shopping. What's your trouble?

MEHTA. I came here to address your mother in her official capacity.

AMELIA. I know! It's about that kipper this morning. I thought it was wearing a worried look while Mother was cooking it. Well, you shan't be charged for it.

MEHTA. Far be it from me, Miss Amelia, to reflect upon the delectable culinary powers of your mother Welwyn! I am here about a very different pair of shoes.

AMELIA. Well, let's hear about it..

MEHTA. The gentleman upon the second-floor back has impounded my sugar basin.

AMELIA. Broken it, you mean?

MEHTA. No, Miss Amelia. He has confiscated it-pinched it, in fact. And although I have assured him upon my word of honour that there will be father and mother of a row if same is not returned forthwith, he only projects the sneer of scorn upon my humble petition.

AMELIA. Oh, does he? Then he's reached the limit at last. Mr. Pumpherston has been asking for trouble for a long time, and now he's going to get it.

(Enter MRS. WELWYN)

Mother, here's Mr. Mehta Ram says Mr. Pumpherston has sneaked his sugar basin.

MRS. WELWYN. What's that, ducky?

AMELIA. You ask Mr. Mehta Ram.

MEHTA. The aforesaid Pumpherston, hereinafter termed the accused, has threatened me with personal violence-to wit, a dam good skelp in the eyeball.

MRS. WELWYN. Oh, has he? Well, that puts the lid on Pumpherston, anyway. He's behind with his rent as it is; so the moment our Perce gets home from the shop, up goes Perce to the second floor back, and out goes my lord Pumpherston!

GRANDMA. Martha, what's that 'eathen doing in 'ere?

MRS. WELWYN. That's all right, mother. We'll put things straight for you, Mr. Mehta Ram, don't you be afraid. You'll get justice in this country, never fear!

MEHTA. I thank you, madam. Numuska! Good- day!

(MEHTA goes out, bowing.)

MRS. WELWYN (to AMELIA). What language! Good-day! (Calling after him up the stairs.) I'll see you get your sugar basin back. (Returning.) That'll frighten Pumpherston, anyway.

AMELIA. It's a pity losing a lodger, mother.

MRS. WELWYN. Yes; but it can't be helped. I'm fed up with Pumpherston. I'll tell you what though, dearie; run after Mehta Ram and ask him if he hasn't got a friend who wants a room -a nice, peaceable creature like himself. The Museum Library's full of them, Father says. Tell him to pick a good one. And Amelia, take these with you. (*Hands string bag to her.*) Put the herrings in the larder.

AMELIA. All right, mother.

(Runs out.)

MRS. WELWYN. Well, mother, how goes it?

GRANDMA. Martha, when's that good-for-nothing 'usband o' yours going to get some work?

MRS. WELWYN. That's all right, mother. You mind your business and I'll mind mine. Lucius sits up very late. at night, working-long after you are gone to bed.

GRANDMA. Pack o' nonsense! I'd learn 'im!

(Enter LUCIUS WELWYN)

WELWYN. Well, good people!

MRS. WELWYN. Good afternoon, father. (To GRANDMA.) Now then, mother, you can go across the landing to your own room. I'm going to give this room a good turn out. I've lit a fire for you.

GRANDMA. I don't want to be turned out, etc.

WELWYN. Hush!

GRANDMA. Don't you shush me, Welwyn! He's always a-shushing of me, etc.

MRS WELWYN. We don't want her poking her nose into things while we're getting ready for the Mainwarings. She'd spoil everything if she knew they were coming.

WELWYN. Oh, have you heard from them, then?

MRS WELWYN. No, but I had a line from Tilly saying that they was.

WELWYN. Oho! Then it behoves us to deck the festal board against their coming.

MRS WELWYN. Festral board or no festral board, I'd best be setting out the tea things. Father, there's trouble among the lodgers again.

WELWYN. Dearest, I think we have already agreed - "paying guests."

MRS. WELWYN. That's just what they're not. That Pumpherston has paid nothing for three weeks; and now he's threatening to murder poor old Mehta Ram.

WELWYN. In my house? Impossible! This must stop. Where is Percy?

**ENDS**

**Audition Piece 6: Tilly, Mrs Welwyn, Lucius Welwyn, Amelia, Percy**

MRS. WELWYN. Lucius, I've got a feeling that we're going to have trouble over this business.

WELWYN. Over what ?

MRS. WELWYN. Over this son-in-law business. Mr. Mainwaring

WELWYN. Richard, dear, Richard!

MRS. WELWYN. All right-Richard! Well, I don't think he'll take very kindly to us, when he sees us at home; things look different in Russell Square from what they do at the Trocadero. And if he sheers off after all, it'll break Tilly's heart-there!

AMELIA (voice, outside). Mother, here's Tilly come home!

(Enter TILLY and AMELIA.)

TILLY. Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here I am again, everybody! Hallo, mother dear!

MRS. WELWYN. There's your father, dear. Give him a kiss.

TILLY. Hallo, dad! I didn't see you.

WELWYN. Welcome home, my daughter. Now kiss your mother.

MRS. WELWYN. Now let's hear all your adventures. You seem to have got into the right shop this time and no mistake.

TILLY. I should just think so. You never saw such a place in all your life! Billiard rooms and garages and butlers and a fire in your bedroom every night and I don't know what all! And I was introduced to all my new relations. There was old Mother Mainwaring-Lady Something or other. She tried to patronize me, but wasn't much good at it. Then Sylvia, the daughter. I hate her; she's a cat!

AMELIA. Miaow!

TILLY. Then Father Mainwaring. He's a dear. Oh, Daddy, he says he was at Cambridge with you.

WELWYN. What's that? Cambridge?

TILLY. Yes. He doesn't remember you at all distinctly-

WELWYN. That's a comfort!

TILLY. But he says he has a recollection that you were the most brilliant man of your year.

WELWYN. If that's all he recollects, I shall be pleased to meet him again.

AMELIA. How's Dicky, Tilly?

TILLY. Dicky is just Dicky. He brought me as far as the door just now, but I wouldn't let him come in. I thought you might be taken by surprise.

MRS. WELWYN. And are they all coming to call on us?

TILLY. Yes, the whole boiling.

MRS. WELWYN. What time, dearie ?

TILLY. Five o'clock this afternoon-a state call. By the way, mother, that was a bloomer we made about the invitation. I knew it at the time we discussed it that you ought to have written a note and chanced the spelling.

AMELIA. What did she say?

TILLY. Nothing one could take hold of. You know? Sort of -

MRS. WELWYN. Sort of snacks - eh?

TILLY. That's it. Anyhow, she sent you a written reply. Here it is. Here you are, mummie!

MRS. WELWYN. You read it, dear. I don't like the look of it at all.

TILLY. No, we'll let little 'Melia read it.

AMELIA. Oh, Tilly!

TILLY. She doesn't have much fun.

MRS. WELWYN. Read it, dearie; read it!

AMELIA. "My dear Mrs. Welwyn "-haw! "It is really too good of you to ask us all-such a crowd of us-to come to tea on Monday. As it happens, we shall be in town that day; so Mr. Mainwaring and I propose to take you at your word, and will be charmed to come with our son and daughter at five o'clock."

MRS. WELWYN. That'll be four extra cups. We shan't have enough to go round. Well, we must use the glasses.

AMELIA. "After our recent experience of your daughter's society - (Pauses.)

MRS. WELWYN. How's that meant to be took ?

WELWYN. Taken, dear.

AMELIA. Sounds tabbyish to me. "We are naturally most anxious to make the acquaintance of her forbears."

MRS. WELWYN. Her four what?

AMELIA. It says four bears - written in one word. Does she mean you and father and me and Perce ?

MRS. WELWYN. If her ladyship is going to start naming names from the Zoo, that's a game that two can play at!

TILLY. Father, what does "forbears" mean?

WELWYN. Progenitors, dear.

MRS. WELWYN. Oh! I suppose that's all right, then. Father knows. Finish it, Melia.

AMELIA. "What weather! Sincerely yours, Marian Mainwaring." That's all.

MRS. WELWYN. Quite enough, too!



TILLY. Anyhow, they're coming, and we've got till five o'clock to get ready.

(Enter PERCY)

TILLY. Hallo, here's Perce!

PERCY. What ho, Sis! Back from the Moated Grange, eh? What cheer? Are the de Mainwarings coming to tea? Don't you dare say they're coming to-morrow, because I've managed to get this afternoon off.

TILLY. Percy!... Father. I want to talk to all of you. Sit down a minute, everybody. Sit down, Father. Now then, listen to me. You all know that when I went down to Shotley Beauchamp on Saturday, I meant to act perfectly square to Dicky's people tell them who I was, and what I was, and generally make sure that they didn't take me in on false pretences. Is that correct?

CHORUS. Yes; quite correct.

PERCY. O.K.

TILLY. Well, since then I've seen Dicky's people-and I haven't done it! I've seen their home, and I've seen the way they look at things, and I've heard the way their minds work. They're a pretty tough proposition, the Mainwarings. They're stupid, and conceited, and purse-proud.

MRS. WELWYN. Tilly, Tilly!

TILLY. Yes, they are, mother. My Dicky isn't, of course; but he doesn't take after the rest of the family. Now, what I want to say is this. In dealing with people of this kind- people who look on the likes of us as so much dirt beneath their feet-there's only one thing that pays, and that thing is swank, swank, SWANK!

*(Loud applause from the family, "Hear, hear!" etc.) "Good old Tilly ! "*

All day yesterday, and again this morning, the female portion of the Mainwaring family swanked for my benefit-thick! They laid off about their country house, and their town house, and their hunting and their shooting, and their grand relations; and did their best especially the daughter-to make me feel like a dressmaker who'd come in for the day. I wonder what they'd have said if they'd really known -eh?

**ENDS**

**Audition Piece 7: Stillbottle, Amelia, Percy, Welwyn, Mrs Welwyn,**

(Enter AMELIA, frightened, leaves door open.)

PERCY. What is it, "Melia ?

AMELIA. Daddy, there's a man coming upstairs, wants to see you.

WELWYN. What sort of a man?

(Enter STILLBOTTLE.)

AMELIA. A rough-looking man.

WELWYN. Tell him I'm not at home. Quick! Turn that fellow out!

STILLBOTTLE. Don't trouble to exit on my account, sir.

WELWYN. Who are you? What is the meaning of this?

STILLBOTTLE. Name of Welwyn ?

WELWYN. Yes.

STILLBOTTLE. Loosius?

WELWYN. Yes.

STILLBOTTLE. Then I must ask for your hospitality for a short time - till this little matter is settled. (*Proffering paper.*) It's Gandy and Cox-seventeen, seventeen six-and I'm put in possession till it's collected. In other words, 'ere I am and 'ere I stays until I gets what I came for!

PERCY. Now then-out you go!

STILLBOTTLE. You can't touch me. I'm put in by the law. The warrant was signed this morning.

PERCY. Law be damned! Come on! Door or window-which?

STILLBOTTLE. Reflect! Wot's the good? If you dot me one and fling me out, it merely means fourteen days. without the option on top of the distraint. (*Displays warrant again.*) If you want a job, read this.

WELWYN. He is right, Percy. Leave him alone.

STILLBOTTLE. Exclusive family, I should say! I'm goin' to 'ave a cheery visit 'ere! Hallo! Off 'ind leg dicky!

WELWYN. A sheriff's officer! And I was once Fellow and Tutor!

MRS. WELWYN. A broker's man! And me brought up respectable!

TILLY. A broker's man! And Dicky and his people coming to tea this afternoon.

AMELIA. Oh, Tilly!

PERCY. Dad, ain't you got no money nowhere?

WELWYN. Not a cent.

PERCY. Mother?

MRS. WELWYN. I've got about fifteen shillings, my boy. How much did that insect say it was?

STILLBOTTLE. Seventeen seventeen six.

AMELIA. Oh, mother! There isn't so much money in all the world!

PERCY. I've got six and threepence.

MRS. WELWYN. Father, you said Gandy and Cox's bill was only a matter of seven pounds.

WELWYN. So it was; so it was. But I-I ordered a little more, to keep them quiet. Oh!

MRS. WELWYN. Oh dear, oh dear! What shall we do?

TILLY. Now look here--will you go away till to-morrow? You can come back then for as long as you like.

STILLBOTTLE. Yes, and find the front door bolted against me. Thank you, I prefer to remain. I'm sorry to be disobliging. And I 'ope you won't take offence where none is intended. Try and look on the bright side of things. I might 'a bin a 'auction!

PERCY. Look here, will you go for a sovereign ?

STILLBOTTLE. There's nothing I should like better at the present moment than a sovereign; but I'm afraid it's my duty to stay. I shan't do nobody no 'arm beyond takin' a' inventory of the furniture. You'll find me quite a confidential family friend in a day or two.

TILLY. I won't be beaten ! Have a cigar?

STILLBOTTLE. Thank you, I will. But I won't go, mind you.

TILLY. Have something to drink.

STILLBOTTLE. I shall be pleased to do so.

TILLY. Percy, hand the whisky.

STILLBOTTLE. Without prejudice, of course!

PERCY. Tilly, what's all this for? Say when?

WELWYN. When!

STILLBOTTLE. When I

STILLBOTTLE. No thanks. Not in the afternoon. My custom always of a morning. My respects.

WELWYN. My whisky!

TILLY. Listen, all of you. We will have our party, after all. We won't throw up a single item of our programme! We'll entertain the Mainwarings in tip-top style! We'll show them that we know how to do things properly, and I'll get my Dicky yet!

PERCY. But, Sis, what about the Wreck of the Hesperus?

TILLY. Him? Don't you see? He's going to be our old family butler!

ALL. Tilly Good old Tilly!

STILLBOTTLE. Famby butler? What's that? Seems to me I'm in this.

WELWYN. Look here, officer. You are taking up your abode with us for a time, it seems. Would you be averse to earning a little money in the meanwhile?

STILLBOTTLE. What's your game?

WELWYN. Well, Mr.-I don't think I have asked your name ?

STILLBOTTLE. Surname Stillbottle. Christian ditto Samuel-net result, Samuel Stillbottle. Accent on the Still.

WELWYN. I should have thought it would have been on the bottle. Very well then, Mr. Stillbottle. In consideration of the sum of one sovereign-to be paid you when this little business is carried through-will you consent to play the part of our old family butler for this afternoon? You see we have some-er-very influential friends calling on us, and it behoves us to present to them an appearance of prosperity. Do you see the idea?

STILLBOTTLE. Yes, I rumble.

WELWYN. Yes, I've noticed that.

STILLBOTTLE. We are going to have some drawin'-room theatricals? Kind of benefit matinée-eh?

WELWYN. In a sense, yes. Are you endowed with the histrionic instinct?

STILLBOTTLE. Come again.

WELWYN. Could you play a part, do you think?

STILLBOTTLE. Could I play a part? Could a duck swim! I was in the profession, off and on, for the best part of eight years.

WELWYN. In what capacity?

STILLBOTTLE. Well, I've bin a good many things. I've bin a guest in the pallis of the Dook of Alsatia; I've been the middle bit of the sea-serpent-what you call the prime cut-in a ballet of fish; and once I was the second wave on the O.P. side of the Storm what wrecked Sinbad the Sailor.

**ENDS**

**Audition piece 8: Grandma Banks. Tilly, Lucius Welwyn, Mrs Welwyn**

TILLY. Let me see you in your places. Attention! Places! Don't hold the paper upside down, mother! 'Melia, pull up your stocking. Dad, you're splendid, but you're laughing. This is serious. Now, all keep like that for two minutes, to see if you can last.

*(Dead silence, everyone keeping perfectly rigid.)*

*(Then the door opens and GRANDMA BANKS appears. She notices nothing unusual, and hobbles unconcernedly down c. and across front to her seat by the fire. The others gaze at one another in dismay. A whispered colloquy follows.)*

TILLY (to MRS. WELWYN). She can't stay!

WELWYN. She'll give the whole show away.

TILLY. Get her to bed, mother. Tell her she's not well.

MRS. WELWYN. You know what she is when she smells a rat.

TILLY. Try, anyhow!

MRS. WELWYN. Mother! Mother . . .

GRANDMA. Eh? What 'ave you got them things on for? Goin' out somewhere - at your age?

MRS. WELWYN. Yes! No! Perhaps! I've arranged for you to have your tea in your room this afternoon, Mother.

GRANDMA. Why?

WELWYN. You're not looking very well.

GRANDMA. What?

WELWYN. You're not looking very well.

GRANDMA. I'm eighty-one, and I'm as well as ever I was, Welwyn. I shall 'ave me tea in 'ere.

MRS. WELWYN. We rather want this room this afternoon, dear. Father has some people coming to see him on business.

GRANDMA. Oh Is Father going to get a job of work to do?

TILLY. Not exactly, but it's very important for all of us that Father shouldn't be disturbed during his talk with them. You don't want to be bothered with strangers, do you? Loud-voiced, troublesome people!

GRANDMA. I likes people with loud voices. You can 'ear what they says.

TILLY. But they're only going to talk business. Come along, there's a dear old Grandma! You'll be much more comfortable in your bedroom. I'll bring you in a lovely tea. Take my arm!

GRANDMA. You don't want me, and that's the truth. You're ashamed of your old Grandma, that's what it is.

**ENDS**

**Audition piece 9: Tilly, Lady Marian, Mrs Welwyn, Welwyn, Stillbottle, Dickie**

LADY MARIAN. Miss Welwyn, what does this mean?

TILLY. I will tell you. But first of all I must say one thing. I didn't try to trap your son. We fell in love with one another, quite naturally. I made no attempt to-to get him. It just happened. *(Turning to DICK.)* Didn't it?

*(DICKY nods gravely.)*

TILLY. And since we loved one another (or thought we did) it never came into my head that anything else could matter. But last Saturday, when I went to stay in your house, and saw your grand servants and your grand manners, and all the commotion you made about Members of Parliament and county families, and all that-well, I saw rocks ahead. I felt common. My courage began to fail. I began to be afraid you might not take to the family.

MRS WELWYN. It wasn't you that was afraid, dearie. It was the family.

TILLY. Anyhow, Lady Marian, by Sunday morning I saw that you were against me - dead against me. That put my back up, and I determined to fight. So I deceived you.

WELWYN. We all have.

TILLY. I talked big to you yesterday, and this afternoon we have all been imposing on you. I will tell you exactly who we are, and what we are. *(Goes to front of table, and takes her father's hand.)* Father is a gentleman right enough-as well-born a gentleman as any in the land--but he has followed no regular profession for twenty years, and he is supported by mother. *(With her other hand she takes her mother's.)* Mother keeps lodgings. This house is a lodging house, and those men you saw just now are two of the lodgers. Percy serves behind the counter in a haberdasher's shop in Holborn. I do a little dress designing. Little 'Melia waits on the lodgers. You see, you have been done! We work for a living. But you mustn't blame the family-mind that! It was my idea from start to finish, and they just backed me up. And they did back me up. No girl ever had a more splendid father, or mother, or brother, or sister, and I'm proud of them-proud to belong to them! I'm proud that my name is Tilly Welwyn, and I never wish to change it for any other. We Welwyns may keep lodgings, but we stick together. That's all! You can go now! *(Turns to the door; then whirls round again.)* No, it's not all. Besides being impostors, we are paupers. We are in debt - we're broke. There's a distraint on the furniture; and that old image you saw just now isn't a butler at all. He's a broker's man! Oh Mother, Mother! *(She drops to her knees, with her head in her mother's lap.)*

*(Enter STILLBOTTLE.)*

STILLBOTTLE. The chauffeur is below, sir, awaiting of to-morrow's-

DICK *(in his ear)*. Go to the devil!

STILLBOTTLE. Wrong entrance! My error ! "Exit, hastily."

*(STILLBOTTLE exits.)*

**ENDS**