

## Upham Hall Audition Pieces

### **Herbert Darling:**

*Pages 3-4*

Darling: Yes, Little Willy, run along and tell her. (Gives him a penny) Off you go now.(Closes the door. Addresses the audience) I know. I know. But all work and no play...

Lord Cox: (Offstage, calling) Darling? Was that the door..Darling?

Darling: (shouting back) Yes m'lord....(to the audience).. there's a lot of shouting goes on in Upham Hall...which isn't good form but manners went out of the window in this place long long ago...I am, as I am sure you have gleaned already...Darling. Herbert Darling...late of the Herbert Darling Theatre Company...now Butler to the recently beleaguered and currently bewildered here at Upham Hall...a jobs a job and all that....

Lord Cox: (Still offstage) Darling?.....

Darling: Those are the pathetic cries of the fifth Earl of Morcumming, Seymour Cox. (pauses whilst the audience digests the name: addresses a lady in the front row) I know...get used to it madam...it only gets worse...You, madam, will be overjoyed to hear there is a long line of Cox...the family tree goes back to 1066 ....Sir Jackoff Cox is mentioned in the doomsday book but we're not sure what for.....The library door opens and Lord Cox enters in his wheelchair. He is middle aged and once handsome but now bordering on the insane.

Lord Cox: Darling...damn blast and bugger it why will nobody in this god forsaken pit of a ruin answer me....was that the bloody door?

Darling: Indeed it was, sir...and indeed, it still is. There is a telegram for you sir...I was just about to put it on a salver, sir..

Lord Cox: Eh? Quite right. Then do so... (Darling puts the telegram on a salver and offers the salver to Lord Cox, who takes it) ...can't let standards slip can we Darling?

Darling: Indeed not sir...perish the thought...How is the pain today, m'lud?

Lord Cox: Pain? Pain? Pain is for girls and queers (pronounced Quares). Who is it for?

Darling: Girls and queers sir...

Lord Cox: That's right, Darling....real men don't feel pain. During the war if one of my men screamed or blubbed or made a nonsense of himself why...I had

him shot...plain and simple...they soon bloody well learnt you know...This bullet lodged in my spine could relocate at any time you know....It could be moving towards my scrotum as we speak...

Darling: Imagine that, M'lud....

Lord Cox: Imagine my scrotum? Why would you do that?...That's for girls and queers....who is it for Darling? (throughout this dialogue Lord Cox has been at crotch height of Darling and speaking directly to his fly.)

Darling: I see M'lud. (Awkward silence whilst Lord Cox continues to stare) Ah -hem...Little Willy...

Lord Cox: Is it? Eh...what?

Darling: The Telegram M'lud...Little Willy brought it...

Lord Cox: Little Willy from the village eh? Diseased old hag of a mother...?

Darling: Yes M'lud...It may be urgent....

Lord Cox: Oh very well...

*Page 39*

Darling: Now...the telegram...Herbert: Stop: Your theatre is back up for sale: £30,000 Stop: WE can restart the Company: Stop: I await your instruction: stop: Your business partner: Edward. My Theatre back up for sale...I could restart the Herbert Darling Theatre company! I could be big again...All I need is to get my hands on £30,000 pounds...(At this moment Dicky and Fanny laughing and jokingly enter and go into the drawing room)....and I think I know just where to get it! (Dramatic Pause and dah dah dah music)..What's that you say?...what about the family and Upham Hall? Hahhaa (laughs maniacally: Lights grow darker) Did you really believe all that rot about wanting to save our jobs and this crumbling old ruin? All I need is a little blackmail and a fast train ...the rest will fall into place! What? Am I not human in my desires? Prick me...do I not bleed...tickle me...do I not laugh? And what man lives but to serve another? Not I for sure and now I must seize my opportunity.

"I have no spur to prick the side of my intent

Only vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself and falls on t'other!"

*(Laughs again as lights fade to B/O. However The lights take a long time and he is left trying to keep maniacally laughing for longer than is dramatic!) Oh dear lord...you want a job doing right....Do I have to do everything around here? (Takes out a remote control and fires it at the lights which immediately go to B/O)*

*End of Act 1*

**Lord Cox:** 40-70 Irascible war veteran. Cranky and foul mouthed

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### **Lady Alotta Cox:**

*Pages 35-36*

Alotta: Really Darling....my mother in law is unbearable...she is the most unutterable snob imaginable....Why if I could leave here tomorrow I would...

Darling: Oh Come Now M'lady...She didn't use the Mark Twain quote again did she?

Alotta: Yes...everytime...."God created war so Americans could learn geography"...she takes every opportunity to put me down even though it was my money that has kept this place going for the last 20 years. God forbid she should sell any of her hard earned jewels! No Darling...I mean it...I hate this house...I detest my husband....I think I hate the English generally...most of the aristocrats we mix with are inbred lunatics...diseased, cretinous bigots...I hate them, I hate them.... I hate them! (*She bursts into tears and falls into Darling's arms sobbing*)

Darling: Harsh but true. Now now M'lady..(*he gives her his handkerchief into which she loudly blows and hands it back to him*) Nothing's so bad that can't be fixed...Is there someone I can get that would make you feel better? Miss Ophelia or Miss Indigo perhaps?

Alotta: No no...I'll just take a walk down to the potting shed...see what Biggun is up to....I'll be alright after some fresh air and a whiff off freshly emerging courgette... Thankyou Darling...what would I do without you? (*She kisses his cheek and exits*)

**The Hon. Indigo Cox:**

*Pages 26-27*

Indigo: The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal Entrance of Duncan under my battlements. Come you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts. Unsex me here and fill me from top to toe full of the direst cruelty.....

*As Indigo and Darling take their bows and acknowledge the applause from the audience, Lord Dicky Large enters and mistakenly thinks the applause is for his entrance and begins his own set of bows.*

Dicky: (*To the audience*) I say..that's awfully kind of you...what a lovely crowd...

*Lights return to normal*

Darling: Viscount Large...

Dicky: Oh hello Darling...I let myself in...I did knock..*(seeing Indigo)* Indigo...my favourite sister in law to be...

Indigo: You are really very sweet Dicky...Granny's here already...waiting for you in the drawing room. Darling and I were just...*(thinks quickly)*...discussing plans for the servant's summer entertainment...but now you're here we can get on with the wedding arrangements....

Dicky: Is fanny in there?

Indigo: Yes..

Dicky: Splendid..super....I think I may just take a moment to freshen up after the drive....run along and tell 'em I'll be two ticks will you Indi.....there's a girl...*(he is quite obviously stalling)*

Indigo: Dicky...you are going to have to come face to face with Fanny at some point before the wedding...you two can't keep on avoiding each other...

Dicky: She loathes me Indi....

Indigo: That's a bit strong...

Dicky: I know it and you know it....The marriage would be a farce...a sham..a mere pantomime..

Indigo: Oh no it wouldn't

Dicky: Oh yes it would...(laughs) see it's started already!

Indigo: You never know....you may grow to like Fanny. Stranger things have happened...

Dicky: If only it were you Indigo...I could easily be in love with you...

Indigo: You are sweet Dicky, but I intend never to marry...

Dicky: But if you did....

Indigo: If I did it would be to a man who treats me as an absolute equal...a partner in everything...like the Macbeths but without all the stabbing hopefully...and a man like that doesn't exist...

Dicky: No...I could certainly never treat a woman as an equal....it's just not right...your brains are so much smaller you see...I did learn some things at Eton...and we have to accept facts...giving women the vote was just to keep 'em bally well quiet for a while....no...there's no future in emancipation Indi...because at the end of the day...men don't care if you're equal or not....just what's for dinner and is there going to be rumpy pumpy tonight?

Indigo: Poor Dicky....I'll tell them you'll be in in a tick, Dick....(she exits)

**The Hon. Ophelia Cox:**

*Pages 36 - 39*

Ophelia: Was that the telephone Darling?

Darling: No Miss

Ophelia: (*spying the telegram*) Is that telegram for me, Darling?

Darling: No Miss....are you expecting a communique of some sort?

Ophelia: No Darling....I'm waiting for a message....

Darling: Very well Miss..

Ophelia: You see I sent my latest article off to my publisher and I've heard nothing since. He promised he would call the moment it arrived...

Darling: I see...

Ophelia: I do so want to be an independent gal and earn my own living....

Darling: Quite Miss...

Ophelia: Perhaps I could get Travers to drive me to London...

Whole Cast: London!

Ophelia: I could stay in the Grosvenor square house until I have enough money to buy my own luxury 4 storey town house complete with domestic staff and chauffeur...what a perfectly splendid plan... Do you think Papa would let me keep Travers with me for the time being?...I've heard the cock..e...neys are quite violent at times and I'd hate to be set upon in the smog....and if I trod in something who would clean my shoe? Perhaps I could take Frigg....

Darling: I'm not sure this is the path your parents would want for you Miss..

Ophelia: Oh blast my parents Darling...what have they ever done for me..?

Darling: Well there was that expensive education and then the finishing school in Switzerland...the ponies and dresses and jewels and parties...the trips abroad...did I mention the parties...

Ophelia: That's all very well but they don't know the real me Darling...the real me needs to write things down...record life through words...poetry and articles is how I want to earn my living...and there's something else I haven't told a soul  
Darling...

Darling: (*almost to himself*) But you are going to confide in me...the Butler...aren't you...

Ophelia: But I have to tell someone and I know you are the only person who I can trust and who really understands me..dearest Darling....I am in love...

Darling: Of course you are...With your publisher by any chance Miss?

Ophelia: How did you know?

Darling: Just a hunch....

Ophelia: All this time I thought I was in love with Travers...

Darling: The Irish Chauffer?

Ophelia: But really it was Herman....

Darling: Herman?

Ophelia: Herman Von Bismark

Darling: Von Bismark? Sounds somewhat Teutonic Miss..

Ophelia: Don't be silly Darling....he's German...a blonde God who adores my poetry...

Darling: But he hasn't called or written?

Ophelia: (*Beginning to get teary*) What happens if a cock..e..ney has got him..there's still quite a bit of bad feeling towards Germans because of the war I'm told...which is silly because Germany had learnt its lesson and would never do anything like that again. They are our friend...in fact they want us to join a special alliance with them called the European Union....wouldn't that be a marvellous thing Darling? Brian and I discuss much more than my Poetry...

Darling: Do you? Does he discuss a certain Mr Hitler who is making quite a name for himself in german politics...people say he's destined for great things...

Ophelia: Oh yes...Brian believes that Hitler will solve the world's problems....he's a genius...

Darling: Oh dear god..

Ophelia: No...I'm not going to cry...



Darling: Thank God for that ..I've run out of hankies

Ophelia:...I am going to London...

**The Hon. Fanny Cox:**

*Pages 33-35*

Fanny: It's no good...I can't sit in there with a stupid smile on my face any longer... ..I have a confession to make...

Darling: A confession Miss...are you sure that's wise?

Dicky: Oh I say...I love a good confession...go on Fanny...spill the beans...

Darling: I beg you to reconsider m'lady...confession is not good for the soul..real strength is keeping your own counsel...

Fanny: But you need to understand...

Darling: I'm only the butler Miss Fanny....(*under his breath*)...I couldn't care a jot...

Dicky: Look...I will tell you something if you tell me your confession....

Darling: No...that's not happening...off you go you ludicrous cretin...go and practise your swing or whatever it is you do...

Fanny: Darling...why are you being so....

Dicky: But I don't want to....I want to tell Fanny my news....

Darling: Nope...no you don't...this is for your own good (*manhandling him off stage*) Now just stand there a minute....

Dicky: Alright...I bally well will...

Darling: Look Miss Fanny..over there...(*points to the audience*)

Fanny: (*Looks*) What is it?

*As soon as Fanny looks away Darling punches Dicky square in the face and he falls through the doorway offstage. By the time Fanny turns back round he has disappeared.*

Fanny: Oh...he's gone

Darling: Yes Miss..now..what did you want to tell me?

Fanny: Oh well...perhaps I shouldn't after all...As the eldest daughter I should keep my own counsel and not discuss matters of the heart with anyone...let alone the butler....

Darling: I quite agree. Will that be all miss?

Fanny: And yet I have no one else I can confide in....

Darling: What about your little Indian friend...surely she will listen to you...

Fanny: No...doesn't understand a word poor thing. Besides..that's what I wanted to discuss with you..

Darling: If you must...

Fanny: I'm not really ...you know...Mary macho...

Darling: I beg your pardon?

Fanny: Esmerelda Dykewomon...

Darling: You're not?

Fanny: No. I'm not...

Darling: What about Minghita?

Fanny: What about Minghita?

Darling: You know...

Fanny: Look...I have adopted this persona to get out of marrying Dicky and to try to make them realise that I really do not want to be anyone's wife...male or female...I want to travel the world...explore new lands...see the seven wonders of the world. If I marry Dicky I will see the inside of various grand houses and the

backsides of various horses for the foreseeable....and that fills me with dread.  
There is so much out there just waiting for me to discover...

Darling: I'm not sure I understand you Miss....You want to be an explorer....like Scott or Captain Cook...

Fanny: yes...yes.....do you know there's a tribe in South America called the Fukarwe tribe...they are very short but terribly brave people who live among the tall grasses of the plains. They run into battle through the long grasses crying "where the Fukarwe?"...isn't that amazing?

Darling: Fascinating...

Fanny: And the Oomigoolis in Borneo are so interesting...they are all born with very short legs...I mean really short...their tundra is a mix of thorny plants and rocky outcrops...they all run around naked...and the men often cry as they run after the wild beasts which sustain them...over the thorns and the rocks...Oomigoolis...

Darling: You certainly seem to know a lot about tribes...

Fanny: It's my real passion Darling....I just don't know how I can let the family down...but don't you think honesty would be the best policy?

Darling: No I don't. I think that would be disastrous. Honesty? Are you mad? Keep lying whatever you do and in the meantime I will try to think of a cunning plan to extricate you from your impending fate...I do have a plan but you just need to maintain the pretence for a day or so more...

Fanny: And then I'll be free...

Darling: As a bird.....but not a word Miss...

Fanny: Very well. I'll stay shtum Darling. You're a brick Old chap...and when I discover a new tribe a will name them after you...the Herberts....nice! (*she exits*)

**The Dowager Duchess Dagma:**

*Pages 27 - 30 (act 2)*

Duchess: (seeing his desolation) Hmmmm. Fanny, Ophelia, German Man... please go and freshen yourselves up. The rest of you please make some tea and tidy up the kitchen. Practise your circus tricks. I really don't care...just leave us..... Darling, come and sit here..(pats the chair next to her)...Herbert..

Darling: M'lady?

Duchess: I hear the Duke of Cumberlands' Theatre is up for sale...

Darling : Is it ma'am?...I wouldn't know.....

Duchess: Oh come now Herbert....you are a wonderful actor but a terrible liar...whereas I am the opposite...

Darling: Oh no ma'am...

Duchess: I am not being disingenuous Herbert...there is no time...

Darling: Very well...pray what Lie have you told..?

Duchess: Oh what tangled webs we weave when first we practice to deceive...Over the last 40 years I have had to tell so many lies that my heart and head believe them to be truths but I feel today is the day to redress the facts...It starts with the fact that your mother is not who you thought....

Strange Peg enters with a strange smile...

Darling: (jumping up) Oh dear god...tell me it's not her...

Duchess: No it's not her...what do you want Peg?

Peg: Aha...that would be telling...

Duchess: Eh?...you definitely are smelling...begone with you crone...

Peg: Here...I'm younger than you are! I know things about you....

Duchess: Is that why you're here Peg? Because I can assure you nobody wants to hear what you have to say so I repeat...begone Crone.

Peg: And who's gonna make me?

Duchess: I seem to recall the last time we fought...(to audience).excuse me whilst I use the vernacular.... I whooped your gypsy ass..

Peg: That's cause you fight dirty you do...I stick to the rules..(. She adopts a boxing pose and they start to square up to each other)..Bring it on deaf lugs...

Duchess: You asked for this..

Darling: Now now ladies...nobody wants to see a fist fight between two ...mature...ladies...and if they do they have some serious issues. Decorum please..

Duchess: Quite. Now where were we? Oh yes...(she turns and punches Peg. Peg staggers this way and that before Darling catches her and drags her out of the room. Duchess dusts off her hands and continues) What were we talking about?

Darling: My mother was not my mother,,,

Duchess: No...well...many years ago.....just after my engagement to Lord Cox, Seymour's father, my family took me to Russia and we stayed with the Romanovs...

Darling: The tsar? I have heard the stories....You brought back some fine jewels...

Duchess: Well that is not all I brought back Herbert....

Darling: Eh?

Duchess: No...when we arrived back in London...

Whole cast: London!

Duchess: (to audience) ..that'll be the last time, I promise...Yes..when we arrived back I discovered that I was with child...and that it would be due long before my wedding date...

Darling: But surely Lord Cox didn't mind...after all you were engaged...

Duchess: Well he did mind Herbert because we had never ...you know...been intimate in that way..

Darling: So the baby you were expecting was conceived in Russia?

Duchess: Quite...

Darling: Some Russian nobleman...or handsome Cossack took advantage of your youth and innocence...

Duchess: And you were that baby..

Darling: (repeated normally first time and then with sudden shock)...I was your baby....I am your baby...

Duchess: As soon as I had you I had to make sure you were safely hidden away and my old friend Granville Darling took you in...his wife was desperate for a baby but being an actress couldn't possibly have one herself....she could only adopt and you were that baby. I was happy because I knew where you were and that you would be loved by the actors in a strange shallow needy kind of way which is more affection than you would have received as an aristocratic child....Poor Seymour was sent off to boarding school at the age of 7 and

rogered mercilessly I expect...as his father had been and all the Cox's before him....tradition you see...

Darling: That's why you always took such an interest...that's how I got this job...

Duchess: Perhaps. But now that Seymour is dead...you are the heir to the titles and to the estate...

Darling: But Ma'am I have no money, not even enough to restart my life as an Actor...

Duchess: No but you have quite an inheritance that I have looked after for you...

Darling: Inheritance? I don't understand

Duchess: The Tzar took quite a shine to me..he was quite a naughty boy....he offered to take me up the Urals...but being English I declined. Instead I rode him like a pony all night long. The result of that night's passion was you Herbert...You are the son of a Tzar.

### **The Hon. Lord Dicky Large: 30-50.**

*Pages 27-29*

Dicky: *(throughout the following he helps himself to drinks from the decanter and gives the empty glass to Darling...should fit in about 3)* Righto....I dunno

Darling....all a chap really wants in life is to drive his motor car, play a few rounds with his pals, get squiffy now and again and having the odd tumble would simply be the icing on the cake. Is that so very much to ask for? Instead we have to jump through bloody hoops pretending we want a job, a wife, children, run a house... and that being married to one bloody woman all your life is somehow worth it. I mean what good is it being a member of the British aristocracy if we can't do exactly what we want? I thought that was the point. The lower classes HAVE to do things and we get to choose! Oh No! We say "here's all the wealth you can dream of...here's the jolliest education available...the biggest house...the most servants" and then we are told we have to marry some horse faced cretin and father several brats whether we like it or not! What about my civil rights eh? What about the

rights of thousands of chaps like me facing marriages they don't want and slavery to a woman they don't love? We're all being made to do things we don't want and it's not fair, I tell you...not fair at all..

Darling: My heart bleeds for you sir

Dicky: Thanks. I say Old chap...fetch me a whisky on the rocks will you...need some dutch before I face that lot....especially Fanny...

Darling: Very well sir...(He exits)

*Connie enters to dust the hall.. Their eyes meet. He is mesmerised. She is triumphant.*

Dicky: (soliloquising) I say...what a piece of work! Be still my heart...but wowza! I have never seen a woman like that before....I feel very strange...as if everything I once knew for certain has been a lie...what is happening to me?

*She begins to tidy up the flowers on the hall tables very aware that Dicky is staring at her.*

Dicky: (Clearing his throat: unexpectedly falsetto) Hello...(this comes out better)...ahem..Hello

Connie: Hello, sir....

Dicky: What's your name?

Connie: Frigg sir. I am the housemaid and ladies maid. (suggestively) Did you want something?

Dicky: Frigg? Do you have a first name?

Connie: Yes. (Carries on with the vase)

Dicky: I say ...you are a saucy minx aren't you Frigg..?

Connie: If you say so sir...

Dicky: Well I do bloody well say so....I like it....I say....do you like motor cars?

Connie: Never been in one sir...

Dicky: Really...never been in...And what about golf...don't you simply adore golf?

Connie: I don't know...I have no opinion on golf one way or the other....I know nothing... about golf...

Dicky: Oh I could teach you...

Connie: You, sir? Teach me, sir?

Dicky: Of course....I'm an excellent teacher...look we can have our first lesson right here..*(takes an umbrella from the stand)* Here's your 6 iron....now you're going to hit your ball as far down the fairway as possible....first you stand here *(she stands in front of him)* then you grip the shaft...

Connie: I grip the what sir?

Dicky: The shaft, Frigg...

Connie: Like this sir...

Dicky: That's it....just wrap your fingers around it....not too tight mind....golf is all about gentle hands...

Connie: You have very gentle hands sir...

Dicky: Oh god...you smell delicious just like my old Nanny....like warm pastry and carbolic soap...

**Connie Frigg:**

*Pages 28-29*

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Connie: Hello, sir....

Dicky: What's your name?

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**Edna Hole:**

*Pages 9-11 (Act 2)*

Lord Cox enters with Edna.

Lord Cox: And you say you learnt to read this morning Hole?

Edna: Yes M'lud

Lord Cox: And Darling taught you?

Edna: Yes M'lud

Lord Cox: Well he'd no bally business teaching you to read... next thing you'll be trying to talk to men as if they were equals and thinking you can discuss politics. It's not right of him to give you false expectations. A woman of your lowly birth should know her place. It's about as much use as teaching a monkey to drive....Women being educated? I don't see the need...you don't need a degree to make a sandwich do you? I only sent my daughters to school to get rid of 'em....damn women everywhere in this house.

Edna: Excuse me sir but I intend to leave Upham Hall and find a job...

Lord Cox: You have a job....you make my dinner...isn't that enough for you..?

Edna: Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. ...

Lord Cox: Eh?

Edna: Shakespeare sir. As you Like it...

Lord Cox: Well I don't ruddy well like it....although.....wait a minute....i'm getting a strange tingling that I haven't felt for years...

Edna: Perhaps it is a new found appreciation of the place a woman should hold in society...

Lord Cox: No..No...it's not that kind of tingling ....say some more thingy....

Edna: Thingy sir?

Lord Cox: Whassisname.....Shakepeare..

Edna: I've only read a couple so far sir as I had the sprouts to do....

Lord Cox: Just say it damn you...

Edna: Erm...."Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, thy head, thy sovereign: One that cares for thee and for thy maintenance:"

Lord Cox: Hole....you're doing it...

Edna: Doing what sir?

Lord Cox: Stirring what hasn't been stirred in over 12 years.....

Edna: .....the only thing I've ever stirred is the custard sir...

Lord Cox: Another line....quick....

Edna: Er...."Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth: Unapt to toil and trouble in the world :But that our soft conditions and our hearts should well agree with our external parts?"

Lord Cox starts to get out of his Wheelchair slowly...

Lord Cox: The poetry must have dislodged the bullet ....my lower body is coming back to life...

Edna: Ooh do be careful sir....do you think we should call the doctor or her ladyship?...

Lord Cox: One moment.. (he stands)...Hole....you have cured me...I owe this to you...

Edna: And Shakespeare sir....

Lord Cox: Two miracles in one day . Look...I can do this...and this...and just watch this..(does elaborate funny walks)....this is a sign...

Edna: A sign sir?

Lord Cox: ... That we

Edna: But I'm going to be a headmistress of a top private school in the south of France sir....I have an interview on Wednesday...

Lord Cox: (rubbing his thighs) An all girls school in France Hole?

Edna: Yes sir.... The only problem is they want a married woman .....

Lord Cox: .....of course they do! Then marry me !

Edna: But you are already married.....

Lord Cox: My Marriage is a sham, a farce, a mere pantomime...

Edna: Oh no it isn't...

Lord Cox: Oh yes it is ....I wish to put it behind me....

All Cast: It's behind you...

Lord Cox: Shut up you fools....Besides, my wife is American. She will happily get divorced....

Edna: But sir...she may request her dowry back...and it is no secret that there is no money left..

Lord Cox: How the blazes did you know that...does the whole world know my business? Sometimes Hole...I feel there are people watching me...eyes that follow my every move and ears that hang on my every word...that wherever I go I am scrutinised and judged...what I wouldn't give to go somewhere where I was invisible...

Edna: Where you were no longer Seymour Cox?

Lord Cox: Exactly....just Seymour Hole...

Edna: Seymour Hole?

Lord Cox: It has a ring about it, don't you think?

Edna: You mean you would take my name?

Lord Cox: I would be proud to. You have given me back my legs and my manhood...oh yes...the tingling hasn't gone away you know...no by George...kiss me Hole!

Edna: I beg your pardon? Oh...Kiss.... go on then...(They Kiss. His leg pops) Seymour, how much dowry would you have to repay...

Lord Cox: About £30,000...

### **Mrs Belcher:**

*Pages 10-12*

*A large kitchen table stands CS with chairs.(It is the table from the reception hall covered with a checked cloth and the chairs are from the hall too. A freestanding dresser USC.(It is the fireplace reversed). Copper pans and fish moulds adorn the dresser. Mrs Belcher whisking in a bowl vigorously and Edna Hole peels carrots. Darling sits at the table reading the telegram....*

Mrs B: What did you say Mr Darling?

Darling: We need a plan and we need one quick....

Mrs B: Mr Belcher always used to say to me "Mrs Belcher"...that's what he called me..."Mrs Belcher?" ...I don't know why he wouldn't call me by my Christian name...after all the years we were married and all the things we did...bedroom things you know....Conjugal unpleasantries.... you know...

Darling: What did he say Mrs Belcher....

Mrs B: I'd say to him 'Kanye? Why don't you ever call me by my Christian name....

Darling: Kanye? Did you say Kanye?

Mrs B: Oh yes Mr D...He was dark as the ace of spades ...from Africa he was...and its true you know...what they say...

Darling: Oh dear Lord...

Mrs B: I can never stuff a marrow without thinking of my poor Kanye....

Darling: Mrs B please....we need a plan....where's Ivor?

Mrs B: Ivor? Why he's in the garden of course...where else would he be?

Darling: And Connie?

Mrs B: She's helping madam with her bath....she does enjoy an early morning ramble...

**Ivor Biggun:**

*Pages 12-13*

*At this point Ivor Biggun enters with various assorted vegetables in a trug. He is a large attractive man in the style of Mellors. But he is clearly deluded.*

Ivor: (*Sings*) Old Man Buttocks..That Old Man Buttocks...He must know something....but don't say nutting....he just keeps rollin' he keeps on rollin' along...

*The kitchen staff stand and applaud politely..*

Ivor: Why thankyou..You've been a lovely audience....Ivor Biggun and I'm here all week.....

Edna: (*Gazing dreamily at him*) That was wonderful Mr Biggun

Mrs B: Reminded me of my poor Kanye...

Ivor: Why thankyou Edna: Say Edna....do you think I should change my name when I'm a big movie star....

Mrs B: What were you thinking of Ivor?

Ivor: (*produces a list from his pocket*) I made a list....the first is.... Peter Sutcliffe?

Darling: You'll knock 'em dead with that name....

Ivor: Charles Manson....

Darling: Inspirational...they'll be following you in droves....

Ivor: But this is my favourite...Fred West...

Darling: Bingo.....the housewife's favourite..

Mrs B: Not sure about Fred.... Howabout Kanye? After my late husband...

Ivor: Kanye West? I like it....I'll add it to me list...

### **Old Peg:**

*Pages 14-16*

Peg: (*menacingly*) Hello...(Everone jumps)...Cross me palm with silver and I'll tell you your fortune..

Darling: Strange Peg!! How did you get in?

Peg: The gypsy ways are ours alone...we come and go as elves and pixies do...

Darling: Back door open was it?

Peg: Maybe it was and maybe it wasn't (*she plays a little penny whistle as if to add magic to the riddle*)...what's it worth to a poor butler?

Darling: Look Strange Peg...I am not giving you any money today...or ever. I just wanted to know how you'd gained access to the house....we can't have every Tom Dick and Harry just letting themselves in...

Peg: He's on his way....

Edna: Which one..Tom Dick or Harry...

Peg: That would be telling....(*plays whistle*)

Darling: I rather thought that was the point....

Ivor: Here Strange Peg...I'll cross your palm....tell me me fortune...(*he gives her a tanner and they make room for her at the table next to Ivor. She takes his palm and examines it*).

Peg: Ooh...I see many callouses...Are you a naughty boy? (*Cackles fiendishly*)

Darling: He's a gardener...of course he's got callouses..

Peg: What's your excuse?

Darling: Just get on with it...if her ladyship finds you down here there'll be hell to pay...

Peg: I see a long journey...

Ivor: I'm off to Halifax on Thursday...

Peg: No...a journey over water...where they talk different....like us yet not like us..

Ivor: Newcastle?

Peg: Maybe...And I see a woman...

Edna: Ooh...what's she look like?

Peg: Her face is cloudy....she seems to have straw on her back....

Ivor: What's she got to do with owt?

Peg: No..no...I'm losing it...It's gone..*(she sits back exhausted: Takes a piece of cake. Takes a bite)*

Mrs B: Help yourself why don't you...

Peg: Don't mind if I do....(*puts the rest of the cake in her bag*)...It's a bit dry this love...

**Mr Skinner:**

*Page 19 (act 2)*

Mr Skinner: A German coming to Yorkshire? Nay lass...not while I've a hole in arse....(*picks up his gun and checks it's loaded*)

Ophelia: Oh But Mr Skinner...he's just coming to visit..to meet ma and pa..

Mr Skinner: Over my dead body...if I see a German step one foot on Upham Hall land I'll blow his bloody head off... Your father was shot and crippled fighting the hun and now you're inviting em up here willy nilly? Tha's crackers ...

Mrs B: Mr Skinner...

Mr Skinner: Nay, I mun 'ave me say... Now look on young Miss Ophelia...there's plenty o'decent Yorkshire lads could satisfy a daft lass like thissen. But until tha sees sense I'm off to keep guard ....I mean it....If he so much as brings his dirty german sausage on this land I'll blow 'im to smithereens ...(he storms out on the rampage)

**Little Willy: Minghita: Traverse: Herman The German:**

*Pages 24- 25 (act 2)*

Gun shots are heard outside.

Mr Skinner: (off stage) Get off my land...go on...off with you...

Herman: (In a German accented English offstage) Please...I just want Ophelia Cox...

Skinner: (offstage) You dirty German swine...

Herman: But I just vish to see Miss Cox....she knows I am coming...PLEASE....DON'T SHOOT!  
(Shots are fired) Ahhh...Mine Gott..you have hit me in ze leg...vat is wrong viz you people...

Herman enters limping and held hostage at the end of Skinners rifle...

Ophelia: (Running to him and sitting hi down) Oh Herman..Herman...what has he done to you...?



Fanny: (pointing at his bloody leg) Corr...look at that....I think I can see your bone old boy...and I don't mean in a good way...

Indigo ...this man is Ophelia's publisher...

Ophelia: And my lover....

Darling: He'll be a dead publisher and an absolutely rubbish lover if we don't get that wound sorted out....Mrs Belcher...clear the table...

Mrs B: Righto....

Herman: Mein Gott Mein Gott...(seeing Edna) vy is there a dead woman on ze floor...don't you people know se var is over?.....oh ze pain is terrible...

Darling: So is your accent....

They get Herman on the table. The front door bell rings..

Darling: Miss Fanny...can you get that...I'm a bit ...you know...

Fanny: Answer the door....me?...Seriously?...This should be a laugh...here goes then...wish me luck..(she exits)

Herman: Did zat mad man shoot zat voman too....

Darling: Lie back please sir...you must keep still...

Ophelia: Oh my darling don't worry...I won't leave your side..

Indigo: He's losing a lot of blood..(blood squirts out prodigiously)...

Ophelia: Oh my....(she faints)

Darling: Oh my god ...they're dropping like flies...Bandages Mrs B...We need bandages...

Mrs B: No problem...(she lifts up her skirts and we hear tearing sounds as though she's tearing up her underskirts. When she turns back round she has several beautifully rolled bandages in her hands)....there you go...good as new...

Herman: (Becoming delirious) I just vanted Ophelia Cox....(semi faints)