

Nellie audition piece

NELLIE: Pssst!

JOE: Nellie?

NELLIE: Keep your voice down. I told her I was going to meet Polly and Estelle.

JOE: But you're here? Why?

NELLIE: How well do you know Lord Farthing?

JOE: Better than anyone. As well as I know myself.

NELLIE: Then I need to ask you some questions and I need you to be honest. Mother has some big plans and I want to know what I'm getting into.

JOE: What do you want to know?

NELLIE: What music does he like?

JOE: That's your first question?

NELLIE: It's important.

JOE: You don't want to know how much money he has? Or how many houses? His age... or if he's a nice person?

NELLIE: Just his taste in music is fine.

JOE: Er... well, the music halls, of course and er... Mozart.

NELLIE: Mozart?

JOE: Mostly just the classics. Cosey Fan Tootey and all that. How about you?

NELLIE: I like anything I can sing.

JOE: That's what caught his eye- your performance. I mean, I didn't even know you could sing and now look at you?

NELLIE: Sorry?

JOE: I meant from the poster. You know how it is; sometimes you look at a poster and think 'she

can sing,' but she can't. But you can, you're the real thing. You've made a real success of yourself.

NELLIE: What does Lord Farthing look like?

JOE: Oh? Er... tall. *(he gestures at his height)*.
(brown) hair *(he holds a strand of his hair)*-

NELLIE: *(leaning in to look at Joe's eyes.)* And
(brown) eyes?

JOE: Yes.

NELLIE: It sounds like the pair of you could almost be brothers.

JOE: We could. I mean, except that he's a lord and I ain't.

NELLIE: You're his butler.

JOE: Yes. But-ler-ning about me won't tell you much about him.

NELLIE: Why do I feel like you're teasing me?

JOE: Maybe I am.

NELLIE: I read a story once where a prince dressed like a peasant to escape the pressures of life in the palace. Do you think Lord Farthing would ever do something like that?

JOE: Nah. He's not that sort of bloke.

NELLIE: What about you? Would you do that?

JOE: Seems like a lot of work, if you ask me.

NELLIE: There's something about you that feels familiar. I can't quite put my finger on it.

JOE: It's this bit. Right.... *(He gestures to his arm.)* Here. Go on, touch it. *(She does)*. And now you've got your finger on it.

NELLIE: We've met before, haven't we?

JOE: Nellie. It's me-