**NORTHAMPTON G&S GROUP – IOLANTHE**

**Please prepare the following speeches for your character**

**You may be asked to read only ONE of them You are NOT expected to be off-book**

***Edited for audition purposes only.* DO NOT LEARN!**

**PHYLLIS**

**A**

**STREPH**. *(embracing her)*. My Phyllis! And to‑day we are to be made happy for ever.

**PHYL**. Well, we’re to be married.

**STREPH**. It’s the same thing.

**PHYL**. I suppose it is. But oh, Strephon, I tremble at the step I’m taking! I believe it’s penal servitude for life to marry a Ward of Court without the Lord Chancellor’s consent! I shall be of age in two years. Don’t you think you could wait two years?

**STREPH**. Two years. Have you ever looked in the glass?

**PHYL**. No, never.

**STREPH**. Here, look at that *(showing her a pocket mirror)*, and tell me if you think it rational to expect me to wait two years?

**PHYL**. *(looking at herself)*. No. You’re quite right – it’s asking too much. One must be reasonable.

**STREPH**. Besides, who knows what will happen in two years? Why, you might fall in love with the Lord Chancellor himself by that time!

**PHYL**. Yes. He’s a clean old gentleman.

**STREPH**. As it is, half the House of Lords are sighing at your feet.

**PHYL**. The House of Lords are certainly extremely attentive.

**B**

**STREPH**. *(surprised)*. Phyllis! But I suppose I should say “My Lady.” I have not yet been informed which title your ladyship has pleased to select?

**PHYL**. I – I haven’t quite decided. You see, I have no *mother* to advise *me*!

**STREPH**. No. I have.

**PHYL**. Yes; a *young* mother.

**STREPH**. Not very – a couple of centuries or so.

**PHYL**. Oh! She wears well.

**STREPH**. She does. She’s a fairy.

**PHYL**. I beg your pardon – a what?

**STREPH**. Oh, I’ve no longer any reason to conceal the fact – she’s a fairy.

**PHYL**. A fairy! Well, but – that would account for a good many things! Then – I suppose *you’re* a fairy?

**STREPH**. I’m half a fairy.

**PHYL**. Which half?

**STREPH**. The upper half – down to the waistcoat.

**PHYL**. Dear me! *(Prodding him with her fingers.)* There is nothing to show it!

**STREPH**. Don’t do that.

**PHYL**. But why didn’t you tell me this before?

**STREPH**. I thought you would take a dislike to me. But as it’s all off, you may as well know the truth – I’m only half a mortal!

**PHYL**. *(crying)*. But I’d rather have half a mortal I do love, than half a dozen I don’t!

**STREPH**. Oh, I think not – go to your half-dozen.

**PHYL**. *(crying)*. It’s only two! and I hate ’em! Please forgive me!

**STREPH**. I don’t think I ought to. Besides, all sorts of difficulties will arise. You know, my grandmother looks quite as young as my mother. So do all my aunts.

**PHYL**. I quite understand. Whenever I see you kissing a very young lady, I shall know it’s an elderly relative.

**STREPH**. You will? Then, Phyllis, I think we shall be very happy! *(Embracing her.)*

**PHYL**. We won’t wait long.

**STREPH**. No. We might change our minds. We’ll get married first.

**PHYL**. And change our minds afterwards?

**STREPH**. That’s the usual course.