

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.