

LADY HYACINTH AND MONTY AUDITION SIDES

MONTY

(Spoken:)

Pardon me, Miss D'Ysquith...

LADY HYACINTH

Yes, speak up, what is it?

MONTY

Baron Philpot, madam. Of the Foreign Office.

(Off her puzzled look:)

We met last month at the Consumptives Ball...?

LADY HYACINTH

(Doesn't remember.)

Oh, yes. You're looking much better.

MONTY

If I may, one hears about such terrible poverty in Egypt these days.

LADY HYACINTH

Egypt...? Hmmm. Land of the Pharoahs. And of Moses, the Israelite. Home to the Great Pyramids and the Sphinx.

MONTY

Yes, but now home to starvation and disease, of desperate and abandoned children.
A land in need of a new heroine – dare I say, a modern day Cleopatra.

LADY HYACINTH

That's it!

(Singing:)

WE'LL POPULATE AN ORPHANAGE IN CAIRO!
WITH FOUNDLINGS FROM THE REEDS ALONG THE NILE!
TO WATCH A CREATURE GROW,
TO SNADDLE IT AND KNOW
THE JOY OF ITS PATHETIC LITTLE SMILE!

COLLEAGUES

ITS LITTLE SMILE!

LADY HYACINTH

THE NEWS WILL TRAVEL SOON ENOUGH TO LONDON!

COLLEAGUES

TO LONDON!

LADY HYACINTH

OUR SELFLESSNESS WILL MEET WITH GREAT ACCLAIM!

COLLEAGUES

HUZZAH!

LADY HYACINTH

THE SNIPING WILL BE STILLED,
AND THE EMPIRE WILL BE FILLED
WITH HOMES FOR BASTARD CHILDREN IN MY NAME!

LADY HYACINTH

All aboard the Luxor Express for Cairo!

MONTY

And off she went. What I'd failed to tell her was that a violent uprising against the Empire was imminent and no British citizen was considered safe.

(After a beat:)

So you can imagine my surprise when Lady Hyacinth returned to London, quite unharmed.

(LADY HYACINTH returns, with her exhausted COLLEAGUES.)

LADY HYACINTH

Oh, Baron! I couldn't possibly! The degradation! The deprivation!

MONTY

What about the children?

LADY HYACINTH

Beggars and thieves, the lot of them! Imagine not rising for "God Save The King"!

(To her ACOLYTES:)

Where will my largesse be truly appreciated? I need a place so low that hope itself has been abandoned.

MONTY

You've heard, of course, of the untouchables in India...

LADY HYACINTH

India! Land of Hindus and Muslims! Of tamarind and saffron! Exotic and unknowable! That's it!

(Spoken:)

Call the *Times* of London!

(*LADY HYACINTH* marches off with her COLLEAGUES)

MONTY (Recorded V-O)

And off she went. I'd neglected to mention the Malaria pandemic in the Punjab, a bit of insurance in case leprosy itself failed to prove contagious.

(After a beat:)

So you can imagine my shock when Lady Hyacinth returned to London in record time, quite the picture of health.

(*LADY HYACINTH* enters again, followed by her weak and sickly COLLEAGUES)

LADY HYACINTH

The dear disgusting lepers! A terribly restrictive caste system in India; they refused to accept our help! It got to the point where they'd run away at the mere sound of my voice!

MONTY

I don't suppose you'd be willing to penetrate the jungle of deepest, darkest Africa?

LADY HYACINTH

Africa! From Zulu Land to Yoruba! Home of proud warriors, their naked torsos rippling in the firelight!