

**Audition scene 1:** Miss Minchin (owner of the boarding school, a strict, somewhat cold, woman), Mr. Barrow (lawyer for Sara Crewe's father) and Becky (cockney scullery maid at the school)

Becky: Beggin' yer pardon, Miss Minchin.

Miss M: What are you doing in here, Becky? I told you to clean out the upstairs fireplaces.

Becky: All done, Miss Minchin.

Miss M: Well, don't come around here. I'm sure Cook will find work for you.

Becky: She already has, Miss Minchin. I'm to scrub all the pots and kettles. I'm also to scrub the kitchen floor and mop it dry.

Miss M: In that case, what are you waiting for?

Becky: There's a gentleman what wants to see you. He's got a young lady with him. She's dressed ever so lovely. I expects she's a new pupil.

Miss M: (Aghast) No—don't tell me. You didn't—

Becky: Maid was nowhere to be found, Miss Minchin. So when I hears the front doorbell, I opens the door. Wouldn't be polite to have the gentleman and young lady wait too long on the welcome mat.

Miss M: You foolish girl! I should have thrown you out long ago. What must Mr Barrow think?

Becky: I was only trying to be of service, Miss Minchin. I was trying to make myself useful, I was.

Miss M: Get out of my sight. (Becky starts to leave.) Not that way! I don't want Mr Barrow to see you again. You've done quite enough harm for one day.

Becky: Yes, ma'am, Miss Minchin. Sorry for any inconvenience I've caused.

(Becky exits and Mr Barrow enters.)

Miss M: Ah, Mr Barrow. A pleasure.

Mr B: Miss Minchin.

Miss M: Pray be seated.

Mr B: I prefer to stand. The exercise will do me good. A solicitor needs all the exercise he can manage. The law is a sedentary profession.

Miss M: I quite understand.

Mr B: (He looks around.) This is a large house, Miss Minchin.

Miss M: It has to be. We accept boarding young ladies from an early age until they finish school. My seminary is actually two houses joined together by an enclosed walkway.

Mr B: Ingenious.

Miss M: May I ask how you came to select my school for Miss Crewe?

Mr B: Certainly. Sara's father, Capt Crewe, is a close friend of Lord and Lady Meredith. Having sent her two daughters here, Lady Meredith persuaded Capt Crewe that your school was the place for his daughter.

Miss M: How flattering. What of the girl's mother?

Mr B: She died in India some years ago. Cholera.

Miss M: How tragic.

Mr B: As you know, the climate in India is troublesome for English children.

Miss M: That is true. Is she a sickly child?

Mr B: From what I can tell, she's in robust health.

Miss M: Excellent. I don't approve of weak constitutions.

Mr B: Capt Crewe accompanied his daughter to England, but business matters required him to return to India as soon as he landed.

Miss M: Business matters?

Mr B: Capt Crewe is retired from the military.

Miss M: I see. Before a new pupil can be admitted, there are certain formalities—

Mr B: Ah, yes. Formalities. Troublesome, but necessary. If you're worried about money, you needn't be. Capt Crewe has diamond mines.

Miss M: Diamond mines!

Mr B: The mines are worth millions. On day the little princess will be an extremely wealthy young woman. She is, after all, an heiress.

Miss M: You call her "the little princess."

Mr B: That's what Capt Crewe calls his daughter. Sara quite likes the title.

Miss M: Any young girl would.

Mr B: Capt Crewe wishes her to have a pretty bedroom and sitting room of her own.

Miss M: Naturally. Only fitting, considering her financial status. If Capt Crewe wants her to have a pretty bedroom and sitting room all her own, she shall have them.