

LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME - LADY CLEMENTINA'S AUDITION PIECE 1

LADY WINDERMERE: Arthur, my dear, you look uncommonly well for a man about to be married.

ARTHUR: So I've been told, Aunt Margaret. Auntie Clem, how good of you to come.

LADY WINDERMERE: (to the Dean) Ah, Robert!

LADY CLEMENTINA: (to Arthur) Nobody but you could have brought me out so early, dear boy. I'm an old woman, now.

ARTHUR: You look as young and beautiful as ever.

(LADY CLEMENTINA sits on the sofa, at the right end of it. ARTHUR sits on the right arm of the sofa)

LADY CLEMENTINA: Nonsense! I'm a poor rheumatic creature with a false front and a bad temper. If it weren't for dear Margaret who sends me all the best risqué novels she can find, I don't think I could get through the day.

ARTHUR: Auntie, you mustn't talk like that just when I'm about to be married.

LADY CLEMENTINA: I shall wait and see you made happy, dear boy, then I shall die in peace. Oh, that reminds me. Before I do that, will you let me have five hundred pounds?

ARTHUR: Oh, Auntie, you haven't been gambling again?

LADY CLEMENTINA: Surely you don't grudge me my poor pleasures? I haven't had a penny from you for six weeks, Arthur. After all, I'm a sick woman. I must have some little amusement.

LADY WINDERMERE: It's too bad of you, Clementina. Arthur will have a great many expenses after he's married.

LADY CLEMENTINA: (with a charming smile) I know. That's why I'm asking him while he can still afford it. You won't refuse me, will you, Arthur?

ARTHUR: (good-humouredly) Oh, very well, I'll send you a cheque tomorrow.

LADY CLEMENTINA: That's a good boy.

DEAN: And how is Frederick, Clermentina? Is he feeling better?

LADY CLEMENTINA: I hope so, Robert. There's not much point in dying if you still have the gout.

DEAN: 'Pon my soul, is he dead?

LADY CLEMENTINA: I trust so, dear. You buried him.

DEAN: Extraordinary!

LADY WINDERMERE: (looking about her) Arthur, you've done wonders with this room. It looks perfectly beautiful.

ARTHUR: I want you to see the rest of the house as well. It's entirely Sybil's doing. She chose every one of the decorations.

LADY WINDERMERE: Did she? Then she must have considerably better taste than her mother. No taste whatever in clothes or people. Have you seen her latest lion?

DEAN: Who's that?

LADY WINDERMERE: A perfectly dreadful little man named Podgers. Calls himself a chiromantist.

LADY CLEMENTINA: What on earth is that?

LADY WINDERMERE: Palm reader. Fortune teller.

ARTHUR: Then you know of him, Auntie?

LADY WINDERMERE: I not only know of him, I have actually had to meet him. I simply couldn't avoid it. He's asked everywhere. People seem quite mad to have their hands read nowadays.