**DAME AUDITION**

**Dame Trott: Jack’s widowed mother, she is busty, lusty and crusty.**

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Dame:** Good morning.

**Snivelling:** *(Turning to see the Dame)* Argh! It’s hideous *(He runs off).*

**Dame:** Charming. There you are Billy. Daisy is going to need milking – go and

bring her in from the paddock.

**Billy:** But mum..

**Dame:** No arguments – you’re supposed to work for me remember?

**Billy:** Yes, but mum, you know what a bus station is?

**Dame:** Yes, it’s where a bus stops.

**Billy:** And you know what a train station is?

**Dame:** Yes, it’s where a train stops.

**Billy:** Well, I have a workstation.

**Dame:** I ought to take you back to the shop to see if I can get my money back.

**Billy:** Anyway, I am busy talking to all the boys and girls.

**Dame:** The who’s and what’s? *(Noticing the audience)* Ooh, Hello Everyone!

*(Audience responds)* Oh come on you can do better than that, I said Hello

everyone! *(Audience responds)* That better. My name is Dame Trott… this

year! I’m glad to be back, although since last year I’m sorry to say my fan

club has broken up.

**Billy:** Why?

**Dame:** He died. Now where was I, oh yes: I’m Billy’s mum, but don’t hold it

against me. (*Looking at man in front row)* Actually you can hold it against

me if you like. No, I mean it’s not my fault he’s a bit dim, he was

conceived in a power-cut.

**Billy:** Excuse me, I was walking at four months old.

**Dame:** Only because the bottom fell out of your pram. Now what do you think of

my new dress?

**Billy:** Lovely. Didn’t they have it in your size?

**Dame:** What a cheek! *(To Audience) You* know boys and girls, I’m a shopaholic,

it’s the only thing that keeps me going, working with this bloke

*(Indicating Billy).* I spend all our money on essentials: handbags, shoes,

Ferrero Roche, gin. It’s a cry for help.

**Billy:** Do you think you might be a bit overdressed for the Keay Theatre? mum?

**Dame:** Nonsense, this entire audience is full of glamor pusses. You understand

don’t you love (*Pointing her way along the front row)* Look at this one all

dressed up smart – how do you do it? *(Then to a second one, and so on)*

Gorgeous – how do you do it? How do you do it? *(Working along the front*

*row*) Why didn’t you do it?