

# KITTY WHITTINGTON

A RAGS TO RICHES STORY

Tom Kirkham and Matthew Crosse

## Script Sample

### ACT TWO, SCENE FOUR

*Morning, a few days later. Mrs Tilbury and her daughter, Sarah, are in the kitchen preparing porridge.*

**Sarah** I'm telling you, ma, James is sweet on her. Yesterday I saw him teaching her the piano! Last night he even knocked on her door to check on her. Apparently she's got mice again now that stupid cat's gone.

**Mrs Tilbury** Well stop whingeing and start doing something about it.

**Sarah** What am I meant to do? I can't very well force him to like me. And all the other girls just love her.

**Mrs Tilbury** Use your wits, child. You're not blessed with great looks, but at least you inherited my brain.

*Sarah is about to reply when she hears Cecily, Mary and Emily entering, chatting.*

**Mary** Good morning, Mrs Tilbury.

**Mrs Tilbury** Is it? That seems unlikely. Get to work. And you can wipe those smiles off your faces too.

*The girls' spirits drop noticeably as they busy themselves. After a few moments, Kitty enters looking sleepy.*

**Mrs Tilbury** What time do you call this?

**Kitty** I'm sorry. I was up most of the night. I only got to sleep when the sun was coming up.

**Mrs Tilbury** Of course you did. And I'm next in the line of succession! You should be ashamed of yourself, taking advantage of the master's absence like this. As for calling Master James by his first name, why you're nothing but a cheeky little madam.

**Sarah** We should have left you on the doorstep where we found you, along with the other rubbish.

**Mary** Hey, that's enough.

*Sarah is about to reply, or indeed Mrs Tilbury, when Groves and Bernard enter.*

**Groves** I say, did I hear raised voices?

**Bernard** They did sound raised to me, Mr Groves.

**Groves** Yes, noticeably. And I'm a little hard of hearing these days, aren't I Bernard?

**Bernard** I'm sorry, sir, I'm a little hard of hearing these days. What did you say?

**Groves** I said I'm hard of hearing.

**Bernard** I am indeed, yes, but I get by.

**Mrs Tilbury** Oh for heaven's sake! Mr Groves, a word in your office, if you wouldn't mind?

*She scoops him up and leads him off, Bernard in tow.*

**Mary** (to Sarah) You're out of line, Sarah.

**Sarah** I'm out of line! What about her? Yesterday I saw Master James teaching her the piano! What do you think about that?

**Cecily** Is that true, Kitty?

**Kitty** He was just showing me how it works. I happened to be walking by, that's all.

**Sarah** He's been reading to you, too.

**Cecily** Reading. Really?

**Kitty** Only once. He's lonely, that's all.

**Cecily**            Then why isn't he reading to me?

**Sarah**            He shouldn't be reading to any of you.

**Mary**            Except you, I assume?

*Before Sarah has a chance to answer, Mrs Tilbury re-enters and the room goes quiet.*

**Mrs Tilbury**    Right, I don't want to hear a single word from any of you. Get to work.

*The girls return to their work. After a few moments, Cecily suddenly runs off, crying.*

**Mrs Tilbury**    What in the devil's name is wrong with her?

**Kitty**            I'll go and find out.

**Mrs Tilbury**    You'll do nothing of the sort. Sarah, you go. *(to Kitty)* As for you, go and clean out this bucket.

*She hands Kitty the bucket. Clearly it absolutely stinks. Kitty has to stop herself from being sick right there and then.*

**Kitty**            Um ... do you have a cloth?

**Mrs Tilbury**    God gave you hands for a reason, girl. Now use them.

*Kitty looks horrified and upset, but takes the bucket and exits miserably as lights fade.*

**Suggested scene change music: A Better Way – Interlude 1**