

**DOTTY Otley/Mrs. Clackett**

(From Mrs. Clackett's view)

Hello... Yes, but there's no one here, love... No, Mr. Brent's not here... He lives here, yes, but he don't live here now because he lives in Spain... Mr. Philip Brent, that's right... The one who writes the plays, that's him, only now he writes them in Spain... No, she's in Spain, too, they're all in Spain, there's no one here.. Am I in Spain? No, I'm not in Spain, dear. I look after the house for them, but I go home at one o'clock on Wednesday, only I've got a nice plate of sardines to put my feet up with, because it's the royal what's it called on the telly - the royal - you know – where's the paper then...? ...And if it's to do with letting the house then you'll have to ring the house agents, because they're the agents for the house... Squire, Squire, Hackham and who's the other one...? No, they're not in Spain, they're next to the phone in the study. Squire, Squire, Hackham, and hold on, I'll go and look. Always the same, isn't it. Soon as you take the weight off your feet, down it all comes on your head.

**Lloyd Dallas:**

(Monologue 1: with extreme politeness)

‘What’s that, Dad?’ Right. That’s the line, Brooke, love. We all know you’ve worked in very classy places up in London where they let you make the play up as you go along, but we don’t want that kind of thing here, do we. Not when the author has provided us with such a considered and polished line of his own. Not at one o’clock in the morning. Not two lines away from the end of Act One. Not when we’re just about to get a tea break before we all drop dead of exhaustion. We merely want to hear the line (shouts) ‘What’s that Dad? That’s all. Nothing else. I’m not being unreasonable, am I?’

(Monologue 2)

Tim, let me tell you something about my life. I have the Duke of Buckingham on the phone to me for an hour after rehearsal every evening complaining that the Duke of Gloucester is sucking boiled sweets through his speeches. The Duke of Clarence is off the entire week doing a commercial for Madeira. Richard himself – would you believe – Richard III? (He demonstrates.) – has now gone down with a back problem. I keep getting messages from Brook about how unhappy she is here and now she’s got herself a doctor’s certificate for nervous exhaustion – she’s going to walk! I have no time to find or rehearse another Vicki. I have just one afternoon, while Richard is fitted for a surgical corset, to cure Brooke of nervous exhaustion, with no medical aids except a little whisky – you’ve got the whisky? – a few flowers – you’ve got the money for the flowers? – and a certain faded charm. So I haven’t come to the theatre to hear about other people’s problems. I’ve come to be taken out of myself and preferably not put back again.

**Garry Lejeune/ Roger Tramplemain**

(from Gary Lejeune viewpoint)

Well, we're all thinking of it as the technical. Aren't we love? Don't worry about the words, Dotty, my pet. Listen, Dotty, your words are fine, your words are better than the, do you know what I mean? Isn't that right? I mean, OK, so he's the, you know. Fine. But Dotty, love, you've been playing this kind of part for, well, you know what I mean. But here we are, we're all thinking, my God, we open tomorrow, we've only had a fortnight to rehearse, we don't know where we are, but my God, here we are! These sardines! They're driving us all mad! There's four plates of sardines coming in Act One alone! They go here, they go there. She takes the- I take them. I mean, don't you feel, you know? I'm just saying, Words. Doors. Bags. Boxes. Sardines. Us. OK? I've made my point? Sorry, Lloyd. But sometimes you just have to come right out with it. You know? Let me say just one thing. Since we've stopped. I've worked with a lot of directors, Lloyd. Some of them were geniuses. Some of them were bastards. But I've never met one who was so totally and absolutely... I don't know...

**Belinda Blair/Flavia Brent**

(from Belinda Blair viewpoint)

Oh, I love technicals! Everyone's always so nice to everyone. But Freddie, my precious, don't you like a nice all-night technical? Oh, Freddie, my precious! It's lovely to see you cheering up and making jokes. This is such a lovely company to work with. It's such a happy company. (after an incident) Oh, look at Freddie, the poor love! He's just got a little nosebleed, my sweet. He's got a thing about violence. It always makes his nose bleed. Freddie? He's feeling a little faint, my love. He's got this thing about... (she tries to demonstrate bleeding). Well, I won't say the word. We all understand, my dear.

**Brooke Ashton/Vicky**

This character does not have large sections of dialogue so they will do the same monologue as Belinda Blair/Flavia Brent.

**Frederick Fellowes/Philip Brent**

(from Frederick Fellowes viewpoint)

Lloyd, you know how stupid I am about moves. Sorry Garry... Sorry Brooke... It's just my usual dimness. But why do I take the things off into the study. Wouldn't it be more natural if I left them on? I thought it might be somehow more logical. Lloyd, I know it's a bit late in the day to go into all this... as long as we're not too pushed. I've never understood why he carries an overnight bag and a box of groceries into the study to look at his mail. I just don't know why I take them. If you could just give me a reason I could keep in mind. I mean you know how stupid I am about plot. May I ask another silly question?

**Selsdon Mowbray/Burglar**

(from Burglar viewpoint)

No bars, no burglar alarm. They ought to be prosecuted for incitement. No, but sometimes it makes me want to sit down and weep. When I think I used to do banks! When I remember I used to do bullion vaults! What am I doing now? I'm breaking into paper bags! Right, what are they offering...? One microwave oven. What? Fifty quid? Hardly worth lifting it. Junk, junk, junk... if you insist (He pockets some small items) Where's the desk? No, they all say the same thing... They all say the same thing... It's hard to adjust to retirement. No, I miss the violence. I miss having other human beings around me to terrify. It's nice to hear a bit of shouting and screaming around you. All this silence gets you down... I'm going to end up talking to myself.

**Tim Allgood**

Good evening, ladies and gentleman. (He removes the burglar cap) Welcome to the Old Fish Market Theatre, lowest oft, or rather the Municipal Theatre, Stockton-On-Tees, for this evening's performance of Nothing On! We apologize for the slight delay in starting tonight, which is due to circumstances..... Beyond our control.... (the sound of a slap, off, and Dotty screams in pain, off.) and we would ask you to bear with us for a moment while we deal with her. With them. With the circumstances. I should perhaps say with tonight's performance of the play our long and highly successful tour...

**Poppy Norton-Taylor**

This character does not have a monologue so instead please use these three sections of dialogue:

I'm sorry, Lloyd, I just have to say this... I mean, I'm just an assistant stage manager... but I can't stand to see Brooke being treated like a piece of meat! You are always picking on her, and I think it's unfair when she is doing the best she can and trying to learn the lines! Everyone is always yelling, but nobody understands how much pressure we are under back there.

He's not in the dressing room! I've looked in the lavatories! I've checked the paint store! I checked the props table! I can't find him anywhere, Dotty! I've been shouting his name all the way down to the boiler room! I don't know where else to look!" (Breathless, panicked desperation).

The police... They found an old man lying unconscious in the doorway just across the street... and they say he's very dirty and pretty smelly... and I thought, 'oh my God,' because—because when you get close to Selsdon... I mean, if you stand anywhere near Selsdon, you can't help noticing this very distinctive...