

Nelly Audition pieces

Option 1

He promised me a pocketful of apples and pears. But when he came back he had none of these. He opens up his greatcoat and there it was; a dirty, ragged, black-haired child. It spoke some gibberish nobody could understand. "You must take it as a gift from God" he says, "though it's as dirty almost as it came from the devil." Mrs. Earnshaw was ready to fling it out of doors. "Am I to bring up a gypsy brat when I've my own bairns to feed and fend for?" she cries. "I found it starving, as good as dumb in the streets of Liverpool!" says Mr. Earnshaw. "I thought it better to take it home. We'll call him Heathcliff after our son that dies."

Option 2

Come to the glass. (she brings Heathcliff to the mirror). Do you mark your eyes like a couple of black fiends, who never open their windows boldly but lurk glinting like the devil's spies? Learn to raise your lids frankly and change the fiends to confident, innocent angels and a good heart will help you to a bonny face, my lad. (*Brushing Heathcliff's hair*). Who knows, but your father was the Emperor of China and your mother an Indian Queen, each of them able to buy up with one week's income Wuthering Heights and Grange together? Who knows, but you were kidnapped by wicked sailors and brought to England. Were I in your place I would frame high notions of my birth and the thoughts of what I was would give me courage. (*Nelly finishes brushing Heathcliff's hair*). There now, tell me whether you don't think yourself rather handsome?