

(*Calling.*) You surely aren't going to leave these lovely candlesticks out, Mavis?

(*She takes the candlesticks and starts to dust them.*)

MAVIS. (*Offstage.*) What?

AUNTIE LOO-LOO. The candlesticks! You'll want them packed away, won't you?

MAVIS. (*Offstage.*) Do you think so?

(*AUNTIE LOO-LOO wraps one candlestick in newspaper.*)

AUNTIE LOO-LOO. Well, you know how strange servants are – if the people who take the flat keep a servant – maids are so clumsy and heavy-handed these days.

(*She dusts the second candlestick.*)

I can remember them ever since I was quite a tiny tot. My mother – Cecily's grandmother, you know, used to say they were absolutely unique.

(*She starts to wrap the second candlestick in newspaper.*)

The Garrards always had such good taste. I remember –

(*She drops the candlestick. It breaks.*)

Oh, dear me!

MAVIS. (*Offstage.*) What was that?

AUNTIE LOO-LOO. Nothing, dear, nothing.

(*She picks up the broken candlestick and quickly wraps up the pieces.*)

Somehow one of the candlesticks slipped through my fingers slightly.

MAVIS. (*Offstage.*) Is it damaged?

AUNTIE LOO-LOO. Er – no – er – not noticeably.

(*The telephone rings. AUNTIE LOO-LOO answers it very loudly.*)

For Loo-Loo

* Piece 1
of 2 *

Hullo? Hullo? ...Yes - no - er - that is, I don't know.
(*Calling.*) Mavis, what is this number? I never can remember.

MAVIS. (*Offstage.*) Two three eight three.

(*AUNTIE LOO-LOO speaks into the phone.*)

AUNTIE LOO-LOO. Oh, yes, yes, this is two three eight three...
Yes, that's right... Flat to let, well, that is to say it's more of a maisonette, the bathroom and the - er - is a floor lower... (*Indignantly.*) No, certainly not! Of course it's not the maid speaking, the maid's away, having her wisdom teeth out. I am Miss Harrington's aunt.

(*MAVIS, a pleasant woman of about thirty, with a firm manner, enters from the bedroom with a small drawer and sheets etc. She puts these on the coffee table then exits to the bedroom again. She returns with more linen and puts this on the table as before. She crosses to the bureau, fetching a notebook and pencil, then returns and starts checking the linen. Meanwhile AUNTIE LOO-LOO has been carrying on her conversation.*)

I'm helping my niece and her friend get the place ready for tenants... Oh, yes, it's furnished, beautifully furnished... You want it furnished? ...Well, then, that's splendid, isn't it? ...Oh, you don't want it furnished... But I don't understand, this is a *furnished* flat.

(*She turns to MAVIS in a piercing whisper.*)

Someone inquiring about the flat.

(*Into the phone.*)

But I really can't understand - you don't mean to tell me that the house agents... No, no, this is to be let furnished! How dare you! I'm not shouting! ...

(*She hands the telephone to MAVIS.*)

Here, Mavis, please deal with this, they're being so tiresome - some muddle-headed woman! Silly fool!

End of Piece 1 Piece 2 follows

CECILY. Oh, Mavis, you've put all those things away. You should have let me do my share.

(She removes her coat and hat.)

MAVIS. *(Laughing.)* It doesn't matter.

(She shuts the cupboard, her work finished.

CECILY glances at her watch, checking it by the clock on the mantelpiece.)

CECILY. Is that clock right?

MAVIS. I think it's a little slow.

AUNTIE LOO-LOO. *(Playfully.)* Far too slow for little Cecily, I should imagine, eh?

CECILY. Why?

(She is a little embarrassed, as she understands.)

Oh, I see...

AUNTIE LOO-LOO. And now I'm going to be a tactful old Auntie Loo-Loo and go out for a couple of hours.

~~CECILY. Oh, but really, you needn't.~~

(AUNTIE LOO-LOO crosses to the bureau and begins to put on her coat, babbling all the time.)

AUNTIE LOO-LOO. Rubbish! You'll want to be alone when Nigel arrives. Besides, I've got plenty to do. I shall go to Harrods and put this flat on their books. I don't altogether trust that agent. Then I shall lunch in their restaurant – a little sole, no, perhaps sweetbreads and then a meringue – and be back about half-past two. You'll have both calmed down a bit by then, I expect.

CECILY. Calmed down?

AUNTIE LOO-LOO. The first raptures of reunion! Oh, I know all about it –

(She makes a grandiloquent gesture towards the door with her handbag.)

There'll he be, standing in the doorway. Oh dear, I hope I haven't left myself short of change.

FOR LOO-LOO

Piece 2
of 2

FOR LOO LOO cont.

(Piece 2)

(She fiddles in her handbag.)

CECILY. I've got some, Auntie Loo-Loo.

(She takes a one pound note out of her bag and offers it.)

AUNTIE LOO-LOO. Oh, it's all right, dear, I shan't want all that...

(With a change of thought she approaches and collects it.)

Well, perhaps a glass of sherry.

(She exits to the landing, after violent and muddled signals to MAVIS from the doorway. There is a pause. The front door slams. They burst into peals of laughter.)

MAVIS. Auntie Loo-Loo is disappointed in you.

(She takes a cigarette from the box on the table and lights it. A box that is actually a handsomely bound volume of "Arabian Nights" with the inside converted to contain cigarettes.)

You're not reacting according to schedule! She wants flushed cheeks, dancing eyes and a correctly palpitating heart.

(There is a pause. CECILY becomes serious.)

CECILY. So do I.

MAVIS. Oh, do you?

CECILY. Oh, don't pretend to be surprised. You've had a pretty shrewd idea what my feelings have been for some time.

MAVIS. What is it?

CECILY. I'm terribly worried.

MAVIS. Over Nigel?

CECILY. Yes.

MAVIS. Really, Cecily, you've left it a bit late in the day to start changing -

be fair to him to marry him as I feel at present – would it?

MAVIS. Perhaps not. But what are you proposing to do?

CECILY. Last night I was proposing to clear out of here this morning and leave this note for him when he arrives.

MAVIS. But you've changed your mind this morning?

CECILY. Yes. I've decided now to make one last appeal to Nigel to postpone the wedding.

(She puts the note back into the drawer.)

MAVIS. What will you do in the meantime?

CECILY. Exactly what you're going to do. Travel, meet people –

MAVIS. What will you do if Nigel refuses?

CECILY. *(Quietly.)* I shall break with him...definitely.

~~*(There is a long pause.)*~~

MAVIS. Well, I think you're a fool!

CECILY. Please, Mavis! I'd hoped you'd back me up. We nearly always agree over most things.

MAVIS. Not over this. The wretched money has gone to your head.

CECILY. But you don't understand, it isn't only that –

MAVIS. In Nigel you've got the makings of a damn fine husband, you can't afford to turn a man like that down.

CECILY. I don't care if I never get –

MAVIS. Yes, and you needn't tell me that you're quite content to remain a spinster. I know you better.

You're just being schoolgirlish.

CECILY. *(Angrily.)* Oh, shut up!

MAVIS. You're over excited, my girl, that's what's the matter with you. You're throwing away your chances of something sane and happy for some entirely fictitious idea of "seeing life." What on earth does that mean exactly?

CECILY. Well... Well, for instance...

(She is at a loss.)

For MAVIS cont.

MAVIS. Paris, I suppose? Sitting in an underground night club, drinking *crème-de-menthe frappé* with a lot of grey-faced degenerates.

CECILY. Don't be ridiculous!

MAVIS. Monte Carlo, then, with rude old gentlemen in panama hats pinching your behind in the Casino.

CECILY. Mavis!

(MAVIS exits into her room.)

MAVIS. *(Offstage.)* The wide open spaces, perhaps the rolling sea; yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! Paris in the spring -

(Hums the tune.)

- for God's sake!

(She emerges with a hat and coat, which she puts on.)

You'll end up on the boat deck being mauled by a pimply young wireless operator who bites his nails.

(She collects her bag and gloves.)

CECILY. You're impossible! You're as bad as Auntie Loo-Loo.

MAVIS. Well, anyway, I'm going to follow her example by being "Oh, so tactful" and clearing out of the way for a bit. Nigel's bound to be here soon, if the fog hasn't held him up.

(CECILY doesn't answer. MAVIS relents.)

Cheer up, ducky. It'll all come out in the wash.

CECILY. *(Dully.)* Will it?

(She looks at her.)

MAVIS. *(Smiling.)* You'll see.

(She exits. Left alone, CECILY helps herself to a cigarette from the box on the table. She stands lost in thought. She makes up her mind and quickly puts on her hat and

CECILY. No - no, at least - I can't promise.

BRUCE. (*Quietly.*) You'll be along all right.

(*He crosses to the landing door.*)

CECILY. (*Firmly.*) Goodbye.

BRUCE. (*Smiling.*) Au revoir.

(*He turns and exits quickly. CECILY is left staring after him. When his personality has quite faded from the room, she gives a little gasp.*)

CECILY. Well, really!!

(*She turns away thoughtfully and drifts unconsciously to the dining room door. She looks at the picture and smiles ruminatively. She looks back at the door through which BRUCE has gone, then at the picture again. Catching herself, she shuts the dining room door decisively.*)

Oh, no, no, no! It's too silly!

(*She goes to the mantelpiece, takes the note and tears it into pieces. The telephone rings. She crosses to answer it.*)

FOR CECILY

Hullo? Hullo? Yes? ...Who is it? ...Nigel! Where are you speaking from? ...Tilbury? ...Only just what? ...Oh, through the Customs - good. How long will you be? ...About an hour. Yes, dear, lovely... Good-bye... What? ...What mood? ...Oh no, my dear, that wasn't a mood. I meant it... You will postpone the wedding - please... No, let's get it clear now; perhaps it's easier over the phone... If I wait till I see you it'll make it... Oh, Nigel, I have thought, but I said it all in my last letter, and I feel just the same.

(*Her voice becomes timid.*)

Yes, I know, dear, it is horrid...but it isn't entirely selfishness... I know things have been very difficult for

you out there, but they've been pretty hard for me at the office. I... But, Nigel, I'm only asking you to postpone -

(Something that he says turns her voice flat and toneless.)

Oh, I'm sorry... I'm sorry you feel like that about it... Is that your final word? ...Nigel, how can you say things like that! ...

(She is in tears now.)

One moment, Nigel, listen, please. Perhaps if we -

(He has hung up.)

Nigel? Hullo? Nigel? - Oh!

(BRUCE puts his cigarette out.)

BRUCE. Look at me a moment.

(She turns to him.)

Are you terribly glad and excited that he's coming back?

(She does not answer.)

No, you're not. Can you possibly be in love with him, then? You may make a mistake now and the real thing may come along too late.

CECILY. But how can I be sure this isn't the real thing?

BRUCE. It isn't. You know it isn't, don't you?

(His gaze is almost hypnotic.)

Oh, I understand so well what you're going through. I've been through the same sort of thing.

CECILY. You have?

BRUCE. There have been girls I've met, that I've liked plenty, everything's been very - er - suitable, and all that. It could have been all so easy. And yet, all along I've known that one day - one day, when I least expected it, I would walk into a room, see a girl and it would be all over - like that.

(He snaps his finger.)

CECILY. Do you think it can happen like that?

BRUCE. It has happened - today.

(There is a long pause.)

CECILY. You must be mad.

BRUCE. (Rising.) I know it looks like it. I hadn't got time to take the usual line, situated as you are. You may commit yourself at any minute. I had to speak at once, even at the risk of appearing crazy to you.

CECILY. But - but half an hour ago I had never met you.

BRUCE. (Simply.) I know, that's what's so wonderful.

CECILY. (Desperately.) These things don't happen.

FOR BRUCE

For Bruce
cont.

BRUCE. They do. You have happened – to me. You know that.

(There is a pause.)

You do know it, don't you?

(She turns away.)

CECILY. It isn't possible.

(He touches her arm, turning her back very gently.)

BRUCE. From the very first moment that I saw you as you turned round from the mantelpiece, I knew. I could see everything in your eyes. You thought for a moment I was your fiancé, your feelings showed so clearly the desire for escape, the unhappiness at hurting someone who cares for you, and, beneath it all, your craving for life and adventure calling to mine.

(She turns away again.)

You believe me?

CECILY. Yes, I do believe you.

(He turns away with a sigh of relief. He opens the dining room door and stands looking in, presumably at the picture.)

BRUCE. This isn't going to end here, you know.

CECILY. It must.

BRUCE. It can't. I'm going to see you again...soon...today.

CECILY. Out of the question.

BRUCE. Come and lunch with me now.

CECILY. It's no use talking like this.

BRUCE. You can write a note for him.

CECILY. I've done that already.

BRUCE. You have? Well, then –

CECILY. It would be cruel.

BRUCE. Half-measures are fatal.

CECILY. I must risk that.

Scene Two

FOR NIGEL

* Cuts are for
audition purposes
only *

(Two hours later. NIGEL is seated on the sofa. He is a neat, military man, clipped moustache and a sharp boned face. He has CECILY's note in his hand. MAVIS stands watching. There is silence for a while.)

NIGEL. I'm sorry to make such an ass of myself, but it's been a bit of a shock. I mean, on top of the excitement of coming back.

MAVIS. I know.

NIGEL. I can't believe it. Cecily. What am I going to do, Mavis? What *am* I going to do? I mean, it was everything, all my work - the whole reason...

MAVIS. What can I say? How can I -?

NIGEL. I wish I hadn't been so impatient with her on the phone. God, if I'd realised!

MAVIS. I simply can't understand where she's gone.

NIGEL. What's the time now? Three o'clock. I never dreamed it was as serious as this.

(He reads the note for the tenth time and laughs bitterly.)

"P.S. Your ring has gone to the cleaners, you shall have it as soon as it comes back." She's thought of everything, hasn't she?

~~MAVIS. If only she'd talked to me more about it, but she's been bottling it up inside her for weeks, it was only this morning, as I told you, that she really laid her cards on the table.~~

NIGEL. *(Reading.)* "I'm sorry, I can't go through with it, please don't wait for me, there's nothing to be gained by it. I'm terribly sorry, but one must be honest." It's this stinking, filthy money! Damn and blast it!

~~MAVIS. "The root of all evil," as Auntie Loo-Loo would say. Aren't some of these old clichés sickeningly right on occasions? Like some frightful old bore saying: "I told~~

SLIGHT PAUSE

~~you so", and talking of old bores, thank heavens it was I who found you waiting outside instead of Auntie Loo-Loo.~~

~~(She is talking for the sake of it. He isn't listening.)~~

~~NIGEL. What?~~

~~MAVIS. Look here, do you think it's wise to stay? I mean, we've no idea when Cecily will be back.~~

~~NIGEL. (Grimly.) I'll wait - a week if necessary.~~

~~MAVIS. Auntie Loo-Loo might be back before Cecily, it'll all have to be explained, it'll be ghastly for you.~~

~~NIGEL. Nothing can be worse than this. I'm going to wait and see her.~~

~~MAVIS. Really, I'm afraid...~~

~~(NIGEL rises in an outburst.)~~

~~NIGEL. God! What do you think I'm made of? Do you think I'm going to sit back and do nothing? No, by hell! I'm going to make a fight for it.~~

~~MAVIS. (Relieved.) Ah, that's better.~~

~~NIGEL. All this time, out in that bloody place, lying there in a muck sweat, night after night, I dreamed of today. It's funny, isn't it? The things I've given up, for nothing - nothing!~~

~~MAVIS. (Helplessly.) Oh, Nigel.~~

~~NIGEL. Sorry, Mavis. This is a poor show for you. Don't you worry about me, old girl, you go out. It's a lovely day, at least it seemed it when I landed. To think it was less than three hours ago. I shall be all right, honestly.~~

~~MAVIS. Well, if you'd rather I left?~~

~~NIGEL. Oh, no, no, it isn't that.~~

~~MAVIS. Then I'll stay.~~

~~NIGEL. It's damn good of you. But I'm not much fun this afternoon. Rather "The Wreck of the Hesperus". Never mind, we'll get things straight, somehow; I shall be able to laugh her out of it - we've always had the same sense~~

FOR HODGSON

* CUTS ARE FOR
AUDITION
PURPOSES ONLY *

CECILY. It would be lovely to see him again, but really I don't know that I -

(HODGSON enters through the French windows with a large bunch of flowers.)

MAVIS. Oh, aren't they lovely!

HODGSON. It hasn't left much show in the herbaceous border, mum, but that won't matter you goin' away tomorrow.

CECILY. Hodgson is very proud of his border, aren't you?

MAVIS. I'm not surprised, the whole garden looks perfectly lovely. What are these?

HODGSON. Penstemons, mum.

~~MAVIS. Penstem - oh, perhaps you're right.~~

HODGSON. Oh, it's a proper enough place if you don't mind being lonely.

~~MAVIS. It certainly is a bit off the map.~~

HODGSON. Yes, ^{MUM}~~miss~~, that's why Mr. Dunning let the place go so cheap.

CECILY. Oh, I don't know that I should call fifteen hundred pounds cheap exactly.

~~MAVIS. Is that what you paid?~~

HODGSON. Fifteen 'undred pounds! Never, mum!

(He puts the flowers on the dining table.)

Nine hundred and fifty pounds. Mr. Dunning was askin' for it! Beggin' yer pardon - nine hundred and fifty pounds.

CECILY. Oh, no, Hodgson, you're wrong.

HODGSON. You'll excuse me, mum, but it were common talk in the village. Why, I even 'eard Mr. Dunning 'imself saying that was the most 'e could ask for it, complained about it, 'e did; sayin' that 'e'd be out of pocket with all the money 'e'd spent on the place an' all.

CECILY. Well, I don't care what Mr. Dunning said, we never met him, my husband did it all through the agents, but I do know the price because I wrote the cheque myself.

HODGSON. Well, I dare say you knows best, mum but nine 'undred and fifty pounds was the price we understood in the village. Fifteen 'undred pounds! ~~That wouldn't be including the twenty-acre meadow?~~

CECILY. ~~No, no, just for the house.~~

HODGSON. ~~Well, would it be -?~~

~~(MAVIS interrupts knowingly.)~~

MAVIS. ~~The flowers are lovely!~~

HODGSON. Well, I'd better finish disbudding them Chrysanthemums before I go 'ome.

(He exits through the French window.)

MAVIS. ~~What a funny thing!~~

CECILY. Oh, my dear, the most marvellous stories go round this village, I once had a cherry brandy at The Red Lion and they've said I'm a dipsomaniac ever since. Not that we know anybody, but I get all the scandal from Ethel.

MAVIS. But you bought the house yourself?

CECILY. No, no, I just advanced the money because Bruce's was tied up for the moment, you know, securities, solicitors and all that.

MAVIS. Oh I see.

(The dog barks. MAVIS looks out of the window.)

It's Nigel!

(There is a knock on the front door. CECILY opens it and reveals NIGEL. They stand looking at each other for some time.)

CECILY. *(Quietly.)* You are looking well.

NIGEL. *(Smiling.)* May I come in?

CECILY. Please.

MAVIS. I'm going to watch Hodgson disbudding Chrysanthemums, whatever that may be, I hope it's nothing rude!

(She exits into the garden.)

FOR ETHEL

* Cuts are for
auditions
purposes only *

HODGSON. Perhaps you're right, mum, but I'm only going because the master's sending me, and you can't look a gift horse in the mouth.

CECILY. Take things easy – don't work too hard.

HODGSON. It's a pleasure working for anyone as fond of flowers as you are, mum – and I was thinking you might like a buttonhole for your dress this evening.

(He produces the rose from behind his back.)

It's the last one left on the prize standard in the corner.

CECILY. Oh, it's divine – "The Last Rose of Summer."

(She takes it. HODGSON roars with laughter.)

HODGSON. Vicar's wife sang that song at the concert at Christmas, "The Last Rose of Summer" – it sent me out for the last drink of the evening.

(He laughs again. ETHEL enters, puffing excitedly.)

ETHEL. Oo! The gentleman gave me ten shillin'.

CECILY. That was very kind of him.

ETHEL. That makes a 'ole pound with the ten shillin' the master gave me.

~~HODGSON. See you save that up, my girl.~~

CECILY. The master gave you?

ETHEL. Yes, on top of me wages – ten shillin'. He give me to go to the fair tonight.

CECILY. I'd no idea there was any fair.

ETHEL. Yes'm, it always comes late in the year 'ereabouts and master said I could go 'ome early and it didn't matter how late I stayed at the fair as I wouldn't be wanted in the morning.

CECILY. Well, this is the first I've heard of all this.

ETHEL. *(Crestfallen.)* Oh, then – please, mum, shan't I?

~~HODGSON. Of course you won't, you'll stay as long as you're wanted.~~

CECILY. *(Smiling.)* That's all right, Ethel, the master's right, there's no real need – yes, you can go.

ETHEL. Oh, thank you, mum, thank you.

~~HODGSON. You're spoiling her, mum.~~

~~CECILY. Oh, am I? Well, I'll spoil you too; you may as well finish this whisky. You go with Ethel, she'll give you a glass in the kitchen.~~

~~HODGSON. No need for a glass. Thank you kindly, mum.~~

CECILY. I shan't be seeing you again, Ethel.

ETHEL. Oh, Lord, mum, that fair had put it clean out of my head. Well, goodbye, mum, I hope you have a nice time.

CECILY. Thank you, Ethel. You'll look after things, won't you, while I'm away?

ETHEL. That I will, mum – an' I'll have a rare old spring cleanin' for when you comes back.

CECILY. We'll give you good warning about that.

ETHEL. Everythin's ready for supper, I think, mum. I've put all the things on the tray. Will there be anythin' else, mum?

CECILY. No, thank you, Ethel.

(She points to the glasses left from drinks.)

Take these glasses, will you?

(ETHEL picks them up.)

Enjoy yourself at the fair, who are you going with? That nice postman?

ETHEL. *(Contemptuously.)* Oh, him! No, mum, I'm goin' with Ted Saunders, who brings the milk.

(She exits into the kitchen.)

~~CECILY. Oh, I see. Well, goodbye, Hodgson. Oh, here's Don's lead.~~

~~*(She takes it from the dining table and gives it to him.)*~~

I'd forgotten. Take good care of him, won't you?

HODGSON. Don't you worry, mum. I'll look after him.

CECILY. Goodbye, Hodgson. Take care of that rheumatism.

HODGSON. I will. Goodbye – good luck, mum.

FOR DR.
GRIBBLE

~~(He exits after ETHEL into the kitchen. CECILY puts the rose down on the dining table and makes for the staircase. DR. GRIBBLE enters through the front door.)~~

DR. GRIBBLE. May I come in?

CECILY. (*Dismayed.*) Oh, good evening, Dr. Gribble, I wasn't expecting you.

DR. GRIBBLE. This isn't exactly a professional visit, Mrs. Lovell. I'm very anxious not to disturb your husband more than is necessary, but I do really feel that it's most unwise for him to go away at present.

CECILY. Why? Do you think he's worse?

DR. GRIBBLE. Well, I'm not at all happy about him. Where is he now?

CECILY. He's upstairs, resting.

DR. GRIBBLE. Don't disturb him.

CECILY. He'll be down soon for supper.

DR. GRIBBLE. I want you to let me make one more effort to get him to see reason.

CECILY. If only you could – but –

DR. GRIBBLE. It occurred to me –

CECILY. Do sit down.

~~DR. GRIBBLE. Oh, thank you very much.~~

(He sits on the sofa, putting his hat and a book he has been carrying next to him.)

It occurred to me that if I were to have a chat with him on some other subject, I might be able to win his confidence a little more. So I've brought him the latest of the *Notable Trials* series. I've just finished reading it. *The Trial of "Frankie" Bellingham*, the papers were full of it last year, it was extremely interesting – American case.

CECILY. Yes, I seem to remember something –

DR. GRIBBLE. Well, he was tried for attempted murder but he was brilliantly defended and he got an acquittal. Of

Cont.

course, it was in America. Later evidence came to hand that showed that he was guilty beyond all possible doubt. But he'd disappeared by then.

(He turns the pages of the book.)

And yet he was quite a pleasant looking fellow. There he is, look, Mrs. Lovell.

(He shows her the photograph.)

Really quite nice looking. You can see why they nicknamed him "Frankie."

CECILY. I don't like the moustache or the eyeglass or the buttonhole.

DR. GRIBBLE. Oh, that was part of the pose he adopted, the American idea of the typical Englishman. They said in the States that he was an Oxford man, but I don't think that's likely.

CECILY. No?

DR. GRIBBLE. Murdering five women seems rather too rough for Oxford. These mass murderers are nearly all the same, it would seem that they get worked up to a certain pitch of insanity and then the crime itself apparently clears their brains for a while. Anyhow, it's fascinating reading. I'm sure it'll interest your husband, knowing America as he does.

~~*(CECILY takes the book from him.)*~~

CECILY. Oh, but how silly I am. I'm almost certain Bruce has got the book already.

DR. GRIBBLE. Oh, how very disappointing.

CECILY. He's been reading it recently.

~~*(She moves up to the bookcase.)*~~

Now where is it? Ah!

~~*(She finds it.)*~~

Yes, here it is, it arrived from Mudies the other day.

~~*(She hands him the copy and he looks through it.)*~~