

Amy

Excerpt 2

KITTY Oh, Donna Lucia, we've been looking for you everywhere. Amy and I want so much to speak to you.

AMY We're in a difficulty.

KITTY And we want you to be an angel- Now Jack, do go away!

AMY Yes, Charley, do go away.

LORD FANCOURT Go away, they want me to be an angel.

KITTY You know Amy's uncle, Mr. Spettigue, is my guardian, and under my father's will, gets nearly all my money if I marry without his consent.

AMY And you know Jack and Kitty are in love with each other, and Jack's lost all his money or something and Kitty wants you to

KITTY No, wait a moment, Amy dear.

Amy and Charley are in love with each other, too. But you don't object, do you?

LORD FANCOURT Oh, no, my dears.

KITTY and AMY You old dear! You dear thing!

KITTY Now, Jack, do go away.

AMY Yes, go away, Charley.

LORD FANCOURT Yes, go away. We three girls want to be alone.

CHARLEY I must end this--I must do something!

JACK Well, go and look for the others. We must gather them all and stop this. (*Exit both*)

KITTY Now, first--you know where we left off, don't you?

LORD FANCOURT Yes, you're all in love, and want to get married.

KITTY Well--er--yes.

AMY And we want uncle's consent.

KITTY And we want you to be an angel and do it.

LORD FANCOURT "An angel and do it" Do what?

Amy

Excerpt 2

KITTY Why, get Mr. Spettigue's consent.

AMY For both of us.

KITTY You'll give your consent to Charley and Amy, won't you?

LORD FANCOURT Oh, yes, nothing could be nicer.

AMY You're so kind, but I knew it from the first.

LORD FANCOURT Would you like me to be one of your bridesmaids?

*(They look away embarrassed)*

LORD FANCOURT No? Some other time perhaps.

KITTY Well, now we want you to get his consent, but mine, being a legal affair, his consent must be in writing. You must make him write a letter or something.

LORD FANCOURT Oh, but my dears, I've no influence over him.

AMY Oh, but you're so clever and so kind.

KITTY And so rich.

Excerpt 3 (Amy shows another side)

LORD FANCOURT Charley, can he have me up for breach of promise?

Excerpt 3

AMY Charley, Mr. Wykeham, I mean--how dare you? I'll never forgive you! I'll never forgive any of you, for treating uncle Stephen like that!