

Jack

Excerpt 1

CHARLEY So prescribe for me, old chap. What am I to say? You see, they're all off to Scotland to-morrow.

JACK Yes, I know, and you want to see her at once. When and where?- bearer waits. Do I diagnose the case accurately?

CHARLEY To a " Tee," old chap!

JACK Very well then; you'll want to say something to this effect: " My Dearest Amy-
Forgive me, darling, for thus addressing you, but I love you so deeply "-underlined-

CHARLEY Rather strong, Jack.

JACK. Shut up! " So earnestly "-also underlined-

CHARLEY There's one obstacle to my putting it quite as straight as that, much as I'd like to.

JACK What's that?

CHARLEY Well--er--I've an aunt.

JACK Most of us have; what about her?

CHARLEY I feel I ought to tell her first.

JACK Oh! If you're going to drag an aunt into the business, we may as well wait till they all come back from Scotland.

CHARLEY Why?

JACK You know what Aunts are like.

CHARLEY That's just it; I don't know. I've never even seen her.

JACK Well, we won't be too hard on that aunt; she hasn't interfered much in your affairs up to now.

CHARLEY Except to find out that I was an orphan and have me sent to Eton, and to Oxford; and now my guardian writes to me that she's coming here this morning, and will take luncheon with me at one o'clock.

JACK And you've never seen her?

CHARLEY No. She went out to Brazil before I was born, and became a sort of secretary to a very rich old Brazilian chap out there, called Dom Pedro d'Alvadorez; and now--by the merest accident in the world, I've seen this. (*Gives JACK paper*)

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JACK "Madam--or rather Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez, the Brazilian millionaire, who has taken Lord Toppleby's magnificent mansion in Belgravia, is an English-woman of genial disposition, and a financial genius. Indeed, it was her capacity in this direction that earned the gratitude of her late husband, and led to a romantic death-bed marriage. Her only relation--is a nephew at Oxford " lucky nephew!

CHARLEY That's me.

JACK By George, Charley, this is a startler! And she may be here any minute?

CHARLEY I wish she'd have come some other day. I wanted to write that letter to Amy. It's an awfully difficult letter to write--fearfully complicated.

JACK Charley! I've got a clinking good idea!

CHARLEY Write it down and I'll copy it out.

JACK No, not for you--for us both. You're gone on Amy--I'm in love with Kitty.

CHARLEY Really, Jack?

JACK. Madly. Worse than anything I ever took up--even cricket! I was writing to tell her so when you came in.

CHARLEY I'm so glad! and what's your "idea"?

JACK Hang letter-writing! We'll give a luncheon party for your aunt. Mrs Brassett shall see to it. Mrs Brassett!

CHARLEY Mrs Brassett? where's your man Brassett?

JACK Touch of the gout, probably from drinking my claret, his wife's taken over the domestic duties. Now, come on! First we'll ask the girls.

CHARLEY Ask the girls?

JACK To meet your aunt.

CHARLEY What about old Spettigue?

JACK Blow old Spettigue!

CHARLEY Oh, I forgot. He's up in town for a few days on business.

JACK So much the better. (*Calling*) Mrs Brassett I -

CHARLEY Do you think they'll come?

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Excerpt 1

JACK They'll jump at it.

CHARLEY Why, Jack, you know, I rather agree with you.

JACK We'll send a note at once--you write it--go ahead.