**Side 1** **MISS SHINGLE MONTY**

##### MISS SHINGLE

If there's a sorrier street in all of Clapham, I'm sure I've never seen it.

##### MONTY

Pardon me, madam, but do we know one another?

*(MISS SHINGLE removes her outer garments, making herself quite at home.)*

##### MISS SHINGLE

Only since the moment: you were given birth by your sweet mother.

##### MONTY

You knew Mother? I... I've only just returned from her funeral.

##### MISS SHINGLE

My poor dear Isabel, bless her soul.

*(Grabs his face affectionately.)*

Look at himself, all grown up and handsome as the devil.

*(MISS SHINGLE takes a seat, exhausted from her journey.)*

##### MONTY

How is it you knew Mother, Missus... ?

##### MISS SHINGLE

Miss. Shingle. Marietta Shingle... ?

##### MONTY

Of course! Miss Shingle! She spoke of you often - and how she looked forward to your letters!

##### MISS SHINGLE

And I hers, I assure you.

You were going to offer me a spot of tea, were you?

##### MONTY

You must forgive my manners, Miss Shingle. Mother always had a kettle on.

##### MISS SHINGLE

And if you could spare a biscuit or two, I'm sure I wouldn't mind.

*(MISS SHINGLE takes in the Jaded gentility of the parlor for the first time and shakes her head sadly.)*

I knew you and your mother were having a rough time of it, but I didn't know it had come to this. Have you any prospects, love?

##### MONTY

Mother always dreamt I should go to Oxford or Cambridge somehow.

*(Realizing sadly:)*

It seems rather unlikely now.

##### MISS SHINGLE

There's nothing your mother wouldn't have done for you.

##### MONTY

I hardly know how I shall go on without her.

**Side 2 MISS SHINGLE MONTY**

##### MISS SHINGLE

I'm as sane as the day is long. And by my estimation, only eight other relations stand between you and the current Earl *oi* Highhurst, Lord Adalbert D'Ysquith himself.

##### MONTY

I'm afraid you're mistaken. Mother took in laundry and washed the neighbors' floors until her hands bled. Does that sound like the life of an heiress to you?

##### MISS SHINGLE

Very well, then. If your mother was *not* a D'Ysquith, what was her maiden name?

##### MONTY

She always insisted - the only name that mattered was my father's.

##### MONTY

So, she was ... disinherited?

##### MISS SHINGLE

In a word, yes. Despicable, the lot of them.

##### MONTY

No wonder... the awful bouts of sadness she tried so to hide. And her... obsession that I should rise above my station.

*(MISS SHINGLE notices an elegant old jewel box.)*

##### MISS SHINGLE

Oh, my. Haven't seen this jewel box in years. It was left to your mother by the old cad himself.

##### MONTY

I found it hidden among Mother's things. Can't make out how it opens.

##### MISS SHINGLE

Like this...

*(SHE opens it with ease. Amazed, MONTY examines the contents.)*

##### MONTY

Letters. Dozens of them. Addressed in Mother's hand to... members of the D'Ysquith family. All of them returned. Unopened.

##### MISS SHINGLE

Anything else?

##### MONTY

A document...! My birth certificate...

**Side 3 MONTY SIBELLA**

##### MONTY

Sibella, something miraculous has happened.

##### SIBELLA

What?

##### MONTY

It's too fantastic. I've just learned that I am in the line of succession to become Earl of Highhurst.

Earl? Of Highhurst?!**SIBELLA**

**MONTY**

Yes! It seems that Mother was a D'Ysquith! Which means *I* am a D'Ysquith, too!

##### SIBELLA

*My* mother is the Queen of Sheba. I believe that makes me Princess of Babylon.

##### MONTY

You shouldn't make fun. It's true. And there are only eight people before me in succession. Which means, I could be Earl someday.

##### SIBELLA

And pigs might fly! As if you could've been a D'Ysquith all your life and not know it.

##### MONTY

I realize how it sounds -

##### SIBELLA

As if you could ever be an Earl. *Eight* people would have to *die* for that to happen! How likely is that?

*(MONTY takes l1is hat as if to leave. SIBELLA doesn't want him to go. MUSIC fades out.)*

Oh, now don't go yet... your Lordship.

##### MONTY

Where are you off to, in your pink dress?

##### SIBELLA

To meet a friend. With a motorcar.

**Side 4 MONTY ASQUITH JR.**

**MONTY**

*(Reading:)*

"Mr. Montague Navarro, sixty-one and a half, Ursula Grove, Clapham."

*(Opening the letter:)*

"Mr. Navarro: Regarding your inquiry of my father, Lord D'Ysquith, dated seventeen March, nineteen hundred and seven..."

##### MONTY & ASQUITH JR.

••• After careful consultation... "

##### ASQUITH JR.

" ... with several members of the D'Ysquith family, it is my duty to inform you that we are unaware of the existence of your mother or, consequently, yourself. It would therefore be of no use for you to trouble the firm, or the family, again. And further, if you should ever attempt to call yourself by the name D'Ysquith, we shall be forced to turn the matter over to our solicitors."

**MONTY & ASQUITH JR.**

“Definitively..”.

**Side 5 REVEREND LORD EZEKIAL MONTY**

##### REVEREND LORD EZEKIAL

Why yes, of course I remember Isabel. Charming girl. Broke her father's heart. He and I spent our childhood summers together at Highhurst, you know. Glorious days, glorious days.

##### MONTY

I'm afraid there's a great deal of family history I haven't been privy to.

##### REVEREND LORD EZEKIAL

The chancel was added in 1621 by the first Earl himself. It contains three late twelfth century windows depicting the Martyrdom of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins.

**MONTY**

Ah, yes.

**REVEREND LORD EZEKIAL**

Notice how the attenuated shafts sweep unbroken from floor to ceiling. Perpendicular period, of course.

**MONTY**

Of course,

**REVEREND LORD EZEKIAL**

I must show you the tower!

##### MONTY

So then I may count on you, Lord Reverend? To put in a good word for me, with the D'Ysquiths? Perhaps with the Earl, himself?

##### REVEREND LORD EZEKIAL

Oh, I really couldn't No, no. I make it my business to stay out of family intrigue. Much better that way, for everyone concerned.

##### MONTY

Oh.

##### REVEREND LORD EZEKIAL

The Carolingian arches of my groin vault are pointed instead of round, recalling Palladio's Palazzo della Ragione in Vincenza.

*(THEY have reached the top now, high up on the belfry.)*

You will note that our belfry is early Romanesque, which retains a bit of the Byzantine influence.

##### MONTY

What a marvelous view, your lordship. Are you certain you couldn't make an exception, in this one case? For the sake of my charming Mother, your cousin? Or perhaps out of loyalty to my Grandfather, your childhood playmate?

##### REVEREND LORD EZEKIAL

Well, that's it, isn't it? If Isabel's own father saw fit to disinherit her for her sins, who am I to deny his wishes?

*(Gesturing to MONTY:)*

You'll have to move closer to the edge to truly appreciate the architectural significance of the flying buttresses. They're said to be influenced by the cathedral at Chartres...

##### MONTY

Have you no... Christian charity, then?

.

**Side 6 MONTY 1ST CLERK 2ND CLERK MISS BARLEY**

**ASQUITH JR**

**(MONTY)** (Recorded V-O)

Had he deserved it? I couldn't say he hadn't. What I did know for certain was that in one moment, my life was now changed forever.

*(After a sigh.)*

I now had a series of increasingly humiliating jobs.

*(MONTY puts on a clerk's visor and takes his place at a work table. Two other CLERKS present him with documents to stamp.)*

**1ST CLERK**

Chop chop, Navarro!

**2ND CLERK**

Chop chop!

**1ST CLERK**

Or you'll be getting the chuck!

**MONTY**

I shuddered at the prospect of endless days of hopeless drudgery that other men might grow rich.

Men like Asquith D'Ysquith, Jr. The man who had snubbed me so unmercifully when I wrote to his father.

I discovered the young bounder was being assisted to sow his wild oats by a certain Evangeline Barley...

**MONTY continues**

... who had recently completed a run as a Floradora Girl at a music hall in Hackney. I discreetly observed their comings and goings.

**MISS BARLEY**

*(To her lover, conspiratorially:)*

I'll see you Saturday then, Asquith?

**ASQUITH JR.**

Our train leaves Waterloo at half past seven. It should be empty then.

**MONTY**

I followed them up to a winter resort at Chizzlemere...

**Side 7 MISS BARLEY ASQUITH JR MONTY**

##### MISS BARLEY

Just fancy, Asquith, three whole days at the lake together! It will be perfect, won't it?

*(MONTY follows at a discreet distance.)*

##### ASQUITH JR.

Chizzlemere is extraordinarily out of season and quite private-the hotel register has an unrivalled list of false names. I trust you don't mind our being discreet.

##### MISS BARLEY

I've never known a man to take such care with my reputation...

*(MONTY approaches the couple as MUSIC fades out.)*

##### MONTY

Pardon me, Miss, but don't I know you from somewhere?

##### ASQUITH JR.

*(Mortified:)*

Certainly not! What are you insinuating, you insignificant upstart?!

*(ASQUITH JR. steers MISS BARLEY away from MONTY)*

##### MONTY

I meant no offense, I assure you.

##### ASQUITH JR.

Were you raised in a shanty town by some chee-chee punkah wallah?!

##### MISS BARLEY

*(Noticing something:)*

Oh, Asquith, look-! There are people skating on the lake! Doesn't it look fun?!

##### ASQUITH JR.

*(Uninterested:)*

What a shame we didn't bring our skates.

##### MISS BARLEY

We can rent them, right on the dock!

##### ASQUITH JR.

It's getting a bit late, don't you think?

*(Suggestively:)*

Nearly time for beddy-bye.

##### MISS BARLEY

Oh, Assie, please, please, please let's!

##### ASQUITH JR.

Oh, all right, crumpet I say, may I warm my hands in your muff?

**Side 8 LORD ASQUITH MONTY**

##### LORD ASQUITH

Do come in, Mr. Navarro.

*(LORD D'YSQUITH looks at MONTY careful[y.)*

You are not like the D'Ysquiths, and yet there is something.

**MONTY**

This is my Mother.

**LORD ASQUITH**

We were not well acquainted. It is a very sweet face. Have you ever seen the family portraits at Highhurst?

**MONTY**

Never

**LORD ASQUITH**

Your mother is extraordinarily like some of the women. And some of the men, for that matter. Perhaps you are wondering why I suddenly came to write to you.

**MONTY**

Yes, frankly, I am.

**LORD ASQUITH**

I don't know whether you heard that I lost my only son recently under somewhat tragic circumstances. A skating accident.

**MONTY**

Yes. My sincerest condolences.

**LORD ASQUITH**

Thank you. You know, of course, I was grooming him to succeed me.

**MONTY**

I did not.

**LORD ASQUITH**

Well, it is over. The past cannot be recalled. I should like to know if you would care to come into my firm.

You could have no greater education in the business o{ stockbroking. Beyond that, I can make no promises.

**MONTY**

Lord D'Ysquith, I hardly know what to say.

**LORD ASQUITH**

To begin with, you shall have two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

**MONTY**

It is a generous offer, especially since you'd be paying for the trouble of teaching me.

**Side 9 MONTY SIBELLA**

**MONTY**

Sibella...!

*(MONTY and SIBELLA embrace.)*

##### SIBELLA

Oh, Monty, I've got wonderful news-well, perhaps you won't think so. I am engaged. To Lionel Holland.

**MONTY**

I should not be surprised. It is not... unexpected. My best wishes to you both. naturally.

##### SIBELLA

Oh, I do hope you’ll come to the wedding. It is to be the eleventh of May.

**MONTY**

I shall enter it in my diary.

As it happens, I have news, as well.

**SIBELLA**

Oh?

**MONTY**

Lord Asquith D'Ysquith has asked me to join the family banking house. In the City. At quite a comfortable salary.

(SIBELLA is rather astonished.)

**SIBELLA**

So what you told me was true, after all.

**MONTY**

You should never have doubted it.

**over**

**SIBELLA**

You've grown older, Monty Not in looks. You still look like a boy. But now you look as if you had never, ever had a care in the world.

(MONTY is about to kiss her, then stops himselj)

Don't you want to kiss me?

**MONTY**

(Enjoying this turnaround.)

What about Lionel?

**SIBELLA**

What about him?

**MONTY**

Sibella, I cannot behave as if the very air you breathe is not to me love's own narcotic.

**Side 10 MONTY HENRY COPLEY PUB OWNER**

**MONTY** (Recorded V-0)

I believed I had lost Sibella forever. :In my heartbreak, I returned to Mother’s letters. "As you have the good fortune, as a D'Ysquith, to attend Cambridge," Mother wrote to her young cousin Henry, "I know you can appreciate the disadvantages my son Montague will have if he is not permitted to matriculate."

*(HENRY D'YSQUITH {30], a landowner and country squire, rides on a scooter toward the Village Inn, in Salisbury.)*

Hello, birds!... Hello, sky!

##### HENRY

**MONTY** (Recorded V-0)

Of course, for Henry D'Ysquith, a Cambridge education was a mere formality, as he was born into a life of leisure.

**COPLEY**

Just 'cause you and your sister already own half the county doesn't give you the right to buy up my land out from under me, what's been in my wife's family for generations!

##### HENRY

I'm afraid you lost: your land to the *bank,* my friend, not to me.

**COPLEY**

I ain't no friend of yours, you selfish toff!

##### HENRY

I say, why don't we calm ourselves down-

*(Just as COPLEY is about to take a punch at HENRY, MONTY gallantly steps between them.)*

##### MONTY

Unhand this man, or I shall call for a constable-

*(MONTY now finds himself the recipient of a terrible blow, which sends him reeling to the floor.)*

##### HENRY

Now look what you've done!

*(The PUB OWNER and another PATRON grab COPLEY and hold him, while HENRY slaps him harshly across his face with a glove.)*

Now leave here, before I have you brought up on charges!

##### PUB OWNER

Go along, Tom.

*(COPLEY yells at HENRY as HE is thrown out of the inn)*

##### COPLEY

I'm not through with you, D'Ysquith! I'll see you come a cropper, I will!

##### HENRY

Threats will get you nowhere, sir!

*(To no one in particular:)*

I'll foreclose on the whole county if it suits me! It's time these peasants took responsibility for their own lives.

**Side 11**

##### MONTY

I think perhaps you ought to know who I am.

##### HENRY

You're not a criminal, I suppose?

##### MONTY

Not exactly, but I am a cousin of yours.

##### HENRY

##### A Cousin?

##### MONTY

Yes, we had a mutual great-great-grandfather- Danforth D'Ysquith. My mother was a D'Ysquith. My father was... Castilian. And worse, a musician.

##### HENRY

Oh, I say, that doesn't matter. Noblesse oblige and all that.

##### MONTY

All the same, it's just as well you should know. And perhaps your sister may not care to entertain me.

##### HENRY

My sister? Oh, she'll be civil. Come on, will you. I say, it's quite a relief to have someone to talk to. I've got one or two fellows coming down in a fortnight, but at p11esent it's deadly.

**MONTY**

Perhaps you ought to move to town.

##### MONTY

**HENRY**

Oh, I've a place in London. But I'm here, Saturday to Monday. My sister keeps the estate going for me.

Here is the honey shack. I look forward to you meeting my Queen and her drones.

**MONTY**

I shall be delighted to meet your wife.

**HENRY**

Oh, no... my wife is in London and rarely comes to Salisbury. I was speaking of my bees.

*(Outside the shack are several trays containing thousands of bees.)*

I've developed a bit of a compulsion for beekeeping. I find it endlessly fascinating. And deeply moving.

I should be afraid of being stung.

##### MONTY

**HENRY**

Oh, it's nothing to be afraid of, I assure you. Watch me.

*(HENRY dons a pair of large beekeeper's gloves and puts a hood on his head. HE opens a flap to reveal his face.)*

One little sting won't kill you.

##### MONTY

I should think, over time, you might build up a resistance.

##### HENRY

Quite. I dare say, it would take a *hundred* bees to kill me now.

**Side 12 PHOEBE MONTY**

**PHOEBE**

Oh...! (Love at first sight?)

**MONTY & PHOEBE**

(At the same time:) Oh ...

**MONTY**

Do pardon me...Miss D'Ysquith, I presume... ?

**PHOEBE**

You are ...?

**MONTY**

Mr. Navarro. But please, do call me Monty.

**PHOEBE**

My brother tells me you are a cousin?

**MONTY**

Yes. My mother was Isabel D'Ysquith.

**PHOEBE**

Isabel. Forgive me, but I don't recall ever hearing about her.

**MONTY**

Shall I tell you why?

**PHOEBE**

I wish you would.

**MONTY**

You see, my father was considered... unsuitable. Because my mother married for love and not for money or property-

**PHOEBE**

They cut her off.

**MONTY**

Without a schilling. They ever after behaved as if she and I had never even been born.

**PHOEBE**

Why, Mr. Navarro...

**MONTY**

I warned your brother you... may not care to receive me...

**PHOEBE**

On the contrary, I am most intrigued. What a beautiful story. Horrid, yes, I'm certain, but still beautiful: she dared to marry for love! Tell me, did your father have his own fortune, or were you quite penniless?

You must forgive me; Henry often scolds me for being indelicate.

**MONTY**

Not at all. My father left no legacy; he died when I was quite young. But we managed to scrape by, Mother and I.

**PHOEBE**

When I think of the indignities you've suffered. It must have inspired an awful resentment of the upper classes.

Oh no! There I go again! And now I'm making assumptions about you, when there's nothing I despise more than people making assumptions about me.

I know they talk about me in the village. They see a girl who's rich and from an important family and not unattractive and they assume... well, they assume a lot of things. The truth is... none of them know me at all.

**Side 13 LADY HYACINTH MONTY MR. CROSS MISS HAYES MRS. HETHERINGTON DR. BROWNLEE MRS. PEBWORTH MR. GOODSALL**

##### LA DY HYACI NTH

I am proud to stand among the Dull-Witted of Greater London!

*(MUSIC resumes under scene.)*

**MONTY** (Recorded V-O)

Lady Hyacinth had a virtual monopoly on the feeble-minded. But her valiant efforts disintegrated into scandal when her beneficiaries turned out to be not so dull-of-wit, after all...

A whole year's worth of donations *stolen?!*

If I'm ever to show my face in society again, I've got to find a new cause of my own, and quickly. Come, come, any ideas... ?

##### MR. CROSS

DAISY GREVILLE HAS THE OLD.

##### MRS. HETHERINGTON

LADY SITWELL HAS THE BLIND.

##### LADY HYACINTH

AND "THE FUND FOR SAILORS' WIDOWS"?

##### MISS HAYES & DR. BROWNLEE

THAT'S THE TWO OF THEM, COMBINED.

##### LA DY HYACI NTH

" NIGHT SCHOOL FOR THE NERVOUS"?

##### MRS. PEBWORTH

LADY BEACH **AND** MARGARET GUEST.

##### LADY HYACINTH

"CRUTCHES FOR THE CRIPPLED"?

##### MR. GOODSALL

THAT WAS ELSIE POND'S BEQUEST.

##### LA DY HYACI NTH

"WAYWARD WOMEN "?

**COLLEAGUES ..ALL**

WHAT THE DEVIL'S LEFT?

**MONTY**

Pardon me, Miss D'Ysquith...

**LA DY HYACINTH**

Yes, speak up, what is it?

**MONTY**

Baron Philpot, madam. Of the Foreign Office.

We met last month at the Consumptives Ball...?

**LADY HYACINTH**

Oh, yes. You're looking much better.

**MONTY**

If I may, one hears about such terrible poverty in Egypt these days.

**LADY HYACINTH**

Egypt...? Hmmm. Land of the Pharaohs. And of Moses, the Israelite. Home to the Great Pyramids and the Sphinx. Yes, Yes

**Side 14 MONTY LADY HYACINTH**

**1ST NEWSBOY 2ND NEWSBOY**

**MONTY**

And off she went. I'd neglected to mention the Malaria pandemic in the Punjab, a bit of insurance in case leprosy itself failed to prove contagious.

*(After a beat:)*

So you can imagine my shock when Lady Hyacinth returned to London in record time, quite the picture of health.

*(LADY HYACINTH enters again, followed by her weak and sickly COLLEAGUES)*

##### LADY HYACINTH

The dear disgusting lepers! A terribly restrictive caste system in India; they refused to accept our help! It got to the point where they'd run away at the mere sound of my voice!

##### MONTY

I don't suppose you'd be willing to penetrate the jungle of deepest, darkest Africa?

##### LA DY HY A CI NTH

Africa! From Zulu Land to Yoruba! Home of proud warriors, their naked torsos rippling in the firelight!

**MONTY** (Recorded V-0)

Oh. I may have neglected to mention she was headed straight for a particularly noteworthy tribe... of cannibals.

*(We hear LADY HYACINTH'S terrified screams. Back in London, MONTY sees a NEWSBOY selling papers.)*

##### 

##### OVER

##### 1ST NEWSBOY

*"Times* of London! Late edition! Society Lady Disappears In Darkest Africa!"

*(MONTY looks at the AUDIENCE. A 2nd NEWSBOY appears.)*

##### 2ND NEWSBOY

"Lady Hyacinth D'Ysquith embroiled in tribal incident!"

##### 1ST NEWSBOY

"Society Lady in African stew!"

##### 2ND NEWSBOY

"Lady Hyacinth D'Ysquith presumed dead!"

**Side 15 MONTY LORD ASQUITH**

##### MONTY

Here are the reports you requested, sir.

##### LORD ASQUITH

Excellent work, Montague. Do you know, I was quite astonished to discover how near you are to the succession.

Beg your pardon, sir?

##### MONTY

**LORD ASQUITH**

Let us consider. If Lord Adalbert, the present Earl, should die, there are only two others who precede you. That is, of course, when I myself am out of the way.

##### MONTY

Perish the thought, sir.

##### LORD ASQUITH

Go on as you are doing, Montague, and who knows what may happen.

Monty, what is your current salary?

##### MONTY

Four hundred per annum, sir.

**LORD ASQUITH**

Let's make it five, shall we?

**Side 16 SIBELLA MONTY**

##### SIBELLA

It's wonderful, Monty. I'm so happy for you.

##### MONTY

Things have changed, haven't they?

And to think-

##### SIBELLA MONTY

To think I began life in a third-rate terraced house in Clapham?

##### SIBELLA

I suppose we're both doing rather well, aren't we? We honeymooned in *Firenze.*

That's Florence, you know.

##### MONTY

Is it? Just you and Lionel and all those marble statues. However did you tell them apart?

##### SIBELLA

Oh, Monty, you're horrid.

*(SIBELLA drops the pretense with a sigh.)*

Lionel. I would never have believed that good looks could bore one so soon.

##### MONTY

I'm afraid good-looking people who are stupid try one's nerves sooner than plain people who are stupid. At least plain people do feel they must make an effort.

##### SIBELLA

Lionel is not only stupid, he is vulgar.

##### MONTY

Let's not discuss your honeymoon, shall we?

##### SIBELLA

Let's not.

**Side 17** **MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW MONTY**

##### MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

The problem with this country, Mr. Goodbody, is that everybody is weak! Have you studied eugenics, my friend? We must find a way to prevent the unfit from multiplying themselves. li we fail, I'm afraid the Empire is likely to slip through England's grasp.

##### MONTY

Unthinkable, Major D'Ysquith.

##### MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

I spent the weekend at Highhurst with my cousin, the Earl - do you know him?

##### MONTY

I know *of* him, *oi* course.

##### MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

The gluttony! The endless, extravagant meals!

##### MONTY

I'm afraid my constitution would not tolerate such indulgence. I was raised a strict vegetarian.

##### MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

Why, I myself sit on the Council of the London Vegetarian Society!

##### MONTY

I had no idea.

##### MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

What luck, our meeting like this. Have you tried yogurt culture? Delicious. And a natural laxative, don't you know. In fact, I myself had a yogurt enema just the other day. Why not skip the middle-man, eh, what? Right! ow I am going to lift my own weight. One hundred and seventy pounds.

##### MONTY

Do you think it wise, Major?

##### MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

Of course not!

**Side 18 MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW MONTY**

##### MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW

Of course not! Flank me, will you?

**MONTY**

Of course.

**MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW**

If I cry out before the count often, and I may, you will not help me. Understood?

**MONTY**

Quite.

**MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW**

Isandlwana !

**MONTY**

One ...

**MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW**

Tweebosch!

**MONTY**

Two...

**MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW**

Watusi!

**MONTY**

Three...

**MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW**

Mr. Goodbody...!

**MONTY**

Do call me Phineas. Four...

**MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW**

It's getting... rather... heavy...!

**MONTY**

Beg your pardon...? Heavier, did you say?

**MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW**

No …more...!

**MONTY**

More? Well, all right, Major, if you say so...

**MAJOR LORD BARTHOLOMEW**

Help...! Mummy...!

**Side 19 PHOEBE'S MAID PHOEBE MONTY**

##### PHOEBE'S MAID

Miss D'Ysquith...? Pardon me. **Mr.** Navarro is here to see you.

**PHOEBE**

Show him into the drawing room, Mary.

Henry had a great admiration for you, Mr. Navarro. He thought you the gayest person he had ever met.

**MONTY**

No one could help loving him.

**PHOEBE**

Henry was not a perfect man, but I was deeply devoted to him. I am afraid now I am at somewhat of a loss.

##### MONTY

It is a short ride from London, if you should ever need me. For anything... anything at all.

**Side 20 3RD NEWSBOY 4TH NEWSBOY LADY SALOME**

**1ST ACTOR 2ND ACTOR 3RD ACTOR**

**MONTY**

##### 3RD NEWSBOY

Lady Salome D'Ysquith Pumphrey Returns To The Stage!

##### 4TH NEWSBOY

Lady Salome Appearing As Hedda Gabler!

##### 3RD& 4TH NEWSBOYS

Seats still available!

##### LADY SALOME

*(As HEDDA:)*

"Bang! Oh, dear me, I didn’t hit you, did I?"

##### 1ST ACTOR

*(As BRACK:)*

"What are you shooting al?"

##### LADY SALOME

"Oh, I just stand and shoot up into the blue, into the big blue sky! Bang!"

**MONTY** (Recorded V-0)

*(To AUDIENCE:)*

If justice had prevailed, Lady Salome would have been slaughtered by the critics, thus relieving me of the job.

##### LADY SALOME

*(As HEDDA:)*

"When I think about it now ... there was a kind of courage about it, this hidden intimacy! It was our secret, shared by no other living soul! Oh, you brute!"

**over**

**MONTY** (Recorded V-0)

*(To AUDIENCE:)*

Remembering the climax of the play, I managed to slip real bullets into Lady Salome's gun.

*(Later in the play, as viewed by the AUDIENCE now: A loud gunshot* is *heard behind a drawn curtain.)*

##### LADY SALOME

*(From offstage:)*

BANG!

*(A gust of SALOME'S feathers shoots in from offstage.)*

##### 2ND ACTOR

"Shot herself!"

**3RD ACTOR**

"In the temple!"

**ALL THREE ACTORS**

"Shot herself!"

**MONTY**

The audience leapt to its feet. Tragically, Lady Salome did not.

**Side 21 MONTY SIBELLA**

##### MONTY

Have you time for a glass of sherry?

##### SIBELLA

Lionel will expect me to be home when he arrives.

##### MONTY

I wonder... what would you do, Sibella, if *I* were to marry?

##### SIBELLA

Forbid it.

**MONTY**

You think that would be effective?

##### SIBELLA

If it were not, I should never speak to you again.

##### MONTY

Do you mean that?

**SIBELLA**

I suppose it would depend on whom you married, and whether you married for love, or-

##### MONTY

Or self-interest, you mean.

##### SIBELLA

I suppose there is something in marrying for love. I *thought* I was in love with Lionel. At least a little.

##### MONTY

To do you justice, Sibella, I believe you did. Perhaps if we'd married, we'd have become bored with each other. Eventually.

##### over

##### SIBELLA

Do you really think so?

##### MONTY

There's all the difference in the world in being able to see a woman when you want to and being obliged to see her when you don't.

##### SIBELLA

I'm not at all sure I appreciate your attitude.

**Side 22 1ST NEWSBOY 2ND NEWSBOY**

**1ST NEWSBOY**

"Lady Hyacinth Found Alive!"

**2ND NEWSBOY**

"Society Lady Escapes From Cannibals!"

**1ST NEWSBOY**

"Lady Philanthropist Arrives Home Today!"

**2ND NEWSBOY**

"Lady Hyacinth To Be Greeted By Thousands!"

**1ST NEWSBOY**

"Lady Hyacinth Falls in Gangplank Collapse!"

**2ND NEWSBOY**

"Society Lady drowns in harbor!"

**Side 23 LORD ADALBERT LADY EUGENIA MR. GORBY**

**PHOEBE MONTY**

##### LORD ADALBERT

I'm famished. What are we eating?

##### LADY EUGENIA

Everything to drive you to an early grave.

##### LORD ADALBERT

It can't be soon enough, as long as you're living.

##### LADY EUGENIA

You'd better hope I die before you. Otherwise, I shall feed your remains to the hounds.

##### LORD ADALBERT

I'm counting on you having a prolonged illness, every inch of you covered with leeches. And I shall savor the act *o{* applying each of them myself. Speaking of leeches, who the devil have you invited to sponge off us *this* weekend?

*(MR.* GORBY, *a butler, announces the guests.)*

##### MR. GORBY

Miss Phoebe D'Ysquith and Mr. Montague D'Ysquith Navarro.

##### LADY EUGENIA

Adalbert, you remember Miss D'Ysquith, of course.

##### LORD ADALBERT

Which one are you?

**PHOEBE**

Phoebe, sister of the late Henry D'Ysquith.

##### LORD ADALBERT

They're all named Henry!

##### LADY EUGENIA

It's been far too long, my dear. I trust your trip was tolerable?

##### LORD ADALBERT

Half the family's named Henry! Lack of imagination.

##### PHOEBE

Oh, quite, Ma'am. With Mr. Navarro as my companion, it seemed to take no time at all. Mr. Navarro, I don't believe you've yet met the Earl and his Countess, Lady D'Ysquith.

##### LORD ADALBERT

So you're the young ragger they're all talking about. I suppose your name is Henry, too!

**LADY EUGENIA**

It's Montague.

**LORD ADALBERT**

Oh, that's a first.

**MONTY**

An honour to meet you, at last.