

Side 8

all wet – and covered with mud. What has someone been doing with it?

CANON. Someone has used it – for murder.

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. My scarf! What impertinence!

CANON. Quite. When is the last time you remember having it?

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. I had it in here before I went in to dinner last night. Christina should not have let me leave it behind.

CANON. This is not your handkerchief, Miss Ffoliot-Ffoulkes?

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. (*with disgust*) No, indeed. It's a man's and a nasty cotton thing.

CANON. It's just an ordinary Woolworth's handkerchief – stained pink. No mark on it, not even a laundry mark.

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. I suppose I can take my property – even though it *has* been completely ruined. I shall sue the company.

CANON. These things will have to be shown first to the police.

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. (*sharply*) The police.

CANON. A police launch is on its way. It may arrive at any minute.

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. (*sitting right of the center table*) Oh, I see.

(CANON PENNEFATHER *moves up center to the window, frowning over the scarf and handkerchief.*)

Start SMITH. (*coming down right center and crossing to center below the table*) I've been hoping to get you alone, Miss Ffoliot-Ffoulkes.

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. Indeed, Mr. – er – Smith, I can't imagine for what reason.

SMITH. Just this. I want to marry your niece.

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. You must be out of your senses, young man.

Smith / Ffoliot

SMITH. Not at all. I'm determined to marry her. I've asked her to marry me

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. Indeed? And I presume she sent you about your business?

SMITH. She refused me.

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. (*sitting back*) Naturally.

SMITH. Not naturally at all. I'm going to go on asking her till she agrees.

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. I can assure you, Mr. Smith, that I shall take steps to see that my niece is not subject to any such persecution.

SMITH. Come now, what have you got against me?

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. I should think that was quite obvious, Mr. – er –

SMITH. Smith is the name – one of the Hammer Smiths!

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. Mr. Smith. Any such idea is quite out of the question.

SMITH. You mean that I'm not good enough for her?

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. I should have thought that would have been obvious to you.

SMITH. In what way am I not good enough? (MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES *does not answer.*) Come now. I've got two legs, two arms, good health and quite reasonable brains. What's wrong with that?

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. There is such a thing as social position.

SMITH. Social position is bunk.

(CHRISTINA *enters left.*)

(*turning.*) Come along Christina. I'm asking for your hand in marriage in the best conventional manner.

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. Christina, have you encouraged this young man?

CHRISTINA. (*coming down left center*) I – no – of course not – at least – not exactly – I mean –

MISS FFOLIOT-FFOULKES. What do you mean?

end