

COLONEL. No, this is your wife! (*points to MABEL, who is still in servant's costume*)

MABEL. What?

NORA. That is my servant, Mrs. Ponting!

MABEL. (*crossing to NORA*) No, Matilda Scraggs, I'm not your servant. (*crosses to C.*)

NORA. Then who are you?

MABEL. I am *Mrs. John Smith!* ! !

(*Music forte.*)

(*MABEL stands erect C. NORA with a scream falls fainting onto ottoman. COLONEL SMITH stands amazed. SMITH with hands to head, dazed.*)

	JOHN SMITH.	
DUFFELL	MABEL	NORA.
COL. S.		

QUICK CURTAIN.

For picture, JOHN SMITH is leaning over NORA, slapping her hand.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The same. Ten minutes later on the same morning.*

(DUFFELL enters door of flat quickly when the curtain rises.)

DUFF. (*goes to fireplace R.*) And to think that I allowed myself to be taken in by him. (*picks up photo on mantelpiece*) Mr. Smith indeed! His conduct when I arrived ought to have put me on my guard. Mr. Smith indeed! Well, it isn't often I make a mistake. He's one of the gang! And so is that other party, Desmond. Anyhow, I'll soon have them all under lock and key at Vine Street. (*puts photograph on table R.*)

(MABEL enters door L. sobbing and in a very excited state.)

MABEL. Ah, Mr. Duffell—

DUFF. My dear madam, don't distress yourself like this; I'll see they don't harm you.

MABEL. (*sobbing*) But my husband! Think of my husband! What have they done to him? What have they done to him?

DUFF. (R. C.) It's pretty certain they've got him hiding somewhere.

MABEL. Heaven knows what he may be suffering!

DUFF. Leave everything in my hands; I'll find him! (*crosses to window L.*)

(MABEL goes R. C.)

(*looking out of window, whistles*) Oh, oh!

MABEL. (*exclamation of surprise at DUFFELL's long low significant whistle with his mouth*) Oh, Mr. Duffell, what is it?

(*Going up to DUFFELL.*)

DUFF. Don't be frightened, ma'am. (*still looking out of window*) Now, what's that furniture van doing here?

MABEL. Furniture van! (*looks over his shoulder out of window*)

DUFF. Yes; they tried that game on in Paris a little

time ago; but they don't come it over Duffell. Well, upon my word—but I've upset their little programme; I tumble to their little game now. (*crosses R. C.*)

MABEL. You do? (*L. C.*)

DUFF. I do, ma'am. They've got your husband out of the way, and their next move was to get you out of the way; then, with the exception of your house-keeper, they'd have had the place to themselves, and in less time than you could say "knife" everything here would have been in that van, and off they'd have gone with a nice little haul!

MABEL. Oh, Mr. Duffell!

DUFF. (*going up to door c.*) I must investigate that van; it'll come in useful to take them all to Vine Street.

MABEL. Oh! I'm afraid to be left here alone! (*going to DUFFELL*)

DUFF. Lock yourself in your room, ma'am; and if they attempt to force the door, open the window and call for help. I shall be on the alert. (*opening door of flat*)

MABEL. (*going to door L.*) Oh, Mr. Duffell, what should I have done to-day without you? I am so helpless; you are so clever.

(*Exit door L.*)

DUFF. Nice little woman! I like her! She said I was clever! Well, so I am—*very* clever. But to hear it from the lips of youth and beauty is soothing—*very* soothing.

(*Exit door c.*)

(*MRS. PONTING enters door R.*)

MRS. P. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What is the matter with Mr. Smith this morning? (*points to door L.*) Then there's Mrs. Smith! What's a-worrying her, poor dear, and why did she borrow my things? But, lor, didn't she look nice in them? Ah! it all comes of the master stopping out last night! (*lifting up her hands*) I know it does! (*L. C.*)

(*Enter NORA C. She goes down R. C.*)

NORA. (*entering*) Where's Matilda Scraggs!

MRS. P. (*surprised*) Matilda Scraggs, ma'am? I don't know no Matilda Scraggs, ma'am.

NORA. You do! You must! You let her in last night!
MRS. P. Me, ma'am? The only lady I let in, ma'am, was Mrs. Smith.

NORA. Mrs. Smith indeed! That is Matilda Scraggs! (*crosses L.*)

MRS. P. Well, ma'am, I didn't know her maiden name. How was I to know master had married a Miss Scraggs, m'm?

NORA. How am I to explain to a servant? Oh, I can't! You may go! (*sits L. of table R.*)

MRS. P. Yes, ma'am——

NORA. Stop!

MRS. P. (*going, aside*) What's she doing here?

NORA. You are not deceiving me?

MRS. P. (*injured tone*) Deceiving you, ma'am?

NORA. You are my housekeeper, Mrs. Ponting?

MRS. P. No, ma'am, that I'm not!

NORA. Ah!

MRS. P. I'm certainly Mrs. Ponting, ma'am, but, begging your pardon, you're not my mistress!

(MISS FOTHERINGAY *knocks and rings.*)

NORA. Oh! I *am* your mistress, Mrs. Ponting.

MRS. P. Well, ma'am, seeing as how my mistress is in there—(*points to room L.*) I——

NORA. Do you doubt my word? (*rises*)

MRS. P. Oh no, ma'am, and I don't doubt her word neither; but master ain't a Mormon—(*goes to door c.*) he can't have two wives. (*opens door c., leaving it open*)

NORA. (*crosses L. c. to ottoman*) Even the servant doesn't believe I'm Mrs. Smith. Oh, I'm so glad I came home!

(MRS. P. *opens entrance door of flat.*)

(*Enter MISS FOTHERINGAY.*)

Miss F. Mr. Smith at home?

MRS. P. Yes, miss! But oh! he's very busy this morning. I'll tell him you're here, miss.

Miss F. Thanks! (*comes down R. c.*)

NORA. Another little surprise for me, I suppose!

(MRS. P. *shuts room door.*)

NORA. Good morning. You wish to see Mr. Smith?

MISS F. Yes, madam.

NORA. He will be here presently; pray be seated.

(MISS F. *sits L. of table R.*)

Might I ask your name? (*sits on ottoman*)

MISS F. Certainly! I am Miss Fotheringay of the Bijou Theatre? I left my card this morning.

NORA. (*aside*) An actress! What can she want with Jack? (*aloud*) What is the object of your visit?

MISS F. To thank Mr. Smith for his great kindness to me.

NORA. Really! Is he a friend of yours?

MISS F. A friend indeed, for he was a friend in need. Oh! if you only knew how good he has been to me!

NORA. (*aside*) I can quite imagine it.

MISS F. Yes, madam; I was in trouble and he came to my assistance like the noble-hearted fellow he is. Do you know him?

NORA. (*aside*) I'm afraid I don't! (*aloud*) Yes—slightly, but when and where was he so kind to you?

MISS F. (*rises*) Late last night in Leicester Square. It was terrible; but oh! how fortunate it was that when I fell fainting it was into the arms of so true a gentleman! How brave he was! How sweetly tender and considerate! Can you wonder that I am longing to meet him and thank him from the bottom of my heart?

NORA. (*rises—aside*) This is too much! (*aloud*) Madam, do you know who I am?

MISS F. I have not the pleasure.

NORA. I am his wife.

MISS F. Oh! pardon me, but really—(*goes R. C.*)

NORA. (*aside*) Oh! she doesn't believe me. (*aloud*) Do you doubt my word?

MISS F. I think you are mistaken.

NORA. Mistaken! I tell you, madam, I am Mrs. John Smith.

MISS F. Possibly; but you are not the only one, and—

NORA. What! (*aside, half sobbing*) Oh, Jack, Jack, how could you? (*sinks on ottoman sobbing*)

MISS F. I didn't mean that; I meant that you don't happen to be the wife of this particular Mr. John Smith of Mona Mansions.

NORA. Not his wife! How dare you say such a thing! (*rises*)

MISS F. Because I have already had the pleasure of seeing the real mistress of this flat—here—not two hours ago. (*going R.*)

NORA. The real mistress! (*aside*) First, Mrs. Ponting and now this actress. (*aloud*) Madam, you forget yourself. (*going up c.*) I will find my husband and he shall explain everything in your presence and mine.

(*Exit c.*)

MISS F. This is flat-furnishing up to date. Box and Cox with wives! How does Mr. Smith do it? (*goes L.*)

(*Enter SMITH from door R. I. E.*)

SMITH. (R.) I beg your pardon. (*seeing his mistake, furious and horrified at seeing another strange lady in his flat*) Madam! (*groans*) Another horror! Another horror!

MISS F. (L. c. merrily) Thank you—Mr. Smith!

SMITH. Who are you, madam?

MISS F. Apparently you don't recognize me this morning.

SMITH. (*furiously*) Madam, I've never seen you before in my life. (*crosses L. c.*)

MISS F. (*merrily*) Oh! Mr. Smith! (*crosses R.*)

SMITH. Oh! Mrs.—Madam—(*going to her*) Why have you come here?

MISS F. (*smiling*) I believe you lost a pocket-book last night!

SMITH. Ah! Here's another one after it! Ah! ah! ah! How many more of you? How many more of you?

MISS F. (*frightened*) Mr. Smith! (*draws away L.*)

SMITH. Madam, do you know I have a detective on the premises?

MISS F. (*merrily*) A detective!

SMITH. Yes, madam; and he's here to take you and the rest to Vine Street.

(*Miss F. merry ripple of laughter.*)

(*aside*) She doesn't seem to mind it in the least! Yes; she's one of the gang. (*aloud*) Madam, do you want to sleep on a plank to-night?

MISS F. (*laughs*) No, thanks!

SMITH. Then you'd better go, and take Matilda with you!

MISS F. Take Matilda with me?

SMITH. Yes, Matilda Scraggs! The Duchess of Piccadilly! And perhaps you'll tell me why she has the audacity to call herself *Mrs. Smith*?

MISS F. (*aside*) Oh, that was the *Duchess* I saw just now.

(*Enter COLONEL SMITH C.*)

COLONEL. I say, Jack, my boy—(*goes down L. C.*) Hallo! *another* pretty woman! Jack, my boy, introduce me!

SMITH. One moment, uncle. I'm all like that this morning. (*changing his tone with great effort*) Would you mind stepping into that room for a moment? (*opens door down R.*)

MISS F. (*crossing to door R.*) Not in the least, but—won't you introduce me?

SMITH. (*aside*) Hush! This is the detective!

MISS F. Oh!

(*Merry laugh and exit door down R.*)

COLONEL. Jack, you rascal!

SMITH. (*trying to laugh*) I am! I am!

COLONEL. (*digs him in ribs*) You're having all the fun this morning.

SMITH. Oh, I am! I am!

COLONEL. (*smiling and pointing off*) Who's that?

SMITH. That? That! Oh, that's—that—(*aside*) Who the devil is—that? (*aloud*) Oh! that's our nursery governess, sir!

COLONEL. Your nursery governess! Why, you haven't any—(*BUS. imitating nursing baby*)

SMITH. I know, I know—quite so; but—er—you never know what may happen.

(*Quick exit into room down R.*)

COLONEL. (*jovial laugh; crosses and sits on ottoman L. C.*) I can't quite make Master Jack out! He doesn't seem to know his own wife; and she's a little mysterious! Why was she dressed like a servant just now! And that dressmaker girl seems a trifle peculiar. What did Mabel call her? Matilda Scraggs—yes! Matilda Scraggs!

(*NORA enters C., goes down R. C.*)

NORA. I can't find Jack anywhere.

COLONEL. Ah, here is the lady. (*rises, BUS. puts eye-glass in eye, looking her up and down, walking towards her*) Ah! Ah!

NORA. Well, sir, have you finished your inspection?

COLONEL. (*removing eyeglass*) Pardon me, madam, if I appear rude.

NORA. I mean your inspection of the meter! (*crosses L. C.*)

COLONEL. (R. C.) *My inspection of the meter?* (*laughs*) Madam, do you know who I am?

NORA. (L. C.) The gas man!

COLONEL. (R. C. *laughs again*) The gas man? Madam, I am Colonel Duncan Smith.

NORA. My husband's uncle! (*goes to him, holding out her hand*)

COLONEL. (*placing his hands behind him*) Certainly not, madam; don't know your husband! I'm John Smith's uncle!

NORA. And I am John Smith's wife! (*goes R. C.*)

COLONEL. (C. *smiling*) Oh no, you really must pardon me, but—

NORA. (R. C.) Now, *he* doesn't believe me! No one believes me! (*angrily; comes up to him with arms folded*) Will you be good enough to tell me who I am?

COLONEL. (C.) You are Miss Matilda Scraggs, the dressmaker. Jack told me so.

NORA. (R. C.) Jack told you that?

COLONEL. (C.) Certainly! And may I ask why you take me for the gas man?

NORA. (R. C.) Because your nephew told me so!

COLONEL. (C.) What!

(*Enter MABEL door L.*)

MABEL. (L. C. *entering*) Oh, Uncle Duncan! Uncle Duncan! (*going to him and sobbing on his shoulder*)

NORA. (BUS.) Oh!

COLONEL. (*arms round MABEL*) What's the matter, Mabel, my dear?

MABEL. My Johnnie! My Johnnie! (*leaving the COLONEL'S arms, goes L.*)

NORA. How dare you call my husband your Johnnie?

MABEL. And how dare you call my Johnnie your husband?

NORA. He is *not* your husband.

MABEL. You are *not* his wife!

NORA. } Oh! (*speaking together, they collapse into*
MABEL. } COLONEL'S arms)

COLONEL. (*supporting one on each shoulder*) Ladies! Ladies! (*trying to calm them*)

NORA. This is too much! (*crosses L.*)

MABEL. It is more than I can bear. (*crosses R.*)

NORA. But I'll not remain here to be insulted.

MABEL. Why did you come here at all? You know you have no right here.

NORA. No right here! No right in my own home?

MABEL. This is not your home!

NORA. Not my home!

COLONEL. Certainly not, madam. This is not your home.

NORA. Oh! (*takes up MABEL's hat and boa from table L.*) Well, that settles it: (*comes C.*)

MABEL. Madam, how dare you! (*crosses to NORA and snatches hat and boa*) Those are mine! (*crosses to door L.*)

NORA. Yours!

MABEL. Yes, madam, mine.

(*Exit L.*)

NORA. Hers! And he gave them to me only an hour ago. (*sinks on ottoman sobbing*)

COLONEL. Don't cry, my dear! Don't! (*going up*) Oh, hang it! I can't stand a woman's tears! (*goes up and opens C. door*)

(*As he does so the REV. SMITH enters.*)

Halloa! How did you get in?

REV. S. I found the outer door open, so entered. (*goes towards couch*)

NORA. (*to herself*) So I'm the Duchess of Piccadilly!

REV. S. Oh, I beg your grace's pardon for intruding. (*takes off hat*)

NORA. (*going up*) Oh!

REV. S. Have you seen my Mabel? (*following her*)

NORA. Don't speak to me, sir! How dare you!

(*Exit C.*)

REV. S. The Duchess appears angry! (*going down L.*)

COLONEL. (B. C.) You little imposter, *where's my sovereign?*

REV. S. Your sovereign! At Windsor Castle, I believe.

COLONEL. I mean the sovereign you swindled me out of.

REV. S. Sir!

COLONEL. The sovereign I gave you for the Aged Spinners' Home at Battersea. Oh, you hypocrite! How dare you wear that coat?

REV. S. I am the curate of St. Andrews.

COLONEL. Yes; I've heard that before; but I know better! And if you don't hand me over my sovereign, I shall hand you over to the police.

(SMITH enters R.)

COLONEL. Ah, Jack, I've caught the rogue. (*going R.*)

SMITH. (*crosses to REV. S.*) You scoundrel!

REV. S. Sir, I am the curate of St. Andrews!

SMITH. The curate of St. Andrews! Ah! ah! ah!

COLONEL. Don't let him go, Jack! I'll send for a policeman.

(*Exit c. door.*)

SMITH. Now then, Mr. Saintly Sam——

REV. S. Saintly Sam, sir! I am——

SMITH. Oh! I know who you are! Your disguise doesn't take me in! What do you mean by selecting my flat to carry out your criminal plans?

REV. S. I haven't the remotest idea of your meaning. I came here to offer you an abject apology.

SMITH. Never mind the apology. Where are the notes you stole just now? (*going towards him*)

REV. S. (*retreating*) I did not steal them, sir. Mabel entrusted them to my keeping. Oh, where is she? Where is she? (*crosses to table R.*)

SMITH. You know where she is well enough, and you also know that her name is not Mabel—it's Matilda!

REV. S. Matilda!

SMITH. Yes, Matilda Scraggs, and her mother keeps a wardrobe shop in Somers Town.

REV. S. Poor fellow! I am afraid he's demented.

SMITH. You villain! But your career of crime will soon be cut short. You are caught red-handed this time. Sit down there. (*goes up to sideboard and pours out a whiskey and soda*) Sit down and don't move!

REV. S. (*sits*) I hope he won't get violent.

SMITH. But I have one very great consolation. (*drinks*)

REV. S. Drink! He'll be positively dangerous in a minute.

SMITH. You'll get ten years at the very least. (*goes to window*) Why the deuce doesn't Duffell come! Where can he have got to?

(*The REV. S. creeps cautiously to door and slips out leaving flat door open, but banging street door.*)

SMITH. (*turning round*) Confound it, he's gone! What a fool I was to take my eyes off him! He's as slippery as an eel!

(*NORA enters c. and goes down l.*)

SMITH. (*closing door*) Nora! (*goes down l. c to her*)

NORA. Don't speak to me, sir!

SMITH. Nora, my darling!

NORA. I am no longer your darling.

SMITH. Yes, you are, dear! Now more than ever Nora, you don't understand. I am the victim of a designing woman.

NORA. And I am the victim of a faithless husband (*crosses R. C.*)

SMITH. Nora, will you listen to me?

NORA. Too late, sir! I've heard enough, and I've seen enough. Besides, how can I believe a word you say?

SMITH. Have I ever told you a lie?

NORA. Yes! You lied when you gave me her hat her boa, and her umbrella. You lied when you said your Uncle Duncan was the gas inspector; you lied when you told him Mabel was your wife. So I'm her dressmaker, am I? A charming little plot truly—but my unexpected return has completely exposed it. Oh! what a delightful home-coming! But I am about to rid you of my presence. I am going back to Dover.

SMITH. Oh, Nora, don't be silly.

NORA. (*going to table*) Her portrait! Another proof! Another proof!

SMITH. Nora, I swear I am innocent.

NORA. Innocent!

SMITH. It is the truth, and truth must triumph!

NORA. It has triumphed! (*tears up photo and throws it at his feet. Going up*) Good-bye! Oh, Jack! Jack!

(*Exit c.*)

SMITH. (*calling after her*) Nora! Nora! (*Bus.*)

of kicking pieces of torn portrait lying on stage) I'll never do another kind action as long as I live. (*sits L.*) Never, as long as I live!

(*DICK enters c.*)

DICK. Confound the fog! it's coming on again. Halloa—buck up, Smiff. Buck up—where's the foglette? (*laying hands on SMITH's shoulders*)

SMITH. (*points to room where MISS F. is*) There! No! no! (*points to room MABEL is in*) There—(*points to room MISS F. is in again*) I've another one in there.

DICK. You don't mean to say you've two mysterious females on the premises?

SMITH. I have! I have!

DICK. Has your wife seen the latest?

SMITH. She has! Dick, I'm in the final stage of desperation and despair. Was ever an innocent man in such frightful position? Every moment I'm sinking deeper and deeper into difficulties, and the more I struggle to extricate myself the greater they grow—a simple, kind, generous act of mine last night has been taken advantage of by these designing females, and that scoundrel, Saintly Sam! My wife thinks I'm faithless. Oh! my head's going! I can feel the symptoms of lunacy coming on. Dick, I'm dazed! (*waving his right hand in front of his eyes*) Dazed!

DICK. (*alarmed*) Smiff! (*follows SMITH and keeps just behind him during this speech*)

SMITH. (*rises and goes c.*) The fog's rising before my eyes—and look, there's Leicester Square—and there's the fainting female! See, she's talking, laughing, plotting with her two confederates. (*wild laugh*) Yes; there they are. Can't you see them waiting for their victim? And look, there goes the victim wending his way homeward through the dark, black fog, little dreaming of the plot they're hatching round the corner. Now they're listening—yes, they've heard his footsteps. Now they separate, and the victim still plods on to meet his fate. (*calls as though warning the victim*) Stop—man—it's an old trick! Save yourself! Turn back! Too late, she's in his arms! Why doesn't someone tell him what a fool he is?

DICK. (*placing hand on SMITH's shoulder, trying to change the current of his thoughts*) Smith!

SMITH. (*shouts at the imaginary man*) Smith!

DICK. (*still trying to change current of his thoughts*) Smith!

SMITH. Louder, Dick—(*calls*) Smith!

DICK. Smith, are you in your sober senses?

SMITH. Smith, are you an idiot? There they go. The elements are all in their favor and dead against poor Smith! Now the villains are creeping up—they're on him—he's down, and now robbed and half strangled he realizes what a fool he has been. Look! The men have disappeared, the woman has gone; and there stands Smith, watchless, chainless, purseless, and alone. (*sinks on ottoman*)

(*This speech should be done as intensely and dramatically as possible.*)

DICK. Poor old Smiff! (*crosses to fireplace*)

SMITH. Yes, Dick, I'm dazed—dazed! dazed! All the horrors of last night are crowding in my brain, and here I am—facing the music!

(*Miss F. in room R. knocks loudly at door to find she is locked in. SMITH starts up at knocking, much startled.*)

MISS F. (*calling loudly*) Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith!

SMITH. (*crossing to door R.*) Oh! that's the other one, Dick! Ah! (*going to door and unlocking it*)

(*DUFFELL enters very quietly at door of flat C.*)

Keep her quiet, Dick, keep her quiet!

DICK. But she's not my foglette!

SMITH. Never mind. Keep her quiet for my sake, and I'll find Duffell!

(*DICK exit R.*)

(*SMITH locks door. DUFFELL has come down to L. of table R. by this time, and stands with his right foot on chair, watching SMITH.*)

SMITH. (*seeing DUFFELL*) Oh! there you are! Now look here, Duffell—

DUFF. (*L. of table R.*) Be careful what you say; it'll be used in evidence against you. (*takes foot off chair*)

SMITH. (*R. of table*) What the devil are you talking about now?

DUFF. (*smiling*) Come, out with it—what's your name? And who are you? (*both hands on table, leaning over to SMITH*)

SMITH. (*savagely, imitating DUFFELL'S position*)

What's my name—who am I? (*inane laugh*) John Smith! Idiot!

DUFF. (*grinning*) John Smith, idiot! That game's played out! (*grinning again*)

SMITH. Are you going to drive me mad?

DUFF. No; I'm going to drive you to Vine Street. No wonder you wanted to compound this felony; no wonder you wanted to get me off the premises—no wonder you were anxious to get Mrs. Smith off the premises. (*laughs*)

SMITH. (*striking table with his fist emphatically*) Duffell, this is my flat!

DUFF. Oh, is it? Well, I'm not your flat! (*laughs*)

SMITH. Take these women away. (*waving both hands, crosses L. C.*)

DUFF. Where are your confederates—(R. C.) the Duchess and Saintly Sam?

SMITH. (*wild laugh*) Oh, this is a most intelligent policeman! What the dickens do you take me for?

DUFF. What do I take you for? Entering this house with felonious intent for one thing.

SMITH. Ah! ah! ah! Me! Ah! ah!

DUFF. And robbery with violence in Leicester Square last night for another.

SMITH. Ah! ah! (*quite excited*) Anything else? Can't you throw in a murder or two? Ah! ah! Oh! I could strangle you—you—you—(*going to him*)

DUFF. (*retreating*) Stand back! No violence. I've a dozen men outside. You'd better go quietly.

SMITH. Duffell, I'll stand this no longer. (*goes over to fireplace and picks up poker*) If you value your life, go! I'll not answer for the consequences, if you remain here another moment.

(MABEL enters door L.)

(*very madly*) Duffell, I'm getting dangerous! Go! (*brandishing poker*)

(DUFFELL rushes to door c., opens it and exit, showing only his head.)

MABEL. (*screams*) Oh, Mr. Duffell! (*rushes up to window*)

DUFF. Don't be frightened, madam; I'm here.

SMITH. And so am I! madam—this flat is mine! (*crosses to L. C.*)

MABEL. (*comes down L.*) It's false! It belongs to my husband, Mr. Smith! What have you done to him?

(DUFFELL comes down R. C.)

SMITH. What have I done to him? Ah! ah! What are you doing to him? What are you all doing to him? (*jumps in the air and gesticulates frantically*)

MABEL. (*frightened, goes up L.*) Take him away! Take him away!

DUFF. Just what I'm going to do, ma'am. (R. C.)

SMITH. Oh, are you? Ah! ah!

(NORA opens door and speaks off.)

NORA. Have the goodness to call me a cab, Mrs. Ponting. (*goes down R.*)

SMITH. Nora, my darling!

NORA. Don't speak to me, sir! (*going down stage*) Good-bye! I'm going back to Dover! (*goes in front of table R. and up to fireplace*)

DUFF. No, Duchess, your destination's Bow Street. (*L. of table R.*)

SMITH. (*going to DUFF.*) And your destination will be the nearest hospital, if you dare insult my wife! I've warned you, Duffell, so—take care. Take care!

(Miss F. off stage merry laugh—DICK off stage merry laugh. Look at each other. BUS.)

SMITH. And they can laugh at a moment like this. Oh! (*sits*)

DICK. (*off stage*) Open the door, Smiff, open the door! I've a glorious surprise for you.

DUFF. (*gets to door R., opening door*) And I've a glorious surprise for you, my friend.

(DICK and Miss F. enter door R. down stage; Miss F. goes C. DICK R. C.)

DICK. Smiff, you've made a slight mistake. The lady you assisted in the fog last night—Miss Fotheringay!

SMITH. (*L. rises*) What!

ALL. Miss Fotheringay!

Miss F. Of the Bijou Theatre! Did you find my brooch last night?

SMITH. Madam, what do you mean? I've never seen you before in my life, never—never! That—(*indicating MABEL*) is the lady I met in Leicester Square.

MABEL. (*horrified*) Oh!

Miss F. Mr. Smith, we met in Leicester Square.

SMITH. We did? (*to MABEL*) Then how did my

pocket-book come into your possession?

MISS F. I called this morning to restore it to you—you were out, so I gave it to your wife. (*pointing to MABEL*)

NORA. Oh!

SMITH. Madam, *that* is my wife! (*pointing to NORA*)

MISS F. The Duchess of Piccadilly!

NORA. Oh! (*moves up stage indignantly and comes down R. again*)

SMITH. No, no! That is the Duchess! (*pointing to MABEL*)

MABEL. Oh! (*goes up stage indignantly and comes down L. again*)

MISS F. I don't understand.

SMITH. Neither do I! (*sinks on couch L.*)

DUFF. (*goes R. C.*) But I do, ma'am; you're trying to screen these people.

MISS F. Sir!

DICK. Duffell, how dare you?

(*DUFFELL goes to window and opens it.*)

MABEL. Miss Fotheringay, you are mistaken, this is not my husband!

MISS F. Not your husband!

SMITH. No, certainly not!

(*DUFFELL at window, blows his whistle, loudly. Everybody turn their back to audience and look at DUFFELL.*)

SMITH. (*jumping up alarmed*) What the deuce are you doing now?

DUFF. You'll soon know, sir. Keep cool!

NEWSBOY. (*in street, calling*) The Great Diamond Robbery in Bond Street. Latest News!

ALL. What!

DUFF. Ah! (*with pride*)

NEWSBOY. Arrest of the Duchess of Piccadilly in Paris last night!

DUFF. What!

ALL. Ah! (*pointing at DUFFELL*)

(*DUFFELL very much confused. SMITH gives derisive laugh as he looks at DUFF. Noise heard off. COLONEL enters, dragging the REV. SMITH down C.*)

COLONEL. I've got him, Jack—Saintly Sam!

MABEL. Oh, Johnnie! My husband! (*running into his arms*)

(SMITH goes down L. COLONEL goes behind ottoman.)

REV. S. Mabel, my lost lamb!

ALL. Your husband!

MABEL. Yes—and this is *his* flat.

SMITH. Oh, go on! Don't mind me!

REV. S. No, darling; I reside on the uppermost story!

MABEL. This is not your flat! Then I came to the wrong one last night—and slept in the—Oh! (*falls on to couch after giving a scream*)

SMITH. Madam, why did you come to the wrong flat last night? And you, sir; why are you here? (*to REV. S.*)

(COLONEL consoles MABEL.)

REV. S. To offer you an abject apology for opening this letter. (*hands letter*)

SMITH. Letter. (*taking it*)

REV. S. My name is Smith—the Rev. John Smith.

(MRS. P. gives scream off stage. At MRS. P.'s scream and entrance all the characters turn and watch DUFFELL's BUS. with POLICEMEN with their backs to audience. She opens flat door and goes down R. to fireplace. Three or four policemen crowd in. DUFFELL bustles them out quickly, shuts door, and puts his back against it; presently opens it a little way and calls out—)

DUFF. Wait!

SMITH. (BUS. with letter) Ah! I see it all—there are two John Smiths in Mona Mansions!

(MUSIC cue—pp.)

ALL. Two John Smiths!

SMITH. Yes, me and this! (*pointing to REV. S.—goes up*)

NORA. (*goes to MABEL c.*) But don't you know your husband's flat?

(DICK passes MISS F. to armchair R. and stands over her. DUFFELL stands at head of table, ogling MRS. P.)

MABEL. No, I've been away.

REV. S. And I came to dwell here during her absence.

DICK. Smith, the fog's lifted!

REV. S. (*producing notes*) Then these notes?

SMITH. Are mine. (*taking them*) You see, Nora, darling, the truth *has* triumphed. I am innocent.

NORA. Oh, Jack, forgive me!

SMITH. Forgive you—why, of course I will, my darling—only don't do it again!

DUFF. (*coming down R. C.*) There! I knew it would all come right in the end.

SMITH. Yes; but in the meanwhile you've been playing a merry tune, and I've had a lively time of it "Facing the Music!"

CURTAIN.

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By OWEN DAVIS

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JACK RANDAL.....His son, Yale '05.
DAVE BURLY.....Substitute on Yale Crew.
JIM TUCKER.....Captain of Yale Crew.
JIMSEY.....A Telegraph Messenger Boy.
CLANCY.....A Prize-fighter.
JOHN KENNEDY.....Coach Yale Crew.
FRANK YOUNG.....Member of Yale Crew.
ED. SCOTT.....Friend of Dick and Member of Yale
Crew.
TOM HAYNES.....Member of Yale Crew.
ROBERT CROSBY.....Member of Yale Crew.
JEPSON.....Boatman.
POL.....
HARRY WILSON.....
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MRS. RANDAL.....Jack's Mother.
DOROTHY RANDAL.....Her daughter.
POLLY BURK.....A friend of Dorothy.
MAME BRADY.....A poor girl.

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