

CUT #3

- Monty  
- Miss Shingle

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.)*

START →

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.

*(Removing her hat.)*

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 faded 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.

MISS SHINGLE

*(SHE eyes him admiringly.)*

You rather favor your father... physically, I mean.

**MONTY**

Did you know my father? He died when I was but seven.

**MISS SHINGLE**

Only met him once, love. Castilian, you know. As dashing a face and figure as you will ever see.

*(A heavy sigh.)*

Tell me, love, what do you know of your *mother's* family?

**MONTY**

Mother never spoke of them. Must've been curs and mountebanks. Horse thieves, at the very least.

**MISS SHINGLE**

Well, not exactly. Have you heard of the D'Ysquith family?

*(MUSIC starts under scene.)*

#2 - You're a D'Ysquith

**MONTY**

The D'Ysquiths? Why, yes, of course, hasn't everyone?

**MISS SHINGLE**

Then you've heard of Highhurst Castle?

**MONTY**

Of course.

**MISS SHINGLE**

You're aware, then, of their position? Their vast wealth and influence?

**MONTY**

Yes, yes, what's it got to do with me?

**MISS SHINGLE**

*Spoken*

~~*(Singing)*~~

YOU'RE A D'YSQUITH... )

~~**MONTY**~~

What?

~~**MISS SHINGLE**~~

~~YOU'RE A D'YSQUITH.~~

~~**MONTY**~~

~~No...~~

go to next page

~~MISS SHINGLE~~

~~OH, THE D'YSQUITH BLOOD IS FLOWING THROUGH YOU.~~

~~MONTY~~

~~Me?! A D'Ysquith...?!~~

~~MISS SHINGLE~~

~~A GENUINE, BONAFIDE D'YSQUITH.~~

~~MONTY~~

~~Rubbish...~~

~~MISS SHINGLE~~

~~OF COURSE, OF COURSE,  
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, DO YOU?~~

~~MONTY~~

(Incredulous:)

You must be mad.

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 of 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.

— END.

~~MISS SHINGLE~~

(Singing:)

~~YOUR MOTHER  
LIVED LIKE A PRINCESS IN EV'RY WAY  
THE DAUGHTER OF LORD MAXIMILIAN,  
TILL SHE MET YOUR FATHER ONE FATEFUL DAY.  
SHE KNEW IT WAS LOVE, AND YET...~~

~~THE FAM'LY DECLARED SHE'D BEEN LED ASTRAY  
BY A CLIMBING, CONNIVING CASTILIAN.  
"LET HIM GO,~~

Go to  
Here



END →