

**ACT TWO****SCENE 4**

*The Great Hall, Highhurst Castle. The rather grand LADY EUGENIA D'YSQUITH [50's] straightens the medals on the jacket of her husband, LORD ADALBERT. MUSIC fades out.*

**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 of 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.

*(MONTY enters, with PHOEBE on his arm, looking spectacular. It's a rather different entrance than the one HE made as a tourist.)*

**LADY EUGENIA**

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

*(PHOEBE curtsies to LORD and LADY D'YSQUITH.)*

**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?

cut  
#6

**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 bows respectfully.)*

**MONTY**

An honour to meet you, at last.

#18 - Final Warning

*(Two ANCESTRAL BUSTS come alive and sing to MONTY)*

**ANCESTRAL BUST 1**

MONTY NAVARRO!  
YOU'RE HERE BY INVITATION!

**MONTY**

*(To LADY EUGENIA:)*

DELIGHTED, COUNTESS.

**ANCESTRAL BUST 2**

MONTY NAVARRO!  
YOU'VE WORMED YOUR WAY BACK IN!

**LADY EUGENIA**

CHARMED.

**BOTH ANCESTRAL BUSTS**

BUT PLEASE RESIST THE SLIGHTEST INCLINATION  
TO FEEL AT HOME!

~~ANCESTRAL BUST 2~~~~THE ICE IS THIN!~~~~ANCESTRAL BUST 1~~~~WIFE OFF THAT GRIN!~~

LORD ADALBERT

*(To MONTY:)*

Come, Henry, let me show you some of the weapons that killed our ancestors!

~~BOTH ANCESTRAL BUSTS~~~~OH, YOU MAY BE CLEVER  
BUT MONTY YOU'LL NEVER  
WIN!~~

MONTY

Thank you, I'd love to!

~~BOTH ANCESTRAL BUSTS~~~~YOU'LL NEVER WIN!~~*(MONTY gladly disappears into the next room with LORD ADALBERT, only too eager to get away from the PORTRAITS)*

MR. GORBY

Mrs. Lionel Holland.

*(SIBELLA appears in the doorway, overdressed in her eagerness to impress. SHE curtsies. This is the highest SHE has risen on her upward climb to respectability. LADY D'YSQUITH apparently views her as an arriviste.)*

SIBELLA

It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Countess.

LADY EUGENIA

Of course it is.

*(Nervous, SIBELLA talks too much.)*

SIBELLA

My husband so wanted to be here, but he was called away at the last moment—something about a meeting at Newmarket. I am hopeless when it comes to horses, aren't you?

LADY EUGENIA

Actually, no. I breed.

SIBELLA

Mr. Holland asked me to express his sincerest regrets. I hope you don't mind that I've arrived alone.

**LADY EUGENIA**

*(Slyly mocking:)*

How very enterprising of you.

*(LADY EUGENIA pulls PHOEBE toward her.)*

Mrs. Holland, I wonder if you've met my husband's cousin, Miss D'Ysquith?

*(SIBELLA is taken aback. SHE stares at PHOEBE intently.)*

Phoebe, dear, this is Mrs. Holland.

*(LADY D'YSQUITH leaves them. PHOEBE has no idea who SIBELLA is. SHE graciously extends her [gloved] hand.)*

**PHOEBE**

Mrs. Holland, I am so pleased to know you.

*(SIBELLA takes her hand and curtsies.)*

**SIBELLA**

The pleasure is mine. Entirely. Miss D'Ysquith.

**PHOEBE**

How lovely you look.

**SIBELLA**

I've been admiring your gown. Your flawless complexion. Your sparkling eyes.

**PHOEBE**

*(A bit embarrassed.)*

Oh, you are too kind.

**SIBELLA**

Oh, no. I'm really not.

*(LORD ADALBERT re-enters the room, with MONTY. SIBELLA can't see him from where SHE is standing, and HE has no idea the woman with her back to him is anyone HE knows.)*

I do believe we may know someone in common...

**PHOEBE**

Oh... ?

*(Before SIBELLA can say another word, LORD ADALBERT taps a glass, making it ring.)*

**LORD ADALBERT**

Gather round, won't you? Lady D'Ysquith informs me I'm to ask you to raise a glass to my cousin, Miss D'Ysquith...

*(PHOEBE blushes. MR. GORBY and MR. WATERS, a servant, pass out drinks for the toast.)*

**(LORD ADALBERT)**

On the occasion of her engagement to Mr. Henry D'Ysquith—

**LADY EUGENIA**

*(Correcting him:)*

Montague.

*(SIBELLA turns around, stunned to see MONTY. HE nods, as if meeting her for the first time.)*

**LORD ADALBERT**

Mr. D'Ysquith Montague.

**LADY EUGENIA**

Navarro.

**LORD ADALBERT**

Mr. Navarro D'Ysquith Montague! A splendid chap, far as I can tell. And a cousin of mine, strangely enough. His mother was a bit of an embarrassment—

*(LADY EUGENIA elbows him.)*

Water under the bridge, of course. Lady D'Ysquith tells me he's next in the succession—funny that! With everyone else dropping like flies, I shouldn't wonder if he'll smother me in my sleep tonight—what?!

*(Silence. LADY EUGENIA glares at her husband.)*

Well, I'm getting the evil eye, so do let's go into dinner. If there's anything I can't abide—

*(To his WIFE, pointedly:)*

—it's cold hen. Don't you agree, Nirvana?

**LADY EUGENIA**

Navarro!

**LORD ADALBERT**

*(Muttering:)*

You wrinkled old kumquat.

*(As the EARL exits to the dining room, MONTY gallantly allows the OTHERS to follow. SIBELLA hangs back for a moment alone with him. MONTY betrays no particular familiarity.)*

*END.*