

# An Error of Comedies

David Barrett

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## Dramatis Personae

### At Warrington Logistics:

Amelia Headley-Warrington	Managing Director
Melvyn Prenderghast	Company Secretary
Sir Tobias Collick	Amelia's Uncle and Business Partner
The Hon. Richard Fevergall	A Friend of Sir Toby

### At the Banco Milano:

Sir Gianni Orsino	Managing Director
Valentino Medici	Company Secretary

### Others:

Ashleigh Lockett	
Sebastian Lockett	Her Brother
Flynn O'Rourke	Therapist and Personal Trainer
Captain James Hampshire	Adventurer
David Battenberg	TV Director
Police Constable	

ACT 1 PROLOGUE (OPTIONAL)

THIS SPEECH PARODIES THE ANCIENT ROMAN TRADITION OF PREFIXING A PROLOGUE. THE IAMBIC BLANK VERSE FOLLOWS THE ELIZABETHAN PATTERN. THE PROLOGUE MAY BE OMITTED.

FLYNN: Ladies and gentlemen I bid you welcome  
To this, our tale of unrequited love,  
And should you wonder who stands here before you,  
My name is Flynn, your mentor and your guide,  
The voice of wisdom.  
I keep the counsel of the high and mighty,  
I come and go and wander as I please,  
Not bound by rules of manners, time and place.  
In truth no wiser fool has graced this theatre,  
A paradox apparent to you all;  
I represent the wisdom of tradition.  
Omniscient as the play's events unfold,  
I'm privy to the private, darkest secrets,  
Of those whose very lives we now inspect.  
In knowledge, I am greater than the playwright  
Who sets these players free before your eyes;  
Fear not: in case you find it hard to track my metre,  
For in the play you'll doubtless hear,  
I speak in prose just like the other players.

ACT 1 SCENE 1      THE BANCO MILANO, FORTINI'S OFFICE (UR)

THE ACTION TAKES PLACE ON A SPLIT STAGE. THE LOCATION OF EACH SCENE ON STAGE IS GIVEN IN BRACKETS AFTER THE SCENE HEADER. FORTINI'S OFFICE IS UR AND AMELIA'S UL. UC IS THE SMALL COURTYARD GARDEN OF THE BIANCO MILANO. THE DS AREA REPRESENTS THE STREET IN VARIOUS PARTS OF LONDON AND, AT ONE POINT, A PRISON. THE ACTION FLOWS, UNINTERRUPTED, FROM ONE SCENE TO THE NEXT.  
LONDON, SOMETIME IN THE PRESENT DAY

"The Love-Sick Banker"

THERE ARE TWO DESKS IN THE OFFICE. GIANNI'S IS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR A TELEPHONE AND A PICTURE OF AMELIA HEADLEY-WARRINGTON. VALENTINO'S DESK IS AWASH WITH CLUTTER. THERE ARE PILES OF PAPERS AND FILES AND A TELEPHONE HIDDEN UNDERNEATH. FORTINI SITS WITH HIS FEET ON THE DESK AND A SHEET IN HIS HAND ON WHICH HE IS COMPOSING A POEM.

GIANNI:      The lonely wolf bewails his absent mate,  
                 His noble stance belies his inner state,  
                 While through the forest prowls the hungry bear,  
                 No comfort finds he in an empty lair.

                 Who knows what lies in nature's cruel plan  
                 That deals such blows to persecuted man?  
                 With heavy heart he greets each burgeoning day  
                 Struggling through the... through the...

ENTER VALENTINO

V'TINO:      Not another one about a lonely wolf - please.

GIANNI:      Goodness, Valentino, you gave me a start.

V'TINO:      It's not one of your best ideas. You've populated your  
                 poetry with enough lone wolves to fill the whole of  
                 Siberia.

GIANNI:      But the imagery sums up my mood. It's my way of  
                 expressing myself.

V'TINO:      Miss Headley-Warrington won't accept it; she pleaded with  
                 me to stop delivering these poems.

GIANNI:      Did she not accept my last one?

V'TINO:      Not exactly. But I did leave it with her - after a  
                 fashion. I pinned it to a tree.

GIANNI: I have to write poetry. How else can I pour out my soul to Amelia?

V'TINO: You could try picking up the phone.

GIANNI: Never! I get so tongue-tied. How can I possibly express my feelings to piece of plastic.

V'TINO: A piece of paper is alright then?

GIANNI: Don't be flippant, Valentino!

V'TINO: I'm sorry, sir, but can't you see, you are being consumed by this passion?

GIANNI: That's nothing new; all the great poets were consumed by something - passion, jealousy, hatred....

V'TINO: But you're not a poet, you're a banker. You don't deal in words, metaphors and imagery - you deal in stocks, shares and currency...

GIANNI: Currency? Scraps of paper adorned by the queens head promising to 'pay the bearer on demand'. To your knowledge, has the bearer ever demanded payment?

V'TINO: (PERPLEXED) Well, I, I...

GIANNI: Bankers lend money that doesn't exist, to people we don't know, which other people have promised to lend us and which is guaranteed by unseen securities put up by people we have never met. This is not reality - it's an illusion.

V'TINO: (TAKING THE POEM FROM GIANNI) But so is your relationship. How many more of these can I post on trees in her garden?

GIANNI: On trees? Whatever do you mean?

V'TINO: I told you, I've been pinning them to trees in the hope that she'll read them when she takes a stroll.

GIANNI: Valentino, that's truly inspired! Even Lord Byron would have struggled to think of that.

V'TINO: And Lord Byron didn't have the paparazzi to contend with.

GIANNI: What on earth do you mean?

V'TINO: Your poems are beginning to attract attention. The railings are lined with passers-by straining to read them and now the tabloids are onto it with their telephoto lenses.

GIANNI: It was never my intention to conduct so public an affair. But it might make her sit up and take notice.

V'TINO: (SNATCHING THE POEM) Sir Gianni! This is not the way. (TURNING THE PAPER OVER) My God, it's the statement of stocks held with Van Heusen. I've looked all over for this document.

GIANNI: It's just figures.

V'TINO: This is a bank, sir.  
(STARTS TO PULL ON HIS COAT)

GIANNI: Valentino, where are you going?

V'TINO: To rescue any other documents you might have used as writing paper, before this bank grinds to a halt with our reputation in tatters.

GIANNI: I beg you, Valentino, leave them for a few days until she's read them all.

V'TINO Amelia does not want to read your poems.

GIANNI: Do not be so familiar. She is managing director of her family firm; I insist you call her Miss Headley-Warrington. Is that clear?

V'TINO: Yes, sir. perfectly clear.

GIANNI: It is my privilege to be able to use her Christian name. (SAVOURING THE SOUND OF THE NAME) Amelia, Amelia, Amelia; it's poetry to my ears. Her name truly floats onto the night air like a sigh.

V'TINO: Your similes begin to arouse a sense of nausea in me, Sir Gianni.

GIANNI: (IGNORING THE REPRIMAND) How such a pure and simple name might arouse such passion, its vowels flowing like silk, its intonation plucking at the harp-strings of the soul, its bitter-sweet passage over the tongue like coffee and cream, its...

V'TINO: Pull yourself together, sir!

GIANNI: Oh Valentino, Valentino, Valentino, you simply don't understand.

V'TINO: Just leave my name out of this; I don't want it smothered in silk and coated with coffee and cream, thank you very much.

(PHONE RINGS)

V'TINO: Excuse me sir.

(ON THE PHONE) Good morning, Banco Milano, Valentino Medici speaking.

Ah yes, good morning, sir.

Yes, I received your letter. We are giving it our urgent attention, but...

Unfortunately some of the documents have gone missing and.....

Yes, of course we keep copies but....

Certainly, sir, I will get back to you later today.

Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

Why on earth don't we keep copies?

GIANNI: That's your department, Valentino.

V'TINO: It's all very well for you to delegate but I can't cope with this amount of paperwork.

(HE THROWS PILES OF PAPERS INTO THE AIR)

Your enthusiasm for the company has waned and my workload is punishing, especially considering the amount of time I spend out of the office - delivering your love-offerings. And that secretary of hers, Prenderghast, the odd little man with the rule book, he gives me a hard time whenever I visit.

GIANNI: Alright Valentino. Look, I'll employ a secretary to help you. Place an advert will you?

V'TINO: Certainly, sir, thank you. (BEAT) And... no more poems?

GIANNI: No more poems... for the time being.

V'TINO: But Sir Gianni...

GIANNI: I need an outlet for my feelings.

V'TINO: Why don't you just go and pay her a visit. That would be the normal thing to do.

GIANNI: But one would not normally have to get past a rotweiler like Melvyn Prenderghast.

V'TINO: Why not simply ask her out, meet her on neutral ground.

GIANNI: I agree, but first I must prepare the ground.

V'TINO: Then text her. I'll get her mobile number.

GIANNI: Would you? And would you be able to sell the idea of a meeting to her?

V'TINO: A sales pitch? That's novel! Very well, then perhaps I can get on with my real job.

GIANNI: I could text her a poem.

V'TINO: No, sir! She'd think you were a freak!

GIANNI: A freak! As if rejection is not enough. I must prove to her I am a man of integrity and intelligence. Tell me, Valentino, do you consider me attractive?

VALENTINO PUTS SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND GIANNI.

V'TINO: I cannot possibly say. You know very well my batting history proves I don't favour the home team.

GIANNI: But, as one man to another?

V'TINO: I would say that girls probably find you quite attractive.

GIANNI: But without Amelia my life is worth nothing. I might as well throw myself under a tube train, although with my luck the train would be delayed.

V'TINO: You really must not think like that.  
(HE PULLS ON HIS COAT AND BEGINS TO EXIT) I'll go to her, get her mobile number and let her know you wish to meet her for dinner. It's up to you to do the rest.

GIANNI: Thank you, Valentino.

V'TINO: This will take some time; I have to recover those documents from the garden. I'll be back this afternoon.



EXIT VALENTINO

GIANNI: (SPOTTING THE DISCARDED POEM ON THE FLOOR AND RISING)  
Oh Valentino, you forgot the poem. (EXITS HURRIEDLY)  
Valentino!

END OF SCENE

ACT 1 SCENE 2 THE STREET (DOWNSTAGE RIGHT)

"Ashleigh Arrives in Town"

ENTER ASHLEIGH, STRUGGLING WITH AN OVERSIZE BACKPACK. SHE IS DRESSED CASUALLY IN THE GARB OF A STUDENT, INCLUDING A BASEBALL CAP. JUST BEHIND HER ENTERS JAMES, OUT OF BREATH, DRESSED IN COMBAT TROUSERS AND JUMPER. ASHLEIGH SPEAKS IN A COCKNEY ACCENT.

JAMES: Ah, there you are, Ashleigh. May I help with your backpack?

ASHLEIGH: I can manage, thank you. I carried it half-way across Antarctica; a few miles around London won't be a problem.

JAMES: Well, I suppose this is it then; the fond farewell.

ASHLEIGH: Oh, James, I'm really going to miss you, you know; even though I thought you were a pompous ass when we first met. I owe you so much.

JAMES: I'll take that as a compliment?

ASHLEIGH: Of course, you daft old sod.

JAMES: What will you do now? What does a leisure management graduate do for a living?

ASHLEIGH: You still can't say 'leisure management' without sounding patronising! I guess I'll stick around in town for a while, try and get a job.

JAMES: I suggest you go and look up old Gianni Fortini? He's always recruiting new staff and I could put a word in. He's an old army pal.

ASHLEIGH: What does he do, this Mr Fortini? Sounds like the name of a restaurant.

JAMES: Sir Gianni Fortini is a banker.

ASHLEIGH: (PANICKING) But James, I don't do banking; I can't even do Maths.

JAMES: I'll ring him; see if he can fit you in - as a tea-boy or something.

ASHLEIGH: I'm a girl, James!

JAMES: Ah yes, I was just coming to that. You see, Gianni is a bit 'old school' in that respect.

ASHLEIGH: He doesn't employ tea-girls?

JAMES: Doesn't employ girls!

ASHLEIGH: A 'sexist'! Forget it, I'll find an employer who lives in the real world.

JAMES: Ashleigh, hear me out. You see, I'm told he's head over heels in love.

ASHLEIGH: That's normal.

JAMES But his lady friend is not interested and, as he doesn't want to be distracted from the pursuit of true love, he won't employ girls.

ASHLEIGH: Sounds like a complete weirdo!

JAMES: Let me give him a call. If he has a vacancy, just give it a try. He's a great bloke once you get to know him.

ASHLEIGH But James, you just said he's not hiring women.

JAMES: Think of it as a challenge. You've walked to the South Pole, surely impersonating a boy is not beyond your abilities.

ASHLEIGH: Why no, but...

JAMES: A hundred pounds says you don't have the bottle to do this.

ASHLEIGH: I could certainly use a hundred pounds.

JAMES: That's settled then. I'll call him.

HE WITHDRAWS, DIALLING GIANNI'S NUMBER ON HIS MOBILE.

ASHLEIGH: No James, wait! Alright, have it your own way.  
(SHE PUTS DOWN HER PACK AND SITS ON IT)  
Come on Ashleigh Lockett, who got the drama prize three years running at college? This is a piece of cake. Why, even my name could be a boy's name.

(JAMES APPROACHES)

Alright James, I'll do it.

JAMES: Good girl, Ashleigh. And you're in luck; he can see you tomorrow at midday.

ASHLEIGH: But if he is a chauvinist I'll eat him for supper and spit his bones out.

JAMES: Our friendship goes back a good many years. Don't wreck it.

ASHLEIGH: Alright, I'll be a good girl, or should I say good boy? Strange though - I do actually have a twin brother.

JAMES You never said.

ASHLEIGH: (FALTERING) I... I don't actually remember him. We were separated at three months. I've not seen him since.

JAMES Ashleigh, I'm so sorry. Did your parents, er...

ASHLEIGH: Die? Nothing so simple! My mother went quite mad after our birth - hormones or something. Locked up in a home. Never met my Dad. In the navy, I think. Obviously didn't care. (SHE LOOKS AWAY SO THAT JAMES WILL NOT SEE THE TEARS IN HER EYES.)

JAMES: That's tough!

ASHLEIGH: I'd like to find him - someday, my brother. I often wonder if he's like me.

JAMES: There could never be two like you.

(ASHLEIGH PUNCHES JAMES IN THE CHEST AND HE FALLS OVER THE BACKPACK, FLAT ON HIS BACK.)

Do you know, for a girl you're quite tough.

(ASHLEIGH GLOWERS AS HE PICKS HIMSELF UP AND DUSTS HIMSELF DOWN)

There is just one thing I haven't mentioned.

ASHLEIGH: Now let me see, he doesn't employ women and he's in love with a girl who doesn't return his affections. Perhaps he has a glass eye and a wooden leg?

JAMES: No! But he is the Oxbridge sort - if you know what I mean?

AHSLEIGH: I know what you mean James Hampshire, he's a snob! Won't like my accent, is that it?

JAMES: Just about.

ASHLEIGH: (ANGRILY) So this is all part of the challenge. Get Ashleigh to put on her best r.p.. Well, I'll tell you what, Captain James Hampshire, I'll give it a week. And it will be a pleasure to relieve you of a hundred quid. (SOFTENING AND PUTTING HER ARMS AROUND JAMES'S NECK) Look James, I know you have my best interests at heart. I'm grateful for it - really.

JAMES: Give me a call and let me know how you get on.

THEY EMBRACE

Good luck, Ashleigh.

EXIT JAMES

ASHLEIGH: (SWEETLY) Bye James... (BY NOW HE HAS GONE )  
(AGGRESSIVELY) ...you stupid bastard! You've really set me up! (SHE KICKS HER BACKPACK)  
Calm down, Ashleigh Lockett, you silly cow! You can do this. Remember your voice classes. What was that ridiculous rhyme we used to warm up with?  
*Moses supposes his toeses are roses, but Moses supposes erroneously.*  
Deeper voice now, come on Ashleigh.  
*Moses supposes his toeses are roses, but Moses supposes erroneously.*  
*The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain,*  
(BECOMING EVER LOWER)  
*plain, plain, plain...*  
(PASSERS BY STARE AT HER IN SURPRISE AS SHE ATTEMPTS TO LOWER THE PITCH OF HER VOICE.)  
(TO A PASSER BY WHO QUICKLY TURNS AWAY AND SCURRIES BY)  
What?

(SLOWLY, SHE PICKS UP HER BACKPACK AND EXITS)

*High roller, low roller, lower roller.*  
Elo- bloody -cution. Never could be bothered with it!

EXIT ASHLEIGH

ACT 1 SCENE 3 THE STREET OUTSIDE AMELIA'S OFFICE (DL)

"An Unlawful Gathering"

ENTER SIR TOBIAS AND RICHARD (L), ARMS AROUND ONE-ANOTHER'S SHOULDERS, SWAGGERING AND SINGING RAUCOUSLY. DICKIE IS WEARING A YELLOW SCARF.

DICKIE: (SINGS)

*I'm getting married in the morning,  
Ding dong the bells are gonna chime;  
Pull out the stopper, let's see your chopper,  
But get me to the church on time.*

TOBY: I say, old man, what a glorious song. Did you compose it?

DICKIE: Not I, old boy, I thought you did.

TOBY: Perhaps it was that Webber chappie, he wrote everything else.

DICKIE: He wrote that show about the freak who got his face blown off at the opera?

TOBY: This is the place.

DICKIE: Hey, this is rather 'up-market'.

TOBY: For my niece, nothing is too grand.

DICKIE: I think I'm falling in love already. And you say she has inhibited the whole company.

TOBY: Inhabited! Yes, her father died intestate.

DICKIE: Must have been something he ate?

TOBY: I'm only her uncle by marriage. No blood ties you see, so no inhabitation.

DICKIE: But I thought you said...

TOBY: Pocket money, my friend; enough to buy me a few gins each week. This is where you come in.

DICKIE: (LOOKS BEWILDERED) But I'm already here. I entered with you, stage left.

TOBY: So you did. Now, where was I?

DICKIE: You were where the director put you - about here.

TOBY: Now, just imagine Amelia is falling in love with you.

DICKIE: She is?

TOBY: Just imagine it, you fool. You marry her, inhabit all her money and give some to me. Right?

DICKIE: Wrong!

TOBY: Why?

DICKIE: You make it sound as though I married her for her money.

TOBY: You did, I mean, you will. Look Dickie, it's no more than you deserve. You're a Fevergall, you have a coat of arms, a extinguished lineage.

DICKIE: I do?

ENTER FLYNN

TOBY: Ah, Flynn, have you come to join in the fun? Just in time for a song.

FLYNN: (RAISES HIS HAND) Thank you Toby, but that won't be necessary. I heard the last one.

TOBY: Flynn, the Honourable Richard Fevergall. Flynn O'Rourke.

TOBY MAKES SOME OUTRAGEOUS GESTURES OF INTRODUCTION, ACCOMPANIED BY SEVERAL DEEP BOWS.

FLYNN: Pleased to meet you Richard.

DICKIE: Call me Dick.

FLYNN: (ASIDE) It seems appropriate!

TOBY: Dickie is going to marry Amelia.

DICKIE: We hope.

FLYNN: And does Miss Headley-Warrington know this yet?

TOBY: I'll break it to her gently.

FLYNN: She may have other ideas.

DICKIE: Do you know Amelia?

FLYNN: I am acquainted with her innermost thoughts and the intimate workings of her body.

DICKIE: (POSTURING) You what?

TOBY: Calm down, Dickie! Flynn is her personal trainer.

FLYNN: Here's my card. (PRODUCES A BUSINESS CARD)

DICKIE: (READS) 'Flynn O'Rourke, Body and Mind. I'll hone your body and relax your mind.' I see; I owe you an apology.

FLYNN: An easy mistake to make. I am, after all, on intimate terms with many of the wealthier ladies in the capital.

TOBY: Lucky sod! Now, we need to ask your advice.

FLYNN: You do?

TOBY: Can you give Dickie some tips on how to win Amelia's affections?

DICKIE: You make it sound like a raffle.

FLYNN: Well, Dick, firstly, (RECOILING FROM DICKIE'S BREATH IN DISGUST) do not ever approach her smelling of drink.

DICKIE: How do I know whether or not she smells of drink?

TOBY: You, you fool! You must not smell of drink.

DICKIE TAKES OUT A MOUTH-FRESHENING SPRAY AND GIVES HIMSELF A LIBERAL DOSE.

FLYNN: Don't ever wear yellow; she can't abide the colour.

DICKIE ABRUPTLY PULLS OFF HIS YELLOW SCARF. IT WON'T GO IN HIS POCKET SO HE ROLLS IT UP AND STUFFS IT DOWN HIS TROUSERS.

And she detests gelled hair and ear-rings.

HE TAKES OUT A HANKIE, RUBS THE GEL OUT OF HIS HAIR AND REMOVES HIS EARRING.

TOBY: Well it's a start. Now, what about courtship?



FLYNN: Well, she likes the man to be romantic, assertive, protective and to pay the bills.

DICKIE MAKES A MELODRAMATIC GESTURE TO EACH OF THESE SUGGESTIONS. HE THEN PULLS THE LINING OUT OF EACH OF HIS TROUSER POCKETS IN TURN TO SHOW HE HAS NO CASH.

TOBY: We're working on the financial side. Now, Dickie, let's practise the romantic bit. I'll be Amelia, you ask me out to dinner and Flynn will mark us out of ten.

DICKIE: Well, I... I...

TOBY: Come on, Dickie.

TOBY WRAPS HIS SCARF AROUND HIS HEAD AND ADOPTS A MELODRAMATIC FEMININE POSE.

DICKIE: Oh, very well.

HE GETS DOWN ON ONE KNEE AND TAKES TOBY'S HAND.

Amelia?

TOBY: (IN A FEMALE VOICE) Yes, Richard.

DICKIE: Would you care to accompany me to the Ritz? I have ordered tea for two.

TOBY: Oh, Richard!

DICKIE: Oh, Amelia!

TOBY: I would be delighted.

DICKIE: Then walk this way. (OFFERS TOBY HIS ARM AND SWAGGERS OFF)

THEY COME OUT OF CHARACTER. TOBY GUFFAWS WITH LAUGHTER.

TOBY: Well Flynn? Out of ten?

FLYNN: Six and a half.

TOBY: Come on, Dickie! We can do better. It's after the date, you've accompanied her to her front door...

DICKIE: No, Toby!

TOBY: It's just role-play. Show us your romantic side.

TOBY ADOPTS A POSE.

DICKIE: Amelia, oh Amelia... I can't do this Toby, I feel like an idiot.

FLYNN: (ASIDE) The mist begins to clear!

TOBY: Think of the money.

DICKIE: Oh, very well. Ahem! Amelia, you are the love of my life...

ENTER MELVYN, UPSTAGE, UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS.

Show me that my love is not in vain! Marry me and I promise never to wear yellow, never to drink and to give my ear-ring to the Oxfam shop! Amor vincit omnibus!

TOBY: Omnia, you idiot!

HE GIVES TOBY A BIG KISS ON THE CHEEK. FLYNN APPLAUDS AND ROARS WITH LAUGHTER. TOBY AND DICKIE JOIN IN THE LAUGHTER, ALTHOUGH DICKIE WIPES HIS MOUTH ON HIS HANKIE AND SPRAYS HIS BREATH FRESHENER AGAIN. MELVYN WALKS DOWN WITH A LOOK OF THUNDER ON HIS FACE. FLYNN AND DICKIE NOTICE HIM BUT TOBY IS DOUBLED UP WITH LAUGHTER AND OBLIVIOUS AT FIRST TO MELVYN'S PRESENCE.

MELVYN: You, Sir Tobias Collick! How dare you make such a row outside my office window?

TOBY RECOVERS HIS COMPOSURE BUT IS STILL SNIGGERING.

TOBY: Your office? It is, I believe, my niece's office.

MELVYN: And she has asked me to investigate the source of this unholy row. Little does she know that it is her own uncle - drunk again.

DICKIE: Is there a law against that in London?

MELVYN: And who the devil are you?

MELVYN LOOKS DICKIE UP AND DOWN, HIS EYES COMING TO REST ON THE BULGE IN HIS TROUSERS. DICKIE NOTICES THIS, PUTS HIS HAND DOWN HIS TROUSERS AND WITHDRAWS THE YELLOW SCARF IN THE MANNER OF A MAGICIAN MAKING A SILK SCARF APPEAR,

BIT BY BIT. THIS CAUSES BOTH TOBY AND FLYNN TO BREAK INTO HYSTERICAL GIGGLES.

FLYNN: This is Dick!

MELVYN: Indeed! Well (PAUSE) Dick, I would suggest that you take your friends off to 'loiter' in a more appropriate place.

TOBY: Now you look here Prenderghast, this is a public place and you, little man, have no right to ask us to move on.

MELVYN: That's just where you're wrong. As it happens, there is an ancient law, designed to keep the peace, which prohibits the gathering...

TOBY: Ancient law, my arse!

MELVYN: Well really, Sir Tobias...

TOBY: And I suppose the punishment is to be put in the stocks?

MELVYN: Why, as a matter of fact... How did you know?

TOBY: Go back to the middle ages where you belong? Tell my niece that I shall 'loiter' wheresoever I please. And you can stick your ancient laws up your...

DICKIE: Toby, there's no need to insult the man.

TOBY: Man? Weasel would be a more appropriate description.

MELVYN: I see no point in continuing this conversation. Good day, gentlemen.

TOBY: Good day, Weasel!

TOBY MAKES SOME VERY UNGENTLEMANLY GESTURES AFTER MELVYN AS HE EXITS.

Jumped up office boy. Who does he think he is?

FLYNN: It's best to stay on the right side of your niece, Toby, no matter how much you may dislike Prenderghast.

DICKIE: Perhaps we should go to my club.

TOBY: (SHOUTS) And sit on hard leather chairs, speaking in whispers for fear of being shot at by the disapproving glances of po-faced stuffed-shirts.

DICKIE: Yes!

TOBY: Alright. Anywhere but here.

DICKIE: Tally-ho, carpe dime!

TOBY: Diem, Horace, diem!

THEY EXIT