**4) Sybil and Arthur**

**Sybil:** Are you looking for wedding guests? **(Looking at the chart)** Who is this?

**Arthur:** Mrs Moncrieff. We don’t speak of her often. There was a rather unfortunate incident where her son was left, as a baby, at a railway station and only found later by the most amazing co-incidence.

**Sybil:** My goodness! Would you happen to know which railway station?

**Arthur:** Victoria, the Brighton Line.

**Sybil:** The line is immaterial. **(Looking further)** And this?

**Arthur: (Looking further)** Ah dear Mrs Arbuthnott! There was talk of a scandal in her past, but my mother always insisted that she was a woman of no importance.

**Sybil:** My word! Your family tree seems to be positively sprouting with scandal and immorality.

**Arthur:** Morality is simply the attitude we adopt towards people whom we personally dislike.

**Sybil:** I shall respond to that remark when I have worked out what it means. **(Looking further again)** Lady Clementina Beauchamp **(pronounced Beecham)**. I do not believe that I have ever met her.

**Arthur:** No. She is a dear old lady who lives in Curzon Street and is a second cousin on my mother's side. I’ve always been very fond of Lady Clem, as everyone calls her. **(Pause.)** Yes, *she* would be ideal.

**Sybil:** Ideal for what?

**Arthur:** Oh… erm… a little philanthropic venture of mine. She is from the relatively genteel side of the family and I was going to invest in her… erm… future. And I wish to do it anonymously so that there is no possibility of my deriving any vulgar monetary advantage by her death.

**Sybil:** Is she expected to die very soon?

**Arthur:** The possibility has become high very recently.

(Pause, as Lord Arthur wrestles with how to broach the following.)

**Arthur:** Sybil, darling, you know I love you madly.

**Sybil:** Oh dear. Lady Windermere says ‘Men only say they love you when they are about to be beastly to you’.

**Arthur:** Not at all darling… Well not exactly. **(Pause.)** Darling Sybil, you know I love you madly…

**Sybil:** You’ve said that.

**Arthur:** I know, but you keep interrupting me in mid-flow.

**Sybil:** Sorry. Do go on.

**Arthur: (Recapping quickly)** Darling Sybil, you know I love you madly… **(Then, positively)** Darling, we must postpone the wedding.

**Sybil: (Upset)** You don’t want to marry me!

**Arthur:** Oh I do, darling, I do. But I must settle some other affair first so that I can devote my full attention to being your husband.

**Sybil:** It’s another woman isn’t it? Oh my God! It’s Lady Flora. She’s sweet talked you away from me.

**Arthur:** No, Darling! No! It’s… It’s… **(Pause.)** It’s Lady Clementina.

**Sybil:** Lady Clementina? Your aunt from Curzon Street? **(Realising)** Oh! Oh my dear Arthur. You mean?…

**Arthur:** Yes. I must be there to support her in her final days. I wanted to keep it from you, but I feel you must know. We must have no secrets from each other.

**Sybil:** Well not necessarily ‘No secrets’. Lady Windermere says that ‘No secrets makes for a dull marriage’. But I admire what you are saying. And, yes, Arthur, I will wait. **(Suddenly)** We won’t have to wait *too* long will we, Arthur?

**Arthur:** No, no, my darling. It should be a matter of days.

**Sybil:** In that case, I would wait for you until the end of time.