**8) Lady Jedburgh ( and Windermere, Podgers and Arthur)**

**Windermere:** No, I am not at all cynical, I have merely got experience, which, however, is very much the same thing. **(Then, to Podgers)** Mr Podgers, Lord Arthur Savile is dying to have his hand read. Don't tell him that he is engaged to one of the most beautiful girls in London, because that appeared in the Morning Post a month ago.

**Jedburgh:** Dear Lady Windermere, do let me be next. At your last soiree, Mr Podgers told me I should go on the stage, and I am so interested.

**Windermere:** If he has told you that, Lady Jedburgh, he shall certainly not read you again. Come, Mr Podgers, and read Lord Arthur's hand.

**Jedburgh: (Pouting)** Well, if I am not to be allowed to go on the stage, I must be allowed to be part of the audience at any rate.

**Windermere:** Of course, we are all going to be part of the audience. And now, Mr Podgers, be sure and tell us something nice. Lord Arthur is one of my special favourites.

(Podgers takes Lord Arthur’s right hand and begins his characteristic exclamations. After a moment, he stops the noises and stares pointedly at Lord Arthur’s right hand. A shudder seems to pass through him. After a moment, Podgers looks away. Pause.)

**Arthur:** I am waiting, Mr Podgers.

**Windermere:** We are *all* waiting!

(During Lady Jedburgh’s speech, Lord Arthur and Mr Podgers stare at each other. Mr Podgers becomes more agitated. Lord Arthur notices this.)

**Jedburgh:** I believe Arthur is going on the stage, and that, after your scolding, Mr Podgers is afraid to tell him so.