

**CHOLLY, DOLLY, BEEFY**

CHOLLY                    There's a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Kathmandu;  
                                  There's a little marble cross below the town;

DOLLY                    And a brokenhearted woman  
                                  Tends the grave of 'Mad' Carew,  
                                  While the yellow god for ever gazes down.

CHOLLY                    He was known as 'Mad' Carew  
                                  By the subs at Kathmandu,  
                                  He was hotter than they felt inclined to tell,  
                                  But, for all his foolish pranks,  
                                  He was worshipped in the ranks,

DOLLY (COY SMILE)                    And the Colonel's daughter smiled on him as well.

BEEFY                    That's top hole.    Couldn't be better.

CHOLLY                    We ain't finished yet.

BEEFY                    I know, I know, but that's all we've time for now. I'm  
                                  expecting a very special visitor.

DOLLY                    Is it one of them right honourables you was at Oxford  
                                  with, Mr Bingham, sir?

BEEFY                    Well, it could be.

DOLLY                    They gonna sing for us tonight, an' all?

BEEFY                    Yes, yes, Dolly, well, we'll see.

DOLLY                    Need a bit o' class, Mr Bingham, sir.    Old Cholly 'ere, 'e  
                                  recites like he's shouting out all the things 'e's got to sell  
                                  on 'is barrer.

CHOLLY                    An' what's wrong with that, I'd like to know?

**AUNT AGATHA**

AUNT AGATHA            The salt of the earth, Mr Bingham.

BEEFY                    True. Only – well, some of their performance s are somewhat primitive. Cholly is not a natural performer.

AUNT AGATHA            Really? He seems to me to be a sterling example of the urban proletariat. Is that not how he struck you, Bertram?

BERTIE                    Of the what?

AUNT AGATHA            The urban proletariat.

BEEFY                    The thing is, Lady Worplesdon, so few of my parishioners are comfortable performing in public. In fact, I only have two. Cholly and Dolly.

AUNT AGATHA            Just two?

BEEFY                    You have just been introduced to the entire cast of this evening's entertainment. We are rather up against it. We need more entertainers. People who will sing, for preference.

AUNT AGATHA (POOINTS TO POSTER SHOWING CORA)    You seem already to have marshalled support from the ranks of the aristocracy.

BEEFY                    Ah, Miss Cora Bellinger, yes. Always a wonderful support. But you see...

AUNT AGATHA            A splendid young woman, Miss Bellinger. You should get to know her, Bertie. Just the sort of woman you ought to think about marrying. She is a sensible and high-minded woman.

BERTIE                    Ah. Mm. Well, I don't suppose she'd consider me then, what?

AUNT AGATHA            Probably not. You are, after all, entirely worthless.

**CORA, TUPPY**

TUPPY                    But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Cora is the sun.

CORA                Mr Bingham. I do so admire the work you do here.

TUPPY                You do see, Cora, don't you, that it's all a mistake?

BEEFY                I have just left Lady Worplesdon talking to some of my parishioners. Perhaps you might care to join us?

TUPPY                I say, dash it....

CORA                I would like it very much. It will have to be a brief talk – I shall need to visit my milliner before tonight's performance.

TUPPY                Yes, I'll come along too, be a jolly good idea, meeting the, er, the chaps old Beefy knows, the...

CORA                That will not be necessary, Tuppy. I do not suppose you have the common touch.

TUPPY                I jolly well have, I...

CORA                You can stay here and keep Mr Wooster company. And I will consider what you have said.

TUPPY                No, I say, look...

**ANGELA, AUNT DAHLIA**

BERTIE It was like this. One night at the Drones Club...

DAHLIA Can we wait for your life story until we can get it in book form? The question is, what are we going to do about Angela?

BERTIE Really likes him, does she?

DAHLIA Ever since the beginning of the season, until three weeks ago, he was all over Angela. Haunted the house, lapped up daily lunches, danced with her half the night. So naturally, we thought it was only a matter of time before he suggested they hunt down a wedding bell or two. Poor Angela was quite off her oats about him.

ANGELA I was quite off my oats about him.

DAHLIA And now he's dropped her like a hot brick and I hear he's infatuated with some girl called – what's she called again?

BERTIE Cora Bellinger.

ANGELA I will not hear that woman's name.

DAHLIA What woman?

ANGELA Cora Bellinger.

DAHLIA Do you know her, Bertie?

BERTIE We have met.

DAHLIA And what is this disgusting female like?

BERTIE Rather lacking in a sense of humour and built on the lines of the Albert Hall.

DAHLIA I suspected as much. Do you hear that, Angela?

ANGELA Oh, my dear Tuppy, to be purloined by such a woman. Such duplicity!

BERTIE Listen, young Angela, when speaking of Tuppy Glossop, the word duplicity springs naturally to the lips. Do you know what he did to me at the Drones Club?

ANGELA I meant the Bellinger woman's duplicity, idiot.

DAHLIA There, there. We'll have the worthless little scoundrel back, you'll see. Begging for forgiveness.

ANGELA Oh, jolly good.

**BERTIE, JEEVES**

- BERTIE I will not sing, Jeeves. I am immovable on this matter. I am constant as the thing, the thing that's as constant as the other thing, what thing is it Jeeves?
- JEEVES Constant as the northern star, sir. Of whose true, fixed and resting quality, There is no fellow in the firmament. Shakespeare, sir.
- BERTIE Just so. Did Shakespeare ever meet me, Jeeves?
- JEEVES I consider it improbable, sir.
- BERTIE Well, then, he's a remarkably perceptive chap, he's got me to a tee. I will not sing, Jeeves.
- JEEVES No, sir.
- BERTIE That is all that is to be said in the matter. Nothing will move me.
- JEEVES Precisely so, sir.
- BERTIE Rather than sing, I will even incur the displeasure of my Aunt Agatha.
- JEEVES Lady Worplesdon will certainly be displeased, sir.
- BERTIE I remain unmoved. (HE THINKS FOR A MOMENT.) How displeased do you think she'll be?
- JEEVES Extremely displeased, sir.
- BERTIE Nonetheless, one has one's principles. (HE THINKS FOR A MOMENT.) Dash it, Jeeves, what on earth am I going to sing?
- JEEVES I would advocate Sonny Boy, sir.
- BERTIE Sonny Boy? Are you mad? Sonny Boy is what I sing in my bath. It is sacred to the Wooster ablutions. It is not a

song to be lightly thrown away on stage in the presence of the many-headed.

JEEVES

It has one advantage over every other song ever composed, sir.

BERTIE

What's that?

JEEVES

You know it, sir.