

# Me and My Girl

DUCHESS. Oh, John, I just despair of Bill. Since Sally went away he has become impossible. He's wasted thousands on detectives to look for her, newspaper advertisements, offering huge rewards. Nothing.

And he's convinced that I know where she is. I could almost wish the wretched girl back here.

SIR JOHN. Ah, well, you never know. Perhaps she will come back. Stranger things have happened.

DUCHESS. (*Turning away.*) It's so dispiriting.

SIR JOHN. (*Countering above her.*) Well, Maria, I never thought I'd say it, but I preferred you when you were a ghastly old trout. Do cheer up.

DUCHESS. Usually, I buy myself a new hat when I'm down in the dumps.

SIR JOHN. So that's where you get them from.

DUCHESS. (*Crossing away, right.*) I never realized how truly fond of her Bill is. I thought when she was out of the way... but he's done nothing but sulk.

SIR JOHN. I know, he's just not the same is he. (*Showing his gold watch.*) But, it's never too late. I knew a couple once who had secretly loved each other for thirty years.

DUCHESS. (*Turning back.*) Thirty years?

SIR JOHN. Thirty-one years, seven months and three days. Their love was so secret that they weren't even aware of it themselves.

DUCHESS. And what happened?

SIR JOHN. (*Gingerly crossing to DUCHESS.*) Well, they struggled miserably along...until one day the man took it into his head...after all this time, to get down on one knee, not unlike this, and say in his simple, direct, manly way, "I can't move."

DUCHESS. I can't move?

SIR JOHN. Damned shrapnel. Always gives a twinge when I get worked up.

**Bill Snibson** – A street seller of fruit and vegetables in London who inherits Lord Hareford's land and titles. Likable, energetic, self confident.

**Sally Smith** - Bill's sweetheart. Sassy, outgoing, very expressive and says exactly what she is thinking.

**Sir John Tremayne** - An older gentleman, who is kind to Sally and Bill. He is in love with the Duchess. He is intelligent and thoughtful.

**The Duchess of Dene** – Bills Aunt who is an intimidating aristocrat. Is always in control and thinks her decisions are law.

SALLY. Cor blimey! It's the bleedin' Ritz.

BILL. Hear, watch you language, my girl. (*Crossing down to tables.*) Would you care to dine with me Miss Smith. (*He hands his jacket over the back of the left dining chair. SALLY slowly moves down to the tables.*)

SALLY. Oh, Bill, it's 'uge. It's bigger than the British Museum.

BILL. It's cleaner and all. You could eat your dinner off that floor.

SALLY. (*Holds up a copy of the London Times.*) You don't have to. They've even got posh newspapers to eat your chips out of.

BILL. (*Lifts a large port decanter.*) Sal, look at the size of these vinegar bottles.

SALLY. (*Eyes pheasant and wraps it in newspaper to take with her.*) Bill, I still can't believe it.

BILL. It's true. My aunt's a duchess. You know what that makes me?

SALLY. Dutch!

BILL. No. (*Indicating portraits.*) I'm one of them. I'm a lord.

SALLY. And this is your house?

BILL. (*Sits left dining chair.*) My house. Well, our house. (*SALLY sits right dining chair.*) I know, not very 'omely is it?

SALLY. Oh, I'll change all that when we're married. I'll clear out all this old rubbish...and that old armour.

BILL. (*Stands, crosses center.*) Bung up a nice bit of flowered wallpaper, or something.

SALLY. (*Joining BILL.*) Yeah! Shove in some new furniture, net curtains, bit of linoleum. (*Sitting on table.*) Bill, we'll have a lovely motor car.

BILL. (*Sits beside her.*) Not 'alf. You'll be me...What's an earl's wife called?

SALLY. Earless?

BILL. Yeah, you'll be my earless.