

SIR HORACE : Most certainly she is engaged Sir to (*proudly*) Mr. Reginald Tremayne, heir to the estates of Sir Joseph Potash, Baronet, Sir.

SALMON : (*Startled and then chuckling.*) Reggie Tremayne ? Is he down here ?

SIR HORACE : He is Sir. He has been my guest here for a month.

SALMON : (*whistling surprised*). (*Aside*). So this is where he has been hiding. I wonder what Reggie's little game is this time. (*To Sir Horace*). So you have hopes of marrying your daughter to Tremayne eh ?

SIR HORACE : Yes Sir and once that little function is over I will clear you and your confounded mortgages to blazes. You hear me Sir ? To blazes.

SALMON : (*Laughs heartily.*)

SIR HORACE : And now Sir, perhaps you will take yourself off and leave us in peace.

SALMON : Oh dear No. I've come down here to stay for awhile. I need a little holiday and this place will suit me down to the ground. I hold the trump card. (*Waves paper*) my Sporty, so be amiable and introduce me as an old College Chum staying here for a few days.

SIR HORACE : Confound you Sir. I wish I had never seen you or your dirty money either.

SALMON : (*Produces bank notes*). Dirty looking stuff isn't it Sir Horace ? How much more did you say you wanted ?

SIR HORACE : (*Starting*). Five thousand Sir. No, make it Ten Thousand. Calls Page. Smith, tell Martin to prepare the spare room for my friend Mr. Salmon. (*Salmon makes a sweeping bow and follows Page. On exit, passes Elizabeth entering*).

ELIZABETH : What's wrong Horace ? Who is that man ?