

That nobody is coming—

(Enter NOBODY and TIM, L.)

NOBODY. (*Aside to TIM.*) Nobody is here.

My dearest Mrs. Ogre. How d'ye do?

My friend Count Pennywhistle. (To OGRE.)

How are you?

OGRE. Hungry! Now then, sit down, don't wait, I'm starving.

Sit down, Count, you're an artist, do some carving.

(*They all sit round luncheon, TIM nearest to PRINCESS.*

*Through lunch he feeds her secretly with a fork.*)

OGRESS. Our party's small.

NOBODY. (*Aside.*) They're all afraid to come.

OGRE. I'm glad they stayed away.

OGRESS.

My dear!

OGRE.

I'm dumb.

OGRESS. The Dowager Duchess Drumstick was expected.

(To TIM.) You know the Duchess?

TIM. (*Aside.*)

I shall be detected.

(*Aloud.*) Not in my set.

OGRESS. Dear Duchess! she's out dining.

She sent me such a charming note declining.

NOBODY. Pray let me fill your glass.

OGRESS.

A little drop.

There now, that's quite enough; Oh, pray do stop.

(NOBODY winks at TIM. *She empties glass.*)

You mustn't wink at me, you naughty man.

NOBODY. Your charms quite dazzle me.

OGRESS.

Oh, where's my fan?

(*Sentimentally.*) How sweet this is beneath the spreading trees.