

ANNERLY (*beside himself with surprise and disgust*). Great Scott! The blessed stuff has gone. Four coppers! What the devil——?

(*The voice of GNOOF is heard off R.*)

GNOOF (*calling*). Annerly, Annerly, the sixty seconds are up and I have heard rustlings.

ANNERLY (*replacing his bandage and going through door L.*). So have I! So have I. I think we've waited quite long enough. Come along in, Gnoof.

GNOOF and ANNERLY *enter from R. and L.C. They both go down to the table removing their eye-bandages.*

GNOOF (*with a wild yell of delight*). It's gone! It's gone! The fifty pounds are gone. And look, Annerly, my dear, dear fellow, he has honourably left us fourpence change. What a triumph! It is wonderful. Epoch making. To think that we are in direct monetary communication with the spirit world.

ANNERLY (*who has been peering all round, under the table and elsewhere in search for the missing notes*). Yes, yes, it's certainly very remarkable. In fact it's the damned funniest thing I ever struck in my life.

GNOOF. And this fourpence! These four bronze coins! They have come from the astral sphere. We must have two each, my dear Annerly, and set them in gold and diamonds to suspend from our watch chains.

ANNERLY (*crossing R.*). Oh, I don't want the damned man's coppers.

GNOOF. And the glorious part of it is, of course, that what we have done once we can do again.

ANNERLY (*turning sharply*). What's that?

GNOOF. I say that there seems no reason why there should not be a renewal of our inter-communication with the spirit world.

ANNERLY. By Jove, yes. That is one redeeming