

BLIGHT. He is a government servant and a spiritualist, sir.

ANNERLY. A spiritualist! Do you think he's got any money?

BLIGHT. At least £1,200 a year. Chief Inspector of Returned Empties, sir.

ANNERLY. Ah, show him in, Blight. A spiritualist, eh?

(BLIGHT shows in MR. GEORGE GNOOF, a low-browed, chinless, idiotic-looking fellow, wearing glasses and red slippers)

GNOOF (*gushingly*). Ah, my dear Annerly! I heard you pass my floor and I thought I would take the liberty of inviting myself to smoke a pipe with you. (*He carries a large calabash pipe.*)

ANNERLY. My dear Gnoof—in fact I will say my dear George, you are most welcome. You come most opportunely. I wish to consult you. Take a seat.

GNOOF (*sitting L. of table c.*). This is indeed an honour.

ANNERLY. Not at all. Blight, leave us. And on no account disturb us for at least half an hour. I wish for a peaceful communion of thought with Mr. Gnoof.

GNOOF. This is most flattering.

(*Exit BLIGHT L.C.*)

ANNERLY (*sitting R. of table*). Listen, George. You are a spiritualist.

GNOOF. A humble votary, shall I say. I certainly pay my subscription to an occult magazine.

ANNERLY. That is why I wish to consult you. Now first of all is your mind perfectly composed?

GNOOF. I think I may say, my dear Annerly, that it is.

ANNERLY. Good. I have your attention! . . . Last night—I saw—Q.