

BEAU.—One large groan.

O'G.—A large groan! What are you talking about?

BEAU.—Ah, mon Dieu, it is terrible!

O'G.—I think you are out of your mind. Hurry up and take back that box to where you found it. (*Another groan from TIM, followed by one from CASSIDY, which elicit a yell from BEAUJACQUES.*)

O'G.—Why in thunder do you raise such a disturbance in my house? What do you mean, sir?

BEAU.—Ah, I will go away. I cannot stay on dis house. You not hear two groans?—terrible groans?

O'G.—Confound it, man, I heard nothing but the noise made by yourself!

BEAU.—Ah, no, I not make dat groans. It was Madame Hoolahan.

O'G.—Madame Hoolahan? What are you talking about?

BEAU.—Ah, yes, poor Madame Hoolahan.

O'G.—I think you are mad. Who is this Madame Hoolahan?

BEAU.—Dat was de cook.

O'G.—What cook?

BEAU.—Dat was your cook.

O'G.—Madame Hoolahan? My cook? You are raving!

BEAU.—No, no; dat was de cook dat burned de meat.

O'G.—(*Aside.*) I think I have a lunatic on my hands. (*Aloud*) Where is this cook you are talking about?

BEAU.—She is on de cellar.

O'G.—In the cellar! What is she doing there?

BEAU.—She is dead.

O'G.—Dead? A woman dead in my cellar? (*Takes a step or two forward.*)

BEAU.—(*Trembling.*) Ah, yes, but I not tell nobody.

O'G.—You will not tell what?

BEAU.—Dat it was you what kill her.

O'G.—Look here, my fine fellow, if I see you in this state again I shall discharge you. You are drunk.

BEAU.—No, no, no! It is true you kill de cook, but I say notting, for dat is no harm on dis country; dey all kill de peoples.

O'G.—Well, upon my word you are enough to provoke a man to murder. Leave the room at once! (*Advances threateningly.*)

BEAU.—(*Falling on his knees.*) No, no, do not murder me! Do not kill me! (*Very loud.*) God save de King! God save de King!

O'G.—What is the matter with you?

BEAU.—God save de King! (*Louder.*) God save de King!

O'G.—Stop your hideous yelling, or I shall—

BEAU.—God save de King!

(*Exit O'G. with his hands over his ears.*)