

*Francis.* I can't leave her in there alone indefinitely.

*Sir C.* [*after a pause*]. It'll be a lesson to me, I can tell you.

*Francis.* What will?

*Sir C.* All this! I've done with you superior, intellectual people. I'm going right away on the other tack now. As regards journalism, you shall cater for yourselves.

*Francis.* Oh! I expect we shall manage to do that.

*Sir C.* I don't care if every friend I have leaves me!

*Francis.* My dear fellow, the great British public is your friend. What more do you require?

*Sir C.* You may laugh. But nobody can stop me from going ahead, and I shall end in the House of Lords. [*Prepares to speak into dictaphone.*]

*Francis.* It is the very place for you, Charlie. No sensible person would think of trying to stop you from going ahead, right *into* the House of Lords. You keep on giving the public what it wants just as long as ever you can. That's your mission in life. Only prepare for the rainy day.

*Sir C.* What rainy day?

*Francis.* The day when the public wants something better than you can give it. [*Exit.*]

*Sir C.* [*into dictaphone*]. My dear Lady Calder—

[*Curtain.*]