

REGGIE : (*Cackling like a chicken*). I love those little teeny chicks.

MABEL : Do you ? So do I.

Cue for Duet. TWO LITTLE CHICKS.
On finish, exit. Enter Sir Horace.

SIR HORACE : Confound the iuck. Everything going wrong. The sooner Challoner and his friend depart the better Ha, ha, ha, Themayne and his rabbits. He surely is a bit of a knut but that'll wear off in time. That'll wear off.
(*Enter footman*).

FOOTMAN : A gentleman to see you Sir.

SIR HORACE : Huh, Who is it ? (*Takes card*). Confound it. The impertinence of the scoundrel, coming down here and just at this moment too. Where is he ?

FOOTMAN : In the hall Sir.

SIR HORACE : Where are the others ?

FOOTMAN : In the library Sir.

SIR HORACE : Show him out here. (*Exit footman*). What the devil's to be done now, and just as things were shaping up nicely. I'll kick the scoundrel around the grounds if he gets too fresh. (*Enter footman and Salmon*).

FOOTMAN : Mr. Isaac Salmon.

SALMON : Esquire. Esquire. Don't you know your manners ?
(*Advancing*). Ah, good-morning Sir Horace. Quite an unexpected surprise eh ? You didn't expect to see me down this part of the world did you ? But the fact is, London is getting a little too warm these days and being in need of a change, why I just packed my bag and here I am.