

GEN. B. Adieu !

COQ. Pray go !

GEN. B. This parting's such sweet sorrow.  
*(He goes into cupboard, crash of broken glass heard. He puts his head out again.)*

I've sat upon your glasses !

COQ. Take it easy.  
 My absence won't be long.

GEN. B. *(Sniffs about cupboard.)* Your scents are  
 cheesy.

*(Exit into cupboard. She runs to door and opens it.  
 Enter Capt. Pounce. She curtsies, and looks down demurely. He comes front, twirling his moustache.)*

CAPT. P. So this is where you live, child, is it, weally ?  
 You're up amongst the clouds here.

COQ. Yes, Sir, nearly.

CAPT. P. *(Gallantly.)* For such a chewub quite a  
 pwoper place.

*(Aside.)* Upon my word, a vewy pwetty face !  
*(Looks out of window at R.)*

And what a view ! All twees and sheep in flocks,  
 And wolling waves awound those wugged wocks.

*(She is standing by him as he speaks the last words. He puts arm round her waist.)*

COQ. That's not a "wugged wock." Don't let it  
 trouble you,  
 But have you such a thing as a spare W ?