

TEDDY—Oh, yes!

LARRY—Worse than—worse than shootin'?

TEDDY—Oh, yes!

LARRY—Then separate him from his money

(Has a fit. ISAAC trembles.)

TEDDY—Ye've sthruck it! Shylock, ye'll have to go undher an operation.

ISAAC—But I don't vant an operations—I vant to go home.

TEDDY—We know what's best for yer constitution. Hand over half million pounds.

ISAAC—Holy Abraham!

LARRY—I think ye'll have to dhrown him first.

CHAUN.—(To LARRY.)—You don't mean it—do you?

LARRY—No, no!

TEDDY—Shylock, would ye like to be dhrowned?

ISAAC—Oh, Isaac and Jacob! (CHAUNCEY has a fit.)

LARRY—He'd rather be shot, Teddy.

ISAAC—Holy Abraham! (CHAUNCEY has a fit.)

TEDDY—Come, now—make yer choice.

CHAUN.—(To LARRY.)—He doesn't mean it, ye know.

TEDDY—Well, what is it? (ISAAC drops on knees.)

ISAAC—Oh, my money, my money—don't take my money! I have only a few pounds in the world. Oh, my money, my money!

TEDDY—Then get ready for dhrownin'.

CHAUN.—(To LARRY.)—He doesn't mean it, ye know.

ISAAC—Oh, my money—my money!

TEDDY—Larry, we'll not dhrown the poor divil.

LARRY—No, don't, Teddy.

TEDDY—Shylock, we're not goin' to drown ye. (ISAAC rises.)

We'll shoot ye, (ISAAC drops to knees.)

CHAUN.—(To Larry.)—He doesn't mean it, ye know.

ISAAC—Oh, my money, my money—spare my money!

TEDDY—Well, get up. (ISAAC rises.)

ISAAC—Oh, my money—my money!

(Looks stealthily to L. Sees that CHAUNCEY is the only barrier to freedom. Makes a dash—upsets CHAUNCEY and runs off L. He is followed by TEDDY. CHAUNCEY rises, assisted by LARRY.)

CHAUN.—(Brushing clothes.)—He's a nawsty, rude fellow!

LARRY—Did he hurt ye, Mистер Goodacre?

CHAUN.—(Fixing in eye-glass.)—No, but he knocked my glawss off, ye know.

Enter MARLOW, R.

CHAUN.—Aw, my deah Marlow, how d'ye do? Oh, you should have been here a minute ago—we had great fun,—hadn't we, Mr. O'Hagan?