

Ethel—(Sarcastically). Is she?
Brent—In a shabby sort of way. Don't you think so?
Ethel—I never notice the lower order. You apparently do.
Brent—Yes, often. They are very interesting. (Strains to get another glimpse of Peggy).
 Isn't she the strangest little apparition?
Ethel—She is only a few yards off. Do you care to follow her?
Brent—(X's to Ethel). Why, Ethel!
Ethel—Suppose my mother walked in here,—or Alaric,—instead of that creature. Never do such a thing again.
Brent—I was carried away.
Ethel—Kindly exercise a little more restraint. You had better go now. (X's him to staircase). (He follows her).
Brent—May I call to-morrow?
Ethel—No. Not to-morrow.
Brent—The following day?
Ethel—Perhaps.
Brent—Remember, I build on you.
Ethel—I suppose we are worthy of each other. (Alaric whistles off stage). Go.
Alaric—(Enters through window). Hello, Brent! Disturbing you,—or you Ethel?
Ethel—(Cooly). You have not disturbed me
Brent—I'm just going.
Alaric—Well wait a minute. (X's to window, beckons to Hawkes to enter). Come in. (He does so). Come here, Ethel. I want you to meet Mr. Hawkes,—Mr. Hawkes, my sister. Mr. Hawkes, Mr. Brent. (All recognize introduction). Now Ethel, see if the Mater's well enough to come down, like a dear, will you. This gentleman has come from London to see her. And come back yourself too, like an angel. He says he has some business that concerns the whole family. (Ethel exits up steps off R. Alaric seats Hawkes in a chair. X's to Brent, takes his hand and shakes it violently. Must you go?)
Brent—Yes.
Alaric—(Rushes to door, opens it for him). Sorry I was out when you called. Run in any time. Always delighted to see you,—delighted! Is the angel wife all well?
Brent—(Bows). Thank you.
Alaric—And the darling child?
Brent—(X's up to door and turns). Please give my remembrance to your mother. (Exit off L).
Alaric—(Calling after him). Certainly. She'll be disappointed not to have seen you. Run in any time,—any time at all.
 (Enter Mrs. Chichester and Ethel. Alaric introduces mother. Mater dear, I found this gentleman in a rose bed enquiring the way to our Lodge. He comes all the way from dear old London just to see you. Mr. Hawkes,—my mother.
Mrs. C.—You have come to see me?
Hawkes—On a very important and a very private family matter.
Mrs. C.—Why private?
Alaric—We are the family, Mr. Hawkes.
Mrs. C.—Is it bad news?
Hawkes—Oh! Dear, no.
Alaric—Then it is good news!
Hawkes—In a measure.
Alaric—Then for Heaven's sake, get at it. You've got me clammy. We could do with a little good news. Wait a minute! Is it by any chance about the bank.
Hawkes—(To Mrs. C.) No. It is about your late brother, Nathaniel Kingsnorth.
Mrs. C.—Is Nathaniel dead?
Hawkes—Yes, madam. He died ten days ago.
Alaric—Dear old Nat, eh Ethel?
Mrs. C.—(With handkerchief to eyes). Dear old Nat.
Ethel—Never saw him.
Mrs. C.—You say he died ten days ago (Hawkes bows). Why was I not informed?—
 The funeral,—
Hawkes—There was no funeral.
Alaric—No funeral?
Hawkes—No. In obedience to his urgent request, he was cremated and no one was present except the chief executor and myself. If I may use Mr. Kingsnorth's words without giving pain, he said he so little regretted not having seen any of his relatives for the last twenty years