

BEING EARNEST

pretend to be anxious to shield CECILY and ACT III.

GWENDOLEN *from hearing the details of a terrible public scandal.*] Twenty-eight years

ago, Prism, you left Lord Bracknell's house, Number 104, Upper Grosvenor Street, in charge of a perambulator that contained a baby of the male sex. You never returned.

A few weeks later, through the elaborate investigations of the Metropolitan police, the perambulator was discovered at midnight, standing by itself in a remote corner of Bayswater. It contained the manuscript of a three-volume novel of more than usually revolting sentimentality. [MISS PRISM *starts in involuntary indignation.*]

But the baby was not there! *Every one looks at* MISS PRISM.] Prism! Where is that baby? [*A pause.*]

MISS PRISM

Lady Bracknell, I admit with shame that I do not know. I only wish I did. The plain facts of the case are these. On the morning of the day you mention, a day that is for ever branded on my memory.