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FRENCH'S ACTING EDITION

PATTY PACKS A BAG
 (DAVID GARROW).

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PATTY PACKS A BAG

A COMEDIETTA

By

DAVID GARROW

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PATTY PACKS A BAG

BY DAVID GARROW.

Produced on Monday, February 27, 1911, at the Grand Theatre, Southampton, with the following cast of characters—

| | |
|---|----------------------------|
| PATTY LANDON (a Young Girl) . . . | <i>Miss May Norris.</i> |
| MRS. LANDON (her Mother) . . . | <i>Miss Mary Bartrick.</i> |
| CAPTAIN FINCH (a middle-aged Sea-Captain) . . . | <i>Mr. F. A. Marston.</i> |

SCENE.—*Sitting-room of a Small House in a Seaside Town.*

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Any costumes or wigs required in the performance of "Patty Packs a Bag" may be hired or purchased reasonably from Messrs. Chas. H. Fox, Ltd., 27, Wellington Street, Strand, London.

PATTY PACKS A BAG

SCENE.—*Sitting-room of a small house in a seaside town. Window at back. Door R. (into hall or passage.) Fireplace L., door L., below fireplace. Table L.C. with small white cloth on the dark one, tea laid for one. A man's things, pipes, telescope, papers, etc., are lying about among work-baskets, books, etc.*

(MRS. LANDON sits in armchair L. above fireplace, sewing. Enter R. CAPTAIN FINCH, good-looking, bluff man of forty-two, carrying a big Gladstone bag, with a huge ticket bearing the words, "SALE PRICE, 25s.")

MRS. LANDON. Ah, Captain, I was wondering what had become of you! Patty and I have had our tea, and she's gone out shopping.

CAPTAIN (*frowning and embarrassed*). Miss Patty generally does go out when I come in!

MRS. L. (*surprised*). My Patty! Why, Captain, I thought you and she were the best of friends! (*Rises, pours out tea.*)

CAPTAIN. So did I, Mrs. Landon, till lately. But she's grown that stand-off and uppish, she won't let her father's old friend come nigh her.

MRS. L. Oh, Captain, I'm sure there's some misunderstanding! Patty's the last person to put on airs, and with you, who have lived with us so long, you're quite one of the family.

CAPTAIN. One of the family! No, ma'am, that's just what I've been made to feel I'm *not*. (*Thumps his Gladstone bag down on chair R.*)

MRS. L. (*alarmed*). There's some mistake. Let me put your bag away for you. (*Crosses R., sees ticket. With nervous playfulness.*) Been investing, I see!

CAPTAIN (*sits R. of table, drinks tea*). Yes, ma'am. I'm—I'm—— (*loudly and defiantly*) I'm going to get married.

MRS. L. (*standing down R., drops back and turns. Faintly*). To get married! Then—then you're going away?

CAPTAIN (*stabs the loaf with the bread knife*). Yes, ma'am, I'm going away to-night.

MRS. L. (*with a cry of dismay*). Oh! To-night!

CAPTAIN (*fiercely*). Yes, Mrs. Landon, when a thing's got to be done, it's best to get it over. (*Rises and goes L. of table.*)

MRS. L. But you can't get married without notice.

CAPTAIN. I am aware of that, ma'am. But I propose to take up my residence at once in the house of my future wife.

MRS. L. (*with intelligence*). Oh!

CAPTAIN (*takes out his purse*). I owe you some notice, I know. But I'll plank down the money for a month's pay and rations instead. (*Puts down money on table.*)

MRS. L. (*goes R. of table, brushes the money towards him—with feeling*). No, Captain Finch, it's no question of money and notice with my husband's old friend. Put your money in your purse, and God bless you. Ay, and God bless your future wife too, whoever she is!

CAPTAIN (*tries to be firm, breaks down, shakes her hand warmly across table*). Well then, God bless you too! And mind this, (*earnestly*) I'd never have left you, never, but for the airs of that girl of yours, Patty.

(*Door heard opening outside R., and PATTY laughing.*)

(*Furious.*) There she is, the minx! Give me my bag! I must pack up!

(*Snatches bag and exits L. hurriedly.*)

(*MRS. LANDON begins to pile up the tea-things L. of table. Enter PATTY R. in hat, with many small parcels, laughing.*)

PATTY. Oh, mother, I shall die of laughing. I know I shall! (*Throws down broken parcels on table.*)

MRS. L. (*interrupts tartly.*) You'll laugh the other side of your mouth when you hear what I've got to tell you. Captain Finch is going away—to-night—to be married.

PATTY (*her face suddenly changes.*) To be—married!

MRS. L. Yes. (*Whimpering.*) After three years, and seeming to have quite settled down with us. And it's all your fault.

PATTY. My fault!

MRS. L. Yes. He says you've been "uppish" with him, and I must say I've noticed myself there was something.

PATTY (*suddenly.*) I know who it is! It's that old wasp, Miss Pilcher.

MRS. L. Miss Pilcher! Surely he wouldn't marry a vinegary old maid!

PATTY (*decidedly.*) She's buttered him up! I've seen her myself. (*Mimics.*) "My dear Captain Finch, and how are you this morning?" *La-di-da-di-da-di-da!* (*Mimics, smirking and ogling, folding her hands, turning head and eyes, first to one side then to the other.*)

MRS. L. (*sighing.*) Do you know, Patty, I had a sort of fancy he might be after you. Don't you like him?

PATTY (*half-shy, half-resentful.*) I didn't want people to say I was running after him.

MRS. L. (*sharply*). Well, now somebody else has run after him, and caught him too!

PATTY (*with forced carelessness, sits R., drums her heels on the floor, holding chair on each side and leaning back*). I don't care—I don't care—I don't care a fig!

MRS. L. (*on verge of tears, takes up tea-tray*). But I care. I don't know when I've had such a knock-down blow. (*Crosses R.*)

PATTY (*meets her, tries to take tray*). Where's Lucy gone to?

MRS. L. It's her evening out.

PATTY. Then I'll take this.

MRS. L. No, no, I want something to do, to keep me from thinking.

(*Exit MRS. LANDON, R.*)

CAPTAIN (*outside L. bawls*). Mrs. Landon!

(PATTY starts, looks demure, takes off hat slowly, goes up L.)

(*Outside L., louder*.) Mrs. Landon!

(*Enter L. CAPTAIN FINCH, with his arms full of clothes, etc., carrying his bag, still bearing its sale ticket.*)

Mrs. Landon! (*Catches sight of PATTY—with elaborate stiffness*) Oh, I beg pardon. I thought Mrs. Landon was here.

PATTY. Is there anything I can do for you, Captain?

CAPTAIN (*very stiffly*). Oh, I shouldn't like to trouble you.

PATTY. Perhaps it wouldn't be a trouble. Tell me what you want done.

CAPTAIN. I only wished to request Mrs. Landon's assistance in packing my bag. I used to be a very

good packer, but I seem somehow to have lost the knack. (*Opens bag, shows clean shirts crumpled up, with boots and bottles and books stuck in anyhow.*)

PATTY (*laughs*). I'm afraid you have. Let me try. (*Tries to take bag.*)

CAPTAIN (*L., stiffly, resisting*). Oh no, I couldn't think of it.

PATTY. Oh yes, you'd better. It's the last time I shall do anything for you, you know. (*Takes bag, puts it on floor down stage, leans down to it.*)

CAPTAIN (*resentfully*). I've no doubt you're very glad of that.

PATTY (*without heeding*). In the first place we'd better take everything out, I think. (*Takes things out and puts them on table.*) And be quite sure, before we begin to pack, that we've got positively everything. You don't want to leave anything behind you, do you?

CAPTAIN (*eyes her uncertainly—gruffly*). Er—er—no—I suppose not.

PATTY. Better go round the room, and collect whatever belongs to you.

CAPTAIN. Eh? Oh, yes, yes, I see. (*Crosses R. searches on sideboard.*)

PATTY. There are some books of yours. (*Points up L.*)

CAPTAIN (*mEEKly*). But your mother's reading one. I don't want to take anything that might be of use to you.

PATTY (*picks up pipes from sideboard R.*). Well, these pipes won't, anyway.

CAPTAIN (*hastily*). Oh no, of course not. I'll take the pipes.

PATTY (*picks up telescope R.*). And this telescope. (*Puts it on table.*)

CAPTAIN. Thank you.

PATTY (*goes round to mantelpiece*). And some of these photographs are yours, I think.

CAPTAIN (*mEEKly*). Yes.

PATTY. Here's one of mother. (*Takes photo off mantelpiece.*) You'll want to keep that, won't you?

CAPTAIN. Yes.

PATTY. And one of father. (*Takes photo.*) Of course you'll want that.

CAPTAIN. Ay!

PATTY. But here's one of me. (*Takes third photo.*) You won't want *that*.

CAPTAIN (*disconcerted*). Won't I? Why not?

PATTY (*throws photo into fireplace*). We're not friends.

CAPTAIN (*down R. of table, shyly*). We—we—we used to be.

PATTY (*turns upon him sharply*). But we're not now. (*Raps table.*) Mother said so.

CAPTAIN (*abashed*). Oh—oh, oh well, if she said so, I suppose it must be right. (*Eyes her, follows her round L., coughs.*) At the same time——

PATTY (*whirls round quickly, puts tobacco-jar in his hands*). Tobacco-jar.

CAPTAIN (*meekly*). Thanks. At the same time, as I was saying, if only you were always as nice as you are to-night——

PATTY (*whirls round, puts pouch in his hand*). Tobacco pouch.

CAPTAIN (*meekly*). Thank you. As I was about to remark——

PATTY (*whirls round, puts compass in his hands*). Compass.

CAPTAIN. Easy there! (*Coughs loudly.*) I was just on the point of observing, Miss Patty——

PATTY (*whirls round—in solemn tones*). Where are your sea-boots?

CAPTAIN (*shouts*). Damn my sea-boots!

PATTY (*affects to be terribly shocked, staggers down stage, holds on to table, with her hand to her heart*). Oh!

CAPTAIN (*looking deeply ashamed*). There, there, I'm sorry. I apologise. But really, of all the

aggravating young women—— (Comes down R. of table.)

PATTY. Well, well, it's only young women who are aggravating, you know. You'll be safe with Miss Pilcher.

CAPTAIN (*starts back R.*) Who told you?

PATTY (*looks at him*). Oh, I guessed. Mother told me you were going to be married, so I just thought and thought till I hit upon the most suitable person.

CAPTAIN (*growling*). Most suitable? Why, I'm not eighty!

PATTY (*sweetly*). No. *Nor is she.*

CAPTAIN. She's forty, if she's a day.

PATTY (*sweetly*). And you are—forty-two, I think?

(CAPTAIN *turns up with a growl.*)

(*Sweetly.*) May we congratulate you?

CAPTAIN (*gruffly, up stage R., only half turning his head*). Oh—oh, I suppose so.

PATTY (*mischievously demure, leans against table down L.*). You'll send us some cake, won't you?

CAPTAIN. Oh, I don't hold with cake.

PATTY. You'll ask us to the wedding-breakfast?

CAPTAIN (*uneasily*). I don't hold with wedding-breakfasts.

PATTY. Well, at least you'll let us come to the at home? (*Picks up things to pack.*)

CAPTAIN (*ferociously*). And I don't hold with at-homes!

PATTY (*R., leans across table towards him, desperately*). What do you hold with, Captain Finch?

CAPTAIN (*leans across table L.*). I hold with young ladies that mind their own business.

PATTY. And that leave other people to do their own packing! (*Drops the things she was holding and runs across R.*)

CAPTAIN (*embarrassed and desperate, turns and*

catches PATTY down R.) Miss Patty, don't run away. I—I—I apologise. I—I—— Won't you sit down? We can talk more comfortably if we sit down. (*He leads her across to chair L. by fireplace and sits himself on table.*) When you say anything to make me reg'lar wild, I all the time feel—(*sentimentally*) feel—— (*Moves his head uneasily, puts his finger inside his collar.*)

PATTY (*innocently*). As if you had a pin in your collar?

CAPTAIN (*testily*). No, no, not at all. (*Sentimentally.*) I feel—— (*Rubs his chin violently.*)

PATTY. I know. As if you'd forgotten to shave?

CAPTAIN (*bounces up*). No! (*Goes up.*)

(PATTY *sits upright and demure, staring innocently; he comes down, stands L.C. before her.*)

You're aggravating me on purpose. You think me a silly old fool, and you're just doing your best to rub me up and make me ridiculous. Well, you shan't. I *won't* be aggravated. I say I *won't*! (*Snaps his fingers.*)

PATTY (*innocently*). What beautiful weather we've had to-day, Captain Finch!

CAPTAIN (*furiously*). There you go again! (*Pulls himself up.*) No, you shan't aggravate me, I say you shan't!

PATTY (*very meek*). May I go away and help mother, Captain Finch?

CAPTAIN (*hastily*). Oh, you may go to the d——

PATTY (*rising*). The drawing-room. Yes, of course.

CAPTAIN (*turns, comes down*). Sit down.

(*She sits. Pause.*)

Now, why do you do it?

PATTY (*opens her eyes wide*). Why do I sit down? Because you told me to.

CAPTAIN (*sits down R. and fans himself with his pocket-handkerchief*) Talk of the Tropics! Give me a girl for making it warm for one!

(PATTY rises, picks her portrait out of fireplace.)

What's that you've got there?

PATTY. Only my photograph, Captain Finch.

CAPTAIN. But it's not yours now, it's mine.

PATTY. May I have it, please?

CAPTAIN. What for?

PATTY. I want to give it to some one—some one who's asked for it.

CAPTAIN. Some young jackanapes, I suppose, about half my age?

PATTY. Yes, about that.

CAPTAIN. To think that a daughter of my old friend, Jack Landon, should throw herself away on a boy just out of the nursery.

PATTY (*innocently*). Why should you mind? I don't mind about Miss Pilcher.

CAPTAIN. Confound Miss Pilcher!

PATTY. You wouldn't like me to tell her that.

CAPTAIN (*roars*). I don't care what you tell her! (*Sweeps some things off table, stuffs them into bag on floor; some of them are her grocery parcels.*)

PATTY. Oh, let me help!

CAPTAIN. I don't require your assistance, thank you. I can pack quite well by myself. (*Treads down clean shirts into bag with his foot.*)

PATTY. Oh, mind the collars! (*Snatches them up, screwed up and spoilt.*) Look what you've done to them!

CAPTAIN. That's the way I like 'em! (*Snatches at them.*)

PATTY (*keeps them out of his way*). No. I'll take care of them till you are cooler.

CAPTAIN. Cooler! I never shall be cooler. I'm as cool as a cucumber.

PATTY. Well, I can't see good things spoilt.
(*Gathers up ties, handkerchiefs, etc., off table. She is L. of table.*)

CAPTAIN. Give me those things, do you hear?

(*He stands R. of table, pulls one end of tie in her hand. She holds on to the other end. Each holds on firmly.*)

PATTY. No, I won't!

CAPTAIN. Give them up, I say—or I'll make you.

PATTY. Just you try.

CAPTAIN. I won't be stood up to by a bit of a girl!

PATTY. It'll be all you can do to stand up to her.

CAPTAIN. Will you let go?

PATTY. No!

CAPTAIN. Here goes then. I must *make* you.
(*Twists end of tie round his hand and pulls. Half comes away in his hand. He looks at it ruefully.*)

PATTY (*laughs at him*). You're only destroying your own property.

CAPTAIN (*gruffly*). Well, what do you want with my things?

PATTY. I only want to pack them for you.

CAPTAIN (*flings away the torn tie*). Well, pack and be—

PATTY (*holds up her finger*). Oh, naughty, naughty!

CAPTAIN. I wasn't going to say that!

PATTY. To say what?

CAPTAIN. Well—er—what you thought.

PATTY (*comes down and kneels behind bag, taking everything out*). Yes, you were. I know. My father was a ship's captain too!

CAPTAIN. No wonder he's dead!

PATTY (*whimpering*). It's very unkind of you to say that.

CAPTAIN (*comes down, hovers over her, repentant*). There! I didn't mean it. But you do badger me so, I don't know what I'm saying.

PATTY (*soothing*). Well, I won't badger you any more. (*Packing carefully*.) We'll put the books and heavy things in first. So! And you don't want my coffee and candles, nor my packet of hair-pins. (*Laughs and puts small parcels out of bag on table behind her*.) Now I want a newspaper for the slippers, please.

(CAPTAIN FINCH *takes newspaper from sideboard and hands it to her*.)

Thanks. (*She packs slippers*.) Oh, surely you don't want this rubbish! (*Picks up papers*.)

CAPTAIN. What rubbish?

PATTY. Why, the portraits I drew of you on the leaves of my copybook years ago, when I was a little girl!

CAPTAIN (*testily*). Yes, I want to keep them. (*Reproachfully*.) You were a very nice *little girl*.

PATTY. Well, you don't want to keep those dreadful cuffs that I knitted for you last winter.

CAPTAIN (*snatches them from her*). Yes, I do. You leave them alone.

PATTY. But I wasn't a little girl *then*!

CAPTAIN. You were a *nice* girl, though.

PATTY (*laughs softly*). Not like I am now!

CAPTAIN (*promptly*). Not a bit like you are now!

PATTY (*hurt*). Thank you. (*Goes on packing vigorously*.)

CAPTAIN. Well, well, you *asked* for it.

PATTY (*suddenly sits back*). Captain Finch, we've forgotten your songs. Will you go up to the drawing-room and fetch them?

CAPTAIN (*gloomily*). What's the good? I can't sing 'em!

PATTY. Why, yes you can. You used to sing beautifully when I played your accompaniments.

CAPTAIN (*regretfully*). Ay, I could *then*. You

had such a wonderful way of bringing me back to the toon when I missed him! (*Sits on edge of table, swinging his leg.*)

PATTY. Well, any accompanist could do that!

CAPTAIN (*shakes his head*). I'm not so sure. I could trust myself with you, but with a raw hand at the tiller, I'm apt to turn "Yipiyady" into "Yankee Doodle."

PATTY (*demurely*). Perhaps Miss Pilcher can play.

CAPTAIN (*his face falls*). Ay, perhaps. But she don't look the right sort of craft.

PATTY. Well, will you take the songs? (*Sits back.*)

CAPTAIN. No. They'd put me too much in mind of things I've—done with.

PATTY (*softly, looking up*). What things?

CAPTAIN (*pause—then hastily*). Just you go on packing.

PATTY (*packs, fastens up one side of bag*). There! One side's done. (*Unties sale ticket.*) You won't want *this*, will you?

CAPTAIN (*laughs*). No. You can throw that away. (*Tries to take it.*)

PATTY (*puts ticket in her pocket*). I'll keep it.

CAPTAIN. What's the good of an old sale ticket?

PATTY. Oh, it will remind me of—of— (*hesitates, then quickly*) —of packing (*goes on packing furiously*).

CAPTAIN (*diffidently*). I say, Patty. You always used to let me call you just Patty, didn't you?

PATTY. Oh, yes.

CAPTAIN. Why have you taken a dislike to me lately?

PATTY. I haven't.

CAPTAIN. But you've changed.

PATTY. I've grown up, that's all.

CAPTAIN. What does it feel like to grow up Patty?

PATTY. You ought to know—you've done it yourself.

CAPTAIN. Yes, but that was such a confounded long time ago. Tell me why you've changed so?

PATTY (*shyly and with hesitation*). Well, when you come to be twenty and to have your hair up, you begin to ask yourself whether you haven't been rather presuming, and whether the friends who have liked you—for your father's sake—and your mother's—mustn't be rather bored with you for your own. And so, feeling like that, and with some other feelings that I can't exactly explain, you draw back a little, you know, and—and—really, I can't tell you any more than that. (*Plunges into packing.*)

CAPTAIN (*kneels down on floor, helping aimlessly to pack, putting one small thing first in one corner and then in another of the bag*). But won't you try to tell me exactly what those *other* feelings are, Patty?

PATTY. I can't—really I can't! I don't understand them myself. (*Packs.*)

CAPTAIN (*shyly*). I must tell you, I've had some odd feelings too, lately.

PATTY (*triumphantly*). There, it's done! (*Shuts bag.*) But it's a tight fit. How am I to make it shut?

CAPTAIN. Sit on it.

PATTY (*turns over bag and sits on it*). It won't meet even now.

CAPTAIN. Let me help. (*Sits beside her on bag.*)

PATTY. Do you think this will do any good?

CAPTAIN. I expect it will, gradually.

PATTY. But we can't sit here all night.

CAPTAIN. I shouldn't mind.

PATTY. It won't do any good to the starched shirt-fronts.

CAPTAIN. Never mind the shirt-fronts.

PATTY. Oh, I don't mind, but *you* will, when you want to look very nice and smart with Miss Pilcher.

CAPTAIN. Oh, hang Miss Pilcher.

PATTY. You can't hang her. You've got to marry her.

CAPTAIN. Who says so?

PATTY. You did. You told mother so.

CAPTAIN. No, I didn't.

PATTY. You didn't?

CAPTAIN. No. I said I was going to live in her house.

PATTY (*demurely*). Oh! (*Tries to rise.*)

CAPTAIN (*holds PATTY down*). Wait a moment. Let us have a talk about those feelings you couldn't understand.

PATTY. Oh, not now.

CAPTAIN. Well, let me tell you about mine. *I've* had some strange new feelings too. Can you guess what they are?

PATTY. Gout, perhaps?

CAPTAIN. Well, supposing *my* feelings were just gout, *then what were yours?*

PATTY (*demurely*). Gout, too, perhaps.

CAPTAIN. You are too young.

PATTY. I'm not so *very* young. I'm twenty.

CAPTAIN. You're very young compared to me.

PATTY. But you're not old.

CAPTAIN. No. Not too old for—Miss Pilcher.

PATTY. Not too old for anybody.

CAPTAIN (*delighted, comes diffidently nearer*). What—do you mean? (*His tone changes.*) No, of course you're only trying to aggravate me again. But I won't be had this time. I won't—I won't! (*Rises and stamps about.*)

PATTY (*sitting on bag, begins to cry*). You're—you're very unkind!

CAPTAIN. *I* know your little game! *I* know what you're going to tell the young fool that you're giving your photograph to!

PATTY (*passionately*). There *isn't* any young fool!

CAPTAIN. Yes, there is, I know. You're going to make him laugh at the old fool that's in love with you.

PATTY (*emphatically*). I tell you there *isn't* any young fool!

CAPTAIN (*quietly*). Well, there's an old fool, isn't there?

PATTY (*turns away shyly*). No.

CAPTAIN (*taking heart a little, but diffident*). There isn't an old fool?

PATTY (*still turning away*). You're *not* old.

CAPTAIN (*coming timidly nearer*). But I'm a fool aren't I?

PATTY. I don't know. (*Still turning away down L.*)

CAPTAIN (*sits on edge of table, gradually edging himself nearer as he talks*). Well, I should be a fool, shouldn't I, if I were to think that a young girl, just twenty, could ever care for a battered old craft like me?

PATTY (*turns, without looking up*). Why shouldn't a girl care for you, Captain Finch?

CAPTAIN. Because—because—— (*Suddenly shy*.) Oh, of course you're only aggravating me! (*Goes up L.*)

(PATTY *sits down L., sobs.*)

(*Turns quickly, speaks very sternly*.) Here, stow that, I say! Stow that! (*Comes down, tries to pull away her handkerchief—in consternation.*) *It's wet!*

PATTY. 'Course it's wet! (*Whimpering*.) Did you think tears were *dry goods*?

CAPTAIN (*embarrassed*). I—I—I didn't think girls ever really cried, unless they were hurt.

PATTY. Well, you hurt *me*.

CAPTAIN. I! Oh, no, no, what have I said? What have I done?

PATTY (*sobbing*). You—you—you—s-s-said you were an old f-f-f——

CAPTAIN. Fool! So I am.

PATTY. To c-c-c-care for me!

CAPTAIN. So I did.

PATTY (*resentfully*). Why should it be foolish to like me?

CAPTAIN. Because you can't like me back.

PATTY (*shyly*). And—why can't I?

CAPTAIN (*leaning over table*). Patty, my girl, if this is only aggravation, you ought to be strangled.

PATTY (*sobbing*). But—it—it—isn't.

CAPTAIN (*comes to her chair, leans over it*). Patty, do you think any happiness can come of a May and December marriage?

PATTY (*promptly*). No.

CAPTAIN (*taken aback*). You don't?

PATTY. I don't. But (*shyly*) I think happiness might come of May and— (*Looks up.*) August! (*Takes his hand.*) Early August!

CAPTAIN. Patty, my dear (*takes her hand and presses it*), you're laying it on thick, but (*kisses her*) that's how I like it!

(*Bell rings and knock heard.*)

(*Nervously.*) Who's that?

PATTY (*jumps up, looks out of window at back, comes down*). It's Miss Pilcher!

CAPTAIN (*alarmed*). By Jove!

(*Pause of consternation.*)

(*Suddenly seizes PATTY.*) Who's afraid?

PATTY. You're sure you didn't really ask her to marry you?

CAPTAIN. Quite sure. I only wanted you to think I had. I sort of hove to, waiting for a wind.

PATTY. It wasn't fair.

CAPTAIN. By Jove, Patty (*hugs her*), now I'm safe in port, I don't care how I got there.

PATTY (*extricating herself*). Hush! Here's mother!

(Enter MRS. LANDON *mysteriously*.)

CAPTAIN. Well, how's the log?

MRS. LANDON. Why, Miss Pilcher's here, come to see about your moving in. Of course, I congratulated her upon her approaching marriage——

PATTY

and (together, in dismay). Oh!

CAPTAIN.

(PATTY sinks into chair R., CAPTAIN into chair L.)

MRS. L. But she didn't seem to know anything about it.

(PATTY and CAPTAIN turn away laughing.)

(C.) What's all this? (Looks from one to the other.)
What have you been doing, Patty?

PATTY (*sits up demurely*). Oh, I've been helping Captain Finch to pack his bag.

MRS. L. (*bewildered, to CAPTAIN FINCH*). What shall I say to Miss Pilcher, Captain? Will you see her?

CAPTAIN. No, thank you.

MRS. L. Shall I say you're not at home?

CAPTAIN. No, ma'am. Tell her I *am* at home, and mean to remain there.

MRS. L. (*starts, looks at them*). But I understood you had paid her a deposit.

CAPTAIN. She's welcome to keep it.

MRS. L. (*mystified, to CAPTAIN FINCH*). And what are you going to do?

CAPTAIN (*comes down L. of MRS. LANDON*). Ask Patty.

MRS. L. Patty, I don't understand. What are you going to do?

PATTY (*comes down R. of MRS. LANDON, coaxing*). I'm going to help Captain Finch to—unpack his bag!

(PATTY lifts bag to table. CAPTAIN FINCH puts his arm round her, MRS. LANDON starts back, smiling, as curtain falls.)

Curtain.

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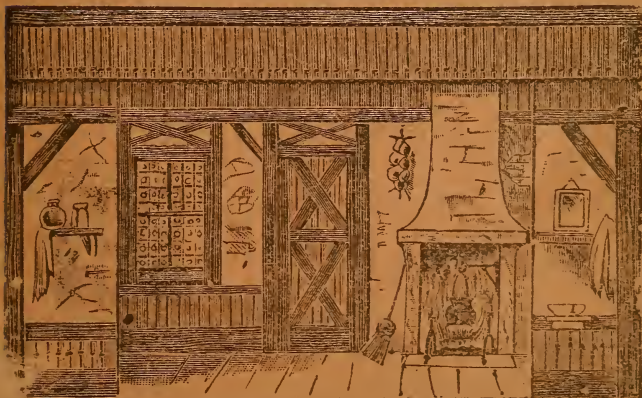
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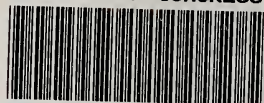
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