





**“THE EARL OF  
CLAVERHOUSE.”**

**A Farcical Comedy in 3 Acts**

**BY**

**SRI AYUDHYA.**



## CAST OF CHARACTERS :

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SIMON VEREKER (A fashionable solicitor)

ARCHIE BATTERSBY (his friend)

JOCK GRAHAM (Vereker's Clerk)

SIR MARK MEDWAY (proprietor of  
Medway's Meat Extract)

WILBRAHAM MEDWAY (his son)

GRAHAM OF GLENLIVET.

LADY MEDWAY.

MARY MEDWAY (her daughter)

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NOTE: This play was originally written in Siamese and has been produced on several different occasions under the title of "Noy Indasen", and the present English version has been prepared by the author himself.

## ACT I.

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SCENE: *Simon Vereker's Chambers, Clement's Inn. One door l. supposed to lead into an outer office; another door r. supposed to lead into an inner room; window c. The room contains the usual furniture for a comfortable study or private office.*

[*When the curtain rises, Archie Battersby is discovered seated in an armchair, smoking and reading a news paper. He is a young man of the type known as a "nut", with plastered hair combed back from his forehead, "beautiful" clothes, affected manners and speech, &c. After a while he shows signs of impatience, looks at his watch and so on.*]

**Vereker.**

(*Speaking behind scenes*) What? Been waiting for some time has he? All right.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

(*Enter Simon Vereker, r. He is a man of about forty, smart and alert, with a very good opinion of himself.*)

**Battersby.**

Hallo, old man! Any news?

**Vereker.**

(*Sighing*) Rotten!

**Battersby.**

How's that?

**Vereker.**

Haven't landed our fish! After a good deal of patient angling, the fish took all my bait but refused to be hooked. (*Sits down with a sigh and lights a cigarette.*)

**Battersby.**

Why didn't you use every possible means? If you could not land him

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

with a rod, you should have used a net, or even a trawl if necessary.

**Vereker.**

Oh! My dear fellow, words are always easier than deeds any day. You ask me why I didn't use a net or trawl? Well, I must reply that I am a sportsman and the rod is the only instrument a sportsman could condescend to use. I am not an ordinary fisherman, you know!

**Battersby.**

Hang it! If you were starving, would you still go on playing the sportsman and wasting your time angling? Wouldn't you try and land your fish in the surest way you could think of?

**Vereker.**

That may be so; but I really can't tell you what I should do under such

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”**

circumstances, because I have never been near enough to starvation to know.

**Battersby.**

Then you can't realise how deuced uncomfortable it all is to be starving.

**Vereker.**

Oh ! I think I could just imagine it. Hunger would probably be the predominating factor in one's feelings. But I should certainly not sit still in that case ; I should get up and try to find something else to eat if I couldn't get the fish.

**Battersby.**

It's all very well talking. But you know that nowadays a johnny who is poor finds it jolly hard to get along at all !

**Vereker.**

And do you consider yourself a poor man, Archie ?



“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Battersby.**

What do you think ?

**Vereker.**

Well, I should hardly put you in the same basket as Rockefeller, or Carnegie, or Rothschild, but I should not imagine you to be anywhere near starvation.

**Battersby.**

It is true that I am not near starvation, but my revenues scarcely balance my expenditure.

**Vereker.**

Well, what is your precise standing financially ?

**Battersby.**

I haven't got anything worth speaking of.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

Vereker.

Let us hear what you have got anyhow.

Battersby.

I have got about twenty thousand pounds invested.

Vereker.

Dear me, that is certainly hardly worth speaking of; but, speaking for myself, I should not be sorry to have twenty thousand *pence* to invest. Is that all the property you have got?

Battersby.

No. There is some house property, which brings in a few hundred pounds rent, a few thousands in stocks and shares, and a country estate that scarcely contributes any revenue at all!

Vereker.

Ah! Then you are indeed almost a pauper! (*Laughs ironically.*)

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Battersby.**

You needn't sneer, Vereker. I tell you all that is scarcely enough for my current expenses.

**Vereker.**

What are your current expenses.

**Battersby.**

Clothes run to a good deal to begin with.

**Vereker.**

Ah! You have managed to exist without food have you?

**Battersby.**

Exist without food? What bally rot are you talking now?

**Vereker.**

You have made no statement about household expenses. Are there no butchers or grocers with you?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Battersby.**

Oh! I leave all such uninteresting details to the housekeeper, but I know she comes pretty regularly for a cheque every Saturday.

**Vereker.**

You have got a French chef too, haven't you?

**Battersby.**

Why, yes! Perhaps you'd call that unnecessary expense; but I have tried to figure it out whether it would be cheaper to go and dine every night at the Carlton or the Savoy than keep a chef at home, and I made out that it was really cheaper to keep the chef.

**Vereker.**

Well, of course, if you must have French cooking—

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOULE.”

**Battersby.**

Of course I must. I can't stick your plain cooking, and women cooks simply can't prepare the proper sort of grub I like.

**Vereker.**

Well, what are your other items of expenditure.

**Battersby.**

I have got two rattling good cars, with a chauffeur for each. There are also minor items.

**Vereker.**

What, for example.

**Battersby.**

For example, I am rather a peculiar sort of johnny. I simply can't resist new cigarette cases. Directly I see a *new cigarette case that catches my*

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE,”**

fancy, the cigarettes in my old case at once seem to become beastly stale, and I can never enjoy a cigarette again until I could take it out of the new case. Then I smoke and smoke till my tongue gets frightfully burnt and it becomes an agony to take hot soup!

**Vereker.**

And now you want a wife with some dough, so as to help with ordinary current expenses, leaving you with enough spare cash to go on getting your tongue burnt ; is that it ?

**Battersby.**

Well, that is the idea, though you have a damned funny way of putting it! But really, old man, honour bright, I am beastly gone on Molly Medway without regard to her money.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

Vereker.

Oh! You are sure you are *really* in love this time?

Battersby.

As sure as I ever was of anything.

Vereker.

And the little girl at Prince's Mansions?

Battersby.

Oh! That's different, and not to be mentioned alongside of Molly Medway. Besides it is all over now!

Vereker.

All over! Broken with her, have you?

Battersby.

No, I didn't break with her. She chucked me!

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."**

**Vereker.**

Why? What for?

**Battersby.**

There was a certain young officer johnny but don't ask for his name please.

**Vereker.**

I am frightfully sorry. Found him there?

**Battersby.**

Yes! Found him in the sitting room with his arm around Fluffy's waist.

**Vereker.**

Ah! And her arms?

**Battersby.**

Oh! They were somewhere around his neck, or may be his waist, I really



“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

forget which. Anyhow they were where they shouldn't have been.

**Vereker.**

And what happened ?

**Battersby.**

There was the devil of a row, which ended by one of us being chucked out of the flat.

**Vereker.**

Who was chucked out ?

**Battersby.**

I was !

**Vereker.**

Dear, dear ! Very sad.

**Battersby.**

Putrid luck, what ?

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Vereker.**

It was, old man, it was. After the favours you have showered on her, how could she have been so ungrateful?

**Battersby.**

No, that wasn't what I meant. I meant to say, that if I had only known I should find the rotter up there, I would—ah!

**Vereker.**

You would have been better prepared for the encounter, I suppose?

**Battersby.**

No, I should never have gone up and given the brute a chance of chucking me out, dash him!

**Vereker.**

Quite right!

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Battersby.**

But let us go back to our original subject. Seriously, it is about time I got properly spliced. I have reviewed all the girls I know, and none of them is a patch on Molly Medway.

**Vereker.**

Pardon me, but I believe you thought a great deal of Miss Hemming.

**Battersby.**

But that was before I met Molly Medway.

**Vereker.**

But seriously, as far as looks go, don't you think Miss Hemming has the advantage over Miss Medway?

**Battersby.**

Good Lord, no! Molly Medway is miles above Hettie Hemming.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

Vereker.

And Medway's Meat Extract occupies much larger advertising space than Hemming's Haemorrhage Pills!

Battersby.

You are a beastly cynic, Vereker! I don't believe you have really noticed either of the girls.

Vereker.

Then your belief is quite wrong, Archie! I know both of them very well, being legal adviser to their respective papas.

Battersby.

Then you must be as blind as a bally bat not to see the great difference between the two girls. Why, all that Hettie has got to sport are a pair of earrings and a few paltry brooches, whilst Molly could wear jewels that make a duchess green with envy if she had a mind to do so!

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Vereker.**

Does a woman's beauty only lie in her jewels ?

**Battersby.**

Well, what on earth do you look at then ?

**Vereker.**

Sometimes I am attracted by a girl's face, sometimes by her figure, and sometimes by her grace of movement, and so on.

**Battersby.**

Oh ! All such things are capable of being improved upon. Looks can be patched up by toilet ; figures can be improved by clothes ; and grace can be acquired at school. But jewels ! When once a girl has been handicapped in the matter of jewels, she could never catch up.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERTON."

**Vereker.**

Well, well, I won't argue with you any more about it. Are you quite sure about Miss Medway?

**Battersby.**

Quite! She is the only girl—and all that sort of rot. Know what I mean?

**Vereker.**

Yes, but the trouble is that I couldn't make old man Medway see it in the same light.

**Battersby.**

Why not?

**Vereker.**

Because he wouldn't.

**Battersby.**

Wouldn't what?

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Vereker.**

Wouldn't see eye to eye with us of course.

**Battersby.**

Why not ?

**Vereker.**

You've asked that before and I am not going to repeat my answer again.

**Battersby.**

But why on earth should he object to me ?

**Vereker.**

Can't say for certain.

**Battersby.**

Make a guess then.

**Vereker.**

You won't get annoyed ?

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Battersby.**

Oh! Even if I get annoyed, I'll do my best not to look it. Go on.

**Vereker.**

Well, for one thing, Medway does not approve of your capacity for spending money. In fact, he went so far as to call you a spendthrift.

**Battersby.**

That's a libel! I have already explained to you how I spend my money, and all items of expenditure are actual necessities.

**Vereker.**

Yes, but that is the very thing about which Medway can't see eye to eye with you. For example, he does not approve of your keeping a French chef.



“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Battersby.**

Hang it! The man is a regular jewel, and dirt cheap at the price too. You know his handiwork, don't you?

**Vereker.**

Yes, I know. Perhaps Medway is jealous of you for possessing such a paragon.

**Battersby.**

Well, just to show how serious I am about it, I am even willing to sacrifice the chef if I could only be sure of getting Molly.

**Vereker.**

I am afraid that won't be any good.

**Battersby.**

Why?

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Vereker.**

To speak quite plainly, Medway does not consider you a good enough match for his daughter.

**Battersby.**

Good heavens! What is Medway himself? why, his father was nothing but an ordinary butcher, whereas I can trace my ancestry, up miles and miles! My ancestor came over with William the Conqueror.

**Vereker.**

So you told me. But how did you find it out?

**Battersby.**

Oh! A chap advertised in some paper that he undertook to look up one's ancestry for a consideration. I sent him five guineas, and got a family tree together with a lot of interesting stuff by return post.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Vereker.**

Rather quick work, wasn't it? I should have thought that to look up records and things would have taken some time.

**Battersby.**

Oh! Not if you send five guineas.

**Vereker.**

And in what capacity did your ancestor come over.

**Battersby.**

The fellow said that our family name indicates that my ancestor must have been a battering-ram--No, that's not right; I mean a rammering bat,—No, that doesn't sound right either! Oh! Well, he was some sort of battering johnny or other, but the chief thing is that he *did* come over with old Willy.

## “THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE”

**Vereker.**

Well, well, it doesn't really matter, does it? I did mention to Medway that your people came over with William the Conqueror and all that, but old Medway replied that *his* people were here even before William came!

**Battersby.**

What on earth does he want then?

**Vereker.**

He doesn't want *you*, that is certain, though he did not actually say so straight out.

**Battersby.**

Wants an alliance with a duke, I suppose?

**Vereker.**

He wouldn't mind if he could get one! But as a matter of fact, Medway

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."**

is not so difficult as Lady Medway. She thinks a great deal of her own family.

**Battersby.**

Oh! If they want a noble son-in-law so much, why not let them have one?

**Vereker.**

The only reason why I don't arrange it is that it is scarcely my business. I am a solicitor, not a matrimonial agency.

**Battersby.**

Oh! Don't be an ass, I didn't mean a real peer, only a "spoof" lord to be foisted on him, and we could raise a jolly good laugh at his expense.

**Vereker.**

It is rather a risky game, you know:

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Battersby.**

Oh! no, it isn't. The Medways wouldn't dare to make a row about it, for fear of being laughed at.

**Vereker.**

But impersonation is a Misdemeanour in the eyes of the Law, and—

**Battersby.**

If we don't cheat anybody it would be all right. It would only be a joke.

**Vereker.**

But to win his daughter's hand by false pretence might—

**Battersby.**

We could step in and call our man off before he gets too far.

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Vereker.**

I'll think about it. To tell you the truth, I have my own axe to grind too. Old Medway has not been very nice to me about certain professional matters which I had to attend to on his behalf.

*(Enter Jock Graham, l. He is a good-looking young man, quiet mannered, rather poorly dressed but by no means shabby. He holds a letter in his hand.)*

**Vereker.**

Finished it have you ?

**Jock.**

Yes, sir.

*(Jock hands letter to Vereker, who puts his signature to it, and then hands it back.)*

**Vereker.**

The others not done yet ?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Jock.**

No, sir. I did this one first as it seems to be important.

**Vereker.**

Quite right. (*Jock is about to retire.*)  
One moment! You come from Dundee, I believe.

**Jock.**

From somewhere near there, sir.

**Vereker.**

Know anything about the Earl of Claverhouse?

**Jock.**

I know him very well by sight, sir.

**Vereker.**

Very few people seem to know anything about him. Queer sort of bird, isn't he.



‘THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.’

**Jock.**

So people say, sir.

**Vereker.**

Likes travelling about incog., I hear.

**Jock.**

He has been called eccentric, because he now and then disappears completely without anybody knowing where he is.

**Vereker.**

Is he in one of his disappearing moods just now?

**Jock.**

He left Claverhouse Castle three months ago, leaving no address behind him.

**Vereker.**

Ah!—That will do. (*Exit Jock l.*)  
Archie, old sport, we are going to have our joke after all.

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Battersby.**

How ?

**Vereker.**

We are going to introduce the Earl of Claverhouse to the Medways !

**Battersby.**

How on earth shall we manage that ? Will the Earl want such an introduction ? And what good will it do us to arrange it ? Besides, not knowing where the fellow hangs out, how are we to get hold of him ?

**Vereker.**

Look here ! Being the descendant of a battering—rammer, why not stick to batter—ramming ? Why fire off those queries at me from a bally maxim ?

**Battersby.**

Well, you might let me know what fool game you are up to now ?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Vereker.**

I have already told you ! We are going to introduce the Earl of Claverhouse to the Medways.

**Battersby.**

That's all very well, but hadn't you better get hold of that earl johnny first?

**Vereker.**

My dear old donkey, I have got hold of him already !

**Battersby.**

Not really ?

**Vereker.**

Well, no ; but I think I know of someone who could be created Earl of Claverhouse by us.

**Battersby.**

Who ?

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Vereker.**

Jock Graham.

**Battersby.**

Your clerk ?

**Vereker.**

Yes.

**Battersby.**

Will he do ? Won't he make a mess of it ?

**Vereker.**

He knows Claverhouse, and he knows the neighbourhood where the Earl has his home, so he will be all right as far as topographical details are concerned. He also probably knows the local traditions concerning the family, and could anyhow look up details from Debrett. The Medways will probably not be very inquisitive in any case.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Battersby.**

Sure he won't make a glorious ass of himself ?

**Vereker.**

He isn't an ass, so far as I know, but is rather a bright young fellow and looks like a gentleman too. But even if he *does* make an ass of himself, he won't be a glorious ass, only a mild specimen, and the Medways will forgive that in an Earl !

**Battersby.**

Well, let us hear what the fellow himself has to say about it.

**Vereker.**

All right. (*Going to the door and calling.*) Graham !

(*Enter Jock Graham from l.*)

**Vereker.**

Look here, Graham, how many times have you seen Lord Claverhouse ?

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Jock.**

Several times, sir.

**Vereker.**

Think you could imitate his manners?

**Jock.**

I think I could, sir, though I can't undertake to have it all perfect.

**Vereker.**

Oh! It doesn't matter much really. But I'll tell you something. Mr. Battersby and I want to play a joke on some people. We think of introducing you to them as the Earl of Claverhouse, just to see the ridiculous fuss they make of you, see?

**Jock.**

Yes, I see, sir. But, begging your pardon, sir, supposing they found it out, won't there be an awful row?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Vereker.**

I don't think so, because they are not the sort of people to publish to all the world how they have been had. The chances are that they will keep the thing jolly quiet.

**Jock.**

Well, sir, my wardrobe is scarcely suitable for undertaking such a grand rôle.

**Vereker.**

Oh! That will be all right, I will help you about that.

**Battersby.**

I'll share the expenses too.

**Vereker.**

Thanks, old man. Might I trouble you to see about getting the proper outfit?

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Battersby.**

Leave it all to me. I'll see about getting him slap up clothing, you bet.

**Vereker.**

Let us see you through your paces, Graham. How do you propose to play your part? Let us see your style of walking. (*Graham walks past meekly.*) Hang it! That won't do at all!

**Jock.**

How ought I to walk, sir?

**Vereker.**

Be a bit more pompous. Take up as much of the fairway as you can, and look right over every-body's head as though everyone were utterly beneath your notice.

**Battersby.**

Get up and show him, Vereker.



## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

*(Vereker gets up and struts with ridiculous pomposity across the stage, followed by Jock, who further caricatures Vereker's movements.)*

**Jock.**

Is that right, sir ?

**Battersby.**

Oh, so-so ! And how about sitting ?

**Vereker.**

That's not very difficult. Only be careful not to forget your dignity, that's all. And in speaking, Graham, you must be careful not to do it like an ordinary mortal.

**Battersby.**

Hadn't you better speak with a strong brogue ?

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Jock.**

A Scotsman with a brogue, sir? That would be indeed a great curiosity!

**Battersby.**

Stupid of me! Brogue is Irish, ain't it? Well then speak "*Garlic*," or whatever it is you speak in Scotland.

**Jock.**

I suppose you mean Gaelic, Mr. Battersby?

**Battersby.**

That's it.

**Jock.**

But I am afraid nobody would understand me if I did so. They might think I was speaking German!

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Battersby.**

Oh ! Then speak English mixed with garlic—— I mean Gaelic. Lug in a few choice expressions like “ Scots wha hae ” and “ Bang goes saxpence ” and “ Hoots mon ” and all that sort of rot, you know.

**Jock.**

I know the sort of rot you mean, sir. But might I observe, that nowadays Scotsmen can speak as good English as you can ? In fact, it is scarcely the practice even among ourselves to say “ Scots wha hae ’ or “ Hoots mon ” to any extent.

**Vereker.**

I don't think you need really adopt Mr. Battersby's suggestion, Graham. All I meant was that you should adopt a haughty way of speaking like this.

*(Assumes a haughty manner.)* (Ah ! Who are you ? Oh ! Howdy do ?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Jock.**

*(Imitating)* Ah! Who are you?  
Oh! Howdy do!

**Vereker.**

That's the style.

**Jock.**

Won't they call me a bumptious ass,  
sir?

**Vereker.**

Not they! The more bumptious and  
haughty you are, the better appreciated  
will you be by old man Medway.

**Jock.**

Do you mean Medway of Meat Ex-  
tract fame, sir?

**Vereker.**

That's the man! Know him?

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Jock.**

I know him by sight, sir, and I have enjoyed many cups of his meat extract.

**Vereker.**

Well, that's the man you are going to be introduced to as Lord Claverhouse.

**Jock.**

As you please, sir ; but if there should be any row, I hope you and Mr. Battersby will kindly stand by me.

**Vereker.**

Of course we shall both stand by you !

**Battersby.**

Then I had better take Graham to the tailor, eh ?

**Vereker.**

Certainly. Get good, proper clothes mind !

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Battersby.**

Hadn't he better wear a kilt ?

**Jock.**

I am afraid the street arabs will get a bit hilarious about me in such get up, sir.

**Battersby.**

But you must dress the part, you know. At any rate you might wear a thingamy—er—what do you call the rotten pouch with long whiskers on it ? A “*haggis*,” ain't it ?

**Jock.**

(*Smiling.*) A haggis would be rather a queer sort of thing to wear, and a bit messy if it should happen to burst !

**Vereker.**

(*Laughing.*) My dear Archie, you are getting fearfully mixed about Scottish things generally. A haggis 'is

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”**

not a wearing apparel, but rather a sort of gas bomb, capable of asphyxiating at long range!

**Battersby.**

Great guns! Then we won't have anything to do with it. But at any rate, Graham, hadn't you better wear a shillealagh?—No, that's Irish again! Well, whatever you call that little cap with a twiddly tail, hadn't you better wear it?

**Jock.**

A Glengarry would scarcely look correct with Town clothes, would it, Mr. Battersby?

**Battersby.**

Well, then at any rate, wear a bunch of thistles in your buttonhole. That'll label you a Scotchman.

**Jock.**

Wouldn't it rather label me an ass, sir?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Vereker.**

(*Laughing.*) Ha-ha! That's neat, by Jove! But don't waste any more time, Archie, there's a good chap. Take Graham along and fit him out like a gentleman. And then we'll see some fun, what? (*Laughs hilariously.*)

**Jock.**

(*Joining in the laugh.*) I expect we shall, sir!

**Battersby.**

(*Laughing.*) I can imagine Meat Extract's face when he gets wise! Ha-ha! Come along, Graham! (*Exit l. with Jock Graham, leaving Vereker still laughing alone.*)

**Curtain.**





## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

ACT II.

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*Scene: The Small Drawing Room, Sir Mark Medway's house, Park Lane, London. A door left, leading to the Hall; on the right, folding doors, leading into the big salon; at back are French Windows, with view of the garden beyond. The room is furnished with good furniture, and there are one or two fine pictures on the walls.*

*When the curtain rises, Sir Mark Medway enters from the big salon with Vereker. Sir Mark is a pleasant, kindly-looking man of somewhere near fifty.*

**Sir Mark.**

Take a seat for a moment, Vereker, won't you ?

**Vereker.**

Thanks. (*They both sit.*)

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Sir Mark.**

I really don't know how to thank you enough.

**Vereker.**

Oh! Don't mention it please, Sir Mark. I am always glad to have the chance of doing you any slight service.

**Sir Mark.**

No, no, you must allow me to thank you. Had it not been for your kindness, we should never have got to know Lord Claverhouse, nor would he be coming to dine here this evening.

**Vereker.**

I admit I have been very lucky in being able to catch Lord Claverhouse at all. As you know, he is not very fond of Society, and one so rarely sees him among the smart set. That is why he is practically unknown in Town.

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Sir Mark.**

A man in Lord Claverhouse's position would be welcome anywhere if he only chose to be seen in Society. That is why Lady Medway and I are specially delighted that he would break his rule for once in our favour.

**Vereker.**

More than that, Sir Mark. I believe he now intends entering the political arena, where he may be expected to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious father, and for that purpose he is now going to be seen more; get more into the public gaze, you know. And he chose your house for making his *début*.

**Sir Mark.**

I am sure he will make his mark, because he comes of a talented family. James Graham of Glenlivet, who is his cousin has, as you know, been for a long time considered quite a political personage. Glenlivet often comes to *my* house.

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

Vereker.

(*Rather uncomfortably.*) Oh! Indeed? Is he in town now, may I ask? If he is, Claverhouse might like to know of it.

Sir Mark.

No, he is in Scotland at present.

Vereker.

(*Relieved.*) Ah!

Sir Mark.

But he may come to Town any day.

Vereker.

I hope not!—I mean, I am afraid not! And now, if there is nothing else I could do for you for the present, I will say *au revoir*.

Sir Mark.

One moment more please, Vereker. Although I have given you a lot of trouble already, I am afraid I shall have to trouble you once again.

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Vereker.**

Oh! Anything I can do, please command me.

**Sir Mark.**

You have been so kind in helping to arrange everything and superintending our arrangements generally, that I hardly like to take advantage of your good nature. But I must ask your advice about something.

**Vereker.**

Not in my professional capacity I hope, Sir Mark?

**Sir Mark.**

No, only about a question of etiquette. I understand that Lord Claverhouse has no Town residence of his own.

**Vereker.**

That is true. He is living in a small flat at present.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Sir Mark.**

Well then, would it be proper for me to offer him the hospitality of my house until he has managed to find a suitable residence of his own ?

**Vereker.**

That's really very kind of you. But, as I have already told you, he is rather a queer chap. So if you like, I will go and sound him first and let you know whether he would like to accept your kind invitation or not.

**Sir Mark.**

Thanks very much, Vereker. You are really too kind !

**Vereker.**

Not at all. (*Rises.*) Now I really must say *au revoir*. I'll just hurry home and dress, and come back to help you put the finishing touches before the guests turn up. (*Shakes hands and exit l.*)

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”**

(After a short pause, enter Lady Medway from the left. She is a handsome woman, but somewhat sharp-tongued, and likes playing the “Grande Dame”.)

**Lady Medway.**

Well, Mark, when is Wilbraham coming?

**Sir Mark.**

I sent Edward with my note asking Dr. Burgess to let him come as soon as possible.

*(Enter from the left, Wilbraham Medway, a boy of about 15 or 16 years of age.)*

**Lady Medway.**

Well, here he is after all.

**Sir Mark.**

Why are you so late? Didn't Edward tell you to come as quick as you could?

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Wilbraham.**

He did, Pater, and I took your note up to old Buggins at once.

**Lady Medway.**

(*Taken aback.*) Old who?

**Sir Mark.**

“Old Buggins” was what he sai', my dear, which I presume is the school-boys' respectful way of referring to their Head Master.

**Lady Medway.**

Wilbraham, don't be so vulgar again. I won't have such a vulgar appellation as “Buggins” mentioned in my presence.

**Wilbraham.**

All right, Mater.



## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Sir Mark.**

Did Dr. Buggins—no, no, I mean Burgess—give you leave at once?

**Wilbraham.**

He did. He was jolly decent about it. Said I could stay the night and go back tomorrow afternoon.

**Lady Medway.**

That is most considerate of Dr. Burgess. But then why have you only just got back? You didn't stop anywhere on the way, did you?

**Wilbraham.**

No, I came straight home.

**Lady Medway.**

Mark, which car did you send?

**Sir Mark.**

The red car.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Lady Medway.**

Indeed ! You sent the car that has been relegated to the use of servants for your son to come home in, did you ?

**Sir Mark.**

The boy likes the red car, because he can drive it himself ?

**Lady Medway.**

Have we no chauffeurs, that you must let your son drive himself ?

**Sir Mark.**

But the boy himself *likes* driving, and lots of people drive their own cars, you know.

**Lady Medway.**

None of *my* family ever drive themselves when riding in any conveyance !

**Sir Mark.**

(*Half aside.*) They didn't have any conveyance to drive, barring a donkey cart !

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”**

**Lady Medway.**

You needn't sneer at my family, Mark. My people, though not particularly blessed with wealth, certainly had other qualities which made up for it.

**Sir Mark.**

You have got sharp ears, my dear ! I was only thinking aloud.

**Lady Medway.**

Aren't you going to ask your son to explain why he gets home so late ?

**Sir Mark.**

Certainly, my dear. The rascal must be spoken to quite seriously. Come here, Billy !

**Lady Medway.**

Mark ! Hasn't the boy got a proper sort of Christian name, that you must call him Billy ?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Sir Mark.**

Of course he has got one, but it is such a mouthful that I thought I would keep it for state occasions only, and just let him be Billy amongst ourselves.

**Lady Medway.**

Hum! You evidently don't like your son to be named like a gentleman, and prefer him to have a name like a goat!

**Sir Mark.**

Oh! Come now! (*Turning to his son.*) Well then, Wilbraham, how is it you got home so late? Did you dawdle anywhere on your way? Perhaps you stopped to ask for my favourite brand of cigars as you did last time?

**Lady Medway.**

Why suggest any untruth? Can't you let the boy use his own power of invention?

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Sir Mark.**

Come, come, Wilbraham! Did you dawdle on your way?

**Wilbraham.**

No, Pater, I didn't dawdle. I came straight back.

**Sir Mark.**

Now, boy, don't tell fibs to your parents, unless it is strictly necessary.

**Lady Medway.**

Indeed! When should it be necessary for a boy to tell untruths?

**Sir Mark.**

Why, when he has to stick to a friend. That is their code, you know.

**Lady Medway.**

Well, speak the truth *this* time, if you please, Wilbraham.

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Wilbraham.**

But I really came straight home,  
Mater.

**Lady Medway.**

Then why did you take so long about  
it? Perhaps that wretched red car broke  
down on the way?

**Wilbraham.**

Oh, no, it didn't. It came beautifully  
all the way.

**Lady Medway.**

Then why were you so long on your  
way?

**Wilbraham.**

(*After some hesitation.*) I didn't  
use the car. I came by bus.

**Lady Medway.**

(*Horried*). What!

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Sir Mark.**

*(Laughing.)* He said he came by bus! Ha-ha!

**Lady Medway.**

What amuses you, Mark?

**Sir Mark.**

Nothing, my dear. *(Still laughing.)*

**Lady Medway.**

Then you are not difficult to amuse!  
*(To her son.)* Wilbraham, why on earth did you come in a bus when we took the trouble to send a car to meet you?

**Wilbraham.**

Oh! Just because I wanted to.

**Lady Medway.**

Why, a bus couldn't be more comfortable to ride in than a motor car, surely?

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Wilbraham.**

No, but it's a jolly lark.

**Lady Medway.**

A lark! How could it be amusing to be squashed in a crowd of all sorts and conditions of people? I really believe you ought to have your clothes fumigated as a sort of precaution against germs!

**Wilbraham.**

Oh! Don't be anxious, **Mater**. I rode outside, with an old clergyman on one side, and a fine girl with a feather boa on the other.

**Sir Mark.**

The old clergyman must have been rather boring as a companion.

**Wilbraham.**

He was! He spouted a lot of "pi" stuff at me till I felt jolly fed up!



**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Lady Medway.**

A clergyman in the pie trade? Rather an unusual combination, isn't it?

**Sir Mark.**

(*Laughing.*) My dear, I fear you misunderstand. The “pi” stuff that Wilbraham means is not the thing you eat, but what you listen to. In other words, he simply means what we should call an improving conversation.

**Lady Medway.**

Oh! Then why couldn't he have said so in plain English?

**Sir Mark**

What about your neighbour on the other side?

**Wilbraham.**

Feather boa? She was fine, but stuck up.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.

Sir Mark.

(*Laughing.*) Ha-ha!

Lady Medway.

(*Severely.*) What are you laughing, at, Mark? Are you amused because your son has shown such low tastes?

Sir Mark.

Well, my dear, it *is* rather funny you know.

Lady Medway.

Wilbraham, I don't know where you get your common, low instincts from, but I am sure you didn't get it from *me*! We Mackintoshes are *all* respectable.

Sir Mark.

(*Snorting.*) Huh! And keep everybody very dry!

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Lady Medway.**

You needn't run down my family, Mark.

**Sir Mark.**

My dear, the only thing that runs down Mackintoshes is rain, and I'm not raining, am I?

**Lady Medway.**

You think you are being funny, don't you?

**Sir Mark.**

No, my dear, but I was only trying to contribute to the liveliness of our conversation.

**Lady Medway.**

And where are Edward and Frederick? Did they also ride back in the bus with you, Wilbraham?

**Wilbraham.**

No; they rode in the car.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Lady Medway.**

Have they brought your things back ?

**Wilbraham.**

They have. (*Goes to the door l. which he opens and beckons to someone outside.*) Here is Edward with my shoe-horn ! (*Enter a footman l. bearing a common shoe-horn on a salver.*) And here is Frederick with my tooth-brush and tooth-powder ! (*Enter another footman l. bearing tooth-brush and tooth-powder on a salver. Both look very solemn.*) I've divided my luggage between them.

**Sir Mark.**

My boy, you'll get on ! You've already learnt the principles of distribution of labour, Ha-ha !

**Lady Medway.**

Why, Wilbraham, what made you bring such nonsensical articles like that ?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Wilbraham.**

They aren't nonsensical, Mater, but jolly useful! My shoes are such good fit, that I couldn't get them on without the shoe-horn.

**Lady Medway.**

But haven't we got shoe-horns here in the house?

**Wilbraham.**

We have; but they are of silver or ivory, and aren't so nice and springy as a common or garden shoe-horn.

**Lady Medway,**

Ha! There again is another evidence of your low taste! And the tooth-brush and powder?

**Wilbraham.**

Oh! The powder had to come away or there'd be none of it left, and as for

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

the brush, I had to bring it away to keep it from being borrowed by the fellow in the next bunk to mine, who generally uses his own brush to black his boots with !

**Sir Mark.**

*(Laughing.)* Ha-ha ! Ha-ha !

**Lady Medway.**

I don't see anything to laugh at !

**Sir Mark.**

No, my dear. I suppose that's another peculiarity with the Mackintoshes ! But seriously we must not waste any more time talking nonsense.

**Lady Medway.**

And who is talking nonsense, pray ?

**Sir Mark.**

*(With a sigh.)* Oh ! I am, of course, as usual.

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Lady Medway.**

Well, what do you want to say ?

**Sir Mark.**

*(To the Footmen.)* You can go. *(The Footmen bow and exeunt l.)* Now I should like to coach up Billy—Ahem! I mean Wilbraham for his first appearance in the really high class entertainment which we are giving this evening.

**Lady Medway.**

All right ; coach him then.

**Sir Mark.**

How would you address the Earl of Claverhouse.

**Wilbraham.**

Oh ! Just say “Sir” as usual with big pots, I suppose ?

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Sir Mark.**

Yes ; " Sir " is quite enough to begin with, and you can after a while even drop the " Sir ". But on no account say " My Lord " or " Your Lordship ", because then you'd be admitting yourself his inferior, see ?

**Lady Medway.**

Ha-ha ! Here's a case of the blind leading the blind indeed !

**Sir Mark.**

I may have been ignorant in such matters of etiquette, but I have been put right about it and I know what I am talking about.

**Lady Medway.**

Why, in all books about the aristocracy, we are told to address all peers as " My Lord " or " Your Lordship ", with the exception of a Duke who must be addressed as " Your Grace."



“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Sir Mark.**

My dear, remember that we have boldly moved into Park Lane, and so we can't still go on using the manners of Surbiton or Upper Tooting !

**Lady Medway.**

Who told you to adopt such familiar forms of speech with a peer ?

**Sir Mark.**

Vereker did.

**Lady Medway.**

Oh ! Really ?

**Sir Mark.**

Yes. I suppose Vereker is to be trusted to know the proper way of speaking to peers, eh ?

**Lady Medway.**

If Mr. Vereker said so, I suppose it is all right.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Sir Mark.**

I am glad you think it's all right !

**Lady Medway.**

Now, Wilbraham, could you tell me if I do my curtsey right ?

**Wilbraham.**

Want me to show you the style ?

**Lady Medway.**

If you can. (*Wilbraham retires through the window at back, and then runs in and makes an elaborate curtsey like a circus-rider.*)

**Sir Mark.**

Good Lord ! You don't expect your mother to be able to do all that, do you ?

**Lady Medway.**

Where did you get it from, Wilbraham ?

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Wilbraham.**

Oh! I saw circus-girls do it like that.

**Lady Medway.**

A circus-girl! How dare you! I wanted you to show me the proper way to curtsy like a lady.

**Wilbraham.**

How should I know that? I'm not a girl, am I?

**Lady Medway.**

I thought a model institution like your school would have taught that!

**Wilbraham.**

If you wanted me to know all that, why didn't you send me to a girls' school?

**Sir Mark.**

Would you enjoy yourself as much there as you did in the bus?

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."**

**Lady Medway.**

Mark! Be quiet. I think I'll go and see to Molly's dress.

**Sir Mark.**

I wonder you don't change that girl's name to Ermystrude or something more aristocratic. Molly sounds rather common, doesn't it?

**Lady Medway.**

You seem to forget that Mary is a name that has been borne by several of our Queens!

**Sir Mark.**

True, my dear. But weren't there several of our Kings called Billy too?

**Lady Medway.**

Certainly not! There were four *Williams*, but I am sure they were never called "Billy."

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Sir Mark.**

And I haven't heard that any of the queens was ever called “Molly”! But let that pass. I have something else to say to you. (*Wilbraham discreetly withdraws to the back of the stage.*)

**Lady Medway.**

Well! What is it?

**Sir Mark.**

Vereker tells me that Lord Claverhouse intends now to be seen in Society a bit more. But he has no Town residence of his own, and is living in a tiny flat at present.

**Lady Medway.**

What of it?

**Sir Mark.**

I thought of offering him the hospitality of our house until he could get a

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”**

residence of his own. We only use half the house ordinarily, so that we could easily let him have the whole of the suite of rooms in the west wing. What do you say ?

**Lady Medway.**

What do you think of gaining by such an arrangement.

**Sir Mark.**

Well, for one thing, we shall get the kudos for being Lord Claverhouse's hosts, and for another, we have got a rather fine garden.

**Lady Medway.**

What about it ?

**Sir Mark.**

Why, Molly could be about it ; and so could Claverhouse.

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."**

**Lady Medway.**

You are not going to throw Molly at his head ?

**Sir Mark.**

There won't be any need for any such feat of jugglery. All we need do is to send her out into the garden and let him find her there, and they will do the rest themselves, I hope.

**Lady Medway.**

There is something in that !

**Sir Mark.**

There is ! Molly will be in it to start with, and you and I will be in it later on, if we have any luck.

**Lady Medway.**

It is a good idea, I admit.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Sir Mark.**

Thanks! I do get a brain wave now and then, you know. Shall we make him the offer, then?

**Lady Medway.**

Yes, but don't be precipitate, or he'll think us too snobbish.

**Sir Mark.**

All right. I'll be careful.

**Lady Medway.**

And now I really must go. You will see that everything is ready before you go upstairs, won't you?

**Sir Mark.**

Yes, I'll see to things. (*Exit Lady Medway l.*) And now Billy—Oh! I forget!



“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Wilbraham.**

*(Coming down)* It's all right, Pater. I prefer you to call me Billy. Sounds nice and friendly.

**Sir Mark.**

That's how I feel about it too. Every time I call you Wilbraham, I feel as though I were addressing somebody else, but when I say Billy, I feel I am talking to my own boy.

**Wilbraham.**

I feel just the same about it. So only let me be Wilbraham when the mater's about, but call me Billy when we are alone.

**Sir Mark.**

Well, look here, Billy, what made you come home in a bus?

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Wilbraham.**

Oh ! I get jolly tired of being stuck up, and I want to be just ordinary like everybody else.

**Sir Mark.**

Don't you know that your mother wants to make us behave as like the smart set as though we really did belong there from the beginning of the world ?

**Wilbraham.**

I know, but I get frightfully fed up with it !

**Sir ' Mark.**

Strictly between you and me, I get frightfully fed up with it all myself ! I sometimes wish I had had the sense to stay an ordinary butcher instead of turning myself into Meat Extract !

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Wilbraham.**

Oh ! I shouldn't like that so much !  
A butcher's business is such a beastly  
messy job, isn't it ?

**Sir Mark.**

I don't mean the working butcher,  
Billy. I meant the sort of superior  
tradesman who runs a butcher's shop,  
without actually getting messy himself.  
That was what your grandfather was,  
you know.

**Wilbraham.**

Oh ! I'd rather keep a tuck-shop !  
That's nice and clean, if you like.

**Sir Mark.**

Well, yes, there is something in what  
you say. But having worked through  
Meat Extract to Park Lane, I suppose  
we must grin and bear it.

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Wilbraham.**

I suppose we must. But I do get jolly fed up with Park Lane!

**Sir Mark.**

Oh! Don't say it in your mother's hearing or she'll have a fit! But really, I get more of Park Lane than you do. Park Lanish grub is all very well for grand occasions, but having it served up every day as we do, my digestion gets all out of gear. I could scarcely bear the sight of any of the commoner kinds of food, because they make my mouth water so and feel awfully bad because I know I could never eat any of it.

**Wilbraham.**

Look here, pater, do you really want to eat something really common?

**Sir Mark.**

The more plebeian the food, the better it would please me! But don't tempt me, Billy boy.

**"THE EARL OF CLEVERHOUSE."****Wilbraham.**

Well, don't make a row and I'll let you into a secret. When I was waiting to change from one bus to another, I happened to be standing near a stall where they were sellin' g winkles.

**Sir Mark.**

Winkles! Billy boy. I hope you didn't dare to buy any of it?

**Wilbraham.**

I *did* buy some.

**Sir Mark.**

And where have you put them? Didn't bring them into the house with you, I hope?

**Wilbraham.**

No; I hid them in the rockery in the garden. Come and look at them with me?

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Sir Mark.**

Billy, you are a rascal! Your mother would faint at the mere mention of winkles. (*Looks about him, and then continues to his son.*) I say, boy, it isn't time to dress yet. Let's go and inspect the rockery!

(*Exeunt father and son hurriedly but stealthily through the French window at back.*)

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**Curtain.**

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

## ACT III.

*Scene:—The garden at Sir Mark Medway's House. The stage represents a lawn shaded by large spreading trees on either side, with entrances between the trees on both sides. At the back, there is a rockery, which must be climbable, with a miniature waterfall. On the back cloth should be shown a rather high wall supposed to enclose the garden, as is usually seen in London, with view of housetops beyond the wall. There should be some garden furniture placed conveniently about the stage.*

*When the curtain rises, Wilbraham is discovered with a camera, photographing the rockery. Then enter Jock Graham from the left. He is now in good clothes, and has entirely dropped the air of humility which he displayed during the first Act.*

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Jock.**

Hullo, Billy ! What are you taking ?

**Wilbraham.**

I say, Claverhouse, you really must be more careful. You've got so much into the habit of calling me Billy, that you'll be doing it before the Mater, and then won't there be a holy row !

**Jock.**

Would Lady Medway blow me up ?

**Wilbraham.**

She would, like a shot. The Mater enjoys blowing people up. It's her one amusement in life.

**Jock.**

I have been some time in this house, and I have never once seen Lady Medway really cross.



“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Wilbraham.**

Oh! She's been holding herself in because you were a stranger, but now that you are going to be one of us, she'll start taking you in hand, you bet!

**Jock.**

I am going to be one of you, did you say? How do you know that?

**Wilbraham.**

I'll put you wise in half a tick. But let me take this picture first. (*Busies himself with the camera again.*)

**Jock.**

What do you want it for?

**Wilbraham.**

For a picture show. I'm trying for a prize. I say, Claverhouse, mind standing by the rockery? The picture would look better with a figure in it.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Jock.**

Oh! I am not much of a figure you know.

**Wilbraham.**

Never mind! Please! (*He begins to focus. Jock goes to stand by the rockery.*) Bit more to the right—no, I mean to your own left—a bit more, please.

**Jock.**

I'd be going into the waterfall then!

**Wilbraham.**

Then how am I to get the whole of you?

**Jock.**

Haven't you got the whole of me now?

**Wilbraham.**

No. One arm missing.

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Jock.**

Turn the lens a bit more to your left.

**Wilbraham.**

Got the whole of you now, but only half the waterfall.

**Jock.**

Then shift the whole thing a bit to the left—Now, is it all right?

**Wilbraham.**

It is! (*Emerges from under the cloth.*) Say! It would make a jollier picture if you had Molly beside you, wouldn't it?

**Jock.**

It would! But there isn't much chance of that.

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Wilbraham.**

Oh! Don't worry! (*Prepares to take photograph.*) Things will turn out fine. You wrote a letter to the Pater just now, didn't you?

**Jock.**

I did.

**Wilbraham.**

Wonder why you took the trouble to write, when you are in the same house?

**Jock.**

Oh! It was about something frightfully important, and I am beastly shy, so that I should have made an awful ass of myself if I went and spoke to your father about it; so I wrote instead.

**Wilbraham.**

You farked it, did you?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Jock.**

Well yes, that's about the size of it, I suppose.

**Wilbraham.**

You needn't have been in a funk. The Pater is a jolly decent fellow, taking him all round.

**Jock.**

I'm sure he is jolly decent, as you say, Billy. And what did he say about my letter?

**Wilbraham.**

I heard him say—Stand still please!

**Jock.**

Why, what did he say “stand still” for?

**Wilbraham.**

No, that wasn't what *he* said. I said that myself.

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Jock.**

Well, what did Sir Mark say, then?

**Wilbraham.**

I'll tell you that presently. Let me take the photo first. Quiet now. (*Makes exposure.*) Oh! You moved! One more please. (*Changes plates and prepares to expose.*) Now, smile a bit please. Think of Molly!

**Jock.**

I say, Billy, you ought to become a *real* photographer! You've got the knack all right.

**Wilbraham.**

The Mater would have a fit! Her son a professional photographer? I don't think! But look out now, keep still, please. One-two-three! (*Makes the exposure.*) That's O.K. Thanks very much!

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Jock.**

Now then, you are going to tell me what your father said when he got my letter.

**Wilbraham.**

Oh ! He took it at once to the Mater. I was taking her photo, and he rushed in shouting “My dear ! My dear ! What did I tell you ?” That made the Mater jump and my picture was spoilt.

**Jock.**

Well, what then.

**Wilbraham.**

Then the Pater said you had written him a note on a most important matter and as they evidently didn't want me then, I cleared out. But *I* know what you wrote about already.

**Jock.**

How's that ?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Wilbraham.**

Oh! I'm not a beastly bat, you know. I've seen you and Molly spooning in the garden here several times. You needn't worry, because I'm not such a beastly cad as to spy on you!

**Jock.**

And did your father and mother seem pleased about it?

**Wilbraham.**

Pleased as punch!

**Jock.**

Then they have no objection to me?

**Wilbraham.**

Objection! Why they *want* you in the family.

**Jock.**

And what about you, old chap? Are you willing to give your sister to me?



**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Wilbraham.**

Rather! But I wish you wouldn't take her off and bury her in Scotland. Molly and I have been awfully good pals you know, and I shall miss her no end.

**Jock.**

Oh! But I am not thinking of burying her in Scotland. We should be in Town during the season, at any rate. Besides, you could always come and stay with us during vac., you know.

**Wilbraham.**

Lot's of shooting to be had?

**Jock.**

Oh! You'll get that all right. I've got a moor that's thick with grouse!

**Wilbraham.**

Crikey! Then you can take Molly with my blessing, Claverhouse.

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Jock.**

Thanks awfully, old chap. And you must call me Jock.

**Wilbraham.**

All right, Jock! Waiting for Molly, I suppose.

**Jock.**

I am hoping she will come this way.

**Wilbraham.**

Right O! (*Takes up his camera.*) I'll scoot then. Don't want me around, do you? Two's company, and all the rest of it. I know! (*Looking towards the right.*) Why, here comes Molly. I must be off. By-bye! (*Runs out l.*)

(*After a short pause enter Mary Medway from the right. She is a sweet-looking girl of about twenty, graceful, well dressed.*)

**Mary.**

Ah! Here you are, Jock.

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Jock.**

Yes, Molly. I have been posing for Billy. Take a seat won't you. *(Offers her a chair.)*

**Mary.**

Thanks. *(Sits.)*

**Jock.**

I told you I was going to write to your father. Well, I have done so.

**Mary.**

*(Demurely.)* Well?

**Jock.**

I have reason to believe that your parents will offer no opposition to my request. What do you say?

**Mary.**

Does Billy know? What will he say?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Jock.**

Billy is all right. He has given his consent, but what about yourself, Molly? You haven't actually told me whether you are willing to give yourself to me.

**Mary.**

Don't be silly!

**Jock.**

Am I to take it for granted that you have definitely said “Yes”?

**Mary.**

You can do what you like!

**Jock.**

Thanks! I will! (*Kisses her.*)

**Mary.**

Oh! I didn't mean that!

**Jock.**

Then you should have made your meaning clearer. Shall I put it back where I took it from?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Mary.**

You wouldn't dare —! (*He interrupts her with another kiss, and she cannot help laughing.*)

**Jock.**

Now, Molly dear, I want to ask a serious question. You will never change your mind?

**Mary.**

What sort of girl do you take me for?

**Jock.**

No, no! I don't mean to imply that you might change your mind from sheer fickleness. But supposing somebody were to say that I am not what I seem to be, what would you do.

**Mary.**

Don't be silly!

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Jock.**

But suppose somebody did? Suppose he said that I wasn't really Claverhouse but only a fraud, what would you say?

**Mary.**

But who would say such a thing?

**Jock.**

Well, suppose he did, what then?

**Mary.**

Then I should say it wasn't true.

**Jock.**

But suppose he had convincing proofs that I wasn't Claverhouse, what would you say then?

**Mary.**

Nothing! There wouldn't be anything to say in such a case.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Jock.**

Do you mean you would not change your mind even then ?

**Mary.**

I wouldn't care a bit even if you turned out to be a pauper. It is not for the Earl of Claverhouse that I care for !

**Jock.**

For whom do you care then ?

**Mary.**

(*Smiling.*) For *you*, Jock !

**Jock.**

Molly !

**Mary.**

You are *my* Jock, and I don't care a brass button what other people call you !

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Jock.**

And you are my sweetheart Molly, and I don't care a rap about anybody or anything else besides! (*They look at each other lovingly.*)

(*Enter Battersby from the left. Seeing the lovers, he starts, and then advances towards them.*)

**Battersby.**

Lord Claverhouse!

**Jock.**

(*Looking up.*) Hullo! Want me, Mr. Battersby?

**Battersby.**

(*Snappishly.*) No, I don't want you! Don't even want to see your rotten face!

**Jock.**

Oh! Then I must have been mistaken. Thought I heard you call my name. (*Turns to Mary and is about to commence a conversation with her.*)



**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Battersby.**

I say! (*Jock does not take any notice.*) Lord Claverhouse, I am speaking to you!

**Jock.**

Ah! *Now* we know where we are! What do you want to say to me?

**Battersby.**

I want to say lots of things, but couldn't do it in a lady's presence, so I will only give you the message which I have been asked to deliver. Sir Mark Medway wants to see you.

**Jock.**

Ah! Then you should have told me so directly. Where shall I find him?

**Battersby.**

In the morning room.

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Jock.**

Thanks, then I will go to him. (*To Molly.*) Excuse me, won't you? (*Nods and smiles to her and then exit l.*)

**Battersby.**

Miss Medway!

**Mary.**

Yes, **Mr.** Battersby.

**Battersby.**

My name is Archibald, though my friends generally call me Archie.

**Mary.**

You look it!

**Battersby.**

Look what?

**Mary.**

Look like your name, of course.

**Battersby.**

Does that mean that I look a silly ass? Archie is a silly ass of a name, don't you know.

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Mary.**

Oh ! I *didn't* know, until—

**Battersby.**

Until you met me, eh ? You are rather unkind aren't you ?—By the way, may I call you Molly ?

**Mary.**

By the way, you may not !

**Battersby.**

I say ! You *are* rough on a fellow ! What have I done ?

**Mary.**

*Nothing !*

**Battersby.**

You're right. I've done nothing so far, but I *may* be doing things presently. I may get desperate !

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”**

**Mary.**

I hope you won't get desperate here! Desperate people bore me to extinction.

**Battersby.**

Then you shouldn't make me.

**Mary.**

I make you? How?

**Battersby.**

You were talking to Claverhouse, weren't you.

**Mary.**

I was.

**Battersby.**

And he was leaning on the back of your chair, wasn't he?

**Mary.**

He was.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Battersby.**

Why did you allow him to do that ?

**Mary.**

He did it without consulting me.

**Battersby.**

Why did you allow him to assume such a beastly proprietary air towards you ?

**Mary.**

I really couldn't tell you why I did that, but if you wish to know why I allow you to cross-examine me like this. I *can* tell you !

**Battersby.**

(*Delightedly.*) Ah ! Why do allow me to cross-examine you ? Tell me, and make me happy, won't you ?

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”****Mary.**

It is because this is my home, and I couldn't be so rude as to send you away.

**Battersby.**

But could you ever be so unkind as to send me away? Would you really go so far as to show me the door?

**Mary.**

Certainly not! I wouldn't think of showing you the door in this garden, where there are no doors.

**Battersby.**

Oh! Please don't quibble. Just tell me this, please. If we weren't in your own garden, would you send me away?

**Mary.**

No, I wouldn't.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Battersby.**

Ah ! Then you *do* like me a bit, do you ?

**Mary.**

You misunderstand me, Mr. Battersby. What I meant was that if we were in somebody else's garden, I couldn't send you away from it, because I wouldn't then have any right to do so at all !

**Battersby.**

Oh ! Miss Medway, how unkind you are ! Haven't you noticed how awfully fond of you I am, and that sort of rot ?

**Mary.**

I have noticed all sorts of rot in your talk, Mr. Battersby.

**Battersby.**

But, honour bright, I am awfully gone on you ! When I see a rotten fly

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

alight on your rotten cheek———no,  
no, I mean your blooming cheek——  
no, that doesn't sound all right either!  
Well, at all events, as I said before,  
when I see a rotten fly alight on your  
——er———your———what's the  
word that fellow Shakespeare used?  
It begins with “dam,” but ain't a swear  
word. You know what I mean?

**Mary.**

Try “damask.”

**Battersby.**

That's the rotten word I want! You're  
a stunner, Miss Medway. Well then,  
here goes! (*With a serious effort at  
declamation.*) Whenever I see a rotten  
fly alight on your damaged——I mean  
damask——cheek, I get——er——  
I get the hump, and——er——hang it,  
you know what I mean, Miss Medway?

**Mary.**

I haven't the faintest idea.



## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Battersby.**

Oh! Well, never mind. What I mean is that if I don't like to see even a fly alight on your cheek, how do you expect me to like seeing Claverhouse do so?

**Mary.**

I *don't* expect you to like it, and Lord Claverhouse did *not* alight on my cheek!

**Battersby.**

Hang it, you know! You *will* keep twisting my words about and make them sound awful drivel!

**Mary.**

I beg your pardon, Mr. Battersby, I didn't twist your words about and turn them into drivel? They just came naturally so without my help!

**Battersby.**

Miss Medway, don't you know that I love you and all that sort of rot?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Mary.**

I can't listen to any sort of rot, Mr. Battersby. You should go and speak to father about it.

**Battersby.**

I sent Vereker to sound your father on my behalf but he didn't get anything satisfactory out of the interview. I have also written to your father myself, but have received no answer yet. So I thought I'd come straight to you myself.

**Mary.**

But really you shouldn't. I cannot listen to you. (*About to walk away.*)

**Battersby.**

One moment, please. I told you I was serious. I am ! I love you like—er—like anything, by Jove ! Won't you give me some hope ?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Mary.**

Mr. Battersby, you really must not speak like that. I am sorry to appear so heartless, but I really must tell you straight that it would be quite useless.

**Battersby.**

Does that mean that you don't care a tinker's cuss for me?

**Mary.**

I don't know exactly what a tinker's cuss is like.

**Battersby.**

Oh! Never mind the tinker's cuss, but what about me?

**Mary.**

You don't call yourself a “cuss,” I hope.

**Battersby.**

You are evading my question, Miss Medway. Do you mind confining your answer to just “Yes” or “No”?

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Mary.**

No.

**Battersby.**

No what ?

**Mary.**

No.

**Battersby.**

Do you mean you can't possibly care for me ? Am I to understand that you reject my proposal ?

**Mary.**

No.

**Battersby.**

Ah ! You don't reject my proposal ? Then do you mean you accept ?

**Mary.**

No.

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Battersby.**

I say! What on earth do you mean by repeating "No"?

**Mary.***No!***Battersby.**

Please be a bit more explicit. What do you mean by saying "no" to every question I put?

**Mary.***No!!***Battersby.**

Is that the only word you can speak?

**Mary.**

It is one of the two words you allowed me! You asked me to confine my answer only to "yes" or "no" and I chose "no", so what have you to complain about?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Battersby.**

Oh! Well, you may qualify your “no” by some explanatory remark, if you like.

**Mary.**

Thank you, but I prefer an unqualified “No.”

**Battersby.**

Then you mean——?

**Mary.**

I mean “No.”

**Battersby.**

Oh! I say! You’re not rotting are you?

**Mary.**

Certainly not! I wouldn’t think of doing such a thing.

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Battersby.**

Then you mean you won't have me?

**Mary.**

I repeat that I mean “no”!

**Battersby.**

(*Rantingly.*) Miss Medway, you are “the cruellest she going,” as the poet would say had he been in my place. As you have rejected my suit, I can no longer continue in this world. Farewell, bumptious maiden!—no, I mean beauteous.

**Mary.**

Where do you propose to go? To the United States or Canada?

**Battersby.**

To neither place. I am going to die!

**Mary.**

Oh! But you are still much too young to die.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Battersby.**

Without you life is a mere rockery—no, I mean mockery. Though still young in years, I feel as old as—er—what's the name of the old buffer who lived to be hundreds of years old?

**Mary.**

Methuselah?

**Battersby.**

That's him!

**Mary.**

Of course it is scarcely my business to inquire, but might I ask how you propose to die?

**Battersby.**

I shall simply withhold my breath! Yes, that would be best and least expensive.



## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Mary.**

But won't that be rather suffocating?

**Battersby.**

That's true! And it would take too long to accomplish. I had better use a gun. (*Takes a Browning pistol from his pocket.*)

**Mary.**

(*Screaming.*) Oh! Mr. Battersby!  
(*Runs and hides behind a tree.*)

**Battersby.**

Well?

**Mary.**

Isn't that a Browning?

**Battersby.**

It is. (*Waves it about.*)

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Mary.**

Please ! *Please* ! Do be careful with it. A Browning never hits what you aim at. You'll be hitting *me* with it, if you don't take care.

**Battersby.**

Miss Medway ! Is your anxiety only about *yourself* ?

**Mary.**

Of course ! *Do* be careful !

**Battersby.**

Then you need not be anxious. The gun is not loaded. (*Throws the pistol on a table.*)

**Mary.**

Oh ! That's all right then. (*Comes out from behind the tree.*)

"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Battersby.**

I thought you screamed because you thought I was going to kill myself.

**Mary.**

Oh! I wasn't anxious about that.

**Battersby.**

Then do you hate me so much that you don't care whether I shoot myself or not?

**Mary.**

No, I don't hate you like that, but I didn't think you would have shot yourself.

**Battersby.**

You guessed right. It would have made an awful row, and it might have made a horrid mess.

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Mary.**

You are right

**Battersby.**

But don't misunderstand me. I am still determined to die. I must find some other way of doing it. (*After looking around.*) Ha! I have it!

**Mary.**

What is it?

**Battersby.**

I am going to throw myself from those rocks.

**Mary.**

Oh! You are not serious, are you?

**Battersby.**

Wait and see! Which is the way up?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Mary.**

There isn't any way up. You will have to climb up any way you can.

**Battersby.**

Can't you suggest a way up?

**Mary.**

No, I can't.

**Battersby.**

Then I must try and find one for myself.

**Mary.**

You may be able to get up, but you'll find it rather difficult coming down.

**Battersby.**

I don't want a way down. I am going to throw myself from the top.

**Mary.**

It's rather high, you know.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Battersby.**

The higher the better !

**Mary.**

Oh ! Very well, as you please.  
*(Sits with her back to the rockery.)*

*(Battersby looks about for a bit, and then slowly climbs to the top of the rockery. He then looks down and makes a wry face.)*

**Battersby.**

Ugh !

**Mary.**

*(Without turning round.)* Have you reached the top ?

**Battersby.**

I have.

**Mary.**

What do you think about the height ?

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Battersby.**

It must be somewhere as high as the Nelson Column!

**Mary.**

*(Turning round with a laugh.)* I told you it was rather high. Was it slippery climbing up?

**Battersby.**

It was!

**Mary.**

It will be worse coming down.

**Battersby.**

But I am going to throw myself from here.

**Mary.**

Well, then, try and land on the grassy side.

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Battersby.**

No! I am going to jump right down into the basin there, so that if I don't die from the fall I shall be drowned!

**Mary.**

There isn't enough water to drown you. There isn't even enough to break your fall, so you had better land on the grass. It won't hurt so much.

**Battersby.**

I am not afraid of being hurt Miss Medway.

**Mary.**

Oh! Do what you like, of course.

**Battersby.**

Then farewell, Miss Medway. And now, since I am about to lay down my life for your sweet sake, won't you allow me to call you Molly just once before I die!



“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

Mary.

No, you may not.

Battersby.

Ah! Cruel damson—I mean damsel—fare thee well and all that sort of rot! As you no longer love me—no, that ain’t correct, because you have *never* loved me! Well then since you do not love me, life has become a bargain—no, I mean a burden. Therefore, farewell! (*She does not take any notice*). As I observed before, *farewell!* (*Still no answer from her.*) Miss Medway, do you want me to throw myself down from the top of these—er—these confounded rocks?

Mary.

Certainly not!

Battersby.

Then why don’t you implore me not to do it?

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Mary.**

I don't see any use in my imploring.

**Battersby.**

Why not ?

**Mary.**

Because if you really meant to throw yourself down, my imploring wouldn't stop you ; but if you don't really mean to do it, there is no need for me to implore.

**Battersby.**

(*Sighing.*) Heigho ! Then you mean to say you aren't going to do any imploring ?

**Mary.**

I am not going to do any imploring.

**Battersby.**

Oh ! As you please ! (*Looks about a bit and then addresses her again.*)  
Miss Medway !

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Mary.**

Yes ?

**Battersby.**

You are quite sure you won't implore ?

**Mary.**

Quite sure !

**Battersby.**

Then it is no use my throwing myself from here !

**Mary.**

*(Laughing)* I agree with you, Mr. Battersby !

*(Battersby now looks far away down, makes several ineffectual attempts to climb down, but eventually gives up and sits down on the top of the rockery.)*

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Battersby.**

Miss Medway, since you cannot care for me, I must leave your presence.

**Mary.**

Must you really ?

**Battersby.**

I must !. The longer I sit here and look at you, the greater the pain in my heart. Besides, my position up here is far from comfortable.

**Mary.**

Then I won't keep you. Good-bye !

**Battersby.**

Thank you, but I regret to say I cannot leave your presence.

**Mary.**

Why not ?

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Battersby.**

Because I cannot get down from this putrid old rockery of yours!

**Mary.**

*(Laughing)* You can't say I didn't warn you, you know.

**Battersby.**

I am not blaming you, Miss Medway. But must I sit up here forever?

**Mary.**

I will go and tell somebody to bring a ladder for you. Good-bye! *(Rises and takes a last look at Battersby, and then laughs.)* I hope you will be none the worse for your mountaineering, Mr. Battersby! *(Exit r.)*

*(Battersby now tries to get down, but is again unsuccessful, and again sits dejectedly on the top. Enter Vereker from the left, and he is about to pass on when Battersby calls to him.)*

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Battersby.**

Vereker !

**Vereker.**

*(Looking up.)* Hallo ! What the dickens are you doing up there ?

**Battersby.**

I came up here to commit suicide.

**Vereker.**

The deuce you did ! How did you propose to do it ?

**Battersby.**

By throwing myself down from the top of this rotten rocky mountain.

**Vereker.**

What for ?

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Battersby.**

I offered Miss Medway my hand and my heart and all that sort of rot, and she rejected every bally thing. So I told her that I was going to chuck myself from here.

**Vereker.**

Aha! You meant to frighten her into consenting?

**Battersby.**

Yes. I pretended I was going to chuck myself down, expecting her to scream and implore and all that sort of rot. But she never did!

**Vereker.**

And you never chucked yourself down!

**Battersby.**

Of course not! I am not such a silly ass to risk a broken neck!

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Vereker.**

You shouldn't have been so hasty, old man. Everything is turning out beautifully. Jock Graham has formally asked Meat Extract for the hand of his daughter, and the old buffer simply jumped at it. I came out to find you and let you have the news. Good ain't it?

**Battersby.**

I should be in a better position to appreciate your joke when I am off this putrid perch!

*(Enter Wilbraham r. with his camera.)*

**Wilbraham.**

I say, Mr. Battersby, do let me take a picture of you up there. Please appear in the act of chucking yourself down, will you?

**Battersby.**

No! And I *won't* be photographed!



“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Wilbraham.**

Oh! All right. (*Shouting to someone behind scenes.*) You needn't bring that ladder, Tompkins! (*Starts going.*)

**Battersby.**

Hi! You there! Wait a minute! Were you bringing the ladder?

**Wilbraham.**

I am in charge of it, but Tompkins is bringing it along.

**Battersby.**

(*Resignedly.*) Oh! Well! Take your rotten picture, and look sharp about it.

**Wilbraham.**

Thanks awfully! (*Prepares camera.*) Now, stand up, please. (*Battersby stands up.*) I'll send you a print if it turns out all right. Now, stand still, please! (*Makes the exposure.*) That's done!

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Battersby.**

Well, where is that ladder?

**Wilbraham.**

*(Calling)* Tompkins! Bring the ladder.

*(Enter, from the right, a man of the under-gardener type, carrying ladder, which he places against the rockery, and steadies the ladder while Battersby, climbs down, after which the man retires with the ladder.)*

**Wilbraham.**

I say, was it jolly up there?

**Battersby.**

Jolly! Young fellow, your idea of fun simply staggers humanity!

*(Enter from the left. Sir Mark and Lady Medway with Jock Graham.)*

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Sir Mark.**

Ah! Mr. Battersby, I have received your letter asking for my daughter's hand, but I am sorry to tell you that you are too late. Lord Claverhouse has done us the honour of asking for our daughter's hand, and Lady Medway and I have consented.

*(Wilbraham runs off r.)*

**Battersby.**

Why, Sir Mark, I sent Mr. Vereker to speak to you about the letter long ago.

**Sir Mark.**

But nothing was definitely settled between us, you know.

**Battersby.**

And you are more anxious to get Claverhouse for a son-in-law!

*(Mary and Wilbraham now appear on the r. but keep in the back-ground.)*

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."****Sir Mark.**

That is true. But if you had been in my place, wouldn't you also have been glad of an alliance with a nobleman?

**Battersby.**

No, sir! I should not want a bogus lord for a son-in-law!

**Vereker.**

Battersby! Don't!

**Sir Mark.**

What do you mean by a bogus lord?

**Battersby.**

I mean that that fellow is no more Earl of Claverhouse than I am! His name is Jock Graham and is in real life Vereker's clerk!

**Lady Medway.**

Eh? Is that true?

**"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."**

**Battersby.**

Ask Vereker himself, Lady Medway.

**Lady Medway.**

Is it true, Mr. Vereker?

**Vereker.**

I am afraid it is, Lady Medway. I am really awfully sorry about it all.

**Lady Medway.**

*(Furiously to Jock.)* You villain! How dared you pass yourself off as the Earl of Claverhouse?

**Jock.**

*(Quietly.)* Pardon me, Lady Medway. I had not the slightest intention to deceive you or anybody. I didn't introduce myself as Earl of Claverhouse; my employer did that, and you believed him, so I had not the heart to un-deceive you. When Sir Mark was so good as to offer me the hospitality of

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”**

this house, you pressed me to accept and I did so to please you. I never meant to do any harm, and I am not aware that I have done any harm so far.

**Lady Medway.**

No harm ! Didn't you have the impudence to ask for my daughter's hand?

**Jock.**

I honestly love your daughter and I honestly asked for her hand. I didn't propose to run away with her !

**Lady Medway.**

Run away with her, indeed ! Do you think my daughter would even dream of running away with a fellow like you ?

**Jock.**

I don't know, I am sure. Hadn't you better ask her yourself ?

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

**Lady Medway.**

Your impertinence is insufferable!  
Leave my house!

**Jock.**

I have done no harm!

**Vereker.**

Oh! Get out of it now! What more  
do you want?

**Jock.**

I have done no harm!

**Vereker.**

Then stay, and you can stew in  
your own juice!

**Jock.**

Thanks, Mr. Vereker, and you can  
do the same. You may even find your  
stew rather more interesting than  
mine! (*Vereker is speechless with  
anger.*)

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Lady Medway.**

Mark, call the servants and let them turn this fellow out!

**Wilbraham.**

*(Coming forward.)* Don't go Jock. It ain't your fault. Those fellows shouldn't have put you up to it!

**Lady Medway.**

*(To her son.)* Don't interfere! *(To Jack.)* Are you going quietly, or must we have you kicked out?

**Jack.**

I repeat I have done no harm, but if Sir Mark tells me to go, I shall of course be obliged to do so.

**Lady Medway.**

Mark, order this fellow to go.

**Sir Mark.**

*(Half-heartedly.)* Go!



“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Wilbraham.**

Take care, Pater! Molly will go with him, that's a dead cert.

**Sir Mark.**

Bless my soul! (*To his daughter.*)  
Molly, come here. (*She advances.*)  
Would you really go with the man?

**Mary.**

If it becomes necessary, I would!

**Lady Medway.**

(*Furiously.*) What! Have you lost all sense of shame?

**Sir Mark.**

My dear, let us be fair. It was our fault for having given them every chance to fall in love; and now that they have only done what we ourselves wanted all the time, it wouldn't be fair to blame them. (*To Jock.*) Look here, young

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

man. You look like a gentleman, and I will speak to you as one gentleman to another. I ask you to oblige me by going away for the present. When we are all a little calmer, we will talk things over again.

**Jock.**

If you put it that way, Sir Mark, I have no choice but to obey you. Good-bye! (*Walks towards the right.*)

(*Enter from the right, Graham of Glenlivet, a dignified-looking man of about forty. Encountering Jock, he stops and looks rather surprised.*)

**Glenlivet.**

Hallo! Claverhouse! (*Everybody surprised.*)

**Jock.**

Hallo! Glenlivet! (*They shake hands heartily.*)

"THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

Glenlivet.

I didn't expect to find you here ; but I am very glad to see you, my boy !  
*(To Sir Mark shaking his hand.)* Why Medway, you never told me you knew my cousin.

Sir Mark.

*(Still puzzled.)* Excuse me, Glenlivet, but is he really the Earl of Claverhouse ?

Glenlivet.

Why, of course he is !

*(Wrecker and Battersby look at each other blankly.)*

Sir Mark.

Sure you are not mistaken ?

Glenlivet.

Mistaken ? If this isn't the Earl of Claverhouse, then it must be his twin brother, and I know he hasn't got one.

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Sir Mark.**

But I am told his name is Jock Graham.

**Glenlivet.**

That's right! His name is John Alexander Graham, and he is the eighth Earl of Claverhouse.

**Sir Mark.**

Why, Vereker! what did you mean by saying he was not Claverhouse?

**Vereker.**

*(Uncomfortably.)* I was only joking, Sir Mark.

**Sir Mark.**

*(Coldly.)* I hope you are enjoying your joke more than we do, then! *(To Glenlivet.)* My dear friend, I am very glad you have come. I have the pleasure to tell you, that your cousin has done me the honour of asking for my daughter's hand in marriage.

“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”

**Glenlivet.**

My dear friend, I am delighted !  
*(Shakes hands with Sir Mark then bows to Lady Medway and Mary, and finally wrings Jock's hand.)* Congratulate you, Jock ! But you'll have to emerge from your shell now, won't you, eh ?

**Jock.**

I expect my future wife will drag me into society all right. She has almost cured me of my bashfulness already !

**Vereker.**

Well, Sir Mark, I must be going.

**Battersby.**

And so must I.

**Sir Mark.**

I will detain neither of you, gentlemen. You know the way to the door already, don't you ?

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE"

(*Vereker and Battersby bow and exeunt r.*)

**Glenlivet.**

Who are these two men?

**Sir Mark.**

They are a couple of would-be humourists, so it appears. They have apparently played an elaborate joke on us, but I think they were expecting it to end somewhat differently to this. However, it will take too long to tell you all now. Just come up to the house won't you?

**Glenlivet.**

Thanks, I will. (*Exit r., with Sir Mark.*)

**Wilbraham.**

I say, Mater, come and let me take another portrait of you.

## "THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE."

Lady Medway.

All right, Wilbraham. Let us go and find a nice suitable spot. (*Wanders off r. with her son.*)

Jock.

Molly darling. Would you really have gone away with me?

Mary.

Do you doubt me, Jock?

Jock.

(*Embracing her.*) No, sweetheart! am far too happy even to doubt!

Mary.

That is how I feel too!

**“THE EARL OF CLAVERHOUSE.”**

*(The lovers, with their arms around one another wander off to the left.)*

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**Curtain.**

**THE END.**

