

POLLY. "Do you know - I'm *worried* about Percival! He's never accepted an invitation not to show up at one of our parties - " I mean -

GERRY. Go on, go on, go on!

POLLY. (*Recovering.*) " - to one of our parties and then not shown up - at least, not without sending word."

BILLY. "Ah, but Lady Margaret, he might have had motor trouble."

VIOLET. "Yes, indeed. I do hope *he* hasn't had an accident - !"

GERRY. No, no, no! That's " - he hasn't had an *accident!*"

VIOLET. That's what I *said!*

GERRY. You said, " - *he* hasn't had an accident!" As if someone else *did!*

VIOLET. Should we take it from the top?

POLLY. Oh, damn it!

SMITTY. (*Offstage.*) Come *on*, Violet!

VIOLET. All right. (*Back into character.*) "...I do hope he hasn't had an accident. These roads can be treacherous at night."

SMITTY. (*Enters and curtseys to HENRY.*) "Begging your pardon, milord, but should we delay dinner any longer?"

HENRY. "Mmm - no, I think not. Can't wait for Percival forever."

(*Moves toward POLLY.*)

"Shall we, my dear?"

POLLY. (*Rises.*) "I suppose so. But - don't you think someone should call Percival's flat and ascertain the reason for his absence?"

BILLY. (*Coming around armchair to take VIOLET's arm as she rises.*) "Do you know - that might be a sound idea. There is something distinctly odd about all of this."

VIOLET. "All of what, Billy?"

(*All PLAYERS sag, excepting VIOLET.*)

BILLY. Violet, you did it again!