

VIOLET. Did what?

BILLY. Called me by my own name! I'm "Stephen"! "Stephen Sellers"! And you are "Diana Lassiter"! Is that so hard to remember?!

GERRY. Billy, do you *mind*?!

BILLY. What - ? Oh, sorry, Gerry.

GERRY. Take it from Violet's line.

VIOLET. Okay. (*In character.*) "All of what, Stephen?"

BILLY. (*Goes to speak, goes blank, sags, calls:*) *Line!*

AGGIE. (*Offstage.*) "This business about Percival and - "

BILLY. (*Interrupts.*) Got it! (*In character.*) "This business about Percival and the necklace. He *did* say he was bringing it tonight, Lady Margaret?"

POLLY. "Well, actually, I never spoke with him directly - but there was a message delivered this morning in the post."

SMITTY. "What, on Saint Swithin's Day?"

HENRY. "By Jove! Never thought of that! Margaret - are you *certain* about that message?"

POLLY. "Why - come to think of it - no."

VIOLET. "You *didn't* receive a message?"

POLLY. "Oh, yes - I did - but now I wonder if it actually were from Percival!"

BILLY. "I should very much like to *see* that telegram!"

GERRY. (*Jumps up.*) No-no-no! You've jumped the lines!

BILLY. Oh! Sorry. Just a moment - yeah, now I've got it. (*In character.*) "But it did come by post?"

POLLY. "I - I assumed it had - but - "

HENRY. "Assumed? You mean, you didn't actually see it?"

POLLY. "Why, no."

VIOLET. "Then how did you know its *content*?"

GERRY. "*Content!*"

VIOLET. " - *content*?"

POLLY. "Why - Doctor Forbes told me what it had said."

STOP