

NEARBY - The DUCHESS and PRIME MINISTER GLADSTONE chat.

5/18/2022

GLADSTONE

Of course the nation continues to mourn
your mother's, and our great loss.
Does nothing console her?

START →

DUCHESS

It's twelve years now since father's
passing; she still sets out his shaving
kit every morning.

The Duke enters and thrusts a flustered White before her.

WHITE

Your *Ladyness*, uh, *ship*, uh...

DUCHESS

George White, this is William Gladstone,
Prime Minister.

WHITE

(flustered)
Of..?

Ella SWOOPS IN and swats White.

ELLA

Another bad joke! Whatever are we
going to do with you? Ella Sheppard,
pleased to meet you.

She and Gladstone shake hands. White bristles at the rebuke.

DUCHESS

I don't know what civility looks like
in your backwoods, but our guests
didn't come here to be mocked.

END

ELLA

Forgive us; we're all a bit light-
headed. The altitude, surely.

GLADSTONE

We're at sea level.

ELLA

(red-faced)
I-it gets better. I promise.

Just then, a COMMOTION erupts nearby: Ike has knocked over a crystal
clock and juggles to catch it. Guests shriek as -- **SMASH!!** -- it
SHATTERS TO SMITHEREENS. The Duchess seethes. Ella swoons.

"STEAL AWAY"