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Aren't We All?

A Comedy in Three Acts

by Frederick Lonsdale

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



New York Hollywood London Toronto

SAMUELFRENCH.COM

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GLOBE THEATRE
On Tuesday, April 10th, 1923,
Anthony Prinsep and Marie Löhr
present

AREN'T WE ALL?

A Comedy in Three Acts
by Frederick Lonsdale

(Characters in the order of their appearance:)

MORTON.....	E. Vivian Reynolds
HON. WILLIE TATHAM	Herbert Marshall
LADY FRINTON	Ellis Jeffreys
ARTHUR WELLS	Charles Hickman
MARTIN STEELE	Patrick Gover
KITTY LAKE	Cyllene Moxon
LORD GRENHAM.....	Julian Royce
HON. MRS. W. TATHAM	Marie Löhr
ROBERTS.....	E. A. Walker
ANGELA LYNTON	Elizabeth Chesney
REVEREND ERNEST LYNTON	Eric Lewis
JOHN WILLOCKS.....	Martin Lewis

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY

ACT ONE—Room in Willie Tatham's house in Mayfair. Evening.
ACT TWO—Room at Grenham Court. Afternoon. Two weeks have elapsed.
ACT THREE—The same as ACT TWO. The next morning.

The following is a copy of the play bill of the first performance of "Aren't We All?" as produced at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, May 21, 1923.

Charles Dillingham
presents

"AREN'T WE ALL?"

A Comedy in Three Acts

by Frederick Lonsdale

(The characters in the order of their appearance:)

MORTON	George Twade
HON. WILLIE TATHAM	Leslie Howard
LADY FRINTON	Mabel Terry-Lewis
ARTHUR WELLS	Denis Gurney
MARTIN STEEL	Jack Whiting
KITTY LAKE	Roberta Beatty
LORD GRENHAM	Cyril Maude
MARGOT TATHAM	Alma Tell
ROBERTS	F. Gatenby Bell
HON. MRS. ERNEST LYNTON	Marguerite St. John
REVEREND ERNEST LYNTON	Harry Ashford
JOHN WILLCOCKS	Geoffery Millar

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE—Room in Willie Tatham's house in Mayfair. Evening.

ACT TWO—Room in Grenham Court. Afternoon. Two weeks have elapsed.

ACT THREE—The same as ACT TWO. The next morning.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET

20 June 1984

AREN'T WE ALL?

Revival of the play by Frederick Lonsdale

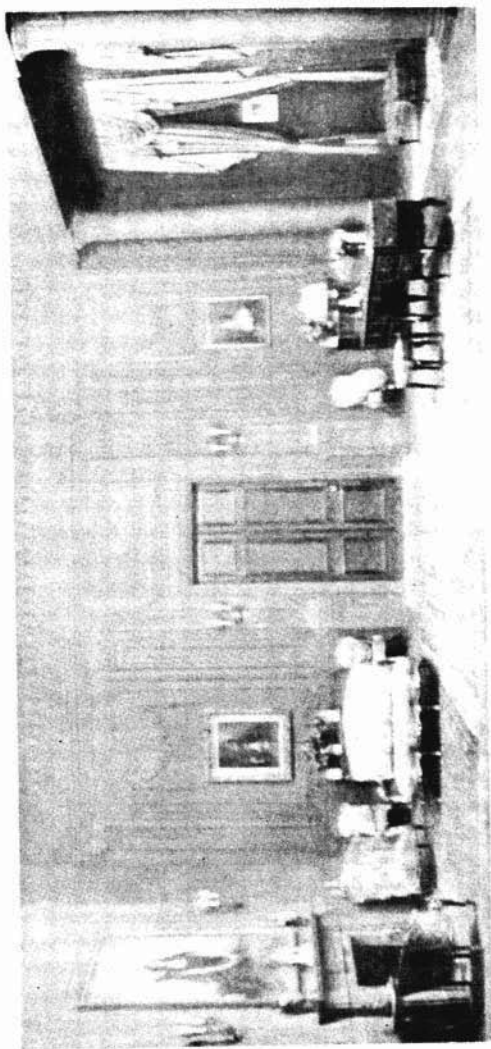
A Triumph Apollo/Birmingham Repertory Theatre Production, presented by Duncan C. Weldon with Paul Gregg and Lionel Becker, in association with Jerome Minskoff, by arrangement with Louis I. Michaels Ltd. in association with Proscenium Productions Ltd.

MORTON	Robert Gladwell
HON. WILLIE TATHAM	Francis Matthews
LADY FRINTON	Claudette Colbert
ARTHUR WELLS	Timothy Peters
MARTIN STEELE	Ben Bazell
KITTY LAKE	Annie Lambert
LORD GRENHAM	Rex Harrison
HON. MRS. W. TATHAM	Nicola Pagett
ROBERTS	John Ingram
ANGELA LYNTON	Madge Ryan
REV. ERNEST LYNTON	Michael Gough
JOHN WILLOCKS	John Price

Directed by Clifford Williams
Decor: Finlay James
Costumes: Judith Bland
Lighting: Mark Pritchard
Music: David Firman

AREN'T WE ALL?, by Frederick Lonsdale; directed by Clifford Williams; sets by Finlay James; costumes by Judith Bland; lighting by Natasha Katz; sound by Jan Nebozenko; production stage manager, Warren Crane; associate producers, Robert Michael Geisler and John Roberdeau. Presented by Douglas Urbanski, Karl Allison, Bryan Bantry, James M. Nederlander, in association with Duncan C. Weldon with Paul Gregg, Lionel Becker and Jerome Minskoff. Revived at the Brooks Atkinson Theater, 256 West 47th Street, April 29th, 1985.

MORTON	Peter Pagan
HON. WILLIAM TATHAM	Jeremy Brett
LADY FRINTON	Claudette Colbert
ARTHUR WELLS	Steven Sutherland
MARTIN STEELE	John Patrick Hurley
KITTY LAKE	Leslie O'Hara
LORD GRENHAM	Rex Harrison
HON. MRS. W. TATHAM	Lynn Redgrave
ROBERTS	George Ede
ANGELA LYNTON	Brenda Forbes
REVEREND ERNEST LYNTON	George Rose
JOHN WILLOCKS	Ned Schmidtke



The stage of the Globe Theatre, London
Set for Act I of "Aren't We All?"

Aren't We All?

ACT ONE

SCENE—*A room in WILLIE TATHAM's house in Mayfair.*

TIME—*Evening.*

Music heard off L. as curtain rises. MORTON enters c. with letters on a salver. He places the letters on the top end of desk, L., then goes to opening L. and looks off, watching the dancers and beating time to the music. He has the salver in his hand.

Enter WILLIE TATHAM, c.

WILLIE. (*goes quickly to table, on which letters are lying, and looking through them*) Is this all?

MORTON. (*turning*) Yes, sir!

WILLIE. (*opens some of the letters*) You're sure there's no message or cable from my wife?

MORTON. Certain, sir! (*going up to door c.*)

WILLIE. Extraordinary! Extraordinary! Give me a whisky-and-soda, please!

MORTON. Certainly, sir. (*He goes to table up R. above fireplace and pours whisky into a glass. He then puts some soda-water in. WILLIE turns to him. The music off L. stops.*)

WILLIE. Not too much soda. (*MORTON puts the glass on the salver and brings it over to WILLIE.*) I'm frightfully worried, Morton!

MORTON. I'm sorry, sir.

WILLIE. (*takes glass from him*) Not a word of any sort from my wife for the last eight days! (*drinks*)

MORTON. The mails from Egypt are all wrong nowadays, sir.

WILLIE. But I have cabled her three times and no reply! I'm terrified she's ill again!

MORTON. Then you would have heard, sir!

WILLIE. That's true! But if I don't hear to-morrow, I'll cable the manager of the hotel.

MORTON. Yes, sir. Anything else you want, sir?

WILLIE. Nothing, thank you. (*crosses over to fireplace with his glass*)

MORTON. (*walks to door c.; returns*) Oh! I forgot, sir, Miss Lake rang you up!

WILLIE. Did she leave any message? (*drinks*)

MORTON. I told her you were out, sir, and that you were expected back later in the evening.

WILLIE. Ho! All right. (*Having finished his drink he puts his glass down on table below the fireplace. Exit MORTON c.*)

(*Enter LADY FRINTON, L., comes over to WILLIE.*)

WILLIE. (*coming a step forward*) Hullo, my dear! You look wonderful; 'pon my soul, you become younger every day.

LADY FRINTON. I'm glad of that because it takes most of the day to become it!

WILLIE. (*laughs*) Splendid!

LADY FRINTON. Willie, dear, it's sweet of you to lend me your house to give this dance to-night.

WILLIE. You're not a bit grateful.

LADY FRINTON. Why do you say that?

WILLIE. Because you have asked me to it, and you know how I loathe dancing!

LADY FRINTON. Nonsense!

WILLIE. Who's here?

LADY FRINTON. Well, the usual lot. At the last mo-

ment some of them insisted on coming in fancy dress; not serious—just anything, you know. Arthur Wells, I'm told, is coming as George Robey, and Martin Steele as Charlie Chaplin, and—

WILLIE. How frightfully original!

LADY FRINTON. My dear, you are not suggesting that two men, each born with twenty thousand a year, should be expected to have heard of Mr. Clynes or Mr. Baldwin, are you?

WILLIE. I'm sorry.

LADY FRINTON. You must be more tolerant; and lots of other people—amongst them, your father!

WILLIE. You don't mean to tell me that dear old gentleman still goes out at night? (*goes back to fire*)

LADY FRINTON. I'm very worried about your father.

WILLIE. You are?

LADY FRINTON. (*sits on settee*) Remembering the affection I had for your dear mother, and you; unless your father really gets old, and soon, I fear I shall be called upon to make the supreme sacrifice.

WILLIE. What do you mean?

LADY FRINTON. I shall have to marry him!

WILLIE. Do you know anything?

LADY FRINTON. Do I? By accident, this afternoon, I met him with a young and extremely over-dressed young person—

WILLIE. (*anxiously*) Who was she?

LADY FRINTON. I don't know. But it was quite evident it was early-closing day!

WILLIE. Did he see you?

LADY FRINTON. Oh, no; I saw to that. He called a taxi, put her into it, and to my amazement said, "British Museum!"

WILLIE. Why the British Museum?

LADY FRINTON. Don't you realize, he knows perfectly well only an air raid would drive his own class into it!

WILLIE. This is very worrying, you know.

LADY FRINTON. That's not all! His photograph, the other day, was in one of the illustrated morning papers playing with two little children; underneath it was written: "The distinguished old sportsman, Lord Grenham, whose great affection for little children regularly takes him to the park."

WILLIE. Well?

LADY FRINTON. Unfortunately for him they included the nurse in the photograph.

WILLIE. But this is perfectly dreadful. (*sits on chair down R.*)

LADY FRINTON. The worst is yet to come.

WILLIE. He's going to marry her?

LADY FRINTON. The reverse; he's having dancing lessons.

WILLIE. Good God! He's fifty-nine.

LADY FRINTON. He told Mademoiselle de Salis, the dancing mistress, he was forty-six.

WILLIE. Have you danced with him?

LADY FRINTON. He becomes acutely sciatic the moment he's asked to dance with a woman over twenty-four.

WILLIE. This must be stopped!

LADY FRINTON. It must! Unless he gives me his word of honour to become, within three months, the most popular member of the Athenæum, I marry him. Tell me, any news of Margot?

WILLIE. Not a word. I'm worried out of my life.

LADY FRINTON. Poor dear, I'm sorry; but it's all right, the posts are all wrong!

WILLIE. But I got no answer to my cable. I can't understand it. I tell you I'm worried out of my life.

LADY FRINTON. I know you are, and I'm awfully sorry for you, but you must remember, if she were ill they would have cabled you. When did you hear from her last?

WILLIE. A fortnight ago. Exactly what I expected happened; the moment she arrived, everybody begging her to sing for their cursed charities. The very thing she went away to avoid.

LADY FRINTON. What a divine voice it is, though, Willie!

WILLIE. Nevertheless, I sometimes wish she had never possessed it; singing night after night for various charities was the cause of her breakdown.

LADY FRINTON. I agree. How long has she been away? (*Music off L.*)

WILLIE. Four months; and, thank heaven, only another two months and she will be home again; and I may tell you, this house, during the last four months without her, has been perfectly damnable. I've hated it!

LADY FRINTON. I'm sure you have. (*looking at picture of MARGOT over the mantelpiece*) What a dear she is!

WILLIE. Is there such a thing as a superlative angel?

LADY FRINTON. (*looks at him*) I like you for that, Willie. (*rises and moves a step to him*) Do you know, it's wonderful the way you have settled down? You were a gay lad yourself once upon a time! Tell me, how much did your past cost you?

WILLIE. My father always told me it cost less to be generous!

LADY FRINTON. Well, he knows! (*She moves a little to R.C.*)

(*Enter ARTHUR and MARTIN, c. ARTHUR is dressed as George Robey and MARTIN as Charlie Chaplin.*)

*ARTHUR comes down R.C., MARTIN down L.C.
WILLIE rises and comes a step forward.)*

LADY FRINTON. (*seeing ARTHUR*) Isn't he sweet!

WILLIE. Congratulations. By the way, if you are asked to a dance at nine o'clock, what do you mean by coming at 10:30?

ARTHUR. These things take a little time to put on, old friend. How are you, Lady Frinton? (*They shake hands.*) Here, Willie, I say, why are you in those clothes?

WILLIE. I'll tell you if you'll tell me why you are in those.

ARTHUR. I don't know! Some one asked me to!

LADY FRINTON. What are you supposed to be, Arthur?

ARTHUR. Isn't it obvious? Chu Chin Chow!

LADY FRINTON. Then keep humming the music, dear, or we'll never know. (*ARTHUR crosses over L. annoyed.*)

MARTIN. (*comes forward*) How are you, Lady Frinton? (*They shake hands.*)

LADY FRINTON. Now please don't tell me who this is! (*looking at him*) I give it up!

WILLIE. Martin Steele.

LADY FRINTON. But how perfectly wonderful. And who are you supposed to be, Martin?

MARTIN. Really, Lady Frinton, really! Charlie Chaplin, of course. (*goes down L. imitating Charlie Chaplin's walk*)

LADY FRINTON. But isn't that interesting, and so many people have told me he was funny.

(*The music stops. Enter MORTON, c.*)

MORTON. Miss Lake!

(Enter KITTY LAKE. Exit MORTON, c.)

LADY FRINTON. Kitty dear, how delightful. You told me you were going to the country to-day.

KITTY. I altered my mind at the last moment. You wanted me to come to-night.

LADY FRINTON. Of course I did. (*KITTY looks over at ARTHUR and MARTIN. They bow.*)

KITTY. I think you are right. (*She goes over to fireplace by WILLIE.*)

ARTHUR. (*coming forward a step*) I say, I didn't want to come in these beastly things. I only put them on to oblige.

LADY FRINTON. (*moving to him*) Quite right, Arthur, you must occasionally do something to justify your existence! (*The music starts.*)

MARTIN. I say, Kitty, I was told to-day that you are going back to the stage!

KITTY. (*shakes her head*) Never, my dear. There isn't enough money in the world to even tempt me.

WILLIE. I'm sorry to hear it.

KITTY. When you have made a reputation, keep it, don't come back and lose it.

LADY FRINTON. Wise child!

MARTIN. But you wouldn't.

KITTY. Thank you, Martin, but I haven't the courage to risk it.

LADY FRINTON. (*moving across to L.*) Come along, all of you; you must come and dance. (*She goes off L., followed by ARTHUR and MARTIN.*)

KITTY. Yes, do let us! (*to WILLIE*) You're going to ask me?

WILLIE. I'm hopeless!

KITTY. What nonsense! We danced splendidly together the other evening.

WILLIE. Yes, because you are so good!

KITTY. Then I must be as good to-night!

WILLIE. Then I'd love to. (*They go off L.*)

(*Enter MORTON, c., sees WILLIE's glass is not on the desk, sees it is on table down R., goes over and, picking it up, goes up past fireplace and puts it on tray on table above fireplace. Enter LORD GRENHAM, c. He comes down c. MORTON moves to him.*)

LORD GRENHAM. Evening, Morton!

MORTON. Good evening, my lord!

LORD GRENHAM. (*listens*) The band all right!

MORTON. Very good, I think, my lord!

LORD GRENHAM. That's all right! To us young people, the band is all important, Morton!

MORTON. (*smiles*) Yes, my lord!

LORD GRENHAM. You dance, Morton?

MORTON. My wife doesn't care for it, my lord!

LORD GRENHAM. Quite! Quite! How is my son?

MORTON. He's very well, my lord. He's dancing at the moment!

LORD GRENHAM. Splendid! (*walks to opening and looks into the room*) Tell me the name of the lady dancing with my son!

MORTON. Miss Lake, my lord!

LORD GRENHAM. Miss Lake! (*comes back to c.*) You're well, I hope, Morton?

MORTON. Thank you, my lord! And I'm glad to see your lordship looking so well!

LORD GRENHAM. I'm all right, thanks! I was too generous that day, Morton, I lent you to my son!

MORTON. It's very kind of you to say so, my lord!

LORD GRENHAM. I miss you, Morton! However, I've no doubt you are very happy, so that's everything, isn't it?

MORTON. Mrs. Lynton well, my lord?

LORD GRENHAM. Very, thanks! My sister and her husband, the Vicar, by the way, arrive next week to spend their annual holiday with me! (*He moves away* L. MORTON smiles and turns to suppress a laugh, then turns again.)

MORTON. Is there anything I can get you, my lord?

LORD GRENHAM. No, thanks. (*crosses R., picks up paper from settee and sits there*)

(*Exit MORTON, c. The music stops when GRENHAM picks up paper. Enter WILLIE, L.*)

WILLIE. (*crossing over to his father*) Hullo, Father, how long have you been here?

LORD GRENHAM. Just arrived, my boy, just arrived!

WILLIE. What brings you up to town?

LORD GRENHAM. Just filling my lungs with a little of the oxygen of life in preparation for my sister and her husband—the Vicar's annual visit to me!

WILLIE. Oh! Awful! I don't know how you can bear to have them with you!

LORD GRENHAM. I have to, because nobody else will.

WILLIE. I wouldn't, personally! Well, how are you?

LORD GRENHAM. I'm all right, my boy, still gettin' about a bit! (*takes out cigarette and commences to smoke*)

WILLIE. (*looks at him, laughs*) You're a marvel, really

you are. I was trying to remember your exact age to-day.

LORD GRENHAM. Thirty-one or thirty-two! Never more than thirty-five! So you're giving a little dance, are you!

WILLIE. I'm not. I've merely lent my house to Mary Frinton, who is.

LORD GRENHAM. There's great excitement coming to that woman one of these days; she'll pay for something, herself! (*WILLIE laughs.*) Who's here? That pretty creature, Miss Lake, coming by any chance?

WILLIE. Yes! She's already here.

LORD GRENHAM. Already here, is she? That's good! Damned attractive woman, that, Willie.

WILLIE. *And* a nice one.

LORD GRENHAM. Experience has taught me *that's* the last thing we find out. We *know* she's attractive. You get about with her a bit, don't you?

WILLIE. I meet her occasionally, if that's what you mean? (*goes down L.*)

LORD GRENHAM. That's what I mean! I saw you lunching with her in her box at the races—(*WILLIE sits on end of desk, L., facing LORD GRENHAM.*)

WILLIE. So were heaps of other people!

LORD GRENHAM. You dined together the other night at the Ritz.

WILLIE. If I remember rightly there were five of us dining together.

LORD GRENHAM. Numbers mean nothing to me, Willie! Many a woman has carried on a long conversation with me without opening her mouth when there have been twenty of us dining together! Tell me, is she fond of the telephone?

WILLIE. I don't know. How should I?

LORD GRENHAM. I mean, has she started to ring you up?

WILLIE. (*pause*) No!

LORD GRENHAM. Good! If she should ring you up one day and ask if you — if you could help her to find a good architect and you're prepared to find him, Willie, take my advice, have the telephone disconnected and take a long trip to Australia!

WILLIE. I should very much like to know what you are suggesting?

LORD GRENHAM. I'm suggesting, Willie, she's a damned attractive woman, and you're a foolish fellow to see so much of her!

WILLIE. You mean, I'm in love with her?

LORD GRENHAM. I have had enough experience of life to know if you *were* in love with her, that it would be waste of time to talk to you.

WILLIE. Then what *do* you mean?

LORD GRENHAM. Just simply this! Since the world began, and up to the day that the world ends, it has been arranged for us that when an attractive man and an attractive woman have the desire to meet each other, then they meet; *then*, when they have agreed that the weather for this time of the year is most unreasonable and the last novel is most indifferent, he is left with only one thing to say to her, and that is good-bye — or tell her she is the most beautiful thing he has ever seen!

WILLIE. (*with a little laugh*) Nonsense! Nonsense!

LORD GRENHAM. A Wesleyan minister once said that to me; they tell me he travels in jam now! (*another laugh from WILLIE*) And, in addition, I'm not saying a word against the dear creature, a woman of her attraction is bound to be, shall we say, sought; so, understanding as I do, I say frankly, this is not the place to ask her.

WILLIE. Indeed! Where do you suggest I should ask her? The British Museum?

LORD GRENHAM. (*innocently*) There are many more unhealthy places than the British Museum, Willie.

WILLIE. That's why you were there this afternoon, I suppose?

LORD GRENHAM. How did you know I was there?

WILLIE. One of the mummies was so depressed at seeing a man in your position with an overdressed young shop girl, she wrote and told me.

LORD GRENHAM. Mary Frinton told you.

WILLIE. How do you know?

LORD GRENHAM. The moment you said mummy! Let me tell you something about Mary Frinton. She's started at her age the ringing up business; she's got her eye on me, Willie.

WILLIE. At all events, I *think* we can leave Miss Lake alone, don't you?

LORD GRENHAM. Just as you like, my boy.

WILLIE. Don't you sometimes regret what a bad man you have been, Father?

LORD GRENHAM. (*sadly*) Often! Often! There's only one thing I regret more.

WILLIE. What's that?

LORD GRENHAM. The opportunities I have missed that would have made me a worse one.

WILLIE. I don't mean it unkindly, but I wish I could think you had done one good thing in this world.

LORD GRENHAM. Have you ever heard of the Boy Scouts?

WILLIE. Yes.

LORD GRENHAM. I was the origin of them.

WILLIE. (*amused*) In what way?

LORD GRENHAM. Before I ever accepted any amusement any one day in my life, I made it a point of honour to walk down Bond Street and hand the glad eye to three of the ugliest women I could find, thereby filling their

sad hearts with pleasure, encouragement, and even that thing which I to-day live on—hope! (*The music starts.*)

WILLIE. That's pretty good.

LORD GRENHAM. Oh! I've done a lot of unadvertised good in the world, Willie! Tell me, any news of our darling Margot?

WILLIE. Not a line! Not a syllable. I'm distracted.

LORD GRENHAM. Worrying? I'm sorry for you! She was all right in her last letter.

WILLIE. Perfectly. (*takes letter out of his pocket*) Here it is. (*He crosses over to GRENHAM and hands it to him. LORD GRENHAM reads the letter.*)

LORD GRENHAM. She seems to be enjoying herself. Who's this young man she refers to several times?

WILLIE. I don't know; some fellow she's with!

LORD GRENHAM. (*reading*) "I'm ever so much better, and enjoying myself in a way. The whole thing is spoilt for me by the number of people begging me to sing. If it goes on I shall adopt some way of avoiding them. Oh, Willie, how I ache to put my arms round you and smother your dear sweet face with kisses." (*looks at him*) That's the stuff. I have always complained there are not nearly enough of those fine creatures in the world! (*hands back letter to WILLIE*)

WILLIE. She refers to you at the end. (*shows him the place and gives him the letter again*)

LORD GRENHAM. (*reading*) "As I sit here thinking of your father, I could scream with fear that there may be something in heredity!" Bless her heart, I don't blame her. (*gives him letter and pats him affectionately on the arm*) You're a damn lucky fellow; your mother and your wife are the two nicest women I have ever known.

WILLIE. (*looks at him*) I often see why women liked you so much.

LORD GRENHAM. (*rises*) Thank you, Willie. (*crosses*

over up L.) Well, I'm goin' to have a look at the little pretties. Coming?

WILLIE. Not I. Besides, I'm going to send another cable to Margot.

LORD GRENHAM. Right you are. I like these jazz dances, Willie; it doesn't matter a damn whether you can or whether you can't! (*exits L.*)

(*WILLIE goes to desk, L., tears off a foreign telegraph form and sits down at the desk and commences to write out a message. When WILLIE starts to write telegram, enter KITTY LAKE, L.*)

KITTY. (*at opening, L.*) Oh! I'm sorry; you're busy.

WILLIE. (*looks up*) Not at all! (*Rises; she comes to head of desk.*) Come in! Why aren't you dancing?

KITTY. (*crossing to C.*) My dear, I suppose I'm getting old, but I'm so bored with the men you meet at dances nowadays.

WILLIE. (*smiles*) I danced with you.

KITTY. But so badly.

WILLIE. (*laughs*) That's unfortunate.

KITTY. Nonsense! You don't need to dance. Oh, I forgot to tell you, I rang you up this evening, but you weren't in.

WILLIE. So my man told me. I'm sorry.

KITTY. I was dining alone, and I thought if you were, you might like to dine with me.

WILLIE. I wish I had known. I dined at the club alone.

KITTY. What a dreadful thing to think of, two people dining alone! May I have a cigarette?

WILLIE. I beg your pardon. (*takes up cigarette-box from desk and offers her one, then lights it for her; also takes one himself and smokes, puts box back on desk*)

KITTY. (*crosses over R., sits on settee*) Thank you. (*leans back*) My dear, I feel so dreadfully tired! Truly, do I look terribly haggard?

WILLIE. (*coming c.*) The reverse; you look charming.

KITTY. One would expect that remark from a good dancer. Look at me and tell me the truth.

WILLIE. (*looks at her*) You look very, very pretty.

KITTY. (*laughs*) That helps me through to-morrow, doesn't it? (*They look at each other. Pause. KITTY looks around the room.*) I adore your house.

WILLIE. It is nice, isn't it?

KITTY. Charming! (*sees the picture of MARGOT over the mantelpiece*) Is that your wife's picture?

WILLIE. Yes. I had her painted in fancy dress.

KITTY. But how perfectly divine!

WILLIE. You think her pretty?

KITTY. Pretty! I think her too charming.

WILLIE. So do I. Frankly, I often wonder *why* she married me.

KITTY. (*looks at him*) Pity you said that.

WILLIE. Why?

KITTY. I don't know; it makes you so ordinary.

WILLIE. I meant it.

KITTY. (*still looking at him*) Ridiculous. You know you are *most* attractive.

WILLIE. I don't, I assure you, and very few other people do, really.

KITTY. Well, that makes you even more attractive to the *few* who do, doesn't it?

WILLIE. Well, I—

KITTY. And, being a man, you don't know how frightfully nice it is to be able to say the pleasant thing, when you are compelled so often to think the other.

WILLIE. I understand that perfectly.

KITTY. You do? (*She sighs.*) Oh dear! But I should hate not to be a woman. (*looks at writing-table*) You were writing. I disturbed you. (*rises*) I'm so sorry. (*She goes up R. past R. end of settee to behind it as if to go. The music stops.*)

WILLIE. (*going up c.*) No, no, don't go.

KITTY. (*She comes down to front of settee, WILLIE with her.*) I'm not in the way?

WILLIE. Not in the least.

KITTY. And I don't bore you?

WILLIE. Pity you said that.

KITTY. Why?

WILLIE. It makes you so ordinary.

KITTY. (*laughs*) And I am.

WILLIE. (*getting near to her*) You know you're most attractive.

KITTY. But how thrilling, particularly as I had no idea you thought I was.

WILLIE. You must be told it every day.

KITTY. But I so seldom want to hear it. But you said it rather charmingly.

WILLIE. Because it's true.

KITTY. Nevertheless, I *adore* to hear you say you think I am. (*She takes his hand, in which he is holding a lighted cigarette.*) May I take a light off your cigarette?

(*He holds it up for her. She removes the cigarette from her mouth, looks at him appealingly. He hesitates, bends over and kisses her. The door c. opens and MARGOT enters. WILLIE starts and goes down R. past KITTY. MARGOT appears very excited and happy, but her manner at once changes as she catches sight of them embracing. She has her furs in her hands.*)

WILLIE. (*looks at her, is unable to control himself*)
Margot!

MARGOT. (*coming down c.*) Won't you introduce me?
(*She puts the furs on the back of the chair at desk, L.*)

WILLIE. (*crosses to L.C. over past KITTY to R. of MARGOT*) Er—er—

MARGOT. I should like to know who it is I have to thank for so admirably filling my place during my absence.

WILLIE. Margot! (*She looks at him.*) This is Miss Lake!

MARGOT. (*crosses to her, past WILLIE*) Willie, in his delight at seeing me again, has entirely forgotten to tell you who I am. I am his wife.

KITTY. I know.

MARGOT. You know! You knew he had a wife! But how interesting!

WILLIE. Margot, you must let me explain to you.

MARGOT. But you did, most lucidly, as I entered the room.

WILLIE. I admit appearances are against me, but that kiss you saw meant nothing at all.

MARGOT. I suppose it was merely your way of explaining to Miss Lake how very much you had missed me, and how glad you would be when I came home again?

WILLIE. No, no, but—

MARGOT. I am entirely to blame.

WILLIE. You? Why?

MARGOT. (*crosses over to L.C.*) It was careless of me. I ought to have knocked at my own door before I came into my own room. I ask Miss Lake's forgiveness. (*puts her bag on the desk and commences to take off her gloves*)

KITTY. (*comes forward*) I'm sorry this has happened. I should have liked you.

MARGOT. How very flattering.

KITTY. (*moving to her*) You're entitled to say what you like, of course. As a matter of fact, I envy you. I would give anything to be in a similar position myself. But, as a woman, *you* know it had nothing to do with him. I'm going to be quite frank with you. I intended it. I like him, and I didn't know you, and quite honestly you never entered my mind.

MARGOT. (*puts her gloves on the desk*) How very interesting. And, having listened to your curious explanation, you mustn't let me detain you any longer.

KITTY. (*looks at her angrily; pauses*) You must a moment longer; it isn't quite finished! To your husband, I only appeared as attractive women do to most men—nothing else.

MARGOT. Is that so, Willie?

KITTY. That's not fair; you might have waited until I had gone to ask him that question.

MARGOT. I prefer to ask him while you are here! (*to WILLIE*) Won't you answer my question? (*He looks at them both.*) Well?

WILLIE. I—I—will tell you everything later.

MARGOT. This is your only opportunity. I mean it! Do you understand, Willie?

WILLIE. Yes.

MARGOT. Well? (*The music starts.*)

WILLIE. (*shakes his head*) I'm sorry, I can't now.

MARGOT. Very well. (*She starts to move up c.* KITTY crosses over to R.)

WILLIE. Margot!

MARGOT. (*looking off L.*) What's that?

WILLIE. A lot of infernal idiots dancing.

KITTY. They are not coming in here.

WILLIE. I'll stop them if they do. (*crosses over to opening, L.*)

MARGOT. What are you doing?

WILLIE. We don't want every one to know!

MARGOT. Do you mean you think it's likely I will tell them? It might occur to you, Miss Lake has much more to gain by telling them than I have. (*WILLIE comes down L. to front of desk and sits on the end of it.*)

WILLIE. But they will notice by your manner.

MARGOT. (*smiles*) I don't think so.

(*Enter LADY FRINTON, L., followed by ARTHUR, who remains up L. above desk.*)

LADY FRINTON. (*coming c.*) Margot, my darling! (*kisses her*) But, my dear, this is the most beautiful surprise I have ever known.

MARGOT. And I'm so glad to see you. How are you, Arthur? It is Arthur, isn't it?

ARTHUR. (*coming down a little*) Yes; in the pink, and delighted to see you again.

MARGOT. Thank you.

LADY FRINTON. (*They come down c.*) Let me look at you; quite all right again?

MARGOT. Perfectly.

LADY FRINTON. But I didn't expect to see you for another two months.

MARGOT. Neither did Willie, did you, dear? (*goes down to him, and rests on the desk beside him*)

WILLIE. No.

LADY FRINTON. (*to KITTY*) Don't you think she looks splendid?

KITTY. I, unfortunately, never met Mrs. Tatham until to-night, but she certainly looks very, very splendid!

LADY FRINTON. (*moves down to MARGOT*) Wonderful!

KITTY. (*going to ARTHUR*) I have a great desire to dance. Come along.

ARTHUR. I'd love to. (*Exeunt KITTY and ARTHUR, L.*)

LADY FRINTON. Tell me, what brought you home so soon?

MARGOT. (*takes WILLIE's arm*) Does it need any telling? But I will if you like. I left Egypt because I was terribly in love.

LADY FRINTON. Of course, how stupid of me! But you must forgive me, my dear, because nowadays most people go there because they are *not*! Do come and see them all! They'd love to see you.

MARGOT. Please! I'm so tired. I've been travelling all day.

LADY FRINTON. Of course. And I'm quite sure you don't want me here. I'll come and say good-bye before I go! (*Exit LADY FRINTON, L.*)

MARGOT. (*removes her arm from WILLIE and goes c.*) Another scene in high life avoided, Willie. (*She takes off her cloak and crosses back to chair at desk. He looks at her.*) You might thank me.

WILLIE. I do, but—

MARGOT. But how are we going to avoid it in the future? However, that's for another day! (*picks up her furs from chair and her bag from the desk, and starts to walk to door up c.*) Good night!

WILLIE. (*going a step to her*) Margot!

MARGOT. (*stops c.*) Yes.

WILLIE. I can't let you go like this; you must listen.

MARGOT. Well?

WILLIE. I tell you that kiss meant nothing to me.

MARGOT. Then I deplore your intelligence when you wish it to mean nothing to me. It's meant everything to

me. Do you understand you've crushed every single hope of happiness out of me. I stand here cold with misery.

WILLIE. Margot, please.

MARGOT. That you could have dared ask this woman to this house, and then dared to protect her against me.

WILLIE. I couldn't do otherwise, but I give you my word of honour, she means nothing to me. I would give everything I possess in the world for this not to have happened. Won't you believe me?

MARGOT. Believe you? I came back because I love you so much. I couldn't stay away another minute from you! All the way over on the steamer I cried out again and again:—quicker, quicker. Each day seemed like a hundred years, and when I reached the house I flew up the stairs to rush into your arms with happiness, only to find another woman in them! And, as I stand here at this minute, I am ashamed that I can hate anyone as much as I do you!

WILLIE. Please, please.

MARGOT. That's all I have to say. (*goes up to door, c.*)

(*The music stops. WILLIE goes a step down L. Enter LORD GRENHAM up L.*)

LORD GRENHAM. (*coming c.*) In the name of all that's wonderful, it's Margot! Why, what's the matter?

MARGOT. Nothing, nothing! Forgive me, Willie will explain. (*Exit MARGOT, c.*)

LORD GRENHAM. (*crossing over to fireplace*) What the devil has happened?

WILLIE. (*going up c.*) I must go to her. Don't you go, do you understand, don't you go! I'll tell you everything later. (*exit WILLIE up c.*)

(*LORD GRENHAM watches WILLIE going out. Enter LADY FRINTON, L., comes to c. LORD GRENHAM goes to her.*)

LADY FRINTON. Where's Margot?

LORD GRENHAM. Have you seen her?

LADY FRINTON. Yes, of course. What's the matter?

LORD GRENHAM. Mary, there's been a row.

LADY FRINTON. A row? Who with?

LORD GRENHAM. Margot and Willie.

LADY FRINTON. You don't mean it! What about?

LORD GRENHAM. What did you usually row with your husband about?

LADY FRINTON. A woman.

LORD GRENHAM. Well, there's no exception to the rule, even in Margot's case.

LADY FRINTON. Are you suggesting that Willie's being his father's son?

LORD GRENHAM. The opposite! *He's* been found out.

LADY FRINTON. Poor dear Margot!

LORD GRENHAM. Poor dear Willie!

LADY FRINTON. Do you think I can do anything?

LORD GRENHAM. You can. Go home and pray for forgiveness for asking Kitty Lake to your beastly party.

LADY FRINTON. So that's what it is?

LORD GRENHAM. I imagine so. I know it would be so in my case.

LADY FRINTON. What brutes you men really are!

LORD GRENHAM. Not at all. It's our tender moments that tell against us! Mary, you'd better hop it. I've got *myself* out of these damn difficulties many times, but I'm not so certain I can *lie* my son out of them. However, I am going to have a dash. I may appear to be a very indifferent parent but, believe me, I have a great

affection for Willie, and more than that, I admire his wife.

LADY FRINTON. So you should. You'll give me lunch to-morrow, and tell me all about it, you understand? (*moves a step up L.*)

LORD GRENHAM. Right you are!

LADY FRINTON. (*going another step towards opening, L.*) Oh dear, what a place this world would be if there were no men in it.

LORD GRENHAM. If that were the case, believe me, your name would head the petition.

LADY FRINTON. Well, I must go back to my guests. (*at opening, L.*)

LORD GRENHAM. And, by the way, don't let any of your comic friends come in here—they are not wanted at the moment, believe me.

LADY FRINTON. Good night, you old fool. (*exits L.*)

(*LORD GRENHAM sits on settee R., the L. end of it. Enter WILLIE, c., comes down c. to end of settee.*)

LORD GRENHAM. Come on, tell me all about it.

WILLIE. It's awful, it's terrible!

LORD GRENHAM. I know! I know! She copped you, so to speak.

WILLIE. Yes.

LORD GRENHAM. Well, come on!

WILLIE. Meaning nothing on my honour, nothing at all, I kissed her.

LORD GRENHAM. Margot didn't see you?

WILLIE. Yes.

LORD GRENHAM. I *knew* you *would* kiss her, but I never believed you could be such a fool as to let anybody see you.

WILLIE. It was done in a second. I never meant it. Oh, I can't explain. I assure you, I don't care a damn for her.

LORD GRENHAM. You needn't explain to me, I should have done exactly the same thing. I'll stand by you, Willie, but for heaven's sake, when I've got you out of this, stand by experience. Believe me, the British Museum is much more interesting than it appears from the outside.

WILLIE. I don't know that she will come down! She won't for me, so I sent a message to say you wanted to see her. She swears she's going to leave me!

LORD GRENHAM. Never take any notice of that, first words they always say.

WILLIE. But *she* means it.

LORD GRENHAM. Nonsense! You leave it to me. I'll tell her the tale.

WILLIE. You'll do nothing of the sort. I only want you to tell her the truth.

LORD GRENHAM. My boy, there are more men separated from their wives whom they love, for that crime, than you and I could ever count. The most fatal thing in the world, believe me. Put out some of the lights, let the atmosphere be sympathetic. (*WILLIE goes down to fireplace and switches off some of the lights. LORD GRENHAM takes out a cigarette and lights it.*) Good! (*WILLIE sits down on armchair below fireplace.*) Now, quiet a moment, I must try and get myself in the frame of mind that you have done something I could never think of doing. (*The door opens—enter MARGOT, c.*) Thank you, Margot. Come over here. (*He moves to the right end of settee to make room for her beside him. She ignores this and remains standing.*)

MARGOT. (*standing by settee*) Well!

LORD GRENHAM. This is really a most regrettable and unfortunate business, my dear.

MARGOT. Have you sent for me to tell me that?

LORD GRENHAM. Certainly not. I want to help you to put it right.

MARGOT. And you think you'll be able to?

LORD GRENHAM. I'm confident.

MARGOT. Well, you're wrong. I've made up my mind.

LORD GRENHAM. Come, come, that's usually the act of a person who hasn't any, and that doesn't apply to you! Willie never meant anything by that kiss.

MARGOT. So he tells me.

LORD GRENHAM. And you don't believe him?

MARGOT. Do you?

LORD GRENHAM. Absolutely!

MARGOT. How interesting! I should have thought you the *one* man in the world who would have known better.

LORD GRENHAM. My dear, an innocent kiss, bah! What is that in a man's life?

MARGOT. Everything! should you happen to be the woman who doesn't receive it. (*moves away a step* L.C.)

LORD GRENHAM. Willie! Now, on your honour, have you ever kissed that girl before, or any other during Margot's absence?

WILLIE. (*rises*) Never, never, on my honour!

LORD GRENHAM. There you are! And I'll come out in the open. I don't know how you have done it. (*to MARGOT*) The whole thing may be described as an accident.

MARGOT. I'm very tired. Is there anything else?

WILLIE. Margot, my darling, please try and understand.

MARGOT. What is there to understand?

WILLIE. Don't you realize that—

MARGOT. I realize a number of ridiculous people in ridiculous clothing being entertained in my house, as an excuse for a notorious young person to be included amongst them, with the knowledge of who she is and what she is,

without even the association of a delicate atmosphere. I enter the room, and it might have been some one else, and find you kissing her! That I can neither understand nor forgive. (*goes up*)

LORD GRENHAM. Well, I don't agree with you, and if you will allow me to say so, it's particularly small and un-understanding of you. (*The music starts.*)

MARGOT. (*turns*) You dare say that to me?

LORD GRENHAM. I dare!

MARGOT. Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

LORD GRENHAM. I'm not! And I repeat it's very unworthy of you and I am deeply disappointed in you.

WILLIE. Father, please!

LORD GRENHAM. (*rising*) My dear boy, Margot is a girl who evidently is unable to understand anything.

MARGOT. Indeed!

LORD GRENHAM. Do you deny it?

MARGOT. Absolutely!

LORD GRENHAM. Then what could you understand?

MARGOT. Many things! If it had been a garden of warmth and beauty, a wonderful moon, for instance, shining on the water and in the distance a violin playing the most divine music, and she had been an attractive woman, then I *might* have understood! (*She exits c.* LORD GRENHAM *turns to WILLIE.*)

LORD GRENHAM. It sounds attractive, but I still stand by Museums.

CURTAIN

The average time occupied in playing this Act is thirty-two minutes.

ACT TWO

SCENE — Room at LORD GRENHAM'S.

TIME — Afternoon. Two weeks have elapsed.

LORD GRENHAM enters as the curtain rises; he places his hat and stick on a chair R. of the entrance up R.C., where he has come in, and picks up some letters from the writing-table R. and goes over to the table up L., opens them. Enter ROBERTS down R. with "Pall Mall" and "Evening Standard." He does not see GRENHAM, crosses over to fireplace, sees GRENHAM and puts the papers down on the settee.

ROBERTS. Sorry, my lord, I didn't know you had returned.

LORD GRENHAM. (*coming to back of settee*) I came through the garden. I noticed during my absence in London during the last three days the position of the furniture in this room has been changed. Why?

ROBERTS. Mrs. Lynton, my lord, ordered it to be done.

LORD GRENHAM. (*nods his head with meaning*) Ah! A considerable improvement. Tell me, has the geographical position of any other of our rooms been altered?

ROBERTS. You will find your study also considerably improved, my lord.

LORD GRENHAM. Ah! (*There is a pause.*)

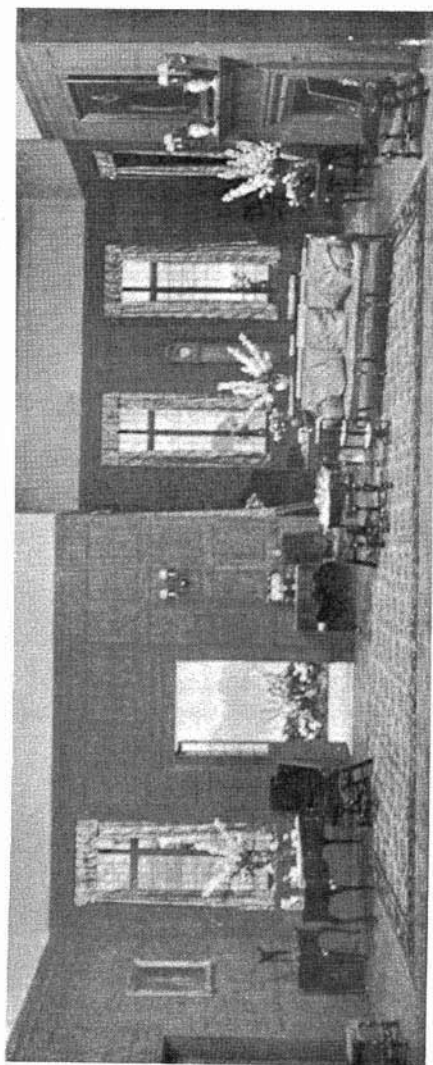
ROBERTS. (*in a manner which suggests he has something serious to say*) My lord!

LORD GRENHAM. Yes, Roberts?

ROBERTS. Polly, the parlourmaid, has given us notice to leave at the end of the month.

LORD GRENHAM. (*sighs*) I was afraid it was going to be the cook!

ROBERTS. If I may say so, my lord, you will find it



The stage of the Globe Theatre, London
Set for Act II of "Aren't We All?"

very difficult to replace Polly. An excellent servant, my lord.

LORD GRENHAM. In that case, you might, in a subtle manner, let her know that when my sister leaves here on Monday, the furniture will be replaced to the position that she and I prefer.

ROBERTS. I will, my lord.

(GRENHAM puts his letters down on the table up L.

ROBERTS crosses over R. WILLIE enters down R.

ROBERTS stands for him to pass, then goes off down R.)

WILLIE. Hullo, father!

LORD GRENHAM. (looks at him) Hullo, Willie!

WILLIE. Had a good time in town? (He sits down on settee L., gives the impression of being very depressed and miserable.)

LORD GRENHAM. (leaning over back of settee) Very! (looking at him) To the most casual observer it is evident that during my absence our domestic relations have undergone no change?

WILLIE. None! And if there had been any chance of Margot forgiving me, your sister and that Vicar she married would have entirely disposed of it!

LORD GRENHAM. (comes to fireplace and stands with his back to it) It was a pity their yearly visit to me should have happened at this time.

WILLIE. (angrily) I wish they were in hell or anywhere except here!

LORD GRENHAM. Leave me something to look forward to, Willie; I may be there myself in a year or two!

WILLIE. They have never stopped praying for my misdeeds ever since you left. How glad they are my mother

has been spared this unhappiness! You realize, of course, they assume the worst.

LORD GRENHAM. Half the joy of life would be gone for them if they didn't.

WILLIE. Some of these Christians are odd people.

LORD GRENHAM. I am bound to say, my boy, in moments of despair, I prefer the hearty understanding of a money-lender! But Margot doesn't take them seriously.

WILLIE. Every time either of them opens their mouth, Margot looks at me and says "There," and as I told you on the telephone this morning, Margot leaves me on Monday and goes to her mother for a month! (*in anguish*) What am I to do?

LORD GRENHAM. (*smiling*) Go to the Lakes for a month.

WILLIE. What a beastly thing to suggest!

LORD GRENHAM. Possibly! But if your wife had the slightest idea you would, her mother wouldn't see her again for years!

WILLIE. You know very little about women like Margot.

LORD GRENHAM. Very, Willie, except they are identically the same as all other women.

WILLIE. You make me laugh! Why do you suppose I married her?

LORD GRENHAM. For the same reason that every *other* man marries his wife, because she is different from any other woman he has ever known.

WILLIE. Oh, it's waste of time to talk to you.

LORD GRENHAM. (*lights a cigarette*) Not at all! Your wife leaves you for four months, returns and finds you in the arms of another woman! I am full of sympathy! But, since her return a fortnight ago, despite every demonstration of regret and affection, she refuses even to

allow you to hold her hand, let alone let you kiss her. Surely that's very like all other women, isn't it?

WILLIE. (*shakes his head*) Don't you understand, with her nature she can't. I have horrified her.

LORD GRENHAM. You have done more than that.

WILLIE. What do you mean?

LORD GRENHAM. You've frightened her. She's terrified you might do it again, so she's learning you, Willie. She is slowly but surely putting you in the position of never kissing any woman but her again!

WILLIE. And I never want to.

LORD GRENHAM. A noble sentiment, but a terribly cramped position to be in, believe me.

WILLIE. (*angrily*) Unless you are prepared to discuss my wife in a very different manner from this, I'll ask you to be good enough not to discuss her at all!

LORD GRENHAM. Just as you like, Willie.

WILLIE. Margot is incapable of forgiving, because she's incapable of understanding.

LORD GRENHAM. What you wish me to believe is, that Margot, given similar circumstances, provoked by admiration, her vanity sincerely appealed to, would not do what you did?

WILLIE. (*angrily*) Certainly not! How dare you make such a suggestion?

LORD GRENHAM. I'm sorry, and I congratulate you very sincerely. Supposing some one were to suggest, under similar circumstances, your wife would be as human as you were, what would you do?

WILLIE. It if were a man, knock him down!

LORD GRENHAM. (*turning to fireplace*) An effective way of encouraging reticence! (*picks up case of pearls on mantelpiece*) Charming! For Margot!

WILLIE. Yes.

LORD GRENHAM. You must have paid quite a lot of money for these.

WILLIE. Well?

LORD GRENHAM. I'm not criticizing! I was only wondering, speaking metaphorically, of course, if a shilling cane wouldn't have been more appreciated?

(Enter ROBERTS down R., leaving the door open; he is carrying tea on a tray; he places it on the small tea-table in front of chair next to table C., then goes between the chair and the table and off down R. ANGELA enters R. when he has placed the tea on the table. She comes to LORD GRENHAM, who meets her. ROBERTS re-enters with the cake-stand and places it on the left hand of the tea-table. WILLIE goes up to table up L. and sits on it; he picks up a magazine and turns over the leaves.)

ANGELA. *(to LORD GRENHAM, offers him her cheek)* So you're back again, Grenham?

LORD GRENHAM. *(kisses ANGELA)* And delighted to see you, my dear Angela.

ANGELA. *(sitting at the tea-table)* And what have you been doing in London?

LORD GRENHAM. *(smiles)* When a man reaches a certain age, there is nothing left him but to watch what other people do.

ANGELA. *(She commences to pour out LORD GRENHAM's tea, then pours out WILLIE's.)* Do I understand you have at last reached that age?

LORD GRENHAM. Not yet! *(sits on settee)* Two lumps, please.

ANGELA. When do you propose to?

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