

Pardon me, sir, but Miss Verdun and Miss Spettigue request the presence of the Donna Lucia for a game of charades.

FANCOURT

Oh, I've never been good at pretending.

SIR FRANCIS

Come now, be a sport. (Reluctantly offers arm to Babbs, who reluctantly takes it.) Shall we?

(All three exit. Pause. DONNA LUCIA and ELLA enter from outside.)

DONNA LUCIA

Here we are. (Glances around the room.) Nothing has changed, I see. Same old stuffy Oxford class, same old university student clutter.

ELA

It's not like I imagined. Seems rather dreary.

DONNA LUCIA

Welcome to England, my dear. I have so spoiled you, dragging you across the world to places like India...

ELA

And Bengal...

DONNA LUCIA

And the Caribbean.

ELA

(Sigh) Yes, the Caribbean.

DONNA LUCIA

(Amused) Are you still moping about that boy who kissed you at the hotel?

ELA

(Irritated) Sod off!

DONNA LUCIA

Such language. You kiss your mother with that mouth?

ELA

Every day. (Gives affectionate peck on the cheek) You never know, he might be here at Oxford. Perhaps in this very building right now.

DONNA LUCIA

Dream a little dream.

ELA

I'm still confused about why you told your nephew you'd be late.

DONNA LUCIA

You know me, Ela. I love surprises. Remember, until he catches on, my name is Gwendolyn Corey. He has to remember me on his own.

ELA

(Playful) Hardly fair. He was only a baby. I wasn't even born yet.

DONNA LUCIA

(Equally playful) Still, fair is fair. We have a whole pound riding on this.

ELA

You and your games, Mother.

DONNA LUCIA

One has to find excitement when one can. Where is everyone?

ELA

I'll go arrange for the baggage and pay off the cab. Be back soon.