

Where's Charlie off to?

JACK

His new job as a taxi-driver.

FANCOURT

A bit middle-class, I say. (dumps load of dresses onto Jack's desk.) Which of these would you think Charlie's aunt would prefer?

JACK

(pokes at dresses) The woman is a billionaire, Babbs. I should say she brought her own clothing.

FANCOURT

(confused) What? Oh, I see! These aren't for her. (holds dress over chest and pirouettes)

JACK

(after a pause) It all makes sense now.

FANCOURT

(With good-natured pomposity) I would have you know that the greatest actors in history have worn a patch of lace on the stage. One fellow in our club, the best actor I've ever met, has played a woman in every fundraising dinner engagement for the last five years.

JACK

Sounds like a fat old git to me.

FANCOURT

Hardly fair, old sport. He's not *that* fat. (holds up two dresses) What do you think? Should I play Ms Haversham, or would the old dear prefer a bit of *Fanny*?

JACK

At luncheon?