

JACK

(Writing) Dearest Miss Verdun... too formal... My dearest Kitty, you are my darling... muffin? No, my darling... English muffin? Not quite. I must emphasize her sweet nature. (writing) Oh Kitty, my little apple-tart... no, no, no. Can't call her a tart. Far too forward. (writing) My darling... cherry-tart? (Crumples up paper and tosses on floor, starts on new page) My darling little... (stops) Don't you dare write 'raspberry tart,' Jack Chesney. (Looks at paper.) Too late. (Crumples up paper and tosses on floor.) My dear, dear, little... sausage roll and chips? (Throws down pen.) It's no use! I'm trying to write a love letter and end up with a menu! It's a mystery isn't it? Why do I always associate my dearest love with food?

(Brassett enters with covered tray.)

BRASSETT

Your bit of morning crumpet, sir?

JACK

What? Oh, yes. Put it there and leave me be.

BRASSETT

Of course, sir. (puts down tray and goes to wardrobe.) Your father is coming down to see you this afternoon to discuss... matters of finance. Would you prefer the blue blazer or the summer casual for tea?

JACK

Put me in a clown costume for all I care! I'm in love, Brassett! (Flings self on bed.) My darling Kitty! Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!

BRASSETT

(Aside) That reminds me, I must feed the cat. (To Jack.) I presume that your affection for Miss Verdun is the cause of your current whimsy?