

JACK

WHAT?

(Jack spins around, sees Spettigue in the doorway, who is smiling in an unctuous manner. Awkward pause)

BRASSETT

Stephen Spettigue, sir.

JACK

(Instant charm) How delightful to see you, Stephen! (shakes hand with enthusiasm.)

SPETTIGUE

*Sir* Stephen, if you please.

JACK

Oh, yes. Congratulations on your knighthood. Last week, was it?

SPETTIGUE

What can I say? When one performs a vital legal service for the Royal Family, one does expect certain compensation.

JACK

Well, it suits you.

SPETTIGUE

(nauseatingly insincere) You're so kind. And how is your father?

JACK

He's... doing well. I've invited him to our luncheon.

SPETTIGUE

Yes, the luncheon. I certainly hope you have the means to... *entertain* my girls in the style to which they've become accustomed. Given your father's financial difficulties. (Jack

freezes) Did he not tell you? I've actually put in an offer on several parcels of your family estate.

JACK

(Inwardly angry) I'll let him know of your concern. But I didn't expect you to trouble yourself with my little *soiree*.

SPETTIGUE

(false distress) What sort of guardian would I be if I didn't take an interest in my ward's well-being? I certainly would not like to discover that she would be alone with an unsuitable... social situation.

JACK

No fears there. My best friend's aunt will be in attendance. She's a wealthy widow from Brazil.

SPETTIGUE

(with interest) Oh? Sounds charming. I must meet her sometime.

JACK

Perhaps. But for now, she has agreed to serve as chaperone for my luncheon. My *private* luncheon. And since I won't be seeing her... I mean, *you*, for a whole summer...

SPETTIGUE

(with an evil chuckle) The summer? My boy, this isn't just a sightseeing tour. I've set up an appointment for my girls to attend a private school. In Edinburgh.

JACK

(taken aback) What?

SPETTIGUE

Yes, a five year program. Far from the crowds of London. I thought the change of scenery might do my girls some good.

JACK