

REFTORATION FKETCH

[A fop, LORD SASHAY, is admiring himself in a mirror. He calls:]

SASHAY: Fammy! Fammy! *[Pause. No answer.]*

Confound the wretch. A plague on all fervants. Fammy! Where is that flothful ferf? *[He calls again]* Fammy! Is there no end to his prefumption? He has been with me but fix weeks, and already he shows nothing but fcorn. Methinks he is taking the pifs.

[Enter SAMMY]

SAMMY: You fummoned me, my lord?

SASHAY: Fummoned thee, forfooth? I have been fummoning thee, firrah, fince five past fix.

SAMMY: My lord, you infult me. You fmear me with your flander. I am not flow or flack. I take this moft remiff. I am breatheff for your inftruction.

SASHAY: Breatheff? Nay, I fee your falfity. Admit it, you have been out in the Ftrand, foliciting for a foldier.

SAMMY: Never, my lord! It was a failor.

SASHAY: Nay, I fwear it was a foldier. I know him of old. The fauciest foldier who ever ferved as a fentry.

SAMMY: Nay it was a failor, my lord. I always try to folicit a failor on Faturday. Foldiers I feduce on Funday.

SASHAY: Funday?

SAMMY: Yes, it was actually. An awful lot of –

SASHAY: Do not fpar with me, firrah! Did you practise fafe fex?

SAMMY: Fafe fex? What do you mean?

SASHAY: Did you fuck?

SAMMY: I don't know how to take that.

SASHAY: It's quite fimple. Did you fuck?

SAMMY: Well... yes... and no... and maybe... and maybe not. It all depends on your fpelling. And your fense.

SASHAY: My fense? What's my garden boundary to do with it?

SAMMY: Not your fence, your fense. As in 'Fense and Fensibility', although that will not be written for centuries. Fenturies? No, centuries.

SASHAY: Enough of this foft foap. I think it is quite ftraightforward. I trust you have avoided any form of fexual fickneff.

SAMMY: La, my lord! I have been fuitably fcrupulous. And fagacious.

SASHAY: Because I faw you kiffing him in the fpinney.

SAMMY: It is no fin to kiff!

SASHAY: Indeed not, it is a moft fatisfying fenfation. But come, I need you to fecure my ftays. My corfet is most flack, and my ftomach hangs like a flabby fac. I cannot appear in fuch a ftate when I expect Sir Titanic Todger at any fecond. I am afire for him. He is so flinky, so fteamy, so fensual, so fpicy – and I have not seen him since the fecund Funday after Feptuagefima. I fwear he makes me feel positively overfexed! I must feem a proper little flapper.

[A knock.]

Tis he! I am full of luft. My mirror, quick! My face is a fight. Where is my beauty fpot?

SAMMY: On your ftool.

SASHAY: Ah yes! Bid him come, Fammy.

[SAMMY goes, returns]

SAMMY: Lady Fufan Fourpuff. *[He turns and exits]*

SASHAY: And don't flam the door.

SAMMY: *[off]* Forry!

SASHAY: My mother! I am ftupified! She is a gorgon, an ogreff. Why must she furface so fuddenly, just when I want to fee my fuitor? *[To LADY F, entering]* Mama! Pray be feated. You look quite wafted.

LADY F: My fpirits are quite fapped, my sparkle is all fpent. Quick – my falts! My falts!

SASHAY: I am well aware of all your –

LADY F: No! My fmelling falts.

SASHAY: Oh. Forry.

LADY F: I feel fick.

SASHAY: Then fee a furgeon. Mother, I fear you cannot ftay. I await my fweetheart, the one who has ftolen my foul.

LADY F: You? Fmitten? Who is the fweetie who ftruck such a fpark?

SASHAY: Nay, mother. No fweetie, but a fwain.

LADY F: You mean you have been feduced by a fellow?

SASHAY: Yef – Yes! I am a fodomite.

LADY F: A practising fodomite?

SASHAY: Actually I'm pretty fkilful by now.

LADY F: You flattern. You shameleff flut.

SASHAY: Oh mother, be not so cenforious. Sir Titanic Todger is an outfstanding man. Outfstanding in every way. Befides, we are in love. We are befotted.

LADY F: I never could resist the deductiveness of the prospect of Young Love. Besides, Sir Titanic has the most enormous – wealth. It will save the sinking status of our penniless estate. We have already frittered most of our affets.

SASHAY: Then you give us your bleffing?

LADY F: Unflinchingly. But there is just one thing. Can you steer him towards speaking English? He makes the most strange sounds. I can hardly understand a single sentence he says.

BLACKOUT