

## Side for KATE and CONSTANCE

KATE: I'm glad you have come, my dear. Tell me Constance, how do I look this evening? Is it one of my well-looking days?

CONSTANCE: You look lovely, my dear. Yet now I look again – bless me! – are you sure no accident has happened?

KATE: No, no. I have been threatened... I can scarce get it out – I have been threatened with a lover.

CONSTANCE: And his name -

KATE: Is Marlow.

CONSTANCE: Indeed!

KATE: The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

CONSTANCE: As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never apart. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

KATE: Never.

CONSTANCE: He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue he is the most modest man alive; but his acquaintances give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

KATE: An odd character indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust our meeting will be a success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? Has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony as usual?

CONSTANCE: I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-a-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

KATE: And her partiality is such that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

CONSTANCE: A fortune like mine is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt it will be too troublesome for her in the end. However I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

KATE: My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

CONSTANCE: He is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. *(bell rings off)* But my aunt's bell rings for the afternoon's walk. Allons! Courage is necessary as our affairs are critical.