

Sides for TONY, MARLOW & HASTINGS

*Scene a pub*

*Enter MARLOW AND HASTINGS.*

MARLOW: What a tedious uncomfortable day we have had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above sixty.

HASTINGS: And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

MARLOW: I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to everyone I meet, and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

HASTINGS: At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

TONY: No offence, gentlemen, but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

HASTINGS: Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

TONY: Nor the way you came?

HASTINGS: No sir, but if you can inform us –

TONY: Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that – you have lost your way.

MARLOW: We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

TONY: Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

MARLOW: That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

TONY: No offence, but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

HASTINGS: We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

TONY: The daughter a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

MARLOW: Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

TONY: Ah-ha! – Well gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.