despair so, naturally, Stella and I did our best to buck him up. It was at this point, the merry-making commenced and I lost track of Crumpet.

JEEVES. Should you like me to make inquiries, sir?
BERTIE. No, no. He'll turn up. The fellow's not a complete chump. Why, I have known him, now and then, to display an almost human intelligence.
JEEVES. Just so, sir.
BERTIE. I say, Jeeves, the other day I ordered some lavender shirts. Have they arrived?
JEEVES. Yes, sir. I sent them back.
BERTIE. Sent them back?!
JEEVES. They would not become you, sir.
BERTIE. See here, Jeeves. I thought rather highly of those lavender shirts.
JEEVES. Yes, sir.
BERTIE. You do realize, there are those who look to me for fashion guidance?
JEEVES. Yes, sir.
BERTIE. Lots of fellows ask me who my tailor is.
JEEVES. Doubtless in order to avoid him, sir.
BERTIE. Rubbish. The fellow's one of the best men around.
JEEVES. I utter no criticism of his moral character, sir.
BERTIE. Sternly.) Jeeves, it is time that I made something clear.
JEEVES. Sir?
BERTIE. I am not the sort of chap who is going to be ruled, nay, enslaved, by his own valet!
JEEVES. (As if shocked.) Oh no, sir.
BERTIE. I am exceedingly fond of those lavender shirts.
JEEVES. Yes, sir.
BERTIE. I fully intend to wear those lavender shirts!
JEEVES. No, sir.
BERTIE. But, I— Oh, all right. Have it your way.
JEEVES. Yes, sir.

BERTIE. (A martyr.) And if a chap's feelings were to be a trifle ... bruised, then on your head be it.
JEEVES. I shall try to bear up under the shame, sir.
BERTIE. You may clear.
JEEVES. Very good, sir.

(JEEVES loads dishes onto his tray. STELLA and PILBEAM enter. BERTIE rises.)

STELLA. Hullo, Bertie.
BERTIE. What ho!
PILBEAM. Good morning, Mr. Wooster. (Coyly) Jeeves.
JEEVES. Good morning, Lady Stella. Miss Pilbeam.
STELLA. Lovely day, isn't it?
BERTIE. Topping!
STELLA. Oh, I'm such a scatterbrain! Miss Pilbeam, would you be a dear and fetch my parasol?
PILBEAM. Right away, Lady Stella.

(JEEVES, on his way out with the tray, holds the door for PILBEAM.)

JEEVES. Do permit me, Miss Pilbeam.
PILBEAM. How very kind of you, Jeeves.

(They exit.)
BERTIE. I thought you disliked parasols.
STELLA. I do. I'm simply mad for sunshine and mean to cultivate a lovely golden tan.
BERTIE. Then why did you send off—
STELLA. So we can be alone, silly.
BERTIE. Oh ho! Very cunning, young Stella.
STELLA. And so they can be alone.
BERTIE. Of course. —Who?
STELLA. Jeeves and Miss Pilbeam.
BERTIE. What?
STELLA. I suspect a shipboard romance.
BERTIE. Jeeves? No.
STELLA. Yes.
BERTIE. Poppycock.

STELLA. You'll see.

BERTIE. I don't wish to see. I refuse to see. This is pure banana oil. Perhaps you had better use that parasol. All this bally sunshine has made you come unscrewed!

STELLA. Never mind, then, if the notion upsets you.

BERTIE. It doesn't upset me in the least. It makes me laugh. (Feebly) Ha-ha!

STELLA. All right.

BERTIE. Jeeves would never leave me. It's a known fact.

STELLA. Certainly.

BERTIE. It's not as if other chaps haven't done their level best to purloin him. Reggie Fitzgibbons, to my personal knowledge, offered to double his salary. But Jeeves was steadfast.

STELLA. Naturally.

BERTIE. Alistair Bingham-Reeves, whose valet has been known to press his trousers sideways, is forever gazing at Jeeves with a glittering, hungry eye. Bally pirates, the lot of them!

STELLA. You needn't fuss.

BERTIE. Jeeves take up with Pilbeam! Really, Stella, that is the most blithering piece of dashed nonsense I ever heard and I really don't know why you insist on going on and on about it.

STELLA. There, there.

BERTIE. It makes me feel quite melancholy. Like one of those melodramas where they drive some poor chap out of the old homestead into the snow.

STELLA. Poor lamb. Do you know, Bertie, there is a sort of woolly-headed duckiness about you that I adore.

BERTIE. Do you? That's very kind. I assume by "woolly-headed duckiness" you mean "stern, virile manliness."

STELLA. Of course.

BERTIE. Thought so.

STELLA. Where's Crumpet on this glorious morning?

BERTIE. No sign of the poor pinhead.

STELLA. Hasn't he emerged from his room?

BERTIE. I haven't clapped eyes on the silly fish since last night at the casino.

STELLA. Odd. I hope he hasn't done something idiotic.

BERTIE. Knowing Crumpet as I do, those words offer up a wide field for speculation.

STELLA. Oh, Bertie, you are so very funny.

BERTIE. Stella . . .

STELLA. Bertie.

BERTIE. I'm awfully fond of you, you know.

STELLA. Are you?

BERTIE. I am. And I was just wondering, you know, in an offhand way, what you think of me? I mean, I know I'm a bit short on brain; the old bean seems constructed more for ornament than for use.

STELLA. True. But I don't mind. What good are brains to a man? They only unsettle him.

BERTIE. Exactly!

STELLA. Some minds are like soup in a questionable restaurant—best left unstirred.

BERTIE. Right you are. Besides, when it comes to brains, you've got about twice the normal allotment.

STELLA. True. (Thoughtfully) I expect that's Nature's way of maintaining the balance of the species.

BERTIE. Just so. Best to take a chap as he is. No use trying to mold him into something else. Don't you agree?

STELLA. Oh, I do. I am perfectly content with you, Bertie.

BERTIE. Darling!

STELLA. You have many faults, of course. I shall be pointing them out from time to time.

BERTIE. Well, I shall certainly look forward to that. (Dropping to one knee) Stella—

STELLA. Bertie, dear, you're not going to propose again?

BERTIE. Well . . . thought I might.

STELLA. But I've told you and told you, darling Bertie. I'm mulling it over.

BERTIE. Precisely how much mulling have you got to do?