

*At the end of the song the lights return to their previous state. REBECCA and GUY have been chattering away.*

REBECCA Now. This little favour I wanted to ask... (*Seeing GUY's expression*) Don't look so terrified. It's not what you're thinking...

GUY No, no. I was—

REBECCA God forbid. Six years sharing a mattress with Jarvis cured me of that. No, it's just that I understand you and he were talking the other evening...

GUY Yes? Oh, yes. About the—

REBECCA About our little bit of land.

GUY Yes. As a matter of fact I wanted to talk about that too, actually...

REBECCA Good.

GUY (*fumbling in his pocket*) The point is I've—well, it's rather awkward— (*He produces a bulging envelope*) I got this in the post this morning.

REBECCA Oh, how gorgeous. (*Peering*) What is it? I'm sorry, I haven't my glasses.

GUY It's five hundred pounds.

REBECCA Oh, super.

GUY In notes. Cash.

REBECCA Lucky you. What happened? Someone passed away?

GUY Not—so far as I know. No. I rather thought it came from you.

REBECCA Me?

GUY Well, rather from Jarvis.

REBECCA Jarvis?

GUY I think so.

REBECCA It sounds very unlikely. You'd be the first person who managed to get money out of Jarvis. None of his wives ever could, I can tell you... Two of them died trying, poor things.

GUY I'm pretty certain it is from him.

REBECCA What does it say? With love from Jarvis?

GUY Of course not. It's—

REBECCA Then how do you know? Why on earth would my husband send you five hundred pounds?

GUY Because I—I warned him about this rumour. About the land. I can't at present find any foundation in truth in it, but there's this rumour that—

REBECCA (*slightly impatiently*) Yes, I've heard the rumour.

GUY You have?

REBECCA Oh, yes.

GUY Well. I told Jarvis simply because I was anxious that he shouldn't be taken advantage of. Or you.

REBECCA Well, that's awfully sweet of you. Thank you. Of course, it could work both ways, couldn't it? I mean, supposing this rumour wasn't true but everyone assumed it was, then the price would go up and Jarvis would be laughing. And the joke would be on these very unscrupulous people that you've so kindly been warning us about. Which would be a sort of poetic justice, wouldn't it?

GUY Ah.

REBECCA Of course, the whole thing would be helped tremendously if someone strategically placed like yourself, did nothing to deny the rumour. Even, dare one say it, encouraged it?

GUY Oh, I don't think I could...

REBECCA No, no, heaven forbid. That's entirely up to your conscience. Anyway, you've got much too much on your