



The Double Bedded Room.

PIPER Help! Murder!

JOSEPH (Entering with lights) What's the matter? Eh! can it be? Cousin Pipes locked up in a lady's bedroom! Oh! fie!

Act I. Scene last.

T H E

DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

JOHN MADDISON MORTON, Esq.,

(*Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society*),

AUTHOR OF

Lend me Five Shillings, Three Cuckoos, Catch a Weazel, Where there's a Will there's a Way, John Dobbs, A Most Unwarrantable Intrusion, Going to the Derby, Your Life's in Danger, Midnight Watch, Box and Cox, Trumpeter's Wedding, Done on Both Sides, Poor Pillicoddy, Old Honesty, Young England, King and I, My Wife's Second Floor, Who do they take me for? The Thumping Legacy, Milliners' Holiday, Wedding Breakfast, Irish Tiger, Attic Story, Who's the Composer? Who's my Husband? Slasher and Crashier, Prince for an Hour, Away with Melancholy, Waiting for an Omnibus, Betsy Baker, Who Stole the Pocket-Book? Two Bonnycastles, From Village to Court, Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw, Rights and Wrongs of Women, Sent to the Tower, Our Wife, Brother Ben, Take Care of Dowb—, Wooing One's Wife, Margery Daw, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

9(3844)

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

*First produced at the Haymarket Theatre, June 3rd, 1843,
(under the management of Mr. B. Webster).*

Characters.

MR. DULCIMER PIPES (<i>Mus., Bac., and Organist</i>).....	MR. W. FARREN.
MAJOR MINUS	MR. STRICKLAND.
SPIGOT (<i>Landlord of "The Yorkshire Grey"</i>).....	MR. T. F. MATTHEWS.
JOSEPH (<i>his Head Waiter</i>)	MR. CLARK.
MRS. DEPUTY LOMAX.....	MRS. GLOVER.
NANCY SPIGOT.....	MRS. HUMBY.

SCENE.—YORK.

Costumes.

MR. DULCIMER PIPES.—Dark brown old-fashioned lappelled coat black breeches, white waistcoat, black hat, flannel dressing gown, nightcap, fawn-coloured travelling cap.

MAJOR MINUS.—Military jacket, white collar and cuffs, pair of epaulettes, white trousers, blue cloth cap with gold band, fawn-coloured stuff Taglioni.

SPIGOT.—Brown Newmarket coat, gilt buttons, nankeen breeches, white gaiters, striped waistcoat.

JOSEPH.—White jacket, black trousers.

MRS. DEPUTY LOMAX.—Flowered challi dress, black velvet spencer, and white bonnet.

NANCY SPIGOT.—Blue silk, white apron.

Time in representation, 35 minutes.

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'THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

SCENE.—*A Room in "The Yorkshire Grey."* Beds, with curtains to each, R. and L. A window, practicable, C. A washhand stand, water jug and glass, near bed, L.; door, L. C.; door, R. C.

JOSEPH discovered, dusting furniture.

JOSEPH. I don't like it, I say—I don't like it! (*kicking chair away*) I've a soul above chambermaid's work, and making beds, and shaking beds is quite out of my line, and so I told my master, Mr Spigot, this morning. "Never mind, Joe," said he—"it's only once a year." That's just once too often, thinks I. Confound the York Festival, I say!

SPIGOT. (*without, L.*) Nancy! Nancy!

NANCY. (*without, L.*) Yes, father!

SPIGOT. Pork chops and one brandy and water for No. 2—one tea and muffins for No. 3. I'll take care of No. 1.

JOSEPH. You generally do, old fellow!

NANCY. (*without*) Yes, father—directly.

JOSEPH. Bless her dear little voice—it's the only comfort I have in life. I did flatter myself once that my little attentions had made an impression on the interesting Miss Spigot. Formerly it used to be, "Honest Joe, do this—dear Joe, do that." Now it's "Mr. Joseph, be so kind—if it isn't too much trouble, Mister Joseph"—just as if I was a gentleman; and I defy any one to say that of me. Oh, here comes master! (*begins to dust furniture very energetically*)

Enter SPIGOT and NANCY, door L. C.

SPIGOT. Ah, Joe—that's right! Well, I declare our best sitting room makes a capital sleeping apartment. All

fair in the festival week, eh, Joe? so work away—look alive!

JOSEPH. I don't know how I look, but I feel half dead.

NANCY. No wonder, Mr. Joseph. Father doesn't seem to be aware of the fact that rest is natural to man.

SPIGOT. Poo! who dreams of rest during the Festival?

JOSEPH. Ecod, you're right there! there's not much chance of dreaming of that, or anything else!

NANCY. That's true enough. I haven't been in a horizontal position for the last two nights.

JOSEPH. No more have I—and if I could better my condition—

SPIGOT. You'd leave me? Joseph, beware of ingratitude! Haven't I been a father to you?

JOSEPH. Not that I am aware of; but if you're particularly ambitious of the title, there's a way of accommodating you. Give me your daughter Nancy and the reversion of "The Yorkshire Grey," and when you join the society of your respected ancestors—which you're at liberty to do as soon afterwards as you think proper—you'll have the satisfaction of carrying my good opinion along with you. Come, is it a bargain, yes or no?

SPIGOT. No.

NANCY. That's to the point; but, as the auctioneers say, allow me to call your attention to the article once again. Look at him again—it's your last chance—you'll never have such another.

SPIGOT. Joe, you're an honest hard working lad, but poor as a rat, and therefore no match for my daughter.

JOSEPH. Then in plain unadulterated language, Mr. Spigot, you are a flinty-hearted father!

NANCY. So you are—anything but an ornament to the numerous, influential, and enlightened body of Licensed Victuallers.

JOSEPH. But though I'm poor, there's plenty of money in the family; and if my father's sister's second husband's brother's son—or, as I call him for short, Cousin Pipes—

SPIGOT. Who's Cousin Pipes?

JOSEPH. Who? why a genius. A musician—plays on the organ—not in the streets—no, no, but at all the principal teetotal festivals in the country—and, ecod; he's

rattled on the keys till he's fingered the notes to a pretty tune, I can tell you.

SPIGOT. All the better for Mrs. Pipes.

NANCY. And the little Pipeses.

JOSEPH. Mrs. Pipes! Bless you, Cousin Pipes would as soon be alone with a mad dog as a woman. He's got organs of all sorts and sizes except the organ of matrimony.

SPIGOT. Ah, Joe! Now if this rich cousin of yours would only come down with a hundred or two for you—

JOSEPH. You said if; I have given him some half a dozen gentle hints to that effect myself, but he won't take them, so what do you think I've done as a last desperate resource? I've sent him an invitation to the York Festival, in the shape of an anonymous letter, stating that the organist has been taken suddenly ill, and urging him to come here as fast as he possibly can, to apply for the vacancy. If that bait don't make him nibble, the devil's in it!

SPIGOT. Ah, and if he does come, what would you do? Now suppose me your cousin—

JOSEPH. Very well. You're Cousin Pipes—you come in—I make a dash at you—*(seizing SPIGOT)*

SPIGOT. Holloa.

NANCY. That's right—shake him, Joe! Never mind—we're only supposing you know. Go on, Joe!

JOSEPH. "Lend me a couple of hundreds," says I. "No!" says you. "No!" says I—"then take that!" says I. *(he gives SPIGOT a punch in the stomach)*

SPIGOT. Zounds! *(the noise of a carriage arriving)*

MAJOR MINUS. *(without)* Here, waiter! ostler!

SPIGOT. Huzza! more visitors to the Festival, and more customers to the "Yorkshire Grey."

JOSEPH. Perhaps it's Cousin Pipes—

NANCY. A post chaise and pair!

JOSEPH. Then it isn't Cousin Pipes. A donkey cart and one would be more in his style.

SPIGOT. A lady and gentleman, I declare. What a dashing pair! Run, Nancy, and shew them up.

Exit NANCY, door R. C.

Now, Joe, for your best bow.

NANCY. *(without)* Upstairs, sir—first room to the left, ma'am.

Enter MAJOR MINUS, door r. c., in a military costume, and supporting MRS. DEPUTY LOMAX, in gaudy attire, —a large veil over her face.

MAJOR. This way, my adorable widow. Lean on me—that's right! (*in a very soft tone*) Not quite so hard. (*vociferating to SPIGOT, who keeps up a volley of bows*) A chair!

SPIGOT. (*starting off his legs*) Bless us! A chair! (*vociferating to JOSEPH, who runs and brings one*)

MAJOR. (*seating MRS. L.*) There, my beloved—repose your agitated anatomy! (*fanning her with his hat—sees JOSEPH, who begins to fan her with his napkin on the other side*) Be quiet, sir. Halloo! (*to SPIGOT*) Why don't you shew us into a sitting room, sir?

SPIGOT. Beg pardon, sir—this was a sitting room, but really, during the Festival week, the demand for beds is so very great, that we venture—

MAJOR. I understand.

MRS. L. (*recovering*) Major!

MAJOR. Matilda Jane!

MRS. L. (*in a plaintive tone*) Where am I?

JOSEPH. (*in her tone of voice*) At the "Yorkshire Grey."

MAJOR. (*to JOSEPH*) Will you be quiet, sir? Don't be alarmed, my precious Lomax. I am certain he could not recognize you—thanks to this veil which conceals your charming face. (*lifts up veil*)

MRS. L. Well, I do declare, Major, there never was a female so near fainting away as I was when I put my head out of the post chaise, and saw my brother John galloping after us! I han't fainted for good since I went down to Margate with the late lamented Lomax, last Midsummer day twelvemonth, in one of the horrid steamers. How sick I was to be sure?

MAJOR. Indisposed, you mean?

MRS. L. I mean what I say, Major. I shall never forget the smell of the oil out of the boiler.

SPIGOT. (*to MAJOR*) What will you please to order, sir?

JOSEPH. We've got kidneys, chops, steaks, cutlets,

patties, pickled salmon, calves' ears, ox tails, pigs' feet, sheep's trotters—

MRS. L. Keep your trotters to yourself, young man.

MAJOR. What say you, my widow—shall we take some refreshment before we continue our journey?

SPIGOT. Eh—what? Ain't you going to stop, sir?

MAJOR. Most certainly—until you put a fresh pair of horses to the vehicle.

SPIGOT. Oh! Sorry I can't accommodate you, sir. There isn't a horse in the town.

MRS. L. Not a horse in the town! Well, if that isn't a thumper, I don't know one when I hear it.

SPIGOT. Fact, ma'am, I assure you. All the horses are busily engaged in bringing in the families in the neighbourhood to the Festival. Now if you'd allow me to suggest, you had better stay here to-night, honour the Festival with your presence, and resume your journey to-morrow morning. To be sure, I might, perhaps, let you have a pair of horses in an hour or two.

MAJOR. What does my Lomax decide?

MRS. L. Why, considering that Lomax has been undergoing a very considerable degree of bumping all day, in a post chaise—

MAJOR. That's enough! Innkeeper, consider us domiciled under your roof until your first pair of posters come in. But I say—*(aside to SPIGOT)*—mum's the word, you know.

SPIGOT. No, I don't.

MAJOR. An elopement—the widow of the great Lomax, late tallow chandler, and Deputy of Candlewick—rolling in wealth.

SPIGOT. No.

MAJOR. Fact! We've been pursued all the way from London.

SPIGOT. No.

MAJOR. Fact! By her long brother John—who has the vile taste to object to me as a brother-in-law—therefore, mum's the word, and you pocket a ten pound note.

SPIGOT. All right.

MRS. L. Oh, Major! Where are the dear animals?

SPIGOT. The what?

MAJOR. (*aside to SPIGOT*) Her dog and cat!

MRS. L. I must say it's very unfeeling in you to leave the poor little creatures shivering by themselves in the post chaise. You know Alonzo the Brave has got a cold in his head.

SPIGOT. Alonzo the Brave!

MAJOR. (*aside to SPIGOT*) The terrier dog.

MRS. L. And as for the fair Imogine—

MAJOR. (*aside to SPIGOT*) The tabby cat—

MRS. L. It's my firm belief she's sickening with the measles, so I'll trouble you, Major, to bring them into a warmer temperature directly.

MAJOR. I'm going my precious. (*looks out of the window*) Eh? no—yes, it is! (*starts away from window*)

MRS. L. What's the matter, Major?

MAJOR. We're discovered! I just saw your long brother John sitting on the top of the lamp post opposite, and looking in at the window.

MRS. L. Then there'll be murder, as sure as my name's Matilda Jane. If John once gets into the house, he'll shiver every individual morsel of furniture in it.

SPIGOT. The devil he will!

MRS. L. What's to be done? Where can we hide? Shew us another room.

SPIGOT. I haven't another room, but if you'll just step down stairs, you can lie snug in the back kitchen till I run for the constables, and send brother John about his business.

MRS. L. Oh, anything—come along. (*hurries SPIGOT out door, L. c., followed by MAJOR*)

JOSEPH. Ha, ha! I've half a mind to let brother John in. He'd smash the furniture, and then I shouldn't have to clean it.

Enter NANCY, R. C.

NANCY. Father, father! Oh, Mr. Joseph!

JOSEPH. Mister again! What's the matter, Miss Nancy? You look agitated.

NANCY. No wonder! There's a stranger below—a remarkably tall man—doing his best to tear the front door off its hinges. He says he's in pursuit of a runaway

sister, and insists on searching every room in the house. Do run, Mr. Joseph, and turn him away.

JOSEPH. I should be delighted, Miss Nancy, but you surely wouldn't have me get into a scrape with a remarkably tall man, for the sake of your father, who won't have me for a son-in-law at any price.

NANCY. Joseph, I have made a discovery—you're a coward.

JOSEPH. No, miss, only discreet.

NANCY. Well, Joe, I'm not blind to your fascinations, if father is.

JOSEPH. Thankye, Miss Nancy. Oh, if Cousin Pipes would only—ah! (*exclaiming*)

NANCY. What's the matter—anything extraordinary?

JOSEPH. Yes, very extraordinary! I've got an idea! Ten to one, but Cousin Pipes has put up at some other hotel, for the express purpose of not seeing me. I'll ferret him out, if I have to ransack every inn in York. I'll begin with the "Spotted Dog," round the corner. (*going—stops*) Don't call me a coward again, Miss Nancy. (*going—stops*) By-the-bye, I think you said, the remarkably tall man was posted at the front door—my shortest way is decidedly out of the back! (*runs off, door L. C.*)

NANCY. Ha, ha, poor Joe! I hope he may succeed with his Cousin Pipes, for he's evidently pining away for love of me, and I'm not certain that he hasn't inoculated me with the same complaint.

Enter DULCIMER PIPES, door R. C., a large handkerchief round his neck, and very dusty—he carries a carpet bag in one hand, and a hat box in the other—an umbrella under his arm.

PIPES. Wheugh! this is what I call pleasant, seventeen miles in a tax cart, over a cross road, remarkable for nothing, but the profundity of its ruts; and then trotting up and down the streets of York, with a carpet bag in one hand and a hat box in the other, and an umbrella under my arm. I've been to thirteen hotels, nine taverns, and five Tom and Jerry's already—total twenty-eight, and have got precisely the same agreeable information from all—"quite full."

NANCY. (*seeing PIPES*) A strange gentleman!

PIPES. A remarkably lively time I've had of it altogether; never mind, Pipes, my boy, if—thanks to my anonymous correspondent, I can only get an opportunity of playing the organ at the Festival, I'm a made man.

NANCY. Sir! I presume you want accommodation for the night?

PIPES. You do not presume, for I do—quite full, I suppose?

NANCY. Yes, sir.

PIPES. I thought so! that makes twenty-nine.

NANCY. We've only this double-bedded room empty.

PIPES. Both beds disengaged?

NANCY. Yes, sir.

PIPES. I'll take one.

NANCY. We can't let one, sir—you must pay for both.

PIPES. Why, I can't sleep in two beds at once.

NANCY. Very well, sir; if you object—

PIPES. But I don't object—I only repeat the observation, that I can't sleep in two beds at once—how much?

NANCY. Fifteen shillings, sir.

PIPES. Oh! that's seven and sixpence for one.

NANCY. Yes sir; and seven and sixpence for the other.

PIPES. Exactly! it's a good deal of money, young woman.

NANCY. Oh dear, no, sir; not in the Festival week, especially for two beds!

PIPES. But I don't want two beds.

NANCY. We can't let one without the other.

PIPES. Then I've no other alternative, unless I sleep in the streets. I'll pay before hand, and secure them. (*feeling in his purse*) Six half-crowns—there's fifteen shillings. (*giving the money*)

NANCY. Perhaps you'd like to pay the chambermaid before hand, sir?

PIPES. Eh? oh! there's a shilling. (*gives one*)

NANCY. A shilling a bed, is the usual compliment

PIPES. But I tell you once more, I don't want—it's no use—there. (*gives another*) I'll have both beds warmed, d'ye hear?

NANCY. Very well, sir.

PIPES. (*throws bag and box on bed. L.*) I shall get into this bed first—and you'll knock at my door in an hour, and then I'll get into the other, and so on all night long. I'll have my fifteen shillings' worth, or my name's not Pipes!

NANCY. Pipes! did you say Pipes, sir?

PIPES. I did say Pipes—I say it again, Pipes—do you see any reason why I shouldn't say Pipes?

NANCY. Oh dear, no! (*aside*) It must be Joseph's rich cousin—how fortunate! We've all heard of the famous Mr. Pipes, of course! the whole town is on tiptoe of expectation for your arrival.

PIPES. I'm sure the whole town is exceedingly flattering, and as I've no time to lose, perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me where I can find the Stewards of the Festival?

NANCY. Certainly, sir! first to the right, then to the left, then to the right again, across the market place, past the pump, then any body will direct you.

PIPES. Hadn't you better put it down?

VOICES. (*without, R.*) I say, sir, I must see the lady.

2ND VOICE. (*without, R.*) You cannot, sir.

1ST VOICE. (*without, R.*) I tell you I must—the lady is my runaway sister, and I must and will see her!

PIPES. Holloa! what's that?

NANCY. Only a noisy troublesome gentleman, making enquiries after a runaway sister.

PIPES. I hope he doesn't mean to persevere in his enquiries all night—just tell him with my compliments, that I'm paying for two beds, and expect to have a double quantity of sleep. First to the right, then to the left—through the pump—

NANCY. No, no—past the pump.

PIPES. Well, I remember there was something about a pump—I must endeavour to find it. *Exit, door R. C.*

NANCY. Now then to find Joseph, and tell him the good news. *Exit, door R. C.*

Enter SPIGOT, door L. C.

SPIGOT. There never was such a hubbub in the "Yorkshire Grey" before—I knew I should be obliged to send

that long brother John to the station house. Oh ! here comes his runaway sister and the gallant Major ! rather lucky for them, this double-bedded room was empty.

Enter MAJOR and MRS. LOMAX, door l. c.

It's all right, ma'am, I've got rid of your troublesome brother.

MRS. L. Thanks, innkeeper. Major, you've got the—

MAJOR. The animals ? oh yes—here they are. (*pulls a puppy out of one pocket of his Chesterfield, and a kitten out of the other*)

MRS. L. What, a double-bedded room ?

SPIGOT. We have no other, ma'am.

MRS. L. Very well—put the animals on one bed, and I'll occupy the other. (*MAJOR puts the animals on bed, l.*)

SPIGOT. Any more commands, ma'am ?

MRS. L. Nothing particular, except that you're at liberty to retire, and take the Major along with you.

MAJOR. Very well—and as there isn't another bed to be had in the town, I'll smoke myself to sleep in an arm chair.

MRS. L. No, no ! how much more romantic it would be, to stand sentry under my window, with a cigar in your mouth, and see that my repose is not disturbed.

MAJOR. So it would ! how delightful ! (*aside*) What a bore ! come along, Mr. Spigot. Sweet slumbers to Matilda Jane.

MRS. L. Thankye, Major.

(*Exeunt MAJOR and SPIGOT, door l. c.*

Well, I vow this eloping is a fine lady-like recreation. What a contrast to my first entrance into the holy state ! when I married the late Deputy Lomax, I had to hear my name bawled out by a parish clerk, for three Sundays running ; then, when the important day arrived, went to church in a hackney coach, No. 462 ; was given away by my uncle, the undertaker—then returned to the shop to see the wedding party helped to lobster salad, and bottled porter, and after having been slobbered over, and wished all sorts of happiness, by all sorts of poeple, was driven away by Lomax, in his one horse chaise, to spend the honeymoon at Battersea. It was dreadful ! Indeed I

said to Lomax, before we got to Hyde Park Corner—"Lomax, when I marry again, I'll elope," and I've kept my word! (*puts bonnet and shawl on the smaller chair near the bed, R.*) I shan't be sorry to snatch a little snooze, before we continue our journey to Gretna Green, for I do feel uncommonly nappish. (*yawns*) So I'll just lie down as I am. (*lies down on bed and lets curtains down, so as to conceal her*)

Enter DULCIMER PIPES, JOSEPH, and NANCY, door R. C.

PIPES. (*putting a bundle which he carries, on a chair*) No, Joseph, no! once for all, I won't do any such thing.

JOSEPH. You won't lend me a couple of hundreds?

PIPES. No!

NANCY. One hundred?

PIPES. No!

JOSEPH. Fifty?

PIPES. No!

NANCY. That'll do! (*turns to go, and sees the bed, R., is occupied*) Oh! Joe, look there!

JOSEPH. Matilda Jane fast asleep! what an idea! I have it—we'll lock cousin Pipes up in the room, and then run and report the state of affairs to her fiery lover, the Major.

NANCY. Capital! He, he!

JOSEPH. Now, cousin, I think it's my turn. Good night, cousin—bye, bye, my dear cousin.

Exit, L. door in flat, locking door after him.

PIPES. Hollo! he's locked the door.

NANCY. Good night, sir.

Exit, R. door in flat, and locks door.

PIPES. Hollo! she's locked the other door. Well, of all the peculiar proceedings!—never mind—it's only on a par with the rest of my adventures. My anonymous correspondent turns out to be a humbug—the organist was never better in all his life, and the upshot is, that I have been made a pretty considerable fool of. Let me see—one pound one, for having my bones dislocated in a tax cart—fifteen shillings for two beds, when I only want one, and another fifteen shillings for a new flannel dressing gown and night cap, because I was simpleton enough to

forget my own, in the hurry of starting. (*takes flannel gown and night cap out of bundle*) Never mind, I'll go to bed and forget it all. (*takes off coat and puts on flannel gown and cap*) I shan't want much rocking, for I feel uncommon—(*yawns and goes to bed, L.*) Hollo! here's a dog!—hollo! here's a cat! come, I say, get off my bed, will you?—puss, puss, puss—doggy, doggy, doggy! (*trying to coax them off*) Oh, damn it! (*seizes them both by the necks, crosses, and flings them on to the bed, R.*) There!

MRS. L. (*screaming*) Murder!

PIPES. Mercy on us! (*rushes back to bed, L., gets behind the curtains, only shewing his head*)

MRS. L. (*putting her head through curtains*) What's the matter?

PIPES. A woman! } (*each drop the curtains, and conceal*
MRS. L. A man! } *themselves*)

PIPES and MRS. L. (*both concealed and both speaking at the same time*) Leave the room—quit the apartment—what business have you here?

MRS. L. (*putting her head through curtain*) Sir! Mr., whoever you are, if you keep on saying what you've got to say at the same time that I'm saying what I've got to say, we can't possibly know what either of us do say! Now what do you say?

PIPES. What do I say? Why I say, ma'am, that this room is mine. (*standing on his bed and putting head through the crown at the top*)

MRS. L. Yours?

PIPES. Yes, mine, mine!

MRS. L. No such thing! begone, you naughty old man!

PIPES. Naughty! ha, ha! I tell you I've just paid fifteen shillings for this room, ma'am—and I'll trouble you to remove yourself, and your two domestic animals instanter.

MRS. L. Go yourself, sir—before I have you chucked out of the window.

PIPES. Chucked out of my own window—ha, ha! we'll soon see that. (*jumps off bed, MRS. LOMAX screams and draws her head in*) Pooh, pooh, don't be afraid, it's all accurate. Come out, ma'am, come out! (*runs to door,*

L. *door in flat—tries to pull it open*) Here, help ! landlord, waiter !

MRS. L. (*running to r. door in flat*) Here, chambermaid—anybody, everybody !

PIPES. It's no use—we're locked in.

MRS. L. Locked in ? Oh, what'll become of me ?

PIPES. You ? pooh ! what'll become of *me* ? It's a vile atrocious conspiracy against my reputation—and it's my belief, ma'am, you're at the bottom of it.

MRS. L. I ? hold your tongue, you vile old wretch ! Oh, oh, I'm going to faint !

PIPES. Don't—don't do any such thing ! (*avoiding MRS. LOMAX, who staggers towards him, and at last falls into his arms*) Good gracious, she's off ! oh, my arms ! (*lets her drop into a chair, and tries to revive her*) It's no use—here, help—murder ! (*shouting—knocking heard*) Hollo, what's that ? somebody in the next room, knocking at the wainscoat. What's the matter with you ?

VOICE. (*without*) I say, sir, do you mean to keep on beating your wife all night ?

PIPES. My wife ? no such thing ! allow me to explain. (*close to the wall, and very anxious to make himself understood*)

VOICE. You're a cowardly brute—and if I don't have you before the bench to-morrow, my name's not Turnbull.

PIPES. Pooh ! go to sleep, Turnbull, and don't make a fool of yourself. This isn't to be borne. (*shouts in MRS. LOMAX's ear*) Zounds ! ma'am, will you leave off fainting, or will you not ?

MRS. L. (*coming to herself*) Where am I ?

PIPES. Where are you ? why here, ma'am, in my double-bedded room, ma'am—seven and sixpence a bed, ma'am—and paid for, ma'am ; and yet, ma'am, I'm going to sleep in the streets, in the stable, in the cockloft, among the hens and chickens, anywhere but here. (*gathering up his coat, carpet bag, and hat box, during the above*) And so most uncomfortable of females, good bye !

MRS. L. Where are you going, sir ?

PIPES. I don't know ! I don't care ! and if I can only find a window, or a chimney, or a trap door, to creep out of—ah ! here's a window. (*going*)

MRS. L. (*stopping him*) Not for the world, sir—I can't allow a man to be seen jumping out of my bedroom window.

PIPES. (*vociferating*) My bedroom window! mine! let me go.

MRS. L. I tell you you'll do yourself an injury, you infatuated old man.

PIPES. That's my affair, ma'am—I presume I've a right to break my neck, if I think proper.

MRS. L. But you've no right to break the major's, which you certainly will do if you jump out of the window upon him.

PIPES. The major! who the devil's he? your husband?

MRS. L. Not my husband that is, but my husband that is to be. He's a terribly jealous creature, and will run you through the body as sure as my name's Matilda Jane.

PIPES. Better be cut into mincemeat than remain here, so here goes. (*opens window—furious rain heard*) Rains cats and dogs!

MRS. L. I say, sir.

PIPES. (*disgusted*) Well?

MRS. L. I hope you're a respectable character.

PIPES. What right have you to hope anything of the sort, ma'am?

MRS. L. Because we shall certainly be locked up together in this room all night.

PIPES. I'm afraid we shall! what a situation for an organist and a bachelor of music!

MRS. L. I'll stab you if you behave rude. I've got my scissors.

PIPES. Damn it, ma'am, don't be absurd! You're by no means a lovely woman, ma'am. You're anything but a lovely woman.

MRS. T. Don't be impertinent, you ordinary creature, and help me to put up the screen.

PIPES. With all my heart—I wish it was a brick wall. (*they put up screen, so as to form two rooms*) There now, ma'am, there's a light for you. (*gives MRS. LOMAX a light*) That's your apartment, and I'll trouble you to keep in your own parish—d'ye hear?

MRS. L. Good night.

PIPES. Good night. (*fiercely*) I never was so sleepy

in all my life. What a disgusting position! (*gets on to his bed, l.*)

MRS. L. Sir!

PIPES. What's the matter now?

MRS. L. Nothing. (*speaking to the animals on the bed*)
Pst, pst—pretty puss, pretty little dog.

PIPES. Confound it, ma'am. Send the quadrupeds to sleep, can't you? (*digging his head into the pillow*)

MRS. L. I say, sir, are you awake?

PIPES. Awake? of course I am, and likely to keep so, if you go stamping about the room all night.

MRS. L. Well, good night.

PIPES. For the seventeenth time—good night. (MRS. LOMAX *extinguishes the light—stage dark—a momentary pause, during which PIPES gets comfortable—furious rain, &c.—strong flash of lightning*)

MRS. L. Oh, mercy on us—a storm coming on—and I'm such a coward! (*knocking at screen*) Sir! (PIPES takes no notice) Sir! (*repeats knocking—PIPES looks up, but doesn't answer*) Will you be so obliging as to bring me a glass of water? (*PIPES sits up, and snores as loud as he can*) He's asleep, so I can get it myself.

PIPES. (*shouting*) No you can't—I'm not awake! I mean, I'm not asleep! I'm coming! (*gets off bed*) The woman's a fiend! a fury! I shall smother her presently! I'm sure I shall! (*runs up against screen, which he removes*)

MRS. L. Make haste!

PIPES. I'm coming! (*pours out a glass of water, and fumbles his way across—a violent clap of thunder—MRS. LOMAX screams and seizes him by the arm—falls into the large arm chair, and drags him down on the chair beside her*) Let me go, ma'am! (*struggling*)

MRS. L. Don't think of such a thing. If I was to be left alone with a clap of thunder I should expire to a certainty!

PIPES. I wish you would! Very well—I'll stop. You need not pull my arm out of the socket. I tell you I'll stop. Holloa—what's this? (*pulling out MRS. LOMAX's bonnet from under him, all flattened*) There, don't go and say I did it. (*flash of lightning*)

MRS. L. It's coming again. (*seizing PIPES again by the arm*)

PIPES. Be quiet. Do you mean to go to sleep, female, or do you not! Oh dear! (*yawns—lightning*)

MRS. L. Oh, sir—(*seizing hold of him*)

PIPES. Don't—there, there—(*putting a shawl round her head*) now the lightning won't see you—I mean, you won't see the lightning. Good night. (*going*)

MRS. L. (*seizing him*) Don't leave me, or I'll come after you.

PIPES. Very well, I won't—there! (*seats himself with his back to her—pause*)

MRS. L. Sir, tell me a story—(*yawns*) it'll put me to sleep.

PIPES. Will it! (*yawns*) In the reign of King Stephen—(*yawns*)

MRS. L. W—e—ll? (*nodding*)

PIPES. Umph!

MRS. L. Y—e—s. (*they both sleep—furious rain heard*)

MAJOR MINUS *opens window, and cautiously lets himself drop into the room.*

MAJOR. Zounds! I can't stand the rain any longer. I've been under a regular waterspout till I haven't a dry thread in my body, and had no alternative but to effect an entrance (*shaking his hat, and wiping his coat, &c.*) or stay outside and be drowned, and here I am. I wonder if Matilda Jane is asleep? (*MRS. LOMAX snores*) no doubt of it; so I will just venture to lie down here till the storm is over. (*goes on tiptoe to bed, l., and lies down*)

PIPES. (*waking*) Holloa! bless me, I've been to sleep? Eh? (*listens*) My indefatigable tormentor is asleep at last! Then I'll make bold to regain my solitary couch. (*crosses on tiptoe towards bed, l.*)

MAJOR. (*listening*) Heyday! footsteps! Zounds, then she's awake after all! (*MRS. LOMAX snores*) No she isn't! she must be walking in her sleep—and coming this way, too! (*as PIPES gets on to the bed, l., the MAJOR creeps off the other side, and gets to the centre of room*)

PIPES. Holloa! how damp the sheets are. The rain must certainly come in at the ceiling!

MAJOR. (*crossing towards bed, r., and looking back to bed, l.*) She's off to sleep again, (*gets close to bed, r.*) so

I'll just—(MRS. LOMAX snores) Holloa! she's come back again! Well, she's the fastest sleepwalker I ever heard of! (crossing back cautiously to bed, L.)

PIPES. (*listening*) Heyday! it can't be—yes, it is! The horrid creature's coming after me! What a singularly unfeminine proceeding! (*as the MAJOR gets to bed, L., PIPES creeps off, and crosses towards the bed, R.*) Well, this I will say, that— (MRS. LOMAX snores) Why she's back again! Oh, lord! the room's haunted, or I'm bewitched! I shall go stark staring mad presently—I'm sure I shall. (*drops into chair, which is near the centre of the room*)

MRS. L. (*waking*) Dear me! I declare I've been to sleep. (*gets off bed*) I wonder if the major is within call. I'd just go to the window, and ask him when we are likely to resume our journey. (*feeling her way about*)

MAJOR. All seems quiet again, (*gets off bed*) so I'll make my escape before she takes it into her head to walk in her sleep again. (*feeling about—he and MRS. LOMAX each take hold of the back of the chair on which DULCIMER PIPES is sitting, and pulls it from under him—he rolls on the stage, crying*)

PIPES. Help! murder!

Enter JOSEPH and NANCY, R. door in flat, with lights—stage light.

JOSEPH. What's the matter? Eh? can it be? Cousin Pipes locked up in a lady's bed room! Oh, fie, fie!

PIPES. No such thing. It's a lady locked up in mine!

MAJOR. You've compromised this lady's reputation, sir, and you must give me satisfaction.

PIPES. With all my heart, sir, to-morrow morning.

Enter SPIGOT, L. door in flat, running.

MRS. L. Are the horses put to?

SPIGOT. No; for your long brother John has escaped out of the station house and is now below, vowing to shoot the villain that has insulted his sister.

MAJOR. (*pointing to PIPES*) That's he!

MRS. L. Yes, that's the villain!

PIPES. Me!

SPIGOT. Oh, then I'll have him up. (*going*)

PIPES. (*dragging him back*) Don't do any such thing! Good gracious! what's to be done?

JOSEPH. I think I've a plan.

PIPES. I'm sure you have, Joe. You've looked all along as if you had a plan. What is it?

JOSEPH. Why one which will enable the major and the lady to accomplish their elopement.

PIPES. Never mind them. Will it save me from being shot through the body?

JOSEPH. Yes.

PIPES. Then it's a capital plan, and I second it! Go on, Joe!

JOSEPH. Nancy and I'll drive away in the post chaise; Brother John will then be put on the wrong scent. You (*to MAJOR and MRS. LOMAX*) will then start off by another road, and, though last not least, Cousin Pipes—

PIPES. Will have a chance of a night's rest for his fifteen shillings! Capital! well, Joe, go along. Why don't you go?

JOSEPH. (*aside to PIPES*) You forget— (*holding out his hand*)

PIPES. Eh? No I don't. I'll give you fifty pounds.

JOSEPH. No!

PIPES. A hundred—

NANCY. No!

PIPES. Two hundred—

NANCY. It's a bargain!

JOSEPH. (*to SPIGOT*) You hear, father-in-law—so come along, Nancy.

(*JOSEPH and NANCY run out, R. door in flat—noise of a carriage driving off*)

PIPES. (*at window*) They're off! Joe's a clever fellow. Now I'll go to bed, and what's more, I won't get up again for a month.

MRS. L. (*to SPIGOT*) Well, are the horses put to the post chaise?

SPIGOT. No, ma'am. I am sorry to say I can't possibly accommodate you with a pair to-night.

MRS. L. Never mind. We must remain where we are till the morning.

PIPES. No, ma'am—no, no—you won't do anything of the sort. I insist upon having my night's rest or my money! Seventeen shillings, ma'am! two's into seventeen—eight times, and one over. I'll trouble you for eight and sixpence.

MRS. L. Nonsense! Innkeeper, turn that old man out of my double-bedded room, instantly.

PIPES. (*aside*) Her double-bedded room! she sticks to that! (*aloud*) No, no—I won't budge!

MRS. L. No more will I!

PIPES. Ha, ha! Now I appeal to any lady—

MRS. L. And I to any gentleman—

PIPES. What! divide the house! No, no—let us rather hope that both ladies and gentlemen will unite on this occasion, and, overlooking our many offences against strict dramatic laws, unanimously sanction the second hearing of our "DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM."

Curtain.