[A fop, LORD SASHAY, is admiring himself in a mirror. He calls:]

SASHAY: Fammy! Fammy!  [Pause. No answer.]

Confound the wretch. A plague on all servants. Fammy! Where is that slothful fellow?  [He calls again] Fammy! Is there no end to his presumption? He has been with me but fix weeks, and already he shows nothing but scorn. Methinks he is taking the pifs.

[Enter SAMMY]

SAMMY: You summoned me, my lord?

SASHAY: Summoned thee, forsooth? I have been summoning thee, sirrah, since five past six.

SAMMY: My lord, you insult me. You smear me with your slander. I am not slow or slack. I take this most remiss. I am breathless for your instruction.

SASHAY: Breathless? Nay, I see your falsity. Admit it, you have been out in the Ftrand, soliciting for a soldier.

SAMMY: Never, my lord! It was a sailor.

SASHAY: Nay, I swear it was a soldier. I know him of old. The faiciest soldier who ever served as a Sentry.

SAMMY: Nay it was a sailor, my lord. I always try to solicit a sailor on Saturday. Soldiers I seduce on Sunday.

SASHAY: Sunday?

SAMMY: Yes, it was actually. An awful lot of –

SASHAY: Do not spar with me, sirrah! Did you practise safe sex?

SAMMY: Safe sex? What do you mean?

SASHAY: Did you fuck?
SAMMY: I don’t know how to take that.

SASHAY: It’s quite fimple. Did you fuck?

SAMMY: Well... yes... and no... and maybe... and maybe not. It all depends on your fpelling. And your fense.

SASHAY: My fense? What’s my garden boundary to do with it?

SAMMY: Not your fence, your fense. As in ‘Fense and Fensibility’, although that will not be written for centuries. Fenturies? No, centuries.

SASHAY: Enough of this foft foap. I think it is quite ftraightforward. I trust you have avoided any form of fexual fickneff.

SAMMY: La, my lord! I have been fuitably fcrupulous. And fagacious.

SASHAY: Because I faw you kiffing him in the fpinney.

SAMMY: It is no fin to kiff!

SASHAY: Indeed not, it is a moft fatisying fenfation. But come, I need you to fecure my ftays. My corfet is most flack, and my ftomach hangs like a flabby fac. I cannot appear in fuch a ftafe when I expect Sir Titanic Todger at any fecond. I am afire for him. He is so flinky, so fteamy, so fensual, so fpicy – and I have not seen him since the fecund Funday after Feptuagefima. I fwear he makes me feel positively overfexed! I must feem a proper little flapper.

[A knock.]

Tis he! I am full of luft. My mirror, quick! My face is a fight. Where is my beauty fpot?

SAMMY: On your ftool.

SASHAY: Ah yes! Bid him come, Fammy.

[SAMMY goes, returns]
SAMMY: Lady Fufan Fourpuff. *[He turns and exits]*

SASHAY: And don’t flam the door.

SAMMY: *[off]* Forry!

SASHAY: My mother! I am ftupified! She is a gorgon, an ogreff. Why must she surface so suddenly, just when I want to fee my fuitor? *[To LADY F, entering]* Mama! Pray be feated. You look quite wafted.

LADY F: My fpirits are quite fapped, my sparkle is all fpent. Quick – my falts! My falts!

SASHAY: I am well aware of all your –

LADY F: No! My fmelling falts.

SASHAY: Oh. Forry.

LADY F: I feel fick.

SASHAY: Then fee a furgeon. Mother, I fear you cannot ftay. I await my fweetheart, the one who has ftolen my foul.

LADY F: You? Fmitten? Who is the fweetie who ftuck such a fpark?

SASHAY: Nay, mother. No fweetie, but a fwain.

LADY F: You mean you have been feduced by a fellow?

SASHAY: Yef – Yes! I am a fodomite.

LADY F: A practising fodomite?

SASHAY: Actually I’m pretty fkilful by now.

LADY F: You flattern. You shameleff flut.

SASHAY: Oh mother, be not so cenforious. Sir Titanic Todger is an outftanding man. Outftanding in every way. Befides, we are in love. We are befotted.
LADY F: I never could resist the seductiveness of the prospect of Young Love. Besides, Sir Titanic has the most enormous wealth. It will save the sinking status of our penurious estate. We have already frtipped most of our assets.

SASHAY: Then you give us your blessing?

LADY F: Unstintingly. But there is just one thing. Can you steer him towards speaking English? He makes the most strange sounds. I can hardly understand a single sentence he says.

BLACKOUT