

SIDE 1

Act 2 (pg. 19) Miss Prism and Cecily

[**Miss Prism** discovered seated at the table. **Cecily** is at the back watering flowers.]

Miss Prism. [*Calling.*] Cecily, Cecily! We will repeat yesterday's lesson.

Cecily. [*Coming over very slowly.*] But I don't like math.

Miss Prism. Cecily, you know how anxious your guardian is that you should improve yourself in every way.

Cecily. Dear Uncle Jack is so very serious! Sometimes he is so serious that I think he cannot be quite well.

Miss Prism. Mr. Worthing has many troubles in his life. For example, his wildly promiscuous younger brother.

Cecily. I wish Uncle Jack would allow his promiscuous brother to come here sometimes. We might have a good influence over him, Miss Prism. [**Cecily** begins to write in her diary.]

Miss Prism. [*Shaking her head.*] I am not in favour of this modern mania for turning bad people into good people at a moment's notice. You must put away your diary, Cecily.

Cecily. It's full of exciting secrets.

Miss Prism. Perhaps you should write a novel, Cecily. I wrote one myself in earlier days.

Cecily. Really, Miss Prism? And was it ever published?

Miss Prism. Alas! No. The manuscript was abandoned. I mean to say, I lost it.

Cecily. [*Smiling.*] I see dear Dr. Chasuble coming up through the garden.

Miss Prism. [*Rising and advancing.*] Dr. Chasuble! This is indeed a pleasure.

SIDE 2

Act 2 (pg. 19 – pg. 20) Dr. Chasuble, Cecily and Miss Prism

Chasuble. And how are we this fine morning? Miss Prism, you are, I trust, well?

Cecily. Miss Prism has just been complaining of a slight headache. I think it would do her so much good to have a short stroll with you in the park, Dr. Chasuble.

Miss Prism. Cecily, I have not mentioned anything about a headache.

Cecily. No, dear Miss Prism, I know that, but I felt instinctively that you had a headache. Indeed I was thinking about that, and not about my math lesson, when the Rector came in.

Chasuble. I hope, Cecily, you are not inattentive.

Cecily. Oh, I am afraid I am.

Chasuble. That is strange. Were I fortunate enough to be Miss Prism's pupil, I would hang upon her lips. [*Miss Prism glares.*] Ahem! I spoke metaphorically, of course. [*Nervous laughter.*] Mr. Worthing, I suppose, has not returned from town yet?

Miss Prism. We do not expect him till Monday afternoon.

Chasuble. Ah yes, he usually likes to spend his Sunday in London. He is not one of those whose sole aim is enjoyment, as, by all accounts, that unfortunate young man his brother seems to be. But I must not disturb you any longer.

Miss Prism. I think, dear Doctor, I will have a stroll with you. I find I have a headache after all.

Chasuble. With pleasure, Miss Prism, with pleasure.

SIDE 3

Act 2 (pg. 22 – pg. 24) Miss Prism, Dr, Chasuble and Jack

Miss Prism. You are too much alone, dear Dr. Chasuble. You should get married.

Chasuble. [*With a scholar's shudder.*] The precept as well as the practice of the Primitive Church was distinctly against matrimony.

Miss Prism. [*Sententiously.*] That is obviously the reason why the Primitive Church has not lasted up to the present day. And you do not seem to realise, dear Doctor, that by persistently remaining single, a man converts himself into a permanent public temptation. Men should be more careful; this very celibacy leads weaker vessels astray.

Chasuble. But is a man not equally attractive when married?

Miss Prism. No married man is ever attractive except to his wife.

Chasuble. And often, I've been told, not even to her.

Miss Prism. [*Nods.*] Now, where is Cecily?

[*Enter Jack slowly from the back of the garden. He is dressed in the deepest mourning and is holding an urn.*]

Miss Prism. Mr. Worthing!

Chasuble. Mr. Worthing?

Miss Prism. This is a surprise. We did not look for you until Monday afternoon.

Jack. [*Shakes Miss Prism's hand in a tragic manner.*] I have returned sooner than I expected.

Chasuble. Dear Mr. Worthing, I trust this garb of woe does not betoken some terrible calamity?

Jack. My brother.

Miss Prism. More shameful debts and extravagance?

Chasuble. Still leading his life of pleasure?

Jack. [*Shaking his head.*] Dead!

Chasuble. Your brother Ernest dead?

Jack. Quite dead. [*Holding up the urn.*]

Miss Prism. What a lesson for him! I trust he will profit by it.

Chasuble. Poor chap. You were always the most generous and forgiving of brothers.

Jack. Poor Ernest! It is a sad, sad day.

Chasuble. Very sad indeed. Were you with him at the end?

Jack. No. He died in Paris.

Miss Prism. Was the cause of death mentioned?

Jack. A severe chill, it seems.

Chasuble. Oh dear. [*Shivers.*] I've always been keenly susceptible to draughts.