

COLLEAGUES

DAISY GREVILLE.

LADY HYACINTH

WHO'S BEHIND "DISFIGURED MEN"?

COLLEAGUES

DAISY GREVILLE.

LADY HYACINTH

AND THE DEAD?

DON'T TELL ME,

IT'S GREVILLE, YET AGAIN.

EVERYONE'S GOT SOMETHING.

CAN'T YOU SEE WHY I'M BEREFT?

I WANT TO DO SOME GOOD,

BUT WHAT THE DEVIL'S LEFT?

COLLEAGUES

WHAT THE DEVIL'S LEFT?

MONTY

(Spoken:)

Pardon me, Miss D'Ysquith...

LADY HYACINTH

Yes, speak up, what is it?

MONTY

Baron Philpot, madam. Of the Foreign Office.

(Off her puzzled look:)

We met last month at the Consumptives Ball...?

LADY HYACINTH

(Doesn't remember.)

Oh, yes. You're looking much better.

MONTY

If I may, one hears about such terrible poverty in Egypt these days.

LADY HYACINTH

Egypt...? Hmmm. Land of the Pharoahs. And of Moses, the Israelite. Home to the Great Pyramids and the Sphinx.

MONTY

Yes, but now home to starvation and disease, of desperate and abandoned children.
A land in need of a new heroine—dare I say, a modern day Cleopatra.

LADY HYACINTH

That's it!

(Singing:)

WE'LL POPULATE AN ORPHANAGE IN CAIRO!
WITH FOUNDLINGS FROM THE REEDS ALONG THE NILE!
TO WATCH A CREATURE GROW,
TO SWADDLE IT AND KNOW
THE JOY OF ITS PATHETIC LITTLE SMILE!

COLLEAGUES

ITS LITTLE SMILE!

LADY HYACINTH

THE NEWS WILL TRAVEL SOON ENOUGH TO LONDON!

COLLEAGUES

TO LONDON!

LADY HYACINTH

OUR SELFLESSNESS WILL MEET WITH GREAT ACCLAIM!

COLLEAGUES

HUZZAH!

LADY HYACINTH

THE SNIPING WILL BE STILLED,
AND THE EMPIRE WILL BE FILLED
WITH HOMES FOR BASTARD CHILDREN IN MY NAME!

(Spoken:)

All aboard the Luxor Express for Cairo!

(LADY HYACINTH marches off with her COLLEAGUES. MUSIC continues under.)

MONTY (Recorded V-O)

And off she went. What I'd failed to tell her was that a violent uprising against the Empire was imminent and no British citizen was considered safe.

(After a beat:)

So you can imagine my surprise when Lady Hyacinth returned to London, quite unharmed.

(LADY HYACINTH returns, with her exhausted COLLEAGUES.)