

**Kay Mostyn, Canon, Jacqueline (Jackie)** (Steward)

Kay:  
Here's to our trip

*(They drink)*

Canon:  
Come now, Kay. Sign, please.

*(Kay takes her cheque book from her bag; objecting, but not very much)*

Kay:  
A thousand pounds is a lot of money.

Canon:  
It won't do very much, but it will do something.

Kay:  
Uncle Ambrose has some wonderful scheme for rebuilding a new England – self-supporting communities and industries – a kind of Christianised Soviet it seems to me.

*(She writes the cheque)*

Canon:  
You understand nothing about it, my dear, because you're not interested. But you have your place in the scheme. The lowest place – supplying funds.

Kay:  
I don't see how you ever get any money at all when you're so rude.

Canon:  
That, my child, shows that you have very poor idea of psychology.  
*(He looks at the cheque)*  
Five hundred pounds!

Kay:  
Fifty per cent of what you've asked for is pretty good going!

*(The Canon takes the cheque and raises his glass)*

Canon:  
Ah, Well! Grist to the mill! To Jerusalem!

Kay:  
*(Surprised)*  
Jerusalem?

*(The Canon quotes: for the first time his urbane manner slip – a truce of fanaticism is seen)*

Canon:  
"For I will build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land."

Simon:

Oh, dear!

Kay:

Don't look so surprised, darling. It's only Uncle Ambrose on his hobby horse again!

*(Jacqueline enters from the gangway. She is cool, composed, and looks quietly amused with life. She betrays a slightly exaggerated surprise of seeing Kay)*

Jackie:

Hullo, Kay, how surprising! I thought you and Simon were going down river to Cairo. I never expected to find you here.

Kay:

*(Stunned)*

I – you – didn't –

*(Simon springs up, his face black with rage)*

Simon:

Look here, Jackie –

*(He stops)*

Jackie:

*(Sweetly)*

Yes, Simon? How hot you look, it is hot, isn't it?

Kay:

*(Dumbfounded)*

Yes – it's the glass here – makes it very hot, I think.

*(The Canon watches with great interest)*

Simon:

So you're still playing this game, are you?

Jackie:

I don't know what you mean. I thought the trip up to the second cataract sounded so interesting.

Simon:

Oh, cut it out, Jackie!

Jackie:

But surely, Simon, you and Kay were going to Cairo tomorrow? Everybody in the hotel was saying so.

Simon:

Sometimes one alters one's plans.

Jackie:

Yes, I altered mine.

Simon:

You can't go on doing this sort of thing, you know! It's it's so – so utterly unreasonable!

Jackie:

What are you talking about, Simon?

*(She looks about)*

This seems a nice boat. I shall enjoy this trip to Wadi Halfa. Especially now that I've found friends on board. I must find out where my cabin is.

*(The steward enters from the right deck)*

Steward:

Miss de Severac? Welcome to *Lotus*. This way, please.

*(They exit to the right deck)*