

The Wedding at Ghostmoor Castle

A play by Beat Brodbeck

Characters

in order of appearance

Brian Happydale,	<i>a young man</i>
Mrs Candymouth,	<i>the owner of a sweet shop</i>
Mrs Blossomcheek,	<i>the owner of a flower shop</i>
Mary,	<i>Mrs Blossomcheek's assistant</i>
Mrs Goldfinger,	<i>the owner of a jeweller's shop</i>
Greengrocer	
Greengrocer's Wife	
Baker	
Baker's Wife	
Mr Bonebreaker,	<i>a butcher</i>
Mrs Bonebreaker,	<i>his wife</i>
Policeman	
Mr Happydale,	<i>Brian's father</i>
Mrs Happydale,	<i>Brian's mother</i>
Mr Smarthead,	<i>an intellectual</i>
Mr Cleverbrain,	<i>Mr Smarthead's friend</i>
Julie McPhantom,	<i>Brian Happydale's fiancée</i>
Mr McPhantom,	<i>Julie's father;</i> <i>the owner of Ghostmoor Castle</i>
1st Guard	
2nd Guard	
Mrs Sourdough,	<i>the cook at Ghostmoor Castle</i>
Servants	
Lady Beryl,	<i>one of Julie's ancestors</i>
Lady Victoria,	<i>one of Julie's ancestors</i>
Lady Ethel,	<i>one of Julie's ancestors</i>

SCENE 1

Sweet Shop

Brian: Good morning, Mrs Candymouth.

Mrs Candymouth: Good morning, Brian. Can I help you?

Brian: I want a box of chocolates – a large one, please.

Mrs Candymouth: Yes. Well, I've got "*Summer Fields*" here – genuine Swiss milk chocolate, with a beautiful picture on the box.

Brian: Oh, I don't know about this cow. I'm not sure if it's suitable.

Mrs Candymouth: Well then, I've got another box here with a charming donkey on it.

Brian: A donkey?
I see, well ... haven't you got anything else?

Mrs Candymouth: Yes, of course. There is one with an absolutely lovely chicken on it.

Brian: A chicken? Oh yes – very nice indeed. But, er, what about that box over there?

Mrs Candymouth: The one with the roses?

Brian: Exactly, that's the one I mean.

Mrs Candymouth: Let me see now. Er, six pounds twenty.

Brian: That's fine.

Mrs Candymouth: Do you want me to wrap it up nicely?

Brian: Well yes, if you don't mind.

Mrs Candymouth: *She shows the paper to him.*
Will this be all right? Isn't it nice?
You see I always keep some particularly nice paper for such occasions.

Brian: That's very considerate of you.

Mrs Candymouth: Courting a pretty girl then, Brian?

Brian: Well, you see, I'm getting married.

Mrs Candymouth: Are you really?
And when is the great day?

Brian: Tomorrow.

Mrs Candymouth: And who is the happy bride?

Brian: Julie McPhantom.

Mrs Candymouth: *In utter bewilderment. She drops the parcel.*
What ? You mean ...? No!
Julie McPhantom? Oh, oh, poor boy!
Here is your parcel.

Brian: *He takes the parcel, walks to the door, then turns around.*
But I haven't given you the money.

Mrs Candymouth: *Still thunderstruck* Oh, that's right.

Brian: Here you are, six pounds twenty.

Mrs Candymouth: *She is still staring at him.*
Thank you. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

SCENE 2

Flower shop

Brian: Hello, Mrs Blossomcheek.

Mrs Blossomcheek: Hello, Brian. What can I do for you?

Brian: Have you got any roses?

Mrs Blossomcheek: Yes, over here. Just look at them,
they have just come in. Aren't they beauties?
Fresh as the morning dew.

Brian: Yes, they are very nice.

Mrs Blossomcheek: How many would you like?

Brian: How much are they?

Mrs Blossomcheek: Forty pence each, for you.

Brian: Let's make it seven then.

Mrs Blossomcheek: Fine, that will be a lovely bunch, won't it?
Oh, I've run out of wrapping paper.
In a shrill voice Mary!
To Brian, quietly She's asleep again!
Louder Mary!

Mary: What's the matter, Madam?

Mrs Blossomcheek: Go and get me a new roll of wrapping paper,
and be quick about it! We can't keep this
young gentleman waiting, can we?
She shows the roses to Brian:
Nice, aren't they?
I'm sure she'll be pleased.
Are they for your new girlfriend?

Brian: Well, I'm getting married tomorrow.

Mary: *She brings the paper* Here you are, Madam.
She goes out

Mrs Blossomcheek: Thank you, Mary. *To Brian*
Getting married, at your young age?
And who is the lucky lady?

Brian: Julie McPhantom.

Mrs Blossomcheek: *Suddenly very serious* You mean Julie
McPhantom of Ghostmoor Castle?
How dreadful! ... – I mean, er, oh ... –
the tower there is dreadfully dark, isn't it?

Brian: *Coldly* Here is the money, Mrs Blossomcheek.

Mrs Blossomcheek: Yes, yes, thank you. And here's the change.
Two pounds twenty.

Brian: Goodbye, Mrs Blossomcheek.

Mrs Blossomcheek: Goodbye to you. God bless you. *Exit Brian.*

SCENE 3 **Jeweller's shop**

Brian: Morning, Mrs Goldfinger.
How are you today?

Mrs Goldfinger: Who is it? Oh, it's Brian Happydale.
Well, my eyes aren't what they used to be.
I'm not getting any younger, you know.
And how are you?

Brian: I'm all right, thanks.

Mrs Goldfinger: And what is it you want?

Brian: I'd like to have a ring.

Mrs Goldfinger: Is it one for yourself?

Brian: No, for a lady.

Mrs Goldfinger: Oh, I see. Is it for a young lady?

Brian: Yes, quite young, in fact she is my fiancée.

Mrs Goldfinger: So we must find something to match her hand.
What is her hand like?

Brian: Well, em, er, rather pretty.

Mrs Goldfinger: I hope so. Look here. I think you will find
something suitable among these.

Brian: Oh, wonderful! This is a beautiful one.
And the blue one is very pretty too.
But this one I like best.

Mrs Goldfinger: You have certainly made a good choice.
I must congratulate you on your taste.
Of course, it's the most expensive one too.
But it's worth the money.
It's a hundred and twenty-five pounds.
But for you I'll make it a hundred and twenty.
Will that be all right?

Brian: That's very kind of you, Mrs Goldfinger. Here
is the money. Do you think it'll fit? My
fiancée must be able to wear it at the wedding.

Mrs Goldfinger: That obviously depends on your fiancée's
finger. But we can easily adapt it if it doesn't
fit. When is the wedding, by the way?

Brian: Tomorrow.

Mrs Goldfinger: I see. And who is the young lady?

Brian: Julie McPhantom.
Mrs Goldfinger: Good lord above! McPhantom, you said?
Of Ghostmoor Castle?
Brian: *Quickly* Yes. Well, I must be going.
Bye bye, Mrs Goldfinger. *Exit Brian*

SCENE 4 The street outside the shops

*Mrs Goldfinger walks out of her shop
and meets Mrs Candymouth and Mrs Blossomcheek.*

Mrs Goldfinger: Have you heard the news?
Mrs Blossomcheek: It's terrible!
Mrs Goldfinger: Isn't it?
Mrs Candymouth: Absolutely shocking!
Mrs Goldfinger: Isn't it? Poor boy!

*The greengrocer with his wife, the baker and his wife
and the butcher and his wife come out to see what is
going on. They all talk at the same time.*

Mrs Candymouth: *To the greengrocer* I'm sure you haven't heard
yet.
Greengrocer: What do you mean?
Mrs Candymouth: Brian Happydale is going to marry ...
Julie McPhantom!
Greengrocer's wife: Julie McPhantom! Good gracious!

Baker: *To Mrs Blossomcheek* What's going on here?
Mrs Blossomcheek: Isn't it terrible? Brian Happydale is going to
marry Julie McPhantom of Ghostmoor Castle!
Baker: Oh no!
Mrs Blossomcheek: Awful, isn't it?

Butcher: *To Mrs Goldfinger* What's all the fuss about here?

Mrs Goldfinger: Just listen to this: Brian Happydale is going to marry Julie McPhantom!

Butcher: What?

Policeman: *As he enters everybody stops talking* Now then, now then! What's all the excitement about?

Baker's wife: Constable, if you only knew what's going to happen!

Policeman: What then?

Butcher's wife: Brian Happydale is going to marry Julie McPhantom of Ghostmoor Castle!

Policeman: — So what?

All: Don't you know?

Policeman: I don't know anything.
I've only been in this place for six months.

All: We must tell him.

Butcher: There is a curse on the family of Ghostmoor Castle.

Policeman: I'm not superstitious!

Greengrocer's wife: Every lady of this castle who gets married loses her first husband within three days of the wedding!

Baker: And only the second husband stays alive!

Baker's wife: This is because exactly one hundred years ago the Lady of Ghostmoor Castle – Beryl was her name – poisoned her husband on the third day after the wedding.
Ever since then there has been an evil spell on this castle that the first husband of every lady must die.

Greengrocer: That is what happened to the young husband of Julie's great-grandmother Victoria.

Baker: He was followed twenty-five years later
by the husband of Julie's grandmother Ethel.

Butcher's wife: And I remember the day when the husband of
Julie's mother Emily was taken to his grave.

Butcher: And the next victim will be Brian Happydale.

Baker: Unless we warn him.

All: We MUST warn him.
Enter Mr and Mrs Happydale.

Greengrocer's wife: Here are his parents.

All: Good morning, Mr and Mrs Happydale.

Mr and Mrs H.: Good morning, everybody.

Mr Happydale: You all seem to be very excited.

Butcher: Actually, we have just been talking about your
son. We are very worried about his marriage.

Mrs Happydale: Well you can imagine how upset we are.

Baker's wife: Haven't you warned him?

Mr Happydale: We have talked about it over and over again,
but he wouldn't listen to us.
He wants to have his own way.

Greengrocer: We want to warn him again, all the same.

Mrs Happydale: We would be much obliged if you did that.

Mr Happydale: Who knows, perhaps he will take advice from
you rather than from us.

Butcher: I will get Brian here at six o'clock this
evening and then we can talk to him.

All: Okay. – I'll be here. – All right. – I'll come.
Exit all except Mr Smarthead and Mr Cleverbrain.

Mr Smarthead: Did you hear that?

Mr Cleverbrain: Sounds quite interesting.

Mr Smarthead: I shall be here at six o'clock this evening.

Mr Cleverbrain: So will I. *Exit*

SCENE 5

Ghostmoor Castle

- Brian: *He is walking up and down, waiting for Julie. Julie comes in:*
Hello, Julie. I'm so glad to see you!
- Julie: Oh Brian, I'm so scared!
- Brian: Don't think of it, Julie. Look what I've brought you. *He gives her the roses.*
- Julie: How sweet of you, Brian! Aren't they lovely!
- Brian: I'm glad you like them.
- Julie: But I'm always thinking of the same terrible thing.
- Brian: We must try and forget it.
Look, maybe this will help a bit.
- Julie: Oh darling, what a huge box!
- Brian: Have one right away.
- Julie: *She eats one.* Mmmm, they are delicious!
You must try one too.
- Brian: *He takes one.* Thank you.
- Julie: Look, Brian, I have to say it again –
you must feel free to leave me.
The danger is too great.
We can still call the wedding off.
- Brian: Nonsense! Let's talk of something else.
- Julie: At least let me show you the portraits
of my unfortunate ancestors.
Then I will have done all I can.
- Brian: All right, if it's any comfort to you.
- Julie: *She takes him over to the portraits, starting with the fourth.* This is my mother Emily.
Her first husband died on the third day after
the wedding. *The third portrait* This one here is
my grandmother Ethel whose first husband
died in the same way. *The second portrait* And
this is Victoria who was the first to be struck
by this terrible fate. *The first portrait* Here is
the ill-

fated Lady Beryl who caused the disaster.
When she died her portrait turned all black.
A painter was called to restore it, but the
brush was knocked from his hand and the
paint splashed into his face by some invisible
force. So it has been left black ever since. *She
moves away from the portraits.* Oh, it makes me
shiver just look at these pictures!

Brian: Let's get out of here. Now, Julie, you must try
to forget all these depressing tales. Take this
ring as a sign of brighter days to come.
Tomorrow I'll move in here, and we'll give
this place a thorough airing and fill it with
cheerful laughter. There will be no time left
for such unpleasant business as your ancestors
have been meddling with.

Julie: Thank you, Brian. I do hope you are right.
Exit Brian and Julie.

SCENE 6

Street

Butcher: Hello Brian.

Brian: Good afternoon, Mr Bonebreaker.

Butcher: Look, this is urgent.
There are a few people who want to talk to
you.
Can you come right away?

Brian: All right, I'll come at once.
Enter the same group of people as in the morning.

All: Hello Brian.

Brian: Good afternoon, everybody. *A long pause*

Policeman: Brian, we have asked you to come here
because you are in serious danger
and we want to warn you.

Brian: *Coldly* I see, what is it then? *A long pause*

Baker's wife: You are going to marry a person of the name of McPhantom ...

Brian: *He interrupts her.* I know what you want to tell me. It's that stupid story about the dying husbands. I know that one. I know it very well. In fact, I know it so well that I'm quite fed up with it. Don't waste both your time and mine. Tomorrow will be my wedding day and I invite you all to the celebration at the castle. The constable here and those two gentlemen over there must come too. *He points to Mr Smarthead and Mr Cleverbrain.* Come on, mother, and you too, father – cheer up now!
Exit Brian and the others.

Mr Smarthead: In three days he will be dead.

Mr Cleverbrain: I'm willing to bet fifty gold sovereigns that he will not die.

Mr Smarthead: I'll take you up on that. Fifty gold sovereigns from me if he does not die.

Mr Cleverbrain: The matter will be finally decided on the fourth day after the wedding, early in the morning.

Mr Smarthead: I agree. You're on. *Curtain*

SCENE 7 Dining Hall in Ghostmoor Castle

The wedding company is moving in and sitting down at the table, Julie and Brian are in the middle, with Julie's father on one side and Brian's parents on the other.

Mr McPhantom: *Loudly, to all the guests* It is a great honor and pleasure for me to welcome you all to the venerable rooms of Ghostmoor Castle. First of all I would like to congratulate our newly-wedded couple on this wonderful day, and then say a special word to the parents of my new son-in-law, Mr and Mrs Happydale. And now, let us drink to the health, happiness and long life of our young couple!

Everybody lifts his glass to Julie and Brian.

- Mrs Happydale: I have just been wondering, Mr McPhantom – who are the ladies in these portraits, and why is the one at the far end so black?
- Mr McPhantom: Er, em, since the musicians are ready to play, I, er, suggest that we first listen to them, and I, er, will explain to you later. *Loudly* Music please! *Music*
- Mr McPhantom: May I now ask bride and bridegroom to open the dance? *Dance*
- Mr McPhantom: My dear friends, honoured guests, the time is near midnight and we must part. Unfortunately a dreadful storm is raging outside and it's raining cats and dogs. So it may be rather unpleasant for you to return home. Now you are welcome to spend the night here. There are bedrooms enough for all of you, but I must warn you: there is one drawback – this castle is said to be haunted. The story goes that the ghosts are always particularly active during the nights following a wedding.
- Greengrocer: I would sooner put up with an army of ghosts than go out into that ghastly weather outside.
- Greengrocer's wife: As long as the policeman stays I'm not afraid. He will see to it that there are no illegal activities on the part of any ghosts.
- Policeman: I don't believe in ghosts and I'm not afraid of them. I will stay for the night.
- Baker: I'm not afraid either. Once I'm asleep not even the devil himself can wake me up.
- Mr Smarthead: I don't mind ghosts.
I make money out of them.
- Mr Cleverbrain: I'm sure there are no ghosts.
If there were it would cost me a lot of money.
- Butcher: If the ghost sees that I'm a butcher, he will be afraid of me! Ha, ha, ha!

Mr McPhantom: You will be happy to hear
that I have two guards who will be on duty
outside the front door all night.
They have strict orders to let no one past.

Greengrocer: What good news!

Butcher's wife: Then we can all feel safe.

Mr McPhantom: All right, may I ask my guests to follow my
servants to their rooms? Julie and Brian, I
wish you a good night. Mr and Mrs
Happydale, will you please follow me. *Exit
all.*

SCENE 8 **Still in the dining hall at the Castle**

*The stage is rather dark. Suddenly the clock begins to
strike midnight. When it has finished, the lady in the
black portrait moves and begins to speak.*

Lady Beryl: *Slowly* Victoria, my daughter, I am called forth
from years of darkness. It is a wedding that
has taken place. Wake up and do what is your
duty!

Lady Victoria: Horrible memory, will you never fade?
Ethel, my poor daughter, I beg you now
to rise and act according to the spell.

Lady Ethel: Alas, how painful it is to awake from the
sweet slumber of the years. Emily, my child, I
sense a bride in the house with her first and
only husband.
Now it is your turn to fulfil the curse.

Lady Emily: So it is you who tears me away from the
charming dreams that have so kindly enfolded
me during the years of night. How hard it is to
take up the business of the living again! But
since we must do what cannot be avoided, let
us first wander through the castle to see what
has changed since we passed away.

*The four ladies step down out of their picture frames.
After walking around the stage for a while they vanish
on different sides.*

- Greengrocer & wife: *They run onto the stage, shouting.*
A ghost, a ghost, a real ghost!
*They try to leave at the side and are scared back by
Lady Ethel.*
Oh, here's another! Help! Help! Help!
They run over to where the guards are standing.
- Greengrocer's wife: Please, soldiers, let us pass,
there are real ghosts in this place!
They hurry past the guards.
- 1st Guard: Funny people.
- 2nd Guard: Had a bad dream, probably.
- Policeman: *He runs on in panic.*
Help! There should be a law against this!
I've seen a real ghost! I tried to touch it, but
there wasn't anything there, nothing at all, just
thin air! I tell you it's uncanny.
He looks round him. Good heavens, where are
the ladies from the pictures? The frames are
empty! *The four ladies creep in from different sides
and dance around him.*
For heaven's sake, who are you?
- The ladies: The ladies from the pictures! Uuuuuuhhh!
They dance out.
- Policeman: *Weakly* I'd better clear out of here.
We've never been taught to deal with ghosts.
Here's a window. I think I can climb down.
I'll be glad when I'm out of here!
- Mr Cleverbrain: A ghost, a ghost, a real ghost! Quick, let me
get out of here! *He runs out at the side.*
- Cook: *She comes on, pushing Cleverbrain back onto the stage
in front of her.* What are you up to, you nasty
little man, messing around in the kitchen in
the
middle of the night? Out with you!

Mr Cleverbrain: *Shivering* A ghost, a ghost, a ghost!

Cook: What ghost? I'll give you ghosts!
I'm a most physical cook, I am!
She shakes him till his teeth rattle. Can you feel me?

Mr Cleverbrain: Help! Help! Help!

Cook: *She pushes him away.* Now hop along and don't
you start poking around in the kitchen again!
Exit Cook.

Enter Mr Smarthead.

Mr Cleverbrain: Oh Smarthead, this is an awful place!

Mr Smarthead: You see, didn't I tell you?
I KNEW there were ghosts.

Mr Cleverbrain: Psht! Where is the way out?

Mr Smarthead: *To the guards* Here, gentlemen, a sovereign
each for letting us pass. *Exit both.*

1st Guard: What do you say to that?

2nd Guard: Let's hope that ghost goes on for some time.
It's good business for us.

Mrs C, Mrs B & Mrs G *Mrs Candymouth, Mrs Blossomcheek and Mrs
Goldfinger rush in, from different sides, all screaming
at the same time.*

A ghost!

*They are terrified again at the sight of each other, and
all start shouting at the same time.*

Mrs Candymouth: Good heavens, more ghosts!

Mrs Blossomcheek: Help, help, ghosts again!

Mrs Goldfinger: I'm dying, ghosts!

Mrs Candymouth: Oh no, thank goodness, it's you!

They all collapse together in the middle of the stage.

Mrs Blossomcheek: Candymouth, how glad I am to see you!

Mrs Goldfinger: Come on, let's get away from this place!
There is the way out.

1st Guard: *The guards stop the three from leaving.*
Where do you want to go
in the middle of the night?

Mrs Candymouth: Please let us pass!
Look, take tis box of chocolates! *Exit all three*

1st Guard: Not bad, is it? Try one of these.

2nd Guard: Jolly good.
Let's make ready for more business!

Baker
The Baker and his wife come out backwards onto the
stage, pointing to the room they have left.
Can you see her?

Baker's wife: She is moving towards us now!

Baker: Come on, let's run! *They turn and find themselves
facing Lady Victoria. Screaming, they run to the side.
The baker pushes the guards aside.*
Get out of the way, you idiots!
Ghosts behind us! *Exit baker and his wife.*

1st Guard: Hey, gently, gently!

2nd Guard: He forgot to give us something!

Butcher: *He runs on with his wife behind him.*
Come on, let's get out of here!
They are scared back by Lady Beryl.
Back! There's another one.
Look, here's a window. Let's jump!

Butcher's wife: Is it high?

Butcher: I don't know. But I'd sooner break all my
bones than stay here. Come on, give me your
hand, we'll jump together. One, two, three!
They jump. A loud fall can be heard.

Butcher: *Shouting* Ouch! My leg!

Butcher's wife: Are you all right?
Butcher: I think I can still walk. Quick. Let's go.
1st Guard: Let's see if anyone else is coming.
They walk onto the stage and watch the following scene.
Lady Beryl: Now, my daughters, the house is free of any unnecessary witnesses. The parents of the young man can stay. They will have to arrange his funeral shortly. We three elder ones must now retire. It's up to you, Emily, to cope with this young man, Brian Happydale.
Beryl, Victoria and Ethel step back into their frames.
1st Guard: Did you see that?
2nd Guard: Let's go, quick!
They run away.

SCENE 9 Brian's Bedroom

Lady Emily: *She looks out through the curtains behind Brian's bed.*
Brian! Uuuuuuhhh!
Brian: What's that? Oh no, leave me in peace!
Emily: Brian, get up! Your last hour has struck!
I have come to take you away!
Brian: Don't make such a nuisance of yourself!
I'm not in the mood for such bad jokes.
Emily: Brian, say good-bye to your young wife
and follow me to the land of shadows!
Uuuuuuhhh!
Brian: *He gets out of bed. I'm fed up with it.*
I don't think you're funny at all. In fact, it's a pretty poor show you are giving. Even I could do better than that. I'm going to show you.
Brian goes out and comes back disguised as a ghost.
He starts speaking in a high voice.
I am the ghost with the twisted nose.
Everyone

I touch will get a twisted nose just like me.

The cook comes onto the stage.

You see this beautiful young lady?
I twist her nose and now look at her!

The cook has got a long twisted nose.

She can smell everything she is cooking even better! But you'd better keep the lids on your pans or you will burn your nose in the soup you are cooking!

Emily: *Chuckling with laughter* I can't help laughing!
But I feel so weak. I can't stand anymore.
Exit Emily.

Brian: Where is my ghost? Aha, she was afraid of getting a twisted nose too! Let's hope she will give us peace now. I'm going back to sleep.
He gets back into bed.

SCENE 10 The Dining Hall

Emily: *She climbs back into her frame, whispering to Lady Ethel.*

Mother, that young man Brian wasn't afraid of me, and he made me laugh.
I feel so weak now ...

Lady Ethel: *To Victoria* Mother, that young man Brian wasn't afraid of Emily, and he made her laugh. She feels so weak now ...

Lady Victoria: *To Lady Beryl* Mother, that young man Brian wasn't afraid of Emily, and he made her laugh. She feels so weak now ...

Lady Beryl: If that is so, the spell is broken. Not to be afraid and to make the ghost laugh was the secret weapon which alone could bring about rescue. *Loudly* The curse is now taken from the McPhantom family!

The three other ladies utter sighs of relief.

SCENE 11

Still in the Dining Hall

Smarthead and Cleverbrain creep in at the side of the stage.

Mr Smarthead: It's the morning of the fourth day
after the wedding.

Mr Cleverbrain: I haven't heard anything
about Brian's death yet.

Mr Smarthead: You don't know what happened last night.

Mr Cleverbrain: Let's go and have a look.

They move cautiously onto the stage.

Mr Smarthead: No one around

Mr Cleverbrain: Still asleep

Mr Smarthead: Or dead!

Mr Cleverbrain: Psht!

*When they pass in front of the portraits their purses are
knocked out of their hands by Lady Victoria and Lady
Ethel.*

Mr Cleverbrain: What was that?

Mr Smarthead: More ghosts?

Mr Cleverbrain: That woman in the portrait moved!

Mr Smarthead: Let's get away from here!

Mr Cleverbrain: Quick! *They stop outside.*

Mr Smarthead: We have lost our money.

Mr Cleverbrain: I will never go back there.

Mr Smarthead: All right. If the young man is dead,
they can pay for his funeral with it.

Mr Cleverbrain: And if he is still alive
they'll have something to live on.

Mr Smarthead: Okay. *Exit both.*

SCENE 12

Still in the Dining Hall

- Brian: This is the fourth day after our wedding, and I'm still alive.
- Julie: Brian, are you all right? I was wide awake all night and I only went to sleep for a bit towards morning. Oh, I'm so happy! *Looking around* Oh, look at that, the portrait of Lady Beryl is no longer black!
- Brian: How strange!
- Julie: Look, what's that lying there? *She takes up one of the purses, Brian takes the other one.* There's gold in here!
- Brian: And in this one too.
- Julie: I wonder who put it there.
Let's call our parents. *Loudly* Father!
- Brian: *Loudly* Mother! Father!
Enter Mr McPhantom and Mr and Mrs Happydale.
- Mrs Happydale: Are you all right, Brian? How wonderful! I'm so happy.
- Mr McPhantom: *Pointing to the portrait of Lady Beryl*
The old lady seems to have got back some of her beauty!
- Julie: Psht, father, don't make her angry!
But look what we have found ...
- Mr McPhantom: Gold! Well, jolly good. Now you can think out what you want to do with it.
- Julie: Oh yes, let's do that right away.
- Brian: Yes, but first let's go somewhere else.
I don't like THESE watching us!
He points to the portraits.

Final Curtain