

APRIL DE ANGELIS

dear. But in answer to that I have been told to reply that indeed there was no precedent for a wig till the first man did wear one. And now. Lo! There is scarcely a fellow who does not sport one. Bristly or fluffy. You cannot step out of doors nowadays but you see a periwig advancing towards you at great speed and in danger of toppling. *(Pause.)* Sorry, I do digress. *(Pause.)* No, my dear, we were not referring to your particular wig. How could you think so? *(Pause.)* Dear heart, they will have shares. Shares, shares, they talk nothing but shares. They say you have shares and they will have them too. Company shares and profits. *(Pause.)* You may say that they have got above themselves. What with all the fuss there is about them. Royalty and whatnot. Carriages and flowers, messages and hangers on. That may be the case. Indeed it may. But that does not alter the fact that they will not be dissuaded from their course. They say that the town does not come to see fusty old men in squashed hats declaim Caesar but to see actresses in the flesh, living and breathing, the real creatures. *(Pause)* Squashed. *(Pause.)* Yes, I explained that it was your lucky hat, my dear, passed down through the generations. *(Pause.)* I can't remember their reply to that. *(Pause.)* No! It is not that I am asking. I ask only because I am asked to ask. But still, it would seem unfair to me that the others should have shares and I none. Am I to sit in the tiring room and watch them count out their coins while I knit mittens? Why, I should not like that. Indeed no. ~~Also, dear, we need a new cupboard for the cheeses~~