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## Importance Of Being Earnest, The (2002)

Hey! Hey!  
There he is!  
Where's he going?  
-Bastard!  
Stop!  
You won't get away, sir!  
Time to pay your debt.  
Hey!  
Did you hear  
what I was playing, Lane?  
I didn't think it  
polite to listen, sir.  
I'm sorry for that,  
for your sake.  
I don't play accurately--  
anyone can play accurately--  
but I play with  
wonderful expression.  
Yes, sir.  
Bills, bills, bills--  
all I ever get is bills.  
And then  
there's the matter...  
of my unpaid wages, sir.  
Yet again the wasteful habits  
of my brother Ernest...

tear me from my duties here.

Yes, sir.

It's a terrible nuisance,

but there's nothing to be done.

I shall return Monday afternoon.

Yes, sir.

Pay particular attention,

if you will, Miss Prism...

to her German grammar.

Yes, Mr. Worthing.

I don't suppose you've

found my cigarette case...

have you, Merriman?

We're still looking, sir.

Walk on.

Hey!

Excuse me.

Ernest!

-Algy!

-How are you, my dear Ernest?

-What brings you up to town?

-Oh, pleasure, pleasure.

What else should

bring one anywhere?

Where have you been

since last Thursday?

In the country.

You're always in the country.

What on earth do you do there?

Well, when one is in town,

one amuses oneself.

When one is in the country,

one amuses other people.

It's excessively boring.

-Who are these people you amuse?

-Oh, neighbours, neighbours.

Nice neighbours in  
your part of Shropshire?

Perfectly horrid.

Never speak to one of them.

How immensely  
you must amuse them.

By the way, Shropshire  
is your country, is it not?

-What?

-Shropshire.

-Shropshire?

-Mm.

Oh, yes, of course.

Say, dear boy...

What plans have you got  
for tea tomorrow?

You know perfectly well...  
that Aunt Augusta is  
coming to tea tomorrow.

-Aunt Augusta?

-Yes. Aunt Augusta...

And Gwendolen.

How perfectly delightful.

Perhaps I might pay my respects.

Yes, that is all very well,  
but I'm afraid Aunt Augusta...  
won't approve  
of your being there.

Why do you say that?  
My dear fellow, the way  
that you flirt with Gwendolen...  
is perfectly disgraceful.  
It's almost as bad as the way  
Gwendolen flirts with you.  
-I am in love with Gwendolen.  
-Ahh.  
And I have come up to town  
expressly to propose to her.  
I thought you came up  
for pleasure.  
I call that business.  
Oh, how utterly  
unromantic you are.  
I really don't see what there  
is romantic about proposing.  
Why, one may be accepted.  
One usually is, I believe.  
And then--Ha ha!--  
the excitement is over.  
No. The very essence of  
romance is uncertainty.  
Twenty-five a player.  
Anyway, I certainly  
can't see...  
you and Gwendolen  
being married.  
Why on earth do you say that?  
Well, in the first place,  
I don't give my consent.  
Your consent?

My dear fellow,  
Gwendolen is my cousin...  
and before I allow you  
to marry her...  
you shall have to clear up  
this whole question of Cecily.  
-Cecily?  
-Mm.  
What on earth do you mean?  
I don't know anyone  
by the name of Cecily.  
Do you mean you have had  
my cigarette case all this time?  
I wish to goodness  
you had let me know.  
I've been writing frantic  
letters to Scotland Yard.  
I was very nearly offering  
a very large reward.  
I wish you would offer one.  
I happen to be more  
than usually hard up.  
It makes no matter...  
for I see now the thing  
isn't yours after all.  
Of course it's mine.  
You have seen me with it  
a hundred times.  
Not according  
to the inscription.  
And you have  
no right whatsoever...

to read what is written inside.  
It is a very  
ungentlemanly thing...  
to read  
a private cigarette case.  
Yes, but this isn't  
your cigarette case.  
This cigarette case  
is a present from someone...  
of the name of Cecily,  
and you said...  
you didn't know  
anyone of that name.  
Well, if you want to know,  
Cecily happens to be my aunt.  
Your aunt?  
Yes. charming old lady  
she is, too.  
Lives at Tunbridge Wells.  
Just give it back to me, Algy.  
Yes, but why does your aunt  
call you her uncle?  
"From little Cecily,  
with her fondest love...  
"to her dear Uncle Jack."  
Mmm.  
There is no objection, I admit,  
to an aunt being a small aunt...  
but why an aunt, no matter  
what her size may be...  
should call  
her own nephew her uncle...

I can't quite make out.  
Besides, your name isn't  
Jack at all--it's Ernest.  
It isn't Ernest, it's Jack.  
You've always told me  
it was Ernest.  
I've introduced you  
to everyone as Ernest.  
It is perfectly absurd your  
saying your name isn't Ernest.  
It's on your cards.  
Here is one of them.  
"Mr. Ernest Worthing,  
B.4, The Albany."  
Well, it is Ernest in town  
and Jack in the country...  
and the cigarette case  
was given to me in the country.  
So I've always pretended  
to have a younger brother.  
Ah, of the name of Ernest.  
And little Cecily?  
My ward, Miss Cecily Cardew.  
Where is that place  
in the country, by the way?  
That is nothing  
to you, dear boy.  
You are certainly not  
going to be invited.  
I may tell you candidly  
the place is not in Shropshire.  
Oh, I suspected that,

my dear fellow...  
just as I suspected you  
to be a Bunburyist.  
Indeed, you are one  
of the most advanced...  
Bunburyists I know.  
See you at five.  
Moncrieff!  
A quick word, sir!  
"Bunburyist"?  
Cecily, your German grammar  
is on the table.  
Pray open it at page fifteen.  
We will repeat  
yesterday's lesson.  
But I don't like German.  
It isn't at all  
a becoming language.  
I know perfectly well...  
I look quite plain  
after my German lesson.  
Child, you know how  
anxious your guardian is...  
that you should improve  
yourself in every way.  
Dear Uncle Jack  
is so very serious.  
Sometimes I think he is so  
serious he cannot be quite well.  
Cecily, I'm surprised at you.  
Mr. Worthing has many  
troubles in his life.



You must remember  
his constant anxiety...  
about that unfortunate  
young man, his brother.  
I wish Uncle Jack would allow  
that unfortunate young man...  
his brother,  
to come down here sometimes.  
We might have a good influence  
over him, Miss Prism.  
I'm not sure that I would  
desire to reclaim him.  
I'm not in favour  
of this modern mania...  
for turning bad people  
into good people...  
at a moment's notice.  
Cecily?  
Do your work, child.  
He, she, it praises.  
"Bunburyist"?  
What on earth do you mean  
by a "Bunburyist"?  
You have invented  
a very useful younger brother...  
called Ernest in order  
that you may be able...  
to come up to town  
as often as you like.  
I have invented...  
an invaluable permanent  
invalid called Bunbury...

in order that I may  
be able to go down...  
to the country  
as often as I choose.  
If it wasn't for Bunbury's  
extraordinary bad health...  
for instance, I wouldn't  
be able to dine with you...  
at the Savoy tonight,  
for I've had an appointment...  
with Aunt Augusta  
for more than a week.  
I haven't asked you to dine  
with me anywhere tonight.  
I know.  
You're absurdly careless...  
about giving out invitations.  
Don't touch  
the cucumber sandwiches.  
They were ordered  
especially for Aunt Augusta.  
You've been eating them  
all the time.  
Well, that is quite  
a different matter.  
She is my aunt.  
That must be her.  
Only relatives  
or creditors ever ring...  
in that Wagnerian manner.  
Now, if I manage to get her  
out of the way for 10 minutes...

so that you may have  
an opportunity...  
for proposing to Gwendolen...  
may I dine with you  
at the Savoy tonight?  
Lady Bracknell  
and Miss Fairfax.  
Good afternoon, dear Algy.  
I hope you are  
behaving very well.  
I'm feeling very well,  
Aunt Augusta.  
That's not quite  
the same thing.  
In fact, the two things  
rarely go together.  
Lady Bracknell, I--  
Oh, goodness, you are smart.  
I'm always smart.  
Am I not, Mr. Worthing?  
You are quite perfect,  
Miss Fairfax.  
I hope I am not that.  
It would leave no room  
for development...  
and I intend to develop  
in many directions.  
I'm sorry if  
we're a little late, Algy.  
I was obliged to call  
on dear Lady Harbury.  
I had not been there since

her poor husband's death.  
I never saw a woman so altered.  
She looks quite  
twenty years younger.  
And now I'll have a cup  
of tea and one of those...  
nice cucumber sandwiches  
you promised me.  
Certainly, Aunt Augusta.  
Won't you sit here, Gwendolen?  
Thanks, Mama, I'm quite  
comfortable where I am.  
Good heavens, Lane, why are  
there no cucumber sandwiches?  
There were no cucumbers  
in the market this morning, sir.  
-I went down twice.  
-Oh, no cucumbers?  
No, sir.  
Not even for ready money.  
-That will do, Lane.  
-Thank you, sir.  
I am greatly distressed,  
Aunt Augusta...  
about there being no cucumbers,  
not even for ready money.  
It really makes no matter, Algy.  
I had some crumpets  
with Lady Harbury.  
I've got quite a treat  
for you tonight, Algy.  
I'm going to send you

down with Mary Farquhar.  
-She is such a nice--  
-I'm afraid, Aunt Augusta...  
I shall have to give up  
the pleasure...  
of dining with you tonight.  
I hope not, Algy.  
It will put my table  
completely out.  
It is a great bore,  
and I need hardly say...  
a terrible disappointment  
to me...  
but I've just had  
a telegram to say...  
that my poor friend Bunbury  
is very ill again.  
They seem to think  
I should be with him.  
Very strange.  
This Mr. Bunbury  
seems to suffer...  
from curiously bad health.  
Yes, poor Bunbury  
is a dreadful invalid.  
I must say, Algy,  
I think it is high time...  
Mr. Bunbury made up his mind  
whether to live or die.  
This shilly-shallying with  
the question is absurd.  
I should be much obliged

if you would ask...  
Mr. Bunbury from me  
to be kind enough...  
not to have a relapse  
next Saturday.  
It is my last reception,  
and I rely on you...  
to arrange my music for me.  
I'll speak to Bunbury,  
Aunt Augusta...  
if he's still conscious.  
Now, if you'll follow me  
into the next room...  
I'll run over  
the musical program...  
I've already drawn up  
for the occasion.  
Thank you, Algy.  
It is very  
thoughtful of you.  
Gwendolen,  
you will accompany me.  
Certainly, Mama.  
Charming day it has been,  
Miss Fairfax.  
Pray don't talk to me about  
the weather, Mr. Worthing.  
Whenever people talk  
to me about the weather...  
I always feel quite certain  
that they mean something else...  
and that makes me so nervous.

-I do mean something else.  
-I thought so.  
And I would like  
to take advantage...  
of Lady Bracknell's  
temporary absence--  
I would certainly  
advise you to do so.  
Mama has a way of coming back  
suddenly into a room...  
that I've often had  
to speak to her about.  
Miss Fairfax,  
ever since I met you...  
I have admired you  
more than any girl...  
I have ever met since  
I met you.  
Yes, I'm quite aware  
of the fact.  
And I often wish that  
in public, at any rate...  
you had been  
more demonstrative.  
For me...  
you have always had  
an irresistible fascination.  
Gwendolen--  
Even before I met you...  
I was far from  
indifferent to you.  
We live, as I hope you know,

Mr. Worthing...  
in an age of ideals,  
and my ideal has always been...  
to love someone  
of the name of Ernest.  
There's something  
in that name...  
that inspires  
absolute confidence.  
The moment Algy  
first mentioned to me...  
that he had a friend  
called Ernest...  
I knew I was destined  
to love you.  
-You really love me, Gwendolen?  
-Passionately.  
Darling, you don't know  
how happy you've made me.  
My own Ernest.  
You don't mean  
to say though, dear...  
you couldn't love me  
if my name wasn't Ernest.  
But your name is Ernest.  
Yes, I know it is...  
but supposing  
it was something else?  
Ah. Well, that is clearly  
a metaphysical speculation...  
and like most  
metaphysical speculations...



has very little  
reference at all...  
to the actual facts  
of real life as we know them.  
Personally, darling,  
to speak quite candidly...  
I don't much care about  
the name of Ernest.  
I don't think  
it suits me at all.  
It suits you perfectly.  
It is a divine name.  
It has a music of its own.  
It produces vibrations.  
Well, really, Gwendolen...  
I must say I think there are  
lots of other much nicer names.  
I think...  
Jack, for instance,  
a charming name.  
Jack?  
I've known several Jacks,  
and they all...  
without exception,  
were more than usually plain.  
Mm.  
The only really  
safe name is Ernest.  
Gwendolen, we must  
get married at once.  
Married, Mr. Worthing?  
Well, surely.

You know that I love you,  
and you led me to believe...  
Miss Fairfax, that you were not  
absolutely indifferent to me.  
I adore you.  
But you haven't  
proposed to me yet.  
Nothing's been said  
at all about marriage.  
The subject has not even  
been touched on.  
Gwendolen.  
Yes, Mr. Worthing,  
what have you to say to me?  
You know what  
I have to say to you.  
Yes, but you don't say it.  
Gwendolen, will you marry me?  
Mr. Worthing!  
Rise, sir, from this  
semi-recumbent posture.  
It is most indecorous.  
Mama! I must beg you to retire.  
Mr. Worthing has not  
quite finished yet.  
Finished what, may I ask?  
I am engaged to be married  
to Mr. Worthing, Mama.  
Pardon me, Gwendolen.  
You are not engaged to anyone.  
When you do become  
engaged to someone...

I or your father, should  
his health permit him...  
will inform you of the fact.  
You will wait for me  
below in the carriage.  
-Mama--  
-In the carriage, Gwendolen.  
Gwendolen! The carriage!  
I feel bound to tell you,  
Mr. Worthing...  
you are not down on my list  
of eligible young men.  
However, I'm quite ready...  
to enter your name  
as a possible candidate.  
Perhaps you would attend  
a meeting at my house...  
at eleven o'clock  
tomorrow morning.  
I shall have a few questions  
to put to you.  
Algernon?  
So, did you tell  
Gwendolen the truth...  
about being Ernest in town  
and Jack in the country?  
My dear fellow...  
the truth isn't quite  
the sort of thing...  
one tells to  
a nice, sweet, refined girl.  
What extraordinary

ideas you have...  
about the way to behave  
to a woman.  
The only way  
to behave to a woman...  
is to make love to her  
if she's pretty...  
and to someone else  
if she is plain.  
That is nonsense.  
You never talk anything  
but nonsense.  
Well, nobody ever does.  
Oh, my dear fellow,  
you forgot to pay the bill.  
Not at all, I make it a point  
never to pay at the Savoy.  
Why on earth not?  
You have heaps of money.  
Yes, but Ernest hasn't...  
and he's got quite  
a reputation to keep up.  
Cecily?  
More intellectual pleasures  
await you, my child.  
You should put away  
your diary, Cecily.  
I really don't see why  
you should keep a diary at all.  
I keep a diary  
in order to enter...  
the wonderful

secrets of my life.  
If I didn't write them down...  
I should probably  
forget all about them.  
Memory, my dear Cecily...  
is the diary that we  
all carry about with us.  
I believe memory  
is responsible...  
for nearly all these  
three-volume novels...  
people write nowadays.  
Do not speak slightingly of  
the three-volume novel, Cecily.  
I wrote one myself  
in earlier days.  
Did you really, Miss Prism?  
I hope it did not end happily.  
The good ended happily  
and the bad unhappily.  
That is what fiction means.  
Do your work, child.  
These speculations  
are profitless.  
But I see  
dear Dr. Chasuble...  
coming through the garden.  
Oh, Dr. Chasuble!  
This is indeed a pleasure.  
And how are we today?  
Miss Prism, you are,  
I trust, well.

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.  
Cecily! I have not mentioned  
anything about a headache.  
No, dear Miss Prism.  
I know that...  
but I felt instinctively  
that you had a headache.  
Indeed, I was  
thinking about that...  
and not my German lesson  
when the rector came along.  
I hope, Cecily,  
you are not inattentive.  
-I am afraid I am.  
-That's strange.  
Were I fortunate enough  
to be Miss Prism's pupil...  
I would hang upon her lips.  
I spoke metaphorically.  
My metaphor  
was drawn from...bees.  
Ahem. I shall, um...  
see you both, no doubt,  
at Evensong.  
Good luck, sir.  
Ernest!

-This way, sir.  
-Shall I, uh--  
You can take a seat,  
Mr. Worthing.  
Thank you, Lady Bracknell.  
I prefer standing.  
Do you smoke?  
Well, yes,  
I must admit I smoke.  
I'm glad to hear it.  
A man should always have  
an occupation of some kind.  
There are far too many  
idle men in London as it is.  
-How old are you?  
-Thirty-five.  
A very good age  
to be married at.  
I've always been of opinion...  
that a man who desires  
to get married...  
should know either  
everything or nothing.  
Which do you know?  
I know nothing, Lady Bracknell.  
I'm pleased to hear it.  
I do not approve  
of anything that tampers...  
with natural ignorance.  
Ignorance is like  
a delicate, exotic fruit.  
Touch it,

and the bloom is gone.  
The whole theory  
of modern education...  
is radically unsound.  
Fortunately, in England,  
at any rate...  
education produces  
no effect whatsoever.  
If it did, it would prove  
a serious danger...  
to the upper classes  
and probably lead...  
to acts of violence  
in Grosvenor Square.  
-What is your income?  
-Between 7 and 8,000 a year.  
-In land or in investments?  
-In investments, chiefly.  
Oh, that is satisfactory.  
I have a country house  
with some land...  
of course, attached to it.  
About 1,500 acres, I believe.  
You have a town house, I hope.  
A girl with a simple, unspoiled  
nature like Gwendolen...  
could hardly be expected  
to reside in the country.  
Well, of course I also own  
a house in Belgrave Square.  
-Number?  
-A hundred and forty-nine.



The unfashionable side.  
I thought there was something.  
However, that could  
easily be altered.  
Do you mean the fashion  
or the side?  
Well, both, if necessary,  
I presume.  
Are your parents living?  
I have lost both my parents.  
To lose one parent,  
Mr. Worthing...  
may be regarded  
as a misfortune.  
To lose both  
looks like carelessness.  
Who was your father?  
He was evidently  
a man of some wealth.  
I'm afraid  
I really don't know.  
The fact is, Lady Bracknell,  
I said I had lost my parents.  
It would be nearer the truth...  
to say my parents  
seem to have lost me.  
I actually don't know  
who I am by birth.  
I was--  
Well, I was found.  
Found?  
The late Mr. Thomas Cardew,

an old gentleman...  
of a very charitable  
and kindly disposition...  
found me and gave me  
the name of Worthing...  
because he happened to have  
a first-class ticket...  
for Worthing  
in his pocket at the time.  
Worthing is a place in Sussex.

It is a seaside resort.  
And where did this  
charitable gentlemen...  
with a first-class ticket  
for the seaside resort...  
find you?

In a handbag.

-A handbag?

-Yes, Lady Bracknell.

I was in a handbag--  
a somewhat large, um,  
black leather handbag...  
with handles to it.

An ordinary handbag, in fact.

In what locality did this  
Mr. James or Thomas Cardew...

come across this  
ordinary handbag?

In the cloakroom  
at Victoria Station.

It was given him  
in mistake for his own.

The cloakroom  
at Victoria Station?  
Yes. The Brighton line.  
The line is immaterial.  
Mr. Worthing, I confess  
I am somewhat bewildered...  
by what you have just told me.  
To be born or at any rate  
bred in a handbag...  
whether it has handles or not...  
seems to me  
to display a contempt...  
for the ordinary decencies  
of family life...  
which remind one  
of the worst excesses...  
of the French Revolution.  
And I presume you know...  
what that unfortunate  
movement led to.  
May I ask you then...  
what you would  
advise me to do?  
I need hardly say  
I would do anything...  
in the world to ensure  
Gwendolen's happiness.  
I would strongly advise you,  
Mr. Worthing...  
to try and acquire some  
relations as soon as possible...  
and to make a definite effort

to produce at any rate...  
one parent of either sex  
before the season is quite over.

I don't see how I could  
possibly manage to do that.  
I can produce the handbag  
at any moment.

It's in my storeroom at home.  
I really think that should  
satisfy you, Lady Bracknell.

Me, sir?

What has it to do with me?

You can hardly imagine  
that I and Lord Bracknell...  
would dream of allowing  
our only daughter--  
a girl brought up  
with the utmost care--  
to marry into a cloakroom...  
and form an alliance  
with a parcel.

Good morning, Mr. Worthing.

Good morning.

You don't think there's any  
chance of Gwendolen becoming...  
like her mother in about

My dear fellow,  
all women become...  
like their mothers.

That is their tragedy.

No man does, and that's his.

Is that clever?

It's perfectly  
phrased and about as true...  
as any observation in  
civilized life should be.  
Ernest.  
-Gwendolen!  
-Ernest, my dear Ernest.  
Algy, please,  
I have something...  
very particular  
to say to Mr. Worthing.  
My own darling.  
Ernest, the story  
of your romantic origin...  
as related to me by Mama with  
unpleasing comments...  
has naturally stirred  
the deeper fibres of my nature.  
I followed you here  
to reassure you...  
that there is nothing  
that she can possibly do...  
can alter my eternal  
devotion to you.  
Dear Gwendolen.  
Your town address  
at The Albany I have.  
What is your address  
in the country?  
The Manor, Woolton,  
Hertfordshire.  
I will communicate

with you daily.  
My own one.  
Yes. I must confess.  
I do smoke.  
I know nothing, Lady Bracknell.  
I can produce the handbag  
at a moment's notice.  
Shh! Shh.  
Before you can be found...  
in a handbag  
at a railway station...  
someone must have lost you  
in a handbag...  
at a railway station.  
Do you see?  
In the first place,  
what with Lady Bracknell...  
sniffing about,  
dear, dissolute Ernest...  
is a risk  
I can no longer afford.  
And secondly, Cecily  
is becoming a little too much...  
interested in him.  
It's rather a bore.  
I'd rather like to meet Cecily.  
Well. I shall take  
very good care you never do.  
She is excessively pretty  
and only just eighteen.  
No, I'll say he died  
in Paris of apoplexy.

But it's hereditary,  
my dear fellow.  
It's the sort of thing  
that runs in families.  
You had much better say  
it was a severe chill.  
Very well. then.  
Poor brother Ernest  
is carried off suddenly...  
in Paris by a severe chill.  
That gets rid of him.  
Have you told Gwendolen  
that you have...  
an excessively pretty ward  
who's only just eighteen?  
No. One doesn't blurt  
these things out to people.  
Cecily and Gwendolen  
are perfectly certain...  
to become extremely  
great friends.  
I bet you anything half  
an hour after they've met...  
they will be calling  
each other sister.  
Women only  
do that when they have...  
called each other a lot  
of other things first.  
Don't let me  
disturb you.  
I hope tomorrow

will be a fine day, Lane.  
It never is, sir.  
You are a perfect pessimist.  
I do my best to give  
satisfaction, sir.  
Thank you.  
You can put out  
my dress clothes...  
my smoking jacket...  
and even bring on  
the curling tongs.  
Yes, sir.  
Tomorrow, Lane...  
I'm going Bunburying.  
Yes, sir.  
That must be it over there.  
Bring it down there,  
Mr. Smithers.  
Ask Mr. Ernest Worthing  
to come here.  
Yes, Miss.  
You are my little cousin  
Cecily, I'm sure.  
You are under  
some strange mistake.  
I'm not little.  
In fact, I believe...  
I'm more than usually  
tall for my age.  
But I am your cousin Cecily.  
And you--you,  
I see from your card...



are Uncle Jack's brother,  
my cousin Ernest.  
My wicked cousin Ernest.  
I'm not really wicked  
at all, Cousin Cecily.  
You mustn't think  
that I'm wicked.  
Well, if you are not,  
then you've certainly...  
been deceiving us all  
in a very inexcusable manner.  
Well, I have been  
rather reckless.  
I'm glad to hear it.  
In fact, now that  
you mention the subject...  
I have been very bad  
in my own small way.  
Well, I don't think you should  
be so proud of that...  
though I am sure  
it must've been very pleasant.  
It's much pleasanter  
being here with you.  
I can't understand  
how you're here at all.  
Uncle Jack won't be back  
till Monday afternoon.  
Oh, that is a great  
disappointment.  
I'm obliged to go out...  
by the first train

on Monday morning.  
I have a business appointment  
that I'm anxious to miss.  
That's all very well,  
but still...  
I think you had better wait  
until Uncle Jack arrives.  
I know he wants to speak to you  
about your emigrating.  
About my what?  
Uncle Jack is sending you  
to Australia.  
Australia? I'd sooner die.  
He said at dinner  
on Wednesday night...  
that you would have to choose  
between this world...  
the next world, and Australia.  
Oh, well.  
The accounts I have  
received of Australia...  
and the next world  
are not particularly...  
encouraging, Cousin Cecily.  
This world  
is good enough for me.  
Yes, but are you  
good enough for it?  
No, I'm afraid not.  
That is why I want you  
to reform me.  
You might make that

your mission...  
if you don't mind,  
Cousin Cecily.  
I'm afraid I've no time  
this afternoon.  
Well, would you mind me...  
reforming myself  
this afternoon?  
It is rather quixotic of you,  
but I think you should try.  
I will.  
-I feel better already.  
-You're looking a little worse.  
Well,  
that's because I'm hungry.  
-Mr. Worthing!  
-Mr. Worthing!  
This is indeed a surprise.  
We did not look for you  
till Monday afternoon.  
I have returned  
sooner than I expected.  
Dear Mr. Worthing,  
I trust this garb of woe...  
does not betoken  
some terrible calamity.  
My brother.  
More shameful debts  
and extravagance.  
Still leading  
a life of pleasure.  
Dead.

Your brother Ernest is dead?

Quite dead.

What a lesson for him!

I trust he will profit by it.

He had many faults,  
but it is a sad, sad blow.

Yes. indeed. sad.

Um, were you with him  
at the end?

No. He died abroad.

In Paris, in fact.

I had a telegram last night...  
from the manager  
of the Grand Hotel.

Is the cause of death  
mentioned?

A severe chill, it seems.

As a man sows,  
so shall he reap.

Oh, charity,

Miss Prism, charity.

I myself am peculiarly  
susceptible to draft.

Ah...ah...Ah-choo!

Bless you.

Uncle Jack, I'm so pleased  
to see you back.

What is the matter, Uncle Jack?

Do look happy.

You look as if  
you had toothache...

and I have such

a surprise for you.

Who do you think  
is in the rose garden?

Your brother.

-Who?

-Your brother Ernest.

He arrived about  
half an hour ago.

Nonsense.

I haven't got a brother.

-I mean...

-Well, he's...

Come, he'll be so pleased  
to see you've returned so soon.

I--

These are joyful tidings.

Good heavens.

Brother John,

I've come down from town...

to tell you

that I'm very sorry...

for all the trouble

I have given you...

and that I fully intend...

to lead a better life

in the future.

Well, what can I say?

The old Ernest is dead.

Long live the new Ernest.

I thought you'd like

my little joke.

Your little joke?

Knowing me as you do,  
brother John...  
I'm surprised  
you took it so seriously.  
At any rate,  
I stand before you now...  
an entirely new man,  
risen, as it were...  
like a phoenix from the ashes.  
Uncle Jack,  
you're not going to refuse...  
your own brother's hand.  
Nothing would induce me  
to take his hand.  
I think his behaviour  
utterly disgraceful.  
He knows perfectly well why!  
Do shake his hand, Uncle Jack.  
After all, it could be worse.  
I could be dead in Paris.  
You could, indeed.  
Of a severe chill.  
Sorry about that, Jack.  
Shake. Go on.  
Excuse me, sir.  
We're putting  
Mr. Ernest's things...  
in the blue room  
on the second floor.  
Very nice to see you, Doctor.  
Do tell me, when is confession?  
What?

Mr. Ernest's luggage, sir.

We're taking it up  
to the blue room.

-His luggage?

-Yes, sir.

Two portmanteaus,  
two dressing cases...  
two hat boxes,  
and a large luncheon basket.

I fear I can only  
stay a week this time.

Heh heh.

-You scoundrel, Algy.

-Mm?

What have you  
to say for yourself?

What I have to say,  
Uncle Jack...

is that little Cecily  
is a darling.

You are not to talk  
of Miss Cardew like that!

I don't like it.

Your vanity is ridiculous...  
your conduct an outrage,  
and your presence...

in my house utterly absurd!

However, you have got  
to catch the four-five train.

I hope you have a pleasant  
journey back to town.

This Bunburying,

as you call it...  
has not been  
a great success for you.  
It's pleasant. is it not...  
to see so perfect  
a reconciliation.  
I think  
it's been a great success.  
Dinner is served.  
Cecily.  
Might I have a buttonhole first?  
I never have an appetite  
unless I have a buttonhole.  
Mr. Worthing.  
-Marigold?  
-No.  
I'd sooner have  
a pink rose.  
Why?  
Because you are like  
a pink rose, Cousin Cecily.  
I don't think  
it could be right...  
for you to talk to me  
like that.  
Miss Prism never says  
such things to me.  
Then Miss Prism  
is a short-sighted old lady.  
You are the prettiest girl  
I ever saw.  
You see, Uncle Jack,



there is some good in everyone.  
Ernest has just been telling me  
about his poor invalid friend...  
whom he goes to visit so often.  
Oh, he has been talking about  
poor Mr. Bunbury, has he?  
And surely there  
must be much good...  
in one who is kind  
to an invalid...  
and leaves the pleasures  
of London...  
to sit by a bed of pain.  
Right. It's first class.  
-Good morning, sir.  
-Good morning.  
Dear Ernest...  
how desperately  
I have missed you.  
It seems an age  
since I last saw you...  
and our separation is now  
proving an intolerable strain.  
The feelings  
you have aroused within me...  
are at once delightful  
and exquisitely...  
painful.  
My dearest darling Ernest...  
it is your very name  
that inspires me now...  
to take my future

in my hands--  
burnt. as it were.  
into my very being.  
And so it is. I have resolved  
to flee these prison walls...  
and make my way  
directly to your side...  
to my one and only...

Ernest.

Ernest.

Algy.

Algy.

Ernest.

Ah. Good morning,

my dear fellow.

We have to talk.

You have to leave.

If I leave, how can we talk?

We cannot both be called Ernest

I don't believe we are,

Brother Jack.

I believe you are praiseworthy.

He, she, it praises.

You're snoring?

I hope, Cecily,

I shall not offend you...

if I state

quite openly and frankly...

You seem to me

to be in every way...

the visible personification

of absolute perfection.

I think your frankness  
does you great credit, Ernest.  
If you will allow me, I will  
copy your remarks into my diary.  
Do you keep a diary?  
I'd give anything to see it.  
Oh, no. You'd see it as simply  
a very young girl's record...  
of her own thoughts  
and impressions.  
But, pray, Ernest, I delight  
in taking down from dictation.  
You can go on.  
Don't cough, Ernest.  
When one is dictating...  
one should speak fluently  
and not cough.  
Cecily, ever since  
I first looked upon...  
your wondrous  
and incomparable beauty...  
I have dared to love you--  
wildly...  
wildly...  
-passionately...  
-Ahem.  
devotedly, hopelessly.  
I beg your pardon, sir.  
There are two gentlemen  
wishing to see you.  
-Mr. Ernest Worthing?  
-Yes.

-Of B.4, The Albany?  
-Yes, that is my address.  
I am very sorry. sir...  
but I have a writ  
of attachment against you...  
and the suit of the Savoy  
Hotel Company Limited...  
for 762 pounds, 14 shillings.  
What perfect nonsense.  
I never dine at the Savoy  
at my own expense.  
In the interests  
of our clients...  
we have no option  
but to take out an order...  
for committal of your person.  
-Committal? Of my person?  
-For six months.  
Oh, for six months?  
Ha ha!  
No doubt  
you'll prefer to pay the bill.  
Pay it? How on earth  
am I going to do that?  
No gentleman  
ever has any money.  
In my experience,  
it is usually relations who pay.  
Oh, all right.  
Uh, Brother Jack?  
and a tuppence--  
since last October.

I'm bound to say...  
I never saw such reckless  
extravagance in all my life.  
My dear fellow,  
how ridiculous you are.  
You have your debts,  
and I have mine.  
You know quite well  
this bill is really yours.  
-Mine?  
-Yes, and you know it.  
-Mr. Worthing...  
if this is another jest,  
it is most out of place.  
-It is not.  
-It is gross effrontery.  
Just what I expected from him.  
And it is ingratitude.  
I didn't expect that.  
Next thing you know.  
he'll be denying...  
he's Ernest Worthing  
in the first place.  
I'm sorry to disturb this  
so pleasant family meeting...  
but time presses.  
We have to be at Holloway  
not later than four o'clock.  
Otherwise, it is difficult  
to obtain admission.  
The rules are very strict.  
Holloway? But--Get off me!

It is at Holloway that  
detentions of this character...  
are made away.

I will not be imprisoned for  
having dined in the West End!  
Jack!

I agree to settle  
my brother's accounts...  
on the condition that he makes  
his way without delay...  
to the bedside of  
the poor bed-ridden Bunbury...  
whose health,  
I have recently been informed...  
is rapidly declining.

Well, Ernest?  
...it's only life.

Mr. Worthing.

I would ask you  
not to interrupt...

Miss Cardew's studies.

Miss Prism,

I almost forgot to mention...  
that Dr. Chasuble  
is expecting you in the vestry.

In the vestry? Dr. Chasuble?

Expecting you, yes.

That sounds serious.

I do not think it would be right  
to keep him waiting, Cecily.

It would be very, very wrong.

The vestry is, I am told,

excessively damp.  
This parting, Miss Cardew,  
is very painful.  
But I suppose  
you cannot desert...  
poor Mr. Bunbury  
in his hour of need.  
I don't care  
about Bunbury anymore.  
I don't seem to care  
about anything anymore.  
I only care for you.  
I love you, Cecily.  
Will you marry me, Cecily?  
Will you?  
Of course.  
Why, we have been engaged  
for the last three months.  
For the last three months?  
Yes. It will be exactly  
three months on Thursday.  
Darling...  
Aah!  
So, when was the engagement  
actually settled?  
On the fourteenth  
of February last.  
After a long struggle  
with myself...  
I accepted you  
under this dear old tree here.  
And this is the box in which

I keep all your dear letters.  
My letters?  
But my own sweet Cecily, I have  
never written you any letters.  
You need hardly  
remind me of that, Ernest.  
I remember only too well...  
that I was forced  
to write your letters for you.  
I wrote always three times  
a week and sometimes oftener.  
-Do let me look at them.  
-Oh, no, I couldn't possibly.  
They would make you  
far too conceited.  
The three you wrote after I had  
broken off the engagement...  
were so beautiful  
and so badly spelled.  
Even now I can hardly read them  
without crying a little.  
Was our engagement  
ever broken off?  
-Yes, of course it was.  
-What?  
On the twenty-second  
of last March.  
You can see the entry  
if you like.  
"Today I broke off  
my engagement with Ernest.  
"The weather



still continues charming."

Why on earth  
did you break it off?  
What had I done?

I had done nothing at all.  
I'm very much hurt indeed  
to hear you broke it off.

Particularly when  
the weather was so charming.

Well, it would hardly have been  
a really serious engagement...  
if I hadn't broken it off  
at least once, Ernest.

But I forgave you  
before the week was out.  
Oh, you're a perfect angel.

-You dear romantic boy.  
-Mmm.

You know, I never really  
thought of myself...  
as the marrying kind until now.  
You mustn't break it off  
again, Cecily.

Well, I don't think  
I could break it off...  
now that I've actually met you.

Besides, of course, there is  
the question of your name.  
Yes, of course.

You mustn't laugh at me,  
darling...  
but it has always been

a girlish dream of mine...  
to love someone  
whose name is Ernest.  
There's something  
in that name...  
that seems to inspire  
absolute confidence.  
My own dear joy, do you mean  
to say you couldn't love me...  
if I had another name?  
-But what name?  
-Well...  
Algy, for instance.  
I might respect you, Ernest...  
I might admire  
your character...  
but I fear that I would  
never be able to give you...  
my undivided attention.  
Mmm. Mmm.  
Ahem.  
The dog cart  
is ready for you, sir.  
-Ahem.  
-Ahem.  
And now you must go, my love...  
for sooner then  
shall you return.  
Oh, what a charming boy.  
I like his hair so much.  
You wanted to see me,  
Dr. Chasuble?

I didn't.

Oh.

You didn't?

Oh.

I'm sorry...

but merely for

the purposes of clarification...

when you said you didn't...

did you mean you didn't say

you wanted to see me...

or that you didn't, in fact,

want to see me?

Isn't language a curious thing?

Will you excuse me?

I have a double baptism

this afternoon...

Bless you.

A Miss Fairfax has called

to see Mr. Worthing--

on very important business,

Miss Fairfax states.

Mr. Worthing is sure

to be out soon, Merriman...

so kindly bring some tea.

Yes, miss.

-Miss Cardew.

-Thank you.

Miss Fairfax, pray let me

introduce myself to you.

My name is Cecily Cardew.

Cecily Cardew.

What a very sweet name.

Something tells me  
we're going to be great friends.  
I like you already  
more than I can say...  
and my first impressions  
of people are never wrong.  
You're here on a short visit,  
I suppose.  
-Oh, no, I live here.  
-Really?  
Your mother, no doubt,  
or some female relative...  
of advanced years  
resides here also.  
Oh, no. I have no mother,  
nor, in fact, any relations.  
-Indeed.  
-My dear guardian...  
has the arduous task  
of looking after me.  
-Your guardian?  
-I'm Mr. Worthing's ward.  
Oh.  
It is strange.  
He never mentioned it.  
How secretive of him.  
Ha ha ha!  
He grows  
more interesting hourly.  
But I am bound to state that...  
now that I know  
you are Mr. Worthing's ward...

I cannot help expressing  
a wish that you were...  
well, just a little bit older  
than you seem to be...  
and not quite so very alluring  
in appearance.

In fact,  
if I may speak candidly...  
Pray do.

I think whenever one...  
has anything unpleasant  
to say...  
one should always be  
quite candid.

Yes. Well, to speak  
with perfect candour, Cecily...

I wish  
you were fully forty-two...  
and more than usually plain  
for your age.

Ernest has  
a strong upright nature.

He's the very soul  
of truth and honour.

I think--I think Jack,  
for instance.

Jack. I think Jack,  
for instance, a charming name.

Oh. but it is not  
Mr. Ernest Worthing...  
who's my guardian.

It is his brother,

his elder brother.

Oh. That accounts for it.

Cecily, you've lifted a load  
from my mind.

I was growing almost anxious.

Of course, you're quite sure...

it's not Mr. Ernest Worthing  
who is your guardian?

Quite sure.

In fact...

I am going to be his.

I beg your pardon?

Mr. Ernest Worthing and I  
are engaged to be married.

My darling Cecily, I think  
there must be some slight error.

Mr. Ernest Worthing  
is engaged to me.

The announcement will appear  
in the Morning Post...

on Saturday at the latest.

I'm afraid you must be  
under some misconception.

Ernest proposed to me  
exactly ten minutes ago.

Oh, it's very curious, for  
he asked me to be his wife...

yesterday afternoon  
at five thirty.

If you would care to verify  
the incident, pray do so.

I never travel

without my diary.  
One should always have  
something sensational to read...  
in the train.  
I'm so sorry, dear Cecily...  
but I'm afraid  
I have the prior claim.  
May I offer you some tea,  
Miss Fairfax?  
Thank you, Miss Cardew.  
Sugar?  
No, thank you. Sugar  
is not fashionable anymore.  
Cake or bread and butter?  
Bread and butter, please.  
Cake is rarely seen  
in the best houses nowadays.  
From the moment I saw you,  
I distrusted you.  
I felt that you were  
false and deceitful.  
It seems to me, Miss Fairfax...  
that I am trespassing  
on your valuable time.  
No doubt,  
you have many other calls...  
of a similar character  
to make in the neighbourhood.  
Ernest.  
-You're back so soon.  
-My own love.  
A moment, Ernest.

May I ask you--  
are you engaged to be married  
to this young lady?  
What young lady?  
Good heavens, Gwendolen.  
Yes, to  
"Good heavens, Gwendolen".  
Of course not.  
What put such an idea...  
into your pretty little head?  
Thank you. You may.  
I felt there must be  
some slight error, Miss Cardew.  
The gentleman  
who is now embracing you...  
is my cousin  
Mr. Algernon Moncrieff.  
Algernon? Moncrieff?  
-Yes.  
Algy.  
Here is Ernest.  
Oh, my own Ernest.  
Gwendolen, my darling.  
I knew there must be some  
misunderstanding. Miss Fairfax.  
The man whose arm is  
at present around your waist...  
is my guardian  
Mr. John Worthing.  
I beg your pardon?  
This is Uncle Jack.  
Jack?



Are you called Algy?  
I cannot deny it.  
Is your name really John?  
I could deny it if I liked.  
I could deny anything  
if I liked...  
but it certainly is John.  
It has been John for years.  
A gross deception has been  
practiced on both of us.  
-My poor wounded Cecily.  
-My sweet wronged Gwendolen.  
Ohh.  
You will call me sister,  
will you not?  
Of course.  
Let us go  
into the house, sister.  
They will hardly venture  
to come after us there.  
No. Men are so cowardly,  
aren't they?  
How you can sit there  
calmly eating muffins...  
when we're in this horrible  
trouble I can't make out.  
You seem to me to be  
perfectly heartless.  
I can hardly eat muffins  
in an agitated manner, can I?  
The butter  
would probably get on my cuffs.

I say, it's perfectly heartless  
you're eating muffins at all...  
under the circumstances.  
When I'm in trouble,  
eating is my only consolation.  
Indeed, when I'm  
in really great trouble...  
as anyone who knows me  
intimately will tell you...  
I refuse everything  
except food and drink.  
At the present moment,  
I am eating muffins...  
because I am unhappy.  
Besides, I am  
particularly fond of muffins.  
There's no reason why  
you should eat them all...  
in that greedy way.  
Would you like some tea cake?  
I don't like tea cake.  
Good heavens!  
I suppose a man...  
may eat his own muffins  
in his own garden.  
They seem to be eating muffins.  
But you just said  
it was perfectly heartless...  
to eat muffins.  
I said it was  
perfectly heartless...  
of you

under the circumstances.  
That is a very different thing.  
Maybe, but the muffins  
are the same.  
No.  
Give them to me!  
Well, I certainly don't  
rate your chances...  
with my ward, Algernon.  
Well, I don't think  
there's much likelihood...  
of you, Jack, and Miss Fairfax  
being united, Jack!  
But is there  
any particular infant...  
in whom you are interested,  
Mr. Worthing?  
The fact is, dear doctor...  
I would like to be christened  
myself.  
This afternoon, if you have  
nothing better to do.  
Surely, Mr. Worthing,  
you've been christened already.  
I don't remember  
anything about it.  
Of course, I don't know...  
if the thing  
would bother you in any way...  
or if you think  
that I'm a little too old now.  
No, no, no.

Not at all, not at all.  
The sprinkling  
and, indeed, immersion...  
of adults is  
a perfectly canonical practice.  
What hour would you wish  
the ceremony performed?  
I might trot round  
at about six o'clock...  
if that would suit you.  
Oh, perfectly, perfectly.  
Thank you.  
But we cannot both be  
christened Ernest.  
It's absurd.  
I have a perfect right  
to be christened if I like.  
But you've been christened  
already.  
Yes, but I haven't been  
christened for years.  
But you've been christened.  
That is the important thing.  
Quite so. So, I know  
my constitution can stand it.  
If you're not quite sure...  
about your ever  
having been christened...  
I must say,  
I think it rather dangerous...  
your venturing on it now.  
Oh, nonsense.

You are always talking nonsense.

Let us preserve  
a dignified silence.

Certainly.

It's the only thing to do now.

The western wind  
is blowing fair

Across  
the dark Aegean Sea

And at the secret  
marble stair

My Tyrian galley  
waits for thee

Come down.

the purple sail is spread

The watchman sleeps  
within the town

This dignified silence  
seems to have produced...  
an unpleasant effect.

A most distasteful one.

O lady mine, come down

Come down

Dum dum dum dum

Lady, come down

She will not come.

I know her well

Of lover's vows.

she hath no care

And little good

a man can tell

For one so cruel

and so fair  
True love  
is but a woman's toy  
They never know  
the lover's pain  
And I who loved  
as love's a boy  
Must love in vain.

must love in vain  
Come down  
Lady, come down  
Come down  
Lady, come down  
Lady, come down  
We will not be  
the first to speak.

Certainly not.

Mr. Worthing, I have something  
very particular to ask you.

Much depends on your reply.

Gwendolen,

your common sense is invaluable.

Mr. Moncrieff, kindly answer me  
the following question.

Why did you pretend to be  
my guardian's brother?

In order that I might have  
an opportunity of meeting you.

That certainly seems  
a satisfactory explanation.

Yes, dear,

if you can believe him.

Well, I don't,  
but that doesn't affect...  
the wonderful beauty  
of his answer.  
True. In matters  
of grave importance...  
style, not sincerity,  
is the vital thing.  
Mr. Worthing,  
what possible explanation...  
can you offer me for  
pretending to have a brother?  
Was it in order that  
you might have an opportunity...  
of coming up to town to see me  
as often as possible?  
Can you doubt it, Miss Fairfax?  
I have the gravest doubts  
on the subject...  
but I intend to crush them.  
Their explanations appear  
to be quite satisfactory, espe--  
Especially Mr. Worthing's.  
That seems to me to have  
the stamp of truth upon it.  
I am more than content  
with what Mr. Moncrieff said.  
His voice alone seemed to  
inspire absolute credulity.  
Then you think  
we should forgive them?  
Yes.

I mean, no.

True, there are principles  
at stake...

that one cannot surrender.

Your Christian names are  
still an insuperable barrier.

That is all.

-Our Christian names?

-Is that all?

We're going to be  
christened this afternoon.

For my sake, you're prepared  
to do this terrible thing?

I am.

To please me, you're ready  
to face this fearful ordeal?

I am.

Where questions of  
self-sacrifice are concerned...  
men are infinitely beyond us.

-We are.

-Darling.

Darling.

-Lady Bracknell.

-Gwendolen!

What does this mean?

Merely that I am engaged to be  
married to Mr. Worthing, Mama.

Come here.

Sit down.

Sit down immediately.

Of course, you will



clearly understand, sir...  
that all communication between  
yourself and my daughter...  
must cease immediately  
from this moment.

On this point, as indeed  
on all points, I am firm.  
I am engaged to be married  
to Gwendolen, Lady Bracknell.

You are  
nothing of the kind, sir.  
And now, as regards Algy...

Algy?

Yes, Aunt Augusta.

May I ask if it is  
in this house...  
that your invalid friend  
Mr. Bunbury resides?

Oh, no,  
Bunbury doesn't live here.  
Bunbury's somewhere else  
at the present.

In fact, um, ahem...

Bunbury is dead.

-Dead?

-Dead.

When did Mr. Bunbury die?

His death must've been  
extremely sudden.

Bunbury died this afternoon.

What did he die of?

Bunbury?

He was quite exploded.  
Exploded?  
Mm.  
Was he the victim  
of some revolutionary outrage?  
I was not aware that  
Mr. Bunbury was interested...  
in social legislation.  
My dear Aunt Augusta,  
I mean he was found out.  
The doctors found out  
that Bunbury could not live.  
That is what I mean.  
So Bunbury died.  
He seems to have had  
great confidence...  
in the opinion  
of his physicians.  
I am glad, however,  
that he made his up mind...  
at the last to some  
definite course of action...  
and acted under  
proper medical advice.  
And now that we have finally  
got rid of this Mr. Bunbury...  
may I ask, Mr. Worthing,  
who is that young person...  
whose hand my nephew Algernon  
is now holding...  
in what seems to me to be  
a peculiarly unnecessary manner?

That lady is  
Miss Cecily Cardew, my ward.  
Yes, I am engaged  
to be married to Cecily, Aunt Augusta.  
I beg your pardon?  
Mr. Moncrieff and I  
are engaged to be married, Lady Bracknell.  
I do not know  
whether there's anything...  
peculiarly exciting  
about the air...  
of this particular part  
of Hertfordshire...  
but the number of engagements  
that go on seem to me...  
to be considerably above  
the proper average...  
that statistics have laid down  
for our guidance.  
Mr. Worthing...  
is Miss Cardew  
at all connected...  
with any of the larger  
railway stations in London?  
I merely desire information.  
Until recently,  
I was not aware...  
that there were  
any families or persons...  
whose origin was a terminus.  
Gwendolen, the time approaches  
for our departure.

We have not a moment to lose.  
As a matter of form,  
Mr. Worthing, I'd better ask...  
if Miss Cardew  
has any little fortune.  
Oh, about 130,000  
in the funds, that is all.  
Good-bye, Lady Bracknell,  
so pleased to have seen you.  
A moment, Mr. Worthing.  
A hundred and thirty thousand  
pounds?  
And in the funds?  
Miss Cardew seems to me to be  
a most attractive young lady...  
now that I look at her.  
Come over here, dear.  
The chin a little higher, dear.  
Style largely depends  
on the way the chin is worn.  
They're worn very high  
just at present.  
-Algy?  
-Yes, Aunt Augusta.  
There are distinct  
social possibilities...  
in Miss Cardew's profile.  
Cecily is the sweetest,  
dearest, prettiest girl...  
in the whole world,  
and I don't give tuppence...  
for her social possibilities.

Never speak disrespectfully  
of society, Algernon.  
Only people who can't  
get into it do that.  
Dear child,  
you know, of course...  
that Algy has nothing  
but his debts to depend upon.  
But I do not approve  
of mercenary marriages.  
Indeed, when I married  
Lord Bracknell...  
I had no fortune of any kind.  
But I never  
dreamed for a moment...  
of allowing that  
to stand in my way.  
Well, I suppose  
I must give my consent.  
Thank you, Aunt Augusta.  
I beg your pardon  
for interrupting you...  
Lady Bracknell, but I am  
Miss Cardew's guardian.  
She cannot marry  
without my consent...  
until she comes of age...  
and that consent  
I absolutely decline to give.  
Upon what grounds, may I ask?  
I suspect him  
of being untruthful.

Untruthful?  
My nephew Algy?  
I fear there can be no  
possible doubt about the matter.  
During my temporary absence  
in London...  
on an important question  
of romance...  
he obtained admission  
to my house...  
by means of the false pretence  
of being my brother.  
He then proceeded  
to win over...  
the affections  
of my only ward...  
when his own intentions,  
I'm utterly convinced...  
were purely financial.  
Deny it if you dare.  
He subsequently stayed  
to tea...  
and devoured  
every single muffin...  
and what makes his behaviour  
all the more heartless...  
is that he was perfectly  
aware from the start...  
that I have no brother,  
that I never had a brother...  
and that I don't intend to have  
a brother, not even of any kind.

-Uncle Jack, please!

-On my word, Jack.

Come here, sweet child.

How old are you, dear?

-Eighteen, Aunt Augusta.

-Eighteen!

Well, it will not be long  
before you are of age...  
and free from the restraints  
of your guardian.

According to the terms  
of her grandfather's will...  
she does not come legally  
of age until she is thirty-five.

That does not seem to me  
to be a grave objection.

Thirty-five  
is a very attractive age.

London society  
is full of women...  
of the very highest birth  
who have...

of their own free choice,  
remained thirty-five for years.

Algy, could you wait for me  
till I was thirty-five?

Of course, I could.

You know I could.

Yes, I felt it instinctively.

But I couldn't wait  
all that time.

Then what is to be done,

Cecily?

I don't know, Mr. Moncrieff.

My dear Mr. Worthing...

as Miss Cardew

states quite positively...

that she cannot wait

until she is thirty-five--

a remark

which I am bound to say...

seems to me to show

a somewhat impatient nature--

I would beg you

to reconsider your decision.

Dear Lady Bracknell, the matter

is entirely in your own hands.

The moment you consent

to my marriage with Gwendolen...

I will most gladly allow

your nephew...

to form an alliance

with my ward.

You must be aware that what you

propose is out of the question.

Then a passionate celibacy...

is all any of us

can look forward to.

-Oh, but Mama.

-Come, dear.

We've already missed five,

if not six, trains.

To miss any more might expose

us to comment on the platform.



Everything is quite ready  
for the christenings.  
The christenings, sir?  
Is not that  
somewhat premature?  
But both of these gentlemen  
have expressed a desire...  
for immediate baptism.  
At their age? The idea  
is grotesque and irreligious.  
Algy,  
I forbid you to be baptized.  
I will not hear  
of such excesses.  
I'm sorry  
to interrupt, Dr. Chasuble.  
Yes, yes.  
Miss Prism  
has asked me to tell you...  
she's waiting for you  
in the vestry.  
Indeed. I believe she's been  
waiting for some time.  
Miss Prism in the vestry.  
Waiting for you.  
Yes.  
Miss Prism?  
Did I hear you mention  
a Miss Prism?  
Yes, madame. I'm--  
I'm on my--  
-Bless you.

-Yes, madame, I'm on my way...

to--to--to join her.

Is this Miss Prism

a female of repellent aspect...

remotely connected

with education?

She is the most cultivated

of ladies...

and the picture

of respectability.

It is obviously

the same person.

Dr. Chasuble,

take me to the vestry at once.

I've been expecting you,

dear doctor.

Prism!

Prism.

Prism!

Where is that baby?

Thirty-four years ago. Prism...

you left

Lord Bracknell's house...

Number 104.

Upper Grosvenor Street...

in charge of a perambulator...

that contained a baby

of the male sex.

You never returned.

A few weeks later, through

the elaborate investigations...

of the metropolitan police...

the perambulator  
was discovered at midnight...  
standing by itself in  
a remote corner of Bayswater.  
It contained the manuscript  
of a three-volume novel...  
of more than usually  
revolting sentimentality.  
But the baby was not there.  
Prism, where is that baby?  
Lady Bracknell...  
I admit with shame  
that I do not know.  
The plain facts  
of the case are these--  
on the morning  
of the day in question--  
a day that is forever branded  
on my memory--  
I prepared, as usual...  
to take the baby  
out in its perambulator.  
I had also with me a somewhat  
old, but capacious handbag...  
in which I had intended  
to place the manuscript...  
of a work of fiction  
that I had written...  
during my few unoccupied hours.  
In a moment  
of mental abstraction...  
for which

I never can forgive myself...  
I deposited the manuscript  
in the bassinet...  
and placed  
the baby in the handbag.  
...manuscript  
in the bassinet...  
and placed the baby  
in the handbag.  
But where did you deposit  
the handbag?  
Do not ask me, Mr. Worthing.  
Miss Prism. this is a matter  
of no small importance to me.  
I insist on knowing where  
you deposited the handbag...  
that contained that infant.  
I left it in the cloakroom...  
of one of the larger  
railway stations in London.  
What railway station?  
Victoria,  
the Brighton line.  
I--  
Uncle Jack  
seems strangely agitated.  
Is this the handbag,  
Miss Prism?  
Examine it carefully  
before you speak.  
The happiness of more than  
one life depends on your answer.

The bag is undoubtedly mine.  
I am delighted to have it  
so unexpectedly restored to me.  
It has been  
a great inconvenience...  
being without it  
all these years.  
Miss Prism, more is restored  
to you than this handbag.  
I was the baby you placed in it.  
-You?  
-Yes.  
Mother!  
Oh, Mr. Worthing.  
I am unmarried.  
Unmarried?  
I cannot deny  
that is a serious blow.  
But after all,  
who has the right...  
to cast a stone  
against one who has suffered?  
Cannot repentance  
wipe out an act of folly?  
-Mother, I forgive you!  
-No, Mr. Worthing!  
There is some error.  
There is the lady...  
who can tell you  
who you really are.  
Lady Bracknell,  
I hate to seem inquisitive...

but would you kindly inform me  
who I am?

You are the son of my poor  
sister Mrs. Moncrieff...

and consequently

Algy's younger brother.

Algy's younger brother?

So...

I have a brother after all.

Yes.

I knew I had a brother!

I always said

I had a brother. Huh.

Cecily, how could you ever have  
doubted that I had a brother?

Dr. Chasuble,

my unfortunate brother.

How do you do?

Miss Prism,

my unfortunate brother.

How do you do?

Gwendolen,

my unfortunate brother.

How do you do?

Lady Bracknell, my--my brother.

-Algy!

-Algy!

Oh!

Oh!

-So?

-Oh!

Under these strange

and unforeseen circumstances...  
Mr. Moncrieff...  
you may kiss your Aunt Augusta.  
John!  
Mr. Moncrieff.  
After all that has occurred...  
and any inconvenience  
I may have caused you...  
in your infancy...  
I feel it is my duty to resign  
my position in this household.  
The suggestion is absurd.  
I won't hear of it.  
Sir, it is my duty to leave.  
I have really nothing more  
to teach dear Cecily.  
In the very difficult  
accomplishment...  
of getting married...  
I fear  
my sweet and clever pupil...  
has far outstripped her teacher.  
No.  
A moment, um, Miss Prism.  
Dr. Chasuble.  
I've come  
to the conclusion...  
that the primitive church  
is in error...  
on certain points  
on the question of matrimony.  
Corrupt readings seem

to have crept into the text.  
In consequence. I--  
I beg to solicit...  
the honour of your hand.  
Frederick.  
Laetitia.  
-My dear Cecily.  
-My dearest Algernon.  
My own Gwendolen.  
My own--  
But wait! Who are you?  
I mean, what is your  
Christian name, Mr. Moncrieff?  
Now you have become  
someone else.  
Good heavens,  
I'd quite forgotten that point.  
The question had better be  
cleared up at once.  
Aunt Augusta, a moment.  
At the time when Miss Prism  
left me in the handbag...  
had I been christened already?  
Yes, I think you were  
christened after your father.  
I see. Then what was  
my father's Christian name?  
I cannot at the present moment  
recall...  
what the general's name was.  
I have no doubt he had one.  
Algy, can't you recollect what



our father's Christian name was?  
My dear fellow, we were hardly  
on speaking terms.  
He died when I was only three.  
His name would appear  
on the army lists...  
of the period,  
I suppose, Aunt Augusta.  
The general was essentially  
a man of peace...  
except in his domestic life.  
But no doubt  
his name would appear...  
on any military directory.  
The army lists  
of the last 40 years are here.  
These delightful records should  
have been my constant study.  
Lieutenants. captains...  
colonels...  
-Oh!  
-colonels...  
generals.  
"M."  
"Maxbohm," "Magley"...  
"Markby," "Migsby," "Mobbs,"  
"Moncrieff."  
"Lieutenant, 1860."  
"Christian names..."  
I always told you, Gwendolen...  
that my name was Ernest,  
didn't I?

Well, it is Ernest after all.  
I mean, it naturally is Ernest.  
Ernest. My own Ernest.  
I felt from the first that  
you could have no other name.  
My nephew.  
You seem to be displaying  
signs of triviality.  
On the contrary, Aunt Augusta.  
I've now realized for  
the first time in my life...  
the vital importance  
of being earnest.  
The western wind  
is blowing fair  
Across the dark Aegean Sea  
And at  
the secret marble stair  
My Tyrian galley  
waits for thee  
Come down,  
the purple sail is spread  
The watchman  
sleeps within the town  
Oh leave  
thy lily-flowered bed  
Oh lady mine, come down  
Come down  
Lady, come down  
Come down  
Lady, come down  
Oh lady, come down

She will not come.  
I know her well  
Of lover's vows.  
she hath no care  
And little good  
a man can tell  
Of one so cruel  
and so fair  
True love  
is but a woman's toy  
They never know  
the lover's pain  
And I who loved  
as loves a boy  
Must love in vain  
Must love in vain  
Come down  
Come down  
Lady, come down  
Come down  
Come down  
Lady, come down  
I think your high notes...  
may have damaged  
our chances, old boy.  
You do want them  
to come down, don't you?  
She's never  
going to come down...  
if you're singing like that,  
you're completely out of tune.  
-How dare you?

-I'll take this.  
You leave this to me,  
you go and have a lie down, old man.  
No, I'll take this bit.  
Out of my way,  
I'm coming through.  
Go easy, my dear fellow.  
Come do-o-o-own  
Come down  
Lady, come down  
Overdoing it, less is more.  
Come down  
Come down  
Lady, come down  
That wasn't so bad, was it?  
Maybe they're not  
going to come down.  
Think we should go up?  
Maybe we should go up.  
Algy,  
you're always talking nonsense.  
Well, it's better  
than listening to it.  
Lady, come down  
Did you hear  
what I was playing, Lane?  
I didn't think it  
polite to listen, sir.