

DOROTHY (*putting down the paper*). I don't think anything ought to be difficult for anybody.

SANDY. You must be very young.

DOROTHY (*calmly*). I am—look at me.

SANDY. No. I—I don't want to look at you—it upsets me to look at you. (*Turning away.*)

DOROTHY (*softly and still not looking at him*). It's a very good thing to be upset sometimes. You—you did like my photographs, didn't you? (*Leaning towards him.*)

SANDY (*dreamily falling in love without realizing it*). Yes. Charming. Very charming.

DOROTHY. You wouldn't have liked me to have married Mr. Jordan, would you?

SANDY. No, no, certainly not—not for a moment.

DOROTHY (*putting down the paper, says in a whisper almost*). I wonder what you'll do with me?

SANDY. Yes, I'm wondering too. (*He gets a bright idea.*) I think I'll put you into a convent.

DOROTHY (*calmly*). I won't go into a stuffy old convent.

SANDY. We won't choose a stuffy one, we'll choose a nice bright one. Yes, a convent, that's a good idea let's go out and inquire about one now.

DOROTHY. I don't want to go into a convent.

SANDY (*leaning over L. end of settee*). But—but—I've got to do something with you.

DOROTHY. What was that dreadful thing your Uncle Gregory did?

SANDY. He married Miss Laurence at a regis— (*Then he sees her point and glares.*) How dare you put such ideas into my head!

DOROTHY. Somebody must put ideas into your head, and—and somehow I thought—that being a woman I was the proper person.

SANDY. You don't mean it, but somehow you are becoming a most improper person.

DOROTHY. I told you I was a woman.

SANDY (*looking at her and feebly waving his hands*