

NICK—(*To Faro, who stands before him, hat in hand*)—Here's something for your—bother—and all that—(*He hastily gives him a bill.*)

FARO—(*Taking it eagerly*)—Thanks, your honor—thank you very much—your honor must know what it's like to be poor and—

EGYPT—(*Interrupting impulsively*)—No, Faro—give it back—I can't let him—

FARO—(*In blank amazement*)—*Give it back?*

NICK—(*To her*)—Why—is anything the matter?—(*A slight pause.*)

EGYPT—(*Humbly*)—No, your honor—nothing—nothing at all.

NICK—(*To Faro*)—Don't spend it on drink. Get a present for your wife.—(*Looking at him oddly*)—I suppose, after all, you're the right sort—well, good-bye.

FARO—Good-bye, sir—(*To Egypt*)—Here—pipe up and thank his honor for what he's done or I'll break your jaw!

EGYPT—(*To Nick*)—God bless you, sir—God bless you, and bring you safe to your journey's end.

NICK—(*Gently*)—Thank you, my dear—for everything you've told me, and now—

CHAUFFEUR—(*Interrupting and touching his cap*)—Beg pardon, sir—are we starting?

NICK—Yes.

CHAUFFEUR—Very good, sir.

(*He touches his cap again, goes to the car, cranks her up, and gets into his place. Nick turns again to Egypt, as if about to speak. She makes two embarrassed little curtsies. He pauses a moment, then goes to the motor and gets in.*)

NICK—(*To Chauffeur*)—Go on.—(*The man pulls the lever, the machine starts, and the car disappears behind the big elm tree at right. Egypt stands motionless, looking after it.*)

FARO—(*Slapping his thigh in high good humor*)—Ten dollars—ten dollars! And a minute ago I didn't have the price of a glass of beer! Good Lord—it's a rum world!

EGYPT—(*Still looking down the road*)—Yes—it's a rum world.

FARO—(*Jumping up into the cart*)—Give me the reins, son—we're late!

LITTLE FARO—(*Proudly*)—Dad, I never let go once!