

Anne—"Not so good according to Grandfather. He's under obligation to marry me as soon as possible to some respectable young man."

Bob—"Well, I'm respectable."

Anne—"Appearances are against you. Besides I understand you are married."

Bob—"Not on your life."

Anne—"Mrs. Chubb said—"

Bob—"She didn't know her onions. Pardon, I mean she was misinformed. Look here, little girl. Don't let Dad put it over on you. He'll marry you hands down to the first man his fancy falls on."

Anne—"No he won't, Uncle—Uncle Robert."

Bob—"Uncle nothing."

Anne—"I told him I wouldn't marry any one."

Bob—"That's the right line. But you hadn't met all your relatives then. Say I must hop off."

Anne—"Oh, I wish I were going too."

Bob—"Say, this is sudden."

Anne—"If you only knew how I want to fly."

Bob—"You do, eh! Well my old woman and I'll hang out around Bab's Corners. If you can get out there. Sure you won't swoon?"

Anne—(Excited)—"Oh, I can't wait. Oh, thank you so much. You're the most adorable of step uncles."—(Dances around, optional.)

Bob—"Look here. Get this plain. I'm no relation—not at present."

Anne—"Oh, I don't care what you are as long as you take me up. Now go quick. I hear someone moving. Hurry."

Bob—"Tomorrow at 3."

Anne—"I'll be there, Uncle. Go quick.—(Silence.)

Anne—"I'm going—going up at last. Isn't it wonderful. I'm not a bit scared. I'd go with him anywhere—that is—(Listens)—I hear some one."—(Turns out light and runs.)

(Curtain Lowers—Soft music, 5 minutes.)