

Marrying Anne?

SCENE I.

Opens in the Olddays' living room. It is over-furnished. Large pictures cover walls, piano covered with big drape and bric-a-brac, stuffed birds on table. Any queer old effect can be introduced. One large picture in the middle turned toward the wall.

Mr. Olddays is seated at table in arm chair, much upset and very irritable and cross, reading letter.

Aunt Rosie in rocking chair, frail and old, wears frilled lavender hoop skirt and dress, tight bodice, high collar, earrings, long chain and catch. Hair curls caught at the side—(pretty)—crocheting.

Rosie—"What's wrong, father. Not bad news—Oh, I couldn't stand—"

Mr. Olddays—"Well if you can't stand, sit. I'm in no mood for pampering women folk. Listen to this."

Dr. McCallum enters, shakes hands.—"Good morning, sir. Good morning, Miss Olddays—(exchange greetings). Thought I'd call around and look up a patient, if possible. Trouble with this town, everyone's healthy, don't die of anything but old age and they hang around until about 90. Don't give a struggling young doctor a chance to even practice on them."

Mr. Olddays—"Practice on them, eh? You've put it right. Well, I don't intend you'll practice on me, sir. Here take a seat. I'm perfectly well, thanks."

Rosie—"Oh, father, dear, don't. He is so clever—has helped my nerves so much and those weak turns."

Mr. Olddays—"Yes, yes. Well you'll need all the help you can get from now on judging from this."

Rosie—"Father, dear"—(excited.)

Doctor—"Anything special gone wrong, sir—my—my professional services are at your disposal."

Rosie—"Oh, do proceed, father—the awful strain."—(smelling salts.)

Mr. Olddays—(Looks at date on envelope. Throws letter down.)—"The 26th, eh? A whole week lying around. No depending on the mails nowadays. Why she's at our very gate."