

Ethel—I will drive down with you. Call me when you are ready. (Exits into her room).
Peggy—(To Jerry). She's gone.
Jerry—Are you still determined to go?
Peggy—I am.
Jerry—And you will leave here without a regret?
Peggy—Sure, I didn't say that.
Jerry—We have been good friends, haven't we?
Peggy—I thought we were but friendship must be honest. Why didn't you tell me you were a gentleman. Sure, how was I to know. Jerry might mean anything. Why didn't you tell me you had a title?
Jerry—I did nothing to get it. Just inherited it. I would drop it altogether if I could.
Peggy—You would?
Jerry—I would and as for being a gentleman, one of the finest I ever met, drove a cab in Pickadilly. He was a gentleman. One who never willingly hurt others. Strange in a cab man, eh?
Peggy—Why did you let me treat you all the time as an equal?
Jerry—Because you are,—superior in many things,—generosity, for instance.
Peggy—Oh, don't try to come that on me. I know you now. Nothing seems the same.
Jerry—Nothing?
Peggy—Nothing.
Jerry—Are we never to play like children again?
Peggy—No. You would have to come out to New York to do it and then I mightn't.
Jerry—Will nothing make you stay?
Peggy—Nothing. I'm just aching for my home.
Jerry—Such as this could never be home to you?
Peggy—This! Never.
Jerry—I am sorry. Will you ever think of me,—will you write to me?
Peggy—What for?
Jerry—I would like to hear of you and from you. Will you?
Peggy—Just to laugh at my spellin'.
Jerry—Peg!
Peggy—Sir Gerald! (Drawing slightly away).
Jerry—Peggy, my dear. (Takes both her hands in his, bending over her).
Peggy—(Drawing away). Are you going to propose to me too?
 (Jerry drops her hands and walks down D.L.)
 (Enter Jarvis).
Jarvis—Mr. Hawkes says if you are going to catch the train,—
Peggy—I'll catch it. (Exit Jarvis). (Peg crosses to door and stops). Why in the world did I say that to him. It's my Irish tongue. (Looks at him and coughs. Rattles door knob. He pays no attention). Good-bye, Mr. Jerry,—an' God bless you and thank you for being so nice to me. Forgive me for what I just said to you. (Jerry brightens up). I want to ask you not to be angry with me.
Jerry—(Crossing to her). I couldn't be angry with you, Peg. Peg, I love you. I want you to be my wife. I want to care for you and make you happy. I love you.
Peggy—You love me!
Jerry—I do. Indeed I do. Will you be my wife?
Peggy—But you have a title?
Jerry—Share it with me?
Peggy—You would be ashamed of me, you would.
Jerry—No, Peg, I would be proud of you. I love you.
Peggy—I love you too, Mr. Jerry. (They embrace).
 (Enter Hawkes. Coughs: exits on tip-toe).

CURTAIN.