

MINA:

I seem to be the star witness— My brother Joe is my sister Johanna in private life.

INEZ:

What?

MRS. STRANGE-ADE:

What do you mean?

JOE MANN:

Dual personality runs in the family— I am Johanna Mann. My sister thought she was a sod widow; she came here and found that— Now she's a grass widow.

INEZ and MRS. STRANGE-ADE, *giggling*:

And we thought he was such a lovely man.

MRS. STRANGE-ADE, *laughing*:

I took (holds up necktie) this as a souvenir of the loveliest man.

INEZ:

I would have taken a lock of his hair if he'd had any to spare. But I have this ring to remember him. What cheer?

MRS. STRANGE-ADE:

A remembrance of our strangest discovery in evolution.

LUCINDA, *mournfully*:

And to think that I wasted the twelve best years of my life scorching my face over a cookstove. (In utter disgust) To catch what? An old woman!

INEZ:

What a sell.

MRS. STRANGE-ADE, *laughing*:

Can you beat it? Mrs. Mann—excuse me. Mr. Mann we are delighted to let you present our bill at Albany.

JOE MANN, *with emotion and commotion*:

I wash my hands of the whole darn business— I'm no longer a male suffragist, I'm not a reformed anti-suffragist, I'm not even a female suffragette. I'm only a cross between a man and a woman hobbled in these toga. I'm on the fence—a mugwump.

(A knock at the door. Lucinda going toward door casts a look of utter disgust at Joe, and looks as if she were saying, "To catch what?")

INEZ, *to Joe*:

Present our bill and we will keep your secret.

MRS. STRANGE-ADE:

When we can't keep it any longer, we will give it to the phonograph to keep.

(R) Enter Jane and little Joe).

LITTLE JOE, *in alarm*:

My papa! (Cries) My papa. Look mamma, my papa.

JANE:

Larz! (Tenderly) Hush, darling— Why is my husband tied in that chair?

JOE MANN:

Y-o-u-r husband, Jane? I'm a deputy sheriff, and he is my prisoner.

(Mina, like other women, will forgive anything, except infidelity. she recalls from Larz, and sympathizes with Jane).

MINA:

He's my husband. But I'm sorry for you— So young.

JANE, *getting certificate*:

He's my husband and I can prove it. He told me he'd never been married.

MINA:

Poor child— I'm sorry for you.

JANE:

I'm just as sorry for you.

MINA:

You can have him.

MRS. STRANGE-ADE, *bowing to Inez a la Gaston et Alphonse*:

You first, my dear Alphonse.