

ENID. (*Seriously.*) Gerald, do you realise that I've quarrelled with all my friends on your account?

GERALD. That was inevitable. They didn't understand. They did their best to prevent us marrying. 'Why wouldn't we wait a reasonable time?' And when we took no notice of them, but just forged ahead and pleased ourselves, they got ratty about it.

ENID. I know but now – well – they are holding out the olive branch. Doris wrote me really an awfully nice letter. Won't you read it?

GERALD. No, I don't want to read it. I can guess what she says.

ENID. I can understand that you feel rather sore. Doris was very outspoken and really very rude to you. But all the same I think I'd like to answer the letter.

(A pause.)

GERALD. All right – but not today. Don't write till tomorrow.

ENID. Very well.

GERALD. That's a promise?

ENID. That's a promise.

(He kisses her.)

GERALD. You're a good girl.

ENID. Oh, Gerald, I'm so happy.

GERALD. Are you, sweetheart? That's good.

ENID. I never dreamt I could be so happy. There's not a cloud in the sky. It makes me feel quite nervous.

GERALD. Why nervous, you ridiculous child?

ENID. I don't know. In case something should happen.

GERALD. Don't you worry your pretty head about things happening.

ENID. I know. It's silly.

(She laughs.)

By the way, look what I've found.

(She holds up the little book given to her by

MRS. BIRCH.)