

Di/Bobby

D: Oh, Bobby, she's trying to stop us! But she can't do it- I've told her so-

B: She don't have to stop us. We're stopped.

D: What do you mean?

B: We're minors.

D: Well, gracious- you didn't have to tell them that.

B: No. They knew *I* was.

D: But, silly. Why didn't you tell them you're not.

B: But I am.

D: For pity sakes- don't you know how to do anything?

B: What would you have me do, I'd like to know?

D: Why tell them we're both- whatever it is they want us to be. We look it. We know we're responsible- that's all they care for. Well, you are a funny...

B: You wanted me to lie?

D: Oh! Don't make out you never told a fib.

B: Well, but this- why, Di- about a thing like this...

D: I never heard of a lover flatting out like that!

B: Anyhow, there's nothing to do now. The cat's out. I've told our ages. We've got- to have our folks in on it.

D: Is that all you can think of?

B: What else is there to think of?

D: Why, let's go to Bainbridge or Holt and tell them we're of age and be married there.

B: But I'm not going to Bainbridge or Holt or any town and lie, to get you or any other girl.

D: You're about as much like a man in a story as- as papa is.