

ADELAIDE

Nathan, no matter how terrible a fellow seems, you can never be sure that some girl won't go for him. Take us.

NATHAN

Yeah.

ADELAIDE

(Rises, places book on table, crosses to Nathan)

Nathan darling. Starting with next week, I'm going to get a raise. So with what I'll be making, I wondered what you would think—maybe we could finally get married.

NATHAN

(Loosening his collar as he feels the strain)

Well, of course we're going to, sooner or later.

ADELAIDE

I know, Nathan—

(Sneeze)

—but I'm starting to worry about Mother.

NATHAN

Your mother? What about your mother?

ADELAIDE

Well, Nathan, this is something I never told you before, but **my mother, back in Rhode Island—**

(Sits in chair L. of table)

—she thinks we're married already.

NATHAN

Why would she think a thing like that?

ADELAIDE

I couldn't be engaged for fourteen years, could I? People don't do that in Rhode Island. They all get married.

NATHAN

Then why is it such a small State?

ADELAIDE

Anyway—I wrote her I was married.

NATHAN

(Standing)

You did, huh?