

- ENID. I picked the sweet peas and I weeded the end border, and I picked some radishes, and oh - I don't know. It's been a very busy day.
- GERALD. Did you get any letters?
- ENID. One from Doris.
- GERALD. Well, don't answer it.
- ENID. But Gerald, Doris is very fond of me and I of her.
- GERALD. She hates me like poison.
- ENID. Well, you weren't very nice to her, were you?
- GERALD. I didn't like her butting in here spoiling things for us. You didn't want her either did you? Come now, did you?
- ENID. Well, of course - I mean -
- GERALD. There, I knew you didn't. We're much too happy by ourselves to want anybody else.
- ENID. *(softly)* We are happy.
- GERALD. Of course we are. More tea, please.
- (ENID pours him another cup. She hesitates, then braces herself.)*
- ENID. Gerald, I've got a letter from Dick -
- GERALD. Dick? Oh yes, Dick Lane, the fellow you were engaged to. Well?
- ENID. He expects to be in this part of the world soon. He wants to come and see us.
- GERALD. Why can't he keep away? We don't want him to start hanging round you.
- ENID. He wants to be friends with us both.
- GERALD. Well, I don't want to be friends with him.
- ENID. Gerald, I believe you are jealous.
- GERALD. Perhaps I am.