

- ENID. I can't marry you, Dick.
- DICK. But Enid -
- ENID. I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry but I can't do it.
- DICK. Enid!
- ENID. I'm sorry.
- DICK. Why is this?
- (She only shakes her head.)*
- Enid, tell me, is there someone else?
- (A pause.)*
- ENID. *(quietly)* Yes.
- DICK. I see. I suppose I ought to have known that this was likely to happen. You are such a lovely creature, Enid, and I am a dull dog, I know.
- ENID. *(tearfully)* Oh, don't.
- DICK. I don't blame you, dear. This isn't your fault. I - I hope you'll be very happy. I hope this other fellow will be good to you.
- ENID. Oh, Dick - you're so kind - so good. I feel dreadful.
- DICK. There's nothing to feel dreadful about. This other chap - have you known him long?
- ENID. No.
- DICK. But you know all about him?
- ENID. I know nothing about him.
- DICK. What do you mean?
- ENID. Just that.
- DICK. But my dear girl, you must know something. Where did you meet him?
- ENID. Here.