

This sort of thing takes a deal of train-ing!

- Despard: We have been married a week.
- Margaret: One happy, happy week!
- Despard: Our new life—
- Margaret: Is delightful indeed!
- Despard: So calm!
- Margaret: So unimpassioned! (*wildly*) Master, all this I owe to you! See, I am no longer wild and untidy. My hair is combed. My face is washed. My boots fit!
- Despard: Margaret, don't. Pray restrain yourself. Remember, you are now a district visitor.
- Margaret: A gentle district visitor!
- Despard: You are orderly, methodical, neat; you have your emotions well under control.
- Margaret: I have! (*wildly*) Master, when I think of all you have done for me, I fall at your feet. I embrace your ankles. I hug your knees! (*doing so*)
- Despard: Hush. This is not well. This is calculated to provoke remark. Be composed, I beg!
- Margaret: Ah! you are angry with poor little Mad Margaret!
- Despard: No, not angry; but a district visitor should learn to eschew melodrama. Visit the poor, by all means, and give them tea and barley-water, but don't do it as if you were administering a bowl of deadly nightshade. It upsets them. Then when you nurse sick people, and find them not as well as could be expected, why go into hysterics?
- Margaret: Why not?
- Despard: Because it's too jumpy for a sick-room.
- Margaret: How strange! Oh, Master! Master! how shall I express the all-absorbing gratitude that— (*about to throw herself at his feet*)
- Despard: Now! (*warningly*)
- Margaret: { Yes, I know, dear— it shan't occur again. (*He is seated R. She sits on the ground by him.*) Shall I tell you one of poor Mad Margaret's old thoughts? Well, then, when I am lying awake at night, and the pale moonlight streams through the latticed casement, strange fancies crowd upon my poor mad brain, and I sometimes think that if we could hit upon some word for you to use whenever I am about to relapse— some word that teems with hidden meaning— like "Basingstoke"— it might recall me to my saner self. For, after all, I am only Mad Margaret! Daft Meg! Poor Meg! He! he! he!