

MIRAGE

me to go with you to get the number of your cab. Because you are unused to such customs.

Terence—Alright James. You're a brick. At ten o'clock you be up here and I'll be ready to go. (Exit James). Now for the fun!

(Curtain).

Act I. Scene II.

Scene—A dining room. Time—The next morning.

Enter, Nancy, Dorothy and Jack, and sit at the table.

Jack—I really wonder where Terence could be. His hat and coat are in his room and his trunk has not yet arrived.

Nancy—Oh! Jack do you think he could be hurt—or,

Dorothy—In trouble!

Jack—Don't be alarmed girls. He is no doubt up to some mischief and is exulting over your anxiety at this very moment. I will call James and see what he knows. (Pushes bell). (Enter Maid). Tell James I wish to see him. The Maid: Yes sir!

Jack—It's queer where James was last night too. Did you find it hard to procure a cab?

Nancy—Oh! No. We immediately found one. I suppose James had one of his troublesome headaches. (Enter James).

Jack—James! Have you seen Terence since he has been here?

James—Only last night, sir, when he called me in the library.

Jack—In the library? Tell me about it.

James—Oh! I truly hope he isn't in trouble. You see he told me to bring him up a suit of my clothes and he would tell me of a lark he was going to play on you ladies. When I came up here he explained that he was going to dress in my clothes and drive you home and then as you step out of the cab to—er—embrace you. Just a lark to scare you, he said.

Jack—Thank you, James, you may go. See girls, I told you he was just into mischief. I suppose he has gotten in with some old friends and forgotten all about you girls.

Nancy—Oh! surely not, at least, in James' clothes. (Enter Marie). Here comes Marie she may explain.

Marie—A special delivery for you, Mr. O'Neal.

Jack—Thank you. (Exit Marie). As I live, it's a note from Terence. Shall I read it?

Both women—Certainly! Go ahead!

Jack—Alright. He begins:

Dear Jack—Am in an awful scrape at the police court. Tried to play a trick on the girls and got the wrong number of our cab. I'll explain everything later. Bring Thirty-Five and hurry. I have given the name of James Osborne.

Girls, is it possible?

TERENCE.

Nancy—Almost anything is possible if you consider Terence in it. But are you going?

Jack—Certainly, I'll go and he says "Hurry!"

(Curtain).

Act I. Scene III.

Scene—Dining room. Same as Scene II. All seated at table including Terence.

Dorothy—Now Terence, you promised to wait until dinner time to tell the tale, so now tell it—all.

Nancy—I expect I had ought to have a more elaborate stage than this dining chair. Oh! I might stand on it. (Winks at Jack).

Dorothy—Now Terence, don't fool us so long, we are actually waiting in suspense to hear what you did last night.

Terence—No suspense shall be present from now—on. Ahem! To begin with, I only wanted to have some fun.

Jack—Just like you, Terence. You never stop to think a moment what the outcome of it all might be. But go on with your story.

Terence—I expect I had ought to begin all over. I have forgotten everything I said. Ahem! You see I thought I would drive you girls home and as you stepped from the carriage I would kiss you. A very cunningly planned lark, I thought. So I called James—

Jack—(Interrupting). Never mind that. We know all until you were left alone with the cab. James told us.

Terence—James told you? The dog! He always gives everything away. I was thinking all the time I was in the police court, how terribly worried you and the girls would be and chuckling—Honest!—with glee.

Jack—I told you girls, that those were his sentiments, exactly—

Terence—(Interrupting). No more interruptions of my tale, please. Ahem! When James thrust the number of my cab in my hands I merely glanced at it and saw a one and a seven. Just then the traffic cop yelled "71." I whipped up my horse and went into the driveway. Two ladies got in and of course, I thought they were you two girls.

As I drove through the streets I caused the horses to plunge from one side of the street to another, thinking this would scare "you girls" immediately. I was so intent in the horses (because I had to be to keep from upsetting the cab), that I came to streets unknown to me here in Washington. However I kept the horses tearing on down the street. At last I thought I would stop the horses and give "you girls" "The Scare," and then after it was all over "you" might tell me where we were.

Therefore I stopped the horses and jumped from my seat to open the door. Just as "you" stepped from the cab I caught one of you and kissed you.

You can never imagine my surprise when I heard a woman scream "you ——— beast," and a policeman jerked me from the lady I was holding. But, Oh! the Joy! on seeing who the lady was, she was none other than "Betty"—"the woman for me." And I even had the privilege of kissing her, or rather took that privilege.

Jack—But where did the cop come from?

Terence—He must have rode up behind me on a motorcycle, being attracted by my reckless driving.

He told the ladies to be at court this morning and took me on to the court. Then I wrote the note you received and went to sleep.