Baroness, Rudolph

Rudolph: Oh, here she is. *{Approaching to embrace Baroness}* My little Gum Drop!

Baroness: Rudolph, don't! What in the world are you thinking of?

Rudolph: I was thinking of embracing you, my sugarplum.

Baroness: What, here? In public? Really you appear to have no sense of delicacy.

Rudolph: No sense of delicacy, Bon-bon!

Baroness: No. I can't make you out. When you courted me, all your courting was done publicly in the Market Place. When you proposed to me, you proposed in the Market Place. And now that we're engaged you seem to desire that our first tete-a-tete shall occur in the Market Place! Surely you've a *room* in your Palace – with *blinds*?

Rudolph: But, my own, – I'm bound by my own decree.

Baroness: Your own decree?

Rudolph: Yes. You see, all the houses looking out on the Market Place belong to me, and, with a view of increasing the value of the property, I decreed that all love-episodes between affectionate couples should take place, in public, on this spot, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Baroness: *(severely)* Bless me, *(then delighted)* what a happy idea! So moral too! It ensures things don't go too far. Has it worked?

Rudolph: The rents have gone up fifty per cent., and the sale of opera glasses (which is a Grand Ducal monopoly) has received an extraordinary stimulus!

Baroness: That's my little job creator!

Rudolph: So, under the circumstances, would you allow me to put my arm round your waist …Purely as a source of income … just once!

Baroness: But it's so embarrassing. Think of the opera glasses!