

Yum

Yum: Yes, everything seems to smile upon me. I am to be married to-day to the man I love best, and I believe I am the very happiest girl in ~~Japan~~ *England*!

Peep: The happiest girl indeed, for she is indeed to be envied who has attained happiness in all but perfection.

Yum: In "all but" perfection?

Peep: Well, dear, it can't be denied that the fact that your husband is to be beheaded in a month is, in its way, a drawback. It does seem to take the top off it, you know.

Pitti: I don't know about that. It all depends!

Peep: At all events, *he* will find it a drawback.

Pitti: Not necessarily. Bless you, it all depends!

Yum: *(in tears)* I think it very indelicate of you to refer to such a subject on such a day. If my married happiness *is* to be— to be—

Peep: Cut short.

Yum: Well, cut short— in a month, can't you let me forget it? *(Weeping)*

*(Enter Nanki-Poo, followed by Pish-Tush.)* —

*Y* Nanki: Yum-Yum in tears— and on her wedding-morn!

Yum: *(sobbing)* They've been reminding me that in a month you're to be beheaded! *(Bursts into tears)*

Pitti: Yes, we've been reminding her that you're to be beheaded. *(Bursts into tears)*

Peep: It's quite true, you know, you *are* to be beheaded! *(Bursts into tears)*

Nanki: *(aside)* Humph! Now some bridegrooms would be depressed by this sort of thing! *(Aloud)* A month? Well, what's a month? Bah! These divisions of time are purely arbitrary. Who says twenty-four hours make a day?

Pitti: There's a popular impression to that effect.

Nanki: Then we'll <sup>erase</sup> ~~efface~~ it. We'll call each second a minute— each minute an hour— each hour a day— and each day a year. At that rate we've about thirty years of married happiness before us!

Peep: And, at that rate, this interview has already lasted four hours and three-quarters! *(Exit Peep-Bo.)*

Yum: *(still sobbing)* Yes. How time flies when one is thoroughly enjoying oneself!

*Y* Nanki: That's the way to look at it! Don't let's be downhearted! There's a silver lining to every cloud.

Yum: Certainly. Let's— let's be perfectly happy! *(Almost in tears)*

Pish: By all means. Let's— let's thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

Pitti: It's— it's absurd to cry! *(Trying to force a laugh)*

Yum: Quite ridiculous! *(Trying to laugh)*

*(All break into a forced and melancholy laugh.)*