

**EMILY.** I never felt so alone in my whole life.

*(MR. WEBB, hearing her, leaves his seat in the pews and comes toward her anxiously.)*

And George over there, looking so...! I hate him. I wish I were dead. Papa! Papa! *(flings herself into his arms)*

**MR. WEBB.** Emily! Emily! Now don't get upset....

**EMILY.** But, Papa, – I don't want to get married....

**MR. WEBB.** Sh – sh – Emily. Everything's all right.

**EMILY.** *(pleading)* Why can't I stay for a while just as I am? Let's go away, –

**MR. WEBB.** No, no, Emily. Now stop and think a minute.

**EMILY.** Don't you remember that you used to say, – all the time you used to say – all the time: that I was *your* girl! There must be lots of places we can go to. I'll work for you. I could keep house.

**MR. WEBB.** Sh...You mustn't think of such things. You're just nervous, Emily. *(He turns and calls:)* George! George! Will you come here a minute? *(He leads her toward GEORGE. GEORGE crosses to meet them.)*

Why you're marrying the best young fellow in the world. George is a fine fellow.

**EMILY.** But Papa, –

*(MRS. GIBBS, returns unobtrusively to her seat.)*

*(MR. WEBB has one arm around his daughter. He places his hand on GEORGE's shoulder.)*

**MR. WEBB.** I'm giving away my daughter, George. Do you think you can take care of her?

**GEORGE.** *(trembling)* Mr. Webb, I want to...I want to try.

*(MR. WEBB turns to face up, blows his nose. EMILY and GEORGE face each other, helpless, breathless.)*

Emily, I'm going to do my best. I love you, Emily. I need you.