



DIALOGUE 25. All dressed up like a dog's dinner

(More rhythm: consecutive stresses)

SAM: Jack, for Pete's sake! Who's that girl all dressed up like a dog's dinner - red hat, red dress, red gloves - ah! but what's this? Blue shoes!

JACK: Take that back, Sam Boyd. Dog's dinner indeed!

SAM: You're quite right! My dog hates raw meat! He'd have ten fits if I gave him a red mess like that for dinner!

JACK: It's her best dress. To impress *you*, you rude creature! She's sweet, rich, clever - *and* a good cook!

SAM: Lord save us, the man's mad! Don't say you're in love with the red maiden?

JACK: Yes, Sam. I am. What's more - we're engaged. This time next week we'll be man and wife.

SAM: I did really put my big foot in it, didn't I? All I can say now is - good luck, old man!