

## Replacement for Page 208

Roderic: Little Nannikin!

Hannah: Roddy-doddy!

Roderic: It's not too late, is it?

Hannah: Oh, Roddy!

Roderic: I'm quite respectable now, you know.

Hannah: But you're a ghost, aren't you?

Roderic: Well, yes—a kind of a ghost.

Hannah: But what would be my legal status as a ghost's wife?

Roderic: It would be a very respectable position.

Hannah: But I should be the wife of a dead husband, Roddy.

Roderic: No doubt.

Hannah: But the wife of a dead husband is a widow, Roddy.

Roderic: I suppose she is.

Hannah: And a widow is at liberty to marry again, Roddy.

Roderic: Dear me, yes---that's awkward. I never thought of that.

Hannah: No, Roddy—I thought you hadn't.

Roderic: When you've been a ghost for a considerable time it's astonishing how foggy you become. (cuddle and kiss)

Robin: Stop a bit—both of you.

Roderic: This intrusion is unmannerly.

Hannah: I'm surprised at you.

Robin: I can't stop to apologize—an idea has just occurred to me. A Baronet of Ruddigore can only die through refusing to commit his daily crime.

Roderic: No doubt.

Robin: Therefore, to refuse to commit a daily crime is tantamount to suicide!

Roderic: It would seem so.

Robin: Bust suicide is, itself, a crime—and so, by your own showing, you ought never to have died at all!

Roderic: I see—I understand! We are all practically alive!

Robin: Every man jack of you!

Roderic: My brother ancestors! Down from your frames! You believe yourselves to be dead—you may take it from me that you're not, and an application to the Supreme Court is all that is necessary to prove that you never ought to have died at all!

Robin: Undoubtedly! Rose, when you believed that I was a simple farmer I believe you loved me?

Rose: Madly, passionately!

Robin: But when I became a bad baronet, you very properly loved Richard instead.

Rose: Madly, passionately!

Robin: But if I should turn out not to be a bad baronet after all, how would you love me then?

Rose: Madly, passionately!

Robin: As before?

Rose: Why, of course!

Robin: My darling!

Bridemaids: (Sing) Hail the Bridegroom—hail the bride, etc.

Richard: Will you be quiet? Belay, my lad, belay, you don't understand!

Rose: Oh, sir, belay, if it is absolutely necessary.

Relay? Certainly not! You see, it's like this—as all my ancestors are alive, it follows as a matter of course that the eldest of them is the family baronet, and I revert to my former condition.

Richard: Well, I think it's exceedingly unfair!

Robin: Here, great uncle, allow me to present you, Sir Rupert Murgatroyed, Baronet of Ruddigore! (Ghost #2)

All: Hurrah!!!!

Ghost #4: Fallacy somewhere!