

MARJORIE. *Spose that's all water under the bridge now.*

BEAU. *Let's see.*

MARJORIE. *(Finding Sylvia's seat.) (Says.)*

BEAU. *(Grabbing it from Marjorie—perhaps dusting off the seat with it.)* Have a seat.

MARJORIE. *(Pointed.)* I think I'll stand.

BEAU. Right. *(Tosses it—perhaps even into the crowd. Then.)* So, I understand you've received a telegram.

MARJORIE. Indeed.

*A British moment.*

BEAU. Would you care for a cup of tea?

MARJORIE. Lovely.

*Beau starts to go.*

Where is Mrs. Lorrey?

BEAU. Considering *my guest*, I couldn't very well have the servants here, now could I darling?

MARJORIE. Of course. *(Noticing Sylvia's robe.)* And where is... *your guest?*

BEAU. *(A moment and then a choice.)* Hiding in the window nook.

SYLVIA. *(Strained from within the nook.)* Beau?!!

BEAU. *(Loudly.)* Might as well come out and kill the first bird, Sylvie.

*Marjorie opens the window seat and peers down.*

MARJORIE. Yes, Sylvie, please do come out.

*Marjorie allows the seat cover to slam. Sylvia harrumphs from within. ("Ouch!") Beau helps Sylvia out.*

BEAU. Careful, darling.

MARJORIE. Good morning, Sylvie.

SYLVIA. *(Sheepishly as she climbs out.)* Good morning.

*Sylvia, once out, notices and AUDIBLY GASPS at Marjorie's belly!*

MARJORIE. Quite.

SYLVIA. You're expecting?!

MARJORIE. July.

SYLVIA. Next month?!

MARJORIE. July is the very next month, yes.

SYLVIA. Beau! Did you know about this?!

BEAU. I should say so!

SYLVIA. But *I* never knew!

BEAU. You never asked.

SYLVIA. I...

MARJORIE. You should come for tea when I invite you.

SYLVIA. I suppose I should, but I worried it might be awkward.

MARJORIE. How sensitive of you.

SYLVIA. Does your mother know?!

BEAU. Hard to know what she knows these days.

MARJORIE. (*Handing her the robe.*) Lovely negligee darling.

SYLVIA. (*Putting her robe back on.*) It is, isn't it?

BEAU. Will you take tea, Sylvie?

SYLVIA. (*Still shocked.*) Yes, please.

*As Beau exits to get tea...*

MARJORIE. Your telegram was rather startling, Sylvia.

SYLVIA. I'd say we're both a bit startled this morning.

MARJORIE. "I love Beau. Stop. Beau loves me. Stop. Sorry Marji."

MARJORIE and SYLVIA. (*With opposing intentions.*) "Stop."

*Beau pops his head back in.*

BEAU. Milk? Sugar?

*The ladies respond intensely and then resume conversation.*

MARJORIE and SYLVIA. Black.

BEAU. Of course.

*Beau retreats to the kitchen.*

SYLVIA. Well, I wanted to get to the point.

MARJORIE. (*Pointedly.*) So you did.