(Calling off with gusto.) Beau, I've made a decision, darling.

BEAU. *(From offstage.)* Mmmm?

SYLVIA. *(As she stops the music.)* A decision about us.

BEAU. *(Popping his head back in.)* Is it so serious we must have silence?

SYLVIA. *(A joyful declaration.)* I'm leaving Clarke!

Beau chuckles and moves to exit again.

Don't laugh. I'm leaving him, Beau. I can't bear it another moment.

BEAU. Oh, Sylvie. You are adorable.

He exits.

SYLVIA. *(Calling off passionately.)* I love you, Beau!

His door slams shut.

Sylvia drops her robe and calls off with great expectation.

I've sent him a telegram.

He's back.

BEAU. *(With sudden real interest.)* Sorry?

SYLVIA. Last night, after supper, you went to take a bath.

BEAU. Yes.

SYLVIA. I sent a wire.

BEAU. You really are busy while I'm in the loo.

SYLVIA. Kiss me!

She runs to him! He pecks her cautiously.

BEAU. Saying what, precisely?

SYLVIA. What?

BEAU. The telegram?

SYLVIA. Ah yes. I said, "Clarke. Stop. In love with Beau. Stop. I'm leaving. Stop. Sorry, darling. Stop."

BEAU. What?

SYLVIA. *(Repeating her action precisely.)* It said, "Clarke. Stop. In love with Beau..."

BEAU and SYLVIA. *(She's reciting, he is not.)* Stop.

BEAU. *(Continuing on—cutting her off from continued recitation.)* No, no, I heard you the first time I just...

SYLVIA. *(On her own track.)* I feel so free! Haven't you noticed how free I've been? Last night? *(Coquettishly.)* And this morning?

BEAU. Yes, but I attributed that to my new cologne.

SYLVIA. *(Inhaling him.)* It is rather divine.

BEAU. Thank you. A telegram?

SYLVIA. *(Still breathing him in.)* Mmm-hmm.

BEAU. Really?

SYLVIA. *(Unable to get enough of him.)* It's true.

BEAU. You know, I think I will take a cigarette.

He breaks away from her and lights himself a cigarette. They are on opposite ends of an emotional spectrum.

SYLVIA. *(Adoringly.)* I love it when you smoke. You look the picture of health.

BEAU. What time was it when I took that bath?

SYLVIA. Nearly ten, I'd say.

BEAU. So you think Clarke's received the telegram by now?

SYLVIA. I'd say so.

BEAU. He'll see red, Sylvia.

SYLVIA. Will he?

BEAU. A Baldwin Conservative. A believer in convention, finance, and God...

SYLVIA. I'm not sure he'll really mind.

BEAU. You're rather apathetic.

SYLVIA. No. I don't feel apathetic. I feel alive!

BEAU. You don't think your husband will mind that you've declared your love for another man—his *brother*?

A slight beat.

SYLVIA. Well, when you put it like that.

BEAU. Is there another way to put it?