MARJORIE. S'pose that's all water under the bridge now.

BEAU. Is it?

MARJORIE. *(Finding Sylvia's undergarment.)* I'd say.

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.