SYLVIA. I didn't know you were pregnant!

MARJORIE. *(A bit of a confession.)* Not to worry, dear, this is actually quite convenient.

On the heels of the word "convenient," Beau enters with a tea tray from the kitchen AND there's a knock at the door. They all look out.

Who's that?

Beau sets the tray down. More knocking.

CLARKE. *(From off.)* Sylvie?

They all look at the door.

MARJORIE. *(Gobsmacked.)* Clarke?

CLARKE. *(From off.)* Beau, I know you're in there. Open the door.

SYLVIA. Perhaps telegrams weren't such a grand idea after all.

BEAU. Delayed logic is consistently disappointing.

Beau wipes his brow with his hanky, then opens the door. Wind blows, birds chirp. Clarke enters.

Good morning, Clarke.

CLARKE. Morning.

BEAU. How was your walk?

CLARKE. Lovely. *(Genuine.)* What a smart robe.

BEAU. It's from China.

CLARKE. *(Handing Beau his hat/umbrella.)* I didn't see any robes like that when I was in China.

BEAU. Well, next time you go I'll give you the name of the tailor.

CLARKE. Yes, please, I'd like that *(Feeling it.)* —silky, smooth... *(Noticing Marjorie and Sylvia.)* Darling?!

MARJORIE. Clarke! **SYLVIA.** Clarke.

CLARKE. Darling, what are you doing here?

SYLVIA. Darling, you knew I was here. You came looking for me.

CLARKE. No, not you, darling. *(To Marjorie.)* You, darling.

MARJORIE. Did you get a telegram from Sylvie too then, darling? We must have been on the same train. What a relief, isn't it, dear?

CLARKE. Quite!

Sylvia and Beau look at each other, then back to Clarke and Marjorie.

SYLVIA and BEAU. Sorry?

CLARKE. We haven't known how to tell you.

SYLVIA. Tell us what?

CLARKE. *(Genuine.)* That's a lovely negligee, Sylvie.

SYLVIA. Thank you, Clarke.

BEAU. Tell us what, Clarke?

CLARKE. *(Soaking in the place.)* I always love it here.

BEAU. As do I.

CLARKE. It's so tidy and well kept.

BEAU. Mother wouldn't have it any other way.

CLARKE. That's what *I'm* saying.

SYLVIA. Tell us what, Clarke?

CLARKE. Ah, yes. Simply put... *(Not at all simply.)* Marjorie and I are in love!

Clarke and Marjorie revel in their love.

Note: Wherever Marjorie and Clarke can steal a kiss, a look, a grab, they ought to. There's nothing "mediocre" about what they have together.

BEAU. With each other?

MARJORIE. Quite. In fact, Beau, darling, well, I suppose considering *your* news it will come as a comfort to you now. This child is not yours!

CLARKE. *(With enormous pride.)* I'm the father, Beau! *(Breathes deeply, now joyous.)* God, it feels good to get that off my chest! I was dreading having to act the uncle to my son.

MARJORIE. Or daughter.

CLARKE. *(A throwaway.)* Right. *(Now a proclamation.)* I want the child to call me Papa!

MARJORIE. What a favor you've done us, Sylvie! I know tonight,