SYLVIA

MARJORIE. Now tell us, is it difficult to get a divorce?

DIERDRE. Well…

CLARKE. *(Interrupting.)* Did Beau arrange it for you?

DIERDRE. Well…

MARJORIE. *(Interrupting.)* Because now, with a baby and all—

CLARKE. *(A quick canoodle.) Our* baby…finally an heir to the Van Kipness…

SYLVIA. *(Cutting Clarke off, urgently.)* Pardon me, everybody…

*They all look at Sylvia.*

…but if I've done my calculations correctly, it appears that quite suddenly I am the odd man out.

CLARKE. *(Dismissively.)* Quite right, darling. It does seem that way, doesn't it?

MARJORIE. Well, perhaps that's fair considering you were the one who sent the telegrams.

DIERDRE. What telegrams?

SYLVIA. Fair? Fair! All this time, I thought I was the one being risqué and dangerous. Turns out, I'm the conservative of this bunch, aren't I? *(To Marjorie.)* Pregnant by your husband's brother? *(To Clarke.)* And you—impregnating your brother's wife! *(To Dierdre.)* You—you're barely grown and already flaunting divorce papers in front of your lover's lover and his pregnant wife.

*Beau enters with tea.*

BEAU. Tea?

SYLVIA. *(Spinning to face Beau furiously.)* And you! Unfaithful to the one you're being unfaithful with! How dare you? It's despicable! All of you!

*Sylvia moves to exit to the bedroom.*

BEAU. You seem awfully comfortable doling out blame, Sylvie.

SYLVIA. *(Stopping herself.)* Haven't I earned the right?

BEAU. I don't know. We may be in a bit of a jam here, but I'd say you're the one smack dab in the middle of it, and therefore haven't quite the right to judge it.



*Sylvia crosses back in, fuming.*

SYLVIA. Oh! Oh?! I can't judge the jam?!

MARJORIE. *(Casually.)* I'd love some jam, thank you, I'm starving.

SYLVIA. There's crumpets in the kitchen. Help yourself.

*Marjorie audibly and physically struggles to get up from the sofa.*

Oh, never mind, don't strain yourself, Marji. Perhaps I'll find some clarity in the kitchen!!

*Sylvia exits disgustedly to the kitchen.*

MARJORIE. *(Calling off.)* Thank you, Sylvie. Even in times of stress, you really are such a dear.

*The sound of Sylvia (intentionally?) dropping a tray in the kitchen is heard.*

CLARKE. *(Calling off.)* Sylvie?

SYLVIA. *(Angrily from the kitchen.)* I'm fine!

CLARKE. *(Calling off.)* Just checking.

*Note: Each time one of these onstage/offstage exchanges between Clarke and Sylvia appear, Clarke's lines are to sound authoritative, yet rather inconclusive. Musically speaking, the intonation on these shouted lines goes up at the end.*

*Marjorie pats the seat next to her.*

MARJORIE. Dierdre, do sit down! *(From yet another uncommon source.)* Cigarette?

DIERDRE. Oh, no thank you. I don't smoke.

CLARKE. No?

DIERDRE. My husband doesn't approve.

MARJORIE. Well, really, that's no matter now, eh? *(Offering a cigarette.)* Go on.

DIERDRE. I suppose you're right! Thank you.

*Clarke lights their cigarettes as…*

MARJORIE. So, tell us, what's it like to be a divorcée?

DIERDRE. Dunno yet. I've only just got the papers.

MARJORIE. But what did your husband do when you told him?