

REG: You don't understand, Queenie; if you did, you wouldn't have kept interrupting all the time and trying to be funny. Sam's quite right in everything he says, only you just haven't got enough sense to see it.

QUEENIE: I suppose you understand all of it, don't you?

REG: No, I don't but I'm trying to.

QUEENIE: I suppose we shall soon be having you standing up on a soap-box in Hyde Park and making a fathead of yourself!

VI: Run and tell Edie we're ready for her to clear now, Queenie, say we'll help her—the boys can go into the front room, we've left Mum and Dad and Granny alone quite long enough.

REG (*with sarcasm*): Maybe if we asked her nicely, Aunt Sylvia'd sing us the 'Indian Love Lyrics'!

VI: And don't talk in that tone about poor Aunt Sylvia, she's not feeling well.

QUEENIE (*going out of the room*): She never is.

REG (*rising*): Come on, Sam. Come up to my room for a minute and have a cigarette.

VI: Better not let your father catch you.

SAM (*rising*): I'm sorry if I was rude, Vi.

VI (*beginning to pile up the plates*): It doesn't matter, Sam, only you can't expect everybody in the world to feel just the same as you do, you know.

REG (*hotly*): Sam's got more knowledge and intelligence than all of us put together.

VI: If that's the case, it wouldn't do him any harm to remember it once in a while and not shout so much.

REG (*irritably*): Come on, Sam.

He slams out of the room followed rather sheepishly by
SAM.