

Sam + Sylvia

ACT III

THIS HAPPY BREED

SCENE I

SYLVIA (*indulgently*): Did he indeed?

SAM (*slightly nettled*): Yes, he did. She was running a bit of a temperature a couple of nights ago, so we've kept her in bed ever since.

SYLVIA: I suppose if you believe in doctors, it's best to do what they say.

SAM: Well, it stands to reason they know a bit more about it than we do, doesn't it?

SYLVIA: No, I don't think it does! (*She lightly hums a little tune.*)

SAM (*incensed*): What would you do if you broke your leg? I suppose you'd send for a doctor then, wouldn't you?

SYLVIA (*putting some things into the sideboard cupboard*): I wouldn't break my leg.

SAM (*pressing*): But if you *did*? If you were run over through no fault of your own——

SYLVIA: I should certainly send for treatment.

SAM: There you are then!

SYLVIA (*with a pitying smile*): You don't understand, Sam. After all there isn't any reason why you should. You haven't studied the matter, have you?

SAM: No, I haven't.

SYLVIA: It wouldn't be surgical treatment I should send for. It would be spiritual treatment.

SAM: Would that heal a compound fracture?

SYLVIA: Certainly.

SAM: Before I'd believe that I'd have to see it with my own eyes.

SYLVIA: If you believe first, you wouldn't have to worry whether you saw it with your own eyes or not.

SAM: Oh, yes, I should.

SYLVIA (*with sweet, unassailable superiority*): Dear Sam!