

Sylvia

ACT I

THIS HAPPY BREED

SCENE III

QUEENIE: Here—I'll pour it out.

ETHEL: You'd better give your Aunt Sylvia a cup of tea.

SYLVIA (*bridling*): I don't want anyone to put themselves out on my account, I'm sure.

QUEENIE (*pouring out a cup of tea*): Nobody is, Aunt Sylvia, here you are, the sugar's just by you. Here you are, Mum.

ETHEL: Thank you, dear. Now slip along up to bed, there's a good girl.

QUEENIE: I'd rather wait till dad comes, he can't be long now.

ETHEL: Very well.

SYLVIA (*with martyred politeness*): Would you like me to wait up for Frank, Ethel, and you go to bed?

ETHEL: No thanks, Sylvia—I couldn't sleep, anyway.

SYLVIA: I've been sleeping terribly badly lately, what with all the upset and the heat and everything . . .

ETHEL: Go on up now then and take an aspirin.

SYLVIA: I daren't, it always makes my heart go funny. Doctor Morgan says it does do that with some people. He gave me some tablets but I'm afraid they're not much good. I'll take two to-night just to see what happens.

ETHEL: I shouldn't overdo it if I was you.

SYLVIA: They're quite harmless. (*She gets up.*) I'll take my tea up with me.

ETHEL (*relieved*): Nothing like a nice cup of tea in bed.

SYLVIA (*smiling wanly*): Good-night, Ethel—good-night, Queenie.

QUEENIE: Good-night, Aunt Sylvia.