

Ethel—(Stops conversation). Mr. Brent is coming.
Alaric—Jolly good of you to let him bore you. I hate the sight of the beggar myself. Always looks to me like the first conspirator to a play.
Jarvis—(Enters). Mr. Brent. (Alaric exit into garden U.C.)
 (Exit Jarvis).
Brent—(After Jarvis' exit). How are you?
Ethel—Fair.
Brent—Where is your mother?
Ethel—Lying down.
Brent—And Alaric?
Ethel—In the garden.
Brent—Could we have a moment or two alone?
Ethel—Very likely.
Brent—(Crosses to Ethel). Glad to see me?
Ethel—Why not?
Brent—I am glad to see you,—more than glad.
Ethel—Really!
Brent—(Sits beside her). Ethel, I am at the cross-roads.
Ethel—Ah!
Brent—It came last night.
Ethel—Did it?
Brent—This is the end between Sybil and myself.
Ethel—Is it?
Brent—Absolutely the end. It has been horrible from the first—'horrible. There is not a word of mine, nor an action that she does not misunderstand.
Ethel—How boring.
Brent—She would see harm, even in this.
Ethel—Why?
Brent—She would think I was here to,—to,—
Ethel—What?
Brent—To make love to you.
Ethel—Well, aren't you?
Brent—Ethel!
Ethel—Didn't you always.
Brent—Has it seemed like that to you?
Ethel—By insinuation. Never straight-forwardly.
Brent—Has it offended you?
Ethel—Then you admit it?
Brent—Oh! I wish I had the right to,—to,—
Ethel—Yes?
Brent—Make love to you straight-forwardly.
Ethel—If you had the right to make love to me straight-forwardly you would not do it.
Brent—What do you mean?
Ethel—It is only because you have not the right that you do it,—by suggestion.
Brent—How can you say that?
Ethel—You do not deny it?
Brent—What a horrible opinion you must have of me!
Ethel—Then we are quits, aren't we?
Brent—How?
Ethel—Haven't you one of me?
Brent—Of you? Why, Ethel!
Ethel—Surely every married man must have a contemptible opinion of one he covertly makes love to. If he didn't, he couldn't do it, could he?
Brent—I do not follow you.
Ethel—Haven't you had time to think of an answer?
Brent—I do not know what you are driving at.
Ethel—No? I think you do. What happened last night.
Brent—I had rather not say. I would sound like a cad blaming a woman.
Ethel—Never mind how it sounds. Tell me. It must have been amusing.
Brent—Amusing! Good! God! The more I look at you and listen to you the more I realize I should never have married.
Ethel—Why did you?