

## CYNTHIA / HASTINGS

CYNTHIA:

Mr. Hastings... may I talk to you?

HASTINGS:

Of course.

CYNTHIA:

Mr. Hastings—you are always so kind, and you know such a lot.

HASTINGS:

Well...

CYNTHIA:

I want to ask your advice. You see, Aunt Emily always told me I should be provided for. I suppose she forgot, or didn't think she was likely to die—anyway, I am *not* provided for! I suppose it was in one of her former wills. I don't know what to do. Do you think I ought to go away from here at once?

HASTINGS:

Good heavens, no! They don't want to part with you, I'm sure.

CYNTHIA:

Mary does. She hates me.

HASTINGS:

Mary? Hates you?

CYNTHIA:

Yes. I don't know why, but she can't bear me; and *he* can't, either.

HASTINGS:

There I know you're wrong. On the contrary, John is very fond of you.

CYNTHIA:

Oh, yes—*John*. I meant Lawrence. Not, of course, that I care whether Lawrence hates me or not. Still, it's rather horrid when no one loves you, isn't it?

HASTINGS:

But they do, Cynthia dear. I'm sure you are mistaken. Look, there is John—and Evie—

CYNTHIA:

Yes, John likes me, I think, and of course Evie, for all her gruff ways, wouldn't be unkind to a fly. But Lawrence never speaks to me if he can help it, and Mary can hardly bring herself to be civil to me. She wants Evie to stay on, is begging her to, but she doesn't want me, (*sobbing*) and—and—no one wants me! I don't know what to do.