

EVIE / JOHN / MARY

JOHN:

Look here, Mary, there's the deuce of a mess. Evie's had a row with Emily and she's off.

MARY:

Evie? Off?

JOHN:

Yes; you see she went to mother, and—Oh,—here's Evie!

MARY:

My dear Evelyn, this can't be true!

EVIE:

True enough! Afraid I said some things to Emily she won't forget or forgive in a hurry.

JOHN:

Mother? Probably water off a duck's back.

EVIE:

I said right out: '*Emily, there's no fool like an old fool. Don't you fool yourself as to what he married you for. Money! Farmer Raikes has got a very pretty young wife. Just ask your Alfred how much time he spends over there.*' She was very angry. Natural! I went on, '*I'm going to warn you, whether you like it or not. You can say what you like to me, but that man would as soon murder you in your bed as look at you*'

MARY:

What did she say?

EVIE:

'*Darling Alfred*'—to accuse her '*dear husband!*' The sooner I left her house the better. So I'm off.

MARY:

But not now?

EVIE:

This very minute!

JOHN:

I wholeheartedly wish to dissuade you... (*Evie glares*)... but perhaps a cooling off...

MARY:

I'll persuade Emily to think better of it. Never you fear, Evie.