

LAWRENCE. Okay, Claypome sit there, she's going to tell us about the adventure. Edna, you stand there. And keep quiet!

JOANNA. Edna has to leave the room. LAWRENCE. Edna, you must leave the room. Yes, you must! Through the kitchen and into the scullery and shut the door. And not a whimper out of you-

JOANNA. *(In exactly the same voice.)* -young miss! Go on this minute. *(She looks at Edna a moment.)* Well, 1-!
LAWRENCE. What?

JOANNA. -No, I wouldn't have said that. You can't say things that I wouldn't have said when I was a little girl. *(She has started out reprovngly but softens now.)* You might grow up to be different than me. You must wear tall black stockings and a long gray skirt and a wine-colored apron and your hair will be combed straight back and pulled into a bun and clipped with -*(She makes a sudden, violent attack.)* Yes, it will, I did! *(Instantly sweet again.)* And clipped with a tortoise-shell bow. And you will sit with both your hands on your knees or folded in your lap and you will not think about what's between little boys' legs and you will speak when you're spoken to. *(She watches her go to the kitchen.)*

LAWRENCE. She's left.