

BEAU. (*Finding his pants in an unusual place.*) It seems to me that the best course of action is for the five of us to leave the cottage as soon as possible.

DIERDRE and MARJORIE. Yes! **CLARKE.** That's what I was going to say!

SYLVIA. Perhaps I don't want to leave. Perhaps I want Richard to kill you.

CLARKE, MARJORIE, and BEAU. Sylvie!

Dierdre gasps simultaneously.

SYLVIA. What?! I'm a jilted lover, aren't I? Double jilted really, if you count Clarke.

CLARKE. *Count* me? I'm your husband.

SYLVIA. Beau, you've deceived me terribly. Being already married was one thing. But having plans to marry a completely different person, is something else entirely.

MARJORIE. Beau can't marry anyone else, can he? We're still married.

DIERDRE. Are you?

MARJORIE. Indeed.

DIERDRE. But Beau, I thought you said the divorce was final.

MARJORIE. Did you?

BEAU. Final is such an ambiguous word.

DIERDRE. (*To Beau.*) Is that *your* baby then?!

MARJORIE. Oh heavens no. This baby belongs to Sylvia's husband.

DIERDRE. Oh. Well, that's a relief.

SYLVIA. (*Dripping sarcasm.*) Yes. Isn't it?

CLARKE. I think we should gather our things and depart immediately before the brute arrives.

DIERDRE. Yes!

SYLVIA. How are we supposed to depart? We have no car.

MARJORIE. No car?

SYLVIA. We took the train to be discreet.

MARJORIE. How very thoughtful.

DIERDRE. But he'll be coming on the train, won't he? We'll run into him at the station.

BEAU. We'll have to risk it. It's our only escape. Perhaps he won't be violent in public.

DIERDRE. Once he whacked a lovely bloke named Gavin at our local pub.

SYLVIA. You take lovers as often as the queen takes tea.

DIERDRE. (*Paying a compliment.*) You're much more clever than Beau made you out to be.

SYLVIA. (*Livid, to Beau.*) You told her about me?

DIERDRE. Only in that he had a strong-willed sister-in-law.

SYLVIA. Oh, is that what he said?

BEAU. Now, let's not get hung up on semantics.

SYLVIA. Semantics aren't the only thing I'd like to see hung! No thank you. I'm staying put, right here.

She sits.

Let's see what this mass murderer has up his sleeve, thank you very much. My life is worthless now anyway—perhaps he'll redirect his anger at me and I can get this life over with once and for all.

BEAU. Sylvie, please. Be reasonable.

MARJORIE. Yes, Sylvie. Be reasonable.

SYLVIA. I don't believe the two of you are well-suited ambassadors for reason!

BEAU. I've had enough of this! I'm going to pack. Sylvia, I suggest you change.

Beau exits back to the bedroom.

SYLVIA. (*Off to Beau.*) I've done enough changing for today. (*Then to herself.*) Less than an hour ago I was a woman in love on the brink of my life's beginning. Now, I'm on the precipice of divorce with nothing but a killer's entrance to look forward to.

CLARKE. Gah! You're so dramatic!

Clarke exits (dramatically) to the kitchen, clearing something perhaps, in preparation to depart.