

Clark and Sylvia

SYLVIA. What?

CLARKE. Perhaps still love you?!

SYLVIA. Being on the brink of death brings out the sentimental side in me. Clarke, please don't confuse the issue. I may be your wife, but you've made it perfectly clear that you do not love me.

CLARKE. I never.

SYLVIA. I believe Marjorie's bells screamed it quite clearly.

CLARKE. Sylvia... *(To Richard politely.)* May I have a word?

RICHARD. Of course. Pardon me, I'll refresh the tea.

*Richard exits to the kitchen, perhaps stepping deliberately over the gun while gazing lovingly at Sylvia.*

CLARKE. *(Appalled.)* Are you having tea with him?!

SYLVIA. Yes, darling.

RICHARD. *(Popping his head back in.)* Forgive me, Sir, would you care for tea?

~~CLARKE. *(Politely.)* No, thank you.~~

~~*Richard pops out again.*~~

SYLVIA. What is it you wanted to say, Clarke?

CLARKE. *(Terribly confused.)* I don't know exactly. Only, it all seems so odd.

SYLVIA. I couldn't agree more.

CLARKE. He seems quite gentlemanly for a killer.

SYLVIA. All of us are capable of hiding secrets.

CLARKE. Sylvia, I did love you. At one time I loved you very much. Perhaps we've just grown weary of one another.

SYLVIA. But that's just it, Clarke. True love is not wearisome. We matched ourselves well, I suppose. But ours was not a romance. *(A realization.)* Oh!

CLARKE. *(On high alert!)* What is it?

SYLVIA. *(Carrying on.)* I'm not the first to utter those words today.

CLARKE. No?

SYLVIA. Beau said the same to me earlier, only I was too wrapped up in pretend to really notice it.

CLARKE. I'm not sure I follow.

SYLVIA. No matter. Our marriage was lovely Clarke, but it wasn't to be.

CLARKE. No, I suppose not.

SYLVIA. Well don't look so glum. You've got your God-chosen Marjorie, haven't you?

CLARKE. Quite right. Quite right.

SYLVIA. (*Comforting.*) Alright then. Up you go. I want to finish my conversation with...Richard.

CLARKE. You're sure you're not in danger?

SYLVIA. Quite.

CLARKE. Up I go then.

*Clarke moves to exit up the stairs. Just as he hits the top landing...*

SYLVIA. Clarke?

CLARKE. Mm?

SYLVIA. Thank you.

CLARKE. For what?

SYLVIA. For loving me on some level.

CLARKE. Right.

*Clarke exits. Sylvia opens the kitchen door.*

*Dierdre begins to creep or even crawl on, unnoticed by the others.*

SYLVIA. (*Calling off to Richard.*) All's clear. You can come out.

RICHARD. Whose home is this?

SYLVIA. They're brothers.

RICHARD. Fascinating.

*Dierdre has picked up the gun and is now aiming it at Richard.*

DIERDRE. (*As menacing as Dierdre gets.*) Hello, Richard!

SYLVIA. Dierdre!

RICHARD. Darling!