

Full Cast

~~BEAU. I'm going to be a lawyer. I'll be a lawyer.~~
~~He's really a lawyer.~~

CLARKE. So then, we're to share the cottage.

BEAU. All as we suspected, except for one thing. Read here.

Beau points to a spot on the will.

CLARKE. (*Reading.*) "In the matter of the family cottage situated in Moreton in Marsh, I leave full ownership to my daughter-in-law, Sylvia Ann Markinson Van Kipness." (*Then.*) To Sylvia?

SYLVIA. (*Joyfully shocked.*) Hoorah.

DIERDRE. (*Upon reentering.*) What's just happened?

SYLVIA. Dear old Mama has left this cottage, my most favorite place in all the world, to me!!!

CLARKE. (*Finding the loophole.*) But Sylvia is my wife, so therefore in truth I own...

BEAU. Keep reading.

CLARKE. (*Reading.*) "In the event that my son, Clarke Van Kipness, should divorce Sylvia Ann Markinson Van Kipness, ownership of said property shall remain...Sylvia's." (*Then.*) That bitch.

BEAU. Careful.

CLARKE. We're not divorced yet!

SYLVIA. Oh Clarke, really? After all this, you expect me to stay married to you so that you can play house here with Marjorie and a baby?

DIERDRE. That is a bit much to ask, Clarke.

CLARKE. Gah! (*To Sylvia.*) None of this would have ever happened had you not sent those blasted telegrams!

BEAU. A will is a will, Clarke, telegrams or no.

DIERDRE. It was predestined!

CLARKE. Don't you speak to me of destiny!

BEAU. Don't you speak to her about what she can speak to you of!

CLARKE. Don't you speak to me about what I can speak to her to speak to me of!

Sylvia, quiet till now, refers to a portrait of Mama.

SYLVIA. She knew.

BEAU, CLARKE, DIERDRE, and RICHARD. Knew what?

Sylvia relays this story almost as a bedtime tale. The others gather around. Once more, a family moment.

SYLVIA. We were at a summer picnic, all of us, a few years ago, and she turned to me and said, "I didn't know you and Clarke visited the cottage last week. I found your pearl-and-sapphire earrings." Only we hadn't, see. I had been here for my one night with you.

BEAU. So what did you say?

SYLVIA. I don't know why really, perhaps I couldn't bear lying to an old woman, but I just came out with it.

CLARKE. You told her?

SYLVIA. I said, "I didn't visit the cottage with Clarke. I was there with Beau."

BEAU. No!

SYLVIA. Yes.

DIERDRE. And what did *she* say?

SYLVIA. She smiled. In fact, it was the first time I'd ever seen her smile. And she said, (*Stately.*) "Ah. Then, I see you've discovered what the cottage is for."

Beau and Clarke nearly choke.

CLARKE. Mother said that?!

SYLVIA. She might have been cold to you back in your home in London, but she'd obviously been quite warm with somebody right here.

CLARKE. Sylvia, really. You're talking about our mother as though she were nothing but a cheap prostitute.

DIERDRE. (*Deeply offended.*) Hey.

Marjorie enters.

SYLVIA. Call her what you want, but your mother has left this cottage to me!

MARJORIE. Noooooo!

SYLVIA. Yesssss!