

Side 10 - Sylvia, Richard, Deirdre

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!

**DIERDRE.** I'm not your darling! And I'm not married to you anymore! All you do is kill the people I love. Well, no more! I love Beau (!)—and Beau loves me (!)—and we're to be married and I won't let you stop me! The stars have aligned! Sylvia, step aside!

*Sylvia steps aside.*

**RICHARD.** What do you know of stars?

**DIERDRE.** I know when they're aligned!

**RICHARD.** Are you going to kill me?

**DIERDRE.** I'd sooner kill you than have you kill Beau!

**SYLVIA.** But what about loyalty?

**DIERDRE.** (*A quote she's heard.*) "Sometimes we must kill one love to make room for another."

**SYLVIA.** That's twice now you've made sense.

**RICHARD.** Has our life together meant nothing to you?

**DIERDRE.** (*Momentarily thoughtful.*) I don't want to hurt your feelings.

**RICHARD.** Yet you're pointing a rifle at me.

**DIERDRE.** (*Letting it all out.*) Fine then! You stifle me! Cooped up all day and night in that dreadful drugstore. At least before I married you, I was free to do as I please.

**RICHARD.** Before you married me you were living in squalor.

**DIERDRE.** That's besides the point! I won't let you kill Beau!

*With a scream, she shoots! Nothing happens.*

**RICHARD.** I can't believe you'd really kill me!

**DIERDRE.** (*Befuddled, shaking the gun, staring down the barrel, etc.*) What's happened?

**SYLVIA.** It's not loaded.

**DIERDRE.** But I heard a gunshot before!

**SYLVIA.** It was only *slightly* loaded.

**DIERDRE.** Oh dear!

**CLARKE.** (*Calling from off.*) Sylvia?!

**SYLVIA.** (*Calling up.*) Yes, Clarke?

**CLARKE.** (*Calling from off.*) I heard a scream.

SYLVIA. (*Calling up.*) That was Dierdre.

CLARKE. (*Calling from off.*) Alrighty then...

RICHARD. Dierdre, I wasn't ever going to kill Beau.

DIERDRE. Ha! You've killed all the others!

RICHARD. No!

DIERDRE. No?!

RICHARD. I haven't hurt a flea.

DIERDRE. You said you did!

RICHARD. I only meant to keep you from straying.

DIERDRE. What are you saying?

RICHARD. You have me all wrong. I made up those awful stories to deter you from leaving me. I have a fear of loneliness I'm afraid.

DIERDRE. Is this a joke? I've been living in constant fear of you.

RICHARD. And I of you. I couldn't bear it if you'd left me. I couldn't manage the pain twice. You see, I'd already lost...

DIERDRE. (*Impatient.*) You'd already lost what??!

*The telephone interrupts.*

SYLVIA. (*To Richard and Dierdre.*) Hold that thought.

*Richard and Dierdre ad-lib. ("Oh, of course." "Yes." "By all means." Etc.) They immediately set their intense argument temporarily aside, sit, and turn full attention to Sylvia; she answers the phone.*

Van Kipness residence.

This is Mrs. Sylvia Van Kipness, yes.

Oh! Oh my. When?

Yes, of course. I understand.

No, I'll tell them. Thank you.

*Sylvia hangs up the phone. Richard and Dierdre resume their intense previous position.*

DIERDRE. (*Right back to it.*) What? Richard, what had you lost?

SYLVIA. (*Calling off.*) Beau? I'm afraid I have some news. Can you come out here please? Beau?

*Sylvia moves to shout for Beau, then Clarke, then Marjorie.*