

SIDE 3 - SYLVIA, MARJORIE, CLARKE, BEAU

SYLVIA. I didn't know you were pregnant!

MARJORIE. (*A bit of a confession.*) Not to worry, dear, this is actually quite convenient.

*On the heels of the word "convenient," Beau enters with a tea tray from the kitchen AND there's a knock at the door. They all look out.*

Who's that?

*Beau sets the tray down. More knocking.*

CLARKE. (*From off.*) Sylvie?

*They all look at the door.*

MARJORIE. (*Gobsmacked.*) Clarke?

CLARKE. (*From off.*) Beau, I know you're in there. Open the door

SYLVIA. Perhaps telegrams weren't such a grand idea after all.

BEAU. Delayed logic is consistently disappointing.

*Beau wipes his brow with his hanky, then opens the door. Wind blows, birds chirp. Clarke enters.*

Good morning, Clarke.

CLARKE. Morning.

BEAU. How was your walk?

CLARKE. Lovely. (*Genuine.*) What a smart robe.

BEAU. It's from China.

CLARKE. (*Handing Beau his hat/umbrella.*) I didn't see any robes like that when I was in China.

BEAU. Well, next time you go I'll give you the name of the tailor.

CLARKE. Yes, please, I'd like that (*Feeling it.*) —silky, smooth... (*Noticing Marjorie and Sylvia.*) Darling?!

MARJORIE. Clarke!

SYLVIA. Clarke.

CLARKE. Darling, what are you doing here?

SYLVIA. Darling, you knew I was here. You came looking for me.

CLARKE. No, not you, darling. (*To Marjorie.*) You, darling.

MARJORIE. Did you get a telegram from Sylvie too then, darling. We must have been on the same train. What a relief, isn't it, dear?

**CLARKE.** Quite!

*Sylvia and Beau look at each other, then back to Clarke and Marjorie.*

**SYLVIA and BEAU.** Sorry?

**CLARKE.** We haven't known how to tell you.

**SYLVIA.** Tell us what?

**CLARKE.** (*Genuine.*) That's a lovely negligee, Sylvie.

**SYLVIA.** Thank you, Clarke.

**BEAU.** Tell us what, Clarke?

**CLARKE.** (*Soaking in the place.*) I always love it here.

**BEAU.** As do I.

**CLARKE.** It's so tidy and well kept.

**BEAU.** Mother wouldn't have it any other way.

**CLARKE.** That's what *I'm* saying.

**SYLVIA.** Tell us what, Clarke?

**CLARKE.** Ah, yes. Simply put... (*Not at all simply.*) Marjorie and I are in love!

*Clarke and Marjorie revel in their love.*

*Note: Wherever Marjorie and Clarke can steal a kiss, a look, a grab, they ought to. There's nothing "mediocre" about what they have together.*

**BEAU.** With each other?

**MARJORIE.** Quite. In fact, Beau, darling, well, I suppose considering *your* news it will come as a comfort to you now. This child is not yours!

**CLARKE.** (*With enormous pride.*) I'm the father, Beau! (*Breathes deeply, now joyous.*) God, it feels good to get that off my chest! I was dreading having to act the uncle to my son.

**MARJORIE.** Or daughter.

**CLARKE.** (*A throwaway.*) Right. (*Now a proclamation.*) I want the child to call me Papa!

**MARJORIE.** What a favor you've done us, Sylvie! I know tonight,

I shall sleep well for once. It's been awful. Sneaking away at every chance we could. Loving in secret these long seven years.

**SYLVIA and BEAU.** Seven years?!

**BEAU.** (*Keeping a lid on it.*) I'm getting some ice.

*Beau moves toward the kitchen.*

**MARJORIE.** Why?

**BEAU.** I think I'll have a scotch. Sylvie?

**SYLVIA.** (*Truly in need of one.*) Yes, please.

*Beau exits.*

**MARJORIE.** At nine in the morning? How daring! (*Calling off.*) You know, I think I'll have one too!

**CLARKE.** (*Calling off.*) Make that four. (*Nuzzling Marjorie.*) It's a bit of a celebration isn't it?

**SYLVIA.** Seems debatable. (*To Marjorie.*) Sneaking away at every chance you could? As in—often?!

**MARJORIE.** No more often than you and Beau, I'm sure.

**SYLVIA.** We limit ourselves to one night per year.

*A beat and then Clarke and Marjorie burst out laughing.*

**MARJORIE.** One night?!

**CLARKE.** That's quite disciplined!

**SYLVIA.** (*With seething incredulousness.*) Yes, well, we're married, you see, so we felt the impropriety was best handled in a moderated capacity!

*Beau enters with ice.*

**BEAU.** (*Still heated.*) Ice!

*Beau fixes drinks at the bar.*

**MARJORIE.** (*With a twinkle in her eye.*) We weren't able to have that kind of self-control.

**SYLVIA.** Weren't you?

**MARJORIE.** I've never felt so alive as I do when I'm with Clarke.

**BEAU.** Lovely.

**CLARKE.** It has been rather exciting.

*Clarke and Marjorie canoodle.*

**SYLVIA.** *(To Clarke.)* And here, I thought you spent your spare time at the library.

**MARJORIE.** Mm, yes. The library, the study... *(With an extra twinkle.)* ...the stables.

**SYLVIA and BEAU.** The stables?!

*Marjorie and Clarke revel in the memory.*

**SYLVIA.** *(Disgustedly.)* Where did you do it? Were the horses watching?

**MARJORIE.** Oh, what difference does it make where? Whether one night or every night, an affair's an affair, isn't it?

**SYLVIA and BEAU.** Every night?!

**CLARKE.** *(Utterly casual, to Sylvia.)* Well, not every night, darling. Some nights I really *did* have to work.

**MARJORIE.** Perhaps God simply got mixed up and put the wrong brother with the wrong wife.

**BEAU.** *(Handing out drinks.)* Let's not bring God into this, shall we?

**CLARKE.** And why not? With the way I feel about Marjorie, I see no other explanation!

**MARJORIE.** Oh Clarke.

**CLARKE.** *(Another proclamation.)* A higher power has brought us together!

**MARJORIE.** How glorious!

*Clarke and Marjorie kiss.*

**CLARKE.** Cheers!

*They clink glasses.*

**ALL.** *(Emotionally diverse.)* Cheers!

*They sip. Then...*

**SYLVIA.** *(To Beau.)* Beau, if my husband and your wife have been together every evening, where have you been? You told me we couldn't see each other but once a year or Marjorie would suspect you.

*Beau pours himself another.*