

Side 6 - Marjorie + Beau

SYLVIA. I'd say in light of your present behavior, it's neither here nor there.

MARJORIE. Hear, hear! Now, Sylvie, won't you please get dressed?!! It really would be frightful to leave you here alone.

DIERDRE. Oh yes! It truly would. Despite the fact that he really is a nice fellow, Richard is a madman.

Beau enters with his luggage, dressed handsomely, without his shoes, his tie untied.

BEAU. Right then, let's be off. (*Noticing.*) Sylvie, you're not dressed.

SYLVIA. Oh, you're all incorrigible! Fine, give me a moment.

BEAU. Well, hurry please. The next train leaves on the hour—and it's at least a ten-minute walk.

SYLVIA. I'll be quick, Beau. Like your heart.

Sylvia exits to the bedroom.

DIERDRE. All that dancing! I think I'll have some water. Anyone else?

MARJORIE. No, **BEAU.** Not I. **CLARKE.** Scotch for me.
Thank you.

Dierdre exits to the kitchen. Clarke fixes himself a drink at the bar.

BEAU. (*Re: his tie.*) Darling, you know I'm useless. Do you mind?

MARJORIE. Alright, quickly then.

She ties his tie throughout.

Are you angry with us?

BEAU. What right have I to be angry?

MARJORIE. I'm a bit miffed, I must admit.

BEAU. Are you?

MARJORIE. I'd never have strayed, had you been faithful.

BEAU. You knew?

MARJORIE. Well, of course, darling. The wife always knows.

BEAU. Why didn't you say anything?

MARJORIE. I hate unpleasant conversation.

CLARKE. She really does. One time I mentioned—

MARJORIE. (*Interrupting—sternly.*) Clarke.

CLARKE. (*Saving face.*) Nothing! I mentioned nothing!

MARJORIE. I think I loved you terribly when we first met.

BEAU. Did you?

MARJORIE. Didn't you love me?

BEAU. I thought we made a handsome couple.

MARJORIE. Is that love?

BEAU. I was fine.

MARJORIE. Is fine enough for you?

BEAU. I've always thought so.

MARJORIE. Well, I don't want to be someone else's "fine."

BEAU. That's understandable.

MARJORIE. Thank you.

CLARKE. (*Popping up between them.*) I hope you'll come to the wedding.

BEAU. Wedding?

MARJORIE. Yes, Beau. I'm hoping we can be sharp about a divorce. I'd like to be properly wed to Clarke by the time the baby comes.

BEAU. Not so scandalous after all then, divorce?

MARJORIE. What choice do I have, really?

CLARKE. Fortunately, she won't have to change her name.

The tie is tied. Dierdre pokes her head out of the kitchen door.

DIERDRE. Anyone want a picnic for the road?

All at once...

MARJORIE. Yes, BEAU. Why not? CLARKE. Lovely.
please.

DIERDRE. Right.

Dierdre disappears back into the kitchen.

MARJORIE. Will you do it, Beau? Will you draw up the papers?

BEAU. You're certain then, that Clarke is the husband for you?

MARJORIE. I am.

BEAU. All this certainty is a bit unnerving.