

Side 8 - Beau, Sylvia, Richard

Sylvia sets the gun down.

Beau enters with a makeshift weapon (fire poker, taxidermized animal, etc.) drawn, en garde! A standoff!

BEAU. Aha! I am Beau Van Kipness! It's me you're after! Let the girl go!

SYLVIA. (*Flattered.*) Beau! How noble!

BEAU. Step aside, Sylvie, you're free now!

SYLVIA. Thank you, Beau, but I'm fine. Really. Will you excuse us?

BEAU. Pardon?

SYLVIA. Go back to the bedroom, darling. I'm quite fine.

BEAU. I heard a gunshot.

SYLVIA. Indeed you did.

BEAU. (*As though rehearsed.*) This is my home! No one opens fire in my home!

SYLVIA. Right, well, we'll keep that in mind, darling. Now, beg your pardon, off you go.

BEAU. Sylvie, I can't leave you with a murderer!

SYLVIA. Oh? Now you've decided to qualify *how* you'll leave me?

BEAU. (*Pulling her aside.*) Sylvie, I am sorry about Dierdre. About everything. And now, thinking of you in danger, I... Well, I think, perhaps I really do love you.

SYLVIA. That's all I've ever wanted you to say and now that fear of my death has caused you to say it, it's the very last thing I want to hear. Perhaps I do believe you Beau, but you see, it's no matter, because I'm quite sure I'm only partially on your thermometer.

BEAU. What?

SYLVIA. Please leave us for the time being.

BEAU. (*Back en garde.*) Leave you with this killer?

SYLVIA. None of us are free of sin.

BEAU. (*An attempt at authority.*) But Sylvia!

SYLVIA. (*A better attempt than his.*) Beau!

BEAU. Right then. Excuse me.