

Side 9 - Sylvia + Richard

~~RICHARD. Yes, please~~

SYLVIA. Lovely.

She disappears again. He takes in the room. Perhaps looks out the window.

He takes off his murderous outer coat to reveal an outfit fitting a pharmacist. He puts on a pair of sweet glasses. He smooths his hair.

Though no longer a criminal, he is not the handsome devil that Beau is, nor the crisp-suited chap that Clarke is; William looks decidedly kind. Sylvia reenters with tea and crumpets.

Who would have thought when I woke up this morning that I'd be serving tea to my once betrothed, dead, now alive, William Pierce from Shrewsbury? One lump or two?

Sylvia puts sugar cubes in his teacup.

RICHARD. None, thank you.

She quickly removes the sugar cubes from his teacup and puts them back—now wet—in the sugar bowl.

SYLVIA. Of course. Sorry. It's been so long.

Sylvia hands him the tea, sans sugar.

RICHARD. And yet it's as if no time has passed at all.

SYLVIA. I'm glad you feel that way.

RICHARD. I opened my own apothecary, you know?

SYLVIA. How could I know anything?

RICHARD. Right after I met Dierdre.

SYLVIA. A little wisp of a thing, isn't she?

RICHARD. She's a good distraction. If I couldn't have (you)...

At the word "distraction," Clarke bounds down the stairs (perhaps he trips and falls) screaming loudly, holding a large vase above his head poised for attack.

CLARKE. Unhand her, you beast!

RICHARD. Who's this?

SYLVIA. Clarke!

CLARKE. This is my wife, you scoundrel! You let her free!

SYLVIA. (*Helping him up.*) Clarke! Oh my, dear Clarke. Aren't you the knight in shining armor? Darling, I'm quite alright.

CLARKE. But I heard a gunshot.

SYLVIA. That was ages ago.

CLARKE. Yes, well, it took me some time to determine a proper weapon and come up with a plan.

SYLVIA. The vase and the screaming were quite well thought out, darling.

Beau enters, another makeshift weapon drawn.

BEAU. What's going on?

SYLVIA. (*Exasperated.*) Nothing!

CLARKE. (*To Sylvia.*) How can you be so nonchalant?

BEAU. (*Subtly to Richard.*) You look different.

SYLVIA. (*Carrying on.*) I'm fine. Both of you. We—well, we just need a bit more time to sort things out—don't we Wi...Richard?

RICHARD. (*Sipping tea—pinkies up.*) Mm, yes. Yes, we do.

CLARKE. (*As if rehearsed.*) Well, this is my home. No one opens fire in my home!

BEAU. That's what I said!

CLARKE. Yes, well I'm saying it now!

SYLVIA. Beau, please! We've been through this.

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

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

BEAU. Right. Excuse me.

*Beau exits, backing up once again (perhaps still en garde).
Once he's gone...*

CLARKE. Sylvia?

SYLVIA. Clarke. I'm fine. Now off you go.

CLARKE. Off I go? But Sylvia, you're my wife! I can't leave you with a murderer.

SYLVIA. To what do I owe this sudden spurt of caring?

CLARKE. I don't know really. (*A lightbulb.*) Oh dear.

SYLVIA. What?

CLARKE. Perhaps I still love you?!

SYLVIA. Funny how the brink of death brings out the sentimental side in men. Clarke, please don't confuse the issue. I may be your wife, but you've made it perfectly clear that you do not love me.

CLARKE. I never...

SYLVIA. I believe Marjorie's belly screamed it quite clearly.

CLARKE. Sylvia... *(To Richard politely.)* May I have a word?

RICHARD. Of course. Pardon me, I'll refresh the tea.

Richard exits to the kitchen, perhaps stepping deliberately over the gun while gazing lovingly at Sylvia.

CLARKE. *(Appalled.)* Are you having tea with him?!

SYLVIA. Yes, darling.

RICHARD. *(Popping his head back in.)* Forgive me. Sir, would you care for tea?

CLARKE. *(Politely.)* No. Thank you.

Richard pops out again.

SYLVIA. What is it you wanted to say, Clarke?

CLARKE. *(Terribly confused.)* I don't know exactly. Only, it all seems so odd.

SYLVIA. I couldn't agree more.

CLARKE. He seems quite gentlemanly for a killer.

SYLVIA. All of us are capable of hiding secrets.

CLARKE. Sylvia, I did love you. At one time I loved you very much. Perhaps we've just grown weary of one another.

SYLVIA. But that's just it, Clarke. True love is not wearisome. We matched ourselves well, I suppose. But ours was not a romance. *(A realization.)* Oh!

CLARKE. *(On high alert!)* What is it?

SYLVIA. *(Carrying on.)* I'm not the first to utter those words today.

CLARKE. No?

SYLVIA. Beau said the same to me earlier, only I was too wrapped up in pretend to really notice it.