SYLVIA. *(Whispered.)* My husband.

RICHARD. *(Whispered.)* I see.

CLARKE. *(Calling from off.)* I'm coming down!

SYLVIA. *(Calling off.)* No! No Clarke! Not yet. I'll let you know!

CLARKE. *(Calling from off.)* Well alright then, Sylvie, but let this be a warning!...

Beat.

SYLVIA. *(Calling off.)* Is that it dear? Was that the warning?

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

Their dialogue continues hushed.

RICHARD. Is your husband *hiding* upstairs?

SYLVIA. Well, now you know he's there so I suppose he's done a poor job of it—can this be true? William Pierce? I was only just now talking of you! It's as if the universe heard me.

RICHARD. How grand!

SYLVIA. I thought I'd lost you forever!

RICHARD. And I you.

SYLVIA. How'd you find me?

RICHARD. I didn't.

SYLVIA. What?

RICHARD. I mean I'm not looking for you.

SYLVIA. But you've found me.

RICHARD. Thank God!

SYLVIA. Well if you're not here to find me, whatever are you doing here?

RICHARD. *(Remembering his mission—returning to his hunt.)* My wife has left me for another man and I've come to find him.

SYLVIA. *(Not hushed.)* You're Richard!

RICHARD. *(A gentle confession.)* It's my pseudonym.

He's back to the hunt.

SYLVIA. You're married to Dierdre!

RICHARD. *(Genuine surprise.)* You know her?

SYLVIA. Yes.

RICHARD. *(Pathetically emotional, despite unconsciously pointing the gun toward Sylvia.)* She's decided to leave me.

SYLVIA. Would you mind terribly putting your gun down while we determine why any woman would decide to leave you?

RICHARD. *(Politely.)* Oh! Sorry. Of course.

He sets his gun down.

SYLVIA. There now. A breath of relief.

They breathe in unison. Dialogue resumes hushed.

RICHARD. This is a lovely cottage.

SYLVIA. It belongs to my mother-in-law.

RICHARD. *(Sincere.)* I didn't mean to frighten you, Sylvie. Lord knows, in a million years, I never thought I'd find you here. God. You look ravishing.

SYLVIA. *(Flattered.)* Thanks. *(Back on task.)* But, that's quite besides the point. *(With joy.)* William, you're alive?!

RICHARD. I am!

SYLVIA. *(With despair.)* But your wife says...

RICHARD. *(Interrupting.)* Ex-wife.

SYLVIA. Most people do choose to divorce murderers, darling.

RICHARD. *(Confused.)* Murderers?

SYLVIA. I never would have thought it, William. You were always gentle as a lamb.

RICHARD. *(Hurt.)* But you can't think I've actually killed anyone?

SYLVIA. Haven't you?

RICHARD. *(Offended.)* Sylvie!

SYLVIA. Dierdre says there's a bloke buried in your back porch steps!

RICHARD. *(A realization.)* She really is gullible isn't she?

SYLVIA. And Gavin at the local pub?

RICHARD. *(A decision to explain.)* My ex-wife is a bit of a free spirit, Sylvia. I thought—

SYLVIA. What?