RICHARD. So sorry to have disrupted your Monday morning. I was in a bit of a temper when I found Dierdre's note. I'm sure you can understand.

BEAU. Dierdre, I thought you said he was large.

DIERDRE. He's larger than me.

RICHARD. Quite average, really.

BEAU. You seem charming for a serial killer.

RICHARD. I'm afraid to disappoint, but Dierdre's correct. I have not been entirely truthful.

DIERDRE. He's a liar and a fraud!

RICHARD. Indeed, I do take full responsibility for those accusations. I'm shamed to say I made up tales of brute strength and violence to frighten Dierdre from leaving me.

BEAU. That seems a rather risky plan.

CLARKE. You pretended to be a murderer?

RICHARD. To be honest, I assumed she knew it was all a game.

DIERDRE. How would I know?

SYLVIA. She doesn't appear to be an expert on games, darling.

RICHARD. Well, the stories were ridiculous, Dierdre. Honestly, it's impossible to rip a man's heart out with a teaspoon.

DIERDRE. You said it was serrated!

RICHARD. Just for theatricality.

DIERDRE. This is absurd! How do I know you're not lying now?

RICHARD. I suppose you just have to trust me.

DIERDRE. But that's just it! I don't trust you at all!

BEAU. If the chaps weren't dead, what prevented them from showing up again?

RICHARD. Well, first I scared them.

BEAU. By showing up at their homes with a large, slightly loaded rifle?

RICHARD. That is one of my most effective tactics, yes.

BEAU. And then—when you didn't actually kill them?

RICHARD. I paid them off.

BEAU. Ah.

DIERDRE. With money?

RICHARD. That is generally *how* you pay people off.

DIERDRE. But you haven't got any money.

RICHARD. I have. *(Deeply embarrassed.)* I just save it to bribe the men I've pretended to murder.

CLARKE. *(Calling upstairs.)* Marjorie! You can come down. No murderers, only lunatics.

DIERDRE. But, Richard! Perhaps if you'd spent that money on me—sweets, flowers, jewelry—I wouldn't have strayed in the first place!

SYLVIA. Excellent point, Dierdre.

RICHARD. But you never loved me Dierdre. Money would never have really mattered. I always knew you'd only married me to avoid your circumstances.

DIERDRE. *(Fearfully.)* Richard, don't. *(Trying to convince.)* I loved you...

RICHARD. Come now, Dierdre.

DIERDRE. *(On the same note.)* ...a little.

BEAU. Circumstances?

DIERDRE. *(Utterly casual.)* It's nothing.

RICHARD. Haven't you told Beau how we met?

DIERDRE. Please, Richard.

BEAU. *(Concerned.)* No, she has not.

SYLVIA. *(Intrigued.)* No, she has not.

Marjorie enters, interrupting.

MARJORIE. *(Cautious.)* No, she has not, what?

CLARKE. There you are darling!

MARJORIE. Hello.

SYLVIA. William, this is Marjorie.

MARJORIE. William?

SYLVIA. Richard! I'm sorry! Richard, this is Beau's wife, Marjorie.