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.

CLARKE. I'm not sure I follow.

SYLVIA. No matter. Our marriage was lovely Clarke, but it wasn't to be.

CLARKE. No, I suppose not.

SYLVIA. Well don't look so glum. You've got your God-chosen Marjorie, haven't you?

CLARKE. Quite right. Quite right.

SYLVIA. *(Comforting.)* Alright then. Up you go. I want to finish my conversation with...Richard.

CLARKE. You're sure you're not in danger?

SYLVIA. Quite.

CLARKE. Up I go then.

Clarke moves to exit up the stairs. Just as he hits the top landing...

SYLVIA. Clarke?

CLARKE. Mm?

SYLVIA. Thank you.

CLARKE. For what?

SYLVIA. For loving me on some level.

CLARKE. Right.

Clarke exits. Sylvia opens the kitchen door.

Dierdre begins to creep or even crawl on, unnoticed by the others.

SYLVIA. *(Calling off to Richard.)* All's clear. You can come out.

RICHARD. Whose home is this?

SYLVIA. They're brothers.

RICHARD. Fascinating.

Dierdre has picked up the gun and is now aiming it at Richard.

DIERDRE. *(As menacing as Dierdre gets.)* Hello, Richard!

SYLVIA. Dierdre!

RICHARD. Darling!