DIERDRE. *(An enormous realization.)* Oh.

MARJORIE. What?

Dierdre suddenly puts out her cigarette and nervously begins to pace.

BEAU. My dear, are you quite alright?

DIERDRE. No, no I'm afraid I'm not at all alright.

Dierdre begins to cry.

MARJORIE. Oh dear!

CLARKE. Are you unwell?

BEAU. Dierdre, darling, what's the matter?

DIERDRE. Well, that's just it. I haven't got round to telling you about Richard!

BEAU. What about him?

DIERDRE. I was so excited about the papers, and being free to marry you—the man I know in my heart of hearts I was truly meant to marry—that I forgot to mention Richard.

BEAU. Heart of hearts, yes, yes, what do you want to say?

DIERDRE. It's too awful.

Sylvia enters with a plate of crumpets and jam.

CLARKE. It's the anticipation that makes it awful. Reality is never quite as glum.

SYLVIA. Here you are, Marjorie, wouldn't want you to starve...

MARJORIE. Oooo! Yummy! Thank you Sylvie!

Marjorie begins to eat ravenously. Dierdre lets out a sob.

SYLVIA. What's this? My lover's lover is crying? What's the matter, darling? Did you find another woman in the broom closet?

Dierdre lets out another slightly bigger sob.

Or is your sister-in-law carrying your husband's baby?

Dierdre lets out the biggest sob of all.

BEAU. This may come as a shock to you, Sylvia, but this particular moment is not about you. *(Tenderly to Dierdre.)* There, there, dear.

SYLVIA. *(To herself.)* It's amazing how twenty minutes can completely change how one feels about a person.

CLARKE. *(To Dierdre.)* Go on, dear, you can tell us.

BEAU. Please, Petunia—whatever it is, we'll deal with it.

SYLVIA. Petunia? Petunia?! Is that what you call her?!

MARJORIE. That is rather gauche Beau, darling, seeing as you've always called me Daisy.

SYLVIA. What, do you just go round naming ladies after flowers?

She throws the tulip on the ground in protest.

Here I was thinking Tulip was so romantic.

BEAU. I told you—what we had was not a romance.

MARJORIE. *(Referring to the crumpets.)* These are delicious, Sylvie. Did you make them?

SYLVIA. *(Irate.)* I did. And I am never giving you the recipe!

Sylvia takes a drink.

Dierdre blows her nose loudly in a hanky Clarke has provided.

DIERDRE. *(Handing the hanky back to Clarke.)* Thanks.

CLARKE. Keep it.

Dierdre wails with renewed spirit.

MARJORIE. Alright then, darling Petunia, what is so upsetting?

BEAU. Yes, darling, please tell us.

MARJORIE. Be honest.

DIERDRE. It's Richard.

SYLVIA. Who's Richard?

CLARKE, BEAU, and MARJORIE. Her husband.

DIERDRE. *(Through tears.)* Ex-husband.

Note: Throughout, whenever Dierdre (or later Richard) inserts an "ex-husband" as a correction, it is to be treated quite slightly. Almost as if it hasn't been inserted at all.

BEAU. Darling, what about Richard?

DIERDRE. He...he...he's going to kill you.

It has built to this moment and now...silence. Then, suddenly, Beau leading the way, they all begin to laugh. The tension of the morning has finally found its release.