MARJORIE. *(Interrupting—sternly.)* Clarke.

CLARKE. *(Saving face.)* Nothing! I mentioned nothing!

MARJORIE. I think I loved you terribly when we first met.

BEAU. Did you?

MARJORIE. Didn't you love me?

BEAU. I thought we made a handsome couple.

MARJORIE. Is that love?

BEAU. I was fine.

MARJORIE. Is fine enough for you?

BEAU. I've always thought so.

MARJORIE. Well, I don't want to be someone else's "fine."

BEAU. That's understandable.

MARJORIE. Thank you.

CLARKE. *(Popping up between them.)* I hope you'll come to the wedding.

BEAU. Wedding?

MARJORIE. Yes, Beau. I'm hoping we can be sharp about a divorce. I'd like to be properly wed to Clarke by the time the baby comes.

BEAU. Not so scandalous after all then, divorce?

MARJORIE. What choice do I have, really?

CLARKE. Fortunately, she won't have to change her name.

The tie is tied. Dierdre pokes her head out of the kitchen door.

DIERDRE. Anyone want a picnic for the road?

All at once...

MARJORIE. Yes, please. **BEAU.** Why not? **CLARKE.** Lovely.

DIERDRE. Right.

Dierdre disappears back into the kitchen.

MARJORIE. Will you do it, Beau? Will you draw up the papers?

BEAU. You're certain then, that Clarke is the husband for you?

MARJORIE. I am.

BEAU. All this certainty is a bit unnerving.

MARJORIE. How so?

Beau shines/laces his shoes throughout the following.

BEAU. Well, you see, I'm not a bit certain there's a precisely perfect woman for me.

MARJORIE. Why not?

BEAU. There's so many of them. Certainty seems an impossible task.

MARJORIE. *(With eyes for Clarke.)* When you're in love, you'll know.

BEAU. But that's just it.

MARJORIE. What?

BEAU. I must have been in love.

MARJORIE. With me?

BEAU. But by your theory, it would seem that I haven't.

MARJORIE. I never said...

BEAU. By your philosophy, in fact, I have not yet found the correct person to be in love with.

MARJORIE. Well...

BEAU. Thus proving that actually, I've never been in love. So then, if that's true, I ask, what if the right woman for me is on the other side of the earth entirely?

CLARKE. In Antarctica!

BEAU. Precisely. What if I never meet her because she's too busy doing whatever it is she's doing in Antarctica?

CLARKE. *(A genuine question.)* What *do* women do in Antarctica?

DIERDRE. *(From the front door—holding a bouquet of flowers.)* Alright to bring some flowers from the garden back to town?

ALL. Lovely.

DIERDRE. Right.

She shuts the door.

MARJORIE. That's an awfully odd way to think about things.

BEAU. It's quite logical actually. If every person waited to marry until a moment of absolute certitude, than I suspect there would be very few marriages altogether.