BEAU. *(From the bathroom.)* What?

Buoyed, now that he's responded, she runs to the bottom of the stairs (or to the wing) and calls off to him more pointedly.

SYLVIA. I say *(Water shuts off—less loudly.)* are you nearly through?

BEAU. *(From off.)* Quite.

SYLVIA. Good.

Hopeful that his entrance is imminent, she races back to her pose as she calls off romantically…

(As the water turns back on.) I miss you!

Just as she gets back to her pose…

BEAU. *(From off.)* What?

He can't hear her at all! She starts back to the bottom of the stairs…

SYLVIA. *(Calling off, loudly.)* I say *(Water shuts off—less loudly.)* I miss you!

The sound of a door shutting is heard. He's on his way!

In seemingly one leap, Sylvia lands miraculously back on the sofa in her original pose, grapes and all, albeit slightly less perfect than originally intended.

Just missing Sylvia's perfect leap and return to casual elegance, Beau appears. He is tall, charming, and handsome. He wears a deep red silk robe and towels his hair.

BEAU. Ah—just as I left you. Gorgeous. My gorgeous tulip.

SYLVIA. *(Regaining composure.)* Am I?

Beau enters fully now.

BEAU. You know you are, darling. Why just now you've set yourself up perfectly to look coy and lovely, so that it would be exceedingly difficult for me to get properly dressed without distraction.

SYLVIA. Ah, darling. How well you know me.

BEAU. Do I?

SYLVIA. I love it when you call me Tulip.

BEAU. *(Oozing sex.)* Tulip.

SYLVIA. *(Euphorically.)* Ahhh.

He turns to go. Sylvia quickly shifts from orgasmic to desperate.

(Pleading.) Don't.

BEAU. Don't what?

SYLVIA. *(With renewed come-hitherness.)* Please don't get dressed. We've only just begun.

BEAU. Just begun? Good Lord, Sylvia, if that was just the beginning I'm afraid I'm not quite up to the task of making it to the end.

SYLVIA. Let's test you and find out.

They kiss passionately.

I *wish* you were my husband.

BEAU. No you don't.

SYLVIA. Yes I do.

He kisses her (neck, ears, etc.), continuing foreplay throughout their dialogue.

BEAU. If I were your husband you would despise me just as you despise Clarke and you would spend your evenings wishing to make love to him and not me.

SYLVIA. Do you really think so?

BEAU. I do.

SYLVIA. Well that's not very romantic, is it?

BEAU. Romance, my dear, is for fairy tales. This is not a romance. *(Getting sexier.)* This is sex.

SYLVIA. Passionate, wildly erotic sex.

BEAU. *(Sexier still.)* Un-wifely sex.

SYLVIA. Haven't you ever had wild sex with Marjorie?

The moment's now ruined. He breaks out of her embrace, releasing her haphazardly.

BEAU. Marjorie's not in the mood for wild sex.

SYLVIA. Ever?

BEAU. Well, I suppose once when we were in the South of France, she let me…

SYLVIA. *(Interrupting.)* Never mind, darling, I don't want to know. *(Then.)* Do you feel guilty?