But if Marjorie's…in the stables…then it seems to me you should be the one suspicious of her. When Clarke's not home, he tells me he's at work. What excuse does Marjorie give you?

MARJORIE. I don't.

SYLVIA. What?

MARJORIE. I don't need to give an excuse, Sylvie. He's never home either.

SYLVIA. He's never…

A knock at the door. All look out.

DIERDRE. *(From off, with doubtless hope and unrelenting romanticism.)* Beau?!

They all look at the door.

Beau! It's me, darling! Please open the door!

A small beat.

BEAU. Damn.

Beau drinks. Dierdre knocks more.

DIERDRE. *(From off.)* Beau, I have the most wonderful news! Are you there?

SYLVIA. Who's that?!

BEAU. That will be Dierdre.

MARJORIE. Who?

BEAU. Dierdre. My lover.

SYLVIA. *(Floored.)* Your lover?! Then who am I?

MARJORIE. *(Nearly giddy from the scandal.)* Who indeed?

BEAU. You are my sister-in-law and we share one night a year together.

SYLVIA. What?!

MARJORIE. *(Ever the detective.)* I knew you had a lover! I knew it.

BEAU. I'm so glad you're pleased, dear.

CLARKE. My my, Beau, this does come as a bit of a shock. I didn't know you had it in you.

MARJORIE. You speak of it as though it's something to be proud of Clarke!

CLARKE. No, no. I'm just surprised, that's all.

SYLVIA. Well that makes two of us!

MARJORIE. I'm surprised too. So really, it's three.

DIERDRE. *(Still at the door.)* I have a *surprise* for you!

MARJORIE. Oh goody. A theme!

DIERDRE. *(Still at the door.)* I can hardly wait another moment! Please open the door!

SYLVIA. *(Imitating.)* Yes, "*please.*"

Beau deliberately takes his wedding ring back off, then opens the door. Wind blows, birds chirp. Dierdre, a sweet young optimist, enters with more bags than she can comfortably carry. As they talk, Beau helps her with her bags, hat, etc.

DIERDRE. Beau, I had to see you! Oooh, what a lovely robe!

BEAU. Thank you, darling.

DIERDRE. *(Delighted.)* I didn't expect a costume! I've got my kimono in one of these bags. We can play "all aboard the Orient Express" later.

BEAU. Brilliant.

DIERDRE. *(Breathing in the day.)* I'm so glad to be here! Without you leading the way, I got a bit lost on the walk from the train! Oh! I love this cottage!

BEAU. As do I.

DIERDRE. It always feels a bit naughty.

She kisses him naughtily.

Your secretary told me you'd be here.

SYLVIA. You told your secretary?!

DIERDRE. *(Suddenly noticing everyone.)* Oh! Hello, everyone. I didn't expect a party. Will there be games?

MARJORIE. Seems we're in the middle of one.

DIERDRE. *(Genuine.)* What a lovely negligee.

SYLVIA. Thank you.

Sylvia pointedly gets a cigarette from another unlikely spot.