DIERDRE. I'm not your darling! And I'm not married to you anymore! All you do is kill the people I love. Well, no more! I love Beau (!)—and Beau loves me (!)—and we're to be married and I won't let you stop me! The stars have aligned! Sylvia, step aside!

Sylvia steps aside.

RICHARD. What do you know of stars?

DIERDRE. I know when they're aligned!

RICHARD. Are you going to kill me?

DIERDRE. I'd sooner kill you than have you kill Beau!

SYLVIA. But what about loyalty?

DIERDRE. *(A quote she's heard.)* "Sometimes we must kill one love to make room for another."

SYLVIA. That's twice now you've made sense.

RICHARD. Has our life together meant nothing to you?

DIERDRE. *(Momentarily thoughtful.)* I don't want to hurt your feelings.

RICHARD. Yet you're pointing a rifle at me.

DIERDRE. *(Letting it all out.)* Fine then! You stifle me! Cooped up all day and night in that dreadful drugstore. At least before I married you, I was free to do as I please.

RICHARD. Before you married me you were living in squalor.

DIERDRE. That's besides the point! I won't let you kill Beau!

With a scream, she shoots! Nothing happens.

RICHARD. I can't believe you'd really kill me!

DIERDRE. *(Befuddled, shaking the gun, staring down the barrel, etc.)* What's happened?

SYLVIA. It's not loaded.

DIERDRE. But I heard a gunshot before!

SYLVIA. It was only *slightly* loaded.

DIERDRE. Oh dear!

CLARKE. *(Calling from off.)* Sylvia?!

SYLVIA. *(Calling up.)* Yes, Clarke?

CLARKE. *(Calling from off.)* I heard a scream.