

Clarke EB

"The Cottage" by Sandy Rustin 11/4/2017

26.

Start*

CLARKE
Darling?!

MARJORIE
Clarke!

SYLVIA
Clarke.

CLARKE
Darling, what are you doing here?

SYLVIA
Darling, you knew I was here. You came looking for me.

CLARKE
No, not you, darling. (to MARJORIE) You, darling.

MARJORIE
Did you get a telegram from Sylvie too then, darling? We must have been on the same train. What a relief, isn't it, dear?

CLARKE
Quite!

SYLVIA and BEAU look at each other,
then back to CLARKE and MARJORIE.

SYLVIA & BEAU
Sorry?

CLARKE
We haven't known how to tell you.

SYLVIA
Tell us what?

CLARKE
(genuine)
That's a lovely neglige, Sylvie.

SYLVIA
Thank you, Clarke.

BEAU
Tell us what?

CLARKE
(soaking in the place)
I always love it here.

BEAU
As do I.

CLARKE
It's so tidy and well kept, isn't it?

Clarke 1

"The Cottage" by Sandy Rustin 11/4/2017

27.

SYLVIA

Tell us what, Clarke?

CLARKE

Ah, yes. Simply put ...
(not at all simply)
Marjorie and I are in love!

CLARKE and MARJORIE revel in their
love.

BEAU

With each other?

MARJORIE

Quite. In fact, Beau, darling, well, I suppose considering
your news it will come as a comfort to you now. This child
is not yours!

CLARKE

(with enormous pride)
I'm the father, Beau! (Breathes deeply, now joyous) God, it
feels good to get that off my chest! I was dreading having to
act the uncle to my son.

MARJORIE

Or daughter.

CLARKE

(a throw away)
Of course. (now a proclamation) I want the child to call me
Papa!

MARJORIE

What a favor you've done us, Sylvie! I know tonight, I shall
sleep well for once. It's been awful. Sneaking away at every
chance we could. Loving in secret these long seven years.

*NOTE: Wherever MARJORIE and CLARKE can
steal a kiss, a look, a grab, they
ought to. There's nothing "mediocre"
about what they have together.

BEAU

(keeping a lid on it)
I'm getting some ice!

BEAU moves towards the kitchen.

MARJORIE

Why?

BEAU

I think I'll have a scotch. Sylvie?

End*