

DIERDRE CB

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

47.

START

DIERDRE

Beau, this is terrible news. Richard must be on his way here. He has guns, Beau. Many different kinds of guns. Small ones. Big ones...

CLARKE hands DIERDRE a drink.

CLARKE

Drink?

DIERDRE

(very much wanting the drink)

Oh, no thank you. (she hands it back. CLARKE downs it). Richard doesn't like me to drink.

SYLVIA

Does he prefer you to kill people?

CLARKE

(with morbid curiosity)

Dierdre, what has he done with the ... you know ... in the past?

DIERDRE

What do you mean?

CLARKE

With the (disgusted at the thought) bodies? After?

DIERDRE

(with pride and fear)

Oh. Different things. He's very creative.

MARJORIE

For example?

DIERDRE

(continuing her ghost story)

Well, he buried one once.

SYLVIA

That's not creative.

DIERDRE

(and still)

No, he buried him in the cement of the back porch stairs.

SYLVIA

Better.

DIERDRE

(and even still)

And once he drowned a chap while pretending to be a lifeguard.

MARJORIE

And you're just now getting around to divorce papers?

DIERDRE

He's a good man, at heart.

MARJORIE

Seems questionable.

DIERDRE

Point is, no matter what he did to Matthew or Thomas ... or Cedric, McKinnon, Martin, James, Liam ... Walter ...

MARJORIE

(interrupting)

Dierdre!

DIERDRE

He's on his way here, now, and (BEAU appears) we've got to get out of here, Beau. Or make no mistake, he will kill you!

END

CLARKE

Good Lord.

BEAU

I expect he'll be on the next train.

DIERDRE

I expect you're right!

BEAU's off again.

SYLVIA

I don't get it.

MARJORIE

What?

SYLVIA

(to DIERDRE)

You're sort of mousy aren't you?

MARJORIE

Sylvie! Don't be rude.

SYLVIA

Well, isn't she? I mean, she's got a husband who's killing people just to keep her his, and a lover who is by far and away the greatest looking man in Britain.

BEAU

(poking his head on momentarily)

Thank you.