

The Cottage - Audition Side 3 - Dierdre, Marjorie, Clarke, Beau, and Sylvia

MARJORIE. Alright then, darling Petunia, what is so upsetting?

BEAU. Yes, darling, please tell us.

MARJORIE. Be honest.

DIERDRE. It's Richard.

SYLVIA. Who's Richard?

CLARKE, BEAU, and MARJORIE. Her husband.

DIERDRE. *(Through tears.)* Ex-husband.

BEAU. Darling, what about Richard?

DIERDRE. He...he...he's going to kill you.

Suddenly, Beau leading the way, they all begin to laugh. The tension of the morning has finally found its release. Their laughter grows until they're nearly crying. A true moment of familial connection.

(Over their growing laughter) Stop it! Stop it, the lot of you! Why are you laughing? It's not funny! This is serious. He's quite large, you know. He has guns! Richard is a dangerous man. There's nothing funny about this! He's killed all my other lovers!

The laughter stops dead.

BEAU. What's that, darling?

DIERDRE. Richard. *(Rather sheepishly.)* He's killed all my other lovers.

SYLVIA. How many damn lovers do you people keep? Is nothing sacred?

DIERDRE. *(A quote she's heard.)* "One's love is only sacred, if one has had the good fortune of actually discovering one's truest and intended love"

All look at Dierdre.

SYLVIA. You're full of surprises, aren't you?

DIERDRE. Oh dear! Please don't tell.

MARJORIE. Tell whom?

DIERDRE. The police or something. I wouldn't want him to get into trouble.

CLARKE. For killing people?!?

DIERDRE. Mmm. It's my fault really. I'm the one having the affairs.

SYLVIA. You're taking the blame for your husband's...

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DIERDRE. Ex-husband's...

SYLVIA. ...Ex-husband's murders?

BEAU. Dierdre, darling. Are you saying your husband, Richard, is a murderer?

DIERDRE. Ex-husband, truly, and well, I don't like to put it that way. "Murderer" has such negative connotations, doesn't it? But-um-yes, well-yes-he's-he's got a nasty temper.

CLARKE. Our mother has a nasty temper, she's a bitch; not a murderer.

BEAU. Leave Mother out of this.

SYLVIA. You want to leave everyone out of this don't you?! Your mother...me...God...

Characteristic sibling rivalry builds.

CLARKE. I was simply using Mother for example.

BEAU. Well, don't. We are, after all, in her home.

CLARKE. *(Sarcastic.)* Sor-ry, Beau.

BEAU. In consideration of Mama's current condition, I imagine she should be quite far from the butt of jokes, don't you agree?

CLARKE. Now you sound like Father.

BEAU. May he rest in peace.

CLARKE. Of course.

BEAU. Well someone needs to be the man of this family!

CLARKE. What's that supposed to mean?!