

The Cottage - Audition Side 4 - Marjorie, Clarke, Beau, and Sylvia

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.

SYLVIA and BEAU. Seven years?!

BEAU. (*Keeping a lid on it.*) I'm getting some ice.

Beau moves toward the kitchen.

MARJORIE. Why?

BEAU. I think I'll have a scotch. Sylvie?

SYLVIA. (*Truly in need of one.*) Yes, please.

Beau exits.

MARJORIE. At nine in the morning? How daring! (*Calling off.*)

You know, I think I'll have one too!

CLARKE. (*Calling off.*) Make that four. (*Nuzzling Marjorie.*) It's a bit of a celebration isn't it?

SYLVIA. Seems debatable. (*To Marjorie.*) Sneaking away at every chance you could? As in- often?!

MARJORIE. No more often than you and Beau, I'm sure.

SYLVIA. We limit ourselves to one night per year.

A beat and then Clarke and Marjorie burst out laughing.

MARJORIE. One night?!

CLARKE. That's quite disciplined!

SYLVIA. (*With seething incredulousness.*) Yes, well, we're married, you see, so we felt the impropriety was best handled in a moderated Capacity!

Beau enters with ice.

BEAU. (*Still heated.*) Ice!

Beau fixes drinks at the bar.

MARJORIE. (*With a twinkle in her eye.*) We weren't able to have that kind of self-control.

SYLVIA. Weren't you?

MARJORIE. I've never felt so alive as I do when I'm with Clarke.

BEAU. Lovely.

CLARKE. It has been rather exciting.

Clarke and Marjorie canoodle.

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SYLVIA. *(To Clarke.)* And here, I thought you spent your spare time at the library.

MARJORIE. Mm, yes. The library, the study... *(With an extra twinkle.)* ...the stables.

SYLVIA and BEAU. The stables?!

Marjorie and Clarke revel in the memory.

SYLVIA. *(Disgustedly.)* Where did you do it? Were the horses watching?

MARJORIE. Oh, what difference does it make where? Whether one night or every night, an affair's an affair, isn't it?

SYLVIA and BEAU. Every night?!

CLARKE. *(Utterly casual, to Sylvia.)* Well, not every night, darling. Some nights I really did have to work.

MARJORIE. Perhaps God simply got mixed up and put the wrong brother with the wrong wife.

BEAU. *(Handing out drinks.)* Let's not bring God into this, shall we?

CLARKE. And why not? With the way I feel about Marjorie, I see no other explanation!

MARJORIE. Oh Clarke.

CLARKE. *(Another proclamation.)* A higher power has brought us together!

MARJORIE. How glorious!

Clarke and Marjorie kiss.

CLARKE. Cheers!

They clink glasses.

ALL. *(Emotionally diverse.)* Cheers!