

Selection from *A Crowded House (Mrs. Dalloway Room)*

By Greg Edwards

LYTTON

You invited her?

VIRGINIA

I had to, Lytton. She's my sister.

*(VANESSA enters from the foyer.)*

VANESSA

Virginia, lovely to see you. My, how you've filled out! What an interesting table. Is it second-hand?

VIRGINIA

Hello, Vanessa.

VANESSA

And Lytton, you look wonderful. I can't understand why men never return your affections.

LYTTON

*(Cold)*

Hello, Vanessa.

VIRGINIA

Your personality, I suppose.

*(From the stairwell, there's a grunt.)*

Clive will be right up. He slew a wild boar this morning—he's a marvelous hunter, you know—and he's having a devil of a time getting it up the stairs.

LYTTON

I'd better help him.

*(LYTTON starts into the parlor.)*

VANESSA

Lytton, dear, the stairs are that way.

LYTTON

My mistake.

*(HE continues into the parlor. VANESSA addresses VIRGINIA.)*

VANESSA

I hope you don't mind, Virginia, but Clive and I brought a guest. We found him skulking about Covent Gardens, and he was so bedraggled and ill-kempt that we had to take him in.

VIRGINIA

You promised, Vanessa. Not another sculpture critic.

VANESSA

Of course not. Roger is a *painting* critic.

VIRGINIA

What?

VANESSA

You'll adore him. He invented the term "post-Impressionism."

*(CLIVE enters from the foyer lugging the boar. ROGER stands next to him. He wears a large, flowery boutonnière.)*

CLIVE

We brought an enormous boar.

VIRGINIA

I can tell.