

SC. 3 – Olive/Elizabeth

OLIVE

But William: what's there to explain? I am merely your ward.

ELIZABETH

Ward?

OLIVE

Yes, Liz--your ward! You should ask Mr. Gaines all about it when he arrives, he's quite the expert.

ELIZABETH

On wards?

OLIVE

It's true. Don't they special in powerful, sexualized older men teamed up with virginal youths at his company--AC?

WILLIAM

DC.

ELIZABETH

Ha! In capes, no less!

OLIVE

Liz--wouldn't you like me in a cape?

ELIZABETH

Oh, don't be silly.

OLIVE

Come now--I think I'd be quite the model dame in a cape. The wind blowing through my hair as I tackled wrong doers and forced them to confess to all of their vile crimes. Of course, when I imagine this cape, it's usually the *only* thing I have on.

ELIZABETH

The girl *does* paint a picture with words.

OLIVE

I knew you'd see it my way. Although perhaps I'd consider wearing that silly costume you've designed for tonight.

ELIZABETH

The costume was all his doing. Speak of which: what do we do with him, then?

OLIVE

Kill him--learn to fly--superheroines. I thought that was perfectly clear.

ELIZABETH

Fine, but it does seem a waste, doesn't it? A waste of a perfectly good man.

OLIVE

Men are cheap. Men are easy.

ELIZABETH

A good man, I said.

OLIVE

Fair enough.

ELIZABETH

But not without the magic words, of course.