

[FF4F] Devil Take The Hindmost - Pt. 1

[Wife Countess Speaker][Obsessed Ex Speaker][Absent Wife Listener][19th Century][Rivalry][Dramatic][Fighting For The Girl][Drastic Measures][Interior Setting][CW: Implication of Fatal Drugging][Short Script]

This mini series is inspired by ‘Devil Take The Hindmost’, a song from Andrew Lloyd Webber’s ‘Love Never Dies’.

Distance makes the heart grow fonder, delusions seem real, and waiting *unbearable*...

BEGIN

[The scene opens inside a rich drawing room, with a grand fireplace and intricate paintings that seem to plaster every wall. At a mahogany table topped with glass bottles and crystal glasses sits Lucien, who happily sips from her glass whilst basking in the calming crackle of the fireplace. However, this serenity soon comes to an end when an unfamiliar face marches into the room: Claude. She enters, and is immediately met with the back of the woman she’s been looking for. The sight of her hair alone infuriates her, and the way she swirls that drink around her glass only adds fuel to the fire. Eventually, she makes herself known.]

[C] “Are you the one she calls...”

[A great disgust overcomes her.]

“‘sweetheart’?”

[Taken aback by the sudden interruption, Lucien sets down her drink.]

[L] “That all depends on who’s asking-”

[C] “Yes, or no?”

[L] “...Yes.”

[She peers over her shoulder and looks Claude up and down.]

“May I ask, who are you?”

[She studies Lucien for a moment before giving an answer. Lucien takes note of her judgeful gaze.]

[C] “Claude.

[L] “Lady Claude? Countess, perhaps?”

[A short, tense pause. She continues to scowl at Lucien.]

“No? Very well, then.”

[She rises from her cushioned seat and stands to face her unusual guest.]

“I’m afraid I’ll have to ask you to leave.”

[C] “I shan’t.”

[Her answer confuses Lucien.]

[L] “And why not?”

[Claude’s boots click against the floor as she approaches her. Lucien remains in place - a deliberate display of intimidation.]

[C] “You have something of mine that I want returned.”

[Now face to face with Lucien, she glares into her calm eyes. Lucien lets out an amused chuckle.]

[L] “*Claude*... I thought that name sounded familiar. My wife spoke of you.”

[Strangely, Claude’s hostile expression grows soft for a mere moment.]

[C] “She did?”

[L] “Indeed. However, I must admit, I’m finding it quite difficult to connect the dots. She said you were a liar, as well as a *beast*. She mentioned ‘*monster*’ on the odd occasion too. But all I see is a pathetic woman who cannot let go of the past.”

[C] “Hold your tongue. *She* is the liar, not I. Perhaps you should have considered this before whisking her away to this *wretched* manor.”

[L] “And how would you know about that?”

[Brimming with fury, Claude grows silent.]

“Well? *Speak*. ”

[A brief pause. Trying to contain her anger, Claude bites the inside of her cheek. Eventually, she speaks.]

[C] “Why she chose you over me is beyond me.”

[L] “It is because she *loves* me. Something of which you know nothing of.”

[Claude inhales sharply.]

[C] “You may have her heart, but I assure you, Countess, that her soul belongs to me. That wedding ring she flaunts is but an accessory to her. A gift for the pile. She always was an admirer of precious things... a weakness both me and her share. She’ll remember her place and run back to me. You’ll see.”

[L] “Will she now?”

[Claude hesitates for a moment.]

[C] “That’s right.”

[L] “Well then...”

[Lucien picks up her glass with a smug grin.]

“May the devil take the hindmost.”

[C] “... Indeed.”

[She takes a drink from her glass, when a sudden burning sensation envelopes her throat. She feels her throat grow tighter and tighter, and drops her glass with a stumble and a harsh cough.]

[L] “*What is this?*”

[Claude watches with a smile as Lucien drops to her knees, holding onto the table beside her for support, as she continues to cough and splutter.]

[C] “And here I thought you were vigilant. Clearly, I stand corrected.”

[With a snigger, Claude makes her way towards the door.]

“Now, it’s time for me to claim what’s mine.”

[Through sparse, broken breaths, Lucien yells after her.]

“Don’t touch her. *Don’t touch my wife!*”

[Before she can say another word, Claude leaves Lucien alone in the room, closing the door behind her with a surprising softness. Quickly feeling the effects of her drink, Lucien’s head hits the luxurious rug below her. The shimmer of the fire against the spilt drink on the floor catches her eye. It reminds her of the sparkle in her wife’s eyes - a sparkle that is now beyond her reach, like a star in the night sky. Frustration brims within her as she mumbles to herself.]

“I won’t let her have you, my love. You have my word.”

[With that, the audio fades to silence.]

END

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