

DEXTER SIDE

Braggart Soldier

DEXTER She must seduce her spy into thinking he never
saw her. Although she's been seen a hundred times,
She must flat out deny it.

He takes Hospitalides by the arm, and the two walk back and forth between the altars.

 I have a two-phase plan.
First, a diversion.
 But is she well-equipped?
Elegance—CHECK!
 Eloquence—CHECK!
Impudence—CHECK!
 Confidence—CHECK!
Audacity,
 mendacity,
 and a touch of pugnacity—
CHECK CHECK CHECK! Her shape's tip-top.
Next, a counterattack.
 If cross-examined,
she double-crosses her heart and condemns her accuser.
How well is her arsenal geared for that? Let's see:
Fibs and perlify—CHECK!
 Fraud and perjury—CHECK!
Obfuscation,
 manipulation,
 prevarication—
CHECK CHECK CHECK! It's all in order.
As a rule, the clever woman never depends
on the vegetable vendor; her garden and pantry are always
well stocked with the basic stuffs for cooking up trouble.

HOSPIT. I'll give her a message—assuming she hasn't left yet.

DEXTER Now a moment of silence.
I must summon my wits to order, to find the right type of
cunning action to launch against this servant who saw
Convivia smooching in here. The goal is to make him unsee
what he saw.

HOSPIT. Go search your brain, by all means.

Dexter thinks. Hard.