

ST. BRIOCHE : Madame has such a beautiful voice !

CASCADA : Superb !

ANNA (*mischievously*): Don't you think it has rather a metallic quality—like the clinking of coins ? (*She laughs gaily at their scandalized reaction*) : Forgive me, gentlemen! This is my first experience of an Embassy and I've never been very " diplomatic " anyway ! I'm afraid I say exactly what I think !

ST. BRIOCHE : A refreshing change for us, Madame ! May I claim a dance ?

(*As ANNA smilingly hands to him her programme so that he can write his name on it*) :

CASCADA : I was just about to ask Madame the same favour—

MEN (*ad lib.*) : And I too ! Please, Madame ! May I have a dance too, Madame ?(etc.)

(*During this, CASCADA snatches the programme from ST. BRIOCHE and moves dozen R.to write his own name on it. ST. BRIOCHE and the other MEN follow him, and there is a general scramble to pencil-in claims to dances. Simultaneously, ZETA and VALENCIENNE enter, with CAMILLE following. ZETA greets ANNA effusively*):

ZETA : Ah, my dear Madame Glavari! . . . This is a great honour—a very great honour! We're overjoyed to welcome you—(*to VALENCIENNE*)—aren't we, my dear ?

VALENCIENNE : Yes indeed—so good of you to come, Madame !

ANNA : Not at all—I think it was most kind of you to invite me !

ZETA : I simply must dance with you, dear lady ! . . . May I have your programme ?

ANNA : By all means—

(*Laughingly, she indicates the group of MEN, and ZETA, with a gasp of indignation, moves in on them to join the competition for ANNA'S programme. CASCADA and ST. BRIOCHE engage ANNA in conversation, vying with one another for her attention.*)

(*During this, VALENCIENNE takes CAMILLE aside, and speaks confidentially to him*):

VALEN. : Yes, I think she would be very suitable. I shall introduce you—at once.

CAMILLE (*unhappily*): But, Valencienne . . .

VALEN. (*insistently*) : Getting you married to somebody else is the only way I can cure you, Camille—you must do as I say.

CAMILLE (*miserably*): Oh, very well.

VALEN. (*turning to ANNA*) : Madame Glavari!

ANNA (*disentangling herself from ST. BRIOCHE and CASCADA*) : Yes, Baroness ?

VALEN. : Allow me to present my friend, the Count de Rosillon. He begs the favour of a dance with you! (*She moves back a little to allow CAMILLE to pass in front of her to greet ANNA.*)

ANNA : Why, certainly—I'm delighted to meet you, Count.

CAMILLE : I'm honoured, Madame . . . (*He bows.*)

ANNA : Here is my programme. (*She takes it from ZETA, glances at it, and breaks off.*)
Oh ! ... (*Mischievously.*) I'm afraid there's only the interval left.

VALEN. (*sharply*) : Camille !

CAMILLE (*in confusion*): Pardon me, Madam . . . (*He turns to VALENCIENNE.*)

VALEN. (*firmly—but for CAMILLE'S ears alone*) : You're not going to sit out with her ?

CAMILLE (*baffled*): But I thought you wanted me ...

VALEN. : Come away at once ! (*VALENCIENNE takes the bewildered CAMILLE aside, expostulating with him. ANNA looks after them in surprise—and joins in the MEN'S laughter.*)

ANNA (*dismissing the matter—gaily*): Listen, my friends. Tomorrow you must all come to my house. I will give a party—for all the Pontevédrian colony in Paris. What do you say to that ?

(*Delighted reaction from the MEN.*)

ZETA (*gaily*): Bravo, my dear ! Splendid ! What a child of Nature you are—just like my attache, Count Danilo Danilovitsch! He, too, is completely unspoiled—a genuine Pontevédrian—irrepressibly gay, like yourself.

(*ANNA has started at the mention of DANILO'S name, and suddenly seems in graver mood.*)

ANNA (*frowning*): Count Danilovitsch ? . . . Whatever makes you mention him ?

ZETA (*embarrassed*) : Well, now—er—oh, not because I thought for a moment—er—oh, no—certainly not—

ANNA (*almost sadly*) : The Count and I ... Oh, it doesn't matter ... It doesn't matter in the least. It was nothing, anyway.

ZETA : What was nothing ?

ANNA : After all, why should there have been anything ?

ZETA : My dear Madame, I've no idea why there should have been anything ! I thought you said there was nothing.

ANNA : So there was ! Nothing at all!

ZETA : I see. (*To himself.*) So there was something—!

No. 5. MELOS. BALLROOM WALTZ.

(*Played once only—starting mezzoforte, and, as before, fading down under dialogue and dying away.*)

ST. B.: Ah—music ! (*To ANNA.*) Madame, may I escort you to the ballroom ? (*Offers his arm.*)

CASCADA : No—please, Madame, allow me—

MEN (*ad lib.*): No, Madame, please allow me ... allow me ! . . . etc.

ANNA (*gay again now*): So many escorts ! . . . Gentlemen, please ! . . . (*To ZETA.*) Baron—you look rather less dangerous than the rest . . . (*As ZETA reacts.*) Oh ! That wasn't very tactful of me, was it ? (*Laughs.*) Oh, well—it's the truth, anyway ! Come along—

COUNT DANILO, ANNA(p22)

Page 20-22

(*Laughing and chatting, the GIRLS move in the direction of the Ballroom just as NJEGUS enters R. As they go off, they catch him and dance him round from one to the other. He totters a little as he reaches DANILO.*)

NJEGUS (*pantingly*): Thank goodness you're here, Count! I'll announce you to his Excellency at once.

DANILO : Not so fast, Njegus—I'd like to get some idea what this is all about.

NJEGUS : I'm not quite clear myself, Count.

DANILO (*laughing*): You don't look it.

NJEGUS : But his Excellency did mention something about earning twenty millions.

DANILO : Who—me ? He must be crazy. I could spend twenty millions—just like that—(*Snaps his fingers.*) But earn them—oh no, my friend.

NJEGUS : Perhaps you'll tell him that. (*Moves to exit L.*)

DANILO (*stopping him*) : Njegus !— (*NJEGUS goes to him.*) I've hardly closed my eyes for the last four nights. I've simply got to have some sleep—now !

NJEGUS : Oh, very well. I'll announce you later.

DANILO : Just a little later—say, three or four hours.

NJEGUS (*pointing to chaise-longue down L.*) : That's very comfortable—if you'd like to try it. You can snore there to your heart's content.

DANILO (*crossing to chaise-longue*): You have a heart of gold, Njegus.

NJEGUS : Like Madame Glavari, eh ?

DANILO (*turning*) : Madame Glavari ? Anna ? Is she here ?

NJEGUS : She is indeed ! All the men are in love with her—millions.

DANILO : Well, here's one who isn't. (*Lies down.*) Good night, Njegus . . . And I never snore.

NJEGUS : No, Count Danilo. Good night. Er . . . what's the name of the one with the golden hair and the—er—outline ?

DANILO (*singing softly to himself*) : Lolo—Dodo—Jou-Jou ; Clo-Clo—Margot . . . (*Yawning.*) Frou-Frou . . . (*Closes his eyes.*)

NJEGUS (*as he moves away*) : I shall never be able to remember all her names ! (*Muttering as he counts on his fingers.*) Lolo—Dodo—Jou-Jou . . . (*Exits L.*)

(*There is a moment's pause before VALENCIENNE and CAMILLE enter R. She looks decidedly agitated.*)

VALEN. : But I must find it, Camille ! It's all very well for you—but I'm a respectable woman. If only you hadn't been so foolish as to write, " I love you " on it! ... (*She starts looking for her fan.*)

CAMILLE : But I do love you. I've told you many times . . .

VALEN. (*softening*) : Yes—but to write it on a fan—! Suppose my husband found it ?

CAMILLE : Let's have another look . . . (*Goes to chaise-longue.*)

DANILO (*Sleepily*): I thought I told you not to call me ...

CAMILLE : Oh, it's you, Danilo ! I suppose you haven't seen a fan anywhere about ?

DANILO (*irritably*) : No, I haven't. I'm on a rest cure. Go away, like a good fellow.

VALEN. : I must have left it in the ballroom after all. (*Exits into Ballroom.*)

CAMILLE : It must be somewhere . . . Wait—I'm coming with you—(*Exit after her.*)

(*ST. BRIOCHE and CASCADA enter L., in the middle of an argument.*)

CASCADA : I warn you, Monsieur St. Brioche—as soon as I have broken off a little

affaire with a married woman, I shall marry the Widow.

ST. B. : I'm sorry to disappoint you, Vicomte, but when I have done precisely the same thing, I shall do precisely the same thing.

DANILO (from alcove): Quiet ...

CASCADA : You are tempted by her millions. You should be ashamed of yourself. (*Turns his back.*)

ST. B. : Yes, they tempt me—and I am ashamed. (*Accusingly.*) They tempt you, too,—but you are not ashamed ! (*Turns his back.*)

DANILO (*loudly*): Qui—et!

CASCADA (*turning—furiously*): How dare you shout at me ?

ST. B.: You shouted at me !

CASCADA (*shouting*): Fortune-hunter !

ST. B. (*shouting*) : Money-grubber ! (*Both men stalk off—CASCADA L., ST. BRIOCHE R.*)

DANILO (as they go): Qui—et! (*Grumbling.*) No peace in this place ! . . . (*He settles down to sleep again.*)
(*ANNA enters from the Ballroom, escorted by the MEN.*)

ANNA (*laughingly*): Please, gentlemen—please ! I've danced so much, I'm completely worn out! You must let me have a little rest—really you must!

(*The MEN murmur in protest, but she playfully "shoo" them away—and reluctantly they disperse, and exeunt.*)

ANNA (*sighs—and looks for somewhere to sit down. She sees the chaise-longue, and starts to move towards it. As she does so, DANILO gives a loud snore. ANNA starts in surprise ; curious, she moves nearer to the chaise-longue. DANILO snores again. ANNA reaches the chaise-longue, and looking down at DANILO, recognises him. It is an agreeable surprise. Playfully she touches his face with her glove. He stirs, irritably.*)

DANILO (with eyes still closed): Go 'way . . .

ANNA (*softly*) : Danilo . . .

DANILO (*shouting*) : Qui—et! (*He stiffens suddenly, as he realises whose voice he has just heard. Opening his eyes, he sits bolt upright, and stares at ANNA as at a vision.*) Anna! Oh ... I beg your pardon . . . (*He scrambles to his feet and assumes a formal manner.*) I forgot . . . I'm no longer entitled to call you by that name. My apologies, Madame Glavari . . . (*Lightly.*) You can still call me Danilo if you like.

ANNA : Thank you. But don't let me interrupt your snoring. (*She makes to leave.*)

DANILO (*moving to her*): Please don't go. I'm wide awake now. Well . . . after all this time ! So you're living in Paris now ?

ANNA (*moving away from him*): For a while—yes. I want to enjoy life—catch up with all the things I've missed . . . Who knows ? I might even get married.

DANILO (*moving to her once more*): What, again ? I thought that was the sort of foolish thing you did only once in a lifetime.

ANNA (*looking at him*): If it depended on you—nobody would do it at all. Now isn't that true ?

DANILO : If it depended on me, you wouldn't now be the widow of Monsieur Glavari, but the wife of Count Danilo Danilovitsch—

ANNA : But unfortunately your aristocratic uncle wouldn't permit his aristocratic nephew to marry a poor peasant girl.

DANILO : The poor peasant girl didn't exactly break her heart, did she—Madame Glavari ? She married an old banker with—how many millions ?

ANNA : Twenty. I suppose now that the peasant girl's a wealthy widow, the aristocratic uncle would see no reason at all why she shouldn't marry his aristocratic nephew !

DANILO (*furiously*): D'you imagine for a moment that your millions—? That I would—? You must know me very, very little . . .

ANNA (*contemptuously*): All men are the same. When they say to me " I love you ", do you think I don't know it's my money they're after ?

DANILO : That certainly doesn't apply to me. And I resent your attitude, Madame. It shows that as far as you and I are concerned, you don't understand the situation at all!

ANNA : On the contrary . . .

(ZETA and KROMOV come in from the Ballroom. KROMOV is carrying a fan, which he shakes under ZETA'S nose.)

KROMOV : There is a declaration of love written on this fan—and it belongs to my wife. I'm sure it does ... I know it does. It proves that she is unfaithful.

ZETA : Nonsense, my dear fellow ! It might belong to any of the women here to-night. *(VALENCIENNE enters R.)* You've arrived at exactly the right moment, my dear. *(Gesturing to the fan in KROMOV'S hand.)* This fan here ...

VALEN. *(in a horrified whisper)*: Oh, my goodness ! . . .

KROMOV : It has the words, " I love you " written on it.

VALEN. *(calmly)* : Really ? How—unusual.

ZETA *(crossing to her)*: It belongs to you, doesn't it, my dear ?

VALEN. *(quickly)*: No, it doesn't. I—I've never seen it before.

ZETA *(in a whisper to her)* : Say it's yours—or he'll kill his wife ! *(Aloud.)* But I'm certain it is, darling. *(Takes fan from KROMOV and hands to her.)* Have a closer look at it ...

VALEN. *(taking fan and giving it a brief glance)* So it is. I recognise it now. Thank you so much, Monsieur Kromov.

KROMOV *(unconvinced)*: And who might have written the words, " I love you " ?

VALEN. : Who ? Oh yes, of course. Well . . .

ZETA *(aside)* : Oh, damn !

VALEN. *(coolly)*: Who else but my dear husband ?

ZETA : There you are ! Who else but my dear husband—er—her dear husband ?

KROMOV : Well, if it's like that—

ZETA : Of course it's like that! I hope you don't think that anybody else would . . .*(In a whisper to VALENCIENNE.)* Very clever of you, my dear.

KROMOV : It's set my mind at rest. If you'll excuse me, I'll find Olga and say some loving words to her . . . *(As he goes off towards Ballroom.)* She's certain to be flirting again. *(Exit.)*

ZETA : Thank you, my dear . . . Give me the fan, and I'll return it discreetly to Madame Kromov.

VALEN. : I can do that.

ZETA : No, I wouldn't dream of troubling you!*(He takes fan and puts it in his pocket, as DANILO enters L.)* Danilo ! So you've got here at last!

DANILO : As you see. *(Bows to them.)* Your Excellency . . . Baroness.

ZETA : I must have a word with you, Danilo—several words, in fact.

DANILO : Very well, your Excellency—if you must. *(CAMILLE enters R., and sees VALENCIENNE.)*

CAMILLE :I've hunted everywhere, but I can't find it*(VALENCIENNE makes a shushing movement.)*

ZETA : My dear Rosillon, take my wife for a little champagne, will you ? I have a very important business discussion . . .

CAMILLE : Delighted, your Excellency. *(He offers his arm to VALENCIENNE. Together they move R., as ZETA leads DANILO down L. They talk quietly during the following):*

VALEN. *(in a low voice)*: The fan has been found.

CAMILLE : Splendid.

VALEN. : Yes—but my husband's got it.

CAMILLE : Not so splendid.

VALEN : The whole thing's far too risky. You must marry immediately.

CAMILLE : Very well. I'll propose to her to-night.

VALEN. : I didn't mean as immediately as all that! *(They Exit L.)*

ZETA *(to DANILO)* : Let's see—how long have you been with us at the Embassy ?

DANILO : Years too long . . . Four months.

ZETA *(gesturing to couch)* : You'd better sit down. *(Both sit on couch.)* What've you been doing exactly ?

DANILO : Nothing. Nothing at all. I have no talent for work whatsoever.

ZETA : I suppose you've gambled a bit, mm ?

DANILO : A bit ... but I've always lost.

ZETA : And no doubt you've had quite a number of affairs, eh ?

DANILO *(shrugging)*: Well—yes. You know how it is ...

ZETA : Of course I do. And I suppose they've left you broke ?

DANILO : Not exactly—but very nearly. It's incredible how much money goes into a woman's hand. Particularly if it's a very small one. Your Excellency wouldn't believe . . .

ZETA : Oh yes, I would. Now look here, Danilo, you seem to know women.

DANILO : Just a little . . . perhaps . . .

ZETA : It'll do. You're just the man for a delicate mission.

DANILO : Provided it entails no work.

ZETA : It'll be a pleasure.

DANILO : In that case, you couldn't find anyone more talented—or willing.

ZETA (*leaning close to him*): You have to get married.

DANILO (*jumping up*): Get married ? Call that a pleasure ?

ZETA : Yes—when the lady has twenty millions !

DANILO : Twenty millions ? . . . (*Realising.*) Madame Glavari! Never! I'll make any other woman happy. But Madame Glavari—not for a million millions !

ZETA (*astonished*): Why ever not ? She's a very pretty woman ! And do you realise that if she marries a Frenchman, our beloved Fatherland will be bankrupt ?

DANILO : Ah ... so that's it! ...

ZETA : My boy, your country needs you.

DANILO (*thoughtfully*): If it's only a question of making sure she doesn't marry a foreigner, I think I could manage that all right—

ZETA : How ?

DANILO : Simply by eliminating anyone she might take an interest in—except a Pontevédrian, of course.

ZETA : Which brings us back to you.

DANILO : That is quite out of the question.

ZETA : Confound it—why ? (*The music of No. 8—FINALE, ACT I—begins.*)

DANILO : Because—well—because I'm a man of principle ! And my principles are : fall in love—frequently ; become engaged—rarely ; marry—never. (*Off-stage, voices are heard calling*) : " Ladies' Choice ! Ladies' Choice ! " (*Some of the GENTLEMEN enter, excitedly. ANNA enters, escorted by ST. BRIOCHE, CASCADA, and the rest of the GENTLEMEN. While this is going on, dialogue continues*) :

ZETA : Ah ! ... Now it's the ladies' turn to choose their partners. Who'll catch the eye of the Widow, I wonder ? . . . A dangerous moment, this . . .

DANILO : All right—I can take a hint. You want me to go to work—now ?

ZETA : The Fatherland would be grateful.

(*The music of No. 3—"A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE WIFE" begins.*) (VALENCIENNE *appears L. on the first note of the music, and beckons to CAMILLE, who follows her on stage.*)

VALEN. : Camille ! I simply must talk to you—while there's no one about.

CAMILLE (*following her eagerly*): And I must talk to you, Valencienne ! And you must listen to me . . . (*He tries to embrace her.*)

VALEN. (*reluctantly drawing away from him*): No, no, Camille—

CAMILLE : But you must! You know I love you—

VALEN. (*restraining and hushing him*): It frightens me to hear you say such things—even when we're alone.

CAMILLE : When else can I say then to you ? Oh, Valencienne !—

VALEN. (*again restraining him, but half-heartedly, and with amorous looks at him*): Camille dear . . . it's only an infatuation, and I shall really have to cure you of it. . . You don't mean half you say to me, do you now ?

CAMILLE : I mean every word ! You're the only one in the world for me !

No. 3 . . . "A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE WIFE" (*They break apart as ZETA enters from the Ballroom.*)

ZETA (*to VALENCIENNE*) : Ah, there you are, my dear ! Enjoying yourself ?

VALEN. (*with a covert glance at CAMILLE*) : Very much indeed.

ZETA : Excellent—excellent! But don't forget that Madame Glavari will be arriving almost at once.

VALEN. : I was just going to see about it ...

ZETA : Always the perfect hostess ! (*To CAMILLE.*) My dear Count, will you escort the Baroness ?

CAMILLE : Delighted, your Excellency. (*VALENCIENNE takes his arm, and they exit L. together.*)

(The LADIES remain upstage as OLGA detaches herself from them and comes quickly down to DANILO.)

OLGA *(coily)*: As many as you like, my dear Danilo . . . But why so formal ?

DANILO *(confidentially)*: Olga, dear . . . haven't you lost something ?

OLGA : Lost something?*(Momentarily examining her dress and trying to think.)* Not that I know of

DANILO *(drawing the closed fan from his pocket, and " abstractedly " tapping it in the palm of his hand)*: You have, you know . . . Something besides your heart.

OLGA *(a little nervous now)*: I—I don't know what you mean—

DANILO : Don't be alarmed. I'm very discreet. I just thought I ought to let you know—*(dropping his voice)* that he's going to marry somebody else . . . the Widow!

OLGA *(startled)* : St. Brioche ?

DANILO *(eagerly)* : St. Brioche—?

OLGA : Oh, the wretch ! . . Thank you, Danilo . . *(Purposefully.)* So he's going to drop me, and marry the Widow for her money, is he ? We'll see about that! *(OLGA runs off down R.)*

DANILO *(ruminating)*: St..Brioche, eh ? ... Well, well! . . . *(Looking at the fan in his hand.)* This doesn't belong to Olga, anyway ... I wonder who " The Lady of Camille " can be ? *(DANILO observes SYLVIA entering up L., about to join the other LADIES upstage.)* Ah, Sylvia ! A moment, please ! *(SYLVIA comes downstage to him, and the other LADIES, talking quietly among themselves, unobstrusively move off up L.)*

SYLVIA : Why, certainly, Danilo ! What is it ?

DANILO *(confidently, and tapping the fan in the palm of his hand as before)*: Er—pardonne—but haven't you lost something ?

SYLVIA *(in alarm)* : Oh ! Not that garter again ! *(She puts her hand under her dress to feel her knee)*: No, its all right. . . *(Puzzled.)* What have I lost, then ?

DANILO *(meaningly)*: Something besides your heart—something that can be written on and then folded up—

SYLVIA *(baffled)*: What on earth are you talking about ?

DANILO *(softly)*: You needn't worry—I'm very discreet. I just thought you ought to know that your gentleman friend is going to marry somebody else—the Widow.

SYLVIA *(quickly)* : Cascada ?

DANILO *(eagerly, as before)* : Cascada ?

SYLVIA *(horrified)*: Oh, the mean creature ! The Widow indeed ! He shan't do it! I won't let him ! Where is he ? I must find him at once ! . . . Thank you, Danilo . . . *(In a panic she runs off down R., and DANILO looks after her with raised eyebrows.)*

DANILO *(musing again)* '. Sylvia and Cascada, eh? What a lot of interesting things one can find out by dropping a hint here and there! *(Opens the fan and looks at it again.)* Now who the devil can this darn thing belong to? *(PRASKOVIA has entered up R and with a coy cry of delight, comes downstage to DANILO, who reacts.)*

PRASKOVIA : Oh, what a pretty, pretty fan ! *(Giggles girlishly.)*

DANILO *(to himself)*: It couldn't be hers, surely ? . . . *(To PRASKOVIA.)* It is nice isn't it ? Tell me something, Praskovia dear . . . Do you by any chance know what's written on it ?

PRASKOVIA *(swaying from side to side, bashfully)*: You tell me !

DANILO : Just three little words ..." I love you "

PRASKOVIA *(ecstatically, with downcast eyes)* : At last!—at last!

DANILO *(aside—astounded)* : " At last "—? It is hers ?

PRASKOVIA : Did you guess, Danilo—or did you know ?

DANILO *(uncomfortably)*: You mean—about your secret romance ?

PRASKOVIA *(nodding her feathers)*: Yes indeed, yes indeed !

DANILO *(nodding back at her)*: Yes indeed, yes indeed !

PRASKOVIA *(blissfully)*: You must have sensed it all along . . .

DANILO *(smiling and humouring her)* : Of course .! *(Take.)* How do you mean— sensed it? Sensed what?

PRASKOVIA : How very dear you are to me !

DANILO *(aghast)* : Me ? . . . Now wait a minute—you've got this all wrong ! Listen, Praskovia—

PRASKOVIA *(teasingly)*: Of course you knew ! . . *(DANILO backs away in alarm as PRASKOVIA advances on him to embrace him.)*

DANILO : Please—Praskovia—careful! Wait—your husband !

PRASKOVIA : Bashful boy ! *(She halts.)* I shall count on your discretion—for a while !

(She blows him a kiss and trips off down L.)

(ST. BRIOCHE and CASCADA enter from up R. They are in the middle of an argument.)

CASCADA : ... So renounce the Widow immediately, or take the consequences ! I warn you, St. Brioché, I'm a good swordsman !

ST. B. : And I warn you, Cascada, that I'm an even better marksman ! So you renounce the Widow !

CASCADA *(catching sight of DANILO)* : Quiet!

ST. B. *(indignantly)*: Quiet yourself! *(He also sees DANILO.)* Oh.

DANILO : Don't mind me, gentlemen. I've got to talk to Madame Glavari about you anyway.

CASCADA 1 „ -

ST. B. f About me •

DANILO : About both of you. About you first, Cascada. I have to tell her that you are to be challenged to a duel by Bogdanovitsch.

CASCADA *(quickly)* : Bogdanovitsch ?

DANILO : You see, he knows everything about you and his wife.

CASCADA : Good heavens ! *(He moves away in a state of great agitation.)*

ST. B. : Oho ! *(Rubs his hands gleefully.)* That clears the way for me, I fancy!

(CASCADA can be seen scribbling hastily on a card which he has taken from his pocket.)

DANILO : I'm afraid not. I also have to inform Madame Glavari that you are to be challenged to a duel also—by Kromov.

ST. B. : K—K— Kromov ?

DANILO : You see, he knows everything about you and his wife.

ST. B. *(gulping)*: Oh dear . . . *(Moves away with his hands to his head.)*

DANILO : I trust neither of you will do anything rash— *(ST. BRIOCHE is also scribbling hastily on a card.)*

CASCADA : Rash ! That's what I've come out in !

DANILO : The great thing is to keep a cool head—

ST. B. : Cool head ? I've gone hot all over— *(A FOOTMAN is seen entering from up L. and crossing stage with a tray of champagne glasses. He halts as ST. BRIOCHE and CASCADA rush to him and stand one on either side of him.)*

BOTH *(in unison)*: Kindly deliver this card to Madame Glavari—immediately!

(They both drop their cards on the tray, and the FOOTMAN bows slightly. As he straightens up, ST. BRIOCHE and CASCADA simultaneously seize a glass of champagne from the tray and drain it, replacing their glasses together. The FOOTMAN proceeds on his way and exit)

(VALENCIENNE and CAMILLE go into the summer house. NJEGUS enters just in time to see them close the door. He reacts.)

NJEGUS : The Baroness and the Count de Rosillon in the summer-house ! ... Oh,ho !
(Nods slyly and significantly.)

(Enter ZETA.) (With gasp of dismay) : Oh, no !

ZETA : Eight o'clock . . . Where's Count Danilo ?

NJEGUS (stammering): We—we'd better w-wait for him, your Excellency. He mightn't like us to b-begin without him.

ZETA : Well, we can wait for him in the summer-house, can't we ? Go on—open the door. (As NJEGUS does not move.) What are you standing there for ?

NJEGUS : Well—er—the door's stuck ! It won't open—it's warped !

ZETA : Warped ? Nonsense ! I'll soon fix that! (Moves towards summer-house.)

NJEGUS (running after him): No, no, Excellency! (Lowering his voice.) There's somebody in there.

ZETA : Who is it ?

NJEGUS : I—I couldn't say !

ZETA : I will not be thwarted like this ! (Suddenly understanding.) Ah ! I see it all!

NJEGUS : On, no, Excellency—I hope not!

ZETA : Now we know why Danilo isn't here ! (Points to the summer-house and speaks softly.)
He's in there—with a lady.

NJEGUS : Yes, Excellency—except that it's Count de Rosillon.

ZETA : De Rosillon ? Then why didn't you say so straight away ? This is splendid !
We shall solve the mystery of the Count's lady friend at last! Come here, Njegus . . .

NJEGUS (nervously): Yes, Excellency. (Moves reluctantly to ZETA.)

ZETA (softly) : There's another door at the back of the summer-house. Go and lock it. We'll trap them, see ?

NJEGUS (resignedly): Very well, Excellency.

ZETA : And don't dally—

NJEGUS : No, Excellency . . .