

Sibyl Are you glad you married me?
 Elyot Of course I am.
 Sibyl How glad? (She takes a step back, holding his hand)
 Elyot Incredibly, magnificently glad.
 Sibyl How lovely.
 Elyot We ought to go in and dress. (Still holding her hand he moves up stage)
 Sibyl (moving up stage) Gladder than before?
 Elyot (dropping her hand) Why do you keep harping on that? (He breaks down stage)
 Sibyl It's in my mind, and yours too, I expect.
 Elyot It isn't anything of the sort. (He sits on the chair by the table)
 Sibyl (coming down to the balustrade) She was pretty, wasn't she? Amanda?
 Elyot Very pretty.
 Sibyl Prettier than I am?
 Elyot Much.
 Sibyl Elyot!
 Elyot She was pretty and sleek, and her hands were long and slim, and her legs were long and slim, and she danced like an angel. You dance very poorly, by the way.
 Sibyl Could she play the piano as well as I can?
 Elyot She couldn't play the piano at all.
 Sibyl (triumphantly) Aha! Had she my talent for organization?
 Elyot No, but she hadn't your mother either.
 Sibyl I don't believe you like Mother.
 Elyot Like her! I can't bear her.
 Sibyl Elyot! She's a darling, underneath.
 Elyot I never got underneath.
 Sibyl (moving slightly & and running a finger along the balustrade) It makes me unhappy to think you don't like Mother.
 Elyot Nonsense. (He rises) I believe the only reason you married me was to get away from her.
 Sibyl (turning to him) I married you because I loved you.
 Elyot Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!
 Sibyl (making a slight move towards him) I love you far more than Amanda loved you. I'd never make you miserable like she did.
 Sibyl It was all her fault, you know it was.
 Elyot (with vehemence) Yes, it was. Entirely her fault.
 Sibyl She was a fool to lose you.
 Elyot We lost each other.
 Sibyl She lost you, with her violent tempers and carryings on.
 Elyot Will you stop talking about Amanda?
 Sibyl (moving to the chair B, and sitting) But I'm very glad, because if she hadn't been uncontrolled, and wicked, and unfaithful, we shouldn't be here now.
 Elyot She wasn't unfaithful.
 Sibyl How do you know? I bet she was. I bet she was unfaithful every five minutes.

Elyot It would take a far more concentrated woman than Amanda to be unfaithful every five minutes. (He lights a cigarette)
 Sibyl (after a pause; anxiously) You do hate her, don't you?
 Elyot No, I don't hate her. I think I despise her.
 Sibyl (with satisfaction) That's much worse.
 Elyot (leaning both hands on the balustrade and staring out front) And yet I'm sorry for her.
 Sibyl Why?
 Elyot Because she's marked for tragedy; she's bound to make a mess of everything.
 Sibyl If it's all her fault, I don't see that it matters much.
 Elyot She has some very good qualities.
 Sibyl Considering what a hell she made of your life, I think you are very nice about her. Most men would be vindictive.
 Elyot (moving up stage) What's the use of that? It's all over now, such a long time ago. (He leans against the window)
 Sibyl Five years isn't very long.
 Elyot (seriously) Yes it is.
 Sibyl (after a pause) Do you think you could ever love her again?
 Elyot (straightening up) Now then, Sibyl.
 Sibyl But could you?
 Elyot Of course not, I love you.
 Sibyl Yes, but you love me differently; I know that.
 Elyot (coming down behind her chair) More wisely perhaps.
 Sibyl I'm glad. I'd rather have that sort of love.
 Elyot You're right. Love is no use unless it's wise, and kind, and un-dramatic. Something steady and sweet, to smooth out your nerves when you're tired. Something tremendously cosy—(he sits on the table)—and unflurried by scenes and jealousies. That's what I want, what I've always wanted really. Oh my dear, I do hope it's not going to be dull for you.
 Sibyl (putting her hand on his) Sweetheart, as though you could ever be dull.
 Elyot I'm much older than you.
 Sibyl Not so very much.
 Elyot Seven years.
 Sibyl The music has stopped now and you can hear the sea.
 Elyot We'll bathe tomorrow morning.
 Sibyl (rising and coming down to the balustrade, L.C.) I mustn't get sunburnt.
 Elyot Why not?
 Sibyl I hate it on women.
 Elyot (rising and moving & round the table to the end of the balustrade) Very well, you shan't then. I hope you don't hate it on men.
 Sibyl Of course I don't. It's suitable to men.
 Elyot You're a completely feminine little creature, aren't you?
 Sibyl Why do you say that?
 Elyot Everything in its place.
 Sibyl What do you mean?
 Elyot If you feel you'd like me to smoke a pipe, I'll try and master it.
 Sibyl I like a man to be a man, if that's what you mean.

Elyot Are you going to understand me, and manage me?
 Sibyl I'm going to try to understand you.
 Elyot Run me without my knowing it?
 Sibyl (*withdrawing slightly*) I think you're being a little unkind.
 Elyot No, I don't mean to be. I was only wondering.
 Sibyl Well?
 Elyot I was wondering what was going on inside your mind, what your plans are really?
 Sibyl (*turning to him*) Plans; oh, Elli!
 Elyot Apart from loving me and all that, you must have plans.
 Sibyl I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about.
 Elyot Perhaps it's subconscious then, age-old instincts working away deep down, mancing up little bits of experience for future use, watching me carefully like a little sharp-eyed, blonde kitten.
 Sibyl How can you be so horrid.
 Elyot I said kitten, not cat.
 Sibyl Kittens grow into cats.
 Elyot Let that be a warning to you. (*He looks out front*)
 Sibyl (*moving to him and slipping her arm through his again*) What's the matter, darling, are you hungry?
 Elyot Not a bit.
 Sibyl You're very strange all of a sudden, and rather cruel. Just because I'm feminine. It doesn't mean that I'm crafty and calculating.
 Elyot I didn't say you were either of those things.
 Sibyl (*breaking in*) I hate these half-masculine women who go banging about.
 Elyot I hate anybody who goes banging about.
 Sibyl I should think you needed a little quiet womanliness after Amanda.
 Elyot (*moving away R*) Why will you keep on talking about her?
 Sibyl It's natural enough, isn't it?
 Elyot (*sitting on the balustrade*) What do you want to find out?
 Sibyl Why did you really let her divorce you?
 Elyot She divorced me for cruelty, and flagrant infidelity. I spent a whole weekend at Brighton with a lady called Vera Williams. She had the nastiest looking hair brush I have ever seen.
 Sibyl Misplaced chivalry, I call it. Why didn't you divorce her?
 Elyot It would not have been the action of a gentleman, whatever that may mean.
 Sibyl I think she got off very lightly.
 Elyot (*rising*) Once and for all will you stop talking about her.
 Sibyl Yes, Elli dear.
 Elyot (*facing out front*) I don't wish to see her again or hear her name mentioned.
 Sibyl (*facing out front*) Very well, darling.
 Elyot Is that understood?
 Sibyl Yes, darling. (*She pauses*) Where did you spend your honeymoon?
 Elyot St Moritz. Be quiet.
 Sibyl I hate St Moritz.
 Elyot So do I, bitterly.

Sibyl Was she good on skis?
 Elyot (*turning to her*) Do you want to dine downstairs here, or at the Casino?
 Sibyl (*crossing to him and putting her arms round his neck*) I love you, I love you, I love you.
 Elyot (*completely unresponsive; moving up stage, holding her R hand*) Good, let's go in and dress.
 Sibyl (*pulling him back*) Kiss me first.
 Elyot Kisses her
 Elyot Casino?
 Sibyl Yes. (*She collects her bag from the balustrade*) Are you a gambler? You never told me.
 Elyot Every now and then.
 Sibyl (*taking his arm*) I shall come and sit just behind your chair and bring you luck.
 Elyot That will be fatal.
 Sibyl (*exits into the suite followed by Elyot. There is a slight pause and then Victor Pryme enters from the L suite. He is quite nice looking, about thirty or thirty-five. He is dressed in a light travelling suit. He takes three deep breaths, looks at the view, and then turns back to the window*)
 Victor (*calling*) Mandy!
 Amanda (*inside*) What?
 Victor Come outside, the view is wonderful.
 Amanda I'm still damp from the bath. Wait a minute —
 Victor (*moves to the table L and knocks out his pipe. Presently Amanda comes out on to the terrace. She is quite exquisite with a gay face and a perfect figure. At the moment she is wearing a negligée. She comes C*)
 I shall catch pneumonia, that's what I shall catch.
 Victor (*looking at her*) God!
 Amanda I beg your pardon?
 Victor You look wonderful. (*He takes her hands*)
 Amanda Thank you, darling.
 Victor Like a beautiful advertisement for something. (*He widens her arms*)
 Amanda Nothing peculiar, I hope.
 Victor I can hardly believe it's true. You and I, here alone together —
 Amanda puts her head on Victor's shoulder
 —married!
 Amanda (*rubbing her face on his shoulder*) That stuff's very rough.
 Victor Don't you like it?
 Amanda A bit hearty, isn't it?
 Victor Do you love me?
 Amanda Of course, that's why I'm here.

Victor More than you loved . . .

Amanda (*breaking it*) Now then, none of that.

Victor No, but do you love me more than you loved Elyot?

Amanda I don't remember, it's such a long time ago. (*She sits in the chair by the tubs*)

Victor Not so very long.

Amanda (*flinging out her arms*) All my life ago.

Victor I'd like to break his damned neck. (*He moves up to the windows*)

Amanda (*laughing*) Why?

Victor For making you unhappy. (*He turns to her*)

Amanda It was mutual.

Victor Rubbish! It was all his fault, you know it was.

Amanda Yes, it was, now I come to think about it.

Victor Swine! (*He comes down stage*)

Amanda Don't be so vehement, darling.

Victor I'll never treat you like that.

Amanda That's right.

Victor I love you too much.

Amanda So did he.

Victor Fine sort of love that is. He struck you once, didn't he?

Amanda More than once.

Victor Where?

Amanda Several places.

Victor (*moving slightly up stage*) What a cad.

Amanda I struck him too. Once I broke four gramophone records over his head. It was very satisfying.

Victor (*coming down stage again*) You must have been driven to distraction.

Amanda Yes, I was, but don't let's talk about it, please. After all, it's a dreary subject for our honeymoon night. (*She holds out her hand*)

Victor He didn't know when he was well off. (*He moves to her and takes her hand*)

Amanda Look at the lights of that yacht reflected in the water. I wonder whose it is.

Victor We must bathe tomorrow.

Amanda Yes. I want to get a nice sunburn.

Victor (*reproachfully*) Mandy!

Amanda Why, what's the matter?

Victor I hate sunburnt women.

Amanda Why?

Victor It's somehow, well, unsuitable.

Amanda It's awfully suitable to me, darling.

Victor Of course if you really want to. (*He moves behind her chair*)

Amanda I'm absolutely determined. I've got masses of lovely oil to rub all over myself.

Victor Your skin is so beautiful as it is. (*He kisses her neck*)

Amanda Wait and see. When I'm done a nice crisp brown, you'll fall in love with me all over again.

Victor (*moving to c*) I couldn't love you more than I do now.

Amanda Oh, dear. I did so hope our honeymoon was going to be progressive.

Victor Where did you spend the last one?

Amanda (*warningly*) Victor.

Victor I want to know.

Amanda St Moritz. It was very attractive.

Victor I hate St Moritz.

Amanda So do I.

Victor Did he start quarrelling with you right away?

Amanda Within the first few days. I put it down to the high altitudes.

Victor (*moving to her*) And you loved him?

Amanda Yes, Victor.

Victor (*putting a hand on her shoulder*) You poor child.

Amanda (*rising and crossing above the chair*) You must try not to be pompous, dear. (*She turns away*)

Victor (*hurr*) Mandy!

Amanda I don't believe I'm a bit like what you think I am.

Victor How do you mean?

Amanda I was never a poor child.

Victor Figure of speech, dear, that's all.

Amanda I suffered a good deal, and had my heart broken. But it wasn't an innocent girlish heart. It was jagged with sophistication. I've always been sophisticated, far too knowing. That caused many of my rows with Elyot. I irritated him because he knew I could see through him.

Victor (*moving to her*) I don't mind how much you see through me.

Amanda Sweet. (*She kisses him*)

Victor (*his cheek against hers*) I'm going to make you happy.

Amanda Are you?

Victor Just by looking after you, and seeing that you're all right, you know.

Amanda (*detaching herself; a trifle wistfully*) No, I don't know.

Victor I think you love me quite differently from the way you loved Elyot.

Amanda (*coming down to the balcony*) Do stop harping on Elyot.

Victor It's true, though, isn't it?

Amanda I love you much more calmly, if that's what you mean.

Victor More lastingly?

Amanda (*sitting on the balcony*) I expect so. (*She holds out her L hand*)

Victor (*taking her hand and sitting on the balcony on her R*) Do you remember when I first met you?

Amanda Yes. Distinctly.

Victor At Marion Vale's party.

Amanda Yes.

Victor Wasn't it wonderful?

Amanda Not really, dear. It was only redeemed from the completely commonplace by the fact of my having hiccoughs.

Victor I never noticed them.

Amanda Love at first sight.

Victor Where did you first meet Elyot?

Elyot I'm glad we didn't go out tonight. *(He sits, putting the bottle on the table)*

Amanda Or last night.

Elyot Or the night before.

Amanda There's no reason to, really, when we're cosy here.

Elyot Exactly.

Amanda It's nice, isn't it?

Elyot Strangely peaceful. It's an awfully bad reflection on our characters. We ought to be absolutely tortured with conscience.

Amanda We are, every now and then.

Elyot Not nearly enough.

Amanda We sent Victor and Sibyl a nice note from wherever it was, what more can they want?

Elyot You're even more ruthless than I am.

Amanda I don't believe in crying over my bridge before I've eaten it.

Elyot Very sensible. *(He drinks)*

Amanda Personally I feel grateful for a miraculous escape. I know now that I should never have been happy with Victor. I was a fool ever to consider it.

Elyot You did a little more than consider it.

Amanda Well, you can't talk.

Elyot I wonder whether they met each other, or whether they've been suffering alone.

Amanda Oh dear, don't let's go on about it, it really does make one feel rather awful.

Elyot I suppose one or other of both of them will turn up here eventually.

Amanda Bound to; it won't be very nice, will it?

Elyot *(cheerfully)* Perfectly horrible.

Amanda *(delighted, like a child)* Do you realize that we're living in sin?

Elyot Not according to the Catholics, Catholics don't recognize divorce.

Amanda Yes, dear, but we're not Catholics.

Elyot Never mind, it's nice to think they'd sort of back us up. We were

married in the eyes of Heaven, and we still are.

Amanda We may be all right in the eyes of Heaven, but we look like being in the hell of a mess socially.

Elyot Who cares?

Amanda Are we going to marry again, after Victor and Sibyl divorce us?

Elyot I suppose so. What do you think?

Amanda I feel rather scared of marriage really.

Elyot It is a frowsy business.

Amanda I believe it was just the fact of our being married, and clamped together publicly, that wrecked us before.

Elyot That, and not knowing how to manage each other.

Amanda Do you think we know how to manage each other now?

Elyot This week's been very successful. We've hardly used Solomon Isaacs at all.

Amanda Solomon Isaacs is so long, let's shorten it to Sollocks.

Elyot All right.

ACT II

Amanda's flat in Paris. A few days later. About ten o'clock in the evening

The flat is charmingly furnished. The principal features being a grand piano up R C, and a large, comfortable settee down C, with a table and two chairs behind it. In the corner up L, under a china cabinet, stands another smaller settee. There is a radiogram down L. The window is in the corner up R.

Down R is a door leading to Elyot's room. Down L is a door leading to Amanda's room. Double doors up C lead out into the hall. There is a small tub chair L C

When the CURTAIN rises Amanda, R, and Elyot, L, are seated opposite one another at the table. They have finished dinner and are dallying over coffee and liqueurs. Amanda wears pyjamas, and Elyot a comfortable dressing-gown

Amanda I'm glad we let Louise go. I am afraid she is going to have a cold.

Elyot Going to have a cold; she's been grunting and snorting all the evening like a whole herd of bison.

Amanda *(thoughtfully)* Bison never sound right to me somehow. I have a feeling it ought to be bisons, a flock of bisons.

Elyot You might say a covey of bisons, or even a school of bisons.

Amanda Yes, lovely. The Royal London School of Bisons. Do you think Louise is happy at home?

Elyot No, profoundly miserable.

Amanda Family beastly to her?

Elyot *(with conviction)* Absolutely vile. Knock her about dreadfully I expect, make her eat the most disgusting food, and pull her fringe.

Amanda *(laughing)* Oh, poor Louise.

Elyot Well, you know what the French are.

Amanda Oh yes, indeed. I know what the Hungarians are, too.

Elyot What are they?

Amanda Very wistful. It's all those Pretzles, I shouldn't wonder. Have you ever crossed the Sahara on a camel?

Elyot Frequently. When I was a boy we used to do it all the time. My grandmother had a lovely seat on a camel.

Amanda There's no doubt about it, foreign travel's the thing.

Elyot *(rising and picking up the brandy bottle from the trolley)* Would you like some brandy?

Amanda Just a little.

Elyot takes out the cork, gives Amanda a slight look, pours some brandy into her glass, then some into his own

Amanda Darling, you do look awfully sweet in your little dressing-gown.

Elyot Yes, it's pretty ravishing, isn't it?

Amanda Do you mind if I come round and kiss you?

Elyot A pleasure, Lady Agatha.

Amanda rises, crosses to Elyot and kisses him. She stands behind his chair with her R hand on his shoulder and his L hand in hers

Amanda What fools we were to subject ourselves to five years' unnecessary suffering.

Elyot Perhaps it wasn't unnecessary, perhaps it mellowed and perfected us like beautiful ripe fruit. *(He kisses her L hand)*

Amanda *(crossing to R of the table)* When we were together, did you really think I was unfaithful to you?

Elyot Yes, practically every day.

Amanda I thought you were, too; often I used to torture myself with visions of your bouncing about on divans with awful widows. *(She stands behind her chair)*

Elyot Why widows?

Amanda I was thinking of Claire Lavenham really.

Elyot Oh Claire.

Amanda *(pushing her chair into the table; sharply)* What did you say "Oh Claire" like that for? It sounded far too careless to me.

Elyot *(wistfully)* What a lovely creature she was.

Amanda *(sitting on the R arm of the settee)* Lovely, lovely, lovely!

Elyot *(blowing her a kiss)* Darling!

Amanda Did you ever have an affair with her? Afterwards I mean?

Elyot Why do you want to know?

Amanda Curiosity, I suppose.

Elyot Dangerous.

Amanda Oh not now, not dangerous now. I wouldn't expect you to have been celibate during those five years, any more than I was.

Elyot *(stepping his glass half-way to his mouth; jumping)* What?

Amanda After all, Claire was undeniably attractive. A trifle over vivacious I always thought, but that was probably because she was fundamentally stupid.

Elyot What do you mean about not being celibate during those five years?

Amanda What do you think I mean?

Elyot *(rising)* Oh God! *(He looks down miserably)*

Amanda What's the matter?

Elyot *(moving up to the double doors)* You know perfectly well what's the matter.

Amanda *(gently)* You mustn't be unreasonable, I was only trying to stamp out the memory of you. I expect your affairs well out-numbered mine anyhow.

Elyot That is a little different. I'm a man. *(He crosses to the door down L)* Amanda Excuse me a moment while I get a caraway biscuit and change my crinoline.

Elyot It doesn't suit women to be promiscuous.

Amanda It doesn't suit men for women to be promiscuous.

Elyot *(with sarcasm)* Very modern, dear; really your advanced views quite startle me. *(He moves up L)*

Amanda *(playing with the edge of a cushion, trying not to leave a row)* Don't be cross, Elyot, I haven't been so dreadfully loose actually. Five years is a long time, and even if I did nip off with someone every now and again, they were none of them very serious.

Elyot *(coming down L)* Oh, do stop it please—

Amanda *(rising)* Well, what about you?

Elyot Do you want me to tell you?

Amanda No, no, I don't—I take everything back—I don't.

Elyot *(moving in front of the settee, L end; viciously)* I was madly in love with a woman in South Africa.

Amanda *(moving in front of the settee, R end)* Did she have a ring through her nose?

Elyot Don't be revolting.

Amanda We're tormenting one another. Sit down, sweet, I'm scared.

Elyot *(slowly)* Very well. *(He sits down slowly at the L end of the settee)*

Amanda sits at the R end of the settee

Amanda We should have said Sollocks ages ago.

Elyot We're in love all right.

Amanda Don't say it so bitterly. Let's try to get the best out of it this time, instead of the worst.

Elyot *(stretching his hand across)* Hand please.

Amanda *(clasping it)* Here.

Elyot *(leaning back)* More comfortable

Amanda *(leaning back)* Much more.

Elyot *(after a slight pause; very gayly)* Are you engaged for this dance?

Amanda Funnily enough I was, but my partner was suddenly taken ill.

Elyot *(rising and going to the radiogram)* It's this damned smallpox epidemic.

Amanda No, as a matter of fact it was kidney trouble.

Elyot You'll dance it with me I hope? *(He starts the music)*

Amanda *(rising and crossing to L C)* I shall be charmed.

Elyot *(as they dance)* Quite a good floor, isn't it? *(They cross below the settee to R C)*

Amanda Yes, I think it needs a little Borax.

Elyot I love Borax. *(They move C below the settee)*

Amanda *(looking out towards the audience)* Is that the Grand Duchess Olga lying under the piano?

Elyot Yes, her husband died a few weeks ago, you know, on his way back from Pulborough. So sad.

Amanda *(as they move to R C)* What on earth was he doing in Pulborough? Elyot *(moving above the table)* Nobody knows exactly, but there have been the usual stories.

Amanda I see.

Elyot Delightful parties Lady Bundle always gives, doesn't she?

Amanda Entrancing. Such a dear old lady.

Elyot *(moving to R end of the table)* And so gay: did you notice her at supper blowing all those shrimps through her ear trumpet?

I hate you—do you hear? You're conceited, and overbearing, and utterly impossible! (She rushes towards the double doors)

Elyot (meeting Amanda and grasping her by the shoulders; shouting her down) You're a vile-tempered, loose-living, wicked little beast, and I never want to see you again as long as I live. (He pushes her)

Amanda staggers back, knocks over the drinks trolley and sits with a bump on the small settee up L. There is a pause. She rises

Amanda (very quietly) This is the end, do you understand? The end, finally and forever. (She starts for the double doors)

Elyot meets her at the doors and grabs her by the arms

Elyot You're not going like this.

Amanda Oh, yes I am.

Elyot You're not.

Amanda I am; let go of me. (She pushes him in the chest)

Elyot staggers backwards down stage. Amanda follows him a few steps

(Breathlessly) You're a cruel fiend, and I hate and loathe you. (She turns and rushes to the double doors and opens them)

Sibyl and Victor are standing outside the doors

Thank God I've again realized in time what you're really like. Marry you again, never, never, never. . . . I'd rather die in torment—

Elyot (rushing after Amanda, grabbing her round the waist and pulling her backwards towards the settee) Shut up; shut up; I wouldn't marry you again if you came crawling to me on your bended knees. . . .

They turn and Amanda goes over backwards on to the settee with Elyot on top of her

. . . you're a mean, evil-minded, little vampire—I hope to God I never set eyes on you again as long as I live.

Amanda and Elyot roll on to the floor. Amanda, on top, bangs his head on the floor. He hits her behind

Amanda (rising and crossing L; screaming) Beast; brute; swine; cad; beast; beast; brute; devil—

Elyot grasps her foot as she passes and she falls. They both rise and stand screaming at each other

Victor and Sibyl enter the room quietly and stand just inside the double doors, staring at Elyot and Amanda in horror. Simultaneously, Elyot dashes to the door down R and Amanda to the door down L as—

the CURTAIN falls

ACT III

The same. About eight-thirty the next morning

The room is in the same chaos as at the end of Act II. In addition the large settee has been moved in front of the door down R, and the small settee has been placed in front of the door down L. All the doors and the window curtains are closed. (See the Ground Plan for other details)

When the CURTAIN rises the stage is in darkness. Sibyl is asleep on the large settee R, Victor is asleep on the small settee L with his feet on the tub chair. He has removed his coat and placed it over his body. Louise enters up C. She opens one side only of the double doors. She is a frowsy-looking girl and carries a string bag with various bundles of eatables crammed into it, notably a long roll of bread and a lettuce. She crosses towards the window and falls over the cushion by the piano. She leaves her string bag on the floor and rises

Louise Merde! Qu'est ce que c'est que ça? Les idiots ils ont tout fichu par terre pour que je me casse le nez. (She goes to the window and opens the curtains) Espèce d'imbecile. (She sneezes and turns and sees the room in its chaos) Regardez-moi ce gachis. Puis, après tout, si ça amuse les patrons de casser le mobilier, moi je m'en fiche, comme de ma première lignette! (She picks up the chair at R C and sets it upright in the waist of the piano. She picks up the cushion and is about to throw it on to the settee when she sees Sibyl) Oh la, la. (She shakes Sibyl by the shoulder)

Sibyl (waking) Oh dear.

Louise (throwing the cushion on to the settee) Bonjour, madame.

Sibyl (bewildered) What?—Oh—bonjour.

Louise Qu'est-ce que vous faites ici, madame?

Sibyl What—what?—Wait a moment, attendez un instant—oh dear. . . . (She sits up)

Victor (sleepily) What? . . . What's happening?

Louise crosses to Victor

(As he sees Louise he swings his feet to the ground) Oh.

Sibyl puts on her shoes

Louise (firmly) Bonjour, monsieur.

Victor Et—bonjour—What time is it?

Louise (rather dully) Eh, monsieur?

Sibyl Quelle heure est il s'il vous plait?

Louise C'est neuf heures moins dix, madame. (She picks up the ashtray and puts it on the piano)

Victor (rising and moving to C) What did she say?

Louise comes behind Victor to L C, picks up the chair and puts it up L)

Sibyl I think she said nearly ten o'clock.

Louise crosses to her string bag

Victor (*to Louise*) Er—voulez—er—wake—revielliez Monsieur et Madame—er—toute suite?

Louise Non, monsieur. Il m'est absolument defendu de les appeler jusqu'a ce qu'ils soient. (*She looks at them and sees they have obviously not understood a word*) Les idiots.

She goes out through the double doors. Victor and Sibyl look at each other helplessly

Sibyl What are we to do?

Victor (*putting on his jacket; with determination*) Wake them ourselves.

Sibyl No, no, wait a minute.

Victor What's the matter?

Sibyl (*feeling in her handbag for her mirror; plaintively*) I couldn't face them yet, really, I couldn't; I feel dreadful.

Victor So do I. (*He moves up to the piano*) It's a lovely morning.

Sibyl Lovely. (*She sees her face in the mirror and bursts into tears*)

Victor (*moving c*) I say, don't cry.

Sibyl I can't help it.

Victor Please don't, please . . . (*He moves to her*)

Sibyl (*putting the mirror away*) It's all so squalid, I wish we hadn't stayed; what's the use?

Victor We've got to see them before we go back to England, we must get things straightened out.

Sibyl Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, I wish I were dead.

Victor Hush, now—(*he beads over her*)—hush. (*He straightens up*) Remember your promise. We've got to see this through together and get it settled one way or another.

Sibyl (*sniffing*) I'll try to control myself, only I'm so . . . so tired. I haven't slept properly for ages.

Victor (*crossing to the mirror up l*) Neither have I.

Sibyl If we hadn't arrived when we did, they'd have killed one another.

Victor (*turning to her*) They must have been drunk.

Sibyl She hit him.

Victor (*turning away again*) Well—he hit her, too.

Sibyl I'd no idea anyone ever behaved like that; it's so disgusting, so disgusting. Elli of all people—oh dear . . . (*She almost breaks down again, but controls herself*)

Victor (*moving c*) What an escape you've had.

Sibyl What an escape we've both had.

Amanda opens her door and looks out. She is wearing travelling clothes and is carrying a small suitcase. She jumps when she sees Sibyl and Victor

Amanda Oh! Good morning.

Victor (*with infinite reproach in his voice*) Oh, Amanda.

Amanda (*indicating the small settee*) Will you please move this, I can't get out.

Victor moves the settee. Amanda advances into the room and goes towards the double doors

Victor (*following her, or her l*) Where are you going?

Amanda Away.

Victor You can't.

Amanda (*stopping*) Why not?

Victor I want to talk to you.

Amanda (*wearily*) What on earth is the use of that?

Victor I must talk to you.

Amanda Well, all I can say is, it's very inconsiderate. (*She plumps the suitcase down r of the door*)

Victor Mandy, I—

Amanda (*crossing to l of Sibyl; gracefully determined to rise above the situation*) I suppose you're Sibyl; how do you do?

Sibyl turns her back on her

Well, if you're going to take up that attitude, I fail to see the point of your coming here at all.

Sibyl I came to see Elyot.

Amanda I've no wish to prevent you, he's in there, probably wallowing in an alcoholic stupor. (*She moves up to the double doors*)

Victor This is all very unpleasant, Amanda.

Amanda I quite agree, that's why I want to go away.

Victor That would be shirking; this must be discussed at length.

Amanda (*taking off her gloves*) Very well, if you insist, but not just now, I don't feel up to it. Has Louise come yet?

Victor If Louise is the maid, she's through there.

Amanda Thank you. You'd probably like some coffee, excuse me a moment.

She goes out through the double doors

Sibyl Well! (*She rises and moves up to r of the chair by the piano*) How dare she?

Victor (*irritably*) How dare she what?

Sibyl Behave so calmly, as though nothing had happened.

Victor I don't see what else she could have done.

Sibyl Insufferable, I call it.

Elyot opens his door and looks out

Elyot (*seeing them*) Oh God!

He shuts the door again quickly

Sibyl Elyot—Elyot— (*She rushes over to the door and bangs on it*) Elyot—Elyot—Elyot—