

(ANNA and DANILLO)

(Speaking over Introduction.) . . . I understand the situation only too well! Shall I explain it to you?

DANILLO (singing): Please do!

ANNA (singing): We met a long time ago—

ANNA: You loved me—or told me so—

DANILLO: Quite true!

ANNA: You loved me—or told me so—

DANILLO: And you—?

ANNA: Well, one thing at least I know:

DANILLO: It's over and done with now!

DANILLO: Too bad—

ANNA: I worried, at first, a lot—

DANILLO: How sad—

ANNA: But now I don't care a jot—

DANILLO: I'm glad!

ANNA: It's over and quite forgotten now!

BOTH: It goes to show how misguided we can be—

ANNA: Imagine you meaning all the world to me!

BOTH: I promise you will never hear again!

ANNA: I saw in you a noble lover—

DANILLO: My dream of a romantic beau;

DANILLO: True to my hero, I never guessed

DANILLO: He had a heart as false as the rest!

DANILLO: Quite suddenly I might discover

ANNA: I never should have let you go—

ANNA: I'm hoping still

BOTH: Maybe you will—

BOTH: Then I (you) can say, "I told you so!"

DANILLO: Proceed!

ANNA: Young widows are highly prized—

DANILLO: Agreed!

ANNA: The wealthy ones idolized—

DANILLO: Indeed?

ANNA: I'd not be the least surprised

ANNA: If you were to join the queue!

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 exunt.)

ANNA sighs—and looks for somewhere to sit down. She sees the chaise-longue, and starts to move towards it. As she does so, DANILLO gives a loud snore. ANNA starts in surprise;

curious, she moves nearer to the chaise-longue. DANILLO snores again. ANNA reaches the chaise-longue, and looking down at DANILLO, recognises him. It is an agreeable surprise. Playfully she touches his face with her glove. He stirs, irritably.)

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

ANNA (softly): Danilo . . .

DANILLO (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 . . . (Lighly.) You can still call me Danilo if you like.

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

DANILLO (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.

DANILLO (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?

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

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

DANILLO: 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!

DANILLO (furtively): Do 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?

DANILLO: 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 . . .