

Elyot Never mind, send down to the kitchen for some cochineal.

Sibyl Don't be so silly.

Elyot Hurry up.

*He saunters down to the balustrade, and looks out at the view. He looks up at the moon and sighs, then he sits down in the chair by the tubs with his back towards the line of tubs, and lights a cigarette. The orchestra is playing*

*Amanda steps gingerly on to her terrace carrying a tray with two champagne cocktails on it. She is wearing a charmingly simple evening gown. She places the tray carefully on the table. Elyot whistles. Amanda sees him, sits in her chair by the tubs and whistles too. Elyot turns; they both look at each other and rise*

Amanda Thoughtful of them to play that, wasn't it?

Elyot *(in a stifled voice)* What are you doing here?

Amanda I'm on honeymoon.

Elyot How interesting, so am I.

Amanda I hope you're enjoying it.

Elyot It hasn't started yet.

Amanda Neither has mine.

Elyot Oh, my God!

Amanda I can't help feeling that this is a little unfortunate.

Elyot Are you happy?

Amanda Perfectly. *(She clasps her hands behind her back)*

Elyot Good. That's all right, then, isn't it?

Amanda Are you?

Elyot Ecstatically. *(He clasps his hands behind his back)*

Amanda I'm delighted to hear it. We shall probably meet again sometime.

*Au revoir! (She turns)*

Elyot *(firmly)* Good-bye.

*Amanda exits through the window L without looking back. Elyot stands gazing after her with an expression of horror on his face. Sibyl comes brightly on to the terrace in a very pretty evening frock. She leans against the R side of the window*

Sibyl Cocktail, please.

*Elyot doesn't answer*

*(As she comes down level with him)* Elli, what's the matter?

Elyot I feel very odd.

Sibyl Odd? What do you mean; ill?

Elyot Yes, ill.

Sibyl *(alarmed)* What sort of?

Elyot *(turning to her)* We must leave at once.

Sibyl Leave!

Elyot *(going to her)* Yes, dear. Leave immediately.

Sibyl Elli!

Elyot I have a strange foreboding.

Sibyl You must be mad.

Elyot *(taking her by the shoulders)* Listen, darling. I want you to be very sweet, and patient, and understanding, and not be upset, or ask any questions, or anything. I have an absolute conviction that our whole future happiness depends upon our leaving here instantly.

Sibyl Why?

Elyot I can't tell you why.

Sibyl But we've only just come.

Elyot I know that, but it can't be helped.

Sibyl What's happened, what has happened?

Elyot Nothing has happened.

Sibyl You've gone out of your mind.

Elyot I haven't gone out of my mind, but I shall if we stay here another hour.

Sibyl You're not drunk, are you?

Elyot *(breaking to the balustrade)* Of course I'm not drunk. What time have I had to get drunk?

Sibyl *(taking his hand and trying to lead him to the window)* Come down and have some dinner, darling, and then you'll feel ever so much better.

*They move upstage*

Elyot It's no use trying to humour me. I'm serious.

Sibyl But darling, please be reasonable. We've only just arrived; everything's unpacked. It's our first night together. We can't go away now.

Elyot We can have our first night together in Paris.

Sibyl We shouldn't get there until the small hours.

Elyot *(putting his hand on her shoulder; with a great effort at calmness)* Now please, Sibyl, I know it sounds crazy to you, and utterly lacking in reason and sense, but I've got second sight over certain things. I'm almost psychic. I've got the most extraordinary sensation of impending disaster. If we stay here something appalling will happen. I know it.

Sibyl *(crossing down stage below the chair R; firmly)* Hysterical nonsense.

Elyot *(crossing up stage to L of the window)* It isn't hysterical nonsense. Presentiments are far from being nonsense. Look at the woman who cancelled her passage on the *Titanic*. All because of a presentiment.

Sibyl I don't see what that has to do with it.

Elyot It has everything to do with it. *(He comes down stage a step or two)* She obeyed her instincts, that's what she did, and saved her life. All I ask is to be allowed to obey my instincts.

Sibyl *(facing out front)* Do you mean that there's going to be an earthquake or something?

Elyot Very possibly, very possibly indeed, or perhaps a violent explosion. *(He looks at the window L)*

Sibyl They don't have earthquakes in France.

Elyot *(coming down to the balustrade and facing out front)* On the contrary, only last week they felt a distinct shock at Antibes.

Sibyl Yes, but that's in the South where it's hot.

Elyot Don't quibble, Sibyl.  
 Sibyl And as for explosions, there's nothing here that can explode.  
 Elyot Oh, isn't there. (*He looks at the window L*)  
 Sibyl Yes, but Elli . . . (*She moves to him*)  
 Elyot (*turning and putting his hands on her shoulders*) Darling, be sweet. Bear with me. I beseech you to bear with me.  
 Sibyl I don't understand. It's horrid of you to do this.  
 Elyot I'm not doing anything. I'm only asking you, imploring you to come away from this place.  
 Sibyl But I love it here.  
 Elyot There are thousands of other places far nicer.  
 Sibyl (*breaking*) It's a pity we didn't go to one of them.  
 Elyot Now, listen, Sibyl!—  
 Sibyl (*moving to him*) Yes, but why are you behaving like this, why, why, why?  
 Elyot Don't ask why. Just give in to me. I swear I'll never ask you to give into me over anything again.  
 Sibyl (*with complete decision; sitting in the chair*) I won't think of going tonight. It's utterly ridiculous. I've done quite enough travelling for one day, and I'm tired.  
 Elyot You're as obstinate as a mule.  
 Sibyl I like that, I must say.  
 Elyot (*hotly*) You've got your nasty little feet dug into the ground, and you don't intend to budge an inch, do you?  
 Sibyl (*with spirit*) No, I do not. (*She turns to him*)  
 Elyot If there's one thing in the world that infuriates me, it's sheer wanton stubbornness. I should like to cut off your head with a meat axe.  
 Sibyl (*rising*) How dare you talk to me like that, on our honeymoon night!  
 Elyot (*moving up stage to the window*) Damn our honeymoon night! Damn it, damn it, damn it!  
 Sibyl (*moving up to him; bursting into tears*) Oh, Elli, Elli—  
 Elyot Stop crying. Will you or will you not come away with me to Paris?  
 Sibyl (*coming down to the balustrade*) I've never been so miserable in my life. You're hateful and beastly. Mother was perfectly right. She said you had shifty eyes.  
 Elyot (*coming down to her L*) Well, she can't talk. Hers are so close together, you couldn't put a needle between them.  
 Sibyl (*facing him*) You don't love me a little bit. I wish I were dead.  
 Elyot (*facing her*) Will you or will you not come to Paris?  
 Sibyl No, no I won't.  
 Elyot Oh, my God!

*He stamps indoors*

Sibyl (*following him; wailing*) Oh, Elli, Elli, Elli . . .

*She goes in. Victor comes stamping out of the french windows L, followed by Amanda*

Victor (*coming down to the balustrade* *r c*) You were certainly right when you said you weren't normal. You're behaving like a lunatic. (*He goes up stage*)  
 Amanda (*Following him*) Not at all. All I have done is to ask you a little favour.  
 Victor Little favour indeed. (*He comes down stage*)  
 Amanda (*moving to his L*) If we left now we could be in Paris in a few hours.  
 Victor If we crossed Siberia by train we could be in China in a fortnight, but I don't see any reason to do it. (*He goes up stage*)  
 Amanda (*Following him*) Oh, Victor darling—please, please—be sensible, just for my sake.  
 Victor Sensible! (*He halts up* *r*)  
 Amanda (*moving to his L*) Yes, sensible. I shall be absolutely miserable if we stay here. You don't want me to be absolutely miserable all through my honeymoon, do you?  
 Victor But why on earth didn't you think of your sister's tragedy before?  
 Amanda (*coming down to the balustrade, L end*) I forgot.  
 Victor You couldn't forget a thing like that.  
 Amanda I got the places muddled. Then when I saw the Casino there in the moonlight—(*she points out front*)—it all came back to me.  
 Victor When did all this happen?  
 Amanda Years ago, but it might just as well have been yesterday. I can see her now lying dead, with that dreadful expression on her face. Then all that awful business of taking the body home to England. It was perfectly horrible.  
 Victor I never knew you had a sister.  
 Amanda I haven't any more.  
 Victor There's something behind all this.  
 Amanda Don't be silly. What could there be behind it.  
 Victor (*coming down a step*) Well, for one thing, I know you're lying.  
 Amanda (*turning*) Victor!  
 Victor Be honest. Aren't you?  
 Amanda (*moving away L*) I can't think how you can be so mean and suspicious.  
 Victor (*coming down two steps; patiently*) You're lying, Amanda. Aren't you?  
 Amanda (*after a quick look at him*) Yes, Victor.  
 Victor You never had a sister, dead or alive?  
 Amanda I believe there was a stillborn one in 1912.  
 Victor What is your reason for all this?  
 Amanda (*facing him*) I told you I was unreliable.  
 Victor Why do you want to leave so badly? (*He is now C*)  
 Amanda (*moving to his L*) You'll be angry if I tell you the truth.  
 Victor What is it?  
 Amanda I warn you.  
 Victor Tell me. Please tell me.  
 Amanda Elyot's here.  
 Victor What!