

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*) Et—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 sonnent. (*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 bends 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 degrading. 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, on 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—