

- NJEGUS (audible response)
- ZETA She inherited everything. Pontevedro is in hock, clear up to its vedro and if Madame Glawari marries a foreigner, we will have a disaster of unimaginable proportion. What do you have to say to that?
- NJEGUS (Same audible response) + : :
- ZETA A brilliant observation, Njegus.
- NJEGUS Thank you, your Excellency.
- ZETA I've got to think of something, I've got to think of something. Ah, ha! I think I've thought of something. Madame Glawari will not marry a foreigner. Njegus, we must find Count Danilo. Take my carriage – search everywhere.
- NJEGUS Everywhere your Excellency? Everyplace the count goes?
- ZETA Yes, everywhere!
- NJEGUS The Moulin Rouge?
- ZETA Yes, the Moulin Rouge.
- NJEGUS Maxim's?
- ZETA Yes, Maxim's.
- NJEGUS Madame Beauvais ...
- ZETA Yes, Madame Beauvais!
- NJEGUS Oh, thank you, your Excellency!
- ZETA Kromov! Bogdanvitch! Pritschitsch!

FOR
CLARITY

DANILO Into the arms of Morpheus,
NJEGUS Morpheus? Was she the strawberry blonde?
 (Njegus writes in his notebook) Lolo, Dodo, Cloclo...
VALENCIENNE Njegus, what are you doing?
NJEGUS Just adding up figures. *(he exits singing, "I'm going to Maxim's)*
VALENCIENNE Camille, we must find my fan. My reputation will be ruined if someone
 else finds it.
CAMILLE Good, then you'll be free to marry me.

(Noise of people entering; Camille and Valencienne run off)

ST. BRIOCHE Don't leave now, Madame. The next dance is just beginning.
CASCADA It's my turn to dance with her next.
ST. BRIOCHE No, it isn't. It's my turn.
CASCADA You promised me the next dance, didn't you?
ST. BRIOCHE *(Stamps on Cascada's Foot)*
 Oh, pardon, Monsieur. I do hope that wasn't your dancing foot.
 Now, Madame. *(kissing her hand)*
CASCADA *(tries to kick St. Brioche)* No, my kicking foot.
HANNA *(after spinning like a top)* Gentlemen. I must catch my breath. Please
 allow me to sit this one out.
★ CASCADA *(to St. Brioche)* I can dance better on one foot than you can on four.

(They exit)
(The room is filled with the sounds of Danilo's snores)

HANNA What on earth is that? Snoring at an embassy ball. It must be a
 Pontevedrian.
 (She takes a peek under the snoring handkerchief)
 Danilo!?

(Hanna tickles Danilo with his handkerchief.)

- DANILO *(still asleep)* Lolo, stop that. *(waking up and seeing her)*
Hanna? Hanna! It's me Danilo! *(she only stares)*
Have you forgotten?
- HANNA Yes. Don't let me disturb you. You were speaking to a Lolo.
- DANILO Ah, yes. I was dreaming, wasn't I. Dreams do fill a void in a man's life.
- HANNA And a woman's?
- DANILO I didn't think women needed dreams. They can always find rich, old men to turn them into rich, young widows.
- HANNA And soldiers can always find Embassies where beds become their battlefields.
- DANILO My uncle arranged this assignment. He thought Paris a safer place than a battlefield for an heir to the throne.
- HANNA Your uncle seems to have many strong opinions.
- DANILO Do you intend to stay in Paris long, Madame?
- HANNA For a while. I've come to sample the famous Parisian life – make up for lost time. I may even marry again.
- DANILO What again? I should think that once would be enough for anyone.
- HANNA Apparently, once would have been too much for you.
- DANILO Hanna, you know I wanted to marry you.
- HANNA And yet I remember your noble uncle refusing to let his nephew give his oh-so-aristocratic name to the daughter of a tenant farmer.
- DANILO But I see Madame's heart wasn't exactly broken. Elderly Court Bankers don't count, I suppose. They are so exceptional.
- HANNA My dear Count...
- DANILO Oh, I know what you want to say. Your father had a great many debts and you married to save him.

HANNA The reasons for my marriage are nobody's business but mine. However, now that I'm a wealthy widow, I suppose your aristocratic uncle would no longer have any objections.

DANILO Do you honestly think that I would marry you for your money?

HANNA Everyman in the embassy has told me he's in love with me because of it. Are you so different?

DANILO In one way. I said those words to you before you were rich. I can assure you, you'll never hear me say, "I love you" again.

HANNA Never?

DANILO Never.

(MUSIC STARTS - #5 (#8 orchestra) – Madame, you need never fear)

DANILO At least not to you.

ZETA Ah, the evening will be perfect as soon as Count Danilo arrives.

HANNA The count has never been known for his timing.

ZETA *(amazed)* What's that? You knew him before?

HANNA Unwisely...and too well.

ZETA I can't believe it.

HANNA It's the old, old story of unrequited love, it really needs sad music to tell it. Excuse me, Baron, but do you have a zither or something with you?

ZETA I knew I was feeling too good. Go ahead.

(MUSIC UNDERSCORE) FROM ^{Ms.} [157] p 86

HANNA Scene...A farmhouse in the spring. Characters...An innocent maid...*(she poses)*...and a handsome Count...and his uncle, the King. Count asks maid to marry him...maid says yes...uncle says No. *(she shrugs)* End of story.

→ MUSIC STOP

ZETA You and Danilo?

HANNA Jilted. *(points to herself)*

ZETA *(glibly trying to smooth things)* Well things are more democratic around Pontevedro now. (We even have a health care plan!) Oh, you have no idea how mellow the old goat—I mean his majesty—has become.

HANNA But in the mean time, Paris is full of Danilo's...I have only to snap a finger and up pops another. *(as Camille and Valenciennes enter)* You see? One snap ...and we have the charming Camille de Rosillon.

Camille, I must show you the summer house, Camille. Most attractive. You must see my African Love Plants.

(At seeing this, Valenciennes exits sobbing)

ZETA African Love Plants?

DANILO *(entering)* Excellency!

#5 in digital p. 112-119 Script Strange.

DANILO I don't know where it is.

ANNA Why are you driving my guests away? Monsieur St. Broche and Vicomte Cascada sent me their apologies and regrets that they must leave at once. *have given*

I. *Allegretto*.

pp Str. *p*

ANNA What's more, it's odd that they should simultaneously have to leave for Albania - and so suddenly.

Viol. *pp*

DANILO Albania is a place one either goes to suddenly or not at all.

ANNA Why are you grinning like a Cheshire cat?

Clar. *pp*

DANILO I feel I've rather won this round.

ANNA On the contrary. You have succeeded in removing the two that were the least dangerous. There are others...one in particular.

Clar. *p*

DANILO And you really think he's not after your money?

ANNA I'm sure of it!

DANILO Very well, then...marry him, if you really want him so much.

ANNA That's my advice...

p

Go and marry whomever you want! Damn this fan!

ANNA No need to shout.

pp

DANILO I'm not shouting...and as a gift to your new husband, I'll be happy to dance at your wedding...like a dervish.

ANNA Oh, you are jealous.

p

DANILO: Jealous... I? HA... That's good.

ANNA: Why so upset?

DANILO: Im Sorry. I wasn't upset.

This gives approx Dialogue under score

D. 3866.

