

MONTY *(Cont'd.)*

OH, YOU ARE VAIN,
AND YOU'RE HEARTLESS, AND YET,
I CAN FEEL IN YOU A SHADE OF SADNESS
THAT'S BARELY DETECTABLE.

THAT I STILL WANT YOU AT ALL
I MAY LIVE TO REGRET.
YOU'RE DECEITFUL.
YOU'RE DELECTABLE.

YOU SEE THE FATE OF A MAN
WHO HAS HAD THE MISFORTUNE
TO SPEND HIS LIFE CAUGHT IN YOUR SWAY.

I SEE SIBELLA.
MY SIBELLA.
AND I LIKE HER THAT WAY.
YES, I LIKE HER JUST THAT WAY.
(HE kisses her passionately.)
AND I WANT YOU THAT WAY.

Start

MONTY *(Cont'd.)*

Have you time for a glass of sherry?

SIBELLA

Lionel will expect me to be home when he arrives.

(SHE begins to dress.)

MONTY

I wonder ... what would you do, Sibella, if *I* were to marry?

SIBELLA

Forbid it.

MONTY

You think that would be effective?

SIBELLA

If it were not, I should never speak to you again.

MONTY

Do you mean that?

SIBELLA

I suppose it would depend on whom you married, and whether you married for love, or –

MONTY

Or self-interest, you mean.

(SIBELLA lets out a sigh.)

SIBELLA

I suppose there is something in marrying for love. I *thought* I was in love with Lionel. At least a little.

MONTY

To do you justice, Sibella, I believe you did. Perhaps if we'd married, we'd have become bored with each other. Eventually.

SIBELLA

Do you really think so?

MONTY

There's all the difference in the world in being able to see a woman when you want to and being obliged to see her when you don't.

(SIBELLA finds this unsettling.)

SIBELLA

I'm not at all sure I appreciate your attitude.

(A beat.)

Monty ... I've been wondering something. Now that you're so cozy with the D'Ysquiths, I wonder if you couldn't get Lionel an invitation to Highhurst.

MONTY

Lionel? Or you?

SIBELLA

It's all for Lionel. It would seem he has political aspirations. Perhaps I am being a bit presumptuous, asking for a favor. For my husband.

MONTY

Not at all. It's only that, I could scarcely put in a good word for Lionel, when I haven't had an introduction to the Earl myself. I would help you, if I could.

SIBELLA

I know you would. Of course, Lionel is not without resources of his own. We'll see which of us is invited to Highhurst before the other, won't we?

(The doorbell rings. MONTY and SIBELLA go into a panic.)

SIBELLA *(Cont'd.)*

Who could that be?

Stop