

ADDITIONAL SIDE FOR CARL – MAGNUS:

NOTE: DESIREE will be read for you in the room.

DESIRÉE: Carl-Magnus, go away!

CARL-MAGNUS: (Ignoring her, beginning to unbutton his tunic): I'd have been her half an hour ago if I hadn't had to knock a little sense into my wife.

DESIRÉE: Carl-Magnus, do not take off your tunic!

CARL-MAGNUS (Still ignoring her): Poor girl. She was somewhat the worse for wine, of course. Trying to make me believe that she was attracted to that asinine lawyer fellow.

DESIRÉE: Carl-Magnus, listen to me! It's over. It was never anything in the first place, but now it's OVER!

CARL-MAGNUS (ignoring this totally self-absorbed): Of all people – that lawyer! Scrawny as a scarecrow and without a hair on his body, probably.

(He starts removing his braces.)

DESIRÉE (shouting): Don't take off your trousers!

CARL-MAGNUS (getting out of his trousers): Poor girl, she'd slash her wrists before she's let any other man touch her. And even if, under the influence of wine, she did stray a bit, how ridiculous to imagine I would so much as turn a hair!

(As he starts to get out of his trouser leg, he stumbles so that he happens to be facing the "window". He stops dead peering out.)

Good God!

DESIRÉE: What is it?

CARL-MAGNUS (Peering): Its her! And him! Sitting on a bench! She's touching him! The scoundrel! The conniving swine! Any man who thinks he can lay a finger on my wife!

(Grabbing his clothes)

DESIRÉE: Carl-Magnus, what are you doing?

CARL-MAGNUS: My duelling pistols!