

SIDE – CHARLOTTE / CARL – MAGNUS

CHARLOTTE: How was Miss Desirée Armfeldt? In good health, I trust?

CARL-MAGNUS: Charlotte, my dear. I have exactly five hours.

CHARLOTTE (Dead pan): Five hours this time? Last time it was four. I'm gaining ground.

CARL-MAGNUS (Pre-occupied): She had a visitor. A lawyer in a nightshirt.

CHARLOTTE: Now, *that* I find interesting. What did you do?

CARL-MAGNUS: Threw him out.

CHARLOTTE: In a nightshirt?

CARL-MAGNUS: In *my* nightshirt.

CHARLOTTE: What sort of lawyer? Corporation, maritime, criminal – testamentary?

CARL-MAGNUS: Didn't your sister's little school friend Anne Sorensen marry a Fredrik Egerman?

CHARLOTTE: Yes, she did.

CARL-MAGNUS: What are you planning to do today?

CHARLOTTE: *After* the five hours?

CARL-MAGNUS: Right now. I need a little sleep.

CHARLOTTE: Ah! I see. In that case, my plans will have to be changed. What will I do? (Sudden mock radiance). I know! Nothing!

CARL-MAGNUS: What don't you pay a visit to Marta's little school friend?

CHARLOTTE: Ah ha!

CARL-MAGNUS: She probably has no idea what *her* husband's up to.

CHARLOTTE: And I could enlighten her. Poor Carl-Magnus, are you *that* jealous?

CARL-MAGNUS: A civilized man can tolerate his wife's infidelity, but when it comes to his mistress, a man becomes a tiger.

CHARLOTTE: As opposed, of course, to a goat in rut. Ah, well, if I'm back in two hours, that still leaves us three hours. Right?

CARL-MAGNUS (Unexpectedly smiling): You're a good wife, Charlotte. The best.

CHARLOTTE: That's a comforting thought to take with me to town, dear. It may just keep me from cutting my throat on the tram.