(Starts to put hand to his head, realizes and corrects:)

HENRY. "The diamond!"

(Hand to head again, sways.)

VIOLET. "Lord Dudley – is anything wrong?"

PHYLLIS. *(Just audible.)* Everything! Everything!

HENRY. *(As if he hadn't heard – but we can see he had.)* "No-no. Nothing. Just one of my beastly attacks."

VIOLET. *(Jumping ahead two speeches.)* "You don't suppose – ?"

HENRY. *(Determined to get his line in.)* Don't you wonder how long I've been having them?!

VIOLET. Oh! "How long have you had them?"

HENRY. "Since this morning."

VIOLET. *(Totally lost, improvises.)* That long, huh?

HENRY. *(Controlling his rage.)* Do you suppose that I suppose – ?!

VIOLET. "You don't suppose – ?"

HENRY. "Ridiculous! Sheer coincidence! Merest chance!"

*(**SMITTY** bolts onstage, and since their panic is contagious:)*

SMITTY. Doctor Dud is here, Lord Forbley!

HENRY. *(Staggered, inflects as though naming the fiancé:)* "Ah! It is your fiancé *Diana*!"

*(Both **WOMEN** stare at him.)*

" – your *fiancé*, Diana!"

*(**PHYLLIS** sighs audibly.)*

VIOLET. "Yes, being engaged to the world-famous scientist has made me the envy of all the girls in London – in *England* – in *London, England*!"

HENRY. *("Up.")* Uh.

SMITTY. *(After a moment, tries to help by saying his line.)* "Ah, but a lovely belle like you deserves to be rung!" *(Thinks.)* " – to have a ring!"

VIOLET. *(To **SMITTY**, naturally.)* "You flatter me, Lord Dudley."

HENRY. Uh.

AGGIE. *(Off. Giving him his line, in a hoarse whisper.)* "Doris-will-you-show-the-gentleman-in"!

SMITTY. *(Before he can even echo the cue.)* "At once, milord!"

(She exits; no one enters.)

AGGIE. *(Offstage.)* Saul!

SAUL. *(Offstage.)* Coming!

(Dashes onstage, gives clumsy bow.)

"Lord Dudley. Diana."

HENRY. "I'm sure you young people will want to be alone. I'll just toddle off to my room and putter about."

(As in earlier error, moves to upstage doorway, starts to exit right, but stops as we all hear:)

GERRY. *(Offstage.)* You're going the wrong way!

HENRY. Oh!

(Turns full about and exits left, instead, so that we see him passing upstage of the window as he goes.)

SAUL. *(Who has seen this of course.)* He – he must be going to use the *outside* stairway!

VIOLET. *(Likewise.)* Yes. That must be it. *(Pause.)* Well –

SAUL. *(Galvanized back into character, shouts window ward:)* "Really, Lord Dudley, you needn't go."

HENRY. *(From in back of garden backdrop, where he is working his way toward stage right wings – and will wobble the upstage corridor wall in the process.)* "Nonsense. I was once in love, myself!"

(We hear him stumble and fall.)

Damn it!

SAUL. *(Rushes to **VIOLET**, quickly.)* "My dearest darling!"

VIOLET. "My sweet!"

(They kiss lightly, then stand apart.)

SAUL. "My darling, I have a little surprise – "

(Starts frantically feeling his empty pockets.)

PHYLLIS. Oh, dear!

(Jumps up, exits up aisle, and while she is making her way to the backstage area, our duo ad-libs desperately:)

VIOLET. I like surprises.

SAUL. I kinda thought you did.

VIOLET. I can't wait to find out what it is.

SAUL. It's really worth waiting for.

VIOLET. I'm so excited.

SAUL. I knew you would be.

VIOLET. Can't find it, huh?

SAUL. *(Inspired.) I* know! I must have left it in my coat! Excuse me!

(Rushes out right doorway; **VIOLET**, *nothing to do and nobody to talk to, stands awhile swinging her arms back and forth, and whistling, all the while we hear:)*

The necklace! Where the hell's the necklace?!

AGGIE. *(Offstage.)* Phyllis has it! I forgot to get it from her!

(We hear footsteps, and:)

PHYLLIS. *(Offstage.)* Here it is! I'm so terribly sorry!

SAUL. *(Offstage.)* Just give it to me!

(Rushes onstage, then realizes he holds:)

PHYLLIS. *(Offstage.)* My evening bag!

SAUL. *(To* **VIOLET**.*)* Whoops! Wrong surprise!

(Dashes off, and we hear:)

I hope you're satisfied! *Now* they think Doctor Forbes is a *sissy*!

(Dashes back on with necklace, waves it wearily.)

Surprise! " – the White Ruby of Ranchipur!" Or *whatever* it is!

VIOLET. "Oh! How incredibly lovely it is! Might I – try it on?"

SAUL. *(Slowly sliding into character.)* "Not afraid of the curse?"

VIOLET. "Well – not *very* much... May I – please – ?"

SAUL. "Certainly you shall. Here, allow me..."

(She turns, he hangs it about her neck, but does not quite get the catch in place, and it slides right out of sight into the bosom of her dress as he turns her around to face him and says his line "on automatic":)

"It *is* lovely – in such a lovely *setting*!"

(Realizes he can't see it; without thinking, leans forward to peer down into her cleavage; **VIOLET** *slaps both palms to the area and turns desperately away.)*

VIOLET. "Oh, Rex, what a thing to say – !"

SAUL. *(Staring at the back of her head.)* "I cannot decide which is lovelier, you or that fabulous gem."

([redacted] *will come down the aisle and regain her seat, tiptoeing so as not to disturb anyone, during:)*

VIOLET. *(Both hands frantically groping in her cleavage.)* "I simply – must see – myself in it – let me – go find a mirror!"

(Starts toward right doorway, still groping, but stops and drops her hands as **POLLY** *enters.)*

POLLY. "Diana! That necklace – !"

(Doesn't see it, and doesn't know where it is, either.)

Where *is* it?