

SARAH: And Japan?  
GEORGE: (*Doesn't know, but makes a guess.*) Very...small, Japan.  
SARAH: And Ireland?  
GEORGE: Very...green.  
SARAH: And Iceland?  
GEORGE: Very white.  
SARAH: And Italy?  
GEORGE: Very...Neapolitan.  
SARAH: And Copenhagen?  
GEORGE: Very...cosmopolitan.  
SARAH: And Florida?  
GEORGE: Very...condominium.  
SARAH: And Perth Amboy?  
GEORGE: Very...mobile home, I don't know.  
SARAH: And Sibyl?  
GEORGE: What?  
SARAH: Do you love Sibyl?  
GEORGE: Who's Sibyl?  
SARAH: Your new wife, who you married after you and I got our divorce.  
GEORGE: Oh were we married? Oh yes, I forgot that part.  
SARAH: Elyot, you're so amusing. You make me laugh all the time.  
(*Laughs.*) So, do you love Sibyl?  
GEORGE: Probably. I married her.  
(*Pause. She coughs three times, he unzips her dress, she slaps him.*)  
SARAH: Oh, Elyot, darling, I'm sorry. We were mad to have left each other. Kiss me.  
(*They kiss. Enter Dame Ellen Terry as Sibyl, in an evening gown.*)  
ELLEN: Oh, how ghastly.  
SARAH: Oh dear. And this must be Sibyl.  
ELLEN: Oh how ghastly. What shall we do?  
SARAH: We must all speak in very low voices and attempt to be civilized.  
ELLEN: Is this Amanda? Oh, Elyot, I think she's simply obnoxious.  
SARAH: How very rude.  
ELLEN: Oh, Elyot, how can you treat me like this?  
GEORGE: Hello, Sibyl.  
ELLEN: Well, since you ask, I'm very upset. I was inside writing a letter to your mother and wanted to know how to spell apothecary.  
SARAH: A-P-O-T-H-E-C-A-R-Y.  
ELLEN: (*Icy.*) Thank you.

Sarah/  
George/  
Ellen

book  
+  
pen

(*Writes it down; Sarah looks over her shoulder.*)  
SARAH: Don't scribble, Sibyl.  
ELLEN: Did my eyes deceive me, or were you kissing my husband a moment ago?  
SARAH: We must all speak in very low voices and attempt to be civilized.  
ELLEN: I was speaking in a low voice.  
SARAH: Yes, but I could still hear you.  
ELLEN: Oh. Sorry. (*Speaks too low to be heard.*)  
SARAH: (*Speaks inaudibly also.*)  
ELLEN: (*Speaks inaudibly.*)  
SARAH: (*Speaks inaudibly.*)  
ELLEN: (*Speaks inaudibly.*)  
SARAH: I can't hear a bloody word she's saying. The woman's a nincompoop. Say something, Elyot.  
GEORGE: I couldn't hear her either.  
ELLEN: Elyot, you have to choose between us immediately—do you love this creature, or do you love me?  
GEORGE: I wonder where the maid is.  
ELLEN AND SARAH: (*Together, furious.*) Forget about the maid, Elyot! (*They look embarrassed.*)  
ELLEN: (*Trying to cover.*) You could never have a lasting relationship with a maid. Choose between the two of us.  
GEORGE: I choose...oh God, I don't know my lines. I don't know how I got here. I wish I *weren't* here. I wish I had joined the monastery like I almost did right after high school. I almost joined, but then I didn't.  
SARAH: (*Trying to cover.*) Oh, Elyot, your malaria is acting up again and you're ranting. Come, come, who do you choose, me or that baggage over there.  
ELLEN: You're the baggage, not I. Yes, Elyot, who do you choose?  
GEORGE: I choose... (*To Sarah.*) I'm sorry, what is your name?  
SARAH: Amanda.  
GEORGE: I choose Amanda. I think that's what he does in the play.  
ELLEN: Very well. I can accept defeat gracefully. I don't think I'll send this letter to your mother. She has a loud voice and an overbearing manner and I don't like her taste in tea china. I hope, Elyot, that when you find me hanging from the hotel lobby chandelier with my eyes all bulged out and my tongue hanging out, that you'll be very, very sorry. Good-bye. (*Exits.*)  
SARAH: What a dreadful sport she is.