

*(Enter DONNA LUCIA with ELA)*

DONNA LUCIA She's smoking! *(Aloud)* Ahem!

*(Bus. with Lord Fancourt hiding cigar, smoke etc.)*

ELA Auntie, did you find it chilly?

DONNA LUCIA Yes, my dear, I thought I'd get a wrap of some kind.

ELA I'll go and get you something. I know where your things are!

DONNA LUCIA Are you alone?

LORD FAN COURT Yes, I'm all alone--and so sad.

DONNA LUCIA Dear me, what a dreadful smell of smoke!

LORD FAN COURT Yes, I noticed it myself. I'll go and find out who it is.

DONNA LUCIA No, don't go. I wanted to talk to you.

LORD FAN COURT Yes.

DONNA LUCIA About your late husband, Dom Pedro.

LORD FAN COURT Oh, that will be nice.

DONNA LUCIA Do you know, when I met Dom Pedro, he told me he had no wife.

LORD FAN COURT Oh, the wicked story-teller. Ah, but he was a cruel husband.

DONNA LUCIA The Dom Pedro I knew was noble, kind and gentle.

LORD FAN COURT That was his father, the old gentleman with the white moustache.

DONNA LUCIA Do you know, Donna Lucia, I'm surprised you don't indulge in the habit of smoking--so many Brazilian ladies do, you know.

LORD FAN COURT Well, to tell you the truth, that's just what I was doing when you came in.

DONNA LUCIA Then, pray don't let me interrupt you!

*(LORD FAN COURT smokes)*

LORD FAN COURT Can I offer you one?

Donna Lucia

Excerpt 2

DONNA LUCIA No thanks. You see, not being a Brazilian lady, it might be thought strange. Oh, Donna Lucia, pardon my curiosity, but--have you any children?

LORD FANCOURT Only a few--none to speak of.