

INT. DANGLARS SALON- NIGHT

Upstairs and Offscreen EUGENIE'S VOICE la-la's a new song.

A man on a mission, Danglars, with a gentleman's CLOAK in his hand, throws open the door and enters.

His wife MICHELLE and Lucien guiltily scoot away from each other on the sofa. Lucien clumsily grabs an open BOOK from an end table.

DANGLARS

(throws the cloak at Lucien)
Excuse me. It is eleven-thirty
and Monsieur has far to go.

MICHELLE

Monsieur Lucien is ... reading to
me!

Danglars pulls Lucien up and "helps" him into the cloak and to the door.

DANGLARS

I apologize. I must speak to my
wife. You bear me no ill will?

LUCIEN

Um - ah - no.

DANGLARS

Your follies may resume tomorrow
evening as usual. Good night.

He slams the door behind Lucien. The off-pitch singing still bobs merrily along.

DANGLARS (cont.)

Must she always do that?
(to Offstage)
Darling ... STOP SINGING!

Eugenie's SONG STOPS.

DANGLARS

(to Michelle)
Poulmann has defaulted. And the
Spanish loan -- I have just lost
eight hundred thousand francs!

MICHELLE

(means nothing to her)
So?

DANGLARS

You received a fourth when I made
a million on the Martinique
bonds.

Still Offscreen, EUGENIE begins to sob and continues through
the end of the scene.

MICHELLE

My news - Lucien's news - earned
that money.

DANGLARS

I should receive a fourth from
you when I lose.

MICHELLE

(shocked rise)
You blame your losses on me?

DANGLARS

The news was wrong! Who ever
heard of such a thing as the
signals being false?

MICHELLE

You blame Lucien?

DANGLARS

It was done on purpose against
me. I'm sure of it.

MICHELLE

Not by Lucien.

DANGLARS

Your money ends in his pockets.
Reimburse me, then you may
continue "business" together. In
all its sordid aspects.

MICHELLE

(dazed)
We have spent it. All of it.

DANGLARS

Then he better do what all
bankrupts do and disappear!

*****End of Excerpt*****