

CHARLOTTE
How was Miss Desiree 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
(Preoccupied)
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 a 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
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 just may keep me from cutting my throat on the tram.

Charlotte
+
Carl-Magnus

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