

Pledge each other your vows.
I stand, for once, as silent witness.

ISABELLE:

And I, for once, obey you, Father,
And join my heart, Clindor, to yours.

CLINDOR:

Confirm that vow by giving me . . .

Adraste and Lyse enter. Adraste has his sword drawn.

ADRASTE:

Your hand on hers, slave, is profanation.
Your punishment, to lose that hand.

*Adraste slices the air with his sword. Clindor pushes
Isabelle away. The others scatter.*

CLINDOR (*Pulling a dagger from his boot*):

Her name upon your lips is even greater profanation;
Your punishment, to speak no more.

They begin to fight in earnest.

PRIDAMANT: This isn't dangerous, is it, it looks
dangerous . . .

ALCANDRE: I'll make it disappear if it upsets you.

PRIDAMANT (*As they fence*): No, wait, let me . . . Oh! Look at
that! Look at him go. It's wonderful! Thrust! Thrust!
Thrust! Thrust! Parry, hah! I . . . oh I must be careful
not to get overexcited. . . . Wow! What technique he
has, he fences like an aristocrat, elegant but not fop-
pish, not affected, what a fighter he . . .

Adraste knocks Clindor's sword out of his hands.

Oh, he's dropped his sword, how clumsy, he was al-
ways so easily distracted, I . . . Careful, fool, careful,
put a little life in it, boy, for the love of God you can
do better than that, head up, eyes front, straighten
your spine, stop slouching around and . . . after him,
after him, do something right for once, you. . . . Oh!

Clindor stabs Adraste.

ADRASTE: Isabelle!

Adraste dies horribly.

*Clindor dips his hand in Adraste's blood, and tastes it,
raises his hand to the sky. Blackout.*

The lights restore.

PRIDAMANT: What's happened? Where's Clindor?

ALCANDRE: In prison, of course, where murderers go.

PRIDAMANT: He's not a murderer! I know the law! Self-
defense, he was attacked!

ALCANDRE: He killed a nobleman. He has no means. No
lawyer to defend him. It's gone badly for him, I'm
afraid. The penalty is death.

PRIDAMANT: You lied to me. You said it turned out well. I
feel . . . a dreadful little tingling in my heart. My
valerian drops . . .

ALCANDRE: My servant will get you some water. Then he
must go.

The Amanuensis brings Pridamant a glass of water.

PRIDAMANT: Go where?

ALCANDRE: Across the threshold to the other side. From
here to there. He's eager to go.