

VAN TUYL:—(*Pained*)—Don't dear—it's no use!

RITA:—'Ow long you t'ink, before-ee 'e vill for-get?

VAN TUYL:—Ssh!

RITA:—(*Returning to cards*)—Ah, che m' importa?
(*Pointing to the jack*)—Dat blond young man—look! 'Ow 'e is far fr-om me!

VAN TUYL:—(*Looking at cards*)—From you—? Oh, of course! You're the red queen down in the middle of all those spades. They're nothing bad, I hope?

RITA:—You are amoug dem.

VAN TUYL:—I—?

RITA:—Ye-es—an' de oders, too—see! You are all about me—dere is no vay out—

VAN TUYL:—But, dear, I—

RITA:—(*Beginning with a little smile*)—My—vhat you say? (*Tenderly*)—my flames—my splendid vones of whom I vas so pr-r-round—look! 'Ow you are black—an' str-r-rong—ah santa Madonna! —I 'ave give you ev'ryt'ings—an' now when lo-ove, 'e co-ome an' smile an' 'old out 'is deear-r 'ands. I cannot give—no, cr-r-ruel vones! You 'ave leave me nod'ings—you 'ave take take—it all—(*She sweeps away the cards and buries her face in her hands. Van Tuyl puts his hand gently on her shoulder. There is an instant's pause. SIGNORA VANNUCCI comes bustling in from the other room.*)

SIG. VAN.:—(*Entering*)—Adesso! Siamo bel' e pronto per—(*She sees Rita's position. Van Tuyl makes a gesture for her to be still. She stops in the middle of her phrase. Then, under her breath.*)—Povrina! (*She catches Van Tuyl's eye, makes a gesture towards Rita, then to macaroni at fire, next to table—then pantomime of eating. He nods assent. With every evidence of satisfaction she goes over to fire and takes up the macaroni, pours sauce over it, stirs it, etc.*)

VAN TUYL:—(*Turning to Rita, speaking kindly and cheerfully*)—Supper's ready!

RITA:—(*Stifled*)—I am not 'ungr-ree.

VAN TUYL:—(*Pleading*)—Oh, please! Why, the signora has taken all the trouble to cook your favorite macaroni—

SIG. VAN.:—(*From fire*)—Al sugo—e bonissimo!

RITA:—No—no—no—

VAN TUYL:—Think how disappointed she'll be—
(*Raising her*)—There! Come along, little girl—(*Showing her the table*)—Doesn't that salad look good? We'll sit