

Beat. I am flattered good Diavolo, by your offer, but I would prefer waiting a few years.

Diav. I shall wait a thousand years.

Beat. [*Laughing.*] Is there no other alternative.

Diav. There is none Lady, unless you give me your pledge to marry me, either now or in the future, I shall certainly release the Marquis from the bond.

Beat. I accept your offer, and give you my pledge [*taking his hands*] that if you press him for the bond, I will bestow my hand on you. (*Aside*) I shall find means to break my pledge.

Diav. You will? Ecod, I'll put it in force at once. I must see my lawyer. Adieu, Lady Beatrice—soon to be Lady Diavolo! [*Bows and retires right, and knocks against FERNANDO, who enters.*] How now, fellow—what do you mean?

Fer. I beg pardon chevalier, but I was in such haste to bring the tidings of the arrival of the Lord—
[*Beatrice signs for him to be silent.*]

Diav. Of whom—did you say?

Fer. Of the young Lord—[*Beatrice again signs.*]

Diav. Yes—go on—who—what the devil do you stop for?

Beat. He means my brother. Will you hasten about the bond?

Diav. Oh he does, eh? (*Aside.*) I fancy there is something in all this. [*Exit.*]

Beat. I know your tidings—Marco has arrived. I learnt it an hour ago.

Fer. Aye Lady, he has arrived, and has changed in all save one thing.

Beat. And what is that?

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