

Scene Three
An Elegant Salon in a
Luxurious Parisian Town House

(Rented by THE DOWAGER EMPRESS and her entourage.)

(LILY is firmly showing COUNT LEOPOLD to the door. He is a foppish, dyed-hair, unctuous, distant relative of THE DOWAGER EMPRESS.)

LILY. I'm sorry, Count Leopold.

LEOPOLD. She can't always be resting! The Dowager Empress knows I have important papers for her to sign.

LILY. Papers designating *you* the heir to the Romanov fortune. She will never sign them.

LEOPOLD. She is an old woman who has outlived her place in history. Anastasia is a pathetic figment of her imagination. Eventually, I will be recognized as the sole beneficiary of the Tsar's estate by an international court of law.

LILY. I'll tell Her Majesty you called.

(LEOPOLD tries a different tactic.)

LEOPOLD. You'll be at the Neva Club this evening, Lily?

LILY. Along with every other White Russian in Paris.

LEOPOLD. I will want the first Charleston.

LILY. I've given up dancing for Lent.

LEOPOLD. Lent just ended.

LILY. Next Lent, I'm getting an early start.

(She has succeeded in getting him out the door and firmly closing it. She picks up the day's mail and begins sorting it.)

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS. *(Offstage.)* Is he gone?

(THE DOWAGER EMPRESS enters. She is a deeply changed woman. She is older, obviously, but she is less invincible. Her heart has been