

~~ZETA: Njegus, listen to this: I have asked my wife to spy on Camille de Rosillon. And she has consented. You see, I know how to get things done (*looking off*). And there they are. Both of them. How she flirts and gazes into his eyes! Ha-ha! Splendid woman, exemplary wife. I'll bet you anything you like that by tonight we'll have the name we're after!~~

NJEGUS: An express letter for your Excellency.

ZETA (*taking it*): From the Ministry. It's in code (*gives it back to Njegus*). Decode it. No, I'll do it. Read it.

NJEGUS (*reading*): Zwing.

ZETA (*decoding*): The Ministry.—

NJEGUS: Zweng.

ZETA—would be obliged

NJEGUS: Zwang.

ZETA—for your promptest—

NJEGUS: Zwung.

ZETA — reply —

NJEGUS: Scunchy.

ZETA (*foxed*) Scunchy? (*he gets it*)—regarding

NJEGUS: Zwong.

ZETA—the twenty—

NJEGUS: Melons.

ZETA: Melons. *Melons?*

~~DANILO re-ENTERS and takes the letter.~~

~~DANILO (*reading*): Millions!~~

~~ZETA (*to Danilo*): Ah, you've guessed, this letter refers to the Glawari millions. The Ministry is now regarding it as a matter of urgency. At any rate, we're obliged to submit a report forthwith. At all costs let us not be hasty. For this I shall want you both. Let me see — it's now a quarter to eight. Meet me here — in the pavilion, shall we say — at eight sharp. There we can draft our telegram undisturbed. Is that understood?~~

~~NJEGUS: Understood. Eight—sharp (*he goes off*).~~

~~ZETA (*looking again into the wings*): She's still there — not letting Rosillon out of her sight. (*suddenly*). They're coming this way! Let us leave her to continue the good work.~~

~~DANILO: It looks as though she's doing excellent work.!~~