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KOL. I will make sure you are on time, Your Highness.

GRAND DUCHESS. Thank you, Kolenkhov.

DE PINNA. You know, Highness, I think you *waited on me* in Childs' once. The Seventy-second Street place?

GRAND DUCHESS. No, no. That was my sister.

KOL. The Grand Duchess Natasha.

GRAND DUCHESS. I work in Times Square.

DE PINNA. Oh!

GRANDPA. Quite a lot of your folks living over here now, aren't there?

GRAND DUCHESS. (*To GRANDPA.*) Oh, yes—many. (*Front.*) My uncle, the Grand Duke Sergei—he is an *elevator man* at Macy's. A very nice man. (*To GRANDPA.*) Then there is my cousin, Prince Alexis. He will not speak to the rest of us because he works at Hattie Carnegie. He is in ladies' underwear.

KOL. When he was selling hot dogs at Coney Island he was willing to talk to you.

GRAND DUCHESS. Ah, Kolenkhov, our time is coming. My sister, Natasha, is studying to be a manicurist, Uncle Sergei they have promised to make floorwalker, and next month I get transferred to the *Fifth Avenue Childs'*. From there it is only a step to *Schraffts'*, and (*To GRANDPA.*) *then* we will see what Prince Alexis says!

GRANDPA. (*Nodding.*) I think you've got him.

GRAND DUCHESS. You are telling *me*? (*She laughs in a triumphant Russian laugh, in which KOLENKHOF joins.*)

PENNY. Your Highness—did you know the Czar? Personally, I mean.

GRAND DUCHESS. Of course—he was my cousin. It was terrible, what happened, but perhaps it was for the best. Where could he get a job now?

KOL. Pravda, Pravda. That is true.

GRAND DUCHESS. (*Philosophically.*) And poor relations are poor relations. It is the same in every family. My cousin, the King of Sweden—he was very nice to us for about ten years. Every once in a while he would send a money order. But then he said, (*To GRANDPA.*) I just cannot go on. I am not doing so well myself. I do not blame him.

PENNY. No, of course not. . . . Would you excuse me for just a moment? (*She goes to foot of stairs and stands peering up anxiously, hoping for news of ALICE.*)