**AIDA**

*One*

I know that Radames is well. He suffered no injuries in battle. I thought you might want to know that.

*Amneris: I did! I’ve been so…. You’re very astute aren’t you, Aida?*

Only on occasion. *(She is making this up as she goes)* My true talent lies with a needle. And if you would allow me, Princess, I will make you a robe in a shade closer to that of your eyes. There’s a dying process I use which makes fabric glow. It’s a secret that was passed down from the hand maidens of Queen Neferteri.

*Two*

*Radames: This is meaningless! I’ll never take you sailing. I’m never going to leave Egypt agai. Instead, I’ll sit on the throne and send other men off on their expeditions.*

Aida: You talk as though you’ve been enslaved

*Radames: Not with chains maybe. But with a marriage promise. (Aida grabs her shaw and wipes her eyes) What’s that for?*

Aida: To dry my weeping eyes. Forced to marry a Princess? Oh, what hardships. I know—you want to go to lands where people have been living for centuries and say that you “discovered” them. But instead, you’re being thrust onto the Pharaoh’s throne. It is a great tragedy.

*Radames: You go to far!*

Aida: No! You go too far! If you don’t like your fate, change it. You are your own master, there are no shackles on you. So don’t expect pity or understanding from this humble palace slave.