

# The Pink Lady

*A Musical Comedy in Three Acts*

Book and Lyrics by C.M.S. McLellan

Music by Ivan Caryll

## **CHARACTERS**

PHILIPPE DONDIDIER  
LUCIEN GARIDEL  
MAURICE D'UZAC  
BEBE GUINDOLPH  
BENEVOL (Detective.)  
CRAPOTE  
POCHET (Inkeeper.)  
THE HUNGRY MAN  
DOCTOR MAZOU  
ROUGET  
A PHOTOGRAPHER  
THEODORE LEBEC  
CLAUDINE  
ANGELE  
MADAME DONDIDIER  
SERPOLETTE POCHE  
LA COMTESSE  
DESIREE  
GILBERTE  
GARRIELLE  
RAYMONDE  
MINETTE  
SOPHIE  
ANNETTE  
JULIE  
SUZANNE  
NINI

## **SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.**

### **ACT I**

The Gardens of "LE JOLI COUCOU", a Restaurant in the forest of Compiègne, France.

**ACT II**

Interior of an Antique Shop in the Rue St. Honore, Paris.

**ACT III**

The Ball of the Nymphs and the Satyrs.

**ACT I**

*Scene:- A Restaurant in the Forest of Compiègne, France, known as "Le Joli Coucou".*

*The scene shows the pretty gardens of all the restaurant, with the structure itself at right opening on a terrace, and the entrance to the gardens at left, under an arched sign among the trees. It is a picturesque resort in a secluded part of the forest, off the beaten track and little frequented, but at the present moment the scene of unprecedented excitement. A gathering of people is present such as never visited the place before. The several handsome, well-dressed girls are the members of a Paris coterie known as "Les Victimes du Satyr" (The Victims of the Satyr). And the young men are some of them admirers of these ladies who have accompanied them down from town, while others are reporters from the leading Paris newspapers. There are an unusual number of waitresses, and a photographer has posed his camera in the centre of the gardens to take a picture of Madame Serpolette Pochet, the pretty young wife of the proprietor of the restaurant, as she poses on the terrace at right with a little basket on her arm, filled with fresh mushrooms.*

*Discovered:- Pochet stands near the photographer, regarding his wife with pride and affection, and she is evidently the heroine of the occasion. Sitting at a table at left is a peevish, hungry-looking man, who tries vainly to get the attention of the waitresses and who is the only person that seems to take no interest in the excitement over Madame Pochet, but is merely anxious to obtain food.*

**OPENING CHORUS**

HERE'S A LADY WHO BUT YESTERDAY WAS NO ONE  
 IN A NEIGHBORHOOD THAT'S FAMOUS AS A SLOW ONE,  
 SHE'S NOW A FASCINATOR  
 AND THE WORLD WILL CELEBRATE HER  
 AS THE LATEST ONE TO CAPTIVATE THE SATYR;  
 FOR THE SATYR KNOWS A BEAUTY WHEN HE SEES HER,  
 AND SHE HAS TO BE THE BEST BEFORE HE'LL SQUEEZE HER.  
 IF A GIRL CAN TEMPT THE SATYR  
 THEN YOU REALLY HAVE TO RATE HER  
 AS A PROPOSITION WARM AS THE EQUATOR.

*(SERPOLETTE moves over to camera during interlude)*

**Serpolette**

AND I AM THE ONE,  
 THE VERY LATEST ONE  
 WHOSE BEAUTY MANAGED TO PLEASE  
 MY ONLY WISH  
 WAS TO GATHER A DISH

OF MUSHROOMS UNDER THE TREES,  
 I WAND'RED OUT  
 WITH NEVER ANY DOUBT  
 AS MODEST AND MEEK AS THIS.

*(BUS)*

WHEN I WAS SEIZED  
 AND VIOLENTLY SQUEEZED  
 AND GIVEN SUCH A GREAT BIG KISS  
 LIKE THIS!

*(She kisses the photographer)*

OH, MERCY! WHAT AN AWFUL KISS!

## **All**

OH, SHE IS THE ONE  
 THE VERY LATEST ONE  
 WHOSE BEAUTY MANAGED TO PLEASE, ETC.

*(At this end, DESIREE, the leader of "Les Victimes du Satyr", comes forward to Serpolette and hangs a gold medal about her neck)*

*Recitative -*

## **Desiree**

AND NOW BECAUSE THE SATYR FELT FOR YOU EMOTIONS TENDER  
 HIS OTHER FAVOURED VICTIMS MAKE YOU HONORARY MEMBER  
 OF THEIR FAMOUS COTERIE;  
 FOR YOU MUST KNOW THAT WE  
 HAVE ALL BEEN KISSED BY THE SAME NAUGHTY SATYR!

*(She comes to C., her companions drawing up behind her)*

## **Desiree**

YOU MAY BE VERY SURE  
 HE IS AN EPICURE,  
 THIS FACT IS PROVED WHEN YOU HAVE SEEN US,  
 HIS TASTE IS CRITICAL,  
 MOST ANALYTICAL,  
 HE ONLY BOTHERS WITH A VENUS,  
 PLAIN GIRLS ARE LEFT ALONE  
 HE SEEKS THE PERFECT TONE,  
 JUST PUREST BEAUTY WITHOUT MIXTURE,  
 HE NEVER MISSES YOU,  
 POPS OUT AND KISS YOU  
 IF YOU'RE PRETTY AS A PICTURE.

## **All**

*(With smart business by "Les Victimes")*

YOU MAY BE VERY SURE  
 HE IS AN EPICURE,

THIS FACT IS PROVED WHEN YOU HAVE SEEN US;  
THIS FACT IS PLAIN ENOUGH BETWEEN US,  
ETC., ETC.

*(At the finish, "Les Victimes" pose in a group about Serpolette on the terrace with the photographer aiming his camera at them)*

**Photo.**

Now, then, ladies, this time don't move!

*(Just as he snaps them, Serpolette discovers the POSTMAN who enters at that moment through the entrance at L.)*

**Serpol.**

*(Dashing down the terrace)*

Here's the postman!

**All**

*(Turning to greet him)*

Ah!

**Pochet**

*(Joyfully)*

At last!

*(He seizes a lot of Paris newspapers from the Postman, and everybody surrounds him as he hands them about to Serpolette, Desiree and others)*

**Photo.**

*(Angrily)*

I give up! That's the tenth one spoiled!

**Hungry Man**

*(Gasping indignantly)*

Once again, is this a restaurant or a photographic studio?

**All**

*(Turning on him sharply)*

Sh, sh, sh, sh, sh!

**Hungry Man**

*(In a collapsed state)*

Coffee and rolls, or I'm a dead man! Twenty times I've asked, and nothing happens but snapshots and newspapers.

*(Calling weakly)*

Coffee and rolls - coffee and rolls!

**Pochet**

*(As he hastily scans a paper)*

Ah, here it is!

**All**

Read it - read it!

**Pochet**

*(Reading)*

The Satyr re-appears. This time in the Forest of Compiègne. Last evening, near that well-known phenomenon, The Trembling Rock, he shot forth from the leafy covers and affirmed one of his penetrating kisses upon the lips of a certain Madame P..?

*(Stopping, disappointed)*

Oh, oh!

*(Disgusted)*

A certain Madame P...! What good is that to me! He should have said Pochet!

**Serpolette**

*(Joyfully)*

Here it is in my paper - the name in full!

**Desiree**

*(She is also eagerly scanning a newspaper)*

And, oh, my dears, see what it says about us!

*(Reads)*

That the Satyr is a great critic of feminine beauty has again been proved. Take a list of his former victims! Mademoiselle Gilberte Leblanc, of La Seals!

**Gilberte**

*(Stepping forward smartly)*

Here!

**Desiree**

Mademoiselle Amandine Du Veryney of La Cigale.

**Amandine**

Here!

**Desiree**

Mademoiselle Raymonde St. Just, Gaiete Rochechouart.

**Raymonde**

Here!

**Desiree**

Mademoiselle Minette Delatour, Parisian.

**Minette**

Here!

**Desiree**

Mademoiselle Sophie Joliette, Varietes.

**Sophie**

Here!

**Desiree**

Mademoiselle Desiree Montmorillen St. Savory de Beauregard, of the Moulin Rouge.  
*(She herself steps forward with a flourish)*

Here!

**Pochet**

*(Reading)*

"These are the ladies who are giving the Ball of the Nymphs and the Satyrs to-night, which promises to be the jolliest event of the season. It's their contention that the Satyr kisses only the great beauties, while plain women promenade the woods in vain. But the Police are on the gentleman's track."

**Girl**

*(Alarmed)*

The Police?

**Pochet**

"We understand that Monsieur Benevol, a detective of great skill, has been put in charge of the case."

*(BENEVOL, who has just entered by the path skirting behind the restaurant, pushes his way through the crowd and comes to C.)*

**Benevol**

*(Raising his hat)*

Monsieurs, Madames, - permit me.

*(Bowing)*

I am the Monsieur Benevol referred to.

*(As they start in surprise)*

Don't be afraid, I am not dangerous to the young and beautiful.

*(Turning to Serpol.)*

From your personal apperance, madame, I take you to be the heroine of the forest drama.

**Serpol.**

Yes, Monsieur.

*(Raising her voice as if starting a recitation)*

It was just before dusk, and with my little basket on my arm, I had wandered into the

forest to gather mushrooms, when suddenly...

**Benevol**

*(Interrupting)*

Ah, if you please... I must learn everything in my own way. I will ask you to accompany me to the neighborhood of The Trembling Rock, where you and I will reconstitute the scene together.

**Pochet**

*(Suddenly)*

Excuse me!

**Benevol**

In a strictly professional manner, Monsieur Pochet. I am quite aware that this lady is your wife, but you must remember that the law has higher claims on her than you.

*(Taking Serpol. by the hand)*

Madame, with your little basket on your pretty arm, we will wander down to The Trembling Rock.

**Pochet**

*(Quickly)*

Wait! You'll have to take the photographer with you. I want pictures of everything you're going to do.

**Benevol**

Quite so. Everything I do is worth a photo.

*SONG & CHORUS - BENEVOL & CHORUS*

EVERYTHING I DO,  
 EVERYTHING I DON'T DO,  
 EVERYTHING I WILL,  
 EVERYTHING I WON'T DO.  
 WHAT I DO AND DON'T DO,  
 WHAT I WILL AND WON'T DO,  
 EVERY SINGLE THING IS WORTH A PHOTO;  
 ALL MY LITTLE KINKS,  
 ALL MY LITTLE CAPERS,  
 LOOK AND YOU WILL FIND  
 IN THE DAILY PAPERS,  
 ALL THE DAILY PAPERS  
 CHRONICLE MY CAPERS,  
 EVERY SINGLE MORNING WITH A PHOTO.

*REFRAIN*

BRING ALONG THE CAMERA,  
 FETCH ALONG THE CAMERA.  
 DON'T HAVE ANY DOUBT ABOUT IT.

HURRY UP THE CAMERA,  
 GOT TO HAVE THE CAMERA,  
 CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT IT,  
 WHEN I THINK,  
 WHEN I TALK,  
 WHEN I DRINK,  
 WHEN I WALK,  
 IF YOU WANT TO CATCH IT ALL IN TOTO,  
 YOU MUST BE  
 ON THE SPOT,  
 AND OF ME  
 TAKE A SHOT,  
 FOR EVERYTHING I DO IS WORTH A PHOTO.  
*(Cho. repeats refrain)*

*II*

TAKE ME WHEN YOU PLEASE,  
 TAKE ME WHEN YOU DON'T PLEASE,  
 TAKE ME IF I SNEEZE,  
 TAKE ME IF I DON'T SNEEZE,  
 WHEN YOU DO OR DON'T PLEASE,  
 IF I DO OR DON'T SNEEZE,  
 TAKE ME ALL THE SAME, IT'S WORTH A PHOTO;  
 GET MY DOUBLE TEETH,  
 GET MY SINGLE EYEGLASS,  
 GET ME WITH A GUN,  
 GET ME WITH A SPY-GLASS,  
 TAKE ME WITH AN EYEGLASS,  
 LOOKING THROUGH MY SPY-GLASS,  
 THEN YOU'LL HAVE AN INTERESTING PHOTO.

*REFRAIN*

BRING ALONG THE CAMERA,  
 FETCH ALONG THE CAMERA.  
 GET IN FRONT OR ELSE BEHIND ME,  
 HURRY UP THE CAMERA,  
 GOT TO HAVE THE CAMERA,  
 HUNT ABOUT UNTIL YOU FIND ME.  
 OH, MY EYES,  
 AND MY NOSE,  
 AND MY TIES,  
 AND MY TOES.  
 AND THE FASHION OF MY HAT AND COAT, OH!  
 MAKE A HOT  
 LITTLE LOT  
 GO BEGOT  
 WITH A SHOT,

SO COME ALONE AND TAKE ANOTHER PHOTO.

**Cho.**

BRING ALONG THE CAMERA,  
 FETCH ALONG THE CAMERA,  
 DON'T HAVE ANY DOUBT ABOUT IT,  
 ETC., ETC..

*(At the finish, Benevol exits by the path that runs behind the restaurant, followed by all the others, except Pochet, the Hungry Man sitting at the table at L., and three waitresses, Annette, Julie and Suzanne. The Hungry Man rises to his feet and with difficulty, staggers weakly across to Pochet and confronts him)*

**Hungry Man**

*(With as much threatening vigor as he can command)*

Monsieur Pochet, once for all I demand coffee and rolls. If I do not get these in five minutes' time, I will burn your restaurant about your ears, kill all the chickens in the coop, and eat the canary.

*(Pochet is greatly exasperated, and, leaning near to the Hungry Man, calls loudly into his ear)*

**Pochet**

Listen to me! I told you before there were no rolls in the house.

**Hungry Man**

*(Placing his hand to his ear)*

Eh?

**Pochet**

*(Still louder)*

I say the baker hasn't come with the bread yet.

**Hungry Man**

No coffee! Well, then, give me chocolate!

**Pochet**

*(Getting angrier and angrier)*

There's plenty of coffee - gallons of coffee, I tell you!

There's -- no --

*(He stops short and turns to the girls)*

Here, girls, help me! Now, when I say three, shout all together! One - two - three!

**Annette, Julie, Suz. & Pochet**

*(Shouting in unison)*

There are no rolls in the house!

**Hungry Man**

Very well, chocolate, then - rolls and chocolate.

**Pochet**

*(Giving up in despair)*

Annette, take him inside and put the ham bone in front of him - not this week's ham bone, mind, - last week's. If he refuses to eat it - hit him with it.

*(Urging the Hungry Man towards the restaurant)*

Now, then, Monsieur, if you'll accompany my servant, she'll give you the nearest thing to a roll that we've got.

**Hungry Man**

*(With sudden elation, as he hurries after Annette)*

At last - at last!

*(At this moment, LUCIEN GARDIEL enters C., - a good-looking, smartly dressed young fellow; enters briskly by the path at L. He glances about and X'es to Pochet)*

**Garidel**

*(As Pochet turns toward him at last)*

Well, well, things appar to be very gay here!

**Pochet**

No, things are very sad. Only last evening, while gathering mushrooms in the forest, my wife was kissed by the Satyr.

**Garidel**

The devil you say!

**Pochet**

I said the Satyr.

**Garidel**

Well, I don't like to intrude my own affairs on you, but I should like to know if anyone has been inquiring for me. My name's Garidel - Lucien Garidel.

**Pochet**

*(With sudden interest)*

Ah, Monsieur Garidel, who lives up at the chateau and is engaged to be married to the beautiful Mademoiselle de Verrier!

**Garidel**

*(Sharply)*

What's that to you? You'll please take an order for lunch!

**Pochet**

*(Quickly taking a waiter's tablet and pencil from his pocket)*

Certainly, Monsieur. For two?

**Garidel**

For two.

**Pochet**

Yourself and Mademoiselle de Verrier.

**Garidel**

*(Sharply)*

Who said anything about Mademoiselle de Verrier!

**Pochet**

But since she's your fiancee, Monsieur!

**Garidel**

What of that? Can't a man eat lunch with someone beside his fiancee!

**Pochet**

Oh, yes, Monsieur - if he dares!

*(Writing on the tablet)*

Shall we say a trout meuniere to start with - some grilled mushrooms to follow --

**Garidel**

*(Quickly)*

Ah, have you mushrooms?

**Pochet**

*(Glancing up)*

Have I mushrooms? Why, Monsieur, I told you my wife was gathering mushrooms when the Satyr --

**Garidel**

*(Impatiently)*

Quite so, quite so! Grill your wife and follow with a filet mignon, eh? Now, then, when does the next train arrive from Paris?

**Pochet**

At 12 o'clock.

**Garidel**

Well, that's when my friend gets here. Have the lunch ready to serve when she arrives.

**Pochet***(Glancing up at him)*

She?

**Garidel***(Angrily)*

She! Of course "she"! Why not?

**Pochet**

Oh, nothing, Monsieur, nothing!

*(Reverting suddenly to his pet subject)*

But speaking of satyrs --

**Garidel***(In a sudden fury)*

We weren't speaking of satyrs! Look here, I'm tired of you and your satyr --

*(Snatches pencil out of his hand and flings it to the ground)*

I'm here for lunch -- l-u-n-c-h - lunch!

*(Snatches order tablet from Pochet's hand and slams it down on the table)*

Now, do you know what a lunch is, and will you let me have one?

**Pochet***(Escaping from his wrath)*

Certainly, Monsieur - certainly! It'll be ready on the tick.

*(Dashes into restaurant)***Garidel***(Shouting after him)*

Well, see that it is!

*(Turning and coming down)*

By George, he's quite upset me with his confounded satyr story. And I believe he was rebuking me for daring to lunch with someone besides my fiancée. Why shouldn't I?

I've still got six more weeks of freedom!

*(Expanding with a deep breath)*

Six more weeks of the old gay life!

**SONG: GARIDEL***I*

I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED IN JUNE,  
 IT'S NOW THE BEGINNING OF MAY,  
 AND HENCE I'M STILL FREE TO COMMENCE,  
 WITH THE LIFE THAT IS SINGLE AND GAY:  
 I'M FREE, BUT IT'S ALMOST A SIN,  
 ALREADY I OUGHT TO BE TRUE,

I OUGHT TO SIT DOWN AND BEGIN  
TO BEHAVE AS SEDATE HUSBANDS DO.

**REFRAIN**

BUT NOT JUST YET, JUST YET, JUST YET,  
I'VE GOT ABOUT SIX WEEKS MORE,  
SIX WEEKS TO COQUET, COQUET, COQUET,  
WITH THE LIFE THAT WE ALL ADORE:  
OF COURSE AT THE END OF MY BACHELORHOOD  
I'M SURE TO REFORM AND GROW PERFECTLY GOOD,  
BUT NOT JUST YET, JUST YET, JUST YET,  
I'M SINGLE FOR SIX WEEKS MORE.

*(Rings bell. MAID enters)*

*(He whirls joyously about to a gay waltz symphony between his verses)*

*II*

BEFORE WEDDING DEAREST ANGELE,  
I'M BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO CLAUDINE,  
I'M TAKING A TENDER FAREWELL  
OF HER AND OF ALL THAT WE'VE BEEN:  
CLAUDINE IS A VERY OLD FRIEND,  
I'VE KNOWN HER FOR NEARLY A YEAR,  
ALAS, OUR SWEET FRIENDSHIP MUST END,  
FOR I'M DOOMED TO A MARRIED CAREER.

**REFRAIN**

BUT NOT JUST YET, JUST YET, JUST YET,  
I'VE GOT ABOUT SIX WEEKS MORE,  
SIX WEEKS TO FORGET, FORGET,  
ALL THE JOYS I HAVE KNOWN BEFORE.  
CLAUDINE MUST BECOME A MERE DREAM OF THE PAST,  
AND I THE CONVENTIONAL HUBBY AT LAST,  
BUT NOT JUST YET, JUST YET, JUST YET,  
I'M SINGLE FOR SIX WEEKS MORE.

*(As Garidel goes whirling about to the waltz symphony, he exits L.)*

*(ANNETTE - a pretty waitress, enters from the restaurant, sees him, is caught by his gaeity and joins irresistibly in his dance. He pirouettes about with her at an irresponsible way and at the finish exit L.)*

*(Enter by the path at L., ANGELE DE VERRIER, Maurice D'UZAC and BEBE GUINDOLPH. All three are in motoring costume with goggles. Angele appears agitated and all are evidently bent on a mission of discovery. At the moment they enter, SUZANNE returns by the other path with her dish of water cresses)*

**Angele**

He's not here - I know he isn't.

**Maurice**

Don't be too sure.

*(Calling to Suzanne as she is about to enter the restaurant)*

I say - young woman!

**Suzanne**

*(Turning)*

Yes, Monsieur.

*(Angele dashes across and addresses her sharply)*

**Angele**

Is my fiancee here?

**Suzanne**

Your fiancee, Mademoiselle?

**Angele**

He's awfully good-looking, medium height, hazel eyes, lovely hair and a perfect nose. You couldn't mistake him. His name is Lucien Garidel.

**Suzanne**

Well, there are a lot of people here to-day, Mademoiselle, but I haven't seen anyone quite as handsome as that.

*(Exit into restaurant)*

**Angele**

*(Turning to Maurice with an air of triumph)*

There, now, you see your suspicions were absurd!

*(C. to L.)*

*(They all take off their motoring goggles. Angele is a charming and refined trpe of Parisienne, very pretty and smart. Maurice D'Uzac is a dashing young philanderer of the Boulevards, smiling, cynical, and dangerous, and Bebe Guingolph is a droll type, very plain, very honest-looking, quite foolish and fatuous, with his thoughts wandering far away -- altogether a whimsical character that one smiles at and likes on sight)*

**Maurice**

Angele, I've said I'd show Lucien up to you as a flirt, and I'm going to. These visits that he's supposed to make every Tuesday and Friday to his friend Dondidier are all rot. Instead of going to Paris to-day, as he said he would, he jumped on his bicycle and came over here.

**Angele**

*(Impatiently)*

I don't believe it. Your dislike of Lucien makes you utterly unjust to him.

**Maurice**

I dislike him because he's false to you.

**Angele**

Nonsense! It's because I became engaged to him and refused you.

**Maurice**

*(Sharply, as he indicates Bebe, who is sitting at the table at L.)*

I say, please be careful!

**Angele**

Oh, I don't mind Bebe; he's my cousin, and there's nothing I wouldn't tell him.

*(Bebe bounds to his feet and runs to her)*

**Bebe**

*(Greatly moved)*

Ah, my dear, dear relative, my favorite aunt's favorite child - thank you for that kind word.

**Angele**

That's all right, Bebe. Go sit down.

*(He tiptoes back to table and sits again)*

**Maurice**

Very well, let's just be frank, then. It's true I adore you!

*(With great fervor, seizing her hand)*

Ah, Angele, all the great volcanoes of the earth are packets of ice cream compared with my burning love for you!

**Angele**

*(Indicating Bebe)*

Hush, please!

*(Back of chair)*

**Maurice**

*(Returning to his natural manner)*

Oh, I don't mind Bebe! I'd trust him as I would my right arm.

**Bebe**

*(Bounds to his feet and goes to him, seizing him by the hand - greatly moved)*

Ah - my friend - my sympathetic companion, my mentor and - guide - thank you for that kind word!

**Maurice**

That's all right, Bebe. Go sit down.

*(Bebe does as he is told, repeating: "Go and sit down".)*

Tell me, Angele, have you ever met Lucien's alleged friend, Dondidier?

**Angele**

No.

**Maurice**

Why not?

**Angele**

I never asked to. He lives like a hermit in a little house at Auteuil, and isn't the sort of man a girl would ever think of bothering about. Lately he's invented a new kind of steerable balloon, and Lucien's getting the capital for him to go on with. They've been intimate friends for years.

*(As she is speaking, Maurice picks up Pochet's writing from the table R.)*

**Maurice**

Excuse me, here's something interesting. Isn't Lucien particularly fond of grilled mushrooms?

**Angele**

*(Glancing quickly at him)*

Yes. Why?

**Maurice**

I find here an order for lunch - evidently left here by a waiter. It includes grilled mushrooms.

**Angele**

*(With start)*

Good heavens!

**Bebe**

*(Suddenly troubled)*

My dear Maurice, my more than dear Maurice - Lucien is not the only person in the world who eats mushrooms. I myself have a decided partiality for the edible fungus.

**Maurice**

*(Dryly)*

Very likely, but we find other items of interest in this menu.

*(Reading)*

"Trout meuniere". I believe the only fish Lucien ever eats is trout meuniere.

**Angele**

*(Irritatedly)*

It isn't true! He dotes on sardines!

*(Bebe snatches the menu from Maurice's hand)*

**Bebe**

I shall go to the maitre d'hotel and demand a description of the man who ordered this.

**Maurice**

Do. And you'll find he's the imposter that Angele describes as medium height, with hazel eyes, lovely hair and a perfect nose.

*(Up stage)*

**Angele**

*(Catching Bebe by the arm apprehensively)*

Bebe! Do you think Lucien's deceiving me?

**Bebe**

*(Troubled)*

My favorite cousin, the Machiavellian reasoning of our excellent Maurice fills me with certain disturbing doubts. We must investigate. *(With sudden vehemence)* And, oh, if Lucien is deceiving you, how I shall hate him - oh, how I shall hate him!

*(He hurries into the restaurant)*

*(Angele, now thoroughly nervous and disturbed, Xes to R.. Maurice, smiling to himself, goes over to her)*

**Maurice**

Well, the dream's ending, eh? I'm sorry, but love is usually like that.

**Angele**

*(Turning)*

Love is not usually like that! You don't know what love means!

**Maurice**

Don't I! Well, I know love isn't a bit careful of the company he keeps.

**Angele**

*(Indignantly)*

I don't believe you!

*DUET: ANGELE & D'UZAC*

*I*

**Angele**

WHEN LOVE GOES A-STRAYIN', OH, WHERE DOES HE GO?

**D'Uzac:**

UP TO THE MOULIN ROUGE.

**Angele**

NO, NO, AMONG HEARTS WITH HIS ARROWS AND BOW.

**D'Uzac**

PSHAW! THAT'S A SUBTERFUGE.  
 FOR LOVE IS A CYNICAL CHAP;  
 AND FOR ARCHERY DON'T CARE A RAP,  
 HE'S A ROYSTERING, RACKETTY, IMPIOUS ELF,  
 AND ONLY CONSIDERS HIMSELF.

*REFRAIN***Angele**

WHY, LOVE IS A PERFECT BABY,  
 A BEAUTIFUL, INNOCENT BOY.

**D'Uzac**

IN DAYS THAT ARE PAST HE WAS, MAYBE,  
 BUT BEING A BABY WILL CLOY  
 AND LOVE BECAME BORED BY MERE CHILDHOOD,  
 GREW TIRED OF BEING DIVINE,  
 AND LEAVING THE SWEET-SCENTED WILDWOOD,  
 HE CAME UP TO PARIS TO DINE.

**Angele**

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU, DON'T BELIEVE YOU.  
 LOVE, I KNOW, IS DIVINE!

*II***D'Uzac**

WHEN LOVE WANTS TO NESTLE, OH, WHERE DOES HE NEST?

**Angele**

CLOSE IN A MAIDEN'S HEART.

**D'Uzac**

HE MAY FOR A WHILE, BUT HE SOON WANTS A REST.

**Angele**

YOU'VE NEVER FELT HIS DART,  
 YOU SLANDER BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW,  
 BUT I HAVE LOVED TRULY AND SO  
 I CAN TELL YOU THAT HERE OR IN HEAVEN ABOVE,  
 THERE'S NOTHING SO LOVELY AS LOVE.

*REFRAIN*

WHY, LOVE IS AS SWEET AS THE ROSES  
AS FRAGRANT AND WARM TO THE SOUL.

**D'Uzac**

AND YET THE ROGUE'S RECORD DISCLOSES,  
OF SINS A MOST SORROWFUL ROLL.  
AND WHEN TEMPTATION ATTACKS HIM,  
HE DROPS ALL HIS HABITS DIVINE,  
AND THEN EVERY NIGHT UP AT MAXIM'S  
HE SQUANDERS HIS KISSES AND WINE.

**Angele**

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU, DON'T BELIEVE YOU,  
LOVE, I KNOW, IS DIVINE!

*(Angele hurries out agitatedly at the finish of song)*

**Maurice**

*(Calling gaily after her)*

Don't go far! Lucien will be lunching here - remember!

*(As he laughs to himself he turns and discovers Bebe, who enters at that moment from the restaurant)*

Ah, Bebe, what have you learned?

**Bebe**

*(Who is much disturbed)*

Don't ask!

**Maurice**

The truth, eh? The maitre d'hotel described Lucien as the man who ordered lunch.

**Bebe**

*(Reproachfully)*

Maurice, you are not acting nicely - it grieves me to say it, but you are not acting nicely. You shouldn't seek to destroy a young girl's trust in her sweetheart.

**Maurice**

*(Airily)*

All's fair in love, my boy.

**Bebe**

I don't agree.

**Maurice**

That's because you don't understand. You see, you've never loved.

**Bebe**

*(With a sudden burst of emotional indignation)*

Maurice, never say that again! Never say that again while we both live!

**Maurice**

*(Regarding him with astonishment)*

Why, what's the matter? you don't mean to tell me that you,- no, no, it's impossible!

*(Bebe stands pressing his hand to his brow)*

**Bebe**

*(As if he were the only person who could really have ever adequately known the passion)*

I - I - never loved!

*(Fixing Maurice with a look of reproach)*

Maurice, sit down!

*(He leads him to a chair at R. and taking position in front of him, begins his tale in accents of the tenderest emotion)*

Gisele de Malpertule was 12 years of age, -I, 14. We met at a fashionable seaside resort, and her great beauty immediately subjugated me. One night, beneath the stars, we swore to be true until death, to love each other through eternity. Seven years later, I was 21, and then I asked her hand in marriage. Her parents, who were on the point of departing for Canada, gave their consent but required that the wedding be postponed until their return. We kissed, Gisele and I - we renewed our vows beneath the stars, and then the exquisite child followed her parents.

*(Sadly)*

To-day I am 35, and Gisele, - Gisele has not yet returned.

**Maurice**

Good Heavens! Still in Canada!

**Bebe**

*(Nodding)*

Her father is in a large way of business as a lumber merchant on the Saskatchewan.

**Maurice**

On the what?

**Bebe**

The Saskatchewan, - one of the great rivers of that distant country. Gisele cannot leave him, as he is getting old.

**Maurice**

And do you mean to tell me you've kept your oath all this time?

**Bebe**

I do. And I assure you it is very hard --

**Maurice**

I believe you.

*(xes and slaps Bebe heartily on the back)*

Bebe, take my advice. Give the Paris girls a chance. The Saskatchewan is a long way off.

*(Starting across)*

Now, I'll order a little lunch - I won't be long.

*(He exits into inn)*

**Bebe**

*(Sentimentally, as he is left alone)*

The Saskatchewan is a long way off. True - true! Ah, Gisele, I am still keeping my vow, but - *(With a heavy sigh)* in these days I'm finding it difficult.

**SONG & CHORUS**

**BEBE, DESIREE AND OTHERS.**

*I.*

**Bebe**

BY THE BANKS OF THE SEINE

WITH GIRLS SO BEAUTIFUL,

IT GIVES ONE PAIN

TO REMAIN QUITE DUTIFUL.

AND YET I'VE SWORN BY THE STARS ABOVE

THROUGHOUT MY LIFE TO RESERVE MY LOVE

FOR A GIRL BY THE SASKATCHEWAN;

ALL COME CANOODLING,

THEY'RE BOLD AND VAIN,

WITH A TASTE FOR SNOODLING;

THEIR LIPS ARE RED AND THEIR EYES ARE BRIGHT,

AND THEY'VE GOT A STYLE THAT REMOVES FROM SIGHT

A GIRL BY THE SASKATCHEWAN.

*Refrain*

FLOW, RIVER, FLOW,

DOWN TO THE SEA,

BRIGHT SEA, BRING MY LOVED ONE HOME TO ME,

TRUE DEAR, ONE TRUE,

I'M TRYING HARD TO BE;

BUT HEAR ME SAY

IT'S A VERY LONG, LONG WAY

FROM THE BANKS OF THE SEINE FOR A GIRL TO GO AND STAY

BY THE BANKS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

*(As Bebe finishes the refrain, an invisible chorus takes it up outside and repeats it through. As it proceeds, DESIREE and her seven companions steal softly in at the back, and coming down to Bebe as he sits at the table overcome by shyness, surround*

*him with the playful affectation of lovesick maidens; Desiree sits on the table beside him and places her arm about his shoulder) (He looks around for a means of escape, but finds himself hemmed in and held by the charming group. It is St. Anthony again, trying to resist the inevitable and making a failure of it. Desiree sings the 2nd verse to him in tempting accents)*

*II*

**Desiree**

WHEN YOU LIVE BY THE SEINE  
 YOU SUFFER AWFULLY  
 IF YOU REFRAIN  
 FROM ENJOYING QUITE LAWFULLY  
 THE SWEET GAY LIFE IN A GAY SWEET WAY  
 AND SAVE YOUR LOVE TILL YOU'RE OLD AND GREY  
 FOR A GIRL ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.  
 ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE  
 THERE'S LOVE AWAITING YOU,  
 TO QUELL THE PAIN  
 THAT'S EXASPERATING YOU;  
 SO SKIP WITH JOY AS YOU LAUGH HA HA,  
 AND WIRE A QUICK LITTLE COOL TA TA  
 TO THE GIRL ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

**REFRAIN**

COME, FAITHFUL ONE,  
 COME, STRAY WITH ME,  
 THIS IS SPRINGTIME UP IN GAY PAREE;  
 YOU NEED A REST  
 FROM YOUR FIDELITY,  
 FOR HEAR ME SAY  
 IT'S A VERY WRONG, WRONG WAY  
 WHEN YOU LIVE ON THE SEINE TO SIT GRIEVING ALL THE DAY  
 FOR A GIRL ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

*(As Desiree finishes, Bebe makes a last despairing effort to free himself. Springing to his feet, he raises his hands aloft in a gesture of appeal, and sings his own refrain ardently while the girls address theirs seductively)*

**REFRAIN**

**BEBE**

FLOW, RIVER, FLOW,  
 DOWN TO THE SEA;  
 BRING, SEA, BRING  
 MY LOVED ONE HOME  
 TO ME, ETC., ETC..

**GIRLS**

COME, FAITHFUL ONE,

COME STRAY WITH ME  
THIS IS SPRINGTIME UP IN  
GAY PAREE, ETC.,  
ETC..

*(Girls crown Bebe with a garland and imprison him with daisy chains, and when he disappears at back with all of them languishing about him, it begins to look very bad for the girl on the Saskatchewan)*

*(LUCIEN enters briskly by the path at L. and Maurice enters at the same instant from the inn. They come face to face, and stop short)*

**Maurice**

*(With cool satisfaction)*

Ah, good-morning, Garidel.

**Garidel**

*(Alarmed and irritated)*

What the -

*(He pulls himself up)*

How did you get here?

**Maurice**

Drove over in the auto. Fine morning.

**Garidel**

You're alone?

**Maurice**

No, Bebe Guindolph's alone - *and* Angele.

**Garidel**

*(Sharply)*

Angele!

*(At this instant, ANGELE enters by the path at R. and confronts Lucien)*

**Angele**

Good-morning, Lucien.

**Garidel**

*(Nearly overcome by her sudden appearance)*

Eh!

*(This is as far as he can get)*

**Angele**

I've been to the garage. Your bicycle's there. That proves you're here, I think.

**Garidel**

But...

**Angele**

*(Firmly)*

Don't deny it! You're here!

*(Lucien meets her angry gaze and then, by a great effort, draws himself up and takes a defensive)*

**Garidel**

Apparently!

*(Looking from one to the other)*

I see. This is a plot against me.

*(He strides up to Maurice and confronts him threateningly)*

Well, let me tell you, D'Uzac, I don't like the part you're playing in it.

**Angele**

Wait! It was my idea to follow you. I asked Monsieur D'Uzac to drive me over in his auto, and brought Bebe along as a chaperon.

**Garidel**

*(With his eyes still fixed on Maurice)*

Well, I don't think we need M. D'Uzac any longer.

**Maurice**

*(Smiling back at Lucien aggravatingly)*

I quite agree, Garidel. I'll leave you.

**Angele**

*(Quickly, as he starts)*

Don't go far! I don't want you to go far!

**Maurice**

Only to find Bebe.

*(Insolently, as he passes out)*

If you need me, call.

*(He exits at back)*

**Garidel**

*(Turning reproachfully)*

Angele, I don't like what you've done - I don't like it at all. Do you realize you're spying on me?

**Angele**

Yes, and it's because --

**Garidel**

*(Interrupting strongly)*

Oh, no excuse, please. While we're still engaged, you're srying on me. You might have left that until we were married.

**Angele**

Answer me this. Are you in Paris to-day, at the house of your friend, Dondidier, or are you here?

**Garidel**

I didn't tell you I was going to see Dondidier in Paris. I said I was going to pass the day with him.

**Angele**

*(Sarcastically)*

I see! Tell me, is your friend still in the balloon business?

**Garidel**

Certainly he is. He's soon going to startle the world with a new balloon called "Laugh at Blizzards"... It's a huge affair, and, naturally, I'm enormously interested.

**Angele**

So am I. Why have I never been permitted to meet this wonderful inventor?

**Garidel**

There's never been an opportunity.

**Angele**

Very well, here's one now. Let me lunch with him when he gets here to-day.

**Garidel**

That's impossible.

**Angele**

Why?

**Garidel**

*(Confused)*

Because - why, because -- Well, do you really wish to know?

**Angele**

To be sure.

**Garidel**

Well, because while Dondidier's one of the most interesting of men - for men to know - a genius, and all that sort of thing, one would never introduce him to a lady.

*(At this instant, POCHET appears from the restaurant)*

**Angele**

And why not?

**Garidel**

*(At a loss)*

Why, - he - he - he's a -

**Pochet**

*(Interrupting)*

May I ask, Monsieur, if you would like the mushrooms served with --

**Garidel**

*(Turning sharply with a nervous start)*

Mushrooms!

*(Then, with sudden inspiration)*

Ah!

*(To Angele)*

He's a satyr!

**Pochet**

*(Jumping)*

What! Who's a satyr?

**Garidel**

*(With great irritation)*

Never mind, - get out!

**Pochet**

But, Monsieur...

**Garidel**

*(Flying at him)*

Get out, I say!

*(Pochet escapes, panic-stricken, into restaurant)*

*(Returning to Angele)*

That's what Dondidier is - a satyr.

**Angele**

*(In a tone of deep reproach)*

Lucien!

**Garidel**

*(Desperately)*

I tell you it's true!

**Angele**

Oh, please, please! I'm not an absolute dunce, you know. Satyrs were demi-gods that lived in the Dark Ages. They went about pursuing nymphs in the woods, and had hoofs. Those times are passed, my dear boy.

**Garidel**

Are they? Well, perhaps satyrs nowadays don't have hoofs, but they pursue nymphs in the woods all the same.

**Angele**

*(Shaking her head)*

Oh, no, it won't do. Try something else.

**Garidel**

Why, Angele, never, never have I told the truth to you with such precision as I'm telling it now! Are you aware there was a satyr prowling round this neighborhood only last night, and that he attacked this Innkeeper's wife?

*(BENEVOL & SERPOLETTE enter at back on his last speech, and stop short and listen. Benevol motioning Serpolette to keep silent)*

Very well, I believe it was no other than my friend Dondidier. He's simply appalling.

**Angele**

*(Coolly)*

Nevertheless, I wish to lunch with him when he gets here.

*(At this, Benevol in the background makes an excited gesture and draws Serpo. silently into the inn without being seen)*

**Garidel**

Don't be absurd! It's impossible!

**Angele**

*(With great derision)*

Lucien, if you don't consent, I shall know you're deceiving me.

**Garidel**

*(Angrily, as he sees himself beaten)*

Oh, very well, very well! That settles it! In ten minutes' time, you shall lunch with M. Dondidier!

**Angele**

*(Eagerly, breaking into smiles)*

Lucien! Truly?

**Garidel**

*(Stiffly)*

Since I'm not to be believed otherwise - yes.

**Angele**

*(Flinging her arms suddenly about his neck)*

Oh, you darling - how I love you!

**Garidel**

*(Putting her away from him)*

No, you've hurt my feelings, Angele.

**Angele**

*(Embracing him again)*

Kiss me! Kiss me, I say!

*(She kisses him, in spite of his efforts to avoid her, and then starts towards the restaurant)*

Now I'll go and order lunch for five.

*(She turns, then runs back and throws her arms about him impulsively)*

Ah, Lucien, I do believe you now!

*(She exits quickly into restaurant)*

**Garidel**

*(Letting himself go when she has disappeared)*

Good Lord, what a mean!

*(HUNGRY MAN appears from restaurant, followed by ANNETTE, who carries a tray with coffee service)*

**Hungry Man**

In the summer-house - I'll have my coffee in the summer-house.

**Garidel**

*(Sees Hungry Man)*

Ah, an idea! A word with you! My name's Garidel. I'm in an awful hole - the girl I'm engaged to is silly enough to think I'm cheating her. I am. I've come her to meet another girl named Claudine, and I told my fiancee it's to meet a man named Dondidier. Well, there's no such person as Dondidier. My fiancee has popped in her unexpectedly and Claudine is going to arrive in ten minutes. Good heavens, man, don't you see the situation! Claudine is a living fact - and my fiancee mustn't meet Claudine. Dondidier doesn't exist, and my fiancee has got to meet Dondidier.

**Hungry Man**

What did you say?

**Garidel**

Deaf! Oh, nothing!

**Annette**

Your coffee is ready in the summer-house.

**Hungry Man**

Well, you needn't shout about it.

*(Exit)*

**Garidel**

*(To Annette)*

When does the next train get in from Paris?

**Annette**

In about ten minutes, Monsieur.

*(She exits into restaurant)*

**Garidel**

*(Turning up)*

Good Lord, I must stop Claudine at the station!

*(BENEVOL enters suddenly from restaurant)*

**Benevol**

*(Preemptorily)*

Monsieur!

**Garidel**

*(Stopping short)*

What?

**Benevol**

*(Coming down, sharply)*

I'm a detective!

**Garidel**

Well, I'm in a hurry.

**Benevol**

So am I. I believe you're expecting a friend named Dondidier. Do you think he'll come?

**Garidel**

He's got to come!

**Benevol**

What would you say if I told you Dondidier was seen here late last evening?

**Garidel**

I should say you were talking in your sleep.

**Benevol***(Severely)*

No impertinence, Monsieur! Your friend is the satyr of the forest of Compiègne.

**Garidel***(Fervently)*

I wish he were!

**Benevol**

I've posted my men about the neighborhood, and it will be impossible for him to escape.

**Garidel**

Well, I ask only one favor, old chap. When you get him, bring him to me. I'm offering a big reward for a satyr named Dondidier.

**Benevol***(Turning to go, with a grand air)*

Within the house- in chains.

*(Exits)***Garidel**

First a deaf man, then a lunatic!

*(He rushes off L.)**(Enter ANGELE from the restaurant, and at the same time, D'UZAC and BEBE come on by the path at back)***Angele***(Discovering them)*

Ah, now I hope you'll be satisfied! Monsieur Dondidier will be here presently, and we're all to take lunch together. I've arranged for a nice table for five, inside.

**Maurice**

Better make it for four. There'll be no Dondidier.

**Angele***(Impatiently)*

Oh, how stubborn you are! I tell you Lucien's promised I shall lunch with him.

**Maurice**

What else could he do? All the same, he's expected a young lady down from Paris.

**Angele***(Indignantly)*

Show her to me!

**Maurice**

I hope to!

*(As he turns towards the right, he starts suddenly)*

Ah, who's this?

*(Enter CLAUDINE by the path at R. She is a dashing, splendid girl, dressed with the last touch of Parisian smartness, in pink)*

**Claudine**

*(Calling breezily as she enters)*

Garçon! Garçon!

**Bebe**

*(Alarmed)*

A lady! A lady in pink!

*(Angele staggered and clutching Maurice by the arm, Claudine has Xed to the door of the restaurant)*

**Claudine**

*(Calling in)*

Garçon! Garçon!

*(POCHET enters briskly in answer to the call)*

**Pochet**

Yes, Madame!

**Claudine**

Is there a young gentleman waiting here for me? Medium height, hazel eyes, lovely hair, perfect nose -- you couldn't mistake him. His name is Lucien Garidel.

**Angele**

*(Gasping and clutching at her heart)*

Ah!

**Claudine**

*(Looking round at the sound)*

What's the matter?

**Pochet**

*(Hastening down)*

The lady's fainted!

**Angele**

*(Straightening up proudly)*

I haven't fainted! I never felt better in my life!

**Maurice***(Solicitously)*

Get a glass of brandy!

**Angele***(Firmly)*

No. I loathe brandy. Let me alone - let me alone!

*(She sweeps across and into the restaurant, throwing her head high as she passes Claudine. Maurice hurries after her)***Maurice***(Stopping as he passes Claudine and smilingly raising his hat)*

Thank you, Madame, thank you. You came at just the right moment.

*(He passes into restaurant, leaving Claudine staring after him. Bebe Xes.)***Bebe***(With great indignation, as he steps in front of Claudine)*

I hate you, oh, how I hate you --

*(Exits)***Claudine***(Glancing at Pochet)*

Crazy?

**Pochet**

Yes, Madame. And the young gentleman you were asking for was here and ordered lunch. I think he went to the station to meet you.

**Claudine**

I didn't come to the station. I got down at Pierrefonds so as to drive through the forest. It's very charming and so secluded. I don't suppose you get many people here?

**Pochet**

All the world is here to-day, Madame. They're down by the Trembling Rock, being photographed. I think I hear them returning.

*(Enter gaily at back DESIREE and all her companions, with PHOTOGRAPHER. They are chattering as they come)***Photographer**

One more picture, ladies, before I go.

**Desiree**

Not before dejeuner. I'm simply starving.

**Pochet**

*(Briskly)*

You'll find tables set in the garden at the back, Mdlle.  
Pass right through the restaurant.

**Desiree**

Come, Photographer! I'll let you take me devouring the hors d'oeuvres.  
*(As she is Xing, she meets Claudine and stops short in front of her)*

Ah! Mlle. Claudine!

**Claudine**

*(Smiling)*

You recognize me, then!

**Desiree**

Naturally! All Paris knows the Pink Lady - who shows the way to the rest of us.

**Claudine**

You flatter me. But - *(looking around)* of course I recognize all you famous young ladies, too. The kiss of the satyr has given you your final cachet. Wouldn't it be a lark if you could find him and get him to go to the ball of the Nymphs and the Satyrs to-night!

**Desiree**

*(Struck by this)*

I never thought of it! What an idea! Girls, wouldn't our ball be a success if we could only lead off with the real Satyr?

**All**

Oh, lovely!

**Desiree**

*(Elated)*

We must!

*(To Claudine)*

And, of course, *you'll* be with us, Mademoiselle?

**Claudine**

Naturally! I never miss the things I ought to.

**Photographer**

*(Admiringly, to Claudine)*

May I take you as you stand there, Mademoiselle? It will make a charming picture.

**Claudine**

*(Posing)*

I don't mind. There are not many things that I do mind. I believe in taking things

quietly.

*SONG AND CHORUS: CLAUDINE AND OTHERS*

"GENTLY."

*I*

WHEN GUSTAVE PROPOSED TO ME  
HE WENT DOWN ON BENDED KNEE  
AND HE WHISPERED, OH SO GENTLY  
OH SO GENTLY, OH SO GENTLY  
AND HE WHISPERED UNTIL I ANSWERED 'YES'  
GUSTAVE WHEN THAT 'YES' HE HEARD  
SAID I'LL HOLD YOU TO YOUR WORD  
AND THEN HE HELD ME OH, SO GENTLY,  
OH SO GENTLY, OH SO GENTLY  
AND THE REST YOU GUESS

*II*

WE WERE WED, BUT NO ONE KNEW,  
NO ONE KNEW BUT JUST WE TWO,  
GUSTAVE BROKE THE NEWS SO GENTLY;  
OH SO GENTLY, OH SO GENTLY,  
ASKING MIGHT WE WED,  
PA SAID, "NO YOU'LL NOT, I VOW"  
GUSTAVE SAID, "IT'S TOO LATE NOW,"  
THEN PA BLESSED US, OH SO GENTLY,  
OH SO GENTLY, OH SO GENTLY,  
WHAT HE TOLD US, OH SO GENTLY  
I'D BEST LEAVE UNSAID.

*III*

WHEN I WORE A HAREM SKIRT,  
THEN GUSTAVE WAS VERY PERT,  
AND HE TOUCHED IT, OH, SO GENTLY,  
OH SO GENTLY, OH SO GENTLY,  
THEN HE PULLED IT OH SO GENTLY,  
TILL I CRIED OUT "STOP"!  
SEE NOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, YOU GOOSE,  
YOU HAVE MADE THE RIGHT LEG LOOSE,  
AND I HAD TO CREEP SO GENTLY  
OH SO GENTLY, OH SO GENTLY,  
TILL GUSTAVE COULD LAND ME GENTLY  
IN THE NEAREST SHOP.

*IV*

I'VE A HANDSOME COUSIN FRED  
GUSTAVE SAID HE'D SHOOT HIM DEAD,  
I SAID GUSTAVE SHOOT HIM GENTLY,  
SHOOT HIM GENTLY, SHOOT HIM GENTLY,

I SAID GUSTAVE SHOOT HIM GENTLY,  
 DON'T ACT LIKE AN APE!  
 WHEN I TOLD DEAR FREDDIE SO,  
 FREDDIE THOUGHT HE'D BETTER GO,  
 I SAID FREDDIE DO GO GENTLY,  
 DO GO GENTLY, DO GO GENTLY,  
 I SAID FREDDIE, DO GO GENTLY,  
 DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE.

*ENCORE!*

GUSTAVE WHEN IN NEW YORK TOWN,  
 TO THE SUBWAY ONCE WENT DOWN  
 ON THE STAIRS WAS PUSHED SO GENTLY  
 OH SO GENTLY, OH SO GENTLY,  
 ON THE PLATFORM LANDED GENTLY  
 LIKE A SACK OF BEANS  
 THEN THE TRAIN CAME AND A GUARD  
 PACKED HIM IN AND PACKED HIM HARD  
 GUSTAVE THANKED HIM OH SO GENTLY  
 OH SO GENTLY, OH SO GENTLY,  
 FOR REMINDING HIM SO GENTLY  
 OF THE FRENCH SARDINES.

*ENCORE!*

GUSTAVE ONCE REMARKED TO ME  
 SUFFRAGETTES I CANNOT SEE,  
 WOMEN SHOULD BE OH SO GENTLE,  
 OH SO GENTLE, OH SO GENTLE  
 VOTES? WHY YOU CAN BUY ME GENTLY  
 FOR A DOLLAR NOTE  
 THEN I INTRODUCED HIM TO  
 TEN YOUNG SUFFRAGETTES I KNOW  
 THEY ALL KISSED HIM, OH SO GENTLY,  
 OH SO GENTLY, OH SO GENTLY  
 GUSTAVE SIGHED, AND WHISPERED GENTLY  
 BLESS 'EM LET 'EM VOTE.

*(All repeat with bus: and exit into restaurant)*

*(Enter Angele from restaurant closely followed by BEBE)*

**Angele**

*(As she enters)*

I'm quite calm now, and my mind's made up.

**Bebe**

You have my fullest approval, cousin. It must be an eye for an eye. And a tooth for a tooth. Give Lucien up without a sigh, and marry Maurice. Besides, Maurice isn't a bad catch, you know. He dresses very well indeed.

**Angele***(Facing him)*

No, Bebe. I shall throw Lucien over and marry someone else, but not Monsieur D'Uzac.

**Bebe**

No? Who then?

**Angele**

You!

**Bebe***(Staggering backward and clutching for support)*

What?!

**Angele**

Angele de Verrier is going to marry her cousin, Bebe

**Bebe***(Gasping, horror-stricken)*

No - no - don't say that. You don't love me!

**Angele**

Of all the men I know I love you the least.

**Bebe**

What do you think of that?

**Angele**

But my happiness is shattered forever, Bebe and I propose to live and die a martyr. I shall take a husband towards whom I can be cold, dictatorial and superior. Above all a husband who is totally lacking in personal attractions. In a word - you!

**Bebe***(With great desperation, aside)*

Give up my Gisele at last? No - no!

**Angele***(With a start, as she looks off R)*

Careful - here comes Lucien.

*(Enter LUCIEN quickly by the path at L.)***Lucien***(Stopping sharply as he sees Angele)*

Ah, there you are. I've been to the station.

**Angele**

*(Icily)*

Did you meet Monsieur Dondidier?

**Lucien**

No!

**Angele**

I fancy your friend didn't follow your instructions about the train.

**Lucien**

*(Turning sharply)*

What do you mean?

**Angele**

I mean she's waiting for you inside the restaurant.

**Lucien**

She?

**Angele**

A lady in pink.

**Lucien**

*(Quavering)*

In pink?

**Angele**

Yes, Lucien have you any explanation to offer? If not then of course everything is over between us.

**Lucien**

Do you really mean there's a lady here asking for me?

**Angele**

I do.

**Lucien**

Well I, that is, did she--

*(Suddenly)*

Tell me is she fair, with blue eyes, and rather a dashing manner?

**Angele**

Yes.

**Lucien**

Ah then I know. It's Madame Dondidier.

**Angele**

Madame--

*(She stops)*

**Lucien**

Why to be sure! Something's kept Dondidier at Scissons' and he's sent his wife to explain.

*(Bell bus)*

**Angele**

*(Sarcastically)*

Oh you think that's it, do you?

**Lucien**

I'm sure of it.

*(Starts toward restaurant)*

I'll go in and see.

**Angele**

*(Sharply)*

Wait!

*(He stops)*

Bebe go and tell M. Caridel's friend he's waiting in the garden to present her to Mdlle. de Verrier.

**Bebe**

*(Xing)*

Yes my cousin.

*(Aside)*

Have no fear Gisele. I'll be true.

*(He exits)*

**Lucien**

I must say your confidence in me is very flattering.

**Angele**

Ah well, let us hope it will return.

**Lucien**

Yes, but there are things that can never return. Take care, Angele, like all men who have nothing to reproach themselves with, I am very proud. If you expect me to forgive and forget you'll return home now without another word and end this degrading detective work.

**Angele**

But if it's only Madame Dondidier?

**Lucien**

Do you think I want you to cross-examine her and let her see that you suspect me, just as Bebe sees it, and this wretched, D'Uzac. No you must take my simple word, and go this instant.

**Angele**

I shall remain.

**Lucien**

You will?

*(Turning aside desperately)*

The game's up.

*(CLAUDINE enters from the restaurant followed by BEBE)*

**Claudine**

*(Hurrying across to Lucien)*

Ah my dear friend here you are.

*(Shaking hands cordially)*

You didn't expect me did you?

**Lucien**

Why, why, no I...

**Claudine**

Ah it's quite a story. When my husband was leaving Scissons this morning to join you here he suddenly got a most dreadful attack of lumbago -- he's a great victim of the lumbago you know-- and there was nothing for him to do, but change his plans and go straight home to Paris. Well, he knew a telegram would arrive too late, and so I insisted on coming here to explain matters.

**Lucien**

*(Foolishly)*

Yes, yes....

**Claudine**

*(Turning and regarding Angele with a sweet smile)*

And this is--

**Lucien**

*(Confusedly)*

Ah yes-- I beg your pardon-- Mademoiselle de Verrier.

**Claudine**

*(Holding out her hand)*

It's a great pleasure to meet you, Mademoiselle. Monsieur Garidel has sung your praises to us so often. I am Madame Dondidier... *(Bus. for Bebe and Lucien)* wife of this very dear friend of that name. How many times I wonder, have you heard M. Garidel say: "I must spend tomorrow with my friend Dondidier." .... Well, there was no trick about it, none I assure you.

**Bebe**

*(Aside, giving her skirt a tug)*

That'll do.

**Claudine**

Eh?

*(To Angele)*

Yes that'll do.

**Lucien**

*(Aside)*

Now what the--

**Angele**

*(Giving her hand to Claudine)*

I'm charmed Madame. When I return to Paris, I hope you'll let me call on you with my mother. Will you give me your address?

**Claudine**

*(Promptly)*

Number 72 Rue St. Monroe. My husband is a dealer in antiques.

**Bebe**

*(Aside)*

Good bye Gisele.

**Angele**

*(Surprised)*

What? Not a balloonist-- with a house at Auteuil?

**Lucien**

*(Hastily)*

Let me explain.

*(To Claudine)*

From motives that you and I will understand, but which may seem a little mysterious to Mdlle. de Verrier, I had hidden your husband's true vocation and address from her.

**Claudine**

That was a pity. But I hope, Mdlle...

**Angele**

*(Interrupting)*

Oh, as long as there's a Monsieur Dondidier I don't mind what he deals in, antiques or balloons are all one to me.

*(MAURICE enters from the restaurant)*

**Maurice**

May I join you now?

**Angele**

Yes. I want you to meet Madame Dondidier.

**Maurice**

*(Staring)*

Madame?

**Angele**

*(To Claudine)*

Monsieur D'Uzac is a dear friend of ours.

**Claudine**

*(Acknowledging him)*

Monsieur.

**Maurice**

*(With a knowing smile)*

Madame it's a great honor to meet the wife of one of our leading balloonists.

*(Coat bus)*

**Angele**

M. Dondidier is no longer a balloonist. He's a dealer in antiques.

**Claudine**

Number 72 Rue St. Honore.

**Maurice**

Ah! And is M. Dondidier quite well?

**Claudine**

He has the lumbago.

**Lucien**

That's why Madame came in his place.

**Maurice**

Oh that's the reason?

*(Enter POCHE from restaurant)*

**Pochet**

*(Announcing)*

Lunch is served.

**Maurice**

*(To Angele)*

Might I make a suggestion? Since Madame Dondiidier has left her husband in his suffering condition it must be that her business with Lucien is very important.

**Claudine**

It is rather.

**Maurice**

Precisely. And in that case you'd doubtless like to lunch privately so as to talk it over with him.

**Angele**

But--

**Maurice**

*(In sharp aside to her)*

Say yes and I'll trap him.

**Claudine**

Probably Mdlle would not find this desirable.

**Angele**

*(Hesitating)*

Oh yes, yes, I think it's quite right.

**Lucien**

Well, it's not such a bad idea.

**Bebe**

No. Clever.

**Angele***(Reluctantly)*

Very well, I'll return home.

*(To Lucien)*

And you'll follow soon?

**Lucien**

Within an hour.

**Angele**

I shall look for you at our house in that time.

*(Going up to him, looking at him searchingly)*

I'm doing my best to believe you, Lucien.

**Lucien**

But how could you have ever doubted me? Ah Angele, it will be difficult to forget this.

**Angele**

It certainly will.

*(To Maurice and Bebe)*

Come!

*(She goes out by the L. path followed by Maurice and Bebe who raise their hats to Claudine as they go)***Bebe***(Hissing into Lucien's ear, as he passes him)*

I hate you-- oh how I hate you!

**Lucien***(Turning sharply when they have disappeared)*

Look here Claudine what do you--

**Claudine***(Flinging her arms about him and stopping him with a kiss)*

Good morning darling.

**Lucien***(Putting her off)*

Take care, don't do that, they'll see you. Look here, how did you come to tell that story?

**Claudine**

Monsieur asked me to.

**Lucien**

Monsieur? Bebe?

**Claudine**

Yes. He explained the situation and said I'd got to pass myself off as Madame Dondidier.

**Lucien**

*(Nonplussed)*

And he's been hissing in my ear all morning that he hated me.

**Claudine**

Well he and I have been very clever.

**Lucien**

Yes, but you made a mistake giving that address. Suppose Angele should go there to look for M. Dondidier.

**Claudine**

Well, she'll find him.

**Lucien**

*(Staring him.)*

What? Is there a man named that?

**Claudine**

Certainly.

**Lucien**

*(Excitedly)*

But I thought you invented him.

**Claudine**

Not at all. when you wanted a name to use weeks ago I suggested Dondidier, because I liked it. He's an old chap that I've bought furniture of.

**Lucien**

*(Thunderstruck)*

Good heavens you don't know what you've done.

*(Enter BEBE in a state of mind)*

**Bebe**

*(Rushing down)*

All is lost.

**Lucien**

What?

**Bebe**

I made an excuse to come back for my dust glasses. Look here, D'Uzac's rushing up to Paris in the auto. We're going to the Rue St. Honors to find Dondidier.

*(Benevol has entered from restaurant in time to overhear this.)*

**Benevol**

Ah.

*(He stealthily passes up behind the hedge)*

**Lucien**

*(Excitedly)*

I told you so. We've got to get there first. I must talk with Dondidier.

**Bebe**

*(Surprised)*

What Dondidier?

**Lucien**

*(Calling)*

Garçon!

**Bebe**

*(To Claudine)*

Is there a Dondidier at 72 Rue St. Honore?

**Claudine**

Of course there is. A dealer in antiques.

**Bebe**

Oh that's dreadful! - simply dreadful!

*(Enter POCHEZ carrying a waiter's basket filled with forks and knives.)*

**Lucien**

What's the first train to Paris?

**Pochet**

Two ten Monsieur.

**Lucien**

Then I must have a special. And even then the auto will beat us.

**Bebe**

*(Resolutely)*

No! You'll be there first.

*(He takes a large fork from Pochet's basket)*

There are tires that burst.

**Lucien**

Well for goodness sake Bebe, are you my friend or aren't you?

**Bebe**

*(With violence)*

I hate you, oh, how I hate you!

*(He rushes out)*

**Lucien**

Curious chap.

**Claudine**

So I go back to Paris at once. Perhaps you think I enjoy spending my days in the railway carriages.

**Lucien**

Now be nice, Claudine and help me.

*(To Pochet)*

Have you a telephone?

**Pochet**

Yes Monsieur.

**Lucien**

*(To Claudine)*

Come dear, and get a sandwich and a glass of wine before we start so sorry but Lord what a mess!

*(He rushes into restaurant)*

**Claudine**

*(Following)*

If I didn't have to continually assist him in matter of this kind--

*(She exits.)*

*(BENEVEOL enters from behind the hedge)*

**Benevol**

*(Triumphantly)*

Monsieur, Pochet I told you I should track the guilty one down.

I've done so.

**Pochet**

*(Staggering with surprise.)*

What? You've got him? Ah let me call my wife.

*(Call into restaurant)*

Serpolette! Serpolette come and bring everybody. Come and hear what Monsieur Benevol has to tell us.

*(SERPOLETTE enters followed by DESIREE and all the other GIRLS, the garden filling rapidly in response to Pchet's cries. Serpolette hurries in)*

*(Others bustle in eager to learn what the excitement is about and asking etc.)*

**Pochet**

The thing has happened.

**All**

What?

**Benevol**

*(Grandiloquently)*

I've merely kept my promise. I have discovered the secret retreat of the Satyr.

**All**

Oh!

**Serpo.**

*(Xing to Benevol eagerly)*

Where is he?

**Benevol**

Gently Madame, I have his address in Paris, and as quickly as a train can take me there. I shall be at the gentleman's door.

**Serpo.**

So shall I!

**Desiree**

Do you hear that, girls? To the rescue-- before the Satyr goes to prison he must go to our ball.

**Pochet**

*(Admiringly)*

Ah Monsieur Benevol, you're a marvel!

**Benevol**

Rather smooth!

*FINALE*

**All**

THE GAME HE HUNTS HE'LL NEVER MISS,  
AND ERE HE'S MANY HOURS OLDER

THE MAN WHO GAVE THE GUILTY KISS  
 WILL FIND HIS HAND UPON HIS SHOULDER,  
 HE'LL TURN, WE THINK, A TRIFLE PALE,  
 THIS CHEEKY OSCULATING SATYR,  
 WHEN HE SAYS HIST, HIST!  
 A LADY'S JUST BEEN KISSED,  
 AND IF YOU RESIST,  
 YOU'LL FIND THAT I'LL INSIST  
 THAT BOLD AND BONNIE OSCULATOR  
 WILL HAVE TO GO WITH HIM TO JAIL.

*(Desiree approaches him indignantly)*

**Desiree**

*(Recitative)*

NO, NO! FOR WE SHALL MAKE IT OUR FIRST DUTY  
 TO SAVE THIS CONNOISSEUR OF FEMALE BEAUTY  
 COME GIRLS, HURRY GIRLS,  
 WE HAVE GOT TO SCURRY GIRLS,  
 WE HAVE GOT TO FIND HIM ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN,  
 RUSH GIRLS, HUSTLE GIRLS,  
 GET AWAKE AND BUSTLE, GIRLS  
 LET US TAKE A TRAIN AND RATTLE BACK TO TOWN;  
 WE SHALL KEEP IN SIGHT OF YOU,  
 GET TO HIM IN SPITE OF YOU,  
 RESCUE HIM AND SET UPON HIS HEAD A CROWN.

**Girls**

COME GIRLS, HURRY GIRLS  
 WE HAVE GOT TO SCURRY GIRLS, ETC. ETC.

*(Lucien and Claudine enter from restaurant during last chorus, Lucien X'es to Benevol.)*

**Lucien**

WELL NOW MY FRIEND HAVE YOU SECURED THE CHAP  
 THAT SOON, QUITE SOON, WOULD BE IN YOUR TRAP?

**Benevol**

NOT YET MONSIEUR BUT I'LL SOON GET MY PREY  
 AT THIS ANTIQUE SHOP IN THE RUE ST. HONORE.

**Lucien & Claudine**

*(Speaking excitedly)*

Did you hear that? Oh poor Dondidier.

**Benevol**

EVERYTHING I DO,

EVERYTHING I DON'T DO  
 EVERYTHING I WILL  
 EVERYTHING I WON'T DO,  
 WHAT I DO AND DON'T DO,  
 WHAT I WILL AND WON'T DO,  
 EVERY SINGLE THING IS WORTH A PHOTO;  
 ALL MY LITTLE CAPERS,  
 LOOK AND YOU WILL FIND  
 IN THE DAILY PAPERS  
 ALL THE DAILY PAPERS  
 CHRONICLE MY CAPERS.  
 EVERY SINGLE MORING WITH A PHOTO.

**Benevol and Cho.**

BRING ALONG THE CAMERA  
 FETCH ALONG THE CAMERA  
 DON'T HAVE ANY DOUBT ABOUT IT  
 HURRY UP THE CAMERA  
 GOT TO HAVE THE CAMERA  
 CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT IT,  
 WHEN HE THINKS,  
 WHEN HE TALKS,  
 WHEN HE DRINKS,  
 WHEN HE WALKS,  
 IF YOU WANT TO CATCH IT ALL IN TOT,  
 YOU MUST BE  
 ON THE SPOT  
 AND OF HIM  
 TAKE A SHOT  
 FOR EVERYTHING HE DOES IS WORTH A PHOTO.

*(Claudine X'es to Benevol)*

**Claudine**

*(Recitative)*

MY GENTLE FRIEND, YOU REPRESENT THE LAW,  
 AND OF COURSE I MUSTN'T SAY "OH PSHAW,  
 AND I'LL SAY THIS: REMEMBER IF YOU CAN  
 THAT LIKE ALL MEN YOU ALSO ARE A MAN."

*(She now sings to Benevol insinuatingly, making herself very fascinating to him)*

**Claudine**

TALKING OF MEN YOU WOULD YOU TRUST.  
 THEN A MAN'S FAIR  
 POOR LITTLE MEN THEY SIMPLY MUST,  
 CONSTANT LOVE DECLARE;  
 LOOK ROUND AND SEE ON EVERY SIDE

WHAT THEY MUST RESIST,  
I KNOW SOME GIRLS WHO HAVE TO HIDE,  
ELSE THEY'RE ALWAYS KISSED.

**REFRAIN:**

MAN - MAN -POOR LITTLE MAN  
LET US PITY HIM DO  
TRY - TRY, TRY ALL HE CAN  
WITH LOVE HE CANNOT GET THROUGH  
THE REASON IS THAT NATURE HAD MADE  
GIRLS ON A WONDERFUL PLAN  
WHILE MAN, MAN POOR LITTLE FELLOW  
REMEMBER IS ONLY A MAN.

**All**

MAN MAN, POOR LITTLE MAN  
LET US PITY HIM DO  
TRY, TRY, TRY ALL HE CAN  
WITH LOVE HE CANNOT GET THROUGH  
THE REASON IS THAT NATURE HAS MADE  
GIRLS ON A WONDERFUL PLAN  
WHILE MAN, MAN POOR LITTLE FELLOW  
REMEMBER IS ONLY A MAN.

*(Benevol throws off her spell with difficulty)*

**Benevol**

*(Recitative)*

MY MIND'S MADE UP AND HE SHALL NOT GO FREE.

**Claudine**

WELL, AS FOR THAT WE'LL SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE.

*(Claudine with great gaiety)*

OH WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING SERIOUS,  
FOR THE WORLD'S ALL RIGHT,  
IF YOUR HEART IS LIGHT,  
UNBEND YOU, OFFICER IMPERIOUS  
AND BE JUST A ROLLICKING BOY  
NO USE TO BOTHER SO AND MUSS ABOUT  
FOR A THING LIKE THIS  
JUST A STOLEN KISS  
YOU'VE NOTHING HERE TO MAKE A FUSS ABOUT,  
SO WHOOP! COME AND DANCE WITH JOY!

**All**

OH WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING SERIOUS,  
FOR THE WORLD'S ALL RIGHT,

IF YOUR HEART IS LIGHT,  
 UNBEND YOU, OFFICER IMPERIOUS  
 AND BE JUST A ROLLYING BOY  
 NO USE TO BOTHER SO AND MUSS ABOUT  
 FOR A THING LIKE THIS  
 JUST A STOLEN KISS  
 YOU'VE NOTHING HERE TO MAKE A FUSS ABOUT,  
 SO WHOOP! COME AND DANCE WITH JOY!

*(During the last chorus Claudine whirls Benevol about and then at the end transfer him to Desiree, and escapes unobserved by him, taking Lucien with her up the path at L.)*

CURTAIN

## ACT II

*Scene :- One of the show rooms in Philippe Dondidier's antique shop, Rue St. Honore, Paris.*

*Through a door at back one gets a view into the outer shop which opens to the street beyond. A broad entrance at R. leads to another sale room, and on the L. is a door. A staircase at L. curves up to a landing at back, from which doors open to Dondidier's private apartments. On the scene are the objects and examples of rare furniture to be found in an art shop of the first class. There are tapestries on the walls, with old gilt mirrors and hanging cabinets in antique styles. On tables all of them belonging to a period, are bronzes, candelabra and bibelots. Here and there a sofa, a chair, a table, a cabinet, an escritoire, always of fine design. There is a sedan chair, old and beautifully painted. There are also two handsome gilt screens.*

*At Rise: At the opening of the act a sale is in progress. A group of fashionable people and collectors are present to inspect the collection of MADAME LA COMTESSE DE MONTAN VERT, which is being offered. The ladies are very elegant, the men, young and old, characteristic of the artistic and dilettante world of Paris. They walk about conversing and one or two take tea, which is being served from a small table in the corner. CRAPOTE, the chief clerk of the establishment, is present.*

### OPENING CHORUS

TO THE CITIES EUROPEAN  
 COME AMERICAN PLEBEIAN  
 EV'RY YEAR WITH DOLLARS MORE THAN THEY HAVE SENSE.  
 IN PAREE AND ROME AND VENICE,  
 THEY TO EUROPE ARE A MENACE,  
 FOR THEIR INTEREST IN ART IS SO INTENSE.  
 IT'S CONSIDERED A DISASTER  
 WHEN THEY BUY A RARE OLD MASTER,  
 OR THE FRESCOES FROM AN OLD CATHEDRAL DOME.  
 SO IN EVERY FOREIGN NATION  
 RISES WILD DENUNCIATION,  
 FOR THEY SAY THE PICTURES SHOULD REMAIN AT HOME.

OH, WON'T YOU LOOK AT THIS WONDERFUL THING?  
 IT IS JULIUS CAESAR'S GUN.  
 AND HERE MAY BE SEEN THE SEWING MACHINE,  
 OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.  
 JUST LOOK! OVER THERE IS A GENUINE PAIR  
 OF SHAKESPEARE'S RUBBER SHOES.  
 YOU'VE A CHANCE NOW TO OWN THE SAME TELEPHONE,  
 THAT WASHINGTON USED TO USE.  
 HERE'S THE WATCH AND CHAIN THAT ADAM GAVE CAIN,  
 THE PIANO FROM NOAH'S ARK.  
 AND HERE IN ITS PLACE THE CIGARETTE CASE  
 CLEOPATRA GAVE HER MARC.  
 HERE'S A POKER CHIP FROM COLUMBUS' SHIP,  
 AND A PAIR OF NAPOLEON'S PANTS,  
 THEY ARE ALL GUARANTEED TO BE JUST AS AGREED,  
 SO BUY WHILE YOU HAVE A CHANCE.

*(At the finish most of the people go off into the room at R. a few remaining to still examine the objects of art on the scene, but all disappear presently. As he is left alone, CRAPOTE, the chief clerk, a small fair-haired, sentimental looking chap, sits down in an excited way at a little table L., and taking a pack of cards from his pocket, begins reading his fortune. While he is thus engaged, MADAME DONDIDIER comes down the staircase. She is a good-looking Frenchwoman of the middle class, buxom, energetic and with a simple naïve manner that renders her very droll)*

**Mme. D.**

*(L.C.)*

Ah, Monsieur Crapote, reading the cards again. My husband would be angry.

**Crapote**

*(At table L. with emotion)*

Madame! They give me hope at last.

**Mme D.**

*(At once interested)*

What do they say?

**Crapote**

*(Dealing the cards)*

Heart - heart - your daughter loves me.

*(Deals)*

Hearts still - you, her mother, favor my suit.

*(Deals)*

Spade - spade - the cruel father, the father as cold as a cold potato ...

**Mme. D.**

*(Interrupting)*

Ah, Monsieur Crapote, if you were his wife you'd know how you were slandering the potato.

**Crapote**

I apologize to the vegetable.

*(Deals)*

Spade...the cruel father kicks me -- well, you know where he kicks me -- outside the door. But see, madame, this is new. Since yesterday I see a college friend coming to my rescue.

**Mme. D.**

A what?

**Crapote**

A college friend. I see him bursting in like a whirlwind -- he comes on a strange mission -- there's a lady with him -- in pink -- he does strange things -- Oh what strange things he does -- and in the excitement I marry Jacqueline.

**Mme. D.**

And what becomes of the cold-potato?

**Crapote**

*(Stuffing the cards in his pocket and rising)*

He's lost in the shuffle.

**Mme. D.**

Ah, my young friend, remember you're only a clerk here.

*(Confidentially, going C. Crapote follows)*

Listen! Why has Madame la Comtesse de Montanvert sent her rare collection of antiques to be sold here today? Because she needs money to pay her debts. Well, our Jacqueline with the dowry she'll have, is a good match for the son of a countess who has already gone to the money lenders.

**Crapote**

*(Grasping her convulsively by the wrist)*

What do you mean?

**Mme. D.**

That the Countess has made a formal proposal through her agent for my daughter to marry her son, Raoul de Montanvert.

**Crapote**

*(Flinging her hand away violently)*

Over my prostrate body, Madame!

(X R)

**Madame D.**

Listen again, Monsieur Crapote. Yesterday my husband sent Jacqueline to her Uncle Benjamin's house, to get her away from your influence. And she's to meet Raoul de Montanvert for the first time this evening.

**Crapote**

Over my body, I say! Over my --

(X.L.)

**Mme. D.**

*(Interrupting sharply)*

Hush!! My husband!

*(Enter DONDIDIER from the room at R. He is a humorous looking man with a mild beaming face, the eyes trying to look serious behind spectacles that ride at a slant, on an unimportant nose. He is of middle age, clearly settled, industrious, well-behaved man of business, with his mind fixed upon his shop. He wears an old frock suit and velvet waistcoat, and carries a magnifying glass in his hand)*

**Dond.**

*(R. Stopping and regarding Crapote with as much severity as he can muster)*

Now then, now then! Didn't I tell you to go over to Michard's and inquire about that snuff box?

**Crapote**

*(L. Starting up)*

Yes, Monsieur, I was just going.

**Dond.**

*(R.)*

Just going is one of your bad habits. Change it to just gone.

**Crapote**

*(Hurrying out at back)*

Yes, Monsieur.

**Dond.**

*(R. Beaming upon his wife)*

My dear Margot, today promises to be a very warm twenty-four hours in our lives. Speaking metaphorically, a tropical breeze is moving in our direction.

**Mme. D.**

*(C. with a sniff)*

Well, considering that the weather has been freezing ever since our honeymoon twenty years ago I ---

**Dond.**

*(R.C. Interrupting)*

There, there, that's another matter. Honeymoons were not being mentioned when I last spoke. Go and put on your other gown.

**Mme. D.**

*(L.C.)*

Why should I?

**Dondidier**

*(R.C.)*

So as to look your best when Madame la Comtesse gets here.

**Mme. D.**

*(L.C. Surprised)*

What do you mean, Philippe?

**Don.**

*(R.C.)*

A surprise visit, Margot. Rouget has just sent word that he's going to bring a lady here this afternoon apparently to inspect some tapestries, but this lady will really be no other than the Comtesse de Montanvert, who desires to visit us incognito to see if we're worthy of becoming the father and mother-in-law of her son.

**Mme. D.**

*(L.C. Indignantly)*

Worthy of becoming the ---

**Dond.**

*(R.C. Interrupting)*

Now then, now then, don't fly off. After all, the de Montanverts are nobility, while we are only shopkeepers. Rich shop keepers, it is true -- and soon to become richer by 400,000 francs.

**Mme. D.**

*(L.C. Gasping)*

Four hundred thousand fra --

*(Her breath gives out)*

**Dond.**

*(R.C.)*

Softly, Margot. As you know I've been for more than ten years picking up the famous snuff boxes that belonged to that prince of collectors, Cardinal de Retz. There are twenty of them. I already have nineteen, and I believe I'm about to put my hand on the twentieth -- a marvel.

**Mme. D.**

*(L.C.)*

Well, and what then?

**Dond.**

*(R.C.)*

What then? For the completed collection I have a standing offer of 600,000 francs from Perkins, head of the American Soup Trust. Net profit to me, 400,000. In the face of that, Margot, will you complain of the weather being cold?

*(Enter CRAPOTE from back, puts hat on table up R.C.)*

**Crapote**

*(C.)*

I've been across to Michard's Monsieur.

**Dond.**

*(R. Eagerly)*

Yes?

**Crapote**

*(C.)*

They've got a snuff box, but it isn't the one.

**Dond.**

*(Explosively)*

Don't say that -- don't say it.

**Crapote**

Nothing like it. German, red enamel, round, worth about a hundred francs.

**Dond.**

*(Greatly dejected)*

And I'd have given 15,000 for the real one. Another disappointment.

**Mme. D.**

*(Crossing to Dond. putting her arm about his shoulder - Crapote goes L.)*

Philippe, where love is, there's no such thing as disappointment. What are snuff boxes to caresses?

**Dond.**

*(Putting her away)*

Go and change your gown.

*(She turns and X'es L. and exits)*

**Crapote**

*(L. in her ear as she passes him)*

A cold potato.

**Dond.**

*(L.C. Sharply)*

Did you say anything about a cold potato, Monsieur Crapote?

**Crapote**

*(L.)*

No, Monsieur. I was only observing that as I read the cards last night I saw something like a snuff box.

**Dond.**

Eh?

*(At this juncture, LUCIEN GARIDEN and CLAUDINE enter with a breathless rush through the outer shop)*

*(Lucien gives a hurried look round and advances on the two men)*

**Lucien**

*(Excitedly)*

Which of you is Dondidier?

**Dond.**

Me.

**Lucien**

*(All in one breath)*

Has there been a young lady here -- with two men -- come from Compeigne!

**Dond.**

No!

**Lucien**

*(Hilariously to Claudine)*

Ha! Saved, Claudine.

*(Whirling round on Dondidier again)*

Stand where you are. I've got a lot to say to you.

*(Immediately the song begins, Lucien in his excitement, starts bobbing about absurdly, joined by Claudine, and unable to resist the movement, Dondidier and Crapote presently find themselves going the same way, although rebelliously)*

**QUARTETTE**

**LUCIEN, CLAUDINE, DONDIDIER, & CHORUS**

**Lucien:**

MY NAME'S GARIDEL, HERE CLAUDINE,

**Claud:**

WE'LL EXPLAIN TO YOU WHAT WE MEAN,

**Lucien:**

WHY WE'VE TUMBLED IN ON THE SCENE

**Claud:**

WITHOUT ANY KIND OF WARNING.

**Lucien:**

WE WERE OUT ON A SORT OF SPREE,

**Claud:**

I WITH LUCIEN, HE WITH ME,

**Lucien:**

WE WERE TWO BUT THERE CAME IN THREE

**Claud:**

AND IT ALL TOOK PLACE THIS MORNING.

**Dond.**

WELL, I'VE NO TIME TO LISTEN TO A WHEEZE,  
AND I DON'T CARE A BIT ABOUT A MYSTERY,  
SO TAKE A TURN TO THE LEFT IF YOU PLEASE,  
AND GO NEXT DOOR WITH YOUR HISTORY.

*(Goes R. gets small vase)*

**Crapote**

IT MAY BE GOOD TO VOCALIZE AND HOP  
IF YOU'VE COMPLAINTS OF A NATURE ATRABILIAR,  
BUT WHEN YOU DO IT IN AN ANTIQUE SHOP  
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING THAT'S SILLIER.

*(Goes R., makes a circle, comes to L. of line, 4 steps up and down stage R.)*

**Lucien:**

YOU'LL HAVE VISITORS ALL THE DAY,

**Claud:**

THERE'S A CROWD OF THREE BOUND THIS WAY,

**Lucien:**

FIRST MY BEAUTIFUL FIANCEE,

**Claud:**

A GIRL THAT IS MOST SUSPICIOUS.

**Lucien:**

SHE THINKS I AM A BIT UNTRUE,

**Lucien:**

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S TO PULL HIM THROUGH,

**Lucien:**

WHEN SHE COMES I RELY ON YOU.

**Both:**

TO BE ABSOLUTELY VICIOUS.

*(They all dance about absurdly throughout song)*

*(Umbrella bus)*

2.

**Lucien:**

YOU DON'T KNOW IT BUT YOU'RE MY CHUM,

*(Back and forth)*

**Claud:**

YOU'RE TO SAY IT WHEN PEOPLE COME,

**Lucien:**

IF YOU SHOULDN'T THEN THINGS WILL HUM,

**Claud:**

AND HE'LL BE A MAN TO PITY.

**Lucien:**

YOU'VE BEEN MEETING YOU TWICE A WEEK,

**Claud:**

YOU'VE A CHARACTER QUITE UNIQUE,

**Lucien:**

YOU'VE LUMBAGO TILL YOU CAN'T SPEAK,

**Claud:**

AND YOUR WIFE IS YOUNG AND PRETTY.

**Dond.**

*(To Crapote - Xing to Crapote)*

THAT BOTH OF THESE ARE DOTTY ON THE TOP  
HAS NOW BEEN PROVED, THERE ISN'T ANY DOUBT OF IT,  
THEY TAKE UP SPACE THAT WE NEED IN THE SHOP,  
SO ASK THEM PLEASE TO GET OUT OF IT.

*(Puts vase up stage L.)*

**Crapote**

*(To Lucien)*

IT'S RUMORED HERE YOU'RE FOOLISH IN THE HEAD,  
AND THIS I TAKE TO BE TRUTHFUL ON THE FACE OF IT,  
SO LIE A STRONG AROUND THE THINGS YOU'VE SAID,  
AND HOME TO MOTHER, MAKE A RACE OF IT.

**Lucien:**

DON'T LOSE COURAGE 'T WILL SOON BE CLEAR,

**Claud:**

WHEN WE'VE SUDDENLY POPPED IN HERE,

**Lucien:**

YOU'RE A LITTLE BIT DULL, WE FEAR,

*(Jumping business)*

**Claud:**

WE'LL TRY TO BE MORE EXPLICIT.

**Lucien:**

SOON YOU'LL MEET WITH A LOT OF STRIFE,

**Claud:**

SAD RESULT OF YOUR AWFUL WIFE,

**Lucien:**

YOU'RE HER HUSBAND AND SHE'S YOUR WIFE,

**Both:**

NOW THERE IS THE PLOT, DON'T MISS IT.

*(DANCE. Claudine behind screen comes down next to Lucien when Don falls in chair)*

**Lucien**

*(L. of chair R.) (As they finish)*

Now then, Monsieur, you understand why we're here.

**Dond.**

*(In chair, Gasping for breath)*

I don't understand. I don't want to understand, and my clerk will show you the door.  
Good morning.

*(He exits into the room at R.)*

**Lucien**

*(Trying to stop him)*

Monsieur -- Monsieur!

**Crapote**

*(Suddenly and idiotically, after studying Lucien, closely)*

Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! It's he! My college friend!

**Lucien**

*(Turning surprised)*

Eh? What's the matter?

**Crapote**

It's all coming true. The cards, the cards!

**Lucien**

*(R.)*

Now look here, my boy, you're dealing with a man of business.

Stop your sky rockets.

**Crapote**

*(L.)*

Your name's Garidel!

**Lucien**

Eh - what - who are you?

**Crapote**

Don't you remember your old schoolmate at the College Michelet? Crapote - Louis Crapote!

**Lucien**

What, the silly little Crapote that was licked by every boy in the school?

**Crapote**

That's me.

**Lucien**

Why, you look ten years older.

**Claudine**

*(Who has been wandering about, looking at the antiques)*

Oh, Lucien, I want you to buy me this sedan chair.

**Crapote**

*(Whipping out his note book)*

Quite so, Mademoiselle. One sedan chair! What address, please?

**Claud.**

*(R.)*

Mademoiselle Claudine d'Espaville, 50 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

**Crapote**

*(L. Smartly)*

Right! Anything else today?

**Lucien**

*(C. Sharply)*

No! Claudine, let us take one thing at a time.

**Claud.**

Take one thing at a time -- all right. I'll make a tour of the other rooms and see what I can find.

*(Ecstatically)*

Ah, this is where I breathe.

*(Exits R.)*

**Lucien**

*(Calling after her)*

Don't do it! The doctor said breathing was bad for you.

*(To Crapote)*

Now, Crapote, let's get to business. I need your help.

**Crapote**

And I, yours. I've got to elope with Dondidier's daughter.

**Lucien**

Not another word. You have my permission.

**Crapote**

I need more. If I elope with Jacqueline tonight, I'll have everything to make me happy, but tomorrow I'll have nothing to eat.

**Lucien**

*(C.)*

Come and lunch at my house.

**Crapote**

*(L.)*

Not enough. I'll want a new situation. Will you make me your secretary?

**Lucien**

*(C.)*

But I don't do anything.

**Crapote**

(L.)

I'll help you do it.

**Lucien**

(C.)

All right, you're engaged. My position is this: Dondidier's got to perform a great service for me whether he wants to or not. How am I going to make him?

**Crapote**

What is it you want him to do?

**Lucien**

None of your business.

**Crapote**

Quite so. Well then, listen to me. Simply say this to Monsieur Dondidier: Monsieur, I have got the twentieth snuff box!

**Lucien**

What? 'I have got the twentieth snuff box?'

**Crapote**

Just that - nothing more. If you say 'I have got the twentieth snuff box' - he'll do anything you ask.

**Lucien**

By George, is that so?

*(Shaking his hand)*

Thanks, Crapote, thanks.

**Crapote**

And I'm your secretary?

**Lucien**

If things come out as you say, yes.

*(Gives him his card)*

There's my card. Report for duty when you like.

*(CLAUDINE enters from R.)*

**Claudine**

Oh Lucien, I've just found the loveliest Louis XIV fan.

*(Crapote Xes back R.)*

**Lucien**

Don't take it -- it's the worst sort of fan. Gives no breeze. Besides we didn't come here to fan ourselves.

*(Xes L. looking at antiques)*

**Crapote**

*(With his note book down R.)*

Sedan chair, 6,000 francs -- fan which may possibly have belonged to Madame de Maintenon, 1100 francs.

*(Enter DONDIDIER from R. Claudine and Lucien go up L. examining curios)*

**Dond.**

*(Stiffly to Crapote)*

Why are these people here still?

**Crapote**

*(Aside to him)*

They've just bought the sedan chair and the imitation Louis XIV fan.

**Dond.**

*(Brightening)*

Oh, leave them to me.

*(Xes to C.)*

*(Crapote runs briskly and disappears)*

I can give you a few moments, Monsieur.

**Lucien**

*(R.C. rapidly)*

I knew you could. Now listen carefully. My fiancee is coming here. She thinks you're an old friend of mine.

*(Crapote goes up stairs L.)*

**Claud.**

*(R.C.)*

You're not a balloonist any longer.

**Lucien**

And understand that while I used your name, I never knew you existed at all.

**Claud.**

Don't forget you arrived from Scissons this morning with the lumbago.

**Lucien**

This young lady is your wife.

**Claud.**

*(R.)*

Just come from Compeigne.

**Lucien**

*(L.)*

In advance of D'Uzac and Bebe Guindolph.

**Claud.**

Who burst their tires.

**Lucien**

Thanks to a table fork.

**Dond.**

*(Walking away L.)*

These are a couple of idiots.

**Lucien**

Don't you understand what we mean?

**Dond.**

Not a word.

**Lucien**

*(To Claud.)*

His mind works rather slowly.

*(Simplifying matters)*

Now look here, Dondidier. When a man's done something he shouldn't do, and wants to hide it, he has to set up an alibi. You're my alibi. I've invented a friend named Dondidier, but Heaven be my witness, I never knew there was any Dondidier in the world.

**Claud.**

Quite true.

**Lucien**

I was having lunch this morning in the forest of Compiègne.

**Claud.**

With me.

**Lucien**

Bang! In came the young lady I'm engaged to! What was I to do?

**Dond.**

*(L.)*

Introduce your companion.

**Lucien**

(C.)

Well, I did. I introduced her as your wife. My fiancée demanded your address. Claudine gave it, and she rushed away to find you. Luckily we're here ahead of her.

**CLaud.**

(R.)

Now, there's the whole story. Simple, isn't it?

**Dond.**

(*Going L.*)

I detect certain complications.

(*With a growing frown, eyeing Lucien*)

And in this little comedy, Monsieur, do you expect me to play the leading part?

**Lucien**

(C.)

Certainly. Best part in the piece, my boy.

**Dond.**

(*L. Emphatically*)

Never in the world!

**Lucien**

(*Surprised*)

What!

**Dond.**

The deception you have practiced upon your innocent fiancée fills me with nothing but profound disgust.

**Lucien**

So it does me, but that's no good now. You forget the sedan chair isn't paid for yet.

**CLaud.**

Nor the fan. And I hadn't half finished my purchases.

**Lucien**

Yes, you had, Claudine.

**Claud.**

(R.)

Oh, had I?

(*Looking round R.*)

**Dond.**

(L.)

Possibly I might reconsider. Morally speaking, your conduct has been reprehensible, but - let me see, our bill amounts to 7,100 francs. Shall we call it, in round numbers, 10,000?

**Lucien**

*(C. up stage)*

Agreed!

**Dond.**

*(Sighing)*

Ah, well, it'll be the first lie I ever told - at that price.

**Claud.**

*(Coming down)*

There's one other little point you'd better mention, Lucien.

**Lucien**

*(Lightly)*

Oh, that's nothing.

**Dond.**

*(Interested)*

I think I'd like to hear it.

**Lucien**

*(C.)*

Well, you see, Dondidier, there always comes a time when a girl that's engaged to a chap wants to meet his friends.

Angele insisted on meeting you, and, to nip it in the bud, I told her you were a satyr.

**Dond.**

*(L.C.)*

What?

**Lucien**

A satyr. So, when she gets here, I want you to behave rather awful.

**Claud.**

*(R.C.)*

Not like a gentleman, you understand. Be shocking.

**Dond.**

Oh!

**Lucien**

Sort of rude, you know. Try to - well, try to embrace her.

**Dond.***(Stiffening)*

Embrace your fiancée!

*(Going L. to table, tears up order. Severely)*

Monsieur, I am going to count to three - after which, if you are not outside that door, I shall call Theodore Lebec, a tall and muscular clerk, from the outer office, who will eject you without ceremony.

**Claud.***(R. Surprised)*

Why, Lucien, he isn't going to do what you ask.

**Lucien***(C. Calmly)*

I expected this resistance. It does you credit, Monsieur Dondidier.

**Dond.***(With force)*

One!

**Lucien***(L.C.)*

But I will now drop a few magical words into your ear.

**Dond.**

Two!

*(Claudine retires up stage off R.)***Lucien**

I have got the twentieth snuff box!

**Dond.***(Transfigured)*

Eh? What's that?

**Lucien***(Smiling)*

And three! Well, Donny, old chap, call in Theodore.

**Dond.***(L. Feverishly)*

You don't mean -- you don't mean you've got the snuff box formerly belonging to Cardinal de Retz!

**Lucien**

*(R.)*

I do.

**Dond.**

*(On fire)*

Describe it - describe it!

**Lucien**

Certainly. It's a beautiful snuff box - that is - oh, but it's a beautiful snuff box!

**Dond.**

Square?

**Lucien**

Yes - with twiddly-bits painted all over it.

**Dond.**

The four seasons?

**Lucien**

Precisely - the four seasons.

**Dond.**

Name them --

**Lucien**

Spring - Summer - Autumn - Winter.

*(Goes up stage)*

**Dond.**

*(Exultantly)*

'Tis it! 'Tis it!

*(Going after him)*

Wait! I'll give you ten thousand francs for that snuff box!

**Lucien**

But you can have it for nothing if you'll do what I want.

**Dond.**

*(C. Beseechingly)*

Oh, but Monsieur, consider! I've never played a satyr. Let me play something else.

**Lucien**

*(R.)*

I'd let you play the harp if it would be any good to me, but my fiancee expects a satyr.

*(Claudine, who has gone up, comes down again anxiously)*

**Claud.**

*(Excitedly - coming down)*

Here they are! A red automobile! Lady getting out!

**Lucien**

Here they are!

*(Enter THEODORE LEBEC, a clerk from the outer shop)*

**Lebec**

*(Coming R. of Dond.)*

*(To Dond.)*

People to see you, Monsieur.

**Lucien**

Show them in!

**Dond.**

Show them in!

*(Exit Lebec)*

*(Nervously)*

Oh, Monsieur, I don't like it at all!

**Lucien**

You don't like it now, but it'll grow on you, like a beard.

**Dond.**

Will it? Well, where do you have the lumbago? In the neck?

**Lucien**

No - here.

*(Puts his hand on his hip)*

**Dond.**

Absurd place. And your name's Taradiddle?

**Lucien**

No, Taradiddle --- I mean Garidel. Now then, cheer up.

*(Claudine and Lucien exit at R)*

**Dond.**

*(With horror)*

A satyr! What if Margot should come in and see me. Oh, Lord!

*(He exits at L.)*

*(Enter MADAME LA COMTESSE DE MONTANVERT R. at back, followed by ROUGET, her agent. La Comtesse is a handsome woman of forty, elegantly dressed)*

*and of aristocratic dignity. Rouget is a pinched and pale little old man, obsequious and fussy)*

**C'sse**

*(L. Inspecting the room through her lorgnette)*

Where is this Monsieur Dondidier?

**Rouget**

*(Bowing and scraping before her R)*

No doubt, Madame la Comtesse he is in the adjoining room. I'll call him. But have no fear, you will find him a very superior gentleman. He has friends in the army, in the Academy, even at the Elysee.

**C'sse.**

*(L)*

You've assured me he is a man of the highest morals. Can I be sure of this, Monsieur Rouget? It's most important that the father-in-law of my son should be beyond reproach.

**Rouget**

In morals, Madame la Comtesse, Dondidier is as pure as a babe.

**C'sse**

Find him I'll study him myself.

**Rouget**

*(Bowing low)*

Yes, Madame la Comtesse.

*(He exits at R)*

*(The Comtesse saunters to a table R and scrutinizes a piece of sculpture through her lorgnette. DONDIDIÉ enters from L. door)*

**Dond.**

*(Crying out as he limps across)*

Oh my lumbago! Oh my lumbago!

**C'sse**

*(R. regarding him)*

I beg your pardon. Are you Monsieur Dondidier?

**Dondidier**

*(R.C.)*

Yes, beautiful lady. And did you ever have the lumbago? You have it right there.

*(Bus)*

**C'sse**

*(Edging away from him in alarm)*

Monsieur I've been asked by a friend to come here and ---

**Don**

*(C. Interrupting)*

Yes, yes. I know that friend. He's having lunch in the Forest of Compeigne with my wife. His name's Gildiddle-did-dle.

*(Advancing upon her)*

He's given me the lumbago, and beautiful lady, you're in the hands of a satyr.

*(He seizes her hands and pulls her C)*

**C'sse**

*(Terrified)*

Monsieur - let me go -- Monsieur.

*(Dond. embraces and kisses her on the cheek)*

*(The Comtesse screams and tears herself away from him)*

**C'sse**

Help! Help! Rouget! Help!!!

*(The Chorus hurry in excitedly from the R. also LUCIEN, MME. DONDIDIER enters at L.)*

**Chorus**

WHAT'S THE MATTER, WHAT'S THE MATTER  
WHAT'S THE CAUSE OF THIS ALARM,  
SUCH A CLATTER, SUCH A CLATTER,  
TELL US WHO HAVE SUFFERED HARM.

**C'sse**

I WILL TELL YOU WHAT'S THE MATTER.  
THAT BASE PERSON OVER THERE,  
HAS INSULTED LA COMTESSE DE MONTANVERT!

*(X.U.R. up and down stage excited)*

**Dond.**

*(Aghast)*

LA COMTESSE! LA COMTESSE!

**Chorus**

LA COMTESSE DE MONTANVERT!

**Mme. D.**

*(Rushing across)*

OH HORROR! OH HORROR! WHAT DOES SHE MEAN, PHILLIP?

**Dond.**

*(Dazed)*

I THINK I MUST BE WALKING IN MY SLEEP.

**Lucien**

*(Slapping him on the back)*

GO EASY! GO EASY! IT'S JUST A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

AND NATURAL FOR ANYONE TO MAKE.

**Dond.**

*(Exploding at him)*

Avaunt!!!

*SONG: LA COMTESSE, DONDIDIER, MME. DOND. LUCIEN & OTHERS.*

*I.*

C'SSE: HE KISSED ME ON THE CHEEK, DID DONDIDIER.

**All:**

DID HE, EH!

**C'sse:**

YES, HE DID,

SHOCKING LANGUAGE DID HE SPEAK, DID DONDIDIER.

**All:**

DID HE, EH?

**C'sse:**

YES, HE DID

THOUGH MY TEMP'RAMENT IS COLD

AND MY DIGNITY IS GREAT,

MY ASSAILANT HE WAS BOLD

AND HE DIDN'T HESITATE

BUT HE KISSED ME ON THE CHEEK, DID DONDIDIER.

**All:**

DID HE, EH?

**C'sse:**

YES, HE DID.

**All:**

DONNY DID.

**Mme. D.:**

DONNY DIDN'T.

**Dond.:**

NO, I DIDN'T.

**C'sse:**

YES, YOU DID.

**Mme. D.:**

DONNY COULDN'T.

**Dond.:**

DONNY WOULDN'T.

**Lucien:**

DONNY DOES AS HE IS BID.

**All:**

WELL, IF DONNY DIDN'T DO IT,  
WHAT DID DINNY DONNY DO?

**C'sse:**

DONNY DID IT, AND HE DID IT,  
JUST AS I HAVE TOLD YOU.

**All:**

DONNY DID.

**Mme. D.:**

DONNY DIDN'T?

**Dond.:**

NO, I DIDN'T.

**C'sse:**

YES, YOU DID.

**Mme. D.:**

DONNY'S FRIGID,

**Dond.:**

DONNY'S FRIGID,

**Lucien:**

BUT HE TOOK A LITTLE SKID.

**All:**

WELL, IF DONNY SAYS HE DIDN'T,  
AND THE LADY SAYS SHE DID.  
THEN THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MATTER,

MUST REMAIN FOR EVER HID.

2.

**C'sse:**

HE GRIPPED ME LIKE A VICE, DID DONDIDIÉ.

**All:**

DID HE, EH.

**C'sse:**

YES, HE DID.

AND HE TRIED TO KISS ME TWICE, DID DONDIDIÉ.

**All:**

DID HE, EH?

**C'sse:**

YES, HE DID

BUT MY MORALS ARE OF STEEL.

THEY HAVE WEATHERED EVERY TEST,

AND I QUICKLY MADE HIM FEEL,

HE'D AN ICEBERG ON HIS CHEST,

BUT HE TRIED TO MELT THE ICE, DID DONDIDIÉ.

**All:**

DID HE, EH?

**C'sse:**

YES, HE DID.

**All:**

DONNY DID.

**Mme. D.:**

DONNY DIDN'T.

**Dond.:**

NO, I DIDN'T.

**C'sse:**

YES, YOU DID.

**Mme. D.:**

DONNY COULDN'T.

**Dond.:**

DONNY WOULDN'T.

**Lucien:**

DONNY DOES AS HE IS BID.

**All:**

WELL, IF DONNY DIDN'T DO IT,  
WHAT DID DINNY DONNY DO?

**C'sse:**

DONNY DID IT, AND HE DID IT,  
JUST AS I HAVE TOLD YOU.

**All:**

DONNY DID.

**Mme. D.:**

DONNY DIDN'T?

**Dond:**

NO, I DIDN'T.

**C'sse:**

YES, YOU DID.

**Mme. D.:**

DONNY'S FRIGID,

**Dond.:**

DONNY'S FRIGID,

**Lucien:**

BUT HE TOOK A LITTLE SKID.

**All**

WELL, IF DONNY SAYS HE DIDN'T,  
AND THE LADY SAYS SHE DID.  
THEN THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MATTER,  
MUST REMAIN FOR EVER HID.

3

**C'sse:**

HE CLASPED ME ROUND LIKE THIS  
DID DONDIDIER  
LIKE A SERPANT DID HE HISS  
DID DONDIDIER  
TO ESCAPE I TRIED MY BEST  
BUT HE CAUGHT ME ON THE HO-  
AND GROUND ME TO HIS CHEST,

'TIL I HEARD MY STAYS GO POP  
AND THEN HE GAVE ME THE SAPPHO KISS.

**All**

AND THERE'LL ALWAYS BE THE MYSTERY ABOUT DONDIDIER  
DID HE DO OR DIDN'T DO IT, DID HE, EH?

**C'sse**

*(After song)*

Rouget! Stop the sale of my things. I'll remove them elsewhere! Come!

*(Lucien pats Dond. on the back reassuringly)*

**Mme. D.**

*(Excitedly)*

Ah, tell me she's crazy, Philippe.

**Dond.**

*(Xing R)*

Of course I'm crazy. Go change your dress.

**Mme. D.**

*(L.C.)*

I've changed it.

**Dond.**

Change it again. I want to be alone with this young man.

**Mme. D.**

*(Coaxing reproachfully at him)*

Ah, Philippe - and since our honeymoon twenty years ago the weather --

**Dond.**

*(Sharply)*

Go!

**Mme. D.**

*(C. Indignantly)*

Very well, I'll go over to Uncle Benjamin's to tell Jacqueline. She'll at least be satisfied, for now she can marry Monsieur Crapote.

*(She exits upstairs)*

**Lucien**

*(C. Comes on L. of Dondidier. Slapping Dond. on the shoulder)*

Calm yourself, my boy. Everything will be all right. I'll fix it.

**Dond.**

(R.)

You're a fixer.

*(Turning on him threateningly)*

Young man, now that we're alone I've something to say to you. You're a villain.

*(Enter CLAUDINE from R. carrying an old silver candle stick)*

**Claudine**

*(R) (Gaily)*

See, Lucien, what a duck of a candlestick, no sedan chair, no fan, no anything. The door ...

**Claud.**

*(Astonished)*

What?

**Lucien**

Dondidier seems offended with us, Claudine. I offer him an invaluable snuff box. I disentangle him from an unfortunate alliance, and this is the thanks I get.

**Claud.**

Let me talk with him.

*(Xing to Don.)*

**Dond.**

*(Extreme L. at table) (Firmly)*

No, Mademoiselle, no.

**Claudine**

*L. Advancing upon him with an alluring smile)*

Why, you're not afraid of me, I hope, Monsieur Dondidier?

**Dondidier**

*(Weaking as he meets her gaze)*

No - no - not afraid.

*(ENTER the CLERK LEBEC, FROM the outer shop)*

**Lebec**

A customer to see you, Monsieur.

**Lucien**

*(Starting)*

I'll attend to him!

*(He exits up C)*

**Dond.**

*(Going after him)*

Come back! Come back!

*(Claudine steps quickly in front of him and prevents his advance)*

**Claud.**

*(With great charm)*

Monsieur Dondidier.

*(Seductively)*

Is it really true you're not going to let me have the beautiful sedan chair.

*(She gently takes the candlestick from him and places it on a table)*

**Dond.**

No.....

**CLaud.**

Look into my eyes, and now say you could be so cruel to poor little me.....

**Dond.**

Mademoiselle...

*(Shifting uncomfortably) (Claud. X's R puts candlesticks on table R)*

It isn't little you I want to be cruel to. It's that little young man out there. Through him I've kissed my daughter's prospective mother-in-law.

**Claud.**

*(R. Beginning to laugh)*

What? Ha, ha, ha, ha! You mistook a mother-in-law for Lucien's fiancée? That's splendid.

*(She laughs immoderately)*

**Dond.**

*(L.)*

She screamed for help.

**Claud.**

*(R. Growing sober)*

Ah, then you must have kissed her badly. On the cheek, perhaps.

**Dond.**

On the hat, perhaps. I can't remember.

**Claudine**

Well, you see when one is kissed on the cheek, one can cry out but when one is kissed on the lips how can one cry out?

*(Dond. growing very alarmed)*

*(Very near to him)*

It is to the lips that a wise satyr will direct himself. I could give you a valuable lesson.

*(Bus)*

**KISS WALTZ SONG**

I HAVE KISSES IN PLENTY,

BUT IF YOU PLEASE

I GIVE VARIOUS KISSES

IN DIFFERENT KEYS

WARM, SWEET KISSES THAT KINDLE

*(BUS)*

AND COLD THAT FREEZE.

I COULD GIVE YOU ALL KINDS WITH EASE.

*(BACK OF HIM)*

IF I DECIDE YOU EVER DESERVE MUCH BLISS,

*(BUS)*

I'LL BEND NEARER AND NEARER TO YOU, LIKE THIS

*(BUS)*

*(AROUND TABLE)*

AND THE WORLD TO ECLIPSE ALL MY LOVE ON MY LIPS

I WILL GIVE YOU MY BEST AND MY WARMEST KISS.

*(Pulls him off table)*

*(At the end when Dondidier is very close to Claudine, with his arm about her waist, MADAME DONDIDIER appears at the top of the stairs and discovers them. She staggers and suppresses a cry. Then she steals down and hides behind one of the screens. She has on bonnet and gloves as she has prepared for her visit to Jacqueline)*

**Claud.**

*(R. After song)*

And now must Claudine beg Monsieur Dondidier to let her have his sedan chair?

**Dond.**

*(Spellbound)*

No. Monsieur Dondidier will beg Claudine to accept his sedan chair.

**Claud.**

That's better. Now you won't lie awake tonight and scold yourself?

*(Enter LUCIEN from outer shop - he strikes Don. on side. Runs L. in dismay)*

**Claud.**

It's all right, he's going to help us.

**Lucien**

Good. The automobile is coming. There's no mistake, this time Dondidier, so pull yourself together.

*(Catches him by the arm and leads him toward L)*

Remember -- Gabriel - lumbago --- Scissons. Don't forget the lumbago.

*(All three hurry off L.)*

*(When they have disappeared MADAME DONDIDIER bobs from behind the screen. At the same moment CRAPOTE comes hurrying down from upstairs. He carries a traveling bag in each hand, wears a cap and long alpaca coat, and is evidently off on a journey)*

**Mme. D.**

*(Overcome and clasping her brow)*

Crapote.

*(He drops bags, falls, turns back summersalt.)*

**Crapote**

*(R. Dropping his bags and staring)*

Madame?

**Mme. D.**

*(L.)*

The end of the world - the end of the world!

**Crapote**

*(R.)*

Is it? When?

**Mme. D.**

My husband has begun to make love.

**Crapote**

The cold potato!

**Mme. D.**

Not cold any longer, boiled.

**Crapote**

*(Shaking her by the hand)*

I congratulate you, Madam ---

**Mme. D.**

Go and congratulate perfect strangers. He kissed La Comtesse de Montanvert. There was a fearful scene.

**Crapote**

*(R.C.)*

And the marriage?

**Mme. D.**

It's broken off.

**Crapote**

The cards - the cards!

**Mme. D.**

And that isn't all. I found him embracing a lady in pink. And he always hated me in pink. What'll I do.

**Crapote**

Send for the doctor.

**Mme. D.**

The Doctor?

**Crapote**

Certainly. Your husband's ill. Go up the street and fetch Doctor Mazou. I'd go myself but I've got an appointment.

**Mme. D.**

*(Suddenly, regarding his get-up)*

Ah! These bags, Monsieur Carpete. That traveling cap! Who's your appointment with?

**Crapote**

*(Triumphantly)*

Jacqueline! Madame, when next we meet we shall we mother and son.

*(Kisses her, she staggers R)*

Ha, ha.

*(He catches up his bags and dashes out at back)*

**Mme. D.**

*(Reeling)*

An elopement. Oh, what a day, what a day.

*(She turns to rush out as ANGELE, MAURICE, and BEBE enter)*

**Maurice**

Excuse me. Is this --

**Mme. D.**

I've no time to talk now. Monsieur Dondidier's very ill.

**Maurice**

Dondidier?

**Mme. D.**

Going for the doctor.

*(She dashes out nearly colliding with Bebe)*

**Angele**

*(R. Triumphantly)*

Proof Number One. There is a Monsieur Dondidier, and it's a fact that he's ill.

**Bebe**

*(Coming down L.C.)*

Yes. We've just seen his old housekeeper going for the doctor.

**Angele**

*(R. Clapping her hands)*

Lucien told the truth, he told the truth!

**Maurice**

*(Stifling his chagrin)*

Did he? We'll see....

*(Throwing off his motor coat as the others do)*

Well, that was a fine journey.

**Bebe**

*(L.)*

Quite disastrous. The puncture kept us back over an hour.

**Maurice**

Yes, and did you notice the tire? Four little holes at a perfectly equal distance from each other. I could swear that they were made by a fork.

**Bebe**

*(Forcing a silly laugh)*

A fork! Now that's very droll. Where could he have picked up a fork? We didn't run over a dinner table.

*(Enter DONDIDIÉ at L.)*

**Dond.**

*(Groaning)*

Oh my lumbago. Oh my lumbago.

**Angele**

*(Jumping up and down with joy)*

Ah, he's got the lumbago. Hurrah!

**Maurice**

*(R. Dumbfounded)*

By George.

**Angele**

*(R.C. Cheerfully)*

You're Monsieur Dondidier, I think.

**Dond.**

*(L.C.)*

Yes, and you Mademoiselle de Verrier this time, I hope.

**Maurice**

*(R. Sharply)*

Ah, you've been expecting her? Why should you think that this was Mademoiselle de Verrier?

**Bebe**

Intuition.

**Dond.**

Yes, intuition. And then there's the family resemblance. Mademoiselle looks so much like her fiancée.

**Maurice**

*(His confidence returning with a bound)*

Oh, she does?

**Angele**

*(R.C. Troubled by Dond's remark)*

Will you allow me to speak?

*(To Dond)*

Monsieur, I've come to ask you a rather impertinent question. Would you mind telling me who your wife is lunching with, today?

**Dond**

*(C)*

With my friend Garidel in the forest of Compeigne.

**Maurice**

*(Startled)*

Ah!

**Dond.**

I've just come from Soissons. And I've got the lumbago.

*(Bus. with Bebe)*

**Angele**

My visit concerns a suspicion that I had - but which is now practically dispelled - and I'm sure a few moments interview alone with you will dispel it altogether.

**Dond.**

*(L. Sprucing up)*

If the gentleman will leave us.

*(Indicating the door)*

**Maurice**

*(R. Appealingly to Angele)*

But if you'd only give me a chance --

**Angele**

No.

**Maurice**

*(Aside to Bebe)*

Bebe, I'm getting the worst of it again.

**Bebe**

Quite so. Another puncture.

*(They exit at back)*

**Angele**

*(Aside, as they are left alone)*

Oh, I hope he's a satyr, I hope he's a satyr --

**Dond.**

*(Aside)*

Now I've got to commence all over again.

*(Approaching Angele)*

Mademoiselle, I don't wish to alarm you too much, but the fact is -- I love you.

**Angele**

*(Jumping up and down with girlish glee and clapping her hands joyfully)*

Oh, I'm so glad, so glad, so glad!! It's all true then! And are you fearfully, dreadfully, obnoxiously wicked?

**Dond.**

*(Posing)*

Gaze on me, Mademoiselle, don't I look a terrific type?

**Angele**

*(R)*

Well, not quite so ferocious as I expected. But I'm sure you are when you start. Would you mind starting? I want absolute proof. Satyrs, you know, pursue nymphs through

the woods.

**Dond.**

Yes, but this is an antique shop.

**Angele**

Never mind, we'll call it woods. Come along - pursue me.

*(She dodges behind a screen, like a creature in flight)*

*(Runs around chair R. runs across up L. then across L. down stage)*

**Dond**

*(Caught by the cheerfulness of her mood)*

All right, little girl, I'm after you.

*(Follow her)*

*(The song is filled with pretty business. Angele playing hide and seek with Dond. using the two screens for the purpose. Dond. tries to catch her during introduction)*

*DUET: ANGELE & DONDIDIER*

1.

**Dond:**

OH, I'M A WICKED, AWFUL MAN.

*(C)*

**Angele:**

AND I'M SO GLAD

*(R)*

THAT YOU ARE BAD,

BE JUST AS WICKED, WON'T YOU, AS YOU CAN

A TERRIFYING SPECTACLE TO SEE;

IF YOU WERE 'TWOULD SIMPLY BREAK MY HEART.

**Dond:**

IS THAT A FACT?

WELL I SHALL ACT

SO AWFUL YOU WILL HAVE TO MAKE A START

AND SCAMPER LIKE A DEER AWAY FROM ME.

I'M AFTER YOU BEFORE YOU'VE TIME TO SPEAK.

*(Pillow business)*

**Angele:**

WELL THEN WE'LL HAVE A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK.

*REFRAIN*

*(Angele behind chair, Don. behind Sedan chair)*

**Angele:**

HIDE AND SEEK!

IN AND OUT ROUND ABOUT!  
 COO COO! PEEK-A-BOO!

**Dond:**

HIDE AND SEEK!  
 KITCHY-CATCH AND I'M YOUR MATCH  
*(Hits him on the head)*  
 COO-COO! I SEE YOU!

**Angele:**

HIDE AND SEEK!  
*(AROUND CHAIR)*  
 IF YOU SHOULD AND ONLY COULD  
 CATCH ME, WELL WHAT THEN?  
 WHAT WOULD YOU DO?  
*(TICKLES HER RIBS)*  
 PEEK-A-BOO!

**Dond:**

I'D PROVE TO YOU  
 PEEK-A-BOO  
 THAT I'M THE WICKEDEST,

**Angele:**

AWFULLEST,

**Dond:**

DREADFULLEST,

**Both:**

OF ALL BAD MEN!  
*(Around stage)*  
 2

**Dond:**

I USED TO BE AS PIOUS AS A PIE

**Angele:**

NO DOUBT A MILD  
 AND HONEST CHILD.  
 BUT NOW HOW VERY GRATIFIED AM I  
 TO FIND YOU SUCH A MONUMENT OF SHAME,  
 YOU ARE, NO DOUBT, THE WORST MAN ON THE EARTH.

**Dond:**

OR IN THE AIR,  
 OR ANYWHERE,

CUT OFF, I PRAY THIS TENDENCY TO MIRTH,  
FOR YOU'RE THE MOTH AND I'M THE DEADLY FLAME.

*(Business. Angele behind table L. Don L.)*

**Dond:**

TO RAPIDLY CONSUME YOU IS MY PLAN  
(C)

**Angele:**

COME CATCH ME THEN, YOU WICKED SATYR MAN!

*REFRAIN:*

**Angele:**

HIDE AND SEEK!  
IN AND OUT ROUND ABOUT!  
COO COO! PEEK-A-BOO!

*(Don behind screen L.)*

**Dond:**

HIDE AND SEEK!  
KITCHY-CATCH AND I'M YOUR MATCH  
COO-COO! I SEE YOU!

**Angele:**

HIDE AND SEEK!  
IF YOU SHOULD AND ONLY COULD  
CATCH ME, WELL WHAT THEN?  
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?  
PEEK-A-BOO!

**Dond:**

I'D PROVE TO YOU  
*(GRABBING HER)*  
PEEK-A-BOO  
THAT I'M THE WICKEDEST,

**Angele:**

AWFULLEST,

**Dond:**

DREADFULLEST,

**Both:**

OF ALL BAD MEN!

*(At the finish of the song, DOND. repeats the business of the kiss waltz. Treating Angele as Claudine treated him)*

**Dond.**

I've caught you!

**Angele:**

Yes, but let me go. I believe now you're a satyr.

**Dond.**

But you might forget it.

**Angele:**

No, I shan't. And if you kiss me, I'll scream.

**Dond.**

*(Knowingly)*

Ah, but if I kiss you right here *(Pointing to her lips)* you *can't* scream.

**Angele**

But you won't kiss me right there, will you?

*(MME. D. enters at back as Dondidier kisses Angele, Angele and Mme. D. both scream)*

*(MME. D. is accompanied by DOCTOR MAZOU. The former is throbbing with wifely apprehension, and the latter, a serious, self-important physician, is ready to use anything on DOND, from the hypodermic syringe to the scalpel)*

**Mme. D.**

*(As she discovers Angele in her husband's embrace)*

Number Three!!

*(Runs behind chair)*

**Dond.**

*(Falling back stupefied)*

Margot! Margot!

**Angele**

*(Uttering a little frightened cry)*

Ah!

*(She flies in confusion into the door at R)*

**Mme. D.**

*(C)*

You see, Doctor, what happens if I leave him a minute.

**Dond.**

*(R. Excitedly)*

Margot. I didn't do it because I liked it. It was the snuff-box.

**Doctor**

*(L.C. In his most professional manner)*

There, there, Monsieur Dondidier - be calm - be calm!

**Dond**

*(R. in chair)*

Calm? There's nothing the matter with me.

**Mme. D.**

*(R.C. Urging him into a chair and speaking soothingly)*

Sit down Philippe, the doctor is going to prescribe for you.

**Doctor**

*(Taking his prescription book from his pocket and not heeding Dond. at all)*

You say, Madame, this is the third lady he has attacked today?

**Mme. D.**

Yes, Doctor.

**Doctor**

How old is he?

**Mme. D.**

Fifty.

**Doctor**

And has he ever treated females in this manner before?

**Mme. D.**

Not even me.

**Dond.**

*(Xing to Doctor. Growing more excited and pacing up and down)*

Send for Garidel! I've got to see Garidel Doctor Mazou, you're a fool. I tell you I've got no lumbago at all.

See!

*(Dances around R. goes to chair)*

**Doctor**

*(L.C. To Madame)*

It's all very clear. We have here a pronounced case of nervous satyriasis. The hyperesthesia of certain calls dominating the seat of affection in the brain having fallen into a complete disuse, have so suddenly become abnormally agitated, and your husband is not responsible for his actions.

**Dond.**

Will you permit me ---

**Doctor**

*(Going on)*

During his ferocious outbursts you may expect his language to be quite incoherent.

**Dond.**

*(C X to Doctor) (Exploding wrathfully)*

Enough! Now I'm going to tell you the truth. That man Garidel - came in here this morning and startled me on the downward path to suit his own ends. And the little woman in pink - oh Doctor - there's a wicked woman. If it hadn't been for her; I shouldn't have come from Soissons today at all. I'd have stayed in Soissons if it hadn't been for her.

*(Gets all tangled up after Soissons and gibbers)*

*(Xing to chair L.C.)*

**Doctor**

*(Writing)*

As I said -- the language incoherent.

**Mme. D.**

But what remedy do you suggest doctor?

**Doctor**

Cold shower baths.

**Mme. D.**

Ah, yes, yes. We have all the facilities upstairs.

*(She turns toward the staircase, goes up L.)*

**Doctor**

*(C)*

I shall give him the first one myself.

**Dond.**

*(R.C.) (Shaking finger under the Doctor's nose)*

You'll not give me any cold shower bath, Doctor Mazou!

**Doctor**

*(With sudden intimidation)*

You'll take your shower bath, and you'll take it from me!

**Dond**

*(Exasperated)*

But there's nothing the matter with me!

**Doctor**

Bah.

**Mme. D.**

*(L.C. Confront him)*

Then did you kiss those women because you liked it?

**Dond.**

Now, Margot - now, Margot --

**Mme. D.**

Listen, Philippe! Either you're sick, and I'll cure you -- or you're not sick and I'll kill you.

*(Goes upstairs and off. Doctor snaps fingers)*

**Dond.**

*(Caving in)*

All right doctor, give me my bath.

*(He walks docilely up the stairs)*

**Doctor**

Ah, that's better.

*(Exits)*

*(As Dond. is going upstairs, enter CLAUDINE from room L.)*

**Claudine**

*(Xing R.)*

Hello Donny!

*(Pokes him with parasol. He then rushes up stairs and off in dismay)*

*(Enter LUCIEN L.)*

Mademoiselle de Verrier has gone.

**Lucien**

*(L. Nervously)*

By George! I wonder if it came off all right. Where's Dondidier?

*(Taking a cheque from his pocket)*

I must make out his cheque.

**Claud.**

*(R. Starting across)*

Yes, and I'll make another tour of the rooms.

**Lucien**

*(At table)*

*(Sharply)*

No! Claudine, you've been very nice, but I shan't need you any longer. Go home and take a nap.

*(He sits at a little desk at L. and begins making out the cheque)*

**Claudine**

*(Going near to him)*

Well, you'll join me later then.

**Lucien**

*(As he writes)*

No, I shall take the next train back to Compeigne.

*(At this instant MAURICE and BEBE enter at back. The former discovers the two at the desk and catches BEBE by the sleeve. Then he motions for him to secret himself behind the screen at L. and he himself hides behind the other screen at R.)*

**Claudine**

*(Imperiously)*

What are you saying? Now only do we dine together but you're going to take me to the ball tonight!

**Lucien**

*(Rising and Xing to C.)*

No!

**Claud.**

*(Following him)*

You're going to take me to the ball.

**Lucien**

No!

*(X R.)*

**Claud.**

*(C. Her arms about his neck)*

You're going to take me to the ball.

**Lucien**

*(R)*

N-n-n-n-yes.

**Claud.**

*(Playfully tapping his cheek)*

Silly boy! Why pretend?

*(Standing away from him)*

Well then it's understood. And don't you forget my new address Fifth Avenue ---

*(She is suddenly interrupted by the screen behind which Bebe is hiding softly planing itself between her and Lucien)*

**Claud. & Lucien**

*(Together as the phenomenon startles them)*

Oh!!!

**Bebe**

*(Turning the screen so that Lucien sees him)*

Be careful. Someone's listening.

*(The screen goes back to its former position)*

**Lucien**

*(C. Quickly catching the point)*

Oh ho!

*(Then to Claudine)*

Yes, I shall take great pleasure in dining tonight at 50 Boulevard Malesherbes.

**Claudine**

*(R. Not understanding)*

Boulevard -- Mal--?

**Lucien**

*(C. Admonishing her)*

Sh-sh-sh-sh!!!

*(ANGELE enters from R.)*

**Angele**

*(R. Coming to a flustered standstill as she sees Lucien and Claudine)*

Oh dear!

**Lucien**

*(Regarding her with pretended surprise and disapproval)*

Ah, you're here, Angele, still following me, eh? Do you think that nice?

**Angele**

*(L. With trembling humility)*

Oh Lucien, I'm sorry! I've been so foolish - and - won't you forgive me? I know now you're the most truthful man in the world.

**Maurice**

*(Rushing from behind his screen with an indignant bound)*

No! No! No!! I won't let you believe that!

**Lucien**

*(C. Whirling round on him)*

Ah -ah! Unmasked at last!

**Maurice**

*(R. Confronting him)*

Yes. Unmasked at last!

**Lucien**

*(C)*

Well, don't waste words. Send your seconds to me?

**Maurice**

*(R)*

Not yet! You'd like to hush it up like that, but you can't.

*(To Angele)*

I've told you the truth from the start. This lady here is no more Madame Dondidier than you are. It's all a trick. He stole away from you today to lunch with her. When he gets rid of you again he intends dining at her house. And later you can find them at the Nymph and Satyrs' ball.

**Lucien**

*(Coolly)*

Your information is very startling. Perhaps you can tell me the address of the lady's house where I propose dining.

**Maurice**

I can.

**Lucien**

*(C)*

Then do, by all means.

**Maurice**

*(Triumphantly)*

Fifty Boulevard Malesherbes!

**Angele**

*(R.C. With a start going to him)*

Fifty Boulevard Malesherbes. Why, that's your mother's house Lucien.

**Lucien**

*(Smiling)*

Quite so. And it's true I'm going to dine there.

**Maurice**

*(Knocked flat)*

His mother's...

*(Suddenly his eye catches sight of the screen behind which Bebe is all the time hiding, as it moves mysteriously off and disappears into the salesroom at R.)*

*(Awakening to the truth)*

Ah! - I see! Betrayed - betrayed by my faithful right arm!

*(Pulling himself together)*

Now, Gariel, you must fight me.

**Lucien**

*(L)*

Name your time and place.

**Maurice**

*(R)*

If there were swords- now and here.

**Lucien**

*(Glancing round)*

There are swords...

*(His eyes rest on a pair of rapiers that are attached to the tapestry on the R. wall and he approaches them)*

A pair that have been lying idle too long.

**Angele**

*(In alarm, running L.)*

No, no, Lucien, you won't ---

**Lucien**

It's too late now.

*(Cutting her off)*

Monsieur D'Uzac, I'm at your service.

*(Spinning one of the swords in the air and catching it again by the handle)*

Another chapter added to the story of the sword in France.

*(He X'es the handles and extends them to Maurice)*

**Maurice**

*(Choosing one)*

And to the story of love.

*(Lucien prepares for the duel by removing his coat and waistcoat. Both men are dressed in soft shirts and wear belts. Their preparations proceed during the opening verse of the quartette)*

**QUARTETTE:**

**LUCIEN, CLAUDINE, DONDIDIER, & CHORUS**

*I*

*(Angele goes to Lucien, he throws her L.)*

**Lucien:**

SINCE FRANCE WAS FRANCE  
AND MAN WAS MAN  
AND WOMAN RULED THEM BOTH,

**Maurice:**

IN LOVE'S ROMANCE  
'T WAS WIN WHO CAN,  
TO FIGHT BE NEVER LOTH,

**Angele:**

AND MAID OR WIFE,  
WHEN BLADES FLASHED OUT  
TOOK SIDES BETWEEN THE TWO.

**Claud:**

THEY CAUSED THE STRIFE,  
SO 'T WAS, NO DOUBT,  
THE LEAST THAT THEY COULD DO;

**Lucien:**

AND NOW ONCE MORE  
*(ANG. GOES TO L. HE TURNS HER UP)*  
UPON THE FIELD  
WE MEET IN CONFLICT FIERCE.  
*REFRAIN ALL*  
*(With sword play between Lucien and Maurice)*  
FOR LOVE, AND THE RIGHT TO LOVE,  
IN FRANCE, YOU MUST FIGHT FOR LOVE,  
AND OPEN WAR DECLARE,  
OR LOSE YOUR LADY FAIR  
TO HAVE WITH THE RIGHT TO HOLD,  
HER LOVE, LIKE A KNIGHT OF OLD,  
WHO FOUGHT WITH READY LANCE,  
YOU STILL MUST FIGHT IN FRANCE:  
*(THROWS HER L.)*

*(A sharp little rally with the swords follows)*

**Lucien**

*(As he lunges and wounds Maurice in the hand)*

Touche!

*(This must be done in tune to music)*

**Maurice**

*(Dropping his sword. He quickly wraps his hand in his handkerchief)*

Yes, you've got my sword hand, but it doesn't end it, Garidel. We shall have another go later.

**Lucien**

*(Picking up the fallen sword)*

When you give me cause, D'Uzac.

**Maurice**

*(Up C.)*

I'll give it.

*(He put on his coat)*

You've played your last card, and the truth's got to come out.

*(He hurries out at back)*

**Angele**

*(P. Abjectedly)*

Lucien -- it's been all my fault-- and -- won't you forgive me.

**Lucien**

Ah well, I'm very much hurt.

*(Puts swords back goes up stage to C. door)*

**Claud.**

*(L)*

*(With the air of being in the way, xing R. to Angele)*

Mademoiselle, I'm sorry you should have been so disturbed-- and hope we shall meet again on a more peaceful day.

**Angele**

*(R)*

*(Weakly)*

Thank you-- Madame Dondidier.

**Claud.**

Good afternoon - M'nselle.

*(As she passes Lucien in going out)*

Get rid of her.

*(She exits up C.)*

**Angele**

*(Hanging her head)*

What shall I do now?

**Lucien**

*(With an air of deeply offended pride)*

Return at once to Compeigne. First I must find Dondidier - then I'll take you to the train. Wait here.

*(He exits into the room at R.)*

*(Just as ANGELE is left alone, the door at the top of the stairs opens and Mme. D. and Dr. Mazou appear, the Dr. proceeds down the stairs while Mme. D. remains on the landing)*

**Doctor**

If your husband has another attack send for me at once, Madame Dondidier.

**Angele**

*(With a great start as she hears)*

Madame Dondidier.

**Mme. D.**

And what about mustard plasters, Doctor?

**Doctor**

On back and chest when he retires, and don't let him have anything for dinner but cold gruel, that's all for the present, send for me if there's another outbreak. Good day, Madame Dondidier.

*(He passes out at back and MME. D. disappears into the room upstairs, closing the door behind her)*

**Angele**

*(Overcome)*

His wife!

*(Enter BEBE from R.)*

**Bebe**

*(R. of chair anxiously looking about)*

Has Maurice gone?

**Angele**

*(L. of chair, Rushing upon him)*

Bebe! there's another Madame Dondidier.

**Bebe**

Eh?

**Angele**

*(Kneeling on chair R.)*

I've seen her. A woman of 40. Tell me what it means.

**Bebe**

Perhaps Dondidier's been married before. The forty year old one may be his first

wife.

**Angele**

And would she be living under the same roof with number two?

**Bebe**

Well, remember we're in the house of a satyr.

**Angele**

*(Turning away with exasperation)*

Bosh!

*(Maurice hurries in at back and Angele meets him angrily)*

Mosnieur D'Uzac, I owe you an apology. Lucien's deceiving me after all.

**Maurice**

*(Triumphantly)*

Ah! Then you don't need the proof I'm bringing you.

**Angele**

What proof?

**Maurice**

The Lady in pink is Mademoiselle Claudine D'Esplanonville.

**Angele**

Who told you?

**Maurice**

The clerk outside.

**Angele**

*(R.C. Starting towards R.)*

I'll confront Lucien with this.

**Maurice**

*(C)*

*(Stopping her)*

No. He'll wriggle out of it again. Don't give him another chance. He's going to dine with her tonight. Very well- you dine with me. She's going to the Ball with him later. All right you go with me. We'll confront them together, and then you'll make him dance to your own tune. Come now, will you follow me?

**Angele**

*(With feverish eagerness)*

Follow you? I'll go ahead of you.

*(She flaunts out at back exit R.)*

**Maurice***(Turning on Bebe)*

And now you, my faithful right arm-- Out!

*(Shaking his fist at him)***Bebe***(R going to Maurice)*

My dear Maurice, let me remain just long enough to tell Garidel how I hate him.

**Maurice***(Fiercely)*

Out!

**Bebe***(Toddling away)*

Quite so. I know my way.

*(Exit up R.)**(The door at the head of the stairs opens softly and Dondidier steps gingerly out on the landing. He wears a suit of pink pyjamas, and his hair is tousled from his bath. He looks about, and then descends the stairs)***Dond.***(C. Sighing as he reaches the ground)*

I've had my bath!

*(Enter LUCIEN at R. He stops and looks round)***Lucien***(Sees Dond. going up stage)*

Ah there you are, Dondidier; I left Mademoiselle de Verrier here a moment ago.

**Dond.***(C. advancing upon him ominously)*

That doesn't interest me. I wish to have a settlement with you, young man, and --

**Lucien***(R)*

Yes, of course; you mean the cheque.

*(Hands it to him)*

There it is, and let me thank you for not betraying my confidence. The attitude of my fiancée shows plainly that you--

**Dond.***(C. Breaking in)*

Stop!

*(Holding out his hand)*

Give me the snuff box.

**Lucien**

*(R)*

*(Looking blank)*

Snuff box? What snuff box?

**Dond.**

*(C)*

*(Palpably jarred)*

What snuff box?

**Lucien**

*(Suddenly recollecting)*

Ah! The twentieth snuff-- Dondidier, you're going to laugh-- you're going to laugh very hard. I haven't got it.

**Dond.**

*(Dazed)*

What?

**Lucien**

I don't know what you mean by the twentieth snuff box.

**Dond.**

*(Staggering and making a wild clutch at the air goes L.)*

Ha! Don't say that! Don't do it!

**Lucien**

*(C)*

You see, I had to gain your confidence some way--and-- well, as a matter of fact it as on the advice of your clerk, Crapote...

**Dond.**

*(Babbling at him breathlessly)*

So!! I've grossly insulted the Countess de Montanvert... spoiled the prospects of my only child...passed in the eyes of my wife and family doctor for a licentious old reprobate... received forty gallons of ice water over the top of my head... and for what? To cover up the deplorable orgies of an individual that I've known for less than half an hour.

*(Collapses into a chair)*

**Lucien**

It was on the advice of Crapote.

**Dond.**

*(Leaping to his feet)*

Very well!

*(Shouting)*

Crapote! Crapote!

*(Enter THEODORE LEBEC)*

**Lebec**

Crapote has gone, Monsieur.

**Dond.**

Gone?

**Lebec**

He left this letter for you.

*(Lucien sits on stool up L.C.)*

*(Hands him a letter)*

**Dond.**

*(Tearing it open - and reading)*

"Monsieur, it is impossible that Jacqueline should ever return to live under the roof of a satyr. She is leaving her Uncle Benjamin's this afternoon to join me, and our marriage will be celebrated, despite any opposition from you. Naturally I shall no longer be retained as an employee in your establishment, but that doesn't matter as I'm engaged as secretary to M. Garidel."

**Lucien**

That's quite right.

**Dond.**

*(Crushing the letter in his hand- throws it at Lucien- and going entirely crazy)*

Ah!

*(Clutching at the air)*

Don't leave me to the jiggles --

*(Lucien places chair C. for Dondidier - Dond. drops into a chair overcome)*

*(MME. D. appears at the top of the landing)*

**Mme. D.**

*(Evidently searching for her husband)*

Philippe! Philippe! Where are you?

*(Discovering him)*

What's happened?

**Lucien**

Your husband has the jiggles, Madame.

**Mme. D.**

Yes-yes- he's subject to them. Don't leave him, I'll go fetch the salts and vinegar -

*(She disappears up stairs)*

**Lucien**

*(Aimlessly patting Dond's head)*

It's all right, old chap. The vinegar's coming.

*(Enter suddenly from back in dazzling array, SERPOLETTE, POCHEP followed by DESIREE and all her companions)*

**Serp.**

*(As she dashes in)*

Monsieur Dondidier. Where are you?

**Lucien**

*(Turning)*

Behold him!

**Sep.**

Ah - my satyr!

**Desiree**

And mine!

**Others**

*(In unison)*

And mine!

*(They throng around him, clustering about him on their knees in an attitude of adoration)*

**Desiree**

*(She produces a crown of laurel and places it upon Dond's head)*

We crown thee-- Connoisseur!

**Serp.**

Artist!

**All**

Epicure!

**Lucien**

I think I've done everything I can for him, so, ladies, I'll leave him to your tender care. Good afternoon.

*(He exits hurriedly at back)*

**Dond.**

*(Stirring feebly)*

Don't leave me.

*(He opens his eyes and sees Serp. as she bends over him)*

How do you do?

**Serp.**

How do you do - my satyr?

**Dond.**

Eh?

**Serp.**

Don't you remember me? You kissed me yesterday down by the Trembling Rock.

**Dond.**

I kissed you?

*(He turns his head and sees Desiree)*

**Desiree**

And you kissed me last week.

**Gab.**

And me!

**Raymonde**

And me!

**Gilb.**

And me!

**All**

And me!

*(As each speaks Dond. bobs his head about and discovers himself surrounded)*

**Dond.**

*(Struggling)*

No no.

**Serp.**

*(Holding him back)*

Don't say so... They're coming to arrest you.

**Dond.**

Arrest me?

**Desiree**

But we'll save you. For tonight you must dance at the Hall of the Nymphs and the Satyrs - you the King of all satyrs.

**Dond.**

*(Rattled)*

Why - I - it's a dream.

**All**

No!

**Desiree**

See, we've crowned you. Connoisseur!

**Serp.**

Artist!

**All**

Epicure!

*(Dond. reaches up and takes the wreath from his head, and stares at it. Then he looks round at the pretty faces near him, melts, smiles, and succumbs to the luxury of the occasion)*

*(Mme. D. appears at the head of the stairs with the salts and the vinegar)*

**Mme. D.**

*(Screaming as she discovers her husband surrounded)*

Ah! Ah!

*(In response to her screams the Crowd rushes in from the room at R.)*

*FINALE*

*(Flunky removes arm chair R. another takes table off L.)*

**Chorus**

AGAIN A CRY!

**Mme. D.**

THIS TIME IT'S I!

**Chorus**

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

**Mme. D.**

SEE WHAT I'VE SEEN!

**Chorus**

WE SEE A GROUP

A COMELY TROOP

YOUR HUSBAND TOO,

IS THERE ON VIEW--

BUT WHY SHOULD THESE FAIR MAIDS ADORE HIM?

**Mme. D.**

I'LL PUT THAT QUESTION NOW BEFORE HIM.

*(Mme. D. confronts her husband who is still held captive by the girls)*

**Mme. D.**

PHILLIPPE! OUR FRIENDS SUGGEST IT BE ENQUIRED  
WHY YOU ARE BEING THUS ADMIRERD.

**Dond.**

*(Helplessly)*

ALAS, MARGOT! I DO NOT KNOW!

**Chorus**

TO THAT RESPONSE WE SAY: OH HO!

*DONDIDIER AND CHORUS*

**Dond.**

IN ME YOU SEE AN INNOCENT MAN.

**All**

WE'VE HEARD THE CLAIM BEFORE,

**Dond.**

I DON'T KNOW HOW MY TROUBLES BEGAN

**All**

WE'VE HEARD THAT SAID BEFORE:

**Dond.**

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN UNCOMMONLY STRICT,  
AND MORAL TO THE CORE,  
BUT NOW I'VE BEEN OUTRAGEOUSLY TRICKED.

**All**

WE'VE HEARD ALL THAT BEFORE.

**Chorus**

AND WE MUST JUDGE BY APPEARANCES,  
APPEARANCES - APPEARANCES,  
IN ALL MORALITY'S CLEARANCES  
YOU'LL FIND THAT CHARACTER'S JUDGED BY APPEARANCES,  
AND YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT WITH THE FEMININES,  
SWEET FEMININES - EIGHT FEMININES!

**Dond.**

IT'S ALL MY ENEMY'S DARK DESIGNS,

**All**

WE'VE HEARD ALL THAT BEFORE.

*(ENTER BENEVOL & COUNTESS)*

**Ben.**

STAND BACK, LET NO ONE LEAVE THE PLACE  
UNTIL I'VE FOUND THE CULPRIT IN THE CASE.

**Countess**

BEHOLD THE MONSTER THERE AT BAY  
IN PINK PYJAMAS IS DONDIDIER.

*(Enter BENEVOL & COUNTESS)*

**Ben.**

STAND BACK, LET NO ONE LEAVE THE PLACE  
UNTIL I'VE FOUND THE CULPRIT IN THE CASE.

**Countess**

BEHOLD THE MONSTER THERE AT BAY  
IN PINK PYJAMAS IS DONDIDIER.

*(Enter a company of SERGEANTS-DE-VILLE, marching pompously and humorously  
in Indian file, carrying their white billies in their hands)*

**Benevol & Serge. de Ville**

READILY, STEADILY,  
TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP,  
POLICEMAN ALWAYS MARCH SO,  
CLICKETTY, CLACKETTY,  
CLAMP, CLAMP, CLAMP,  
OUR NICKS AS STIFF AS STARCH, OH,  
NEITHER LOOKING TO LEFT OR RIGHT,  
YET ALWAYS KEEPING OUR GAME IN SIGHT,  
AND TURNING MALEFACTORS PALE AND PARCHED, OH,  
PROPERLY, COPPERLY,  
TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP,  
WITH CLUBS AND DARBIES HANDY,  
SOLIDLY, STOLIDLY,  
CLAMP, CLAMP, CLAMP,  
WE CAN'T BE BOUGHT WITH CANDY.  
WHEN WE COME TO THE MAN WE SEEK,  
HIS GROWS DIM AND HIS KNEES GROW WEAK,  
AND OFF HE WALKS TO JAIL A TRIFLE BANDY.

*(Repeat portion of "Dondidier" No. and CURTAIN*

**ACT III**

*Scene: Ball of the nymphs and Satyrs, at the Cafe "Les Satyres," Paris. Three "FOUNTAIN GIRLS" discovered at Fountain C. SATYR at window R. Enter CHORUS, dancing from large opening L.*

**Chorus**

HOOP LA LIFT YOUR FEET UP HIGH  
 HEEL AND TOE OFF WE GO  
 ZIM ZAM NOW THEN DON'T BE SHY,  
 WE'RE OUT TILL GAY COCK CROW  
 HOOP LA HIT THAT DRUM AGAIN  
 TICKLE THOSE CYMBALS TOO -  
 WAKE UP AND STAY BRIGHT  
 TILL THE DAY LIGHT-  
 WHOOPEE DE DOODEN DOO.

*(Enter DONIDIER followed by BENEVOL)*

**Dond.**

I repeat, Monsieur Benevol, there are moments when a gentleman of modest tastes like myself would prefer to make his appearance in public unaccompanied by a member of the police force.

**Benevol**

*(Tartly)*

No doubt. But I'm going to prove you're the satyr of the Forest of Compiegne. Remember, you are only out on bail, and must answer the charge tomorrow.

**Dond.**

You are a very disagreeable detective. Didn't the magistrate say that even in pink pajamas respectability surrounded me like a halo?

**Benevol**

He didn't follow you as I did when you left the court. He didn't see you rush home, dash into your bridal robes, and taxicab at the speed limit over here to the nymphs and satyrs' ball.

**Dond.**

I didn't intend to come to this gay resort tonight at all. A tornado blew me here.

**Benevol**

Of course it did. And now that you've arrived you intend to have a high old time.

**Dond.**

You must put it coarsely but correctly.

*(Looking around)*

*(At this moment DESIREE is coming down from the tables, at back followed by GILBERTE, RAYMONDE, AMANDINE and others)*

**Desiree**

*(Discovering Dond. as she comes down and hurrying to him joyfully)*

Why, it is - it is! It's the one, the only one!

**Dond.**

*(With a nimble capering bow)*

Count me again, my dear. I feel like two or three.

**Desiree**

*(Turning and calling up)*

Pan! Pan!

*(Pan rises at a table far back, glass in hand)*

**Pan**

Hillo! Hillo!

**Desiree**

Drink to the health of your only rival, Monsieur Dondidier.

**Pan**

*(Bowing low)*

I take off my horns to you, Monsieur.

**Dondidier**

*(Looking suddenly grave)*

What's that? What did he say he'd take off?

**Desiree**

Only his horns.

**Dond.**

*(Relieved)*

Oh, you see I'm somewhat easily shocked, and --

*(All the girls burst out laughing)*

**Desiree**

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Shocked! How droll of him, girls. Think of shocking the king of all shockers!

*(Turning and calling loudly up)*

Nymphs and satyrs, who is the naughtiest man in Paris?

**All**

*(Shouting in chorus)*

Dondidier!!!

**Desiree**

Who do you name as your leader in the dance?

**All**

Dondidier!!!

**Desiree**

*(To Dond)*

Monsieur, choose your partners.

**Dond.**

*(Dazzled)*

One of you?

**Desiree**

The one that pleases you most. Choose!

*(The girls press round him, anxiously awaiting his choice)*

**Dond.**

*(Gazing about the group)*

Well- being rather short-sighted--- and not having my glasses with me --

**Girls**

Yes?

**Dond.**

I choose you all!

**Girls**

*(Delightedly)*

Ah!

*(SONG AND CHORUS-- DONDIDIER AND OTHERS)*

*I*

**Dond.**

AT HALF PAST TWO THIS AFTERNOON

I WAS A MORAL MAN.

**Others**

CLINK, CLINK, CLINK!

*(CLINKING KNIVES ON GLASSES)*

LIFE IS A JOY!

POP GOES THE WINE,

*(POPPING OF CORKS, AND SKY EFFECTS)*

BOOM! AH!

**Dond.**

AT HALF PAST THREE A BOLD BUFFOON  
STARTED A DEADLY PLAN  
TO WRECK MY LIFE ON THE ROCKS OF SIN,  
TO BREAK THE DOOR OF MY SCRUPLES IN,  
AND PUSH ME OVER THE BRINK,

**Others**

CLINK, CLINK!

**Dond.**

THE BRINK WHERE THE GLASSES CLINK,

**Others**

CLINK, CLINK!

**Dond.**

*(While others clink)*

AND THE WORST OF IT IS I LIKE, LIKE IT  
LIKE IT, YES I DO.  
MY HEAD GOES ROUND LIKE A TEE TO TUM.  
MY HEART GOES THUMP LIKE A BIG BASS DRUM,  
PIP, PIP, WITH A ZIP, COME AND MAKE THINGS HUM,  
I LIKE IT, YES I DO.

*(Dond. dancing)*

**Others**

LIFE IS A JOY!  
TIDDLE-UM, TIDDLE-UM!  
LIFE IS A JOY!  
TIDDLE-UM, TIDDLE-UM,  
LIFE IS A JOY,  
FOR A BOLD BAD BOY,  
POP GOES THE WINE, BOOM, AH!!!

*(Dance by all)*

2

**Dond.**

AT HALF PAST TWO THIS VERY DAY,  
GIRLS WERE AN AWFUL BORE,

**Others**

CLINK, CLINK, CLINK!  
LIFE IS A JOY!  
POP GOES THE WINE,

BOOM! AH!

**Dond.**

AT HALF PAST THREE A LADY GAY  
CALLED AND REMAINED TILL FOUR,  
SHE WORE LIGHT PINK BUT SHE LOOKED BRIGHT RED,  
AND OF THE THINGS THAT SHE DID AND SAID,  
THAT BOLD YOUNG HUSSY IN PINK,

**Others**

CLINK, CLINK!

**Dond.**

THE THOUGHT OF IT MAKES ME BLINK,

**Others**

Clink, clink!

**Dond.**

AND THE WORST OF IT IS I LIKE, LIKE IT  
LIKE IT, YES I DO.  
A CYCLONE CAME AND IT WHIRLED ME ROUND,  
I LOST MY FEET WHEN I LEFT THE GROUND,  
PIP, PIP, WITH A ZIP, TO THE STARS I'M BOUND,  
I LIKE IT, YES I DO.

**Others**

LIFE IS A JOY!  
TIDDLE-UM, TIDDLE-UM!  
LIFE IS A JOY!  
TIDDLE-UM, TIDDLE-UM,  
LIFE IS A JOY.  
FOR A BOLD BAD BOY,  
POP GOES THE WINE, BOOM, AH!!!

*(Dance)*

*(During a Hands-All-Round Movement in the dance, MADAME DONDIDIER, arrayed in an old fashioned, but striking ball costume, with ostrich plumes in her hair, and looking drolly handsome and dashing, appears on the steps at back accompanied by BENEVOL, and stands looking down on Dondidier)*

*(She descends the steps and joins the dancers. As all constantly change partners she and Dond. come together and he whirls her about not noticing who she is)*

*(All exit, dancing at last except Dond. and Mme. D. who finished sitting beside each other on a mossy bank at R.)*

*(Dond. exits with one of the girls in dance. Benevol and Madame Dond. pick up the dance - Dond. returns, joins in - Benevol exits - bus a la Kiss Waltz.)*

**Dond.**

Give me another.

*(Mme. D. takes off her mask. In consternation)*

Margot! Margot!

*(Xing to L. Dazed)*

I can explain everything. Let us go home and I'll tell you all about the tornado.

**Mme. D.**

Not me.

**Dond.**

LET US GO BACK WITH THE ANTIQUES, MARGOT.

**Mme. D.**

No more antiques for me. Only youth, life, pleasure! I've been caught in the tornado as well as you!

**Dond.**

*(With a fresh start of alarm)*

What do you mean?

**Mme. D.**

If the wife of a mayor is a mayoress why shouldn't the wife of a satyr be a satyress?

**Dond.**

Behave, Margot, behave! I don't like your costume. It's a most rakish costume.

**Mme. D.**

*(Flaunting about)*

It will grow more rakish every day. Ah, you didn't know you had a gay young wife, did you, Phillipe? Because you dealt in antiques you thought I was a mummy.... I've always warned you that the wings of the butterfly were beating beneath my bodice.

*(Bus)*

**Dond.**

*(More and more shocked)*

Margot! You will come home with me at once!

**Mme. D.**

*(Airily)*

I shall remain till they put the lights out. I shall dance

*(Bus)*

I shall flirt. Oh, you may be sure I'll do everything that's expected of a satyr's wife.

*(Pose against proscenium)*

**Dond.***(Following her about)*

Restrain yourself, Margot. What will the neighbors say?

*(Bus)*

Consider our daughter - consier Jacqueline!

**Mme. D.**

Did you consider Jacqueline when you embraced La Comtesse de Montanvert?

**Dond.**

It was the tornado.

**Mme. D.**

And the lady in pink. What about the lady in pink?

*(Stopping short, and facing him)*

Miserable man, you've gone here to meet her.

**Dond.***(Pursuing her)*

I shall never see her again!

**Mme. D.***(With annihilating force)*

I've been to her house. I learned from her maid that she was coming here tonight.

Then I knew where to find you. Was I right? Did I find you? Now then, where's your pink partner?

**Dond.**

Nonsense. I shall never again see the Pink Lady.

*(At this instant CLAUDINE, gorgeously gowned, and wearing a cloak, as if she was just arriving at the ball, enters through the supper room at back, accompanied by LUCIEN. A waiter takes their wraps and Claudine descends the steps just as Dond. finishes)*

**Claud***(Discovering Dond)*

Why, it's my dear little Satyr.

*(Pats his cheek playfully)*

Ah, what would wifey say if she knew?

*(Dond. collpases utterly)***Mme. D.***(In a freezing voice)*

Wifey knows!

**Claud***(Looking round and discovering her)*

I beg your pardon!

**Mme. D.**

I am wifey!

**Claud***(To Dond)*

Is that wifey?

**Dond.***(In a lost state)*

That's wifey.

**Claud***(Smiling)*

Dear me, this is rather awkward!

**Lucien***(Breaking in cheerfully)*

Perhaps I can explain.

**Dond.***(Bounding back into vigorous life with a jump)*

No!!! Margot, don't listen to that man. He's a wrecker of hearthstones. He dashes in from the street, picks up a hearthstone, dashes it down and dashes it out again.

**Mme. D.**

I don't believe a word of it. He looks a very nice young man.

Hoo! Hoo!

*(Flirting)***Lucien**

Thank you, madame. I thought I might explain how your husband earned the title of satyr.

**Mme. D.**

Don't trouble. I saw him earn it.

*(Dancing a little measure)*

But do I look heart broken? Am I neglected little wife sitting at home, with a pocket handkerchief?

*(Dance bus.)*

Not likely. Find me a partner. I wish to dance.

*(Enter BENEVOL)*

**Ben.**

*(Overhearing her)*

That's just what I'm looking for. Will you accept me?

**Dond.**

*(Interposing strenuously)*

I should think not, Monsieur - I should think a very hard not.

**Ben.**

Oh come, old chap, you can expect to have them all.

**Mme. D.**

Stand aside, Philippe! I admire the gentleman.

*(Flirting bus)*

Monsieur, I am yours. Lead me forth!

*(Both commence to dance to exit, singing "the Best of It Is I like it, etc.")*

**Dond.**

*(Trying to stop her)*

Margot! Margot!

**Mme. D.**

*(Turning and waving a merry farewell)*

Ta ta! See you at breakfast!

*(Front and back kick and exit)*

**Dond.**

*(To Lucien)*

What's she she said?

**Lucien**

Said she wouldn't see you till breakfast time. So you're all right.

**Dond.**

*(Confronting him)*

Young man - this morning I was the head of a happy family.

**Lucien**

Well, the family continues, happy apparently.

**Dond.**

Since seeing you I have been haled before a judge.

**Lucien**

What does that mean?

**Dond.**

It means, Monsieur, that you are a deadly destroyer, a devastating blight, a penetrating poison.

**Claud**

But no matter what others think, you know you're not a satyr.

**Dond.**

*(Turning to her)*

Do I?

**Claud**

Well, don't you?

**Dond.**

No, mademoiselle! I am one.

*(He bounds forward and quickly kisses her on the cheek)*

**Claud**

*(Surprised, but smiling)*

Oh!

**Dond.**

*(To Lucien - removing his hat)*

Monsieur, gaze on your handiwork!

**Lucien**

*(Alarmed)*

Why, you don't mean --

**Dond.**

I mean that you have transformed a gentle collector of curios into a bounding bandit of the boulevards.

**Lucien**

Dondidier -- don't say that!

**Dond.**

I say it twice, and let it always haunt you. When you meet me dancing along the primrose path a lady on either arm, then turn to your friends and say: "I did it."

**Lucien**

No, no, Dondidier!

**Dond.**

Yes. And my wife--you've seen her.

*(Imitates Mme's dance)*

Your work!

**Lucien**

*(Greatly upset)*

But she'll reform if you will.

**Dond.**

I don't want to reform. That's the worst of it. I like it.

*(Beginning to dance)*

*(Enter DESIREE down the steps from the supper room)*

**Desiree**

*(Running to Dond)*

Ah, there you are! I've been looking everywhere for you. Come and have your fortune told.

**Dond.**

My fortune?

**Desiree**

There's the dearest little fortune teller here. Tells you the most wonderful things. I want her to read your hand. I know it will be so delightfully shocking. Come!

*(Seizes him and drags him up)*

**Dond.**

*(Starting gaily up with her pausing to call back to Lucien)*

Remember! I am very happy!

*(He runs gaily off, his arm about Desiree's waist)*

**Lucien**

*(Turning when Dond. has disappeared)*

By George, Claudine, this is more than I bargained for. I've destroyed the soul of a perfectly respectable dealer in antiques.

**Claud**

Yes - poor Dondidier's been made to serve your ends like everybody else must.

**Lucien**

*(Glancing quickly at her)*

What do you mean "like everybody else must?"

**Claud.**

Well, you're very selfish, you know.

**Lucien**

*(As if surprised at the suggestion)*

Do you think so?

**Claudine**

*(Shrugging her shoulders)*

Ever more than most men. When you brought me here tonight, I think you said you couldn't stop because you must hurry away to make peace with the girl you love better than you do me.

**Lucien**

Oh, I say, don't put it like that.

**Claud.**

We can't always dodge the truth; you know. Have you never suspected this selfishness of yours?

**Lucien**

*(Reflectively)*

Well, now that you call my attention to it -

*(He stops and starts on another tangent)*

- but as for leaving you here, we'll find someone you know first and--

**Claud.**

*(Interrupting)*

Oh, don't let that worry you.

**Lucien**

But you must see the necessity of my finding Angele. She's disappeared utterly, probably suspects me again and has rushed off home. Well, I've decided to go to her and confess everything - that is, nearly everything. I'm going to throw myself on her mercy, beg her to--

**Claud.**

*(Turning away abruptly)*

Oh, spare me the details, please.

**Lucien**

*(With a quick glance at her)*

But you're not offended, are you? You don't care.

**Claud.**

*(Flashing round at him)*

Don't care!!

*(Then shrugging her shoulders and turning away lightly)*

No - naturally I don't.

*(Lightly)*

That's what makes it so easy now.

**Lucien**

*(Protesting)*

Oh not easy.

**Claud**

And so I suppose to relive your conscience you expect me to undo all the mischief!

Oh, well! I'll try.

*(Exit L.1)*

**Lucien**

*(Looking after her L.)*

I believe I have been a bit selfish. But I never knew Claudine minded.

*(Enter ANGELE at back. She is dressed with striking picturesqueness as a fortune teller and sybil - in crimson and is completely disguised, wearing a black mask, and hair another color from her own. She comes down the steps from the supper room and approaching Lucien)*

**Angele**

*(Speaking in a voice much bolder and gayer than her natural one)*

Have you had your fortune told, Monsieur?

**Lucien**

*(speaking and regarding her)*

No indeed. Why should I?

**Angele**

Because I tell them so well. The plain truth, Mosnieur. When a young man's in love I don't paint a picture of Paradise for him... I tell him of the trouble that's in store for him.

**Lucien**

*(Smiling)*

Ah, yes. I heard your cleverness mentioned. You just told my friend Dondidier's fortune, I think.

**Angele**

Is he that funny little thing they call the satyr?

**Lucien**

Yes.

**Angele**

Well, I took just one look at his hand and said: "Old chap, you're not a satyr at all."

**Lucien**

*(Amused)*

You could see that?

**Angele**

Just as I'll see all the plain facts about you, Monsieur, if you'll let me read your hand.

**Lucien**

*(Holding his hands behind him)*

I daren't.

**Angele**

Has your conduct been so shocking?

**Lucien**

It has been today.

**Angele**

Then let me tell you what the consequences are to be.

**Lucien**

*(Hesitating, then pushing his hand out to her)*

Ah well, go ahead.

*(She takes his hand and gazes into his palm)*

**Angele**

Oh, oh, oh! But you've been telling a lot of fibs. Ah, this is interesting. Up till a few hours ago you were engaged to be married.

**Lucien**

I'm still engaged.

**Angele**

*(Closely, inspecting his hand)*

I think not. Apparently your fiancee has discarded you.

**Lucien**

*(With a great start)*

What???

**Angele**

And betrothed herself to another.

**Lucien**

*(Sharply)*

Nonsense.

**Angele**

It's written very clearly, Monsieur. There are two men hovering constantly near her.

**Lucien**

*(Intensely interested)*

D'Uzac and Bebe.

**Angele**

One of them is bold and unscrupulous, and would do anything to win her.

*(Looks closer)*

The unhappy girl won't marry him. It's the other.

**Lucien**

*(Feverishly)*

What other?

**Angele**

He looks rather a booby.

**Lucien**

A booby? That's Bebe?

**Angele**

She's already his affianced wife. The engagement will be announced tomorrow.

**Lucien**

*(Exploding)*

Ridiculous! Why-why--should she marry Bebe?

**Angele**

She marries him in the same way that she would go into a convent. Her heart is broken.

**Lucien**

*(Turning sharply away)*

By George!

*(To Angele again)*

Look here you can read the truth?

**Angele**

Naturally, Monsieur.

**Lucien**

What you've said is actually so... I've lost the dearest girl in the world, the only one I shall ever care a pin about -and all thru my stupid selfishness.

**Angele***(Catching her breath)*

Do you really care for her?

**Lucien***(Warmly)*

Care for her! Ah, I wish she were here so that you could tell HER fortune. You'd tell her that in spite of everything I love her little finger better than all the rest of the world, and when she throws me over I'll - But of course you'll never meet her, and I won't bother you any more.

*(Turns up)*

Good night, and thanks awfully--you're tremendously clever.

*(Hurries quickly up by way of the supper room)***Angele***(Calling eagerly after him)*

Monsieur!

**Lucien***(Pausing and glancing back)*

Yes?

**Angele**

If I should happen to run across the young lady at any time--can I be perfectly sure about the line in her hand- that says you- love her?

**Lucien**

If you don't find the strongest line there, then your whole science is a failure. I love the very ground she walks on.

*(He exits L.U.E.)**(ANGELE turns down with a cry of joy, and snatches the mask from her face)***Angele***(Exultantly)*

Ah, now now I don't care any more. I've got the truth!

He doesn't love anyone but me!

*(Exit L.U.E.)**(ENTER DONDIDIÉ dancing "The Best of it is I Like it." Enter Claudine)***Dond.**

I wonder if there's any girl left that I haven't kissed.

**Claud.**

*(Smiling)*

Dear me, you are coming on fast.

**Dond.**

Give me a kiss!

**Claud.**

*(Avoiding him)*

If you kiss me I'll scream.

**Dond.**

*(Endeavoring to embrace her.)*

If I kiss you there.

*(Pointing to lips)*

You can't scream. You taught me that.

**Claud.**

*(Pressing him away firmly)*

Yes, but you've got a lot more to learn.

**Dond.**

*(Eagerly)*

Teach me-teach me!

**Claud.**

Well, my little friend, if you really expect to make conquests among the ladies you must be less impetuous, less volcanic.

**Dond.**

You mean I mustn't punch.

*(Enter VIOLINIST who goes from table to table, greeting ladies.)*

**Claud.**

Precisely. You must learn to approach us gracefully, give us a chance to like or dislike you, to lead you on or turn away from you, in a word, woo us.

**Dond.**

But I thought I was to be a satyr.

**Claud.**

Yes, but there are all sorts of satyrs. Wait! There's a model for you.

*(She draws his attention to the Leader of a string orchestra. The Leader is a poetic looking young man with long hair and the languid pose of the musical lady-killer.)*

**Dond.**

*(Looking up to where Claudine is directing him)*

You mean the fiddler with the chenille fringe?

**Claudine**

Yes. Presently you'll see him fix his attention on the most beautiful woman here and try to charm her, as a snake charms a bird.

**Dond.**

Really? I shall have to watch that.

**Claud.**

Do. It will give you a suggestion. The Satyr of the Tornado no longer interests us, Monsieur. But it's hard for us to resist the Satyr of the Waltz.

*SONG.*

**CLAUDINE & OTHERS**

*1.*

IF I WERE A MAN I'D BE  
 NOT PRESIDENT, BUT JUST HE  
 WHO PLAYS THE VIOLIN IN THE BAND AT THE CAFE DE PARIS,  
 FOR THEN I SHOULD HAVE A CHANCE  
 BY FIDDLING TO ENTRANCE  
 AND FILL WITH ARDOR AND ROMANCE ALL THE PRETTIEST GIRLS IN FRANCE  
 AND WHILE I'D PLAY  
 MY YEARNING EYES WOULD SAY:

*Refrain*

TO YOU BEAUTIFUL LADY I RAISE MY EYES  
 MY HEART BEAUTIFUL LADY TO YOUR HEART SIGHS,  
 COME, COME, BEAUTIFUL LADY TO PARADISE,  
 ERE THE SWEET, SWEET WALTZ DREAM DIES,  
 GLIDE, GLIDE BEAUTIFUL LADY ON LIGHT BRIGHT WINGS  
 WHILE THE RAPTURE OF MUSIC AROUND US SINGS,  
 DREAM, DREAM, DREAM AND FORGET,  
 CARE, PAIN USELESS REGRET  
 LOVE, LOVE, BEAUTIFUL LADY IN MY HEART SINGS.

*2.*

EACH NIGHT ON A RIPPLING TIDE  
 OF MELODY I WOULD GLIDE, AND LIVE  
 IN THE LIGHT OF BEAUTY'S EYES,  
 WITH EVERYTHING ELSE OUTSIDE,  
 I'D WOO WITH A MAGIC BOW  
 SUCH MELODIES SWEET AND LOW,  
 THE LADIES ALL WOULD FORGET TO EAT  
 AND CHAMPAGNE CEASE TO FLOW;  
 AND AS I'D PLAY  
 MY YEARNING EYES WOULD SAY:

*Refrain*

TO YOU BEAUTIFUL LADY I RAISE MY EYES

*(Repeat refrain.)*

*(After she sings refrain, cho. repeat same. This is followed by the Violinist playing refrain for one of the Girls who waltzes with him. On their exit Claudine appears playing violin for business with Dondidier)*

*(ENTER MAURICE & BEBE)*

**Maurice**

If Angele, isn't here Bebe, then we've lost her altogether.

**Bebe**

Surely you don't think my favorite cousin would come here, Maurice.

**Maurice**

But she promised to come and then gave me the slip.

**Bebe**

And undoubtedly went home, which is what I'm going to do by the next train.

*(ENTER LUCIEN down the path at R)*

**Lucien**

*(As he discovers them)*

Ah, you're here!

**Maurice**

*(Straightening)*

At your service, Garidel.

**Lucien**

*(Ignoring him, and striding up to Bebe)*

I've nothing to say to you now. This is the young man I've got to deal with.

**Bebe**

*(Retiring before his threatening manner)*

At your service, Lucien. Always ready, I'm sure.

**Lucien**

Always ready for what? To cut in behind a friend's back when he isn't looking?

**Bebe**

*(Timidly)*

Cut in Lucien? I never cut into anything. Don't even carry a pocket knife.

**Lucien**

Answer me this. Is there any truth in the report that you've become engaged to

Mademoiselle de Verrier?

**Bebe**

Well, that can be explained in two ways, and if you--

**Lucien**

*(Breaking in sharply)*

Answer yes or no; is your engagement to be announced tomorrow?

**Bebe**

I believe that is the idea at present.

*(Head bus)*

**Lucien**

Oh, you do.

**(Head bus)**

Well, my idea at present is this. Bing! Bang!

*(He soundly boxes Bebe's ears on both sides of his head)*

**Bebe**

I hate you, oh how I hate you.

*(Holding on to his ears)*

Ooh! Ah!

**Maurice**

*(Who has been knocked aghast at what he has heard)*

So my trusted right arm has betrayed me again eh?

*(Begins to stalk him)*

**Bebe**

*(Seeing him coming)*

Now, my dear Maurice, my more than dear Maurice, do nothing that you will regret.

**Maurice**

And what about the girl on the Saskatchewan?

**Bebe**

Faithful till death Maurice, faithful till death. My engagement to Angele cannot shake me.

**Maurice**

No? Well perhaps this can. Bing bang!

*(Boxes his ears)*

**Bebe**

*(Holding his ears)*

I hate you, oh how I hate you.

**Maurice**

*(L. with a sweeping ironical bow to Lucien)*

My best regrets to you, Garidel. I lose her, and you don't marry her. We're quits!

*(Enter Angele quickly thru the supper room, closely followed by Gilberte, Amandine, Gabrielle, Raymonde, Minette- Sophie, Yvonne and Desiree. Angele is still the fortune-teller, masked)*

**Desiree**

Please tell my fortune.

**All**

You haven't told mine and I'm dying to know something.

**Desiree**

Tell me is my husband likely to lose me?

**Angele**

I rather think he is.

**Desiree**

Please tell my fortune again.

**Angele**

*(Eluding them good-naturedly)*

I've told all your fortunes once. No! It would bring you bad luck.

*(All immediately desisting)*

**All**

*(Going up stage)*

Oh!!

**Angele**

*(Turning to Lucien)*

Monsieur, I met Mademoiselle de Verrier after all and read her hand.

**Lucien**

*(Smiling incredulously)*

You're mistaken, I think. Mademoiselle de Verrier isn't here tonight.

**Angele**

*(Confidently)*

You'll find she is.

**Lucien**

What?

*(Starting up)*

**Angele**

*(Detaining him)*

Oh, it's no use your looking for her. She's eluding you for the present. But listen! Her hand was very interesting. Strangely enough it contradicted nearly everything I read in yours.

**Lucien**

What do you mean?

**Angele**

Well, in the first place she apparently has no intention of marrying her cousin at all.

**Lucien**

*(Breaking out gaily)*

No intention of--

*(Stops and dashes across to Bebe, grasping him by the hand.)*

My dear Bebe ten thousand pardons. If this is true, I withdraw the box on the ears.

**Bebe**

*(Returning his hand to shake warmly)*

Don't mention it, Lucien, don't mention it, I beg.

*(To the air)*

Ah, Gisele, perhaps the danger is passed and I can still be true to thee--thou--

*(To Lucien)*

-is it thou or thee?

**Lucien**

Thus.

**Bebe**

Thanks.

*(Again to the air)*

Thus, Gisele.

**Angele**

Where Mademoiselle de Verrier's heart was first given there it must always remain. She could never change.

**Lucien**

You don't mean she'll marry me after all?

**Angele**

If you'll take her, yes.

**Lucien**

*(Elated)*

D'Uzac, do you hear that?

**Maurice**

*(Scornfully)*

You believe a fortune teller, do you?

**Lucien**

Ah, but if you knew how this one always hits the truth!

*(ENTER DOND. with Claudine on his arm, through the supper room. Benevol is close to Dond's elbow)*

**Dond.**

*(With great irritation, to Benevol)*

Go away I tell you, go away this minute.

**Benevol**

*(To Claud. as he follows them down)*

I am bound to inform you, Madame, that your partner is a most dangerous person.

**Claud**

*(Good humoredly)*

Dangerous? In what way?

**Benevol**

He's nothing less than a satyr, madame.

**Maurice**

*(With a scornful laugh)*

Ha! Satyr! You silly fathead! That little man there doesn't know the difference between a satyr and a soup tureen.

**Dond.**

*(Facing him irately)*

Oh, don't I, don't I? Mind your own business.

*(MME. D. has entered thru the supper room on the last speeches and stands on the steps listening. The guests of the ball are re-entering and the orchestra resumes its place)*

**Claud.**

Wait--I'm going to set matters right. Monsieur Benevol, you've made a mistake. Our

friend here has been doing his best to live up to a title he doesn't deserve and as Monsieur D'Uzac has said he does not really know the difference between a satyr and a soup tureen.

**Mme. D.**

*(Bursting down upon the group)*

Philippe! Is this true?

*(All turn startled)*

**Dond.**

*(Shamefaced)*

I'm afraid it is, Margot.

**Mme. D.**

*(Scornfully)*

Only a cold potato after all!

**Dond.**

*(Crestfallen)*

Mashed, Margot, mashed.

**Mme. D.**

*(Imperiously)*

Come back among the antiques. You have disappointed me.

**Claud.**

By the way, Lucien, here's the most fascinating little imposter I've met in a long time.

*(Indicating Angele)*

**Lucien**

Imposter? I think she's clever.

**Claud.**

Decidedly. She just read my hand. And told me you care nothing whatever about me, but loved the very ground Mdlle. de Verrier walks on. Now there's only one other in the world as well as you and I who knows that to be true.

**Lucien**

Who?

**Claud.**

Mademoiselle de Verrier herself. What have you to say to that, Mademoiselle?

**Angele**

That men are blind, but all women know each other.

*(With a curtesy to her)*

I take off my mask to you, mademoiselle.  
(*She does so*)

**Lucien, Maurice & Bebe.**

(*In astonished unison*)

Angele!!

(*Saskatchewan Waltz, "I Like it etc."*)

**CURTAIN.**