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SF PERUSALS

Hotel Paradiso

A FARCE-COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

by Georges Feydeau
and Maurice Desvallieres

English Translation by
Peter Grenville

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUELFRENCH.COM

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HOTEL PARADISO

STORY OF THE PLAY

(13 males; 8 females; extras)

This "mad French bedroom frolic" (*N. Y. Journal-American*) finds an assortment of refined people stealing through the halls and rooms of a cheap hotel comically intent on assignations. There is the hero, the henpecked husband, who arrives in disguise with his friend's wife; a tottering octogenarian and a chorus girl; a stiff youth on his first flight with a housemaid; a housing inspector investigating ghosts; a nosey bellboy who impales our hero with a brace and bit as he bores through the wall for a peek, and a host of others, including the police who raid the joint at the second act curtain.

HOTEL PARADISO

Farce in three acts by Georges Feydeau and Maurice Desvallieres, adapted and staged by Peter Glenville; settings and costumes by Osbert Lancaster; supervised by Charles Lisanby and produced by arrangement with Hardy W. Smith and H. M. Tennent, Ltd.; associate producer Will Lester Productions; presented by Richard Myers, Julius Fleischman, Charles Bowden, Richard Barr and H. Ridgely Bullock, Jr., at Henry Miller's Theatre, April 11, 1957.

THE CAST

BONIFACE ---------- *Bert Lahr*
ANGELIQUE ---------- *Vera Pearce*
MARCELLE ---------- *Angela Lansbury*
COT ---------- *John Emery*
MAXIME ---------- *Carleton Carpenter*
VICTOIRE ---------- *Sondra Lee*
MARTIN ---------- *Douglas Byng*
1ST PORTER ---------- *Neil Laurence*
2ND PORTER ---------- *Mark Lang*
3RD PORTER ---------- *Fred Baker*
4TH PORTER ---------- *Roy Johnson*
VIOLETTE ---------- *Joan-Ellen Caine*
MARGUERITE ---------- *Nancy Devlin*
PAQUERETTE ---------- *Patricia Fay*
PERVENCHE ---------- *Helen Quarter*
ANNIELLO ---------- *Ronald Radd*
GEORGES ---------- *James Bernard*
A LADY ---------- *Lucille Benson*
A DUKE ---------- *Horace Cooper*
TABU ---------- *James Coco*
POLICE INSPECTOR ---------- *George Tyne*

SCENES

ACTS ONE AND THREE

A Builder's Room.

ACT TWO

The Hotel Paradiso.

Hotel Paradiso

ACT ONE

Period 1910. The home of M. and Mme. Boniface, in Passy. A builder's room. Upstage back Center a large window with iron bar on the outside. Trees can be seen from window. To the Left, downstage, door to Mme. Boniface's bedroom. Up Left is a door opening on corridor or landing. Door Right to M. Boniface's bedroom. In back Center, near window but far enough to permit passage, a large drawing board on trestles. On this, papers and other architect's materials, plus a telephone directory. At this table, a high stool. Between steps and Boniface's room a commode with doors, with samples of tiles, stones, etc. On Right, between footlights and door, a large desk against wall on which are plans and drawings in rolls, books, etc. Above this desk a mirror, Downstage, Right Center, a sofa. At Left, between wall and steps, a desk [*secretaire style*]. *The window is closed.*

(*The* CURTAIN RISES *on an empty stage.*)

(BONIFACE, *a nervous meticulous little man in middle years, enters from his bedroom Right, picks up pencil and pen-knife from his desk Right, and walks to the footlights sharpening his pencil, and singing.*)

BONIFACE. (*Crosses to desk Up Left.*)
Oh, Spring, give your fragrance of roses—
(*Suddenly sees the audience, crosses up to trestle table and says:*) Aah!

ANGELIQUE. (*Off-stage.*) Boniface!

BONIFACE. (*Looking at audience.*) Later. (*Moving up to trestle table and sitting with his back to the audience, starts to sing again.*)

Oh, Spring, give your fragrance of roses,
Oh, Spring, give your gleam of the sun.

(ANGELIQUE [*Mme. Boniface*] *enters Left, trailing two long lengths of material after her. She is a large, formidable woman with a bellicose manner.*)

ANGELIQUE. (*To Down Right front of sofa.*) Boniface!—Boniface!

BONIFACE. (*Without turning.*) Angelique?

ANGELIQUE. The dressmaker is here!

BONIFACE. Good—good— Tra-la!—la!—la!—la! (*He goes on working.*)

ANGELIQUE. Kindly stop working when I talk to you!

BONIFACE. (*Working.*) Tum-ti-tum—tedious tum—tedious, tedious,, tedious *tum!* (*Swivelling around to her.*) My pet, I am trying to solve a very tricky problem. This house——

ANGELIQUE. The house can wait!

BONIFACE. (*Patiently.*) As you please, my sweet! (*Comes Downstage.*)

ANGELIQUE. (*Right end of sofa; displaying the samples.*) Now! I can't make up my mind between these two materials. Which would you choose?

BONIFACE. It's for a sofa?

ANGELIQUE. Certainly not! It's for me!

BONIFACE. (*Fingering one.*) I prefer this one.

ANGELIQUE. Thank you, my dear. I'll have the other! (*Picks up material.*)

BONIFACE. Then why ask *me*, my sweet?

ANGELIQUE. Because you have no taste whatsoever. (*Crosses Left.*) Now I know which one I can throw out! (*Stops at Left door.*) Now get on with your work! (*She rolls up materials and papers and sweeps out.*)

BONIFACE. (*Up to table; with soft surprise, to the*

audience.) And I married for love!— I really did! And my whole family were against it! (*He shakes his head and turns away, back to work. Musing; comes Down Center.*) Oh the ladies—if only one could picture them twenty years later—how cautious one would be twenty years earlier. I was a fool! (*Crosses up and looks toward the window.*) Tt—tt—tt— It looks threatening— (*To desk Right and picks up T square.*) Mark my words, we'll have rain— My son will never marry against my will— (*Pause.*) But then I haven't got a son—and I don't intend to have one— (*Singing; crosses Left to above sofa.*) Never—never—never—never.

(*He works. There is a* KNOCK.)

Come in!

(MARCELLE [*Mme. Cot*] *enters. A pretty and panicky woman of thirty-nine, in a dressing-gown. He hurries towards her to Left end of sofa.*)

MARCELLE. (*Rather anguished, in a scatter-brained way.*) Good afternoon, M. Boniface. Forgive my being dressed like this.

BONIFACE. (*Warmly.*) Aha—*dear* Mme. Cot! It's the privilege of old friends with adjoining villas.

MARCELLE. That's what I said to myself. Is your wife at home?

BONIFACE. (*Crosses to* MARCELLE.) Yes. In conference with her dressmaker. How is your husband?

MARCELLE. I have no idea! (*She turns away.*)

BONIFACE. (*Taking her hands and looking into her eyes.*) Something's the matter?

MARCELLE. Nothing!

BONIFACE. Yes, it is. It is! You have pink eyes!

MARCELLE. No, no. It's nothing. Really—nothing, nothing at all!

BONIFACE. Pink eyes.

MARCELLE. Oh, well— (*She sniffs, crosses Right and upstage.*) Just the usual thing—another scene.

BONIFACE. You poor, poor thing! (*He pats her hands.*) Has he been a brute? Has he been a beast?

MARCELLE. If only he would be. That's just the trouble— I'm no more to him than an old shoe. (*She blows her little nose.*) Never mind— I just get myself worked up— (*To Right end of sofa.*) it's silly!— I must have a word with Mme. Boniface. (*Crosses Left front of sofa to door Left.*)

BONIFACE. (*Calling after her.*) And I shall give your husband quite a piece of my mind.

MARCELLE. Oh, don't bother. He wouldn't know chalk from cheese! (*She gives him an anguished look, and exits.*)

BONIFACE. (*Putting on his pince-nez and gazing at the closing door.*) What a woman! Splendid creature! Oh, la, la! (*He crosses up to trestle table; arranges his instruments.*) Splendid creature!— (*Tidying.*) Spleni—spleni —splendid! (*Puts down T square and picks up plans.*) And married to a nincompoop!—A nincompoop!—I should know. He's my best friend! Ah!—if only he weren't! (*Change of tone.*) But then I'm not sure what she thinks of me. I might be rebuffed!— And I'm the last man in the world to want to betray my best friend— especially if it wasn't going to work! (*He hums and unrolls the drawings.*) What on earth has he written down here? (*Crosses down to Right of sofa; comparing it with his own drawings.*) *Sandstone!* To hold up that *massive weight?*— Cot must be out of his mind— It's always the same with these architects. No sense of durability. (*Moving upstage—change of tone.*) But one must admit he has a splendid wife! Mm! Splendid!

(COT *enters Up Left. A large, important man, with a large beard.*)

COT. (*At door.*) Good afternoon to you, Boniface. Not intruding, I trust?

BONIFACE. No—no—on the contrary. Glad to see you.

What on earth have you put down here? (*Moves to desk down Right.*)

COT. (*Slowly, with an eyebrow raised.*) To what, exactly, do you refer? (*Moves leisurely to Left of* BONIFACE.)

BONIFACE. (*With the passion of an artist.*) You want me to use sandstone for that building? But you're mad!

COT. (*Pauses, then steadily; moving Right below sofa.*) Use what you damn well like as long as it holds together! (*He takes out a cigarette.*) Is my wife here? (*Sits sofa.*)

BONIFACE. (*Moves above sofa Left of* COT.) Yes. In there with Mme. Boniface. And—what have you been doing to her?

COT. Why? Is she fussing again?

BONIFACE. You have only to look in her eyes—they're pink!

COT. (*Very offhand.*) Oh, she's so unreasonable. (*Moves to Left.*) She should be perfectly happy with me— I am faithful— My conduct is beyond reproach— There's no other woman.

BONIFACE. (*Center.*) I should hope not!

COT. Well, what more does she want? She says I'm unresponsive!

BONIFACE. Oh-hoh-hoh! And are you? (*Over to sofa—sits Left end of sofa.*)

COT. My dear Boniface, one can't be responsive with one's own wife— Damn it, sir, are you always so responsive with yours?

BONIFACE. My dear Cot— Consider the lady!— And after twenty years one must call a halt!

COT. Mine always expects a forward march! (*Crosses his legs and studies* BONIFACE.) Well, why don't you have a little adventure on the side? (*Lights cigarette.*)

BONIFACE. (*Shocked.*) Oh, really! What a thing to suggest—you! The faithful husband!

COT. Oh, my dear fellow, that's different. I'm kept busy all day, climbing scaffoldings, crawling under

floors— I come home exhausted and go early to bed and *sleep like a top!*— That's what my wife complains of!— She says it shows lack of respect!

BONIFACE. (*To front.*) To say the least!

COT. Well, there you are! I'm no Don Juan—never have been. That's why I married. I lack the temperament.

BONIFACE. In other words, you're a great big whiskered iceberg!

COT. Iceberg! Well, Boniface, I wouldn't describe you as piping hot!

BONIFACE. (*Rises and backs up to Up Left corner of sofa.*) Let me tell you, Cot, that deep down inside (*He taps a fragile chest.*) I'm seething with molten lava!—

COT. Molten lava!— You—a volcano! (*Rises and goes Right to Up Right end of sofa.*) Don't make me laugh!— Incidentally, could I borrow your maid?

BONIFACE. (*Alarmed.*) Borrow? Whatever for?

COT. Max—my nephew.

BONIFACE. For Max?

COT. Oh, don't be alarmed— The poor boy (*Crosses away Left to Left Center.*) is far too serious for that sort of thing. He thinks of nothing but philosophy.

BONIFACE. Poor boy!

COT. (*Goes Down Left Center.*) Anyway, he goes back tonight to his school at Stanislaus—and you know what he is—with his head in the clouds—he'll never get on the right trains unless somebody goes with him—the wife's in hysterics—

BONIFACE. (*To Right of* COT.) Of course— I'll arrange it. But why can't you take him back yourself?

COT. No time! Every minute completely booked up!— Even this evening— I'll have to stay up in town tonight!

BONIFACE. Oho! (*Digs him in the ribs.*)

COT. Entirely on my own, I assure you.

BONIFACE. Indeed!

COT. Certainly, my dear sir. I have to spend the night

in some beastly little hotel— They say it's haunted by ghosts who make noises during the night.

BONIFACE. Noises during the night! Faulty construction!

COT. Exactly. I'm convinced it comes from the drains!

BONIFACE. Of course!

COT. The point is, the tenant wants to break his lease because of the ghosts, and the owner won't agree. So the court has appointed me, as an expert, to arbitrate. So I have to spend the night there, and see for myself—

BONIFACE. That the ghosts are escaping bath water?

COT. Precisely! (*He moves to go.*)

BONIFACE. (*Moves Right.*) And what does your wife think of *that?*

COT. Oh, I've had one scene after another this morning. She says I take every opportunity to leave her on her own. I tried to make her understand that my work as an architect comes first. (*Crosses to door Up Left.*)

BONIFACE. (*Crosses to Left end of sofa.*) Be careful that as a man you don't come second!

COT. What do you mean?

BONIFACE. Well, you'd have no one but yourself to blame!

COT. What do you mean!

BONIFACE. (*Crosses to* COT.) Well— I should hate to see it happen.

COT. What?

BONIFACE. If your wife took it into her head to replace you—

COT. (*Dismissing the idea with a laugh; crosses Right a bit.*) Replace me!— My wife! My dear sir, with whom?

BONIFACE. Very well, go your own way.

COT. I certainly shall.

(*There is a* KNOCK.)

BONIFACE. Come in!

(MAXIME *enters Up Left with a book under his arm. He is a lanky, earnest youth, with thick-lensed glasses.*)

COT. Oh, it's you, Max.

MAX. Yes, Uncle. I hope I'm not intruding. (*Crosses up to trestle table.*)

BONIFACE. No. Not at all.

COT. What's the trouble?

MAX. I don't know where my Payne has got to— I had it last time I was in here—it's a brand new one.

BONIFACE. (*Hurrying to* MAX.) Pain? Oh, my dear boy, where do you feel it? (*He takes his hand.*)

MAX. No, no, M'sieu. Robert Payne—the writer—the philosopher. (*Crosses down a bit Center.*) It's an essay refuting some of Spinoza's opinions—whose treatise on Passion I'm working on at the moment. (*Indicating a volume.*)

COT. (*Crosses over toward* MAX—*takes book.*) So that's a treatice on Passion.

BONIFACE. (*Crosses toward* MAX.) The theory *and* practice, I hope.

MAX. (*Taking book from* COT.) Certainly not, M'sieu! (*Up to Right of trestle table and searches for book.*)

COT. (*Goes and sits desk chair Up Left.*) Now don't go putting ideas into the boy's head.

BONIFACE. Perfectly natural question. After all, when one learns to play billiards one doesn't just learn the rules, but all the maneuvers.

(VICTOIRE *enters Left. A saucy, good-natured girl in full bloom.*)

VICTOIRE. (*In to Down Left.*) M'sieu!

BONIFACE. What is it?

VICTOIRE. Madame wants you—she's in the middle of her fitting and wants your advice—and have you got a tape measure?

(MAX *above trestle table.*)

BONIFACE. (*Crosses to desk Right.*) Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!

COT. (*To* MAX, *who is rummaging at fire box.*) What on earth are you doing?

MAX. Looking for my philosophy, Uncle!

BONIFACE. Well, you won't find it there, my boy. That's the fire apparatus. Tape measure— You really mustn't go rummaging in my things like that— Victoire, you haven't seen an essay on philosophy by Robert Aches, have you?

VICTOIRE. Aches?

MAX. (*To high stool and sits.*) Robert Payne, M. Boniface!

BONIFACE. Aches— Payne—it's all part of the same thing!

VICTOIRE. I haven't seen it, M'sieu.

MAX. (*Glumly.*) I shall have to buy another one.

BONIFACE. (*Moves up.*) Oh, and Victoire, you will accompany Master Max to college this evening. (*Starts Down Right.*)

VICTOIRE. (*Bright-eyed.*) What fun!

BONIFACE. (*Stops and turns.*) Fun or no fun, you will please to do it! (*Crosses to desk Down Right. To* COT.) What time should he be there?

MAX. By nine o'clock, M. Boniface.

BONIFACE. (*Up Right end sofa.*) Nine o'clock. Is that clear, Victoire?

VICTOIRE. Oh yes, M'sieu! (*She moves to table to tidy some papers.*)

COT. (*Rising, to* BONIFACE.) It's very kind of you, old boy.

BONIFACE. Nothing! Nothing at all!

(MAX *begins to read.*)

ANGELIQUE. (*Offstage.*) Boniface!

BONIFACE. There we go! (*Crosses to door Down Left. Answering.*) Yes, yes, my sweet! Come along, Cot. (*He pushes him.*) You're an architect. Come and give a hand with the wife's fitting!

COT. A great privilege! After you!

BONIFACE. No, after you! I want you to be the first to see the front elevation.

(*They exit.*)

MAX. (*Sitting on high stool, reading.*) "Passion is an emotion of the soul, moved by the impulses of one's animal nature, impelling one to consort with objects that appear suitable." (*Deeply convinced.*) That's exactly it!

VICTOIRE. Exactly what, Master Max?

MAX. I beg your pardon?

VICTOIRE. What are you doing there?

MAX. Studying Passion.

VICTOIRE. (*Skeptical—moves to Left of* MAX *and leans on trestle table.*) Really! In that position? (*Moving towards him.*) If you like I'll help you with your work.

MAX. (*Earnest.*) Have you studied the centres of emotional life?

VICTOIRE. (*Naturally.*) Same as most people!

MAX. In Spinoza?

VICTOIRE. No, in the palm of my hand. (*Moves to Left of trestle table.*)

MAX. I'm afraid you don't quite understand.

VICTOIRE. (*Tickles his ear with quill.*) Are you sure I can't help with your work?

MAX. (*Imperturbable.*) That tickles.

VICTOIRE. Don't you like it?

MAX. I didn't comment on the nature of the sensation. I stated a fact. It tickles. (*Aside, as he swivels around on the stool.*) What a curious girl!

VICTOIRE. You're not very friendly, are you?

MAX. I am working! (*Gets up.*) I cannot study Passion with a woman next to me! (*He moves to sofa, sits.*

Reading aloud.) "There is a distinction between idealistic love and sensual love. The passion of a lover for his mistress and that of a kind father for his children.

(VICTOIRE *crosses to him above sofa.*)

They have certain emotional impulses in common, but—

(*He looks at* VICTOIRE *and moves to the other end of the sofa. She sits Left of* MAX.)

—in the first case love is aimed at the *possession* of the object rather than the object itself."

(*She tickles his leg.*)

(*Looking up.*) That is a distinctly pleasant sensation!

VICTOIRE. (*Behind him, coiling a lock of his hair round her finger.*) Think so?

MAX. Undoubtedly! (*Reading.*) "A father seeks the well-being of his children—"

VICTOIRE. (*Up to* MAX's *shoulder.*) You're a big, big, beautiful baby. (*She continues to play with his hair.*)

MAX. Please, M'selle! You may tickle but don't talk.

VICTOIRE. Yes, M. Max.

MAX. A father seeks the well-being of his children—

VICTOIRE. (*She leans over sofa.*) Has anyone ever told you you're quite a good looker? (*She tickles.*)

MAX. Me? I've no idea. Oh, yes. Once.

VICTOIRE. Who?

MAX. A photographer. He advised me to order three dozen copies.

VICTOIRE. Oh!

MAX. (*Continuing to read.*) "A father seeks the well-being of his children—" (*He pauses. His eyes are raised furtively.*)

VICTOIRE. (*Finger on* MAX's *knee.*) What is it, M. Max?

MAX. Nothing! Nothing at all! It's just that—well, in some perplexing way—that movement of the hand—it was rather agreeable. I can't think why!

VICTOIRE. Really?— Why not ask Spinoza? (*Takes hand away.*)

MAX. He is silent on the subject!

VICTOIRE. Well, then, I'd shut that silly old book if I were you. (*She takes book and shuts it; gets up, crosses above sofa Left of* MAX.) How can a young man find out about passion in a book! Like learning to swim on a cushion! No good if you're tossed in the sea. (*She sits down beside him.*)

MAX. (*To front.*) What is the matter with this girl?

VICTOIRE. (*Hands on his shoulders.*) Look at you. (*Left of* MAX.) Those awful glasses. (*She takes them off.*) Can't you see without them?

MAX. Oh yes!— In fact, rather better!

VICTOIRE. (*Going behind sofa.*) And just look at your hair! You ought to try a different style. You've got to give nature a helping hand, you know! (*Rumples hair.*)

MAX. (*Closing his eyes, with concentration.*) Do that again!

(*She rumples hair again.*)

Again. Oh yes.

(*Her hands to ears, to chin and down front of chest.*)

That's very, very good! Oh yes, indeed! (*Breaks and grabs book from Left end of sofa.*) "Passion is an emotion of the soul—"

VICTOIRE. M. Maxime.

MAX. Au revoir, M'selle.

VICTOIRE. Au revoir!

MAX. M'selle?

VICTOIRE. (*Goes to the door Up Left.*) It's unbelievable! It's like getting blood from a stone. (*Exits.*)

MAX. (*Reading.*) "The affection of honourable men—"

(*There is a sound of raised* VOICES *off stage.*)

(*Covers his ears with his hands and goes on reading.*) "The affection of honourable men for their friends is in the following category—"

(MARCELLE *enters Left, followed by* COT, BONIFACE *and* ANGELIQUE.)

MARCELLE. (*Crosses Down Right front of sofa. Exasperated.*) No! This is too much!

COT. (*Crosses Center.*) Once and for all, what is the matter with you, woman?

ANGELIQUE. (*Crosses below* COT.) Don't take the slightest notice of him!

MARCELLE. (*Crosses up end of sofa.*) You're making my life insupportable!

ANGELIQUE. Oh my dear, wait till you've been married twenty years, as I have!

BONIFACE. (*Crosses to Right of* COT.) What are you going on about? For twenty years I've done everything humanly possible to make you happy.

COT. And so have I! She can't deny it!

ANGELIQUE *and* MARCELLE. Happy! Ha! Ha! Ha! I like that!

(MARCELLE *above* ANGELIQUE *to Left.*)

BONIFACE *and* COT. Yes, you know you're happy!

WOMEN. Happy! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

COT. Laugh away.

BONIFACE. Laugh away!

COT. You've been happy for years.

BONIFACE. You've been happy for years!

ALL FOUR. Yes! No! Yes! How dare you?— (*Etc.*)

MAX. (*Rising.*) Stop! Stop! How can one be expected to work? This is Bedlam! (*He leaves Up Left as they continue to argue.*)

MARCELLE. (*Crosses Down Right below sofa.*) Why did I ever marry him? For *what?*—I ask you!

COT. (*Center.*) Really, Marcelle!— Not in front of the neighbors—

MARCELLE. He thinks I married him to look after his house— (*Sits on sofa.*) That's all I am—a glorified cook-general! He ignores me—he doesn't know I'm there—I'm left—abandoned—it's tantamount to desertion.

COT. No, no! Now you really are exaggerating! (*Crosses up.*)

ANGELIQUE. Desertion! (*Crosses above sofa to* MARCELLE.) Oh, my dear, that must be terrible for you. Boniface and I have been together for twenty years (*Crosses Up Center.*) but if ever he behaved like that to me— Oh, ho, ho, ho! We'd soon see! (*She crosses to above Right of* BONIFACE, *rolls her eyes and smiles complacently.*)

COT. (*To his wife.*) Well, what the devil do you want? Do you expect me to stay in tonight and give up this important survey?

MARCELLE. No! Go to your beastly old pipes and drains. Whether you're in or out, it makes no difference—the amount of attention you pay to me!

COT. (*Crosses below sofa to desk Down Right.*) Oh, the old refrain!

MARCELLE. Do you think I'd have married you if I'd known what it would be like? I think it's a miracle that I've never looked at another man!

COT. Oh, come now! That's another matter! (*Looks into mirror.*)

BONIFACE. (*Suddenly the champion.*) She's perfectly right!

COT. You keep out of this!

(ANGELIQUE *moves to Left Center and looks at* BONIFACE.)

MARCELLE. Just you be careful! I may easily look elsewhere for the happiness you've never been able to give me!

COT. What! You? I'd like to see you find it!

MARCELLE. And why not? (*Rises; crosses to* ANGELIQUE.) Less attractive women than I have found consolation outside the home!

COT. (*Crosses Left above sofa to* BONIFACE.) Well, go

ahead, my dear! See what you can manage. Search around for your consolation!

MARCELLE. (*Crosses Center.*) Oh! Don't you dare me! Don't you dare dare me!! (*Crosses Down Right below sofa.*) If once I make up my mind— I know—lots of men—

COT. Oh!

MARCELLE. —gentlemen—

COT. (*Crosses over to* MARCELLE.) What! Then what's stopping you? Go ahead! Find your gentleman!

ANGELIQUE. (*Crosses to* COT.) Stop it, Cot! You'll drive her too far!

(BONIFACE *breaks over Right.*)

COT. She drives me too far! Let her go to her—her paramour—I hope she finds him, and when she does, he's welcome to keep her!

MARCELLE. Oh! Monsieur Boniface!!! Did you hear that?

BONIFACE. It's madness! You're mad! He's mad!

(ANGELIQUE *hits* BONIFACE *on chest.*)

MARCELLE. (*Crosses and sits sofa.*) Very well then, you've asked for it!

COT. (*Crosses below sofa to door Up Left.*) I certainly have! Good-evening.

ANGELIQUE. (*Crosses—follows him.*) Now, come along, Cot! Give her a kiss and make it up.

COT. Kiss her? Certainly not! (*He moves upstage.*)

(BONIFACE *follows to the door.*)

ANGELIQUE. (*Lifting skirts.*) Oh, Cot! Monsieur Cot!!! (*She follows him out Up Left.*)

BONIFACE. (*Following to the door.*) You're making a

big mistake, Henri—a big mistake! (*Closes Up Left door.*)

MARCELLE. (*Sitting on sofa.*) Just listen to the way he talks to me—my own husband—just listen to him.

BONIFACE. Marcelle, I love you! (*Crosses to above sofa.*)

MARCELLE. (*Rising.*) Eh?

BONIFACE. You heard me warn him. I tried to stop him. You can't say I didn't do my duty as a friend, can you?

MARCELLE. No.

BONIFACE. I told him, you're making a big mistake, Henri, he wouldn't listen. Well, that's his funeral. All I know is when you threatened to find consolation elsewhere, he said "Find it." Well, Mme. Cot, as a woman of character you must find your consolation at once.

MARCELLE. Yes. Yes. You're right. (*Sitting sofa.*)

BONIFACE. (*Crosses Right above sofa to Right of* MARCELLE.) And you cannot say there is no one to hand. I am here.

MARCELLE. You?

BONIFACE. Certainly. I (*Crosses above sofa to Left Center.*) never permit a lady to be insulted in my presence. He dared you. I accept the dare. I will be your lover.

MARCELLE. You?

BONIFACE. (*Kneels Left end of sofa.*) Marcelle, I am the last man in the world to betray a friend. It hurts me deeply.

MARCELLE. I know that, Boniface.

BONIFACE. But, friend or no friend, the honor of French chivalry is at stake. Marcelle, be mine—all mine!

MARCELLE. (*She leans back and fights off* BONIFACE.) Oh, M. Boniface, you forget yourself. I'm a respectable married woman. Think of my duty.

BONIFACE. There are times when duty must be forgotten.

MARCELLE. When?

BONIFACE. (*Straightens up.*) Now! Look at me. Am I not throwing my duty to the wind? Think of poor Mme. Boniface, but do I hesitate? No, because a greater duty lies before us.

MARCELLE. Yes! Yes!

BONIFACE. We have been insulted and when a man is insulted there is no turning back.

MARCELLE. No! No!

BONIFACE. (*Takes her left wrist.*) Forward march!

MARCELLE. Where?

BONIFACE. (*Pulling her toward Left.*) Anywhere! Together! Let us go!

(BOTH *rising and crossing to door, Left.*)

MARCELLE. (*Breaks away Right above sofa.*) No, M. Boniface, I cannot!

BONIFACE. You hesitate? (*Follows her.*) Oh Marcelle, have you forgotten the public outrage you have just endured?

MARCELLE. (*Right of* BONIFACE.) I shall never forget it.

BONIFACE. You talk of your duties. Does he give a thought to his duties as a husband—as a man?

MARCELLE. That's true.

BONIFACE. His neglect has set you free!

MARCELLE. Absolutely!

BONIFACE. (*Dabs her eyes with her handkerchief.*) He has the prettiest little wife in the world and he leaves her here vegetating like a cabbage.

MARCELLE. Yes, it's true. A cabbage, that's me—(*Snatches handkerchief.*) that's mine.

BONIFACE. Revenge is yours! It must be swift and deadly.

MARCELLE. That's it! Revenge! (*Sitting Right end of sofa.*) Thank you for showing me what I must do.

BONIFACE. I'll show you what a man should be—

strong, tender, and terrible in his passion! (*Pushing* MARCELLE *back on sofa; he kneels above sofa.*)

MARCELLE. Well, M. Boniface, you may be rather plain, but you do have a way with women!

BONIFACE. (*Rises.*) Oh, Marcelle, thank you! Thank you for that!

MARCELLE. Heaven knows that an hour ago I would have repelled your advances with horror!

BONIFACE. (*Crosses to Down Left.*) Oh, Marcelle! The early bird doesn't always catch the worm!

MARCELLE. (*Rises, to Center.*) But now I say: "Command me— I shall obey!"

BONIFACE. (*Crosses Up Center, toward her; embracing her.*) Oh, Marcelle, I'm floating!—floating!— (*Takes her in his arms.*)

ANGELIQUE. (*Offstage.*) Boniface!

BONIFACE. (*To front.*) We're sunk! (*Following* MARCELLE, *who has moved away.*) There isn't a second to be lost—your husband is away tonight—you're free as air— I shall manage to be free as air too—

MARCELLE. Do!— Do!

BONIFACE. (*Up Center; airily.*) I shall meet you somewhere—

MARCELLE. (*Practical.*) Where?

BONIFACE. I haven't the faintest idea— I'll find somewhere— (*One step to her*) and let you know— And then—revenge! Psst!— My wife!!

(*He leaves* MARCELLE *and scuttles back to his worktable.* MARCELLE *runs Down Right to desk.*)

ANGELIQUE. (*Entering.*) Well, really, our friend Cot has most extraordinary manners, I must say! (*Crosses to sofa and sits Left end.*)

BONIFACE. In what way?

ANGELIQUE. I was only trying to patch things up, out of the kindness of my heart, and do you know what he

said? "Keep your big face out of this, and mind your own business."

MARCELLE. Typical!

BONIFACE. (*Unconvinced.*) Not very nice!

ANGELIQUE. Nice!— I should think not, indeed!

BONIFACE. And to you.

ANGELIQUE. Exactly!

BONIFACE. An older woman!

ANGELIQUE. That is *not* the point! (*To* MARCELLE.) Oh, my dear—my heart bleeds for you—with such a husband!

MARCELLE. (*Forgetting.*) Well!— We'll soon see about that!

ANGELIQUE. About what?

MARCELLE. Oh, nothing—nothing—

ANGELIQUE. If ever Boniface took it into his head to behave like that to me—

BONIFACE. (*Coming down Center.*) What then, my dear?

ANGELIQUE. I wouldn't waste a second!

MARCELLE. What would you do?

ANGELIQUE. Do? Throw myself into the arms of the first man that came my way!

BONIFACE. (*Steps down.*) Oh, Angelique!!— You *wouldn't!!*

ANGELIQUE. I most certainly *would!!*

BONIFACE. (*Step down; to front.*) He'd be crushed to death! (*Return to trestle table.*)

VICTOIRE. (VICTOIRE *enters Up Left with the morning mail on a tray.*) The post, Madame, (*Crosses to* ANGELIQUE.) and someone is here with a new hat for Mme. Cot. (VICTOIRE *exits Up Left.*)

MARCELLE. Oh yes— I ordered it only yesterday— Will you excuse me?

ANGELIQUE. Of course!— There's nothing like a new hat to help you when your marriage is on the rocks! Au revoir, my dear!

MARCELLE. Au revoir! (*Up to Right of* BONIFACE; *to*

BONIFACE.) Au revoir, you! (*Crosses Left below* BONIFACE.)

BONIFACE. (Aside.) It's a bargain?

MARCELLE. (*Close to Left of* BONIFACE. *Aside.*) Yes! (*Crosses to door Up Left. As she goes.*) Cot's asked for it, *and* he's going to get it!

(MARCELLE *exits.* ANGELIQUE *sits desk Down Right and examines mail.*)

BONIFACE. (*To himself.*) Now to find a discreet little rendezvous! But where?— (*He knocks on the table with suppressed excitement—giggles.*) Of course!— The telephone directory!!

ANGELIQUE. Come in!

(*She looks at the door.* BONIFACE *on to high stool.*) Oh dear! I shall be dining out this evening—

BONIFACE. (*Aside.*) Perfect! (*To his wife.*) Where are you off to, love?

ANGELIQUE. To my sister's in Versailles. She isn't well! If she's no better when I get there I may stay the night.

BONIFACE. (*Aside.*) Better still!!

ANGELIQUE. I'm afraid you will be on your own for dinner!

BONIFACE. (*Looking through the telephone book, his back to his wife.*) Ha— He— Hi— Ho— Hotels!—

ANGELIQUE. (*Opening another letter.*) Oh dear! The dressmaker's bill!

BONIFACE. (*Loudly.*) Got it!!

ANGELIQUE. Got what?

BONIFACE. What?— Oh—you've got your bill.

ANGELIQUE. That's what I said!

BONIFACE. So did I!

ANGELIQUE. Why?

BONIFACE. Oh—well—just to show an interest, my dear!

ANGELIQUE. Ridiculous!

BONIFACE. (*Aside.*) What a beast! (*Aside, reading*

directory.) Hotel— Temperance Hotel—no— Bull and Cow— Dear me, no—

ANGELIQUE. Good gracious me— How disgraceful!

BONIFACE. What is?

ANGELIQUE. It's an outrage!— Sending out these things!

BONIFACE. What things?

ANGELIQUE. Circulars for hotels!— One, two, three of them!!

BONIFACE. (*Puts telephone book on Up Left desk.*) Circulars?

ANGELIQUE. It ought to be prohibited! Listen to this. "Sleep in security. Hotel Paradiso. Recommended to people who are married. Together or separately."

BONIFACE. Together or separately. Does it really say that?

ANGELIQUE. See for yourself! (*Hands him one of the circulars.*)

BONIFACE. So it does!

ANGELIQUE. A philanderer's paradise, I'll be bound!

BONIFACE. Tt—tt—tt— (*Aside.*) The very thing! (*Reading aloud.*) "Rooms at all prices!"

ANGELIQUE. (*Continuing to read from one of the remaining circulars.*) "Large discount for seasonal bookings!" Abominable!

BONIFACE. Abominable is the word! (*Aside.*) I'll book a seasonal! (*He pops circular in his pocket.*)

ANGELIQUE. What do they take me for, sending me an advertisement like that!! (*She crumples the remaining circulars and throws them on the floor.*)

VICTOIRE. (*Entering Up Left.*) Madame, there's a gentleman here asking to see you and M. Boniface.

ANGELIQUE. What sort of gentleman?

VICTOIRE. Here's his card. (*Gives her card.*)

ANGELIQUE. Ah, M. Martin— Boniface, it's our old friend Martin.

BONIFACE. Really! Martin?— Up from Valence, then?—

ANGELIQUE. (*Rising.*) All right, Victoire—ask him to come right up.

VICTOIRE. Very well, Madame.

ANGELIQUE. Oh—and Victoire, pick those papers off the floor, please.

VICTOIRE. (*Picking up the crumpled circulars.*) Yes, Madame. Circulars! Will you be wanting them?

ANGELIQUE. Wanting them? Certainly not! Take them away!

VICTOIRE. Very well, Madame. (VICTOIRE *exits Up Left, looking at them.*)

ANGELIQUE. Martin in Paris—the dear fellow!

BONIFACE. It'll be nice to see him after all that charming hospitality he showed to us in Valence.

ANGELIQUE. He couldn't have been more hospitable, putting us up for two whole weeks—such good food, too!!

BONIFACE. And behaved as though we were doing *him* the favor!

ANGELIQUE. As though he were the guest, and we the hosts—and what a brilliant talker!

BONIFACE. Naturally, my dear, he's a lawyer.

(VICTOIRE *shows* M. MARTIN *into the room.*)

VICTOIRE. Come in, Monsieur.

(MARTIN *enters. Pop-eyed, with a large mustache and no chin; long legs and, at the moment, a strained manner.*)

BONIFACE. Well, well, well!— Come in, come in—my dear Martin!

ANGELIQUE. What a lovely surprise!

(MARTIN *embraces her.*)

BONIFACE. How nice of you to come! May I have your

hat and umbrella. My dear old chap, you're soaked to the skin! (*Takes* MARTIN'S *umbrella and places it near the window.*)

ANGELIQUE. Do sit down and make yourself at home.

MARTIN. Oh, my dear friends, I was lo-lo— I was lo-lo—

BONIFACE. What's that?

MARTIN. I say I was lo-lo-looking forward to seeing you again!

ANGELIQUE. You must be tired, my dear M. Martin. Won't you sit down?

MARTIN. (*Sitting, Left end of sofa.*) But— I am— hohohohoho—

BONIFACE. (*Down to Right of* ANGELIQUE.) What on earth's the matter with him?

MARTIN. You must admit you dididd—you dididn't dididn't—expect toto see me.

BONIFACE. (*Crosses above to Right end of sofa; to* MARTIN.) For heaven's sake, M. Martin, what's the matter? Has something happened to you?

MARTIN. Wawawa—why?

BONIFACE. Well—er—it seems to me—that—it's not very noticeable of course—but you have—well, a slight difficulty in speaking!

ANGELIQUE. But when we were staying with you we never noticed anything peculiar—on the contrary.

MARTIN. Ah—last sumsumsumsum—summer—diddud-dud—during those two weeks—the wewewewe—weather was susu—was susu—

BONIFACE. Whe weather was so-so?

MARTIN. Wait, I haven't fifififififi—finished! The weather was su—su— (*He kicks out and shouts.*) PERB!

BONIFACE *and* ANGELIQUE. (*At a loss and startled.*) Yes—yes, of course!

MARTIN. When the wewewe—weather is sususu—

BONIFACE. Perb!

MARTIN. I speak—er—er—like anyone else!

ANGELIQUE. Ah, come now!

MARTIN. When, like today—it rains—caca—caca—

BONIFACE. Cabbages?

MARTIN. No—cats and dogs!!——

BONIFACE. It'll come—it'll come—

MARTIN. Immediately my little imp—my little imp—

BONIFACE. Your little imp?—

MARTIN. My little imp—ediment comes on!

ANGELIQUE. How very peculiar!

BONIFACE. A walking barometer!

MARTIN. But when there's a hurri—hurri—hurricane—not a word comes out!

BONIFACE. What? Dumb?

MARTIN. It's dam—dam—dam—

BONIFACE. (*With a look at* ANGELIQUE.) Yes, yes—of course!

MARTIN. Dam—damaging to my whole career.

ANGELIQUE. I should think so! My poor friend— As a lawyer—how do you manage to plead?

MARTIN. When—it rains?—we-well— I ask for an ad—for an ad—

BONIFACE. —vertisement?

MARTIN. —journment! (*He kicks out in irritation.*)

BONIFACE. (*Jumping back in fright.*) Then you can't make much of a living in the rainy season?

MARTIN. A totototo—total loss.

BONIFACE. (*Shaking* MARTIN'S *hand.*) Well, anyway, my dear Martin, it's extremely nice to see you. I must be the first friend you have called on!

MARTIN. Aha—dear Boniface— I knew with you—a cocold—a co—cold—

BONIFACE. Who, me?

MARTIN. A cocold—reception would be out of the question!

BONIFACE. Aha! Good!—Good!

ANGELIQUE. Dear M. Martin—always a gracious word!

MARTIN. (*With a waggish look.*) Ah, Mme. Boniface, you're not sli—sli— (*He kicks.*)

ANGELIQUE. Not sly?

MARTIN. Sli—sliding out of your invitation as easily as thathatha—that— I haven't forgotten what you said to me last summer— "If ever you come to Paris—you must stastastay with us."

BONIFACE. (*Crosses to Right of* MARTIN.) Yes! Yes, of course!

ANGELIQUE. But this is a delightful surprise!

BONIFACE. Stay as long as you like—two, three days— Do stay at least three days!

MARTIN. Oh, no!

BOTH BONIFACES. Oh, yes! Please do!

MARTIN. Oh, nnnno!

BONIFACE. Martin— I shall be cross!

ANGELIQUE. Yes, we shall!

MARTIN. No!— A momomomonth!

BOTH BONIFACES. A month!

BONIFACE. Aha!— Yes—that *will* be nice!

ANGELIQUE. (*Rather less warmly.*) Very nice indeed!

MARTIN. So here I am— I simply arrived—without any fuss—to stay with you!

ANGELIQUE. It's charming of you, so unexpected.

MARTIN. I've been looking forward to the privi—to the privi—

ANGELIQUE. To the what?

MARTIN. To the privilege.

ANGELIQUE. Too kind of you.

MARTIN. Not at all.

BONIFACE. (*Dubiously.*) Well, we're very happy—very happy indeed!

(MARTIN *bows and goes upstage to take off his overcoat.*)

ANGELIQUE. (*Aside to her husband.*) A month!— Rather a long time— (*Walks to Left of* BONIFACE.) We only stayed two weeks!

BONIFACE. There were two of us! It all mounts up! (*As* MARTIN *comes downstage.*)
Good old Martin!

MARTIN. I hope I'm not putputputting you out?

BONIFACE. (*Down Right of sofa.*) No, not at all! And in any case you won't take up much room—a simple bachelor like you—with just a suitcase!

MARTIN. Ah!—but I've brought a surprise for you!

ANGELIQUE. A surprise! How delightful!— He thinks of everything!

VICTOIRE. (VICTOIRE *enters Up Left.*) Madame, they are bringing in a trunk!

MARTIN. That'll be mine!

BONIFACE. Ah! Your baggage!

(A PORTER *enters with a trunk on his back.*)

PORTER. Here's the goods!

(VICTOIRE *exits Up Left.*)

MARTIN. Will you kindly lelеleave—leave—it here? (*He kicks out.*)

PORTER. Right you are!

(BONIFACE *helps him to lower it to the floor.*)

MARTIN. How much is that?

PORTER. Fifty francs.

(MARTIN *pays him. He exits.*)

ANGELIQUE. (*Gazing at the trunk.*) But, good heavens, what an enormous trunk!

BONIFACE. (*Peering around it.*) It's monumental! Well, well, it had better be taken to your room.

VICTOIRE. (VICTOIRE *enters Up Left, speaking to someone outside the door.*) This way, please! Madame, there are some more porters here with some more luggage!

BOTH BONIFACES. More!!

(*Four* PORTERS *enter with four trunks on their backs.*)

MARTIN. Ah! Those are mine, too!

ANGELIQUE. Yours? One, two, three, four—but I don't understand—

MARTIN. This is where the surprise begins!

ANGELIQUE. Whatever can you be bringing us in all that? (*To* BONIFACE.) What can it be?

BONIFACE. It must be something very special to fill five trunks!

MARTIN. (*To* BONIFACE.) Look, I have no change—be a good chap and give something to these por—popo—por—por—

BONIFACE. (*Glumly; rhythmically.*) —ter—ters!! (*Gets the money out.*) There we are!— Now, my good man—go on down to the kitchen and you'll each get a glass of wine.

PORTERS. Thank you, Monsieur— (*Etc. They go out Up Left.*)

BONIFACE. (*As they go, looking at the trunks.*) Five trunks full of surprise! They certainly do things on a large scale in the provinces—a very large scale!

ANGELIQUE. Let's open them now!

MARTIN. W-wh-why?

BONIFACE. Why?— Well, to get the surprise!

MARTIN. Oh, no!— No, no, no!

BONIFACE. He wants to keep us in suspense.

MARTIN. Pay—pay—pay— (*He gives a huge kick.*) Patience!

BONIFACE. (*Jumping, to avoid the kick.*) Oh! What *can* it be?

ANGELIQUE. M. Martin, you want us to be in suspense. Well, we *are* in suspense! And, of course, very, very grateful! So now!— (*She looks expectantly at the trunks.*)

BONIFACE. (*After a pause.*) I've known people to be generous in my day—but generosity on this scale reaches a point of real insocem—incomsemm—incommen—

MARTIN. (*Calmly.*) Incommensurability.

(BONIFACE *shakes his hand.*)

BOTH BONIFACES. Bravo!

MARTIN. I never stutter for other people!!

VICTOIRE. (*Entering Up Left.*) Madame, there are some young ladies who have just come straight from the omnibus and are asking—

MARTIN. (*Going to the door.*) Ah—that'll be for me—let them come in!

VICTOIRE. Very good, Monsieur!

BONIFACE. Young ladies? Who are they?

MARTIN. (*Turning triumphantly to the* BONIFACES.) Ah! ha! ha! That's *it!* That's the surprise!

BOTH BONIFACES. What is?

MARTIN. You don't know my d-d-d-daughters, do you?

BONIFACE. No!

MARTIN. I was a lonely bachelor when you were with me last summer—because ever since the death of poor Mme. Martin—oh, eight years ago—my d-d-daughters have been brought up in a convent— But they've just closed it down— So I said to myself—the Bonifaces have never met the children— I'll give them a surprise— I'll bring my daughters with me!

BOTH BONIFACES. What??

MARTIN. I arrived first to tell you they were coming!

ANGELIQUE. Do you mean—*they* are the surprise?—

MARTIN. (*Delighted.*) Why, of course!

BONIFACE. Yes, but—but what about the trunks?

MARTIN. My daughters' luggage!

BOTH BONIFACES. (*Astounded.*) It's not possible!

(VOICES *are heard offstage.*)

MARTIN. Here they are! Come along in! Come along in!

(FOUR DAUGHTERS *appear, walking in twos. Pigtails, straw hats, gloves, etc.*)

Come on in, my chil—chil—chil—chil—

GIRLS. (*All together.*) —Dren! (*Slightly bending forward.*)

MARTIN. You know how often I've spoken to you of my friends, M. and Mme. Bonny—Bonny—Bonny—

GIRLS. (*Together.*) FACE!! (*Slightly bending forward.*)

MARTIN. Exactly! Well—here they are! Go and give them a kiss.

GIRLS. (*Running to* BONIFACE. *In unison.*) How do you do, M. Boniface!! (*Then to* ANGELIQUE.) Hullo, Mme. Boniface!!

BOTH BONIFACES. (*Holding off the attack.*) Yes, yes! Delightful!—enchanting—but—

ANGELIQUE. It's an invasion—an invasion!

(*The* GIRLS *return to* MARTIN.)

BONIFACE. A stampede!

ANGELIQUE. We never knew you had so many daughters!

MARTIN. (*Pleased with himself.*) All mine!

BONIFACE. What are you going to do with them? Are they en route for another convent?

MARTIN. Oh dear me, no!

BONIFACE. But where will they stay?

MARTIN. Well—here!

ANGELIQUE. Here?

BONIFACE. Here? Oh, no, no, my dear fellow. Out of the question!

(*The* GIRLS *are listening intently.*)

MARTIN. But you yourself said—

BONIFACE. Oh yes, I know—I know, my dear fellow, I

said "Do stay with us"—everyone says that—it's a form of politeness!

MARTIN. Oh!

BONIFACE. You took me at my word. Good! You came. Fine!—But not enmasse, like this—with a battalion! What do you think this house is—a barracks?

MARTIN. If I thought this was a ba—ba—barracks, I wouldn't bring my da—da—daughters here!

BONIFACE. (*Getting heated.*) It's extraordinary behavior. Do you hear! (*Prodding him with his finger.*) Extraordinary! Behaviour! (*To* ANGELIQUE.) He thinks we keep a boarding-house!

ANGELIQUE. (*It is now an open fight.*) It's all your fault! Being so free with your invitations!

BONIFACE. My fault—I like that! You are the one who said: "We've *got* to do it! We've spent fifteen days with him, and we can't get out of inviting him!"

ANGELIQUE. (*Right of sofa to Center. Indicating* MARTIN.) I only said that because I thought he wouldn't accept.

BONIFACE. (*Crosses below sofa to Right end.*) Well, it's not my fault that he *did* accept!

(*The* GIRLS *sit down on the trunks.*)

ANGELIQUE. Of course it's your fault! If you had been content to ask him politely—in an offhand sort of way—*you* would have made the gesture, and *he* would never have come! But, oh no! You had to *insist!* You kept on and on at it—till in the end the poor wretch simply *had* to come!

BONIFACE. Of course!— Of course!— (*To* MARTIN.) I might have known it would be my fault!!

MARTIN. (*Getting to his feet, resignedly.*) Yes—Well—if I understand coco—correctly—we had all better move on!

ANGELIQUE. I'm afraid so. There simply isn't room for all of you!

MARTIN. Good! Well, children—off we go! Thank M. and Mme. Boniface.

(*The* GIRLS *and* MARTIN *surround* M. *and* MME. BONIFACE *with cries of "Thank you, M. Boniface!" "Thank you, Mme. Boniface!" etc. They shake their hands.*)

BONIFACE. No, no, no! Don't mention it. Nothing at all! (*To* MME. BONIFACE.) Angelique, if the porters are still in the kitchen ask them to take away the trunks.

ANGELIQUE. I'll try to catch them. (*She hurries Up Left.*)

(MARCELLE *enters Up Left.*)

MARCELLE. Good heavens! What are all these trunks doing here?

ANGELIQUE. (*On her way out.*) I'm just going to see about having them taken away. (*She exits.*)

MARTIN. (*Seeing* MARCELLE, *and bowing to her.*) Madame!

(*Pause.*)

BONIFACE. (*Quickly presenting the Martins.*) My dear, this is M. Martin, an old friend of mine— And his—er—descendants. (*To* MARTIN.) This is Mme. Cot.

MARTIN *and* CHILDREN. How do you do, Mme. Cot?

(MARTIN *up to trestle table.*)

BONIFACE. (*Aside to* MARCELLE.) I've found what we were looking for! You won't change your mind?

MARCELLE. Never!

BONIFACE. Wait for me this evening at eight o'clock at the corner of the Avenue du Bois and the Rue de la Pompe. Wait in a carriage with the blinds down.

MARTIN. (*To* BONIFACE.) If only I knew of a good hotel. Where do you think we can find somewhere to stay?

BONIFACE. (*Starts feeling in pockets and takes out circular. Turning his head.*) In a minute. I'll be with you in a minute.

MARCELLE. (*Low voice, to* BONIFACE.) Where are we going?

BONIFACE. (*Over to Right of* MARCELLE *and shows her circular.*) The Hotel Paradiso, 220 Rue de Provence.

MARTIN. (*Hearing this, and thinking he has been answered.*) Ah! Thank you! Well, that settles that, children— (*To* BONIFACE.) Well, then—au revoir, Boniface!

(BONIFACE *puts circular back into pocket.* ANGELIQUE *enters with* PORTERS *who start removing trunks.*)

GIRLS. Au revoir, M. Boniface! Au revoir, Mme. Cot! Au revoir, Mme. Boniface!

ANGELIQUE. Goodbye, children! Excuse me, I'm rushing off to my sister's. (*Exits Up Left.*)

MARCELLE. Au revoir!

MARTIN. Mme. Cot! My compliments! (*He goes to the door; turns to* BONIFACE.) See you soon—and thanks— We shall definitely go there!

BONIFACE. Ah! Good, then—off you go!

(*The* PORTERS, *the* MARTINS *and* ANGELIQUE *have gone.*)

BONIFACE. (*Turning excitedly to* MARCELLE.) Oh, Marcelle, you don't know how happy I am! I'm the hap-hap-hap—

MARCELLE. Do be serious!

BONIFACE. Has your husband left?

MARCELLE. Yes—he hardly said goodbye— (*The light of battle in her eye.*) I'll show him. (*To Down Right.*)

BONIFACE. (*Goes Center.*) So will I!

MARCELLE. (*Returns to above Right end of sofa.*) You will!— You must!

BONIFACE. (*Runs back up to* MARCELLE. *Extravagant.*) Oh, I'm the happiest man in the world— Listen, Marcelle, my wife is dining out— (*Takes* MARCELLE'S *hands.*) your husband has left—what do you say to a little dinner together— (*Backs away.*) in a restaurant?

MARCELLE. Yes. (*Up to* BONIFACE.) A public restaurant!— That would really settle it. Our revenge would be complete!

BONIFACE. Well, run along now and get dressed!

(MARCELLE *crosses below him to Left; he passes at her derriere.*)

In half-an-hour at the Rue de la Pompe!

MARCELLE. I'm off!

(*She turns to go—turns back. He blows her a kiss. She waves, and goes to the Up Left door.* ANGELIQUE *enters, followed by* VICTOIRE, *who carries a tray with food on it.*)

ANGELIQUE. Are you leaving, my dear?

MARCELLE. Yes, I have a slight headache!

ANGELIQUE. Well, look after yourself! (*Up to Left Center. To* VICTOIRE.) Put it over there, Victoire!

(MARCELLE *puts tray on trestle table and goes out Up Left.*)

BONIFACE. (*Sitting on his stool.*) What's that?

ANGELIQUE. Your dinner. Victoire has to take Maxime back to his school.

BONIFACE. My dinner?

(VICTOIRE *exits Up Left.*)

(*Getting up, offhand.*) On second thoughts, I don't think I'll dine here this evening! You are going to your sister's— (*To Right of sofa.*) I shall be on my own— I

think I shall treat myself to a nice little dinner at a restaurant!

ANGELIQUE. (*Walks Center.*) You'll do nothing of the sort! I won't allow it!

BONIFACE. Why? What's wrong in that?

ANGELIQUE. Because you're a married man. Married men do not eat in restaurants without their wives!

BONIFACE. Is that so?

ANGELIQUE. I should think not, indeed! What would people think if they saw you in a restaurant?

BONIFACE. What do you think they would think?

ANGELIQUE. The day you choose to go to a restaurant, you are going there with me! Tonight you're dining (*Gesture.*) at home. (*Goes Left.*)

BONIFACE. (*To Center, below sofa. Heatedly.*) When are you going to stop treating me as a child!

ANGELIQUE. (*Turns and goes Center.*) What's that you say?

BONIFACE. I say that I've had enough of it!— And whether you like it or not, tonight I am dining in a restaurant! (*He stamps his foot.*)

ANGELIQUE. Oh, no, you won't!

BONIFACE. Oh yes, I will!

ANGELIQUE. You won't!

BONIFACE. I will!

ANGELIQUE. (*Walking toward door Up Left.*) We'll soon see about that! (*She takes the key from the door.*)

BONIFACE. (*Follows her; trying to get it back.*) Here, give that to me! Give that to me!

(ANGELIQUE *pushes him back, he trips and collapses.*)

ANGELIQUE. I'll do nothing of the kind! Don't you come near me! (*Pushes* BONIFACE *towards sofa; he falls into it.*)

BONIFACE. Give it to me! Give me that key!

ANGELIQUE. I won't.

BONIFACE. (*Going up to her again.*) You will!

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