

ENSEMBLE SIDE 1

CONDUCTOR & PORTER

LAWRENCE

ever knew people like you existed. You are genuine, sincere...

CHRISTINE

(shyly)

Thank you.

(then)

Anyway, what about you? You gave up your education; you spend your whole life helping people.

LAWRENCE

Believe me, I'm no saint.

CHRISTINE

(smiles a little)

Is it okay if I believe you are?

LAWRENCE

That would be nice.

**START (Read Conductor & Porter
as one character)**

Madame, your ticket —

CONDUCTOR

CHRISTINE

Oh. I'm sorry, of course...

#18 – Love Sneaks In

(She moves to her luggage, on top of which sits her purse. The PORTER approaches LAWRENCE.)

PORTER

You are not going with the lady?

LAWRENCE

No. She's just a friend.

PORTER

Are you certain? She seems a bit moonstruck.

(He moves off. Through the following, LAWRENCE watches CHRISTINE, as she gives the CONDUCTOR her ticket, perhaps buys a newspaper, is approached by a flower seller and buys a carnation.)

LAWRENCE

LOVE SNEAKS IN WHILE EVERYTHING SEEMS QUIET
SETS THE BAIT AND LIES IN WAIT FOR YOU BUY IT

(LAWRENCE)

YOUR FAMOUS SELF-POSSESSION'S VANISHED FROM YOUR REPERTOIRE
THIS IS WHAT CAN HAPPEN WHEN YOU LEAVE THE DOOR AJAR.

AND LOVE SNEAKS IN AND WHISPERS TO YOU SWEETLY
SILLY WORDS THAT CHANGE YOUR LIFE COMPLETELY.

YOU'RE FUMBLING IN THE DARK
THE MASTER'S NOW THE MARK
YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK
IF LOVE SNEAKS IN ON YOU.

(The music concludes under as CHRISTINE returns to LAWRENCE.)

CONDUCTOR

Mesdames et messieurs, en voiture.

END

LAWRENCE

Goodbye, my dear.

(She takes the flower and puts it in his lapel.)

What's this?

CHRISTINE

You're a wonderful man, Dr. Shüffhausen.

LAWRENCE

No.

(They look at each other, almost start to move together to kiss, stop.)

CHRISTINE

I'm sorry.

(She exits onto the train. LAWRENCE watches her go. A moment, then:)

LAWRENCE

THE PLAYER HAS BEEN NICELY PLAYED
THE MOCKER'S NOW THE MOKED
THAT'S WHAT TENDS TO HAPPEN WHEN YOU LEAVE YOURSELF
UNLOCKED.

THEN LOVE SNEAKS THROUGH THE USUAL DEFENSES
THE SIGHS AND SMIRKS AND STALE OLD PRETENSES

WHAT'S GONE, WHAT YOU WERE
WHAT'S LEFT IS ALL A BLUR

ENSEMBLE SIDE 2

HOTEL MANAGER

ACT ONE

Scene Eight

(The Hotel set now moves on. ANDRE stands behind two easy chairs where two men sit reading newspapers which obscure their faces. JOLENE moves to the HOTEL MANAGER desk. She slaps down her credit card.)

JOLENE

Here! Keep the card. Call me a cab, I'll wait outside. You didn't see me. Nobody saw me. I've never been to Europe, compendo? You all are peculiar!

(JOLENE tosses her suitcase to a HOTEL BOY and exits. The newspapers are now lowered to reveal LAWRENCE and FRANK BOY in the easy chairs. They smile and toast each other with champagne. ANDRE moves to the HOTEL MANAGER beside the front desk.)

ANDRE

And as the pigeons say farewell to Beaumont sur Mer — a new flock comes home to roost.

(The HOTEL MANAGER hands him a dossier.)

START (Read Hotel Manager)

HOTEL MANAGER

Miss Christine Colgate of Cincinnati, Ohio.

ANDRE

Age?

HOTEL MANAGER

Twenty-nine.

ANDRE

Married?

HOTEL MANAGER

Never.

ANDRE

Money?

HOTEL MANAGER

They call her The American Soap Queen.

ANDRE

Please extend Her Highness every possible courtesy of your grand hotel.

HOTEL MANAGER

Of course.

END

RENEE

(WOMEN ONLY)

ACT ONE

Scene Two

(The club car of a train from Zurich. The ORCHESTRA is playing a bright, jolly Porter type tune underneath. A very attractive French woman in her thirties – RENEE – sits at a table. As the CONDUCTOR passes through:)

CONDUCTOR

Beaumont sur Mer, quinze minutes. Mesdames et messieurs, quinze minutes a Beaumont sur Mer.

(The CONDUCTOR exits. LAWRENCE is settling in, when the door bursts open and FREDDY BENSON enters. Thirty, American and attractive in a cheap linen jacket and t-shirt. He plops himself in the empty seat between LAWRENCE and RENEE.)

FREDDY

Excuse me.

(He smiles politely to RENEE, pulls out a well-worn bible and begins to read. The WAITER approaches with a menu.)

WAITER

Monsieur –

FREDDY

(eyes on the bible)

One second please.

(He continues to read another moment, comes to the end of a passage and looks up at the WAITER.)

That Judas. What a character, huh?

(takes menu)

Thanks, I'm starving.

(scans prices)

Whoa! Is this to rent or to buy?

(hands back menu)

I'll just have a napkin, please.

WAITER

One napkin.

(The WAITER moves off. FREDDY reaches into his bag, pulls out a large raw beet, dusts it off, takes a bite.)

START (Read Renee)

RENEE

The food here is very good.

FREDDY

I'm sure it is. But I had such a big breakfast –
(suddenly seizes up and moans)

RENEE

Are you all right?

FREDDY

Hunger pains; they'll pass.

RENEE

You must eat something.

FREDDY

To be honest with you I never was very good with money. I just seem to take whatever salary the Red Cross pays me and donate it right back to them. At this rate Grandma will never get her operation.

RENEE

Your grandmere, she is ill?

FREDDY

No, she just tips over sometimes. I can't wait to see her face Christmas morning when she wakes up and finds that new hip under the tree.

RENEE

(opening her purse)

You must let me help.

FREDDY

Oh, no, I couldn't.

RENEE

Nonsense. Waiter, bring this gentleman the specialty du jour.

(FREDDY takes Renee's hands in his, looks her in the eyes and leans in sincerely.)

FREDDY

Thank you. Gosh, I never knew angels had such beautiful breasts.

RENEE

Well...

(Suddenly a very large MAN enters.)

MAN

Renee?

RENEE

Oui, ici, Gerard.

(to FREDDY)

This is my husband Gerard. And you are?

(FREDDY stands to introduce himself to this rather imposing husband.)

FREDDY

Father Peter O'Malley.

RENEE

Excuse us, mon Père.

FREDDY

(as they go)

See you in church.

(They exit. FREDDY **END** shrugs philosophically, sits, puts aside the Bible, pulls out a Mad Magazine, removes a bookmark from it and begins to read. LAWRENCE has, of course, been observing all this throughout, now leans in to FREDDY.)

LAWRENCE

My condolences to your grandmother.

(FREDDY looks up)

Yes said she tends to tip over.

FREDDY

Only when she's loaded.

LAWRENCE

...Oh. I see.

FREDDY

Uh-huh.

LAWRENCE

Rather a dirty trick, isn't it?

FREDDY

Just giving the people what they want.

LAWRENCE

Which is?

FREDDY

Beautiful woman like that, how often does she get to feel all good and charitable about herself? And what did it cost her? Looka this — she gave me twenty bucks.