Ozzy is British

12

PERCY

Yes. And her seal., Dewhurst- go into my library. Write across this note: "Thank you for your help." Write it in French- and sign it with Chauvelin's name. Then have the butler deliver it to my wife. Please. Dear friction. Do as I ask. You suggest my wife is a French... spy. When she discovers this note, you'll see how wrong you are.. won't you?

(DEWHURST exits as MARGUERITE begins to dance with OZZY.)

START

MARGUERITE

Percy, do come dance with us!

PERCY

In a moment, m'dear.

OZZY

Oh, stuff, Lady Blakeney! Why would you want him when you've got me?

MARGUERITE

I must be stricken with some disease, Sir Osbert.. For I do so deeply... want him.

OZZY

Poppycock. Let's hope by tomorrow you've come to your senses.

(All the wedding guests dance. As the dance ends, DEWHURST reenters and JESSUP, the butler, enters and hands the note to MARGUERITE.)

JESSUP

Your ladyship.

OZZY

Heigh-Ho! Time to go then! This is no doubt a note from the impatient groom: "Do dispense with these pesky guests *now*, my angel- the night *awaits* us!"

(MARGUERITE reads the note, then places it in her bodice.)

MARGUERITE

No, no. Tis a note from an old friend. Wishing me well on my marriage.

ARMAND

From Suzanne De Tournay?

MARGUERITE

Yes- it's...from Suzanne.

PERCY

No...

Oh, Percy, dear God, I am so sorry...

OZZY

We, too, wish you well on your marriage, my dear. All the joy and blessings you both deserve, what? Goodnight, Percy!

<u>No. 4b</u>

WEDDING EXIT

(orchestra)

GUESTS

Beautiful wedding! Welcome to England, Lady Blakeney. A lovely day! All the best, Parcy. Goodnight, Armand! etc.

(The wedding guests exit leaving PERCY and MARGUERITY alone.)

MARGUERITE

Percy? Are you unwell?

PERCY

No. Simply.. tired. All that... dancing, I suspect.

MARGUERITE

Oh but..- you are angry with me? I'm sorry, Percy. I thought it would please you that I dance with your friends- but no. I should not have carried on so when they hardly know me, What must they think?

PERCY

No, no, m'dear. Sink me, I think you've von al their hearts. You are...such a demned remarkable.. actress.

MARGUERTE

But I- wasn't *acting*, Percy. I was only happy. Oh, Percy do smile at me. Don't be the formidable Englishman. Why- you look just as you did on the night we met.

PERCY

Yes. Such a... short time age. And you pegged me as a sNy ass on the spot. N'est ce pas?

MARGUERITE

No, Percy, I- ...I only tease you sometimes for being English- You know how we laugh... you and I-...I think, we are *both* perhaps a bit tired and...not quite ourselves? Shall we go ... inside, then?

PERCY

Indeed- just the thing. Gad, you must be simply exhausted, twirlin' about in that costume all day. Yes, you go to bed now.

MARGUERITE

Yes, all right, but- ... You will join me soon, Percy? We have been waiting all this spring.. for tonight.

PLEASE READ ALL ROLES THAT AREN'T PERCY AS ONE CHARACTER	SCENE ELEVEN Blakeney Estate: The Library
(As the lights outrageous ou	come up, PERCY stands in his library, wearing an utfit. JESSUP enters.)
Sir- The gentlemen have b	X
Send them in.	PERCY
JESSUP exits BEN enter, we	s. DEWHURST, OZZY, ELTON, FARLEIGH, HAL AND earing equally outrageous outfits.)
	DEWHURST
Percy, really now- there is a	a /////l.
Patience, lads. There's a r	method to my madness.
But <u>tis</u> madness! Spies and	DEWHURST d cutthroats surround us and we play <i>dress-ups</i> ?
	PERCY
Precisely.	\bigcirc
Percy! I <i>demand</i> to know w the footman giggled- right	FARLEIGH vhy I'm forced into this get-up! Upon leaving my house, in my <i>face</i> !
Well, I think it's rather nice	ELTON e for a change. Quitesummery.
-	PERCY
Elton, sometimes you frigl a while yet, boys. Despera summoned to the palace.	hten me <i>But-</i> we shall all continue to look " <i>summery</i> " for ate times call for desperate measures, what? We've been
	BEN
The palace?	
	FARLEIGH
By the prince?	

PERCY

Yes. He has his suspicions. If he finds us out, he'll shut us down straightaway. British-French relations are tenuous enough these days without rabble rousers runnin' about.

HAL

Is that what he calls us? Rabble Rousers?

END

PERCY

That is how he refers to "the Pimpernel and his men," whomever they might be. But he'll never think it's *us*, will he? Naturally not, for the mere mention of that scoundrel makes us...

ALL

..Swoon?

PERCY

ndeed! Such ruffians besmirch the very name of manhood. Nay, tis our duty as males not to rush to the battle, but to the tailor!

<u>No. 12</u>	THE CREATION OF MAN
	(Percy, Ozzy Dewhurst, Elton, Farleigh, Hal & Ben)
Percy:	PEACOCKS!
Elton:	SINK ME!
Percy:	THINK YE, SIR,
	HOW THOSE FEATHERED BOYS
	LOVE TO FLAUNT THEIR TAILS!
	STALLIONS!
Farleigh:	ZOUNDS, SIR!
Percy:	HOUNDS, SIR! STAGS!
Dewhurst:	OF THE GOOSIE AND THE GANDER, SIR,
	WHICH GENDER IS THE GRANDER, SIR?
Percy:	TO RENDER TOTAL CANDOR, SIR:
	THE SPLENDOR IS THE MALE'S!
	OZZY
But Percy, I	simply can <i>not</i> hop about wearin' pink chiffon.

PERCY

Ozzy, whatever we *must* do to deflect suspicion, we *shall* do- which in this case is.. to *shimmer*!



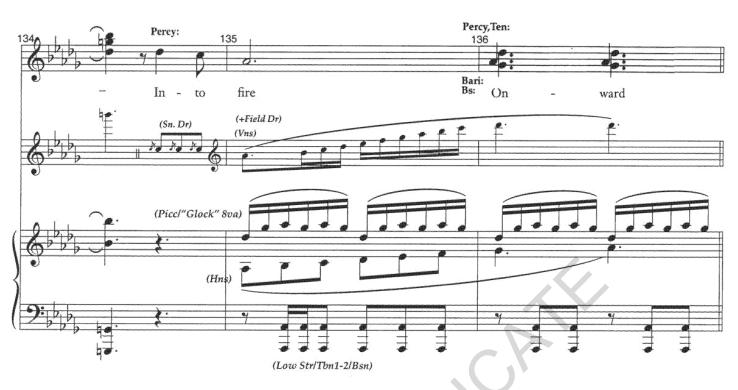
(Vc/Bs)



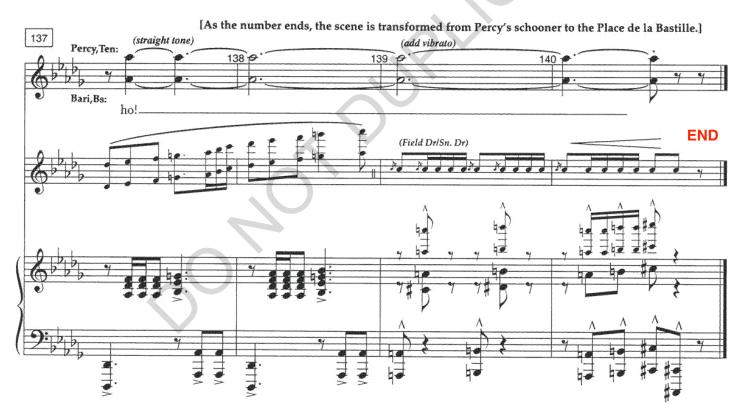
P/C



"Into The Fire"



-83-



Applause segue