

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 Chauvelliin's name. Then have the butler deliver it to my wife. Please. Dear friend. Do as I ask. You suggest my wife is a French... spy. When she disavows 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 re-enters 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...

DEWHURST

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!

END

No. 4bWEDDING EXIT

(orchestra)

GUESTS

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

*(The wedding guests exit leaving PERCY and MARGUERITE 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 won all their hearts. You are...such a demned remarkable.. actress.

MARGUERITE

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 ago. And you pegged me as a silly 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 come up, PERCY stands in his library, wearing an outrageous outfit. JESSUP enters.)*

JESSUP

Sir- The gentlemen have been readied.

PERCY

Send them in.

*(JESSUP exits. DEWHURST, OZZY, ELTON, FARLEIGH, HAL AND BEN enter, wearing equally outrageous outfits.)*

START

DEWHURST

Percy, really now- there *is* a *limit*.

PERCY

Patience, lads. There's a method to my madness.

DEWHURST

But *tis* madness! Spies and cutthroats surround us and we play *dress-ups*?

PERCY

Precisely.

FARLEIGH

Percy! I *demand* to know why I'm forced into this get-up! Upon leaving my house, the footman *giggled*- right in my *face*!

ELTON

Well, I think it's rather nice for a change. Quite..summery.

PERCY

Elton, sometimes you frighten me...*But*- we shall all continue to look "*summery*" for a while yet, boys. Desperate times call for desperate measures, what? We've been summoned to the palace.

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*?

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?

**END**

PERCY

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

No. 12

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 *not* hop about wearin' pink chiffon.

PERCY

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

**SONG - INTO THE FIRE**

112 113 114

[Lightning & Thunder — Men turn and put on their disguises. When they whirl about in unison, they have been transformed into a motley group of French townspeople.]

**When it splits, choose the vocal part that best suits your voice**

**START**

115 116 117 118

ALL: Percy, T.,B,

Some- one

(Str)

(+Rds)

(+Tpts)

(Hns/Tbns/Bsn)

(VclBs)

119 has to face the val - ley, rush in and ral - ly And win, boys! \_\_\_\_\_

T1/T2, Bari, Bs: 120 121 Ten: Percy: Ten:

has to face the val-ley! Rush in! We have to ral-ly And win, \_\_\_\_\_ boys! \_\_\_\_\_ When the

(Rds in Svcs/Hns/Tpts)

(Vn/Vlal"Str")

(Low Strl/Tbns/Bsn)

By God, you know you've got to March on, \_\_\_\_\_ boys!

123 124 125 126 Percy:

world is say-ing not to, By God, you know you've got to March on, \_\_\_\_\_ boys! Nev-er

T1/Percy, T2/Bari, Bs:

(Tpt1)

(Tpt2)

(Hns)

("Pno")

127 [France!] 128 129 130 All:

hold back your step for a mo- ment! Look a - live! Oh, your cour- age will grow! Yes, it's

*tr*

(Picc, Fl tr/Vns 8va)

("Pno"/Ob)

(Hns/Tbns)

(Hns/Tbns)

131 132 133 T1/T2,B1/B2 (~Percy) T1,T2/Bari/Bs:

high - er and high - er And in - to the fire we go

(Picc)

(Vns)

(Vns)

(Brs)

(Hns/Brs)

("Pno")

(Vcl/Bs)

*ff*  
(Timp)

9

134 Percy: 135 Percy, Ten: 136

In - to fire Bari: Bs: On - ward

(Sn. Dr) (+Field Dr) (Vns)

(Piccl/"Glock" 8va)

(Hns)

(Low Str/Tbn1-2/Bsn)

[As the number ends, the scene is transformed from Percy's schooner to the Place de la Bastille.]

137 Percy, Ten: (straight tone) 138 139 (add vibrato) 140

Bari, Bs: ho!

(Field Dr/Sn. Dr) **END**

Applause segue