

SCENE TWO**A Footbridge in the garden near the Ballroom**

(*Marguerite paces on the Footbridge. Percy enters from behind, careful to never let her see him.*)

START

PERCY

Lady Blakeney? No... Stay as you are.. If you turn and look on me, you will endanger the lives of those you love.

MARGUERITE

...You are the Pimpernel?

PERCY

I am. You asked to meet with me?

MARGUERITE

Yes, I- No. No- go. And *quickly*. Is it one o'clock yet?

PERCY

We have some time. But did you not promise Chauvelin that I *would* be here at one?

MARGUERITE

Yes, but-

PERCY

Then we don't want to disappoint him, do we?

MARGUERITE

Do you know.. my brother? Armand St. Just? I've heard he is one of your band.

PERCY

And?

MARGUERITE

They've arrested him. Oh God, I would never have done this for Chauvelin—only he made it a condition of releasing my brother. They'll *kill* him.

PERCY

They *won't* kill him. They'll.. *question* him..

MARGUERITE

But Chauvelin told me-

PERCY

Don't *trust* Chauvelin. (*A beat*) This is not the first time you've done dirty work for Chauvelin, is it?

MARGUERITE

No. He has forced my hand before. Please- *go*. He'll be here any moment.

PERCY

How has he forced your hand?

MARGUERITE

He threatened to tell Percy- my husband- certain things about my past, but-

PERCY

Such as?

MARGUERITE

Dieu, they seem so petty now, compared to-

PERCY

Tell me.

MARGUERITE

In France, I lived as a... free woman. You understand? I met Chauvelin the day we stormed the Bastille. He became my lover. It was brief- it was.. mad. But it happened. This spring, when Percy and I were about to be married, Chauvelin came to me: "How would you like your husband to know what sort of woman you are?"

PERCY

And... would your husband have left you if he knew about.. your past?

MARGUERITE

I was so afraid he *would*. But if he knew *now* I doubt he'd care one way or the other.

PERCY

Go on..

MARGUERITE

Chauvelin promised silence if I found out where the English had hidden away the Marquis de St. Cyr. But Chauvelin *lied*. He promised not to kill St. Cyr. He's killed so often now- he won't hesitate with Armand. *Can* you save my brother? If you cannot, then somehow I will. Clearly, I'm beyond scruples.

PERCY

You would never be so foolish as to sail to France *alone*?

MARGUERITE

Armand is my *brother*-

PERCY

Do you think I would *ever* let harm come to that boy? (*Recovering his composure.*) Lady Blakeney, I will save Armand.

MARGUERITE

Oh, if you *can*- yes! But leave now- *Please*, before Chauvelin comes- save yourself, dear sir. *Go*.

PERCY

That decision is mine. But *you* must go now. *Go*-...and find your husband...

(MARGUERITE turns to leave.)

PERCY

You're-.. wrong, you know. I believe the poor sot loves you..

(MARGUERITE exits.)

END

No. 16

SHE WAS THERE

(Percy)

(Percy)

~~SO MANY NIGHTS I HAVE STOOD IN THE MOONLIGHT,
WATCHING IT FADE INTO DAWN,
WANTING HER BACK WITH ME, WARM IN THE MOONLIGHT,
KNOWING THAT MOMENT WAS GONE-
OUT OF MIND, OUT OF SIGHT-
TILL THE MOON ROSE.. TONIGHT..~~

No. 15aOUILLES GAVOTTE (orchestra)*(Music for The Gavotte begins under.)***START**

PERCY

Marguerite? Will you...dance?

MARGUERITE

Oh, Percy - I don't know what to do. I -

PERCY

I see. You've promised this dance to someone else.

(PERCY turns away.)

MARGUERITE

No - Don't go. Always you leave, you put me off -

PERCY

Ah, but that gives you all the more time to spend with your other ... friends.

MARGUERITE

Stop it. Percy. Oh God, what have I *done* that you should *hate* me so?

PERCY

And what have I done that you should turn and live another life behind my back?!

MARGUERITE

Oh, I don't know what to say to you anymore!

PERCY

Then say nothing, my dear. Simply dance.

END*(PERCY and MARGUERITE dance. Partners change and MARGUERITE dances with CHAUVELIN.)*

CHAUVELIN

Marguerite, you know a man by the name of Farleigh? And another who goes by the name of "Izzy" or "Ozzy"?

MARGUERITE

Why?

MARGUERITE

~~Blackmail again, Chauvelin? Go ahead. Tell my husband about our "liaison."
Believe me, what he feels for me today will never change, no matter what you do!~~

~~(PERCY enters)~~

~~PERCY~~

~~Marguerite? It seems that tomorrow Marie will be leaving us...~~

~~(seeing CHAUVELIN)~~

~~but lovely to see that.. others.. join us.~~

START

MARGUERITE

Percy, you remember Citizen Chauvelin- from Paris?

PERCY

How do. Indeed- the *Citizen*! Oh, but that *name*. Citizen Sh- uh-.. Shew-.. Forgive me- Have a bit of trouble with the French language, I do. Spell the name for me, will you?

CHAUVELIN

C-H-A-U-

PERCY

C-H-U- yes- Chew- Ah-choo! Yes?

CHAUVELIN

No, no- Show- Show- A-U-V-

PERCY

Ah, Sho-Sho! Like a little dog name! Got it, yes- and V-?

CHAUVELIN

Yes, V- E - No- only *one* Show- just *one*- Show! V-E-L-

PERCY

One-Sho-Sho- yes, then V-

CHAUVELIN

One Show! Then V! E! L!

PERCY

Ah, Vel! So - Chew-One-Sho-Sho-Vel!

CHAUVELIN

What?!

PERCY

What?!

MARGUERITE

Honestly, Percy. *Chauvelin*. C-H-A-U-V-E-L-I-N.

PERCY

Ah yes- *Shove-Lynn*! That's a stunning name! Won't you come in and have a sip of tea with us then, Monsieur Shovelynn? Bit sticky out here, isn't it?

MARGUERITE

He was just leaving.

END

PERCY

Oh, blast. And me yearning to discuss a bit of Paris fashion. Tell me, is it true you're no longer wearing lace on your jabots?

CHAUVELIN

We have little time or use for lace in Paris these days, Sir Percival.

PERCY

Sink me! Makes a man fear for the future- Oh, it do, don't it? No lace at all? Oh good God!

CHAUVELIN

How reassuring, Marguerite, to see you've married a man of such discerning values. And now I'll take my leave of you.

(As CHAUVELIN kisses Marguerite's hand, PERCY crosses in behind him.)

PERCY

But you'll be staying on in England, I do so hope. Small *holiday* for you, is it?

MARGUERITE

I'm sure Citizen Chauvelin returns to France immediately. He has *no* reason to remain here.

CHAUVELIN

Actually-

(CHAUVELIN turns, almost colliding with PERCY.)

PERCY

Oh! Give *warning* before you heave about - You *frightened* me. It's.... all that black so close up. You wear black rather incessantly, do you? No, no, I *love* black. Just not on *me*. But you were saying?

CHAUVELIN

I'll be in England one week, Sir Percy. Actually, I've been invited to attend a royal ball. The

ARMAND

No. I have not slept, I have not eaten- They have *tortured* me-

MARGUERITE

No-

ARMAND

-but I will never betray the Scarlet Pimpernel. Nor will *you*, Marguerite! Do you hear me? A finer man never lived. I *love* this man- who is worth *ten* of you, *you pig!*

(*ARMAND lunges at CHAUVELIN. CHAUVELIN pushes him to the floor. MARGUERITE tries to slap CHAUVELIN, but he grabs her arm.*)

CHAUVELIN

I would say, Marguerite, that you will live to regret that. Alas.... You will *not* live. Prepare them for execution.

GRAPPIN

No- Let me take them, Citizen, and we have done with it *now*. Two quick cuts.

CHAUVELIN

No. (To MARGUERITE:) You are a *stubborn fool!* Think what you might have had here with me in France, in your *own country*. Instead you die as a traitor, and *quite alone*.

MARGUERITE

No, Chauvelin. It is *you* who are alone.

(*COUPEAU and MERCIER exit with MARGUERITE and ARMAND. PERCY, as GRAPPIN, starts to follow them.*)

START

CHAUVELIN

Grappin! You-..stay.

GRAPPIN

You are wrong to put them in *prison*. The Pimpernel-

CHAUVELIN

Yes- the *Pimpernel*. My sources- they say he's in Paris. And what do you know about this *ring*? It bears the crest of the flower?

GRAPPIN

..Yes. And the fool ..never takes it off.

CHAUVELIN

And apparently he carries Swiss papers. Every soldier in *Paris* must know the Pimpernel bears these papers and- this *ring*!

GRAPPIN

But the brother and sister- let me take them *now* before-

CHAUVELIN

No! Grappin, you.. do not *kill* your bait until your mouse.. steps into the trap. Let it be widely known that the St. Justs are to die. Spread it through Paris!

GRAPPIN

The ... guillotine then?

CHAUVELIN

Yes. But... *not* in Paris. No, the Pimpernel's tactics work too well within the crowded streets... Another guillotine. Elsewhere...

GRAPPIN

Why not the seacoast? Guillotines line the French coast. The Pimpernel- he must use a secret harbour. If we could find a way..

CHAUVELIN

...-for the boy to lead us to their harbour... If the boy were to.. *escape*..

GRAPPIN

If he were to receive a flowered note from the Pimpernel...

CHAUVELIN

Instructing him to go to their harbour- yes! If only we could do it in the Pimpernel's hand... How are you at forgery, Grappin?

GRAPPIN

This one, I think I could manage.

CHAUVELIN

Excellent! We go to the seacoast then.. where we kill *all* the pretty birds with one stone!

GRAPPIN

But you no longer have need of the *woman*- Let me take her *now*-

CHAUVELIN

Out of here, Grappin! Do as I've told you!

(GRAPPIN exits.)

END

No. 19

REPRISE: WHERE IS THE GIRL (Chauvelin)

(Chauvelin)

I REMEMBER DAYS FULL OF RESTLESSNESS AND FURY..
I REMEMBER NIGHTS THAT WERE DRUNK ON DREAMS..
I REMEMBER SOMEONE WHO HUNGERED FOR THE GLORY..
I REMEMBER HER...

(As CHAUVELIN sings, the scene is transformed to the street.)

LET HER GO!
LET HER LIVE, LET HER DIE ON HER OWN!
WE ARE ALL OF US BRUISED AND ALONE.
NOW WE BOTH WILL HAVE NOTHING TO HOLD!
LET HER KNOW!
HURL IT INTO HER RENEGADE HEART
THAT THE BEST OF OUR DREAMS FELL APART!
AND THE DARK..OF THE MORNING...GROWS COLD..

(CHAUVELIN runs off—music immediately segues.)

No. 19a

INTO THE BATCAVE (orchestra)

START

33 on a kiss, And on-ly fools be-lieve in bliss. Oh

34 35 36

(Fl/Vn1) (Chinese Cym)

(Clar.) (+Bs Dr roll)

cresc.

37 yes! God knows, I am a fool, A man de-lud-ed by his wife, A

38

(Str in 8vasi "Str")

pp tr p tr

(Rds) (+Hns/Brs) f

39 fi-gure ripe for ri-di-cule, Who's lived a vain and use-less life. So

40

(Chinese Cym)

(Bs Dr)

mp mf rit.

41

42

be it then! I'll play that game! I do not give a tink-er's damn! I'll

(Str in 8vas/"Str")

tr

tr

mp

mf

(Rds + 8vb)

(Hns/Brsl/"Pno"/"Str")

(Vcl/Bs)

43

44

45

be a fool— it's all the same. It tru-ly does-n't mat-ter what I am! God,

(+Sus Cym roll)

rit.

(+Timp)

46

47

48

49

no! I'm bro-ken,— but I'm still a- live. And

(Tpt1)

(+Cym. roll)

(Vns/Tpt2/Hns 15ma)

(Vls 8vb)

(Kbds)

f

rall.

(Bsn/Tbns/Vcl/Bs)

(+Timp)

51 52 53

slow - ly, I will feel my soul re - vive. With

(Tpt1/Vns+8va)
(Tpt2/Hns)
(Fl "Pno")
(Rds "Pno")
(Bsn/Tbns/VclBs)

54 55 56

time, I'll find a way to right this

(Str) *mp* (Eng. Hn) *mp* (Cl)

("Pno") *mp*
(Bsn/VclBs)

57 58 59

wrong, If it takes my whole life long. Lord, I'll fight my

(Vns.Rds) (E.H.) (Vla)

60 61 62

bat - tles all a - lone, But make me strong.

(+Hns/Tpts)

(Timp)

(+Tbns)

63 [Continue On Cue]

64 65 66 67

(Orch. Chimes)

(Bass Dr)

(Str/Rds) (Tpts)

(Hns)

(Low Str/Tbns) (+Timp)

ff

sub. p

(Str trem)

END

Applause Segue

PERCY SONG 2

15 *Percy:* 16 17

gen-der is the grand-er, Sir? To ren-der to-tal can-dor, Sir, the splen-dor is the male's!

(Fl/Ob/Cl)

18 19 20 21 22 *Vamp*

Cue to continue: Percy:
 "...in this case is...to shimmer!"

(WWs-1st x only)
 (Hns/Brs-1st x only)

(Hns/ Tpts/Tbn2/
 Pnof Str)

START

(+C.Bsn/Bs 8vb)

23 *Percy:* 24 25 26

Be an ex - am - ple to your sex. Give your boot a dap - per

(Tpts1-St. mutes)

(Pnof/Str)
 (Tbn1-Euph)
 (+C.Bsn/Bs 8vb)

27 28 29 30

strap. And it's smart-er if your gart-er has some snap! Cra-

(Hrn1) (Fl/Ob) (Pizz Str) (+Slapstick) (Euph)

31 32 33 34

vats should be flounced a-bout our necks. Wear a night-cap when you

(Cl) (Ob) (Hns/Pno/Str) (C.Bsn loco)

35 36 37 38

nap. Be be - witch - ing with some stitch - ing on your cap! Now

(Fl/Cl) (Fl) (Ob) (Cl) (Fl/Ob)

39 40 41 42

drape your cape and puff your cuff! Em - broid - er those la - pels! Be the

(Tbn/Euph)

sfz *sfz* *sfz*

(Hns/Tpt1-2/Pno/Str)

(Str)

43 44 45 46

king of the beasts in pas - tels! La, but

(Ob) (+Fl 8va)

(Pno/Str)

(Euph)

(Euph/Tbn2) (+Hns/Tpts)

47 48 49

some - one has to strike a pose, And bear the weight of

(Str)

(Hns/Tpt1-2/Pno)

(Euph)

50 well - tail - ored clothes! And 51 that is why the 52 Lord cre - a - ted

(Ob/Cl/Pno/Str)
(Ob/Cl/Str)
(+Bsn/Pno)

53 men. [Dialogue] 54 55 56

END

(Fl/Ob/Cl/Tpt1)
(Pno/Str)
(Bsn/Pno/Vc/Bs)
tr

57 58 59 60

(Cl/Pno/Str)
(Euph)
tr