

PS 3515

.014 B8

1924

Copy 1





Class PS 3515

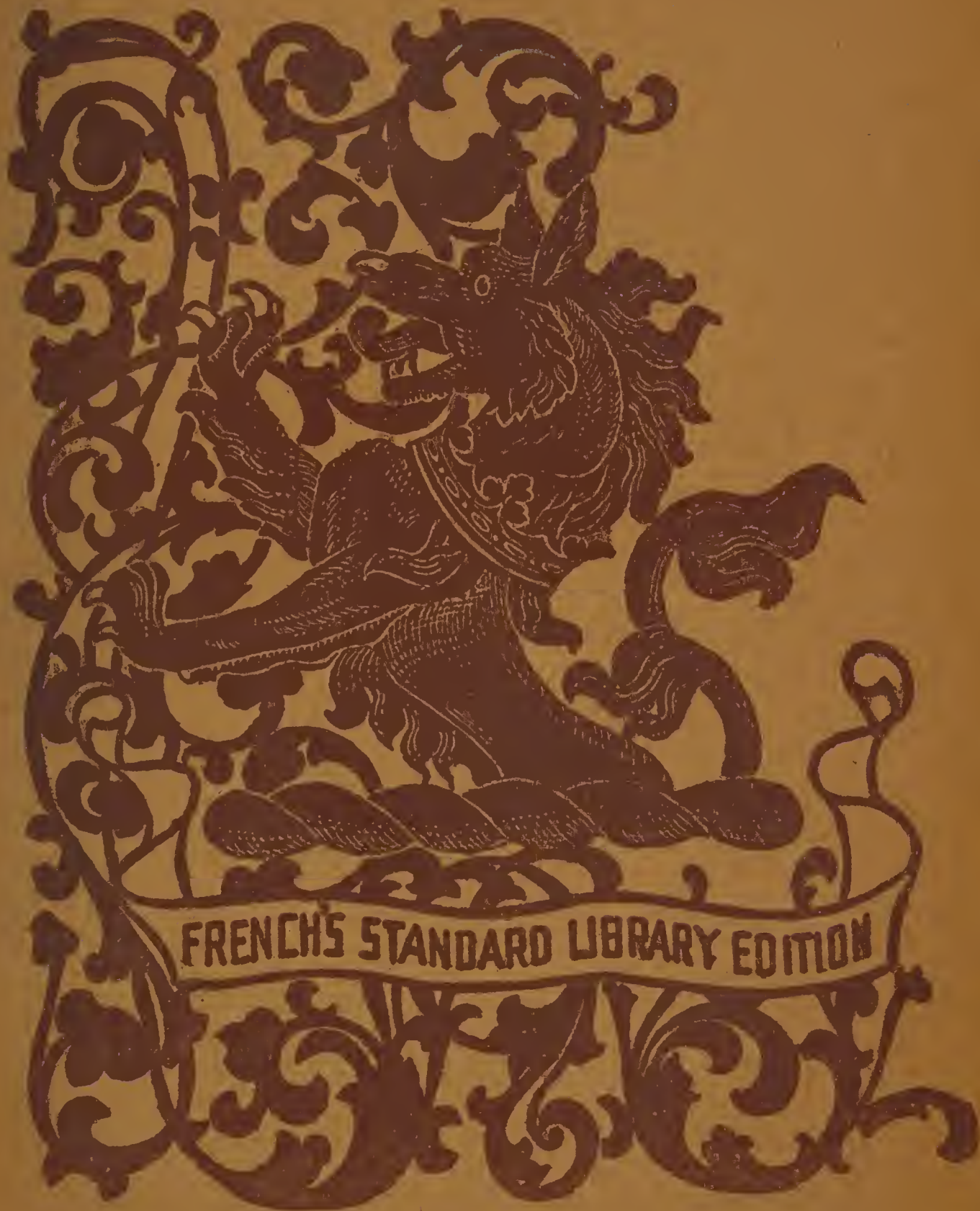
Book .G14B8

Copyright N^o 1924

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

BUDDIES

By GEO. V. HOBART



SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

Pollyanna

The glad play, by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, after the novel by Eleanor H. Porter. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. An orphan girl is thrust into the home of a maiden aunt. In spite of the trials that beset her, she manages to find something to be glad about, and brings light into sunless lives. Finally Pollyanna straightens out the love affairs of her elders, and finds happiness for herself in Jimmy. "Pollyanna" gives a better appreciation of people and the world. It reflects the humor and humanity that gave the story such wonderful popularity among young and old.

Produced in New York, and for two seasons on tour. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

Martha By-the-Day

An optimistic comedy in 3 acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. 3 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over tomorrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her successful book for the stage and has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Royalty, \$25. Price, 60 cents.

Seventeen

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts, by Booth Tarkington. 8 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease.

In his heart William knows all the tortures and delights of love. But he is still sent by his mother on errands of the most humiliating sort and depends on his father for every nickel, the use of which he must justify before he gets it.

"Silly" Bill fell in love with Lola, the "Baby-Talk Lady," a vapid little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and of her) he steals his father's evening clothes. When his wooings become a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother steals them back, and has them let out to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home.

But when it comes to the "Baby-Talk Lady's" good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. Now William again gets the dress suit, and how he wears it at the party, and Genesis discloses the fact that the proud garment is in reality his father's makes up the story of the play.

"Seventeen" is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed
Free on Request

1

118
2076

“BUDDIES”

A COMEDY
IN THREE ACTS

BY ^{me}
GEORGE V. HOBART

Copyright, 1919, by George V. Hobart

Copyright, 1924, by Samuel French

All rights reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that “BUDDIES,” being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Great Britain, the Dominion of Canada and all countries subscribing to the Berne Convention, is subject to royalty, and anyone presenting the play without the consent of the owners or their authorized agents will be liable to the penalties by law provided. The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs, on application to Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
25 WEST 45TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

BUDDIES

5

ON TABLE:

- 7 Mess kits.
- 1 Sugar bowl.
- 1 Bottle of catsup.
- 4 Slices of bread on plate.
- 1 Large bowl of beans.
- 2 Large pots of hot coffee.

OFF STAGE:

- 2 Gun racks with 8 guns, and 8 belts and bayonet equipments.
- 1 Large cake, wrapped in brown paper, having come through the mail.
- 10 Letters, one in mourning envelope, having come through the mail.
- 2 Pair of boxing gloves.
 - Rag for cleaning gun, for SONNY.
 - Shaving brush and mug for BIFF.
 - Travelling bag for ALPHONSE.
 - Official letter for Orderly.
- 2 Trays with sliced bread.
- 1 Bread pan.

ACT II.

OFF STAGE:

- 1 Regulation army pistol.
- 2 Pots of steaming hot coffee. Letter for SONNY.

ON STAGE:

- 1 Wood bowl with potatoes and 2 knives on bench over L.
 - Remove the three pails of water and towels from bench left before ringing up on this act.

ACT III.

OFF STAGE:

- 1 Bunch of wild flowers for BABE.
- 1 Pair crystal slippers wrapped in brown paper.

ON STAGE:

- 2 Stools.
- 1 Three foot bench over left.
 - Several mess kits on the stairs.
 - Boxing gloves on the stairs.
 - Several coats, belts and guns hanging on the up-rights in the barn.
 - Writing paper and pencil for RUBE on stool over left.
 - Straw in the loft of the barn.

HAND PROPS.

FOR SONNY:

Red bandanna handkerchief, leather cigarette case, matches.

Small photo of LOUISE—he carries in pocket.

FOR BABE: Small sewing kit—he carries in pocket.

“ MME. B: Croix de guerre—she wears same.

“ BIFF: Whistle—he carries in pocket.

“ ALPH: Letter—he carries in pocket.

“ ORDER: Set of dice. Coins—he carries in pocket.

“ PETE: Coins, writing paper—he carries in pocket.

“ BUDDY: Small French dictionary—he carries in pocket.

BUDDIES

7

“BUDDIES”

ELECTRICAL PLOT. ACT I.

AT RISE:

Foots, white and amber, full up.

Borders, 1-2-3-4, white and amber, full up.

2—1,000 watt lamps, amber, R.3.

2—1,000 watt lamps, amber, full up, L.2.

3—1,000 watt lamps, amber, hanging, full up in 3
Amber strips in house and barn doors and house
window.

ACT II.

Same as Act One.

ACT III.

AT RISE:

Foots, white and amber, $\frac{1}{2}$ up. Blue full up.

1st border, white and amber, $\frac{1}{2}$ up. Blue full up.

(One circuit—each color)

2—1,000 watt lamps. Blue, in three right, full up.

2—1,000 watt lamps. Blue, in three left, full up.

3—1,000 watt lamps. Blue, in three hanging, full up.

1—1,000 watt lamp. Blue, spot lamp in window L.,
blue full up.

1 Barn lamp over door, left, to work out at cue with
foot.

AT CUE:

When BIFF turns down lamp:

White and amber in borders and foots out quickly
with lamp.

NUMBERS IN "BUDDIES"

- 1 Overture.
- 2 Incidental—Pierre motif—strings only.
- 3 "Italie."
- 4 "Please Learn to Love."
- 5 "The Wail of the Tale of the Long, Long Trail."
- 6 "Darling I."
- 7 "Italie."
- 8 Entre—act—refrain of (A) "Learn to Love."
(B) "Darling I."
- 9 "My Indispensable Girl."
- 10 "Fairy Tales."
- 11 Incidental—refrain—"Learn to Love."
- 12 Incidental—Pierre motif—strings only.
- 13 Incidental—Pierre motif—strings only, then
forte finale.
- 14 Entre—act—(A) "Fairy Tales."
(B) "Indispensable Girl."
- 15 "Twilight Song."
- 16 "Hullo Home."
- 17 Incidental—refrain—"Learn to Love."
- 18 "To Be Together Is the Main Thing."
- 19 Exit March—"Hullo Home."

LYRIC OF "ITALIE"

Elle est de l'Italie
 Ma mie, jolie,
 J'ai l'ame toute ravie,
 En voyant ses beaux yeux;
 Il dit, a la fillette,
 Fleurette, coquette,
 A Paris ma brunette,
 On s'epousera tous deux.

PATTER OF "LONG TRAIL."

Just now and then our fighting men
Will fall for some new strain,
The long, long trail has never failed,
As a soldier's march refrain.
As they carry their load down the shell torn road,
Which was never before so long,
All the world seems brighter and their packs
 grow lighter,
As they sing this long trail song.

There's a kind of charm about it when you hear
 the soldiers shout it,
In their rough and ready rhythm—makes you want
 to sing it with them,
For it needs a lot of matching and it's just about
 as catching
As a simple little song could ever be.
There's a sort of little wail to it, a tender sort of
 tale to it,
A sentiment that's part of you, and seems to grip
 the heart of you,
Shortens every mile of it, and makes a fellow smile
 a bit,
Exactly as the author must have planned, you
 understand ;
Nobody has stated where the trail is situated,
Specified how long it is for such a splendid song it is,
The trail could be nowhere at all and nobody would
 care at all
So long as there's a chorus as before,
Let the trail remain a mystery, the song is part of
 history,
The birds will all be singing, and the bells will all
 be ringing,
To the wail of the tale of the long, long trail.

SECOND VERSE OF "FAIRY TALES"

There is a world of fairy tales,
 Wherein we love to dwell,
 The people of that fairy land,
 Are such a fascinating band,
 Oh, sing of good Red Riding Hood,
 And how she was surprised,
 By Wolf so dread who lay in bed,
 Ah, Ah, as grandmama disguised.
 (Spoken) What large teeth you have, Grandmama.
 All the better to gobble you up with,
 my dear.

Grim and gory as a story ever could be,
 On the woodman we're depending,
 Mister Wolf assassinated as he should be,
 Gives the tale a happy ending.
 (Etc., etc., same as first verse.)

EXTRA VERSES—"TO BE TOGETHER IS
THE MAIN THING"

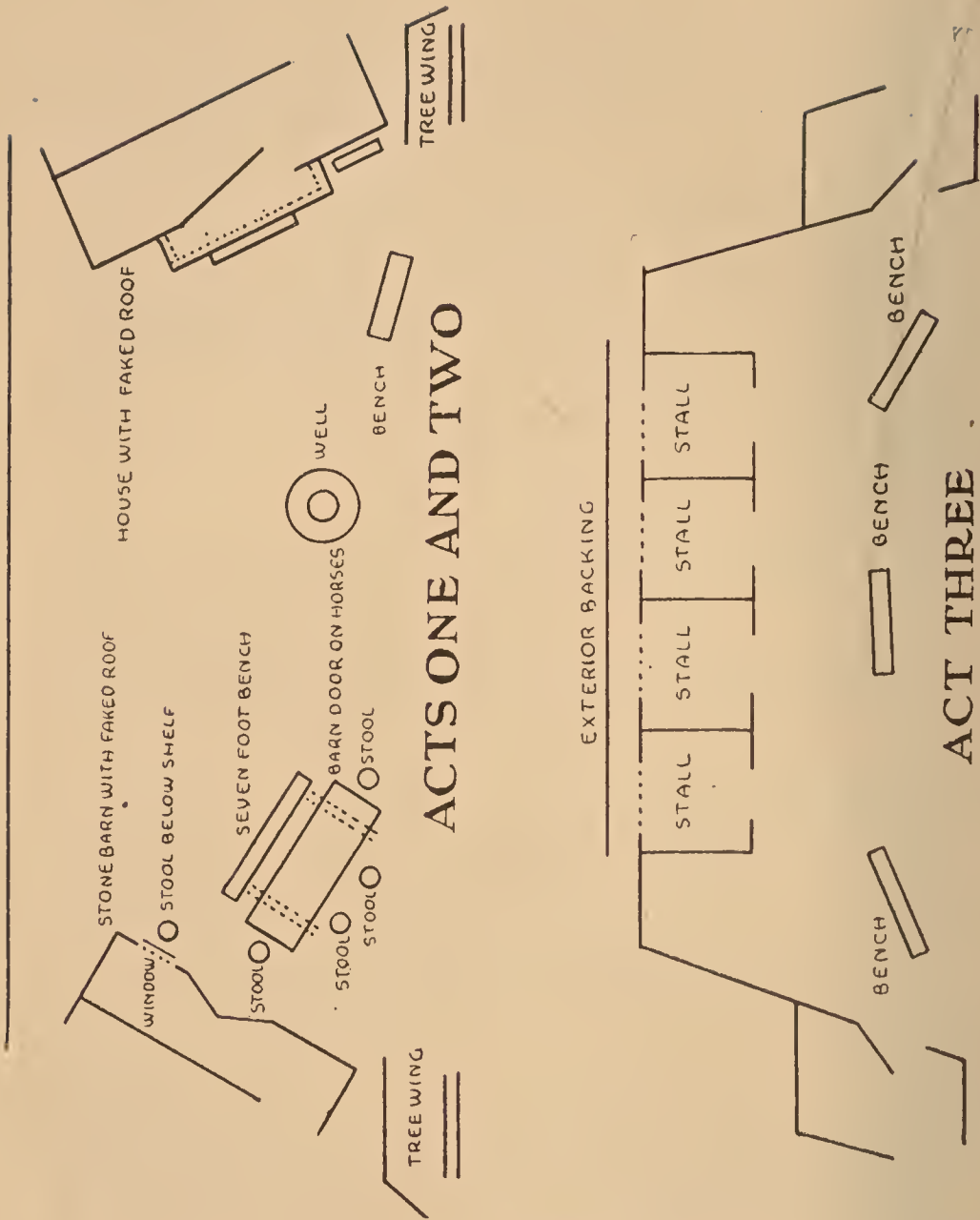
Like every patriotic cutie,
 Throughout the war you did your duty,
 Rolling bandages and such,
 Knitting sox to beat the Dutch,
 Those sox I never will forget.
 While fighting in the trenches all last summer.
 While marching in the fall and in the spring,
 I must have tried at least a dozen pair of six that
 you had knit me,
 But on the level dear not a single pair would fit me,
 Some were large and some were small,
 Some weren't even sox at all.
 You did your duty that's the thing,
 Mymm—mymm—mymm—mymm,
 I think we'll have an early spring.

So many girls that are good looking,
Neglect to take a course in cooking,
But you, I understand, have always hoped and
planned

On baking bread and everything,
Now darling, though I'm not a hero,
My praises nobody could sing,
If your biscuits are so solid as the library foundation,
I'm perfectly prepared for any feat of mastication
On the understanding you
Do your best to eat them, too.
To die together is the thing,
Mymm—mymm—mymm,
To die together is the thing.

SECOND PART OF SECOND VERSE OF
"INDISPENSABLE GIRL"

On my word, dear, it's absurd dear,
How I'm true dear, just to you dear,
No one shall steal you from my arms by force dear,
(LOUISE) You will be with me all the time dear?
Of course dear, all the while dear,
There's your smile dear, well defined dear,
In my mind dear,
When you're away you are, just what I say you are,
My indispensable girl.
(LOUISE) Please spell that. (SONNY) Spell it?
Bus. of spelling.
You're my indispensable girl.



ACTS ONE AND TWO

ACT THREE

BUDDIES

"Buddies" can be played in one set of scenery by slight rearrangement of lines in last act.

“BUDDIES”

ACT I.

SCENE: *The Courtyard of the House of MME. BENOIT, somewhere in Brittany.*

At the L. of the stage set obliquely is the house, typical of the country in which the scene is laid. A door leads in to the house. At the R. of the stage is a barn, in keeping with the architecture of the house. A door opens into the barn. Between the house and the barn is an open courtyard, containing several rustic benches, stools, etc., etc. Regulation army bag hangs from above barn door.

TIME: *That morning.*

DISCOVERED: BUDDY, ABIE, JOHNNY, BIFF and RUBE at improvised table. An old door taken from the barn, on two wooden horses. They are sitting on improvised seats eating breakfast. No word spoken, as all are very busy eating. No sounds excepting the noise caused by the dishes. MARIE and BABETTE are serving the boys.

After pause:

ABIE. I wish I wasn't so hungry.

BUDDY. Why?

ABIE. Because I want to talk. (*Long pause.*)

BIFF. (*Standing at right end of table*) Finish your breakfast now, you Buddies, the Captain has laid out some warm drill this morning.

BUDDY. Oh! What's the sense of drilling so hard when there ain't no more fighting.

BIFF. Ask General Pershing. He's thought it all out. (*BIFF exits into barn.*)

BUDDY. (*Rising, XES. to c.*) I claim drilling is good exercise even if it is only the army of occupation. (*Goes to pail up L. and cleans kit.*)

ABIE. Occupation—say, when we were fighting like hell for nearly two years, understand me, it was a job—now when everything is quiet it's an occupation—when we get back to New York and talk about it, it'll be a profession, ain't it?

JOHNNY. Oh! What's the difference—we all went through it and we still got our health—we should worry—job or occupation or profession.

BUDDY. One thing I am telling you—this grub is all to the good. If we could paste up a couple of signs, "Watch out for your overcoat," I would think I was home in Childs.

JOHNNY. (*Coming to centre*) I claim she's some cook, this widow Benoit.

BUDDY. Benoit—B-e-n-o-i-t—that's Benjou in French. For the love of Mike, Johnny, can't you do nothing at all with the French language?

(*BIFF re-enters, looking about for his mirror. His face is lathered preparatory to shaving. He carries shaving brush.*)

JOHNNY. All right—Benyou. I claim with her style of cooking if she ever shows up in New York she won't be there twenty minutes before she's Mrs. Delmonico. Imagine. Every once in a while she

deals us out good beans like this for breakfast. And no extra charge. She's one grand woman.

BIFF. (*Coming to centre*) Say—which one of you rookies swiped my mirror?

ABIE. Mirror. Say, Biff, if my face is my fortune I'm broke, because I ain't looking at it till I get back to New York.

JOHNNY. Sergeant. You're always bragging about what a good detective you were before you enlisted—you ought to be able to find a mirror.

BIFF. I ain't bragging about how good a detective I am, but I do claim I have one of the best memories for faces in the American Army. (*ALL laugh and guy BIFF*) I'm not much good on names or dates, but once I see a face I never forget it. Come on, now—who's got that mirror? Come on now.

BABETTE. (*At R. end of table*) M'sieur Sergeant— (*To BIFF at centre*) Qu'est ce que vous cherchez.

BIFF. Pourquoi—avec—looking glass—

BABETTE. (*Not understanding*) Mais je ne vous comprends pas, M'sieur, que dites, vous?

BIFF. No—looking glass! Le mirror—for shavee—shavoir.

BABETTE. (*At last understanding*) Oh—votre mirror. (*Indicating where the mirror is*) There it is—in front of your eyes. Le voici devant vos yeux.

(*BIFF gets mirror from window sill, and exits into barn.*)

(*ALL the boys laugh at BIFF.*)

ABIE. I can't remember faces, but oi, I got it a fine appetite. Say, where is the bread? Marie—get me some bread! (*To BABETTE, who stands watching and smiling at ABIE—not understanding*)

him.) Marie should you stood and smile at me in French or maybe you should get busy and get me some more bread so I ain't starving.

(BABETTE *standing just L. of ABIE.*)

(MARIE *standing just R. of ABIE.*)

JOHNNY. Abie, you poor nut—that ain't Marie—that's Babette.

(MARIE *and BABETTE change places.*)

BUDDY. (*To ABIE as MARIE gets to L. of ABIE*) This is Marie. Trim your lamps, you poor simp.

ABIE. (*To BABETTE, who is R. of ABIE*) So this is Babecky—well if a girl thinks it's a fine idea to look so much alike as two beans in a grocery store, I don't know which is the other. (*Sweetly to MARIE*) Should you please, Marie, a little bread—I thank you.

(MARIE *smiles at him and shrugs her shoulders.*)

MARIE. J'non compron pas!

JOHNNY. Marie and Babette don't understand a word of English—you've been told that twenty times, Abie.

ABIE. Well, is it a wheatless day for Abie because I ain't got my education at Mr. Yale's College?

JOHNNY. Ask her in French.

ABIE. If I wait for a hunk of bread in French I am dead from starvation.

BUDDY. Au, dats easy. P-a-i-n—pain. (*Pronouncing it "pane"*) Dats bread in French. Pain.

ABIE. (*To MARIE, rising*) Marie, could you give me a pain? (*SHE shrugs her shoulders and smiles*) You see it. She don't even know French when she hears it.

JOHNNY. Where's Babe—he knows French enough to get you out of the bread line, Abie!

ABIE. (*Rising and calling off R.*) Oh Babe! I'm calling for help, understand me, Babe!

(*Enter BABE from the barn—R.2.—he brings on mess kit.*)

(*BABETTE goes to BABE as he sits at R. end of table.*)

BABE. What's the matter?

ABIE. I'm starving for bread, understand me, Babe, and nobody here has education enough to save my life.

BABE. (*Speaks in real French to MARIE: who is over L. of ABIE*) Marie, un peu de pain, pour M'sieu Abie s'il vous plait.

MARIE. Oui, M'sieu!

(*MARIE exits into house L.*)

BABETTE. (*Standing behind Babe*) (*To Babe*) Voulez-vous du cafe ou du the, M'sieur Babe?

BABE. Une tasse de cafe—bien chaud, Babette!

(*BABETTE pours coffee for Babe.*)

BABETTE. Voici, M'sieur!

(*BABETTE exits into house with coffee pot.*)

ABIE. Babe, I claim you got this here French language beat right down on its knees, ain't you?

BABE. Oh, I speak French pretty well!

BUDDY. Gee! I ain't never going to learn it. If I try to fish out a couple of words to say to these girls about the weather, I find out afterwards I was

telling them their shoe-laces was untied. It's the riskiest language I ever struck!

(Enter MARIE. She puts plate of bread in front of Abie.)

(Enter BABETTE—crosses to table.)

ABIE. I should get from that pain enough to give me the rheumatism! *(Smiling at Marie)* Bong jower, Meddemosel!

BUDDY. Bong jower! Abie, you talk like a fish.

(JOHNNY quietly takes plate of bread away from Abie, places bread at his end of table and returns empty plate.)

ABIE. Well, if a fish is got a language I bet you I learn it quicker than French.

BABETTE. *(Waiting on Babe—with sugar bowl in hand)* Combien de morceaux? *(Drops spoonful of sugar.)*

BABE. S'il vous plait! *(Stopping her)* Deux! C'est assez! Merci, Babette!

BABETTE. Aimez—vouz le rix au lait?

BABE. Merci, Babette!

BABETTE. Tres bien, M'sieu! *(Exits to house with some of breakfast things in order to have table cleared at correct cue.) (Sugar bowl, catsup bottle, bean pot.)*

BUDDY. Say, Babe, are you pulling that stuff to get your breakfast or are you just doin' it to make the rest of us feel rotten?

ABIE. *(Noticing the bread is gone from his plate.) (Hitting the table with his knife, shouting)* Pain! Pain! Pain!

BABE. *(To Marie)* Marie, s'il vous plait, encore un peu de pain—M'sieur Abie!

MARIE. Oui, M'sieu! *(Goes in house.)*

BUDDY. Say Abie, have a heart—there won't be no bread left for the rest of the army if you don't let up.

ABIE. What am I, a *schlamiel*, or something, Marie brings it a plateful of pain—I am having only one slice and when I reach for another, chesto! there is no pain on the plate. I ask you, gentlemen, am I the only American soldier in France which has an appetite?

(Enter MARIE with a plate of bread which she places in front of ABIE.)

(Re-enter BABETTE: she goes and sits over on bench L.)

MARIE. Il'y assez de pain, m'sieu!

ABIE. *(To MARIE)* Bong sour, Medemoselle.

BUDDY. *(Scornfully)* Bong sour. Wouldn't that jar you?

ABIE. Well, if I got to learn it, I got to say it so I get corrected, ain't I?

ORDERLY. *(Entering from barn with official order)* A little attention, boys—something from Headquarters.

OMNES. *(Ad lib)* What is it, Orderly? What's it about?

ORDERLY. *(Having read the order)* Drills off. *(They ALL shout with joy)* Inspection at 10:30. *(They ALL groan.)*

JOHNNY. Full packs, Orderly?

ORDERLY. No. Rifles, belts and bayonets.

BIFF. *(Addressing ALL the BOYS)* I'm going after the mail now, and while I'm gone, get a line on your equipment and watch your step.

(HE exits up C.)

(MARIE exits into house with coffee pot.)

JOHNNY. Say Babe, why don't you get some of them beans, they's great.

BABE. Has Sonny had his breakfast already?

JOHNNY. Oh, he always has his breakfast first. He's up at daybreak, out wandering over the hills—he says he's exercising.

ABIE. Exercising—with the drill we have every day—it ain't human.

JOHNNY. I'll bet a month's pay he's mooning over that photograph he carries in his pocket.

BUDDY. A skirt?

(MARIE *re-enters and busies herself at table.*)

JOHNNY. Sure—what did you think it was, Niagara Falls?

BUDDY. I wasn't wise that Sonny had fell for a frail over here.

JOHNNY. Not over here—she's a Brooklyn girl.

BUDDY. Hully gee! Can you make a guy that'll cross the Brooklyn bridge for a Jane?

ABIE. Say! There's a lot of pretty girls in Brooklyn. My uncle has a factory in Williamsburg and pretty girls—plenty—eleven dollars a week they get and beautiful, oi gevalte—positively niftick!

BABE. (*To MARIE in French*) (*MARIE has been busy about the table and gets down right behind BABE*) Marie! Where is Miss Julie this morning? Ou est Julie ce matin?

MARIE. (*In French*) She is in the village, I think, M'sieur! Elle est au village, je crois, M'sieur!

BABE. (*In French*) Are you quite sure she didn't go for a morning stroll with M'sieu Sonny? Etes-vous certaine qu'elle n'est pas sortie avec M. Sonny?

MARIE. (*In French*) Oh, no, M'sieu! She went out quite alone. Oh, non, M'sieu, elle est partie tout-a-fait seule.

BABE. Bien—merci, Marie.

(MARIE crosses over to crap game—she sits on stage left of well.)

BUDDY. (To BABE) What's that barrage for—you ain't going to eat another breakfast, are you?

JOHNNY. Didn't you get it? Didn't you hear him say, "Julie"?

BABE. (Embarrassed) No, no—I merely asked Marie how her sister Julie is this morning—that's all—just being polite, you know!

(ALL guy BABE.)

JOHNNY. If I was stuck on a little French girl I'd just about let her know the truth—in a holy minute I would. But, Babe? Tell a girl he loves her! He couldn't do it—the boy is too bashful!

(BABE, with head down, is eating in grim silence.)

BUDDY. Say! That guy is so bashful he wouldn't know what time it is if a Jane had her wrist watch in his eye.

BABE. You fellows shut up or you'll eat your breakfast in English.

BUDDY. Goodnight. (Goes up to pail with kit.)

JOHNNY. Say Rube—(To RUBE) What's the matter with you all this morning? You haven't said a word.

BUDDY. No; you haven't opened your trap! Ain't you feeling well?

RUBE. I'm feelin' pretty fit, thank ye! (Rises.)

JOHNNY. Then what makes you so glum?

RUBE. Ain't nothin'. Just feelin' quiet like

BABE. No letters from home, Rube?

RUBE. No, not lately; I reckon that's what's depressin' me. I'm dreamin' a lot nights about the home folks. Well, I reckon I'll brouse along over the hills till the Sergeant gets back with the mail.

(Exit RUBE c. to L.)

BUDDY. *(Up at L.)* Gee! I hope that guy gets a letter soon—he's been worryin' for a couple of days. *(Looking off R.)* Pipe will yer!—Look at Sonny goin' after the running record.

(Enter SONNY c. from R. running as though exercising—he pauses at the breakfast table “marking time” as though keeping up the exercise.)

JOHNNY. What's the idea, Sonny?

SONNY. Been around the farm eleven times—one more and I make my two miles. Excuse me, Abie! *(Grabs Abie's mess kit, drinks, throws same on table)* I'll be back in a minute. *(HE runs off L.2. entrance.)*

BUDDY. *(Comes to c.)* Gee! Would you think a guy from Brooklyn could be as full of pep as that? *(Exits with kit and re-enters at once.)*

(ALL rise from table.)

(BABETTE and MARIE clear table taking things into house.)

(ORDERLY moves off stage above barn.)

(ALL BOYS help in this movement.)

(ABIE exits with kit above barn.)

(After removing things—BABETTE re-enters and sits on bench over R.)

BABE. *(Rising)* Say, Johnny! I wonder if that's a stall?

JOHNNY. What do you mean, Babe?

BABE. Well, Sonny goes out early every morning for a walk and——

JOHNNY. Julie goes out early every morning for a walk?

BABE. Yes!

JOHNNY. Well, why don't you go out early every morning for a walk?

BABE. I think I will, tomorrow morning. I wonder which would be the best way to walk?

JOHNNY. I think whichever way Julie walks would be the best way, don't you?

BABE. Yes, I think I do—thank you, Johnny. You won't mention our conversation to the other boys, will you—if I went walking early in the morning it would merely be to get the fresh air. You understand, don't you, Johnny?

JOHNNY. Sure, Babe, I'm on! (*Goes up and cleans kit, leaves kit in pail.*)

(*Enter MADAME BENOIT from the house.*)

(*MARIE re-enters—remains up stage at water pails.*)

MME. BENOIT. Bon jour, mes enfants!

(*Following BABE'S example ALL say "Good morning" in their several ways.*)

BABE. Bon jour, Madame!

(*BOYS stop work and listen to BABE.*)

MME. BENOIT. (*Coming to c.—in broken English*) The breakfast is not so good today, n'cest pas?

BABE. Not so good! Why, Madame, your breakfasts are all wonderful.

(BUDDY goes to well—ORDERLY up stage side of barn.)

MME. BENOIT. Oh, no, no. I am not cook so well today. It is what you call—anniversaire—

BABE. (*Down R.*) Anniversary.

MME. BENOIT. (*MARIE busies herself with JOHNNY'S kit up at water pails*) Oui, oui, anniversary. It is today three years my husband is dead at Verdun. And my boy, Pierre, next month is anniversary—he is die in Picardy.

BABE. I speak for all of us, Madame. We sympathize deeply.

MME. BENOIT. Ah, you do more! When you American boys come you avenge!

BABE. Well, we tried to do our best.

MME. BENOIT. Do your best! Ah! Ever since it start always the boys have do their best. You see this—this Croix de Guerre! (*Indicates medal she is wearing*) This is to my son, Pierre! He is do a wonderful thing! He crawl in the night right over to the enemy and carry back someway, somehow, two wounded poilus—he is killed just when he get them back safe! But because it is anniversary we must not be miserable! We must be happy. Not so—Ah oui, oui—It is much better so—(*She crosses to L. of well*) (*BABE goes up L. and chats with JOHNNY*) (*To ABIE: who enters from c.*) (*MARIE crosses and sits on bench below barn door*) Ah, bon jour, M'sieu Abie!

ABIE. (*Coming down behind well*) Bon jower, Mrs.

MME. BENOIT. —you are well, oui?

ABIE. (*Down behind well*) Listen, if I felt any better, I wouldn't speak to myself, Mrs. Bennjoy!

MME. BENOIT. (*To BABE, laughing*) He is so funny, M'sieu Abie—he talk so much with the hands!

ABIE. That's why I can't learn French—it's too quick for the hands.

(Enter SONNY running from c.)

SONNY. (Going down R.C.) There you are—two miles. Now I feel fine—(Seeing MME. BENOIT) Oh, bon jour, Madame Benoit! I'm so full of exercise I didn't see you.

MME. BENOIT. (Crossing to R.C.) Ah, M'sieu Sonny—you have early breakfast—you must want some more for breakfast.

SONNY. (BABE comes down to R.) No, thank you, Madame. I wouldn't spoil the memory of one of your wonderful breakfasts by adding another to it on the same day. (Laughs.)

MME. BENOIT. (Laughs) Ah, M'sieu Sonny—you have all the time such good joke. Tres magnifique.

(Enter JULIE in her brother Pierre's uniform—she comes from centre.)

SONNY. (Saluting) Ah, Julie!

(ALL BOYS return JULIE'S salute.)

JULIE. (Saluting) M'sieu Sonny. You are well this fine morning, not so?

SONNY. (R.) I feel great. (Bus. with cigarette.)

JULIE. (C.) And you, M'sieu Bebe?

BABE. (R. rattled) Oh yes, I think so.

JULIE. I don't understand this. For feel well one must take long walk before breakfast. Oh, it is wonderful walking in the fields so early in the fine morning—alone.

BABE. So I—so I've been told—alone. I don't think there's any doubt about it.

JULIE. You are like to see me in this uniform?

BABE. (*Very nervous*) Yes, I think so—it's—it's a very pleasant uniform. I don't think there is any doubt about it.

(*Bus. SONNY.*)

JULIE. (*Sighing*) Oh, dear.

MME. BENOIT. (*Before well*) You take long walk this morning, Julie?

JULIE. (*Music cue—see No. 2 of score*) Oui, Maman. In the night I wake up—is terrible dream like some great danger—so when come the daylight I go for long walk alone so I can hear if my brother is got some message for me. (*Sighs*) But he is not answer! (*Throws off the depression*) Voila! Is all right. A dream—is nothing! The sunshine make it go like that. (*Snaps her fingers*) I am see you soon—not so? (*Salutes the boys*) (*ALL answer salute*) Au revoir, mes enfants! (*JULIE exits into the house.*)

(*ABIE sits on bench L. and reads—book he gets from window L.*)

MME. BENOIT. (*Going to c. To SONNY at R.*) Is strange child, Julie! Every time she has trouble in the heart she put on the uniform of her brother Pierre and go far away alone—she think his spirit is come back to help her.

(*MARIE and BABETTE join JOHNNY and BUDDY up L. and then exit into house after business with dictionary.*)

SONNY. She and Pierre were twins—I think you told me!

(ORDERLY *is sitting up R.*)

MME. BENOIT. (BABE *comes down L. of MME. BENOIT.*) Oui—twins! And oh! There is such sympathy between them! Years ago when my boy get in some little trouble in New York, Julie cry and cry about this for a week before any letter come. And the night Pierre is killed on the battlefield Julie wake up with a scream at the very hour he is dead—and no one can comfort her or stop the crying!

BABE. Did you never see him after he went in the army?

MME. BENOIT. Oh, oui. Pierre is home once—he is just made Captain and he gave his Lieutenant's uniform as souvenir for Julie—she is so proud to put that on—it make me cry to see her wear this—She is so much like Pierre! Ah well—I go now—is nice day for the drill, not too hot—then you come home for big dinner, n'est pas? Au revoir, M'sieur.

(*Exit MME. BENOIT in the house.*) (Stops music.)

SONNY. (*Over R.*) (*To BABE at L.*) Gee! she's a wonderful woman—Babe—I'd go the limit for her.

BABE. Any particular reason?

SONNY. What do you mean?

BABE. (*Coming down L. of well*) Funny you should happen to come down the alley there just ahead of Julie.

SONNY. What is there funny about it? (*Crossing to well.*)

BABE. You didn't happen to be out walking with Julie, did you?

SONNY. I didn't happen to be out walking at all—I happened to be out running.

BABE. (*At L. of well*) I don't think that's very polite—to ask a nice quiet girl “will you run around the farm with me before breakfast.” I call that imposing on good nature, that's what I call it.

SONNY. Say, what are you driving at?

BABE. Oh, nothing—nothing! It's the old story—the early bird catches the worm!

SONNY. Are you calling Julie a worm?

BABE. Of course not—I—I was merely being poetical.

SONNY. Well, that's rotten poetry.

(*Enter JOHNNY and BUDDY with BABETTE and MARIE from house.*)

BUDDY. Say, Babe, help us out, will you? We've been trying to ask Marie and Babette to learn us that little French song they're all the time singing and they think we want more breakfast. Put 'em wise, will you?

(*ALL laugh.*)

(*JOHNNY, BUDDY, MARIE and BABETTE come down L. of well. All the other BOYS group around the well.*) (*They have been lounging on stage.*)

BABE. Les hommes desirent que vous leur appreniez votre petite chanson.

MARIE. Oui, nous allons leur apprendre tout de suite.

BABE. Montez sur le banc. Get up on the bench.

(*SONNY and BABE help the GIRLS on to the bench at well.*)

MARIE. Dis doue, Babette! Qu'est ce que nous allons leur apprendre “Madelon” ou “L'Italie”?

BABETTE. Oh, moi je prefere "L'Italie"—c'est beaucoup plus gentil.

MARIE. Penses-tu. Je suis sure qu'ils preferent l'autre. En tout cas moi je prefere "Madelon"—Pas vous? Don't you believe it. I am sure they prefer the other. In any case I prefer "Madelon." Don't you?

BABETTE. Je vais leur demander leur avis, M'sieur Sonny, que voulez vous que nous vous chantions "Madelon" ou "L'Italie"?

SONNY. "L'Italie."

(Song cue—"L'Italie"—see No. 3 of the score.)

(During the song MADAME BENOIT appears on the steps of the house. As the BOYS exit into the barn MARIE and BABETTE remain either side of the barn door.)

(After the song.)

MME. BENOIT. Les soldats chant si bien—mais maintenant—c'est assez—allez—preparez le dinee—arrangez les chambres—

MARIE & BABETTE. Oh, Maman—

(ALPHONSE enters centre from right.)

ALPHONSE. *(Coming down c.)* Bon jour, Mme. Benoit.

MME. BENOIT. Bon jour, m'sieur.

ALPHONSE. Vous m'attendiez, n'est pas?

MME. BENOIT. Mais, M'sieur—Je ne sais pas votre nom—

ALPHONSE. Je suis Alphonse Pettibois.

MME. BENOIT. *(Very apprehensively)* Pettibois—Oh—oui—je suis tres heureuse de vous voir. Asseyez vous, M'sieur. *(THEY sit on bench at well.)*

ALPHONSE. Merci, Madame—Il faut que je vous parle d'une affaire tres importante—vous avez recu mes lettre, n'est pas?

MME. BENOIT. (*Interrupting him—nervously*) Pardon, we speak the English, please. My daughters know nothing about this. They do not understand English.

ALPHONSE. So . . . Your daughters know nothing about this. Bon—I am a gentleman.

MME. BENOIT. (*To BABETTE and MARIE*) Rentrez a la maison, mes enfants. Il n'est rien, rien du tout.

MARIE & BABETTE. Oui, Maman. (*THEY exit into house L.*) (*During this scene THEY come to C.—listening.*)

ALPHONSE. You have many letters from me in which I ask for my money.

MME. BENOIT. (*Very nervously*) Oui, M'sieu.

ALPHONSE. And I have many letters from you in which you say you have not this money to pay. Chere Madame, times are very hard—I need my money.

MME. BENOIT. Oui—times are very hard. I have no money.

ALPHONSE. I am a gentleman—I wait—for a long time I wait—now I am here—and I stay here until I get my money.

MME. BENOIT. (*Indignantly*) You stay here, M'sieu Pettibois! (*Rises*) You cannot stay in this house.

ALPHONSE. (*Getting up—angry*) Oh, so! You speak like the grand lady, zut alors—c'est inoui—c'est fantastique—maybe you are not such a grand lady if I tell these soldiers your son is a thief.

MME. BENOIT. (*Alarmed for fear someone has heard*) Oh, please, please!

ALPHONSE. Ah! not so? Your son is go to New York six years ago—I meet myself with him there—where I have petite restaurant on 44th Street. I give him job—he speak no English but he have

very nice manners and pretty soon I make him cashier of the Cafe Francaise! Then for this kindness he rob me—he steal two thousand francs!

MME. BENOIT. (*At well—in tears*) Oh, M'sieu, have pity! My boy die a hero on the battlefield! He is brave! and France herself know this and send to his mother this Croix de Guerre! To me always this, (*Indicates pin*) This is Pierre—my son! my son! my son! (*Sits on bench at L.*)

ALPHONSE. (*Crossing to L. of well*) I am wait like a gentleman for my money—now I must have it. When your boy is steal this money I am send for the Central Office man in New York—he tell me “Pierre is take the money—you want him to put in the jail?” I do this? No—no. I am gentleman—I write to the father of the boy! (*Takes out letter*) And the father he say in this letter he is pay me back the money his son he stole in two years. And I am wait over four years. (*x. to c.*)

MME. BENOIT. My husband is dead—at Verdun.

ALPHONSE. (*c.*) Sacri—Everybody is dead! You think this is some reason my two thousand francs is also dead? But I know something. You don't like people to know your son is a thief—(*Goes to MME. BENOIT, left.*)

MME. BENOIT. (*Alarmed*) Oh, Mon Dieu! No, no, you are not tell anybody! Oh, M'sieu, please, please! In our family nobody know this but the mother and the—the dead. My children's hearts will break if you tell them this—

ALPHONSE. (*Seeing he has the upper hand*) Oh, no, no, Madame—I am gentleman—I am not tell anybody your son is a thief—oh, no, no,—Jamais la vie, no, no—unless—(*Crossing to c.*)

MME. BENOIT. Unless, M'sieu? (*Rises.*)

ALPHONSE. Unless you try to make a fool of me about this money—voila—

(JULIE, in her usual attire, enters from the house, and comes down to her mother at L. of well.)

ALPHONSE. —then I tell everybody. (HE crosses over to R.)

JULIE. (Coming down L. of well) Maman! What is the matter—you are cry?

MME. BENOIT. (Getting up quickly) Oh, no, no, Julie! It is—it is nothing—I—oh, M'sieu Pettibois! This is my daughter, Julie. (She XES to c.)

(MARIE appears in door of house and goes to water pail.)

ALPHONSE. Ah! So! Is great surprise to see you have such a beautiful daughter. (X.L. to JULIE) (Attempts to pat her shoulder—JULIE resents it) Very handsome—very handsome. Chere Madame—(To MADAME BENOIT) Will you be so kind and ask me for breakfast? I think now, some way we can arrange all this—oui, she is a fine girl!

MME. BENOIT. (To MARIE—In French) Marie, get some breakfast for M'sieu Pettibois! Marie, apprenez la dejeuner pour M'sieu Pettibois.

MARIE. Oui, Maman! (Exits into house.)

ALPHONSE. (Approaching JULIE) Beautiful face! Handsome figure—We shall be very good friends! N'est pas? We shall be very good friends? I get my breakfast and then we talk together! (To MME. BENOIT) Ah! chere Madame, it is easy now to settle about the 2,000 francs.—(Looking amorously at JULIE) Elle este charmante—ravisante—en petite bijou—mon dieu—mon dieu—quel amour de femme—quel amour de femme. (He goes in the house.)

(JULIE XES to MME. BENOIT.)

JULIE. (*To MME. BENOIT*) This man is make you cry—what for?

MME. BENOIT. (*She and JULIE sit on the well*) Il n'est rien.

JULIE. For make my mother cry is nothing! What is this man do here?

MME. BENOIT. Il est ici pour l'argent.

JULIE. (*In English*) Please, maman, speak the English. While these boys are here, I speak all the time English because I wish to learn it quick. You say this man is here for money?

MME. BENOIT. Your—your father is owe this man two thousand francs.

JULIE. You are sure about this, Maman?

MME. BENOIT. Oh, oui, oui—there is no doubt about it.

JULIE. Is this the man you are write the letters to and cry over them?

MME. BENOIT. Oui.

JULIE. Pettibois! Is Alsatian—not so?

MME. BENOIT. Yes; I think.

JULIE. Certainly—you hear the accent! Is bad man—the eye is all the time going around. Is there much disgrace for my father to owe this man two thousand francs?

MME. BENOIT. Is much disgrace if this man talk about it because your father is dead.

JULIE. (*Sighs deeply*) Oh, if my brother, Pierre, were alive we have protector!

(MME. BENOIT *cries.*)

JULIE. (*Kneeling before MME. BENOIT*) Oh, Maman, you are cry. And Julie is cry, too, because my father is good father and my brother is the best brother any sister ever have. Don't cry, Maman, is all right. There will be some way—

(Consoling—with inspiration) Maman! I think I am get engage.

MME. BENOIT. Julie!

JULIE. Everybody in the whole American Army is know that M'sieu Babe is crazy for the love of Julie and everybody in the world is know that Julie is crazy for the love of M'sieu Babe, not so? You know why we are not engage, Maman? Because every time Julie is look at M'sieu Babe he is go all to the smash. Julie is look at him with the eyes put down, like this—is no good. Julie is look at him with the eyes put up—like this, is no good. His heart is full of love, but his throat is got a policeman in there and when the love words try to get out they get arrest. Is too bad—such a nice boy. Maman, you think it is any harm if I get Babe engage to Julie?

MME. BENOIT. *(Smiling a little)* Julie! It is not lady-like.

JULIE. Oh, I am like the lady! I have got the pride, too, Maman! If I am not sure Bebe is love me, poof! I never look at him again even if I break the heart—but if I am help him to get engaged to me because he wants to—then we have protector and this Pettibois is go away, not so?

MME. BENOIT. Julie, no matter how much you wish to help your mother—it is better if M'sieu Bebe speak for himself. *(Kisses her—rises)* You are brave good daughter, and if ever in our lives we need protector it is now—but you are not to do something foolish to make you unhappy all the rest of your life. *(Goes to the door of the house—taking JULIE with her)* Love comes to the heart but a foolish word drive it away. *(Exits into the house.)*

(Enter BABE from barn at R. whistling—he sees her—stops whistling suddenly—is nervous—starts up stage.)

JULIE. Oh, bon jour, again, M'sieu Bebe!

BABE. Bon jour, again bon jour!

JULIE. It is fine morning.

BABE. Oh, yes—it's—it's very fine!

JULIE. You are well, this morning?

BABE. Oh—yes—I'm very well—is your health excellent?

JULIE. Oh, is very excellent. You wish to sit down a little. *(She sits on bench L. and indicates place beside her.)*

BABE. *(Coming down)* Yes—er—I think so. *(He is about to sit on the bench beside her and then is overcome by his embarrassment and instead sits on bench at well. She then goes and sits beside him.)*

(This scene is played with great nervousness and shyness by BABE.)

JULIE. You hear the little birds sing in the tree-tops?

BABE. Yes—I think I do.

JULIE. Such a fine morning—I suppose they sing little love songs. *(Sits beside Babe.)*

BABE. *(He moves over)* I suppose so. Birds haven't much else to do. *(He laughs nervously.)*

JULIE. You are not like love songs? *(Moves to him.)*

BABE. Oh yes, I like them—on the phonograph.

JULIE. *(After a pause)* You have a sister?

BABE. Oh—yes—I have a sister.

JULIE. She is married?

BABE. Yes—she's married. *(Moves over again.)*

JULIE. Happy marriage? *(Moves to him.)*

BABE. I hope so.

JULIE. You are at wedding?

BABE. Yes—I was a bridesmaid—er —usher.

JULIE. You like to see people get married?

BABE. I guess so—if people get married, it's none of my business—much—(*In his embarrassment he nearly falls off the bench. He jumps up suddenly and starts off R.*) I've got to go now—I've got to sew a button on my blouse.

JULIE. (*Going to him*) I would like to sew it for you.

BABE. Thanks—sorry—army—army regulations—must learn to sew it on myself—

JULIE. Please let me sew it on for you—please!

BABE. I'm glad to see—No—er—er—It's a beautiful day, isn't it? (*He turns abruptly and dashes off into barn.*)

(*SONG CUE: "Please Learn to Love"—Julie. See No. 4 of Score.*)

(*After song JULIE goes to left of well.*)

(*SONNY enters from barn carrying rifle which he is cleaning. Seeing her he places the gun on the well and comes C.*)

SONNY. Hello, Julie.

JULIE. Hello, M'sieu Sonny!

SONNY. What's the matter, Julie? I seldom see you without a happy smile on your face.

JULIE. (*L. of well—Trying to pretend a gayety that isn't in her heart*) Oh, is alright. I am happy just like always.

SONNY. No, you're not, Julie! Now what is it—can I help you?

JULIE. (*Suddenly*) Sonny, you are always ready for help everybody—seems as in your heart is big idea to be good friends with somebody is in trouble.

SONNY. What trouble has come to you, Julie?

JULIE. Is to Maman!

SONNY. Your mother! What's happened?
(*Both sit at well.*)

JULIE. Is come here this morning Alphonse Pettibois—is Alsatian!. For long time he is worry my mother because is some money we are owe this man and money is too big to pay at this time and—we—
—we are all alone—we have no protector—and when I see my mother cry over this—I—I—(*Suddenly*) Oh, Sonny, I am wicked, I try for get engage to M'sieu Bebe so we have protector—I am miserable girl.

SONNY. (*Laughing—comforting her*) No, you're not, Julie! You love Babe, don't you?

JULIE. Oh, oui, oui! Vairy much!

SONNY. And Babe loves you! Everybody knows that.

JULIE. Everybody in the armies of the Allies know this but he won't tell Julie.

SONNY. Well, that's alright, Julie—I'll fix it. I'll get him to come and talk turkey to you.

JULIE. No, Sonny! When Bebe comes to me with this what you call turkey talk it must be from himself. Julie has take her pride like this (*Illustrates by rolling her handkerchief up in a ball*) and have roll it all up—so! but Julie is not let another man tell Julie's husband how to get engage to her and throw her pride away like that, (*Throws handkerchief aside*) No! No!

SONNY. (*Laughing and picking up handkerchief*) I guess you're right, Julie! But how about this Alphonse Pettibois who is worrying your mother? Can't I go to him and give him a talking to?

JULIE. No, no, is no good to do that. Pettibois is not care, because you are just a friend—you are not a member of the family.

SONNY. Oh, I see.

JULIE. Pettibois is not good man in the heart—and he is look at Julie with the eyes that make me frighten. He thinks, we have no father, no brother and nobody is engage to marry Julie, and because we owe this money he thinks he do as he pleases—and that is why my mother cry—and that is why I am so much afraid.

SONNY. Well, listen, Julie! Let's fool this fellow Pettibois! If Babe is too much of a chump to tell you the real state of his heart, I'll help you out in the meantime. You can be engaged to me until we get rid of Pettibois.

JULIE. Engage with you, Sonny?

SONNY. Sure! Your folks have been mighty kind to me and if I could do anything to help you and your mother, I'd do it in a minute.

JULIE. Oh, Sonny—you say this and you are engage to marry some other girl?

SONNY. Sure I am—she lives in Brooklyn. Did you ever hear of Brooklyn, Julie?

JULIE. Is in America?

SONNY. Brooklyn people think it is.

JULIE. Maybe she hear about this and not understand.

SONNY. Oh, she'll understand all right.

JULIE. You know when American soldier is engage to girl at home and he is in France and she is suddenly learn that he is engage to little French girl it is take oh! such a awful lot of explain to make understand.

SONNY. (*Laughing*) Oh, that's alright, my girl isn't that kind.

JULIE. No; they never are until the time comes.

SONNY. Why, she'd be strong for it if she were here this minute—you don't know her.

JULIE. (*Thinking it over*) If I could tell this Pettibois I am engage, it make such a difference.

SONNY. That's all right, Julie—go right ahead! We understand each other—Babe will go up in the air when he hears of it, but he'll kick himself all over the place when I make it plain to him later on. (*Rises*) Now you go in and explain to your mother and leave this Pettibois to me—I'll send him about his business.

JULIE. You are sweet boy, Sonny! And you do this because you are real friend and Julie is never forget. I go and explain to Maman—

SONNY. Good. That's the idea!

JULIE. And—oh! if Bebe see this maybe he is jealous! (*Goes up to door and then turns and speaks—Laughs*) Oh, this is nice! • I like this! (*Soberly*) But we are explain to nobody till this Pettibois is go away, not so?

SONNY. No—We'll stand by our engagement till we get rid of him.

JULIE. If Pettibois see we fool him he make more trouble for Maman—he is bad man.

SONNY. Now don't you worry—you leave him to me. (*Following Julie up stage*) I'll make him think we're engaged alright.

JULIE. (*At house door L.*) Oh, Sonny—is hard to do—I like you and you like me—but *like* is not so wonderful as love! Maybe you forget.

SONNY. Oh, no, Julie—(*Taking her hand*) I give you my word of honor that I'll stand by you, just as though we were engaged—till we get rid of Pettibois.

JULIE. Oh, Sonny, you are fine boy and you make Julie's heart for be much lighter. I go tell this to Maman—I am almost nearly happy again.

SONNY. Good—that's fine.

(*Exit JULIE into the house L.2*)

(*The other boys, except RUBE, straggle on from*

the barn and various entrances. BABE and JOHNNY from the barn. BUDDY and ABIE C. from R.)

BUDDY. What's keeping the Sergeant with the mail? *(Coming down L.C.)*

SONNY. For Heaven's sake—have patience, Buddy—we've nothing but time on our hands—no more air bombers—no more whiz bangs—no more big Berthas, all we got to worry about now is when the time comes to hit the long, long trail back home.

(SONG CUE: "The Long Trail." See No. 5 of score.—SONNY, BABE and others except RUBE.)
(After song: BIFF enters up C. with the mail.)

SONNY. Say—fellers—here comes Biff with the mail. *(All crowd around BIFF shouting loudly for their mail.)*

BIFF. *(Coming down C.)* Wait a minute—wait a minute—

SONNY. I've been waiting three weeks.

BIFF. As you were—

SONNY. —three weeks.

BIFF. As you were!

SONNY. Right. *(Crosses to left.)*

(BIFF starts to give out letters.)

BIFF. Corporal John W. Brander.

JOHNNY. That's me. *(Gets his letter and goes and sits by barn to read it.)*

BIFF. Private Reginald De Courcey Pettingill.

BABE. That's me.

(SONNY lights cigarette.)

(BABE takes his letter—and XES over from R. and sits on well.)

BUDDY. (R.C.) Gee. That monaker of yours is sure some earful. No wonder you cut it down to Babe.

BIFF. Private Abraham Mincenstein!

ABIE. I am him! (*Gets his letter—weighs it*) It's too light for a love letter and it's too heavy for a bill! It must be from the sister. (*Sits down to read R. of C. on stage.*)

BIFF. Private Reginald De Courcay Pettingill. (*BABE takes his letter.*)

BUDDY. Gee—I'm crazy about that name!

BIFF. Private Reginald De Courcay Pettingill.

BUDDY. (R.C.) Sounds like they're paging somebody in the Ritz-Carlton!

SONNY. Come on, Biff—for Heaven's sake, haven't you got something there for me?

BIFF. Private Andrew Prendergast McAdoo!!

SONNY. (*Over L. of well*) You big stiff—you were holding out on me. (*Takes letter eagerly.*)

BUDDY. (R.C. *standing R. of BIFF*) Gee. Your name came near being funny, too.

SONNY. It did indeed, Buddy—This is all right—but say Biff, can't you find another one for me?

BIFF. Private Reginald De Courcay Pettingill! (*BABE takes his fourth letter.*)

BUDDY. (*To BABE*) Say, your folks must 'a' bought a transport to get all that junk over.

BIFF. (*Pause—Holding up a "mourning" envelope*) Private Reuben Dawson!

OMNES. (*Noticing the mourning envelope, they comment*) Isn't that too bad? Poor Rube! Etc.

BIFF. Where is he?

SONNY. He's around somewhere! I'll take it! (*XES to BIFF and takes letter.*)

BIFF. Break it to him easy.

SONNY. I'll try. Say listen, Biff, haven't you got something more for me?

BIFF. Nothing more for anybody—except this package for Private Reginald De Courcey Pettingill! (*Hands BABE package.*)

BABE. (*Taking it*) Thank you!

BIFF. Inspection in fifteen minutes. Get thru with your mail and be on your toes! and let me see them guns all shined up, too! (*Exit BIFF up centre to right.*)

(BOYS, *except* BUDDY, *sitting around, reading their letters.* BABE *sitting on bench at well.* SONNY *gets on bench* L. ORDERLY *on bench over* R. ABIE *on ground* R. JOHNNY *up* R. BUDDY *standing centre.*)

BUDDY. Gee whiz! They all drew cards but me—he's a hell of a mail wagon!

BABE. Buddy!

BUDDY. Yes!

BABE. Didn't you get any mail?

BUDDY. No; they ain't nobody to write to me. I was kinda stuck on Maggie Morrissey in Delancey Street before I enlisted and she said she'd write once a week—but she ain't licked a stamp. I guess she was kiddin' me! Gee! It's the most fun there is waiting for the mail to come in and grabbin' off a hunk of news from home!

BABE. Say, Buddy—how would you like to have one of mine—I got four!

BUDDY. (*Eagerly*) Could I?

BABE. Sure! Wait a minute—(*Looks over letters*) That's from mother—that's from father—that's from my kid sister—and that's from my maiden aunt Euphemia, she writes very sweet letters—you take it. (*Gives it to him.*)

BUDDY. For my own?

(*Bus. of SONNY laughing and throwing himself down on bench.*)

BABE. Sure!

BUDDY. Gee! This is the first friendly letter I ever got in my life—I think I'll open it with prayer.

BABE. (*In French, calling off left*) Marie! Babette!

(*MARIE & BABETTE enter from house.*)

MARIE & BABETTE. Oui, M'sieu—qu'est—qu'il—y—a?

BABE. (*In French*) Marie—Babette—ai de mois d'ouvrer le packet, s'il vous plait.

MARIE. Oui, tout de suite.

(*MARIE and BABETTE help him cut the strings and open the package.*)

BUDDY. I bet it's somethin' expensive! You didn't cable for your evening clothes, did you, Babe?

BABE. No, you chump—Mom says in her letter she sent me some chocolate cake and cigarettes!

(*The other BOYS, when they hear the words "Chocolate cake and cigarettes," rise as one man and crowd around to see the package opened.*)

(*The package is opened, revealing first a broken cigarette box with the cigarettes scattered all over and sticking into what was once a chocolate cake, but which is now flattened and smashed out of all resemblance to the original.*)

BABE. (*Looking at it ruefully*) Gee! Look at my beautiful chocolate cake! How do you suppose that happened?

BUDDY. My idea is that in order to keep it safe the Captain sat on it all the way over.

JOHNNY. You can't tell which is the cake and which is the cigarettes!

MARIE. Eh bien, vous ne savez pas,—Nous allons l'emporter dans la maison.

BABETTE. (*In French*) Oh, yes, we will find a way to separate the cake from the cigarettes! (*Oui, et nous allons trouver une maniere de separer le gateau des cigarettes.*)

BABE. S'il vous plait.

(MARIE and BABETTE take package—go in house left. BABE reads letters—BOYS return to previous positions and start to read letters again.)

(ORDERLY on bench, R. SONNY on bench, L. JOHNNY up at barn, R. ABIE sits on well.)

BUDDY. (*Kneeling, to read, centre*) Gee! Dis is a nice letter, it says—(*Reads*) "Dear Boy:—I know your heart is brave and stout and I know you do all the tasks given you cheerfully and well. (*Bus.*) When I wake each morning and hear the birds singing outside my window my one wish is that they might carry to you and sing in your heart all the prayers I say for your safety." (*Speaks*) Say, Babe, I bet your Aunt is some nice woman. (*Going to Babe*) Did you give me this letter, on the level?

BABE. Yes, Buddy; you'll let me read it, of course.

BUDDY. Sure, when I get all thru. Just write my name on the envelope. (*BUDDY gives letter to BABE.*) (*Enter RUBE c. from R.*) I gotta hunch Maggie Morrissey couldn't write a letter like dis in a t'ousand years—not if she learnt the typewriter!

RUBE. (*Coming down c.*) Gosh blame it! The mail's in! (*The other boys get up and all try to be extra kind to RUBE.*)

JOHNNY. (*Up c.*) Have a cigarette, Rube. (*Gives it to him.*)

ABIE. (*Lighting a match*) Take a light, Rube? (*The match goes out.*)

RUBE. Where's the Sergeant—didn't he bring no letter for me?

SONNY. (*Signals the others to go—all exit in barn—then he speaks to RUBE*) He—he told me to tell you to wait till he got back! (*The others fade off the scene in various directions—leaving SONNY and RUBE alone. They sit on bench at well.*)

(*READY SONG OFF STAGE*)

RUBE. Funny about letters, ain't it? How you look for them—and want them—and then if you git 'em you're afeard to read 'em especially if some one is ailin' at home.

SONNY. Someone ailin' at your home, Rube?

RUBE. Yes.

SONNY. And if you got bad news, Rube, you'd bear up under it, wouldn't you?

RUBE. Wouldn't be nothing else to do, Sonny—three thousand miles away.

SONNY. Well, what I mean is, you'd try and make yourself believe that everyt'ing is for the best, wouldn't you?

RUBE. It ain't easy to believe everythin' is for the best.

SONNY. We have to believe it, old pal. (*Takes out the letter for RUBE—gives it to him*) I'm sorry, awfully sorry!

(*QUARTETTE heard singing in distance off stage "Long, Long Trail"—See No. 5 of score.*)

RUBE. (*Takes it—turns it over, acts as if stunned*) Maw!

SONNY. Maybe it isn't—read it! (*Rises and stands L. of well.*)

RUBE. (*Opens the letter like one in a daze—reads—then speaks*) When I see the letter I knowed it was Maw! Nights ago I knew! She—she went away—askin'—askin' fer me! (*His elbows on his knees—his head in his hands—he cries quietly—looks up presently and speaks—SONNY sits beside RUBE.*) You don't think I'm weakenin', do you, Sonny? She was my best friend and it's goin' to be mighty lonesome without her. (*Drops his head in his hands again—crying softly.*)

SONNY. She hasn't left you at all—she's still watching over you and praying for you and thinking you're the grandest kid in the world, just like she did ever since you were a baby!

RUBE. (*Looking up*) You sure are comfortin' me, Sonny, and I ain't never goin' to forget. Maybe after all, it's for the best—she suffered an awful lot.

SONNY. There's no suffering now—nothing but the mother spirit—and she'll be sad when you're sad and happy when you're happy.

(RUBE gets up—SONNY also.)

RUBE. She'd want me to chirk up—wouldn't she?

SONNY. Yes, old man!

RUBE. The last thing she said to me was, "Rube, don't never be what you ain't—just be what you are—be a man—and play the game square!" (*SONNY takes his arm and then walks over to c.*) And you think if I smile a little and sort of chirk up it'll make her spirit happier?

SONNY. I'm sure of it.

RUBE. (*Shakes hands*) Thank you, Sonny—you done me a friendship I ain't never forgettin'. We was always happy together and I—I—(*Chokes up—then recovers—smiles at SONNY*) I ain't weakenin'—it's just awful hard to believe all of a sud-

den like that everything is for the best! (*Exits—into the barn R.—SONNY picks up gun and starts to clean it.*)

(*Enter BABE C. from R., trying to thread a needle. He is carrying a sewing kit.*)

BABE. (*To SONNY*) Did you break the news to Rube?

SONNY. Yes.

BABE. Who was it?

(*BUDDY enters quietly from barn and goes to water bag—gets a drink and then stands leaning against side of door.*)

SONNY. His mother!

BABE. Oh, that's too bad! How did he take it?

SONNY. Like a regular fellow.

BUDDY. Gee! I'm sorry for dat guy—he's the right kind of goods. I was awful careless wit my own parents—I mislaid dem when I wasn't old enough to know their faces—but I can be sorry for another guy, just de same! (*Exits into barn.*)

BABE. (*Coming down R.C.*) Say, Sonny.

SONNY. Yes, Babe!

BABE. Put that thing down, I want to talk to you.

SONNY. (*Puts down gun*) What's on your mind, Babe.

BABE. Is there—is there some set formula for—for proposing to a girl—something one could learn by heart and just stand with one's eyes closed and say it right off—something sure fire?

SONNY. (*C.*) I never heard of it.

BABE. (*R.C.*) That's too bad. I wonder why Thomas Edison or some good inventor doesn't take

that matter up. I think it would be very popular—I'd buy one.

SONNY. Why, you don't need any artificial help—all you have to do is walk right up to your adored one and say, "Darling, I—" (*Hesitates.*)

BABE. "Darling, I"—that wouldn't get me anything. I nearly get that far myself before I sink.

SONNY. Oh, it all comes to you on the spur of the moment.

BABE. The only thing that comes to me on the spur of the moment is to run for shelter like a jack rabbit. Do you mean to say you got engaged with that "Darling I" outburst?

SONNY. Yes, practically—of course it's all in the way you say it. (*Fervently.*) "Darling, I"—Well—if she's the right kind of a girl, she stops you when you get that far and says—"Yes."

BABE. And all you said was "Darling, I"?

SONNY. Very nearly.

BABE. And you got engaged?

SONNY. Yes.

BABE. Permanently?

SONNY. Certainly.

BABE. Who is she?

SONNY. Brooklyn girl.

BABE. Oh, maybe it's different in Brooklyn.

SONNY. No, Brooklyn or France, it's all the same. (*Takes out photo.*) I'll show you her picture.

BABE. (*Looking at it*) Gee, Louise Maitland.

SONNY. Great Scott! Do you know her?

BABE. Sure I do. Met her in Pittsburgh three years ago, when she was visiting the Morrisons. She's a corking good fellow.

SONNY. (*Sternly*) Did you flirt with her?

BABE. No; I didn't flirt with her—I proposed to her!

SONNY. What!

BABE. Only knew her about an hour—I was crazy about her then. But I got all over it in a week or so.

SONNY. You proposed to her, eh?

BABE. I sure did.

SONNY. Where's all your courage now that you can't propose to Julie?

BABE. Oh, it wasn't courage I had then. I think at that time my brain hadn't formed into a concrete mass. (*BABE has been struggling all through this scene to thread the needle. Succeeds at this point and asks SONNY to grab the thread that is just through the eye of the needle.*) Grab it, Sonny, grab it. Heard from Louise lately?

SONNY. Not for three weeks—I'm worried—she said in her last letter she had a wonderful surprise for me—and I've been looking for packages and parcels and letters—but nothing doing!

BABE. Funny, isn't it? I could tell Louise I loved her when I didn't love her—and now that I *do* love Julie, I can't even say "Good morning" to her.

SONNY. Say, listen—what did Louise say to you when you had the colossal nerve to propose to her?

BABE. Oh, she laughed a little and said, "No, thank you! I'm engaged to marry the finest boy in the Borough of Brooklyn!"

SONNY. (*Happy*) Oh, did she? (*Kisses photo*) She's some girl—she is!

BABE. Put that away. See what you can do with this thing. (*Indicating button on blouse, hands SONNY needle and thread.*) Here's the needle. Here's the button—Here's the place.

SONNY. Pretty soft for you. (*Sewing.*)

BABE. Sonny, I've got a great idea. I was thinking that you could speak to Julie for me.

SONNY. No, Babe, that never works out the right way. Where's all your courage, man. God knows you had enough of it a few months ago in the Argonne—you certainly walked up to those Huns all right.

BABE. I didn't say—"Darling, I"—it was another kind of an expression I used.

SONNY. Well, why don't you learn a little speech by heart, something like this: "Darling, I love you—will you marry me?" That's short and to the point, isn't it?

BABE. Well, it's more comprehensive than—"Darling, I."

SONNY. (*Finishes sewing—bites off thread*) Well, learn that and go out in the fields alone and practice. Just a minute. (*Bus. of breaking thread.*) (*After bus. hands BABE needle and thread and crosses over to left*) As I said, go out in the fields and practice—walk right up to a tree and say, "Darling, I love you." You could walk up to a tree and say that, couldn't you?

BABE. I guess so—if it were a dead tree. (*Puts needle back in kit.*)

SONNY. Why, you poor thing, Julie is mad about you. She's only waiting for a word from you to fall sobbing into your arms.

BABE. Do you think that falling into my arms is an occasion for sobbing?

SONNY. Oh, I'm only talking figuratively—Why, Julie loves you, I tell you. Didn't you have a chance to talk to her alone right here a half hour ago?

BABE. Yes.

SONNY. Why didn't you say something?

BABE. Well, I was just going to say something and all of a sudden I felt I wanted a drink of water, so I went in the barn and got the cigarette I was looking for,

SONNY. Oh, you're hopeless. The girl loves you—and there was an opportunity that may never come again. I'm not going to give you any more advice and I don't believe you could even say, "Darling, I" to a wooden Indian maid without breaking into a scarlet rash. (*Starts up stage*) Oh, well—I'll help you out for the last time—now make believe I am Julie—What would you say—come on now—go to it.

(SONG CUE: "Darling, I——" (*See No. 6 of Score.*)

(*During song, JOHNNY enters from barn, goes to waterbag, then calls others out.*)

(*After song: JULIE enters from house and comes down to BABE. BABE turns and sees her—is overcome by his returning bashfulness and elbowing his way through the boys, he dashes off into the barn. All the boys follow him, laughing and guying his behavior. ALL have left the stage except JULIE and SONNY.*)

JULIE. Oh, Sonny, I could speak to you please?

SONNY. You bet you can, Julie!

JULIE. We are engage now, all right. I have explain to Maman and she is say "God bless you for such a nice idea," and I have tell Pettibois and he is get excite and swear and say he don't believe it is true.

SONNY. Oh, he did—did he? Well, we'll put something over on that guy.

JULIE. He is bad man—and he is watch. Oh, I am so afraid. (*Enter ALPHONSE from house. JULIE sees him. Suddenly puts her arms around SONNY'S neck, her back to the barn.*) He is here. Make the love.

(BABE comes from the barn—sees the picture and stops in dumb astonishment.)

SONNY. (*Seeing BABE*) I can't, he's looking at me—

JULIE. Then I make it myself. (*Making violent love to SONNY*) Oh, cherie! I love you! love you! love you! (*Kisses him—both arms around his neck.*)

BABE. Oh, my God! (*Exits quickly in barn R.2.*)

JULIE. (*Quietly to SONNY*) Make some answers—he is listen!

(ALPHONSE goes down L. of well, listening.)

SONNY. (*Both arms around her*) My beautiful smile! I love you—love you—love you!

JULIE. (*Quietly*) Kiss me.

SONNY. (*Quietly*) I promised not to kiss any woman—

JULIE. (*Quietly*) Brookline will excuse. Kiss me to save Julie—He is watch.

SONNY. (*Holding her close*) My wonderful Julie—how I love you. (*Kisses her—then quietly*) Babe is a fool—he doesn't know what he's missing.

JULIE. Don't speak of him now—business before pleasure. (*Then loudly for effect*) You are fine, brave husband and Julie love you to death. Oh, I love you so much the heart it go bumpty bumplike—it is in a hurry. (*Pretends to see ALPHONSE for the first time. Pretends to be embarrassed, XES to L.C.*) Oh, M'sieu Pettibois, you have seen me make love to my engagement—pardon me, I am so ashamed—(*To SONNY*) If was no stranger here I tell you how much I am for love of you. (*Starts up stage, then stops above well and bends over across the well to kiss SONNY*) Au revoir, Cherie—I see you soon. (*Exits into house L.*)

(As JULIE kisses SONNY, he gets up on the bench at well to reach her, and after she exits he jumps down and quite intentionally lands on ALPHONSE'S foot.)

ALPHONSE. (*Howling with pain*) Sacre mille—million de balle de cannon. (*Jumping about holding on to his injured foot.*)

SONNY. Did I hurt you? (*XING to c.*)

ALPHONSE. Not much.

SONNY. Better luck next time. Johnny—Johnny—(*Calling off R.*)

ALPHONSE. (*Limping over to SONNY at c.*) She is nice girl, Julie?

SONNY. What's that?

ALPHONSE. I say Julie is a very nice girl!

SONNY. Is she?

ALPHONSE. Oh, yes. I think so—You are engaged with her?

SONNY. What do you think?

ALPHONSE. I think it looks like it.

SONNY. (*R.C. Bristling*) Want to make anything out of it?

ALPHONSE. (*R.*) Oh, nothing at all. Is nice idea . . . many fine-looking American soldiers in France they marry pretty French girls! Is wonderful idea!

SONNY. What interest have you in Julie?

ALPHONSE. Two thousand francs.

SONNY. Go on—keep talking—maybe you'll give me a good excuse to land on you in a minute.

ALPHONSE. We talk later. (*Goes to door of house.*)

(*Enter BABE from barn—followed by OTHERS.*)

SONNY. And, listen! If you ever annoy my fiancée in any manner I'll put the skids under you and roll you down the broad highway—get me?

ALPHONSE. Oh, we talk bye and bye—I am glad always to talk to brave soldier . . . ! (*Goes into house*) (SONNY turns—sees BABE glaring at him.)

(*When BOYS come on this time they, except BABE, have on marching equipment and guns. They put guns on bench R. and on well. BUDDY and ABIE put guns on bench over R.*)

BABE. (*To SONNY*) Say! What the hell are you trying to do?

SONNY. Nothing.

BABE. Isn't one girl enough for you to be engaged to?

SONNY. Oh, I don't know.

(*BOYS watch.*)

BABE. You don't know, eh? What do you want to lie to me for?

SONNY. Don't you call me a liar.

BABE. Kidding me with all this "Darling I" stuff, eh? Telling me to go out in the fields and talk to a tree while you stay here and make love to her—you're a fine buddy, you are!

(*BIFF enters and stands in barn door.*)

SONNY. Oh, shut up!

BABE. (*Wild-eyed*) I won't shut up! You lied and you stole her from me—you stiff—(*Makes a pass at SONNY, who dodges—the BOYS rush in to separate them. ABIE gets in between them. BUDDY*

runs off into the barn and returns immediately with two sets of boxing gloves.)

SONNY. I'll knock his block off.

BABE. Well, knock it off, it isn't much of a block anyway.

(BIFF gets down between BABE and SONNY as they rush at each other.)

BIFF. Wait a minute—now wait—there's only one way to settle an argument in this squad. Buddy, give me those gloves.

(BUDDY hands one set to BIFF, who hands them to BABE, at the same time hands the other set to SONNY. BUDDY and ABIE help BABE into his gloves. BIFF helps SONNY into his.)

(To BABE) Put 'em on. One minute rounds—Marquis of Queensbury rules—Break clean—Johnny, you're the time-keeper—Ready!

(JOHNNY looks at his wrist watch and when he sees that BABE and SONNY are ready, he calls.)

JOHNNY. Time!

BIFF. Shake hands.

(They shake hands and then start to fight. All through this scene ALL the BOYS keep up a running fire of talk, encouraging the boys to fight. After a short interval, during which they fight, JOHNNY calls "Time.")

JOHNNY. Time!

(BABE and SONNY return to their respective corners, where the backers of both fan them and go

through the general line of preparing them for the next round. After a short interval—During interval bus. of hitting ABIE by BABE.)

BIFF. (*Calling*) Time!

(At the call of time the BOYS start mixing it in the c. of the stage. JULIE enters from the house, sees the boys fighting—rushes between them and speaks.)

JULIE. What you do, eh? You want for kill each other with the pillows on the hands! You are perhaps a couple of school boys you fight like this—I am ashamed for you both——

ABIE. (*On well*) You got it right, Julie. (*SONNY swings on ABIE.*)

JULIE. Oh, M'sieu Babe, you are wound.

BABE. (R.) He never touched me.

SONNY. I did, too. I got in a corking good wallop on the jaw, didn't I, Johnny?

JOHNNY. I think you did.

JULIE. Now the war is all over, you are kiss and make up.

SONNY. (*XING over to BABE*) Well, I'll make up, but I'm darned if I'll kiss him. (*Extends his hand to BABE and then dashes off into barn followed by BABE.*)

BUDDY. (*Coming down to JULIE at c.*) What do you think of Battling Babe and One-Round Mc-Adoo? Some nifty little scrap, yes?

JULIE. Oh, it was so thrilling—I get so excite.

BUDDY. Well, if that's the way you feel about it, why didn't you let them go to a finish?

JULIE. How I know whose finish it's going to be? (*BUDDY turns up stage*) (*To BIFF*) Sergeant, may I speak to you?

BIFF. (*Coming down to JULIE*) Certainly.

JULIE. Why are they fight like that with the pillows?

BIFF. I think it was a duel over a beautiful young lady.

JULIE. How romantic! Who is the beautiful young lady?

BIFF. I'm sorry I can't tell you—it's a squad secret.

JULIE. You teach me to fight with the pillows—I beat you—you tell me squad secret?

BIFF. I'm sorry—that would be against army regulations.

JULIE. Oh, je m'en fiche des army r-r-regulations. (*XES over to L. BIFF blows whistle as he XES over to R.*)

BIFF. Oui—oui—Mademoiselle (*Blows whistle*) On the line! Snap her up now!

(*BOYS pick up their guns and go into squad formation over at R. Enter SONNY and BABE from barn with their equipment. SONNY goes to well and picks up his gun. BABE brings his gun on with him.*)

SONNY. (*Entering*) Come on, Babe.

BABE. Sonny, I've got the courage now—I'm going to tell her.

SONNY. Well, go ahead and tell her.

BABE. You bet I'll tell her! (*SONNY XES over and takes his place in the squad. BABE goes down to JULIE and speaks with a desperate effort*) Darling—I——

BIFF. Fall in!

BABE. Darling—I——

BIFF. (*Bellowing*) Fall in!!

BABE. (*To JULIE*) I've got to go
(*XES over and takes his place in the squad.*)

BIFF. Squad 'tention—Right dress—Front—Inspection arms—Order arms—Right shoulder arms—Right face—Mark time—March—Forward—Route Step—March!

(Led by BIFF the BOYS march off c. to r. in columns of twos, singing "L'Italie"—See No. 7 of score—SONNY and BABE bring up the rear and as they pass JULIE over l., BABE attempts to speak to her. SONNY pulls him back into place again and

CURTAIN

1ST CURTAIN: JULIE watching the BOYS as they disappear in the distance.

2ND CURTAIN: EVERYBODY on for a call.

3RD CURTAIN: JULIE, BABE and SONNY.
and
all subsequent
curtains.

“BUDDIES”

ACT II.

SCENE: *Same as Act I.*

TIME: *That afternoon.*

PROPERTY LIST: [ON STAGE:]

2 wooden bowls with potatoes and two knives.

[OFF STAGE:]

Letter in envelope for SONNY.

Revolver for JULIE.

2 pots of coffee—steaming hot.

Small hand bag for Louise.

DISCOVERED: MADAME BENOIT is sitting on well at centre and ALPHONSE PETTIBOIS is pacing up stage. She is greatly distressed and he is angry. MARIE and BABETTE are seated at left on a bench by the house. They are peeling potatoes—*from time to time they whisper together and watch their mother anxiously.*

ALPHONSE. What is the use? What is the use? Chere Madame, you know nothing about this business. How to feed a lot of people. You think you do great things to this boys and cheat me out of my money. (*Pacing up and down stage c.*)

MME. BENOIT. Cheat you! (*Rises.*)

ALPHONSE. Yes, cheat me. And I am stand this no longer! You should give these soldiers what is cheap and we save this money.

MME. BENOIT. (*Indignantly*) Mais—M'sieu Pettibois! (*To MARIE and BABETTE in French*) Go in the house, children, there is nothing to worry about. (*Mes enfants, rentrez a la maison—il n'est rien de s'en quieter.*)

MARIE & BABETTE. Oui, Maman! (*MARIE and BABETTE go in the house—reluctantly.*)

MME. BENOIT. (*To ALPHONSE*) I will give these boys the same meals I always give them. (*Enter JULIE from the house and comes down c.*)

ALPHONSE. (*Over R.C.*) No—no—mille fois non—I will tell you what kind of meals to give them.

JULIE. (*c.*) What is the matter with this person now, Maman?

ALPHONSE. (*R.C. Amorously*) Ah! The beautiful Julie! I am not see you for a long time and you are so good to look at! (*Attempts to pat her shoulder—JULIE resents it.*)

JULIE. (*c.*) You are keep your hands off me, please!

ALPHONSE. (*R.C.*) Soon, perhaps, you give me the right to put my arms around you?

JULIE. Give you such a right! Why are you speak this way to me when you know I am engage to marry American soldier?

ALPHONSE. (*R.C.*) Oh, ma petite—why are you so foolish—so childish? I offer to make you a splendid husband and you let this American twist you around his little finger—comme ca—he make plenty promise—he talk loud—he get what he wants—then he laugh at you and march away. He is no good.

JULIE. (*c.*) It is lie. The American soldier is a fine brave boy. He is come here three thousand miles for be seasick, for be homesick, for be lonesome, and he is never complain; and all the time he is go for make everybody happy with the smile

on the face. You never see him with the head bowed down and the trouble in the knees. No, you see him with the shoulders thrown back, the heart beating steady, and the brave light in the eyes he step up to death himself and he say, "Hello, Kid, you wish for play tag with me?" He is leave his comfortable home and come over the ocean to fight and die for Maman, for Marie and Babette, for Julie, and for you, M'sieu, for you. So we can all have the liberty to live our lives, and you say he is no good—hah—then Julie—say—you are a damn to hell liar.

ALPHONSE. (*In a rage*) So, you are call me this, eh?

JULIE. Yes, and if I could think of something more worse I call you that, too! I want you go away from our house now! I wish never to see your ugly face again. (*Goes to mother and puts arms about her.*)

MME. BENOIT. Julie!

ALPHONSE. (*Furious, but restraining himself*) Oh, so! I have the ugly face?

JULIE. (*Speaking over her shoulder*) Oui, like gargoyle on Notre Dame.

MME. BENOIT. Julie, please!

ALPHONSE. (R.C.) So you think this, eh?

JULIE. (C.) Oui, I think this. Also you are one fat spider and you go for catch the poor little flies in the web.

ALPHONSE. (*Pacing up and down R. stage*) (*Very angrily*) I am a fat spider?—I am a fat spider—Well, maybe you think I am fine gentleman when I offer to marry the sister of a thief.

MME. BENOIT. (L.C. *Greatly distressed*) Oh, M'sieu, please! Please!

JULIE. (*Not yet realizing*) What is this?

ALPHONSE. (*To JULIE*) Your brother, Pierre,

he steal 2,000 francs from me when he is work in my cafe in New York, voila!

JULIE. (*Intensely angry*) You say this to me when my brother is dead on the battlefield and my mother wear the Croix de Guerre his country send her because Pierre is a brave boy—you say he is a thief—you—you—you—(JULIE *runs wildly in the barn—right.*)

MME. BENOIT. (c.) Oh, Mon Dieu! You have spoiled her whole life.

ALPHONSE. (x. to c.) I am gentleman—the truth hurts nobody.

(*Enter JULIE from the barn with an army revolver left there by one of the boys—she levels it at ALPHONSE.*)

JULIE. (*To ALPHONSE*) You are apologize to Maman and to me for what you say and you are do this quick! Quick!

MME. BENOIT. (*Crossing in front of ALPHONSE—Stopping her*) Oh, Julie! Julie! It is true! It is true!

JULIE. (*Weakly*) It is true, Maman? (*Lowers revolver.*)

ALPHONSE. (*Who has shown signs of agitation when the revolver covered him and is easier now*) Oui—it is true! But I am a gentleman. I never tell you this if you are not speak about spiders—and if you break your engagement with this M'sieu Sonnay, I am the most amiable gentleman it is possible for nice man to be! (*Exit ALPHONSE at L.*)

(MME. BENOIT *sinks on bench at well.*)

JULIE. (*To MADAME BENOIT who is crying*) Maman, why are you keep this from me?

MME. BENOIT. It is better you don't know it, Julie.

JULIE. Is better I do know it, so I share this sorrow with you. Whatever the mistake my brother is make in his life he is atone for everything in his death. (*Comforting her*) There, there, Maman, you are not to cry. Maybe the kind God—(SQUAD heard singing off in the distance, "L'Italie," as they are returning from the drill) has got some good ideas for us yet—it is not always to be dark, Maman—and when the sunshine is come again maybe we get our share, too. So. You are rest for a little while and Julie is talk to you, and we are not let the world see we are ashamed for anything. So, that is a good Maman. (THEY exit into house.)

(*The returning SQUAD heard off singing "L'Italie" louder as they approach closer to the house.*)

(THEY enter, lead by BIFF, in a column of twos; centre from right, and execute the commands as given, as they enter.)

BIFF. Column right march—column left march—by the right flank—march—squad halt—Inspection arms—port arms—dismissed.

(THEY break ranks and BABE exits at once into the barn where he gets rid of his equipment.)

(*The BOYS keep up a running fire of chatter, commenting on the warm work of the drill, etc., etc., when MARIE and BABETTE enter from the house with large pots of steaming coffee.*)

MARIE & BABETTE. Ah—Bon jour, M'sieu Sonny.

SONNY. Bon jour, Mademoiselle.

MARIE. Vous n'savez pas? Vous revenez de

l'exercise aussi vous devez etre tres fatigue—Maman vous a prepare du cafe bien chaud.

JOHNNY. Sonny, what he say?

SONNY. He say—hot coffee. (*Takes MARIE'S arm and exits into barn.*) (*The BOYS greet the GIRLS' announcement with great joy as they all exit into barn.*)

OMNES. (*Ad lib*) Great, fine—me for the coffee—etc., etc. (*While off stage they dispose of their equipment.*)

(*After they are all off ALPHONSE enters from left 1st.*)

ALPHONSE. Sacre mille tonerre—I am a fat spider.

(*Enter LOUISE MAITLAND from centre. She is dressed in a travelling costume, quiet but smart looking. She carries a small handbag. She is about to go to the door of the house, but seeing ALPHONSE she stops—he turns and sees her.*)

LOUISE. Pardon me, is this Madame Benoit's house? (*Coming down c.*)

ALPHONSE. (*L.C. left of well, very effusively*) Oh, oui—Madame Benoit live in this house.

LOUISE. There is a squad of American soldiers billeted here?

ALPHONSE. Oh, oui—oui—You are an American girl, n'est pas?

LOUISE. Yes, I am.

ALPHONSE. Your brother is a soldier here?

LOUISE. No.

ALPHONSE. Your husband?

LOUISE. I am not married.

ALPHONSE. Not married—oh! That is too bad! Such a beautiful girl—such eyes with the soul in them.

LOUISE. Just what do you mean?

ALPHONSE. Oh, that's all right! I am not married also. We are perhaps to be very good friends! I have amiable disposition—and I am gentleman.

(Enter BABE centre from right.)

LOUISE. I'm so glad you told me—I was beginning to doubt it.

BABE. *(Seeing her—is astonished)* Louise Maitland! *(Shaking hands)* Well,—by all the Gods of War!

LOUISE. Babe! Oh! What a wonderful surprise—I had no idea *you* were here!

BABE. Well, I am glad to see you.

ALPHONSE. We are all very glad to see you.

BABE. *(To ALPHONSE)* Will you please excuse us? *(Crossing to ALPHONSE at left.)*

ALPHONSE. Certainly! Two is company and I am gentleman—always a gentleman. *(Exit ALPHONSE at left.)*

LOUISE. *(Following Babe over left)* Who is that dreadful person?

BABE. Search me. He's always trying to remind himself that he is a gentleman—but do sit down and tell me all about it. *(They sit on bench at left.)*

LOUISE. First of all, is Sonny here?

BABE. Yes—he's very much here.

LOUISE. That's splendid, you see I came over to Paris with father—he's connected with the Peace Commission—father found out where Sonny's regiment was stationed—and then he reluctantly agreed to let me take the train alone and come here to see Sonny—but it's quite all right—isn't it, Babe, when you're engaged?

BABE. Oh, yes, it's quite all right—when you're engaged.

LOUISE. I've been two hours trying to find out

where he was billeted. I thought I'd give him a pleasant little shock.

BABE. It will be a pleasant little shock all right.

LOUISE. I wrote him some time ago that I had a big surprise in store for him.

BABE. Oh, it's a dandy surprise!—a corking surprise! (*With a triumphant expression he cannot resist*) The mills of the gods grind slow but they grind exceedingly small.

LOUISE. Apropos of what?

BABE. Oh, nothing! It makes me poetical just to see you again, Louise! You know, it's the queerest thing—the assurance I have when I am with you. (*Takes her hand boldly.*) I can take your hand—and snuggle up close—why I could rush right up to you and say “Darling I”—just as though you were a dead tree.

LOUISE. A dead tree—what do you mean, Babe?

BABE. Oh, I'm just getting poetical—but it's wonderful the assurance I have when I am with you . . . dearest.

LOUISE. Dearest?—what's that for?

BABE. Oh, just because I am at ease, sweetie.

LOUISE. (*Laughing*) Aren't you at ease with your other girl friends?

BABE. Not with all of them—I mean ONE of them—when she is near me—when she *was* near me, I seemed to be forever giving my famous imitation of a jelly-fish.

LOUISE. Oh, Babe! You must be terribly in love with her?

BABE. I was—but I'm not—

LOUISE. Why?

BABE. She's gone!

LOUISE. Dead?

BABE. Just as bad. Engaged to another man. (*Taking her hand.*) Angel of light, when I look into your eyes—

LOUISE. Wait a minute, Babe—You know I'm already engaged and I'm in love.

BABE. I was merely using you as a dead tree—but I did propose to you once, didn't I?

LOUISE. (*Laughing*) Yes, about an hour after you'd met me.

BABE. Was I romantic and convincing?

LOUISE. I should say you were—I believe I would have accepted you if I hadn't been so much in love with Sonny.

BABE. (*Rises*) Oh, Sonny! Of course! (*XES to c.*)

LOUISE. What's the matter? (*Rising.*)

BABE. Oh, nothing!

LOUISE. There's nothing wrong with Sonny, is there? (*Following BABE to c.*)

BABE. Oh, no! There's nothing wrong with Sonny! He's there, that boy.

LOUISE. I'm so glad! My train leaves for Paris at ten o'clock—but we can talk a lot in four hours, can't we?

BABE. Yes—if you're not interrupted.

LOUISE. Is there a chance of our being interrupted?

BABE. There's a lively little French chance of your being interrupted.

LOUISE. Oh, well—we must make the best of it. I suppose Sonny has talked to you a lot about me?

BABE. Not an awful lot.

LOUISE. Why not?

BABE. Well, he didn't know until this morning that you and I were acquainted—and he's had a fairly busy day.

(*Enter SONNY from the barn at R.*)

SONNY. Say, Babe! I don't like the idea of—
(*He sees LOUISE who has turned and faced him—*

smiling.) My God! Louise! (*Pushes BABE out of the way and embraces her—kisses her.*)

BABE. (*Exasperated. After recovering from the shove up stage, he comes down L. of LOUISE.*) That's the best thing he does. (*Exits at L.*)

SONNY. (*R.C. Holding her off.*) Oh, you wonderful girl. How did this miracle happen.

LOUISE. (*C.*) Father brought me to Paris with him.

SONNY. Why didn't you write and tell me?

LOUISE. If I told you there wouldn't be any surprise.

(*Enter ALPHONSE from house left. He sees SONNY and LOUISE—stops—watches them.*)

SONNY. It's the most wonderful surprise I ever had in my life. (*Laughs.*)

LOUISE. You are glad to see me?

SONNY. Glad! (*Takes her in his arms—kisses her, ALPHONSE hurries in the house.*)

LOUISE. Is it quite all right for me to be here?

SONNY. Of course! How long can you stay?

LOUISE. I must go back on the ten o'clock train.

SONNY. Oh, no, dear—It can't be done—

(*MUSIC CUE: See Number 9 in Score.*)

(*After the song, LOUISE and SONNY are on bench at well.*)

SONNY. Now tell me all about the folks—how's your mother?

LOUISE. Mother's splendid. She sent her love.

SONNY. (*R.C.*) Let me have it.

(*ALPHONSE and JULIE enter from house and remain on door step. ALPHONSE points to SONNY and LOUISE.*)

(LOUISE puts her arms around SONNY and kisses him.)

LOUISE. (c.) There.

(BABE enters from left 1st—and stands watching them.)

SONNY. Anybody else in the family send their love?

LOUISE. Aunt Emily did.

SONNY. Let me have it.

(LOUISE kisses him again.)

LOUISE. There.

JULIE. (To ALPHONSE) Is alright. She say mother—she say aunt—she is sister—Sonny! Sonny! (Coming down R. of well.)

SONNY. (Rising) Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

JULIE. (Coming down to right of SONNY and LOUISE—speaks to LOUISE. When JULIE addresses SONNY, he and LOUISE rise and start right. JULIE gets in between them.) You are sister of SONNY? I am glad to meet you. I always want for meet my husband's sister.

LOUISE. (Astonished) Why—he—What—Babe—I don't understand— (LOUISE XES to BABE left.)

(JULIE goes quickly to SONNY, who is rattled and has moved away to right. She speaks quietly and intensely to him.)

JULIE. For God's sake keep the promise you made to Julie. Pettibois will disgrace Julie and her mother if you don't do this.

SONNY. (Terribly embarrassed) But Julie, don't you see I——

JULIE. (*Intensely as before*) I swear this is true and it will break Julie's heart—make the love, your sister is not care. (*Then lovingly—lifting her passive arms around his neck.*) Ah, cherie Sonny. You have in the heart such a love for Julie—and Julie love you so very much. (*Kisses him—holds him tight with his head on her shoulder. LOUISE is dumb with surprise and deeply hurt.*)

LOUISE. (*To BABE*) It seems I shouldn't have come here after all.

SONNY. (*R.C.—Excitedly speaking to JULIE*) Now run along, Julie—will you excuse me just a minute—

(*JULIE smiles at LOUISE—then speaks to SONNY.*)

JULIE. You are bring your sister in for meet my mother soon, not so?

SONNY. Yes—Julie—certainly.

JULIE. (*Turns to ALPHONSE, who has watched the scene somewhat bewildered*) My engagement husband have very nice sister, is it not? (*JULIE runs into house.*)

SONNY. (*Starts towards house*) Now Louise—

ALPHONSE. (*To SONNY*) This girl tells me she has no brother in the war—how is it she is your sister?

(*SONNY starts to take off his coat as if to beat up ALPHONSE, whereupon ALPHONSE in great fear rushes into the house.*)

SONNY. (*To ALPHONSE*) You big stiff. I'll knock your block off. (*Then to LOUISE*) Louise! Please let me explain.

(*BABE sits on bench left, chuckling to himself.*)

LOUISE. (*Haughtily*) What is there to explain?

SONNY. Well, of course, I suppose it did look a bit queer, but you see—

LOUISE. (*Coldly*) A scene of such ardent affection always looks queer in public.

SONNY. But Louise, you don't understand.

LOUISE. Oh, yes, I do, my eyesight is very good and my hearing quite all right.

SONNY. I didn't do anything.

LOUISE. (*Witheringly*) Of course not—men never do anything—(SONNY *crosses to c.*) they are such passive creatures — (*Suddenly following SONNY to c.*) She kissed you, didn't she?

SONNY. Yes—but—she's a French girl and she's emotional and temperamental—and, besides, it was only done for a purpose.

LOUISE. My humiliation—a laudable purpose.

SONNY. No, no, dear; you see I had no idea *you* would be here . . . and I—I—

BABE. Darling I—

SONNY. Oh, shut up! (*Continuing to LOUISE*) I gave *her* my sacred word of honor—

LOUISE. (*Turning to him angrily*) So, that's it! You had no idea *I* would be here and you gave *her* your sacred word of honor—what a strange habit to cultivate—giving your word of honor to every girl who interests you.

SONNY. Honey, please let me explain—

LOUISE. (*Interrupting*) Don't try to *explain* any further—*please!* Every word you say makes it worse.

LOUISE. (*To BABE*) Oh, Mr. Pettingill—I want so much to talk to you, Babe.

BABE. Yes, Weezey!

SONNY. (*Wildly*) Weezey, Weezey, Weezey! (*Walks off angrily into barn at R.*)

(LOUISE drops on bench at well and cries—BABE sits with her—slight pause.)

BABE. No use to cry, Louise.

LOUISE. (*Looking up—"dabbing" her eyes*) I'm not crying. There's nothing to make me unhappy, is there? Certainly not. See how I'm smiling! Why don't you smile, too?

BABE. I am—a little!

LOUISE. —Is she the one you are in love with?

BABE. She's the one I *was* in love with.

LOUISE. *Are* in love with, I said.

BABE. Past tense—was!

LOUISE. Are!

BABE. You win! I'm too happy to argue with you.

LOUISE. Both of us caught in the avalanche! But there's really no reason to be upset, is there?

BABE. No, indeed! (*Sighs deeply.*)

LOUISE. No reason! (*Sighs deeply.*)

BABE. None at all. (*Sighs.*)

LOUISE. (*With bravado*) It does give one a rather exhilarating thrill to be jilted, doesn't it?

BABE. Yes—but it's more exhilarating for you, I suppose, because you'd gone so far as to pick out your dining room furniture!

LOUISE. (*Tearfully*) No, but I had picked out the house in Brooklyn—We were to live on Pine-apple Street.

BABE. My forwarding address is Lemon Avenue. (*With emotion, taking her hand*) Angel of light, when I look into your eyes. (*Pause.*)

LOUISE. What's the rest of it?

BABE. I don't think there *is* any rest of it.

LOUISE. Well, why not try to go on to some bitter finish?

BABE. You mean with a view to our becoming engaged?

LOUISE. What do *you* think?

BABE. It's entirely in *your* hands.

LOUISE. Don't you think it's easier for two people to forget together than it is for one person to remember alone?

BABE. Yes, I do. (*Taking her hand*) Angel of light, when I look into your eyes, I seem to see a moving picture of a storm-swept sea of circumstances and two battered hulks are tossing, tossing helplessly thereon—and you are one hulk—a very pretty hulk—and I am the other hulk—and you are so sorry for me—tossing! tossing! And I am so sorry for you, tossing! tossing! and I'm going to tell you that I have a great pity for you, tossing! tossing! and I'm going to ask you if pity isn't akin to love?

LOUISE. (*After a pause—looking up at him shyly*) Yes, Babe. (*She kisses him.*)

BABE. Thank you, dear—when shall we be married?

LOUISE. That depends upon how long we are engaged in forgetting.

(*Enter SONNY from the barn with a letter in his hand, BABE and LOUISE rise haughtily.*)

SONNY. (*Offering letter*) Here you are, LOUISE—since you won't let me tell you—here's a full written explanation of the whole thing.

(*BABE stops him.*)

BABE. Pardon me, Mr. McAdoo, but my fiancee has but a short time to spend with me and I'm sure you'll excuse her if she denies herself the pleasure of perusing your latest literary output.

LOUISE. (*To BABE, imitating JULIE's dialect*)
Ah, cherie Babe, you have in the heart such a love
for Louise and Louise she is love you so very much.

BABE. (*BABE kisses her, then winks at SONNY*)
Did you get that?

(*LOUISE and BABE with their arms around each
other's waists exit at left.*)

SONNY. (*Utterly dumfounded*) My God!
(*Sits on bench at well.*)

(*Enter JULIE from the house.*)

JULIE. Sonny!

SONNY. Yes, Julie!

JULIE. What is the matter?

SONNY. Nothing!

JULIE. Sonny, there is tear in your eye.

SONNY. No, no, Julie, you're mistaken. (*Rises
—crosses to c.*)

JULIE. She is sweet girl, your sister. (*Follow-
ing SONNY.*)

SONNY. She's not my sister.

JULIE. No; she is cousin?

SONNY. She isn't any relation at all—she—she
was my sweetheart.

JULIE. (*Astonished*) You sweetheart.

SONNY. Yes.

JULIE. From Brookline, U. S. A.?

SONNY. From Brooklyn—yes.

JULIE. (*In great distress*) Oh, Sonny! Why
you not tell me this, I am die for shame! I think
she is just some nice girl you have for relation and
she is come here to say, "Bon jour—au revoir!"
because I know you have sweetheart in Brook-
line, U. S. A. of America but I never know she
is over that ocean.

SONNY. It's all right, Julie! I gave you my word of honor and I kept it because I felt that you were in deeper trouble than I was.

JULIE. No. No! Never is there any trouble in my heart so deep that Julie would bring tears to your eyes, Sonny. And this fine girl you have for sweetheart she thinks when her face is gone you make love to foolish little French girl—and Julie have done this for save herself—Oh, I am ashamed—I am shame—

SONNY. (*Comforting JULIE*) You mustn't feel badly about it, Julie.

JULIE. (*Cries—stops suddenly*) But it is not too late for Julie to do the one thing that is right. Attendez—attendez— (*She runs to the door of the barn and calls*) Mes enfants, ici—ici—I make a speech—(*She then jumps on the bench at the well.*)

SONNY. Julie, what are you going to do?

(*All the BOYS come on from the barn. ALPHONSE enters from up centre and goes down left.*)

JULIE. Listen, everybody. Julie is play big practical joke and now Julie is ashamed because she is play this joke so she tell the truth to everybody. Julie is go to M'sieu Sonny and tell him she has great troubles in the heart and ask him to engage to her to protect her, and M'sieu Sonny is a fine boy and he say "Certainly—if I could help you from your troubles." But Julie has no troubles. Julie is the happiest girl in France and for a joke she has got herself engaged to M'sieu Sonny to make another man jealous. Ha—ha—ha—is good joke, mes enfants, a very good joke. Julie is not care that—(*She snaps her fingers*) for Sonny—and he is not care that—(*As before*) for Julie—so this foolish engagement is broke—And Julie

is marry right away, fine gentleman—M'sieu Alphonse Pettibois—(ALPHONSE *takes a delighted step towards her*—JULIE'S *voice grows weaker*) Because—because she is love him so very much. (JULIE *totters and falls sobbing in SONNY'S arms. He consoles her and takes her off into the house L.*)

(*The BOYS separate into groups at left, at centre, and at right. They stare menacingly at ALPHONSE, who struts about down in the left corner.*)

(*BIFF enters and stands in barn door.*)

ALPHONSE. (*Down left*) She's mine—she's mine. I am the happiest man in the world, the happi—Salute, mes braves—(*Then ALPHONSE becomes nervous under the cold accusing gaze of the BOYS as they slowly advance on him.*) Why you look at me like this? I am a happy man, I go for the notary—Oh, I am so glad to have such fine American soldiers for my guests.

(*The BOYS make a rush at him.*)

BIFF. (*Coming down centre*) Steady there—what's going on here?

(*The BOYS stop and turn to BIFF.*)

BUDDY. Say—Sergeant—Won't you please go out and leave us alone with this guy?

BIFF. Easy Buddy. (*To ALPHONSE*) Hello!

ALPHONSE. Hello!

BIFF. Where have I seen you before?

ALPHONSE. Oh, me—you see me here—there—everywhere.

BIFF. Don't kid me.

ALPHONSE. Oh!—No—no—no—

BIFF. You're kidding me—

ALPHONSE. Oh, no, no, jamais la vie—no—no—
—I am very well known man—I am a very cosmopolitan man—Alphonse Pettibois—international man—*(During this speech he is gradually edging his way up stage, and starts to sing a French song and exits up c.)*

BIFF. *(Ruminating at centre)* Say, Johnny, somewhere I've run across that guy before—It'll come back to me—*(During this speech the Boys are gradually sneaking up stage in an attempt to get off at ALPHONSE without the SERGEANT seeing them. As the SERGEANT turns he sees what they are up to.)* Steady there. Do you want to get in wrong?

(The Boys come back down stage angry at being caught.)

JOHNNY. *(Over at window L.)* Did you see the fear in Julie's eyes when she said she'd marry him—my God, man, it made you want to cry just to look at her.

(Enter SONNY from house L.)

SONNY. Where is he?

BUDDY. *(Up centre)* The Pollywog has went for the Notary—I hope he chokes.

SONNY. *(To BIFF at centre)* Sergeant, give me a half hour's leave to run down to the village, will you?

BUDDY. *(Over right of BIFF—eagerly)* What are you going to do, Sonny, mess him up?

BIFF. Nothing doing.

SONNY. No, no, Sergeant, I want to see if I can't get something on that loafer. I know he's a crook—I tell you there's something dead wrong

because Julie's going through with it—she says nothing can stop her, but I want to try.

BIFF. All right, Sonny—go ahead.

SONNY. Thanks, Sergeant. (*Exits up centre to right.*)

(BIFF goes in the barn. JOHNNY straggles off into the barn during next speeches.)

BUDDY. (*To ABIE*) What's that Pettibois stiff tryin' to put over on us, anyway?

(*Enter BABE from left.*)

BABE. Say, Buddy!

BUDDY. (*Over R.C.*) I'm not speaking to you.

BABE. What's the idea.

BUDDY. Julie is going to marry Pettibois, that's the idea.

BABE. (*Astounded*) What?

ABIE. (*c.*) She tells us all, understand me, that this is a joke about her being engaged to Sonny.

BUDDY. Oh, I was wise to that all the time—That was only a stall. But I don't get this Pettibois switch.

BABE. (*Dazed*) You say she is going to marry Pettibois?

ABIE. In a minute—he's out now looking for a cheap notary.

BABE. Are you kidding me?

BUDDY. No, we're not kidding you—Madame Benoit is in there trying to cook the dinner and spending most of her—(*BABE goes up behind well and looks off into house*)—time crying—Marie and Babette ain't crackin' a smile any more—Julie ain't on the job and this gink Pettibois is actin' as though

he owned eight divisions of the American Army!
And it's all your fault.

BABE. My fault?

BUDDY. That's what I said. Didn't you go and toss Julie in the discard for this Brooklyn Jane?

BABE. Of course I didn't.

BUDDY. Well, I've been using my nut, see—I'm trying to figure it out. Julie's stuck on you—I don't know why when they's handsome men around like me and Abie—but she is—and then when she sees you flirting with Flatbush—

BABE. What?

BUDDY. You hear me! And when she's wise to you she's for marrying that human egg plant. I just put two and two together—that's all.

BABE. Well, you haven't added it up correctly—I don't know what Julie's motive is for marrying Pettibois—God knows I don't want her to—I'm heartsick over it.

BUDDY. Heartsick—ha, don't make me use this laugh—I'm saving it—Heartsick—and you engaged and out there in the fields picking orange blossoms with Columbia Heights and discussin' which is the safest street in Brooklyn to run a baby carriage on—Huh—(*Exits into barn.*)

ABIE. (*Interrupting*) And what is more—

BABE. Oh, shut up. (*Chases ABIE off into barn.*)

LOUISE. (*Entering from left 1st*) Are you going to let me stand out there in the road all alone?

BABE. Louise—listen—something terrible has happened—Julie has thrown Sonny over and she's going to marry Pettibois. (*Pause*) Did you hear what I said?

LOUISE. Yes.

BABE. Well, aren't you going to laugh or cry or something?

LOUISE. I don't see anything to laugh or cry about.

BABE. Have you ever seen Pettibois?

LOUISE. Yes.

BABE. Can you imagine a dear, sweet girl like Julie marrying an awful thing like that?

LOUISE. (*Coldly*) That's her own affair. She seems to be somewhat uncertain.

BABE. It's too deep for me—I can't figure it out. I wonder how Sonny feels now?

LOUISE. (*Sits on bench L.*) Don't expect me to answer—it might sound vindictive.

BABE. Still I'd like you to say something.

LOUISE. When a woman is jilted by a man and that man in turn is jilted by another woman that would seem to even matters, wouldn't it?

BABE. I guess so—I never studied Ibsen.

LOUISE. A man can't be engaged to two girls at the same time, can he?

BABE. He can if he's a glutton for punishment.

LOUISE. Well, please don't discuss the matter.

BABE. (*Crossing to LOUISE*) Are we—are we engaged?

LOUISE. Do your friends know that we are engaged?

BABE. Yes, everybody knows it.

LOUISE. Who told them?

BABE. I did—you told me to tell everybody, didn't you?

LOUISE. Possibly—I did—I've forgotten.

BABE. Well, are we engaged? (*Sits on bench with LOUISE.*)

LOUISE. Certainly we're engaged! Because a certain young man was jilted by a certain young lady is no reason why we should make fools of ourselves—at present. We'll go through with it—unless you want to make a public speech yourself.

BABE. No, Darling I——

LOUISE. Never mind the darling I.

BABE. Is it your idea that we be engaged permanently—or do we marry eventually?

LOUISE. Why cross the bridge before we come to it?

BABE. Quite true. But in the event of marriage I wouldn't want to live in Brooklyn.

LOUISE. And I wouldn't live in Alleghany.

BABE. Suppose we compromise on mid-distance. Shall we say Harper's Ferry?

LOUISE. You've already said too much.

BABE. (*Taking her hand*) I'm sorry, Louise.

LOUISE. What are you sorry for?

BABE. For the same two hulks tossing, tossing.

LOUISE. You needn't be sorry for me—and I'm not a hulk.

BABE. What are you going to say to Sonny?

LOUISE. Nothing—I'll try to avoid him till train time. I shan't have much trouble—he is carefully keeping out of sight.

BABE. What'll I say to him?

LOUISE. I don't think you'll be at a loss with your quaint ideas on publicity! Tell him we adore each other fervently—that our happiness is quite beyond the comprehension of the average mortal and I wish you'd let go my hand, please.

BABE. (*Dropping her hand quickly*) Assuredly, dearest!

LOUISE. Tell him that my heart just throbs and throbs for you and you alone and you don't have to sit so close to me, do you?

BABE. (*Moving over quickly*) No. No.

LOUISE. And tell him that we have found the secret of perfect companionship, and will you please run down to the depot and find out the very first train leaving for Paris——

(*BABE rises slowly and starts up stage—turns and looks at Louise.*)

BABE. Speaking as one engaged—certainly, my beloved angel face!

LOUISE. Oh, hurry! (*Exit BABE hurriedly c. to R.*)

(*Enter JULIE from the house—LOUISE seeing her is about to follow BABE off at left—JULIE speaks to her.*)

JULIE. (*Standing in door*) Miss Brookline. Could you spare me two or three minutes, please?

LOUISE. (*Very stiffly*) You wish to speak to me, ma'moiselle?

JULIE. (*Coming down to well*) Through the window I have seen you make long talk to M'sieu Babe. Oh! it is wonderful to see how he sit there so quiet with you.

LOUISE. I'm afraid I don't understand you.

JULIE. For many times I have wish to make quiet conversation with M'sieu Babe, but for every time I say no more than just "Bon jour, mon enfant"—he is get red in the face, and choky in the throat, and he run away like a rabbit is frightened by something. You are not like me call your engagement husband a rabbit?

LOUISE. You may call him anything you wish.

JULIE. You are angry with me. In your face I see this. You think Julie is a very bad wicked girl, oui? I know this.

LOUISE. (*Stiffly*) I haven't given the matter much thought.

JULIE. Will you sit down please, Miss Brookline? (*They sit together on bench at well*) When you are a little girl you like for hear fairy stories?

LOUISE. Yes, everybody likes fairy stories.

(*SONG CUE: "Fairy Tales"—JULIE. MUSIC CUE—See No. 10 of Score.*)

(After the song they are seated on bench at well.)

JULIE. I tell you my fairy story. Once upon a time there is a little poor girl and she is dream a wonderful dream that some day Prince Charming is come to her and he is say "I like you, little poor girl. Would you take off those sabots and try on these crystal slippers, if you please." But this is only dream she is have—and then is come a terrible war and fine soldiers are come to the home of the little poor girl and there among them she finds her Prince Charming. Oh, the world is happy, and then is come the wicked ogre and he is say cruel words about the brother of the little poor girl—who is die a hero on the battlefield—and the wicked ogre is prove these cruel words are true and the heart of the little poor girl will break if the world know this about her brother—but she has no way to turn for help because Prince Charming is not yet ready to say "Take off the sabot and put on the crystal slipper." What she do? There is another Prince, Prince Kindness, and he is good friend and is put the arm around the little poor girl for protector from the wicked ogre, but everybody is misunderstand this, and the Princess is come here, too—she is misunderstand it most of all—and her heart is grow cold like ashes. And when the poor little girl is see what her selfishness is do, her heart is ache for shame and she is go to the wicked ogre and she is say, "If you say to nobody this cruel thing about my brother, I marry you." And then, the wicked ogre say, "Marry me and I say nothing," and so—we come to the place where the rest of the story is not made up—but it will be easy to read because it will be written in the heart's blood of the little poor girl. *(She breaks down and cries.)*

(STOP MUSIC.)

LOUISE. (*Comforting her*) Oh, please, please. Don't cry, please. I am utterly ashamed of myself. I should have had more faith in Sonny. But can't something be done to save the little poor girl from the wicked ogre?

(ALPHONSE *enters c. from R.*)

ALPHONSE. Julie.

(LOUISE *and* JULIE *rise quickly.*)

JULIE. You are call me?

ALPHONSE. (*Coming down c.*) Yes—I call you—I want to speak to you alone—this lady will excuse you, please.

LOUISE. (*To JULIE*) And in the story the Princess was near at hand praying for the little poor girl.

JULIE. (*To LOUISE*) And the little poor girl never forgot. (*LOUISE kisses JULIE and exits at left.*)

ALPHONSE. So, you have fine friend for talk secrets to—oh—il n'rien—I have just been for the notary—as soon as he is here we sign the marriage contract—

(JULIE *goes up centre as if to get away from the subject of marriage.*)

(MADAME BENOIT *appears in the doorway from house.*)

MME. BENOIT. (*Coming down left of well*) Oh, you don't mean this?

ALPHONSE. (*Crossing to MADAME BENOIT*) Why I don't mean it?

MME. BENOIT. You must give us time.

ALPHONSE. Time—No. The marriage contract must be signed tonight or by God I go and tell all

these soldiers she is so proud of that her brother is a damn——

MME. BENOIT. (*Sharply*) M'sieu!

JULIE. (*Coming down to ALPHONSE*) (*Quietly, sweetly*) What is all the matter? Did somebody hear Julie say she is not ready for marry the handsome Pettibois? (*She goes to him coquettishly*) Ah, my Pettibois is jealous, not so? He have the nature like the roaring lion because he thinks his Julie is make the eyes at some other man—Oh! is too bad. (*Pinches his cheek*) Cherie, Pettibois! is too bad! We are sign the marriage contract to-night—here—in the moonlight—Is nice idea—what you call romantic—yes—Pettibois? (*Stands by his side—Pinches his cheek*) You are smiling now, Pettibois—is good—I like for see you smile. Now you are go get ready for the wedding. You are brush the clothes—find the clean collar—fix the pretty necktie—you are wash the face and comb the hair—and then you are handsome gentleman to stand with Julie in the moonlight. (*Pinches his cheek*) Not so, cherie?

ALPHONSE. (*Very amiable now*) Oh, oui—oui—ma petite—Give me one sweet, little kiss now—— (*Tries to embrace her.*)

JULIE. (*Getting away*) Oh, Pettibois! For the bride to kiss the groom one hour before the wedding—Oh, this is very bad luck!

ALPHONSE. Bad luck?

JULIE. You don't know this, Pettibois!

ALPHONSE. No, no! Bon—I am gentleman—I go for wash the face, for comb the hair, for put the sweet perfume on the handkerchief—then I meet you and we sign the marriage contract in the moonlight—you see—you see—what fine gentleman I am. (*Going to house*) A tout a l'heure, mon amour, mon bebe mon treso're, ma cocotte eu sucre. Mon

Dieu, quelle beauté divine. (ALPHONSE *exits into the house* R.2.)

JULIE. (When the door closes — intensely) (Crossing down right) Canaille! Beast! Somewhere in hell there is a hot fire blazing for this gentleman—I know this.

MME. BENOIT. (x. to center) (Taking JULIE in her arms, tearfully) Oh, Julie, Julie, your mother's heart is breaking.

JULIE. (MUSIC CUE—See No. 12 of score) Please, Maman, wait! You wear over your heart the Croix de Guerre! My brother Pierre is get this because he is brave—And Julie must be brave, too. You see, Maman, I am all right—is nothing. I go now and put on Pierre's uniform for the last time. Whatever is the mistake my brother is make he will not fail to come to me in this hour and teach me how to be brave. (*Exit JULIE into house.*)

(Enter MARIE and BABETTE from c.) (*As they enter, both speak.*)

MARIE—BABETTE. Maman, Maman.

MARIE. Oh, Maman, vous pleurez—S'il vous plait—dites nous q'est ce qu'il y a?

MME. BENOIT. Il n'y a rien, ma fille, rien du tout.

BABETTE. Toujours Maman, vous dites qu'il n'y a rien, mais il doit y avoir quelque chose de terrible puis que toujours vous pleurer.

MME. BENOIT. Venez dans la maison, mes enfants, je vous dirait tant que possible—que Dieu nous aide. (*They exit into house.*)

(BUDDY, JOHNNY, *enter from barn arguing.*)

JOHNNY. Just what was your idea, Buddy. I didn't quite get it.

BUDDY. My idea was for a few of us to coax

Pettibois over there in that large field and then come back whistling and pretending we don't know what happened to him.

(Enter SONNY c. from L.)

JOHNNY. Find out anything, Sonny? (*The Boys crowd around him.*)

SONNY. (c.) Not a thing. Nobody in the village ever heard of Pettibois. I've been going from house to house for an hour. The station agent saw him get off the train and that's all anybody seems to know about him. But listen, boys, this much I did find out—the notary is coming up here in half an hour to witness the signing of the marriage contract.

JOHNNY. (*Quietly*) My God! We must stop this.

BUDDY. We can't let this go through—we *must* do something.

JOHNNY. How about kidnappin' that notary?

SONNY. No, Johnny, that won't do a bit of good. We've got to get the goods on him. He's a crook and I'll bet my life on it.

BUDDY. Sure he's a crook—I got that the first time I lamped him.

JOHNNY. There must be something terribly wrong when Julie will marry a guy like that. I think maybe it has to do with her father—you see Pettibois has something on her dad and he's passed over and these French girls are powerful keen and proud about the honor of their dead.

SONNY. There's something in that. Did you find out anything from Madame Benoit?

JOHNNY. No; she's mighty proud herself—none of us had the nerve to say anything to her, but—Let's talk it over—maybe somebody will get an idea. Come on. (*JOHNNY and BUDDY go chattering off c.*)

to L.) (BABE enters c. from R.) (THEY growl at BABE as they exit.)

SONNY. (*Forlornly*) Hello!

BABE. (*Same tone*) Hello! (*Sits on bench at well.*)

SONNY. (*Sitting with him*) I suppose you heard about Julie and Pettibois?

BABE. Yes, I heard about it. (*Head in his hands.*)

SONNY. Awful, isn't it?

BABE. Terrible.

SONNY. Are you going to let that loafer marry Julie?

BABE. How can I stop him?

SONNY. Where's Louise?

BABE. I don't know—I haven't seen her lately.

SONNY. Are you still engaged?

BABE. (*Same position as before*) My God, yes!!

SONNY. Now listen, old man, you don't mean to go through with this, do you?

BABE. What can I do? I'm only a hulk.

SONNY. A what?

BABE. A hulk—tossing, tossing!

SONNY. I don't get you.

BABE. Nobody does.

SONNY. But you will break off your engagement, won't you, Babe?

BABE. I can't. I'm in the hands of a proud and haughty woman.

SONNY. You could quarrel with her, couldn't you?

BABE. I have—but she smiled at me and I apologized. She has the most domineering personality, that girl. Why, she even forced me to agree to live in Brooklyn.

SONNY. Cut that out.

BABE. If there's anything I'd be willing to cut out—it's living in Brooklyn.

SONNY. You know I wasn't actually engaged to Julie.

BABE. I know it now—but I didn't know it when I discussed living with the queen of your dreams in a bungalow on Pineapple Street.

SONNY. Julie needed some man to protect her and I volunteered because every time she smiled in your direction you crumpled up and acted like eight cents worth of God help us.

BABE. I know. I'm not human. To that girl I've been nothing more than a yard and three-quarters of poison ivy.

SONNY. *(Taking his hand and holding it)* No, Babe, you're not as bad as that—Say—didn't Louise say anything about me at all? Didn't she send any message?

BABE. Yes, she said to tell you that we adore each other fervently—that our happiness is quite beyond the comprehension of the average mortal and I wish you'd let go my hand, please.

SONNY. *(Dropping his hand)* *(Quietly)* What?

BABE. She said to tell you that her heart just throbs and throbs for me alone and you don't have to sit so close to me, do you?

SONNY. *(Moving over quickly—a bit angry)* No, of course not. Say, what the——

BABE. She told me to tell you that we have found the secret of perfect companionship and Sonny, for the love of Heaven, can't you think of some way to save Julie? I tell you I won't want to live if she marries that scoundrel. I'd strangle him with my own hands if I thought it would do any good.

(Enter ALPHONSE from the house—he is very much "spruced-up" and very smirky and sure of himself.)

SONNY. I've thought of that a dozen times.

ALPHONSE. (*Comes down left of well*) Ah, gentlemen, bon soir, it is a fine evening—n'est ce pas—I am glad to have invited you all—The Notary will be here in a few minutes and we sign the marriage contract. Oh—I like so much the American soldiers.

(*ABIE and RUBE enter from barn.*) (*Enter JOHNNY: BUDDY from L.1.*)

SONNY. (*In front of well*) You haven't given us much time to bring presents.

JOHNNY. (*L.*) I'm bringing some nice fresh tar for the groom.

ALPHONSE. Tar! I don't know this.

BUDDY. And I'm furnishing the feathers!

ABIE. I'm giving it to the groom with my compliments, understand me, a cheap second-hand electric chair.

ALPHONSE. (*To ABIE, dignified*) Is not wanted for guests to bring presents.

JOHNNY. I claim an old geezer like you ain't got no license to marry a young girl like Julie.

ALPHONSE. (*Bristling*) Me old, huh!

RUBE. (*Over center*) Excuse me, mister, but outside of gettin' married, what is your regular business?

ALPHONSE. (*Down L.*) Business—I am a restauranteur.

BUDDY. (*L. of ALPHONSE.*) He admits he's a crook.

ALPHONSE. Oui, I am a cook—for two years I was Chef at the Cafe Henri.

BUDDY. That's the joint where I lost my overcoat.

SONNY. Well, if you are all these important things what are you doing here?

(ABIE and RUBE move up stage to doorstep.)

ALPHONSE. Is my business to be here—and sometimes other places—I am very much cosmopolitan—

SONNY. (*Close to ALPHONSE*) (*JOHNNY places bench at left up in its proper place*) Why do you force this girl to a promise of marriage?

(ABIE and RUBE stop on step and look back to SONNY and ALPHONSE.)

ALPHONSE. Me force—No—no—is not my idea. If we are in a hurry, it is just because Julie wish to do this.

SONNY. You're a liar.

ALPHONSE. You are not tell me this if we are alone.

(*The other BOYS are at this moment in such positions near the various exits that they can step instantly off the scene—they disappear quickly at right and left—just a step and they are gone.*)

(*JOHNNY and BUDDY off L.1st. ABIE and RUBE into house. BABE gets behind well.*)

SONNY. I repeat it—you're a liar.

ALPHONSE. (*Looks around—sees they are alone*) I have no wish to quarrel with you.

SONNY. Come on, put up your hands.

ALPHONSE. My hands are all right—I like them this way. (*The BOYS come into the scene again—standing as they were before.*)

SONNY. You're not worth talking to. You big stiff——

(*Enter BIFF and stands up centre in roadway.*)

BUDDY. Let's duck him in the well. (*The BOYS in an angry mood agree and start to make a rush for ALPHONSE.*)

BIFF. (*Sharply*) Steady there! (*Coming down centre*) (*The BOYS stop instantly*) Fall back—Sonny—(*Beckons SONNY to come to him*) (*As SONNY crosses to BIFF*) Listen—I've got this guy now!

SONNY. Have you? Good!

BIFF. Sure! (*Looking quietly at ALPHONSE*) I never forget faces! (*XES to ALPHONSE.*)

ALPHONSE. Alphonse Pettibois—everyone is know this.

BIFF. I'm sure a dummy about names. Alphonse Pettibois! About five years ago you ran a restaurant in New York on West 44th Street, near the Lambs Club, didn't you?

ALPHONSE. Oui! I am well known man in New York—everywhere.

BIFF. I'm on. Do you recall me?—Richard Callahan is my name—Biff they call me for short.

ALPHONSE. Is hard to remember—I see so many soldiers.

BIFF. I wasn't a soldier then—I was a Central Office man—and—I was called in on a case you had—remember!

ALPHONSE. Oui, I think I remember this.

BIFF. A boy in your restaurant stole some money—you wanted to put him in jail right away, but I prevailed on you to write first to his father here in France and try to get the money back that way.

ALPHONSE. Oh, oui—I remember—oui.

BIFF. You made it pretty hot for that kid for a couple of months and then you discovered it was your *own nephew* that stole the money—Say—did you ever square that boy with his folks?

ALPHONSE. Oh, oui—certainly—that was all arrange.

BIFF. (*To ALPHONSE*) Glad to hear it—(*To SONNY, crossing to SONNY at right*) He was a clean cut, fine looking kid, and I knew the minute I looked at him he wasn't the kind that would steal money from anybody. And him among strangers and not able to speak a word of English, gee! It was a tough deal—now what was that boy's name?

ALPHONSE. Boy's name—It is pass away from my mind—such a small matter—is make no difference.

(*Enter JULIE through centre in her brother's uniform—she is out of breath as though she had been running for some distance.*)

(*MUSIC CUE: See No. 13 of score—continues to curtain.*)

JULIE. (*Coming to centre*) Is somebody here calling me? (*WARN.*)

BIFF. (*R.C. Looking at JULIE in Pierre's uniform*) Why, that's the boy—

(*MME. BENOIT and MARIE and BABETTE enter from house and remain at door until curtain.*)

ALPHONSE. (*R.C. Hurriedly*) No, no, Julie, nobody call you—

JULIE. (*Ignoring ALPHONSE*) I say is somebody call me?

SONNY. (*Over R.*) Nobody called you, Julie—what makes you think that?

JULIE. I was walking alone in the fields—nobody is hear me at all—suddenly is come to my ear a voice and it say, "Hurry back to the courtyard, Julie, hurry—they want you!" And I have run here all the way.

ALPHONSE. Nobody wants you, Julie—is time to put on the dress.

BIFF. (*To ALPHONSE*) Wait a minute. (*To JULIE*) Have you a brother?

JULIE. (*Frightened*) Oui—twin brother is dead.

BIFF. Dead?

JULIE. Oui—He die a hero on the battlefield.

BIFF. What was his name?

JULIE. (*Still very frightened*) Pierre.

BIFF. Pierre—Pierre Benoit—that's it—(*To ALPHONSE*) Isn't that the name?—Come on—speak up, Pettibois.

JULIE. (*Overcome with fear that ALPHONSE will tell about her brother, she crosses to ALPHONSE and kneels*) No, no, no—please—do not tell them—will break my mother's heart if you tell them this—I am marry you now, oh, M'sieu, please, please.

SONNY. (*Intensely, crossing to pick JULIE up from her knees*) God, Sergeant—don't you see—don't you understand?

(*ALPHONSE attempts to get away to left but JOHNNY stops him.*)

BIFF. (*Crossing to ALPHONSE*) (*Speaks to SONNY as he crosses*) Sure, Sonny, I'm on. (*To ALPHONSE*) You dirty, white-livered dog, you never squared that boy with his folks—did you? Well, go on now—tell her—tell her—(*HE throws ALPHONSE across in front of well to JULIE.*)

ALPHONSE. (*To JULIE*) Oui, I want to tell you it is all a mistake I make about this—Pierre is not do what I think he do—Please forgive me.

JULIE. Pierre—you are what Julie always think you are. (*She kneels with her arms extended as in prayer of thankfulness.*)

BIFF. Boys—take him down to the village and don't hurt him—much. (*He throws ALPHONSE across to the BOYS at left who lay hold of him and drag him off left first.*)

CURTAIN FALLS.

1ST CURTAIN: *BIFF stands over left. JULIE kneeling at centre with BABE and SONNY at either side of her. MME. BENOIT with BABETTE and MARIE at either side of her stand just left off centre.*

2ND CURTAIN: *EVERYONE on for the call.*

3RD CURTAIN AND ALL SUCCEEDING CURTAINS:
BABE, SONNY, JULIE.

“BUDDIES”

ACT III.

SCENE: *The interior of the barn.*

ON STAGE: *Plenty of straw in loft. Eight mattresses and blankets. One three foot bench over left. Two stools. Mess kits on steps at right. Pencil and paper for RUBE.*

OFF STAGE: *Wild flowers for BABE. Silver slippers, wrapped in brown paper, for JULIE.*

DESCRIPTION: *The lower floor of a somewhat old and primitive looking barn. Above is the hay loft with a rough ladder leading thereto. There is a glassless opening on left side and two in the back which serve as windows—the same size as are seen from the exterior of the barn, in the barn in the previous scenes. In the extreme background may be seen two cow stalls—unoccupied. There are several straw mattresses and blankets to be spread out later for the boys to sleep on. The open barn door leading into the courtyard is at left—about two and a half. A smaller door opposite at right two and a half. Two or three wooden benches are scattered about down stage at right and left. There is a large, old-fashioned, French oil lamp over the door which, aided by the moon, supplies the light in the barn.*

TIME: *A half hour later that night.*

DISCOVERED: ALL THE BOYS *except* BABE *sitting* [in barn] *around.* *At rise:* RUBE *is sitting on floor up L. writing letter—using stool for desk.* BUDDY—ORDERLY—JOHNNY *sitting on steps R.* ABIE *sitting up C.*

SONNY *stands disconsolate looking out window at left.*

At rise QUARTETTE *sing—See No. 15 of score.*

BUDDY. (*After song—at L.—to ABIE*) Sonny sure did get the worst of it, didn't he?

ABIE. To the world, I exclaim he did.

BUDDY. It was a rough deal alright.

ABIE. Here is a boy, understand me, engaged for marriage with a pretty girl and because he is for helping someone else out of trouble—chesto—he loses the girl and now she's with his best friend down in the village trying to learn a French priest how to marry them in Presbyterian.

BUDDY. Gee—I hope Babe and Flatbush don't get married or nothing—it sure would put a crimp in old Sonny.

ABIE. A crimp—it would be a permanent wave—it wouldn't surprise me none if Sonny went to Russia and joined out with the Bullshivicki. Say, Sonny, what do you suppose the sergeant had to rush down to headquarters in such a hurry for?

SONNY. I don't know. (*SONNY leaves window and goes and sits on bench L.*)

ABIE. I was talking it over with the boys and we was thinking perhaps, our regiment is ordered up to one of them there German bridge heads, and we ain't just craving the job.

SONNY. What difference does it make where

we are sent. Russia—Germany or Jersey City—it's all the same to me.

ABIE. You sure lost some of your spirits—you look awful depressed—and you didn't eat any dinner.

SONNY. Didn't I? I don't remember.

(Enter JULIE from L.)

JULIE. Ah Mes Braves:—I speak to Sonny—*(She goes to SONNY.)* Sonny. You are see Miss Brookline?

SONNY. *(Rising)* No.

JULIE. Bebe?

SONNY. No.

JULIE. What are you think?

SONNY. I think the worst.

JULIE. Then is alright—because what you don't think is what always goes to happen. Not so?

SONNY. Now wouldn't it be a fine proposition, I ask you, Julie, wouldn't it be a fine proposition—if just for spite—those two had gone off and got married?

JULIE. Oh, no—no—is impossible.

SONNY. It isn't impossible, Julie. Louise is a Brooklyn girl—and Julie, let me tell you something—Brooklyn people are terribly impulsive.

JULIE. But Bebe is from Pittsburgh—perhaps he's not so quick.

SONNY. Meaning you have more faith in Babe than I have in Louise.

JULIE. I have all the faith in the world in Bebe.

SONNY. And I have all the faith in the world in Louise, but I'm worried just the same.

(BIFF enters from right. ALL THE BOYS crowd around him with questions, ad lib)

OMNES. What's the news, Biff? Tell us about it, etc., etc.

BIFF. (*Coming to c.*) Listen, everybody. Tomorrow we entrain for Bordeaux and home.

(*General jollification—cheers—etc., etc. At the conclusion of the excitement JULIE speaks, RUBE exits at L. and then XES behind flat from L. to R.*)

JULIE. (c.) Ah, mes Braves—I suppose I should be sad for myself but I am glad for you, because that is the most wonderful word I learn in the whole English language—Home!

(*SONG CUE: "Hello Home"—JULIE and BUD-
DIES.*)

(*After song JULIE and SONNY exit left—See No. 16 in score.*)

BIFF. (*Who has been sitting over right during song comes down c.*) Now you fellers get a line on all your duds and don't forget we have a three mile hike to the station.

(*Enter MADAME BENOIT and MARIE and BABETTE from left.*)

MME. BENOIT. (*Going to BIFF at c.*) Ah—Mes enfant—mes enfant—I hear the wonderful news—you are go home tomorrow—It is make me happy for you and sad for us—and tonight, I thank you from the heart for what you boys do this day for save me and my little family from terrible sorrow.

BIFF. Oh, that's alright—Madame Benoit, that loafer won't ever bother you again—and we are mighty proud we were able to help you.

MME. BENOIT. Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful.

(*To MARIE and BABETTE.*) Marie, Babette, tell them what a surprise I have for them in the morning. (*To the GIRLS.*) Marie—Babette: Dit's aux soldats la surprise que j'ai pour eux demain matin.

MARIE. My mother has such a wonderful surprise for you at breakfast. (*Oui—Attendez. Maman a une surprise merveillicus pour vous demain matin.*)

BABETTE. Yes, she would have surprised you before but she only learned how to make it this morning. (*Oui—elle vous l'aurait faite plus tot mais elle n'y a pense' que ce matin.*)

BUDDY. Gee. I wish I had my dictionary—but I suppose you're saying goodnight.

MME. BENOIT. (*Laughing*) Oh, no—pas bon nuit—no—no—they are tell you I have wonderful surprise for the last breakfast—you are have with us. I have make for you what all Americans love so much—deep dishes apple pie.

(*This announcement is greeted with loud cries of joy. All pick up the chorus of "Hello Home," and march off left, led by the two children, MME. BENOIT and BIFF bringing up the rear. As they reach the door MME. BENOIT exits and BIFF turns to speak to LOUISE and BABE, who enter from right. BABE is very forlorn at the prospect of going home.*)

BIFF. Heard the news—Babe—we entrain tomorrow for Bordeaux and home. Oh, come on in and have a piece of pie. (*Exit BIFF at left.*)

BABE. Home! (*XING to left.*)

LOUISE. Well, isn't that wonderful news.

BABE. Yes—in a manner of speaking—oh, yes, it's jolly good news. (*They sit at left.*)

LOUISE. We'll probably reach home at about the same time.

BABE. To resume, of course, our delightful pastime of being devoted lovers.

LOUISE. Will you please stop making me feel utterly miserable?

BABE. What do you want me to do?

LOUISE. (*Tearfully*) I don't care what you do! It will be my train time in half an hour and I haven't spoken ten words to Sonny.

BABE. Ever since Pettibois was thrown out—Sonny and Julie have done nothing but dance together and rejoice together.

LOUISE. Well, why shouldn't they? They both think we are still engaged.

BABE. (*Eagerly*) Well, aren't we?

LOUISE. We are to the world—but not privately.

BABE. This is a fine situation—in order to conceal from Sonny, the fact that we have made a bonehead play, we must go through life bitterly engaged to each other, and at the joyous Christmas season send each other lovely presents of prussic acid and strychnine—and—

LOUISE. (*Sharply*) Babe.

BABE. Yes, Darling I—

LOUISE. Never mind the "Darling I"—

BABE. Hulks, we are tossing, tossing—

LOUISE. You may be a hulk if you want to, but I'm not.

BABE. That's it—we are nothing in common at all, nothing—not even a hulk.

LOUISE. The idea of my ever daring to engage myself to anybody but Sonny.

BABE. Oh, the heavenly light in Julie's face when she found out the truth about Pettibois.

LOUISE. A man, Sonny is. A real, fine, noble gentleman.

BABE. An angel come down to earth—that girl.

(Enter SONNY and JULIE from left—JULIE has on her sabots.)

JULIE. Ah! You are here! We have look for you! I sit down with you, Miss Brookline. Sonny, you here too, bring the stool. (JULIE sits with LOUISE on bench L. BABE sits bashfully next to LOUISE.) You know why I do this?—Is because there is little fairy story—we must finish—Sonny, you are like fairy stories?

SONNY. You bet I do.

JULIE. Bebe, you are like fairy story?

BABE. (Nervously) Oh—well—It's a long time since—

LOUISE. (Sharply) Do you like fairy stories?

BABE. (Quickly) Of course I do.

JULIE. (See Cue No. 17 of Score.) You are tell this with me, Miss Brookline—because we are make this fairy story together—it not matter if the boys don't know how the story begin—Well, one day the Brave Knights are riding through the forest and they are suddenly come upon the wicked ogre and they beat him and beat him and he scream and run away for his life and he never come back any more and the heart of the little poor girl is jump for the joy because her brother can sleep his long sleep in peace and glory—but the little poor girl is not all happy because her friend the Princess has very sad eyes—

LOUISE. (Taking the story up goes on without break.) and the Princess was sore distressed because her faith in the Prince Kindness was so trifling that in a moment of pique and disappointment she engaged to marry the Prince Charming and when she realized how selfish she had been—

JULIE. (Taking up the story quickly) The Princess is too proud to acknowledge her mistake

and for a time is look as if four loving hearts are suffer, and then the Princess is suddenly realize that pride is nothing and that love is everything and she is stand up. (JULIE nudges LOUISE, who stands up.) And she is walk away with all the love come back in her heart—and—(LOUISE walks to steps—over R.) She sit down over there. (LOUISE sits on steps at R.) She is look around and wait for the Prince Kindness—and suddenly the Prince Kindness is feel that the Princess wants him. (She nudges SONNY) And he is arise! (SONNY gets up.) And he is walk over to her—(SONNY goes to LOUISE and sits with her on steps.) And he is sit with her and he is look deep into her eyes and she is smile at him. (JULIE turns to BABE.) And then the little poor girl is turn to the Prince Charming and is smile at him and she is say “Is quiet nice corner in the courtyard where the moonlight is fall down and make the ground look like is all cover with wild-flowers, and—”

BABE. (*Interrupting nervously*) I know—you—you like wild flowers—Certainly—I know where to find some—it’s only about half a mile—I’ll get you a whole bunch—excuse me. (*Rises—runs off as hard as he can through door at R.*)

JULIE. (*Rising, despairingly*) Oh, is no use! M’sieu Bebe is never understand fairy stories.

SONNY. I’ll watch for him, Julie, and when he comes back with those wild flowers—I’ll talk to him.

LOUISE. Do you think he’ll bring them?

JULIE. No, I don’t think he’ll bring them, but I wish to thank him for the noble idea of looking for them in the dark—

(STOP MUSIC.)

(Exit JULIE at left.)

LOUISE. (*Sitting on steps R.*) Sonny, ask me to forgive you?

SONNY. (*Sitting with LOUISE—on steps right*) Will you forgive me, dear?

LOUISE. Yes, with all my heart. And now ask me why did I ask you to ask me to forgive you?

SONNY. Why did you ask me to ask you to forgive me?

LOUISE. Because I've been ashamed of myself for ever doubting you—you've been wonderful, Sonny, just wonderful.

SONNY. And we're still engaged?

LOUISE. (*Kisses him*) What do you think?

SONNY. Well, I'm not quite sure. (*Kisses her.*) Now I think we are.

LOUISE. And Sonny, when we get back home—

SONNY. And get married.

LOUISE. You know—

SONNY. Just a minute, are you particularly keen about living in Brooklyn, when we get married?

LOUISE. Well, you know I come from Brooklyn.

SONNY. Yes, I know—just as often as you can.

(*SONG CUE: See No. 18 in Score.*)

(*They exit right after song.*)

(*BABE enters from R. looking for JULIE—he carries a few scraggly flowers. When he hears JULIE approaching he runs behind door over L.*)

(*JULIE enters from L. humming—she carries a small package containing the silver slippers. She looks about and then sits on bench L. BABE comes from behind door and approaches JULIE nervously.*)

BABE. Hullo.

JULIE. (*Jumping up*) Oh, M'sieu Babe, you frighten me—

BABE. Here's some wild flowers— (*Gives them to her.*)

JULIE. Oh, how lovely. Thank you, M'sieu Bebe.

BABE. I had a whole bunch of them at first, but when I got in the light they turned out to be vegetables.

JULIE. Oh, is wonderful—you are sit down, please. (HE *sits bashfully—on bench L.*) You go home tomorrow?

BABE. Yes, I believe we do.

JULIE. You are not happy about this?

BABE. Oh, yes. It will be fine to get home again to Alleghany.

JULIE. Is this where you live—Alleghany?

BABE. Yes.

JULIE. Is near Arizona—Rube he is tell me about Arizona—

BABE. No, Alleghany is in Pittsburgh.

JULIE. You have big house in Alleghany?

BABE. Yes—seven—we have seven acres—and the house sets back from the road—and there's a line of poplars leading up to the house and there's a porch all the way around and we have—we have five baths and my aunt Euphemia lives with us.

JULIE. Is nice—tell me more.

BABE. And you can sit on the porch and see the sun set—and over there just about as far as from here to the end of the barn there's a clump of lilac bushes and below that is the rose garden—and I—darling I—

JULIE. Who is Darling I?

BABE. Oh, he's our nearest neighbor—Isaac Darling—

JULIE. Oh, I don't care about Darling Isaac—Tell Julie about the rose garden.

BABE. It's very beautiful garden—we have all kinds of roses—all kinds except French roses—Oh, I wish we had a French Rose in our home.

JULIE. Is no way to get French Rose there?

BABE. I haven't thought of any way yet.

JULIE. Oh, the lilac bushes and the rose garden—I wonder if I ever see this lovely, lovely Alleghany?

BABE. Oh—I wish you could. (*He fumbles with the chair.*) There's an awfully nice chair on the porch.

JULIE. It is a big chair?

BABE. Yes.

JULIE. Big enough for two—

BABE. Yes.

JULIE. Two could sit in it and watch the sun set and see the little clouds floating home to bed in the afterglow, and maybe hold hands—(*Bus.*) with just one little whispered, "Darling I——"

BABE. Oh, the Darlings live on the eastern side—er—er—there's nothing between our porch and the sunset.

JULIE. Nothing at all?

BABE. Nothing at all.

JULIE. Nobody is at home?

BABE. Nobody home.

JULIE. (*Changing the subject.*) You are see Sonny and Miss Brookline—you think they are sit together in the moonlight? What you think he say to her? Tell Julie.

BABE. Oh, I guess he's saying, Louise, as soon as we get home we'll be married and live in Brooklyn—that's the kind of chap he is—he'd go to hell for a woman—oh—excuse me—

JULIE. Is all right—no harm is mentioned—I am very fond of man who will go to hell for a woman—is nice idea—You are take this package, please. (*Hands package to BABE.*)

BABE. Oh, thank you.

JULIE. But you open it.

BABE. (*Opens package*) Oh, slippers! Aren't they? They're—they're—pretty—sort of crystal color—I like that color—are they—are they yours?

JULIE. Oui! I have them for birthday present—I have never worn them yet—I wish first to show them to you. (*Swings her foot quietly to attract his attention thereto.*) I am—hope you like them very much.

BABE. Yes, I do—(*Notices her foot.*) You are wearing—those—those—

JULIE. Sabots!

BABE. Sabots—yes! I should think you'd rather take off those sabots and put on the crystal slippers?

JULIE. Oh, Bebe—Bebe! At last you are the Prince Charming.

BABE. Gee. What a fool I've been. (*Embraces and kisses her.*)

(*Enter SONNY and LOUISE from right.*)

SONNY. Oh! He's found his tree. (*BABE and JULIE rise and go to centre.*)

(*QUARTERS is heard in the distance.*)

(*The other BOYS enter quietly in back.*)

(*WARN*)

JULIE. Oh, it is alright. I know what it is—you want me to go to the train with Miss Brookline. You see M'sieu Bebe—you see his smile, like angel face—what you think he is say to me—he is say “take off the sabots and put on the crystal slippers”—and I have give him no help at all in the matter, have I, Bebe?

BABE. No. I thought it all out myself.

LOUISE. Congratulations, Babe. (*They shake hands.*)

(READY TAPS)

JULIE. Congratulations, for you too, Sonny. (*THEY shake hands across LOUISE and BABE.*) Oh, look it is a wedding—I wonder who is going for be married.

(*Enter BIFF from back, followed by other BOYS.*)

BIFF. Excuse me, ladies. It's time my boys were going to bed.

SONNY. (*To LOUISE*) I'm sorry, dear—it's time to go.

JULIE. (*As the BOYS are about to prepare to turn in*) I must go too—What is happen this day make Julie's heart happy like she never expect to be and some day she go to live in beautiful Alleghany—and there, M'sieu Babe is to help me make up the rest of the fairy story where it says—"and they lived happy ever afterwards"—(*BABE and JULIE embrace, all the others turn their backs, and look away.*) Come, Miss Brookline! (*She places her arm around LOUISE and takes her to the door at left.*) Au revoir, mes enfants.

(*JULIE and LOUISE exit at L. As general good-byes are said.*)

(TAPS)

(*Taps is heard close by. BIFF turns out the lamps and the stage becomes dark, lighted only by the rays of the moon which shines through the door and window left. THE BOYS get ready for the night's rest in silence. They start to undress. BIFF is sitting on the bench at L. He starts to remove*

his puttees. Others do the same. BABE and SONNY are sitting over on the steps at the right conversing in low tones with an occasional low laugh from BABE.)

(Presently Taps is heard again in the distance as the curtain slowly drops.)

END OF THE PLAY

Daddy Long-Legs

A charming comedy in 4 acts, by Jean Webster. 6 males, 7 females, and 6 orphans, but by easy doubling of some characters, may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls. 4 easy interiors. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The New York Times wrote the following:

"If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs'. To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs'. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter."

Enjoyed a two-years' run in New York and was then toured for over three years. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

To the Ladies

A hilarious comedy in 3 acts, by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. 11 males, 3 females. 3 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The authors of "Dulcy" have divulged a secret known to every woman—and to some men, though the men don't admit it.

The central figures are young Leonard Beebe and his wife Elsie, a little girl from Mobile. Leonard is the average young American clerk, the kind who read all the "Success" stories in the magazines and believe them. Elsie has determined to make him something more. She has her hands full—even has to make an after dinner speech for him—but she does it and the play shows how.

Helen Hayes played Elsie and Otto Kruger impersonated Leonard in New York, where it ran a whole season. Here's a clean and wholesome play, deliciously funny and altogether a diverting evening's entertainment. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

Three Live Ghosts

Comedy in 3 acts by Frederick Isham and Max Marcin. 6 males, 4 females (2 policemen). 1 interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

"Three Live Ghosts" is brim full of fun and humor and is sure to keep audiences in gales of laughter. The New York critics described it as the most ingenious and amusing comedy of the season, genuinely funny. It played a full season in New York, then toured the big cities. A lively comedy of merit. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed
Free on Request

FRENCH'S Standard Library Edition

Includes Plays by

Clyde Fitch	Booth Tarkington
William Gillette	J. Hartley Manners
Augustus Thomas	James Forbes
George Broadhurst	James Montgomery
Edward E. Kidder	Wm. C. de Mille
Percy MacKaye	Roi Cooper Megrue
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle	Edward E. Rose
Louis N. Parker	Israel Zangwill
R. C. Carton	Henry Bernstein
Alfred Sutro	Harold Brighthouse
Richard Harding Davis	Channing Pollock
Sir Arthur W. Pinero	Harry Durant
Anthony Hope	Winchell Smith
Oscar Wilde	Margaret Mayo
Haddon Chambers	Edward Peple
Jerome K. Jerome	A. E. W. Mason
Cosmo Gordon Lennox	Charles Klein
H. V. Esmond	Henry Arthur Jones
Mark Swan	A. E. Thomas
Grace L. Furniss	Fred. Ballard
Marguerite Merrington	Cyril Harcourt
Hermann Sudermann	Carlisle Moore
Rida Johnson Young	Ernest Denny
Arthur Law	Laurence Mousman
Rachel Crothers	Harry James Smith
Martha Morton	Edgar Selwyn
H. A. Du Souchet	Augustin McHugh
W. W. Jacobs	Robert Housum
Madeleine Lucette Ryley	Charles Kenyon
	C. M. S. McLellan

French's International Copyrighted Edition contains plays, comedies and farces of international reputation; also recent professional successes by famous American and English Authors.

Send a four-cent stamp for our new catalogue describing thousands of plays.

SAMUEL FRENCH

Oldest Play Publisher in the World

28-30 West 38th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 939 128 0