

Ball at the Savoy
An Operetta in 3 Acts

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Story by Alfred Grünwald and Fritz Löhner-Beda
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Lyrics by Hersh Glagov and Gerald Frantzen

CD1 Track 1 - Prelude and CD1 Track 2 - No. 1 (Staged Overture)

(Rousing waltz introduction. At the appropriate moment, the curtain opens. Scenes of Venice. To the left, a palazzo with a balcony. Madeleine is on the balcony with Aristide behind her. They are embracing. Sea, stars, moonlight, lighted windows)

CD1 Track 1
Prelude

CD1 Track 2
Introduction Music, No. 1

Chorus

My dear Venezia bella Venezia!
On the lagoon the moonlight casts a silver glow. Mia Venezia, Oh you beautiful Venezia.
A place where happiness is all you know..

Madeleine, Aristide
My dear Venezia bella Venezia!
On the lagoon the moonlight casts a silver glow. Mia Venezia, Oh you beautiful Venezia.
A place where happiness is all you know.

Madeleine
Do you love me? Will you love me forever?

Aristide
I'll love you until the end of time and three days after that.

Madeleine
Aristide, I'm scared about what things will be like when we are back in the real world.

Aristide
Why, darling?

Madeleine *(Laying her head on his shoulder)*
Things won't be the same. I don't want to share you with anyone else.

Aristide
Our honeymoon can't last forever- even Marco Polo went home eventually. **Trust me**, I love you and you alone.
(They embrace.)

Madeleine
Will you be true? Forever true?
Can I believe a man like you?
Is this forever, or just a passing phase? Will you be mine for always?

Aristide *(tenderly)*
Yes I'll be true, forever true.
Why run around when I have you.

This is forever, not just a passing phase. And I will love you always.
Chorus

*My dear Venezia bella Venezia!
On the lagoon the moonlight casts a silver glow.*

*Mia Venezia, Oh you beautiful Venezia.
A place where happiness is all you know..*

(During the last words, the curtain closes. The overture continues, building to a rousing conclusion. This staged prelude may under no circumstances be left out, as it is of the greatest importance to the understanding of the action!)

Act I

(After a few measures of music, the curtain opens. We are in Nice. Sunny late afternoon. An elegant living room or an extremely tasteful salon with terrace in the villa of Aristide and Madeleine de Faublas. Downstage left, an elegant desk, telephone, etc. In the middle, two steps up, veranda. In the back, a garden. Backdrop shows the Riviera, the Promenade des Anglais with streetlamps which will turn on during the Act I Finale, or backdrop showing a view of Nice.)

Introduction Music, No. 1a

(Elegant ladies and gentlemen, friends, eagerly await the arrival of the young couple. To the left, sitting, Paulette, an elegant Parisian woman with a sassy mouth; Lilly, a charming young girl; Hermence, a sophisticated woman; between them, René, a very young, handsome boy, barely twenty and very effusive, and Ernst, a young Parisian bon vivant. The butler, Archibald, attentively serves the guests. He is elegant, in silk knickerbockers, and is a holdover from the Marquis's wild bachelor years..)

CD1 Track 3

Introduction Music, No. 1b.

Lilly
Where are they? They should be here by now.

Paulette
Did you really expect them to be on time?

Hermence
A honeymoon that goes on for twelve months! It's indecent!

René
A honeymoon with Madeleine could never be long enough! I was so in love with her!

Ernst
In love? With Madeleine? Did you really think you could compete with Aristide? He's a Marquis de Faublas. You know what that means, don't you?

René
Of course. He's a direct descendant of the Chevalier de Faublas, the greatest ladies' man of the Rococo era.

Paulette
Aristide has inherited his ancestor's ...

(Car horn)

Lily
Endowment.

Hermence
They're here!

All

Finally!

(Madeleine and Aristide enter, and are welcomed by the group.)

CD1 Track 4

Song No. 2

Sevilla

Chorus

A toast to madame, a toast to Marquis!

Madeleine

We had a wonderful honeymoon journey To marvelous places unknown!

Aristide

to places unknown!

Chorus

They travelled alone!

Madeleine

We saw such beautiful countries, Magnificent cities in every time zone!

Aristide

In every time zone!

Chorus

Yes, every time zone!

Refrain:

Madeleine

Our favorite city was Sevilla, Sevilla, Sevilla!

Aristide

That's where you called me "cara mia". That's "mia", cara mia!

Madeleine

*You held my hand in Tarragona,
We got no sleep in Barcelona! Hey!
But still the nicest was Sevilla, Sevilla, Sevilla!*

Madeleine

*We saw Morocco and Tunis, And Egypt and Turkey,
and even Bombay.*

Aristide

Oh lovely Bombay!

Chorus

A short holiday!

Madeleine

But after Prague, and Vienna and Budapest, Athens and Venice and Rome -

Aristide

We thought we'd come home.

Chorus

They thought they'd come home.

Refrain:

Aristide

*But still our favorite was Sevilla, Sevilla, Sevilla,
That's where they had the best Sangria, Sangria, Sangria.*

You held my hand in Tarragona,

Madeleine

We got no sleep in Barcelona! Hey!

Both

Our favorite city was Sevilla, Sevilla, Sevilla! Etc.

(Dance.)

Both (Madeleine sings La....)

Our favorite city was Sevilla, Sevilla, Sevilla!

That's where I called you "cara mia".

That's "mia, cara mia!"

Chorus

He held your hand in Tarragona,

We got no sleep in Barcelona! Hey!

Aristide, Madeleine

But still the nicest was Sevilla, Sevilla, Sevilla!

All

Olé!

CD1 Track 5

Aristide

What a pleasure it is to see you all again.

Madeleine (the men present her with flowers)

Gentlemen, you're too kind. (Walks over to René) René, aren't you happy for me?

René

No, to see you so happy just makes me feel worse. You were perfect for me.

Madeleine

You're forgetting my faults. I'm stubborn, I'm jealous, and I have an awful temper.

Aristide (has overheard the last words, goes to Madeleine)

Don't believe her. She's the sweetest woman in the world!

Madeleine

And you're the most charming husband in the world!

(They embrace.)

Hermence

Will this honeymoon ever end?!

Paulette (interrupting Madeleine and Aristide)

How was India?

Madeleine

Beautiful.

(They start kissing again)

Hermence (interrupting them again)

What did you see there?

Madeleine (rapturous)

My husband! (They start kissing again)

Lily

Yes, but what was your favorite part?

Madeleine

All of him!

(Passionate embrace. When they kiss a third time, the company begins to step away, some amused, annoyed, or embarrassed, some discreet.)

René
I can't look!

Ernst *(to Madeleine and Aristide)*
What did you do in Japan?

Aristide *(approaching Ernst)*
We kissed! *(To Madeleine)* Didn't we, darling? *(Renewed embrace)*

(Archibald has entered. He carries a silver tray with a few telegrams, which have already been opened.)

Archibald
Marquis, no need to stop what you're doing - we all know how short your honeymoon was - but when you're finished, there are several telegrams waiting for you.

Aristide *(taking the telegrams, in an undertone to Archibald)*
Archibald- glad to see me?

Archibald
Of course, Marquis. I'll leave you two alone.
(Archibald steps away discreetly. Aristide starts to read telegrams.)

Aristide
Darling, Isn't this nice? *(She hurries over to him)* Look at all these telegrams welcoming us home. Here's one from your uncle; one from the bishop who married us... Oh and Aunt Pamela. She's coming for a visit. In two days.

Madeleine *(with feigned pleasure)*
I can hardly wait.

Aristide
Oh! *(Visibly alarmed, puts the last telegram in his pocket. He rings for Archibald.)*

Madeleine
You seem upset, darling. Is there something wrong?

Aristide
It's nothing. *(To Archibald, who has appeared behind him)* Archibald, please telephone the Turkish embassy and tell Mustafa Bey to come here immediately.

Archibald
Very good, Marquis. *(exit)*

Madeleine *(has been observing her husband's unease with increasing agitation. Decisively)*
René, can you do me a favor?

René
Shall I pluck the stars out of the sky for you?

Madeleine
That won't be necessary. I need a moment alone with my husband. Would you take our guests out to the patio for some fresh air?

René
Anything for you. Ladies and gentlemen, come join me outside. *(He ushers them out.)*

Madeleine
Darling, you know I would never pry into your business, but I'm dying to know what's in the telegram.

Aristide
What telegram?

Madeleine
The one you stuffed in your pocket.

Aristide
Don't you trust me?

Madeleine
Of course I do, I just want to know who sent it.

Aristide
Alright, look at the signature. *(He shows her the bottom part of the telegram.)*

Madeleine *(reads)*
The Prefect of Nancy. *(reassured)* Thank God! I was afraid it might be from a lady.

CD1 Track 6

Aristide
There's only one lady for me.

Song No. 3 Duet

Without your love where would I be?

Aristide
*Without your love, where would I be?
There's nothing more sacred to me.*

Madeleine
*I know that you love me,
I know I love you,
My love grows more tender and true.*

Aristide
*You know you're the one I adore,
You're all that I've ever lived for.*

Madeleine
*The first time you held me,
I knew then and there,
The rest of our lives we would share.*

Aristide
*I feel it deep within my heart,
I see it in your eyes,
That here within each other's arms is where our future lies.*

Madeleine
*To be with you and in your arms,
I know this love won't end.
In you I've found my happiness,
My lover and my friend.
Without your love, where would I be?
There's nothing more sacred to me.
I know that you love me,
I know I love you,
My love grows more tender and true.*

Madeleine, Aristide
*You know you're the one I adore,
You're all that I've ever lived for.
The first time you held me,
I knew then and there,
The rest of our lives we would share.*

CD1 Track 7

(Dance is a swaying Boston. They exit.)

(Lilly, Hermence, Paulette, and other young ladies enter.)

Lilly
What a lovely garden.

Paulette
Yes, but we're not here to admire the foliage. Where are Madeleine and Aristide? And where do they keep the gin?

(Mustafa Bey enters. An exceedingly elegant, modern, young Turkish attaché. He wears a cutaway jacket, fashionable trousers, spats, and a red fez. He is a good-natured daredevil of uncommonly natural amiability, with lots of spirit, an exotic charmer with lots of vitality.)

CD1 Track 8

Mustafa Bey

Who needs gin when I'm here!

Ladies (welcoming him enthusiastically)

Mustafa Bey! (*ad lib*)

Mustafa (in the middle of the group)

Imagine, all the most delicate blossoms of the Western World, right here in one room!

Hermence

You're so charming.

Paulette

Yes! Very charming. But we Parisian women can see right through you. We know all about your polygamous ways.

Mustafa Bey (*acting innocent*)

Polygamous? Me? Oh, you mean because I've been married six times? I'm a modern Turk. I never take a new wife until I'm divorced from the previous one.

CD1 Track 9

My father, on the other hand, he was the product of a different time.

Song No. 4

At home along the Bosporus

Ladies

*Halla, halla, hai! Halla, halla, hai! Halla,
halla, halla, Halla, halla, halla, hai!*

Mustafa

*My dear Papa, the Aga Pasha,
Loved all the girls from here to Russia.
He met lots of gorgeous women, boy he sure got around-
Hugging, kissing, smooching every girl that he found!
My dear Papa, the Great Effendi
Was Asia Minor's major dandy!
Led a diplomatic delegation off to Patee,
Took one look at all the women there
and said "no, no, merci!"*

(Refrain)

*Back home along the Bosporus,
the ladies never whine or fuss,
They smile and never frown.
At home along the Bosporus, the ladies are so generous,
They'll love you up and down.*

*Parisian women are the type
you have to wine and dine,
Back home I only have to wink
and then the girl is mine!
Back home along the Bosporus,
the women are all there for us,
We men are doing fine!*

Women

*Oh, halla halla halla chai!
Halla chai! halla chai!*

Mustafa

*My dear Papa, the great Effendi,
His tastes were broad but never trendy.
He loved every woman, one and all, with vim and vigor,*

*Tall or short or slender or with ample figure!
Brunettes and blondes,
all creeds, all races:
He put a smile on all their faces.
But when they did away with harems, once and for all,
He married mother and his love life slowed down to a crawl.*

*Back home along the Bosporus,
the ladies never whine or fuss,
They smile and never frown.
At home along the Bosporus, the ladies are so generous,
They'll love you up and down.*

*Parisian women are the type
you have to wine and dine,
Back home I only have to wink
and then the girl is mine!
Back home along the Bosporus,
the women are all there for us,
We men are doing fine!*

(Aristide enters.)

CD1 Track 10

Mustafa

Aristide! How was the honeymoon?

Aristide

Wonderful!

Mustafa

They always are. I haven't had one in a while.

Aristide

Oh I see... are you single again?

Mustafa

More single than I've been in a long time. As you know, whenever my government sends me to a new city, I get married. And whenever I leave, I get divorced.

Aristide

What happens then?

Mustafa

Every wife gets a small villa on the Riviera and a monthly stipend of a thousand pounds! It keeps things friendly.

Aristide

Sounds like an expensive hobby.

Mustafa

I'm ready to do it again.

Aristide

You'll have no problem here in Nice.

Mustafa

You'd be surprised. These European women want to marry for life! I'd have to give up diplomacy! But enough about me- I'm here for you. What's the matter?

Aristide

I'm in a terrible bind. Do you remember Tangolita?

Mustafa

Who could forget her - she struck you like a bolt of lightning.

Aristide

She was definitely stormy-and ending things with her was no picnic.

Mustafa

Getting entangled with a woman is easy. Getting disentangled- that's the hard part. You wrote her a check, didn't you?

Aristide
Of course! She was offended.

Mustafa
Then you should have written a bigger check. My father, the Aga Pasha, always said: when she won't disappear, add another zero!

Aristide
I added plenty of zeros, but she crossed them out and wrote: "The undersigned agrees to have an intimate dinner with the bearer of this check, whenever and wherever she decides."

Mustafa
An I.O.U. for a dinner?

Aristide
Yes. I was desperate to get rid of her, so I signed it. Then, today of all days, I receive this telegram. *(He hands it to Mustafa)*

Mustafa *(reads)*
You will honor your commitment. Stop. Tonight at midnight. Stop. Ball at the Savoy. Stop. Expecting prompt payment. Stop. "The Prefect of Nancy?"

Aristide
It's her code name.

Mustafa
Well, you have to go. A promise is a promise. Besides, there's nothing wrong with a little dinner between friends, in a private room... with a bottle of bubbly.

Aristide
But what about Madeleine?

Mustafa
What about her?

Aristide
Tonight is our first night back home together. I can't just leave- what would I tell her?

Mustafa
Leave it to me! *(Proudly)* Coming up with excuses is my specialty.

(He takes Aristide by the arm. With Mustafa gesturing extravagantly, they exit. The men of the party enter.)

CD1 Track 11

Ernst
Hey do you know who just pulled up outside? Daisy Parker, the world champion tap dancer!

(All the men rush to the middle and welcome Daisy with jubilation. She is slender and pretty, American, in very chic but rather eccentric clothes. She may speak in American dialect.)

CD1 Track 12

Song No. 5 Kangaroo

Daisy
Hi everybody! I'm here!
(The men scramble to get her a drink.)

René
What an honor it is to have you here in the flesh. You're the talk of every dance hall in Europe!

Daisy
I always am.

René
Allow me to introduce you. Ladies and gentleman, this is Madeleine's cousin: Daisy Parker.

All
Hip, hip... Hurray!

Daisy
Now who's going to pour me a drink?

Ernst
What's new in America? Is it still dry?

Daisy
Yes- where's my drink?

Ernst
What's the latest dance hall craze?

Daisy
*Nobody wants to do the foxtrot today.
Forget the rumba, boys, it's oh so passé!
I'm here tell you that the tango is through-
Tangoes are so hard to do!
The latest dance is from the Folies Bergere.
And pretty soon they'll do it everywhere.
It gets your heart a thumpin'!
You're hoppin', skippin', jumpin'!
Move over Fred Astaire!*

*Kangaroo! The latest dance sensation,
Kangaroo- oh my!
Kangaroo! That sultry syncopation,
Kangaroo- nice try!*

*In Paree they dance for days and days-
In London it's the latest craze!
In Berlin, they serve it up with gin-
Even if you're high and haughty,
It will have you acting naughty!*

*Kangaroo! It's sure to light a fuse,
Kangaroo- oh yes!
Kangaroo! A foxtrot mixed with blues,
Kangaroo- oh yes!
Jump right in, see what it's all about-
And you will find without a doubt:
Kangaroo, Kangaroo! It is sure to knock you out!*

*West Hollywood is like a zoo late at night.
They ramble 'round until the first morning light.
You take your chances but you best beware -
Folks out there, they just don't care!*

*You'll meet a fella and he'll look right at you.
He'll tell you dancing is the thing to do.
I'm tired of hibernatin'
Let's get to gy-a-ratin'!
Let's do the Kangaroo.*

*Refrain
Kangaroo! The latest dance sensation,
Kangaroo- oh my!
Kangaroo! That sultry syncopation,
Kangaroo- nice try!*

*In Paree they dance for days and days-
In London it's the latest craze!
In Berlin, they serve it up with gin-
Even if you're high and haughty,
It will have you acting naughty!*

*Jump right in, see what it's all about-
And you will find without a doubt:
Kangaroo, Kangaroo! It is sure to knock you out!*

(False exit. Daisy returns alone. Aristide and Mustafa enter.)

CD1 Track 13

Aristide

Daisy! When did you get here?

Daisy

My boat arrived yesterday and I took the first train here.

Aristide

Madeleine will be thrilled! *(Mustafa gives a signal to Aristide to introduce him. Aristide laughs.)* Allow me to introduce my friend. Mustafa Bey- Miss Daisy Parker, my wife's cousin.

Mustafa

(He says something in Turkish)

Daisy *(to Aristide)*

What does that mean?

Aristide *(laughs)*

He's pleased to meet you.

Daisy *(laughs)*

You too. *(she walks away)*

Mustafa *(to Aristide)*

It means, I'd love to take her out for a spin! She's exactly my type.

Aristide *(wryly)*

Oh I know. *(sees Madeleine entering)* Here comes Madeleine. Let's let the ladies catch up.

Mustafa *(As he exits he adlibs some Turkish)*

Madame, I'm sure we'll meet again!

(Mustafa and Aristide exit.)

Madeleine *(enters)*

Daisy?! What are you doing here?

Daisy

Madeleine! *(They hug)* I'm here to see you of course. I thought your honeymoon would never end!

Madeleine

I didn't want it to.

Daisy *(naively)*

12 months?! Where's the baby?

Madeleine *(laughs)*

You're terrible.

Daisy

You look radiant!

Madeleine

My husband gets the credit for that. *(Girlishly)* He's so charming.

Daisy

He's quite the catch.

CD1 Track 14

Madeleine

Did you really cross the ocean just to see me?

Daisy

Of course. Well... there is one other reason. I have a little secret.

Madeleine
A secret?

Daisy
Have you heard of José Pasodoblé?

Madeleine
Who hasn't? They play his songs everywhere, but no one's ever seen him.

Daisy
You'd better sit down- I have something to tell you. *(She places Madeleine in the chair, steps away from her, and strikes a pose.)*
Standing before you is the famous songwriter José Pasodoblé.

Madeleine
I don't understand.

Daisy
Let me explain. When I came home from college, I had a fight with my father. He was going to make me marry Bobby Hershey.

Madeleine
The son of the chocolate Tycoon?

Daisy
Yes. But I didn't want to get married, I wanted to be a songwriter. So I made a bet with my father. If I could make a living as a songwriter then I wouldn't have to marry Bobby Chocolate. But since no one would ever believe that a woman could write such good songs, I decided to write under a pseudonym: José Pasodoblé.

Madeleine *(standing up)*
You're amazing!

Daisy
When I want something, I make it happen! Tonight, during the Ball at the Savoy, I'm going to reveal my true identity and lead the band myself.

Madeleine
You'll be the talk of the town.

Daisy
I'll win the bet and it'll be "toodle-oo" to Chocolate Bobby.

Madeleine
Poor boy, he'll just melt away!
(They laugh.)

Daisy
You'll be there tonight, won't you?

Madeleine *(reflectively)*
Tonight? I can't. Don't be angry- it's just that it's my first night at home with Aristide.

Daisy
So I'm on my own?

Madeleine
I'm afraid so. I have quite an evening planned.

Daisy *(she laughs)*
Is your honeymoon ever going to end? Speaking of which, I want to hear all about it.

Madeleine *(smiling)*
What sort of information would you like? Ethnographical? Geological? Botanical?

Daisy
Just erotical. *(they laugh)* Come on, let's get right to it.

CD1 Track 15

What's it like to be newlyweds?

Madeleine

Where should I start?

Daisy

At the beginning.

Song No. 6 Duet

The Wedding Night

Madeleine (*First Verse*)

The very first thing I recall,

We got home from city hall. Madame...

Daisy

Monsieur!

Madeleine

The servants quickly formed a line,

And beckoned us to dine, Madame,

Daisy

Monsieur! So were you anxious, were you shy?

Madeleine

I couldn't look him in the eye,

My heart was beating,

Who thinks of eating,

I was so nervous I could die.

Refrain:

The wedding night, with him alone,

We dimmed the lights,

unplugged the phone

Darling, oh how exciting it is!

Daisy

How sweet it is.

Madeleine

The wedding night, what do I see?

The man I love, in front of me!

Darling, doesn't get better than this!

Daisy

How was he in the sack?

Madeleine

I wouldn't send him back!

The wedding night, in the boudoir,

I add some tricks to my repertoire,

Daisy

You add some tricks? Your repertoire?!!

Both

Darling, doesn't get better than this!

Madeleine

The morning after with my beau,

My cheeks are all aglow, Madame...

Daisy

Monsieur

Madeleine
*I'm in my silky negligee
He likes me dressed that way!*

Daisy
Tres, tres... risqué!

Madeleine
*Then he winds up the gramophone
And once again unplugs the phone,
And soon we're dancing,
And then romancing,
To a rhythm all our own.*

Madeleine
*The wedding night, in the boudoir,
I add some tricks to my repertoire,*

Daisy
You add some tricks? Your repertoire?!!

Both
Darling, it doesn't get better than this!

Daisy
How sweet it is!

(Dance interlude)

Both
*If only each night could,
Be even half that good!*

*The wedding night, what do I see?
The man I love, in front of me!
Darling, it doesn't get better than this!*

Daisy
How sweet it is.

CD1 Track 16

(Mustafa enters with a French newspaper, sits down and makes himself comfortable. He is absorbed in the newspaper.)

Aristide *(anxious, pacing back and forth)*
Mustafa, there's no time to waste. What am I going to do?

Mustafa *(phlegmatically continuing to read the paper)*
Relax. I'll think of something.

Aristide
Unbelievable! I'm at my wit's end and you're just sitting there reading the paper! The answer's not in there!

Mustafa *(jumping up, excited)*
Au contraire! *(Approaching Aristide)* The answer's right here! *(handing him the paper)* Read this.

Aristide *(reads)*
"Tonight, Ball at the Savoy. Nice's most fashionable soiree. A special event: the famous jazz songwriter José Pasodoblé will lead the band – his first public appearance ever."

Mustafa
Don't you see?

Aristide *(not understanding)*
No.

Mustafa *(enthusiastic)*
José Pasodoblé! He's the answer!

Aristide
How?

Mustafa
It's obvious. We'll tell your wife that you have to go to the ball at the Savoy because your old friend Jose Pasodoblé has asked you to come.

Aristide
But I don't know Pasodoblé.

Mustafa (*forcefully*)
Nobody does! Nobody's ever seen him, except for you - at least that's what we'll tell Madeleine. We'll make up a story about how he once saved your life. I'll write a telegram in his name, inviting you to his performance at the Savoy tonight. She'll have to let you go. He saved your life! (*He goes to the desk and writes on a telegram form.*) "Leading the band tonight, Ball at the Savoy. Stop. Looking forward to seeing you, old friend. Stop. Bring Mustafa. Stop. What a great guy. Stop. Regards, José Pasodoblé." Now, isn't that brilliant?

Aristide
She's going to want to go with me.

Mustafa
I hadn't thought of that. (*He ponders, then his face suddenly lights up.*) Has your trunk arrived?

Aristide
No. It won't arrive until tomorrow.

Mustafa (*enthusiastic*)
Perfect! Then she can't come along because she has nothing to wear. You have an extra tuxedo here, don't you?

Aristide
Yes.

Mustafa
Problem solved.

Aristide
But . . .

Mustafa (*with energy*)
But nothing! It'll work like a charm. (*He rings for Archibald.*)

(*Archibald enters.*)

Mustafa
Archibald, I want you to stand behind the door and eavesdrop.

Archibald (*dryly*)
My specialty.

Mustafa
When you hear me say, "I wouldn't be surprised if we heard from him today" – then, you come in and say, "This telegram just arrived." Do you understand?

Archibald
Yes, sir. (*Beaming, to Aristide*) I'm so relieved.

Aristide
Why is that?

Archibald
Sir, when you got married, I was afraid that all the good times were behind us. But I see now that I have nothing to worry about. (*He sees Madeleine and Daisy entering.*) Here come the ladies.
(*exits*)

CD1 Track 17

Madeleine (*falling into Aristide's arms*)
Aristide, I'm so excited to have you all to myself tonight.

Aristide
That goes double for me, darling!

Mustafa
Well, I better be going.

Madeleine
So soon?

Daisy
What a shame!

Aristide (*looking desperately for a segue, hypocritically*)
Why are you in such a hurry?

Mustafa
I'm going to the ball at the Savoy!

Aristide
Oh, is that tonight?

Mustafa
It's going to be the best one yet.

Madeleine
Why's that?

Mustafa
José Pasodoblé is leading the band tonight. (*The ladies look surprised.*) Who would have thought our old friend would become such a famous songwriter?

Daisy
Old friend?

Madeleine (*Prevents Daisy from saying anything else. To Aristide and Mustafa*)
You two know José Pasodoblé?

Mustafa (*strikes a pose*)
Do we know him! (*approaching Madeleine*) Of course! Especially Aristide.

Madeleine (*to Aristide*)
Is he a close friend?

Aristide (*at a loss*)
Close? No, an acquaintance. We had a drink together once.

Mustafa
What?! You call him an acquaintance? The man who once saved your life?

Daisy (*to Aristide*)
Pasodoblé saved your life?

Madeleine
I never heard that story.

Aristide
Saving my life might be an exaggeration.

Mustafa (*raising his voice*)
Exaggeration!? I remember it as if it were yesterday. It was the last bullfight in San Sebastian. A crowd of thousands roared and surged . . .

Aristide
Oh, come on.

Mustafa

Roared and surged We were sitting near the lovely Ines Ramires, the movie star. You know her, don't you?

Madeleine
I know the name.

Mustafa (*to Aristide*)
There, you see! Your wife knows her. Suddenly, her purse falls into the arena. An exquisite little purse given to her by Charlie Chaplin. (*To Madeleine*) You know Charlie Chaplin, don't you?

Madeleine
Of course.

Mustafa (*to Aristide*)
There, you see! Your wife knows him too. So, Aristide, gallant as always, jumps down into the bullring to retrieve the purse. Suddenly, the bull appears followed by the picadors, the toreadors, the sliding doors ... Aristide stands there, pale, frightened – but always elegant! Cutaway coat, gray top hat, a flower in his lapel. The bull charges. I brace myself to witness a tragedy, when all of sudden, Pasodoblé saves the day. (*In a different tone*) Did I mention that he conducted a military band in those days?

Daisy (*pointedly*)
No, you didn't.

Mustafa
I should have. Anyway, his band was playing at the arena that day. Right when the bull looked like he was going to charge Aristide, Pasodoblé raises his baton and the orchestra breaks into the "Toreador song." (*He sings part of it.*) Irritated by that frightful music, the bull turns away from Aristide and charges the bandstand - and Aristide is saved. He hands the beautiful Ines her purse. (*He mimes this.*) She says, (*in falsetto*) "How can I ever thank you?" Aristide replies: (Broadly, with pathos) "Dear lady, there's no need to thank me."

Daisy (*amused*) Magnificent!

Mustafa
After the bullfight, we polished off twelve bottles of Tarantella. (*To Aristide*) And you told Pasodoblé: "You saved my life. I will never forget this!" Remember?

Aristide
Of course.

Mustafa (*to the ladies*)
There, you see, madam, he remembers.

Aristide
And now our dear friend is here in Nice!

Mustafa (*loudly and with exaggerated clarity, toward the door, so that Archibald can hear him*) I wouldn't be surprised if we heard from him today.

(*Archibald enters, carrying a tray with a telegram on it.*)

Archibald
Sir, this telegram just arrived.

Aristide (*feigning surprise, takes the telegram*)
A telegram? (*He cries out*) From Pasodoblé! (*The two women look at each other.*)

Mustafa (*feigning innocence and surprise*)
How about that!

Madeleine (*approaching Aristide*)
May I read it?

Aristide (*with extreme politeness*)
Of course!

Madeleine (*reads*)

"Leading the band tonight, Ball at the Savoy. Stop. Looking forward to seeing you, old friend. Stop. Bring Mustafa. Stop. What a great guy. Stop. Regards, José Pasodoblé."

Mustafa (*delighted*)

Bring me too?! How kind of him to remember me.

Madeleine (*softly, to Daisy*)

So that's it. He wants to go to the ball.

Mustafa (*softly, to Aristide*)

She doesn't suspect a thing!

Aristide

I'm sorry. We're staying in tonight.

Mustafa

What? You're not going to let dear old Pasodoblé down, are you? And especially tonight, when he's leading the band? (*To Madeleine*) Madam, you don't mind, do you?

Madeleine (*calmly*)

Not at all. If Aristide would like to go . . .

Mustafa

There, you see? Aristide (*to Madeleine*)

You'll come too, won't you?

Madeleine (*broadly*)

Naturally! (*Mustafa makes a big show of confusion and wrings his hands in horror.*)

But wait - I can't! Our trunk hasn't arrived and I don't have anything to wear.

(*Mustafa and Aristide quietly congratulate each other.*)

Mustafa and Aristide

What a shame!

Madeleine

Please give Pasodoblé my regards.

Daisy

Mine, too!

Mustafa

We'll say hello for both of you . . .

Aristide

. . . we'll raise a glass to his success and come straight home. (*To Madeleine*) You just make yourself comfortable. Maybe you can show Daisy our copy of Ulysses - and pour her a drink as well. Two things you can't get in America. They're so deprived over there..

Mustafa

I don't know how you Americans don't die of boredom.

Aristide

Well, we'd better go change.

Madeleine (*maliciously*)

Yes, you certainly can't go dressed like that.

Mustafa

I'll come back to pick you up.

(*He takes Aristide by the arm and the two of them exit.*)

CD1 Track 18

Madeleine (*numb*)

I can't believe he's leaving me on our first night at home.

Daisy

Don't take it so hard, darling. It happens in every marriage. My friend Evelyn once caught her husband red-handed with a letter from a dancing girl. She had signed it "The Governor of New York."

Madeleine (*alarmed*)
What? My husband received a telegram today, signed the Prefect of Nancy.

Daisy (*reflective*)
Sounds fishy to me. What are you going to do?

Madeleine
I'm going to go to the ball! And if he's with a woman, I'll find myself a man.

Daisy
Madeleine!

Madeleine
I swear it! The first attractive man I meet will be my lover before the night is through.

Daisy (*comically despairing*)
What if your husband sees you?

Madeleine (*goes to desk*)
I hope he does! (*Picks up telephone*) Hello? 929? Yes. I'd like to speak to Monsieur Albert, please. (*To Daisy*) My dressmaker. He's very good. (*Into receiver*) Hello? This is the Marquise Madeleine de Faublas. Monsieur Albert? I need an elegant outfit for this evening. Yes, for the ball at the Savoy. Something daring. Something a respectable woman could wear to a ball without being recognized. What? That's your specialty? Come over right away! (*She hangs up.*)

Daisy
Seems like a lot of trouble to go to. Why don't you take a moment to think things over? I'm going to go change... (*exit*)

Madeleine
There's nothing to think about. (*Music begins.*)

CD1 Track 19

An eye for an eye, a kiss for a kiss!

A woman is faithful, but why?

Madeleine
*A man doesn't have to be faithful
But heaven forbid you're untrue
Indulge him and love him
Put nothing above him
For that's what's expected of you.
A woman is faithful and loving
A woman is faithful, but why?
What are we to do when a man is untrue –
When all that he says is a lie?*

*When men feel the slightest temptation,
They have to go give it a try.
If I don't inspire his passion
Then I'll find another guy.*

*A man who steps out is a hero,
To women this is nothing new
I won't sit there hurting
While he's out there flirting
I think I know what I must do.*

*Oh why should a woman be faithful?
For men all these rules don't apply
Indulge him and love him,
Put nothing above him,
Excuse me, but I'd rather die. (*She exits*)*

(Daisy enters. Mustafa enters from opposite side.)

CD1 Track 20

Mustafa (*admiringly*)

Ah, Miss Daisy, en grande toilette!

Daisy

Yes, Mister Mustafa, I'm going to the ball, too.

Mustafa

Excellent! Then we'll see each other there.

Daisy

Probably.

Mustafa (*gallantly*)

But before you go, I have a question for you.

Daisy

Yes?

Mustafa

What is your opinion of marriage?

Daisy (*curtly*)

You picked a great time to ask me that!

Mustafa

You've made quite an impression on me.

Daisy

Aren't you sweet...

Mustafa

When I look at you, I get a tingling feeling the same thing that always happens when I'm about to get married.

Daisy (*amazed*)

You've been married more than once?

Mustafa

I've had six wives.

Daisy

My goodness!

Mustafa

But never at the same time. Always one after the other.

Daisy

Is that any better?

Mustafa (*boasting*)

Yes, that's how I always do it. If I like a woman, I marry her. We sign a contract that says she will divorce me whenever I request it. In return, she receives a monthly stipend of 1000 Pounds and a small villa on the Riviera, and we remain good friends. You see, it's much more ethical to have six wives and to be faithful to each of them, than to have one wife and to be unfaithful to her six times.

Daisy

You're funny!

Mustafa

Daisy, I can feel you understand me. Why don't I introduce you to my ex-wives at the ball tonight.

Daisy (*surprised*)

They're all going to be there?

Mustafa (*drily*)
Yes. Think of it as checking my references.

Daisy (*laughs*)
Mister Mustafa, you intrigue me.

Mustafa
So, may I dare to hope?

Daisy
Perhaps, but only if you introduce me to your dear old friend Pasodoblé.

Mustafa (*caught off guard*)
You don't want to meet Pasodoblé! He doesn't like people. He's painfully shy and very unfriendly. But me? I'm just the opposite. You'll dance with me and we'll be the hottest couple there. Like Hero and Leander, like Romeo and Juliet,

Daisy
Like Mister Brown and Lady Claire, the most elegant dancing couple in New York!

CD1 Track 21
Song No. 8
Duet Mr. Brown and Lady Claire

Daisy
*Every night at the bar,
When she rolls up in her car,
And the lady appears...*

Mustafa
*Close behind comes her guy,
Dressed to kill in suit and tie,
And the crowd screams and cheers!*

Daisy
She's in fur and lamé.

Mustafa
*He looks just like Maurice Chevalier! Daisy
People gawk,*

Mustafa
People stare,

Daisy
There's excitement

Mustafa
Everywhere

Both
When they make their entrée!

Refrain:

Mustafa
*Oh, Mister Brown,
that man about town.
And Lady Claire,
so lovely and fair!
Out on the dance floor,
they look so debonair.
They're just to die for,
They've got that certain savoir faire!
Oh, Mister Brown,
that man about town.
And Lady Claire,
so lovely and fair!*

Both

*Out on the dance floor,
It's like they're floating on air!*

Mustafa
That Mister Brown

Daisy
*And Lady Claire.
She drinks tea to stay thin,*

Mustafa
*He drinks tonic mixed with gin,
Every night to prepare.*

Daisy
She plays golf every day,

Mustafa
*That's a sport he doesn't play,
'cause he just doesn't care!
But he's suave and genteel,*

Daisy
And she oozes lots of sex appeal!

Mustafa
People stop, people stare,

Daisy
*Greta Garbo can't compare,
For her beauty's unreal.*

Refrain;

Both
*Oh, Mister Brown,
that man about town.
And Lady Claire,
so lovely and fair!*

Daisy
Out on the dance floor,

Mustafa
they look so debonair.

Daisy
They're just to die for,

Both
*They've got that certain savoir faire!
Oh, Mister Brown,
that man about town.
And Lady Claire,
so lovely and fair!
Out on the dance floor,
It's like they're floating on air,*

Mustafa
That Mister Brown,

Daisy
And Lady Claire!

(Dance interlude)

Both
Higgidi Hamadi, Higgidi...

Mustafa
Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown,

Daisy
Lady Claire, Lady Claire

Both
That Mr. Brown, Oh yes!
And Lady Claire

CD1 Track 22

No. 9 Finale

Aristide enters in waltz-step. He is clearly in great spirits. He is wearing a tuxedo. Behind him Archibald, also dancing. He carries Aristide's coat, cane, and opera hat. In his pockets, he has a small mirror, a brush, and a perfume atomizer. He follows Aristide, dancing, using these items on him.

Aristide (*humming*)
I'll have a ball at the Savoy!

Whenever I put my tuxedo on it gets me in the mood. The ballroom, the champagne, the lights, and all those beautiful women. A sea of bare shoulders...

(sung)
Girls left and right! Oh what a sight!
I will have some fun tonight!
Now and then, we all need some recreation.
Now and then, we succumb to temptation.

Archibald
It's good to see you back in the swing of things, sir. A little dancing will do you good. You've put on a few pounds.

Aristide (horrified) Really?

Archibald
The sedentary life doesn't suit you, sir.

Aristide
You've got that right.
(*Sings, dances*)
What I wouldn't give just to be single once again,
Just a little, once again...
(*admiring himself*)
What can I say- I can't let the ancestors down.

Archibald (comically emotional, almost crying tears of joy)
I'm so proud of you!

Aristide (*spoken in rhythm*)
My hat, my coat, my gloves, my cane! (Sings)
I'll have a ball at the Savoy!

Archibald (*Hands him hat, gloves, cane; helps Aristide into his coat; during pause in the music*) That's the Marquis that I know! (*The orchestra plays two chords.*) Do you remember, sir, what you always used to sing (*orchestra plays two chords*) when you went out? (*Orchestra plays one chord*)

Aristide (*downstage*)
Of course!
(*Sings, charmingly, reminiscing*)
I'll spend an evening
Out on my own
With girls who sing and dance
With every glass of Dom Perignon
You're closer to romance.
There are a hundred thousand bottles to drink,
Before the night is done.
Why not do some kissing?
See what we've been missing?

Why not have some fun.

(Mustafa enters with male dancers. They join heartily in the refrain. While the male dancers sing, Mustafa greets Aristide. Both are in a radiant mood. Mustafa and the dancers are in tuxedos, top hats, and topcoats.)

Chorus of men

*We'll spend an evening out on our own
With girls who sing and dance!
With every glass of Dom Perignon
We're closer to romance!
(Mustafa links arms with Aristide, and they all march off, singing.)*

Mustafa

There are a hundred thousand bottles to drink...

Aristide

Before the night is through.

Archibald (sings to himself, watching the others leave. He takes a cigarette case out of his pocket, lights a cigarette and, with an air of the lord of the manor, exits.)

*Why not do some kissing!
See what we've been missing!
That's just what I should do!
(He exits)*

(The street lamps come on.)

Bébé (Madeleine's maid, sneaks in, sees that the coast is clear, and opens the door. She curtseys.)

Madame, the Marquis just left.

(Madeleine enters. She is wearing, under a splendid coat, a risqué, daring outfit, which the audience does not see at first. Behind her enter Monsieur Albert, very thin, a typical high-end Paris dressmaker, elegant and comical face; four maids in pretty outfits; three "midinettes" (seamstresses) from Albert's studio; and a "directrice." All of them assemble around Madeleine. Two maids hold an elegant standing mirror. Another holds a fan, another a cushion with pins and ribbons.)

Monsieur Albert

Do you like it, Madam?

(Madeleine sings four measures from (1a).)

Madeleine

*Will you be true,
Forever true,
Can I believe a man like you?*

Madeleine (walking up and down in front of the mirror, sings)

*Monsieur, what a wonderful dress!
I'll have a ball at the Savoy!*

Monsieur Albert *(flattered)*

Making something daring and risqué is my specialty, Madame. (He takes a needle from the pin cushion and, kneeling, fixes something on Madeleine's outfit.) Last week, I made an outfit for the Duchess of Chantilly. It was so alluring, her own husband fell in love with her!

Madeleine (pensive, before the mirror)

If I only knew how to act the part.

Monsieur Albert *(excited)*

Madame, that's also my specialty! To be a coquette, you must learn to walk like a femme fatale. That flirtatious glance, that come-hither smile. (He demonstrates. She follows him.)

Madeleine

*I think I've got it!
(sings)*

*Men left and right, oh what a sight!
I will have some fun tonight!*

(She copies the singing of a worldly cocotte.)
Dressed to kill with a look so exotic,
Dressed to thrill with perfume so erotic.
Something lacey,
something racy,
And you'll find that you're a coquette.

(In high spirits)
Now it's time for me to show them
Just what I can do!
I can be flirtatious too,
Like those women at the "Ba a a a...!!!"
(to the maids)
Bring my hat, bring my fan, bring my purse-
(parlando) Stupid man!

(The maids bring what she has requested. Béb  brings champagne. Madeleine drains the glass and hands it back to B b .
Madeleine is in high spirits.)

Madeleine
Thank you, Monsieur Albert! I am very pleased.
(The orchestra plays two chords.)

Monsieur Albert
Madame! *(Two chords. He gives a signal, whereupon everyone discreetly but elegantly exits in different directions. He bows to Madeleine. Exit.)*

Madeleine *(triumphant)*
And now, Monsieur le Marquis de Faublas –

(chord) I'll see you at the ball at the Savoy!
(Sings, in high spirits, with drive)

Madeleine, Lily, Paulette, Hermence, B b 
I'll spend an ev'ning out on my own,
With men who sing and dance!
Perhaps I'll meet a man who's alone
And looking for romance!

Madeleine
There are a hundred thousand bottles to drink,
Before the night is through.
Why not do some kissing?
Show him what he's missing!
That's what I'm going to do!

End of ACT 1
Curtain

Act II

The "Bar-Foyer" of the Savoy dance palace. The lobby of the dance hall. Backdrop in Old French style. Windows, through which one senses, more than sees, the ballroom beyond. The exit at right leads to the "s par es," or private dining rooms. Behind each bar, a bartender and two barmaids. The bartenders are overseen by Pomerol, a canny headwaiter type – crafty, clever, elegant, cosmopolitan. As the curtain rises, the audience sees couples dancing, strolling, sitting at the bars, etc. High spirits and merriment.

CD1 Track 23

No. 9A Entrance music

Introduction to Act II

The Ball at the Savoy Waltz. Couples dance. Merry ballroom activity, female dancers in charming outfits surround a fat, comical, older male bar patron, etc. Maurice and Ren , along with several other gentlemen, sit at the bar.

CD1 Track 24

Maurice *(comes running and calls out, interrupting the waltz)*
Gentlemen, you won't believe who's here!

(Gentlemen all rush up to him)

Ren , Radio Announcer, Bartender, Archibald

Who? (*Ad lib...*)
(*attacca*)

Maurice
Tangolita!

(*Gentlemen ad lib lines*)

Tangolita
Olé! Olé! (*All the men surround her*)

Men
Olé!

No. 9B **Entrance of Tangolita**

Entrée of Tangolita, with Gentlemen

(Tangolita enters with several elegant gentlemen (dancers). She is a beautiful, hot-blooded woman with the enticing figure and flexible body of a dancer, black hair, pale complexion, provocative makeup. She wears a splendid dance outfit in the Argentine style. She is received enthusiastically by everyone and escorted to the stage to the strains of the Tangolita Tango.)

Maurice
Tangolita! Are you performing tonight?!

Tangolita (*light Argentine accent*)
Darling, I don't perform- I just am.

René
You're not going to sing?

Tangolita
I'm taking a break from my concert tour, but if you're good - I might sing a note or two.

Maurice
I can be very good.

Tangolita
You're a doll, but I'm here to collect a debt. Do you know what this is? (*She pulls a check out of her décolletage.*)

Maurice
No. May I take a closer look?
(*The music stops.*)

Tangolita
It's a check! But it's no ordinary check. It's an IOU for an intimate dinner.

René
With whom?

Tangolita
The Marquis de Faublas!

René (*rolling his eyes*)
Who else!

Tangolita

We were once madly in love! For six months, I was true to him...almost completely true. And then, that little Parisian schoolgirl Madeleine snatched him away from me! He tried to write a check to get rid of me - as if I cared about money. I crossed out the check and turned it into an IOU for one intimate dinner- wherever and whenever I choose.

Maurice

And tonight's the night?

Tangolita

Yes.

René

What if he doesn't show up? If I were married to Madeleine, I'd never leave her side.

Tangolita (*resolute*)

Don't be silly! Even the worst affair is more exciting than the best marriage. He'll come- he's a man.

René

Now that's pure Tangolita!

Tangolita (*triumphant*)

That's right. Pure Tangolita!

CD1 Track 25

No. 9C

Bella Tangolita

(She sings)

*The fellas call me "Bella Tangolita",
La Tangolita from Santa Fe.
They call to me, "oh Bella Tangolita,
You're all we dream of ..."
What can I say?*

*Within my eyes there burns a raging fire-
One look from me will fill you with desire.
I am the wild and lovely Tangolita.
La Tangolita from Santa Fe.*

(Dance. Argentine tango.)

*Within my eyes there burns a raging fire-
One look from me will fill you with desire.
I am the wild and lovely Tangolita.
La Tangolita from Santa Fe.*

All

Olé!

(At the end, the gentlemen lift her and carry her off. Mustafa enters, wearing tuxedo and fez. He is flanked by six attractive women in sensational outfits.)

CD1 Track 26

Mustafa

To see all six of you here together, reminds me just how lucky I've been in love. It was so good of you to come. *(calling to the waiter)*
Pomerol! Veuve Cliquot for my ex-wives and me.

Pomerol

You're in luck sir. We're running a special tonight. The sixth wife drinks free.

Mustafa (*enthusiastic*)
Excellent!

(*Pomerol exits*)

Mustafa
Darlings, you might find this hard to believe...I've met someone and I'm head over heels in love!

Trude (*Danish accent*) (*drily*)
How shocking.

Mustafa
I'm going to marry her!

Trude (*clapping him on the shoulder*)
Who's the lucky girl?

Mustafa (*enthusiastic*)
She's American. (*Drawing the ladies closer to him, secretively*) If she asks about me, you won't say anything bad, will you?

Ilonka (*Hungarian accent*)
We have no reason to.

Mustafa (*kisses her hand*)
Kössenem sepen.

Mizzi (*Viennese dialect*)
You are such a nice fellow!

Mustafa (*to Mizzi*)
Küss die Hand!

Bessie (*English, always very blasé*)
You always were so full of high spirits.

Mustafa (*to Bessie*)
Thank you, darling.

Lucia (*Italian*)
Caro mio, you were always so brutale!

Mustafa
Grazie tanto! Eviva!

Guilette (*French accent*)
You were a wonderful husband. *Merveilleux!*

Mustafa (*kissing her hand*)
Merci, chérie! Je ne peux pas vivre sans amour.

Trude (*mocking*)
Amour, amour, we know all about that. What you really love is polygamy.

Mustafa (*broadly*)
Those were the days. No, darling,
CD1 Track 27
we Turks are all "polygamied" out.

Song No. 10

Turkish Kissing

Mustafa

*Constantinople isn't a place
Where a lady must cover her face.
And you can see them all from head to toe -
It's the raciest town I know.*

*Constantinople's all up to date
Every lady has only one mate
And every fellow has only one dame - What a shame!
One spoon for every plate.
Long ago
Life was never slow.
Night after night of polygamous fun
But now those days are done!*

*What we've all been missin' is some Turkish kissin'!
Please forgive me if I'm speaking off the cuff,
For we're seldom smitten, petting just one kitten
When there's only one it's really not enough!*

*That's what I've been told- allachai!
Oh, those days of old... allachai!
For we're seldom smitten, petting just one kitten
When there's only one it's really not enough!*

*Scheherazade was quite a delight
She could entertain you all night
Although her stories often were absurd
You'd hang on her every word.
For a thousand one nights without fail
She would offer the Sultan a tale.
But to hold his interest all those nights,
There must have been other delights.*

*Long ago
Life was never slow.
To really make the Sultan gawk,
Scheherazade did more than talk.*

*What we've all been missin' is some Turkish kissin'!
Please forgive me if I'm speaking off the cuff,
For we're seldom smitten, petting just one kitten
When there's only one, it's really not enough.
That's what I've been told- allachai!
Oh, those days of old... allachai!
For we're seldom smitten petting just one kitten.
When there's only one it's really not enough!*

(Dance interlude. Mustafa is being chased by his wives.)

(Dance and all exit.)

CD1 Track 28

Pomerol
Coming out of retirement, Marquis?

Aristide
Pomerol, you old scoundrel, how are you?

Pomerol (flattered)
You always say the nicest things, Marquis. Your usual glass of Dom Perignon?

Aristide
You know me well.

(Pomerol exits)

Mustafa
Gentlemen, didn't I tell you he'd be here? A ball at the Savoy without Aristide would be unthinkable!

(At this point, Madeleine enters. She moves slowly, with a flirtatious swing to her walk. She wears a green outfit, with a small but opaque veil decorated with spangles. It only covers the upper half of her face diagonally, but it must present the illusion that she is unrecognizable. She holds a long cigarette holder in her mouth.)

Maurice *(to Aristide)*
How does it feel to be back at the Savoy?

Aristide
Fantastic!

René Radio Announcer
There are lots of beautiful women here tonight- take her for instance. *(He points out Madeleine as she passes by.)*

Mustafa Bartender *(as Madeleine passes)*
She's stunning.
(All the men mutely and admiringly follow Madeleine with their eyes. With her swinging walk, she goes to the bar.)

Madeleine *(with Russian accent)*
Cocktail please! Something to warm my Siberian soul. Champagne with chartreuse, gin, and Vodka!

Bartender
That would warm a dead man's soul.

(In the meantime several men have come to the bar, so that Madeleine is now a single woman surrounded by men.)

A Gentleman Radio Announcer *(to Madeleine)*
Why don't you give us a peek at what's under the veil?

Madeleine
Gentlemen! I will not remove my veil. A lady's discretion is sacred.

(From this moment on, the lighting becomes more intimate. Aristide pulls Mustafa downstage to the right.)

Aristide
Listen, Mustafa, I know it's absurd, but doesn't she look a little bit like Madeleine?

Mustafa
You're suffering from marital anxiety psychosis. A husband sees his wife in every woman. *(reassuring)* Madeleine is safe at home on her divan reading Ulysses.

Aristide *(can't take his eyes off Madeleine (disguised in green dress))*
What kind of woman do you think she is?

Mustafa
A coquette

Aristide

I don't think so- she has too much class! Bold, yet graceful!

Mustafa

And very savvy as well. *(Madeleine has taken on an eccentric pose, with her legs on a gentleman's knees.)* Look at those legs!

Aristide *(decisive)*

How could I miss them? I'm going to dance with her. I want to see if I've still got it.

Mustafa *(holding him back)*

Be careful. I know her type. She'll tell you a story about how she's the daughter of some wayward general. I've heard it all before.
(To Aristide, who is rushing away)

Aristide *(approaching the group of men around Madeleine)*

Gentlemen, I need to borrow this enchanting woman for a moment.

Radio Announcer *(politely)*

Of course, Marquis.

(As Aristide takes Madeleine by the arm and leads her away, Mustafa joins his friends at the bar, never looking away from Aristide and Madeleine. The lighting gradually returns to the way it was during the tango number.)

Aristide

I noticed you the moment you walked in tonight. Must you keep your veil on?

Madeleine

Yes- for my husband's sake!

Aristide

You have a husband?

Madeleine *(maliciously)*

I do.

Aristide *(worldly)*

A general, right?

Madeleine

No, a diplomat.

Aristide

Where are you from?

Madeleine

Russia.

Aristide

Why are you here? Looking for a little adventure?

Madeleine

No, a big adventure! I think I just found it. Shall we have dinner together? 300 Francs.

Aristide *(shocked)*

I beg your pardon?

Madeleine *(smiling)*

I meant the dinner! The dessert menu costs a little bit more.

Aristide
Oh, I see! (*regretfully*) Unfortunately, I already have dinner plans.

Madeleine
What a shame! With a beautiful woman, yes?

Aristide
Of course, but I'm yours until midnight. Tell me about yourself.

Madeleine
There's not much to tell. My story is hardly original. I have an unfaithful husband.

Aristide
What a pig! Do you know what? You should take your revenge.

Madeleine
Do you really think so?

Aristide
Of course! (*Melodrama*)

CD1 Track 29

How could a man betray a woman of such beauty and charm?

Madeleine
That's what I keep asking myself.

Song no. 11 Toujours L'amour

Madeleine
*I was in love.
It's over now.
I was deceived.
He broke his vow.
It was a lie.
I didn't die.
This frees me.*

*Love comes and goes,
that's what they say.
Another love will come my way.
I'm here tonight to find a man who'll please me.*

*Toujours l'amour. The first rule of love
Is simply to love, love alone.
Toujours l'amour.
The love I speak of
Will take you to places unknown!*

*A romance is fleeting, you see.
You men all mean nothing to me.
Toujours l'amour,
These words I dream of*

I only am faithful to love.

Aristide

*She likes to flirt,
this much is true.
She plays the game.
That's nothing new.
But there is something she is not revealing.*

*She is refined,
of this I'm sure
She draws me in
with her allure.
I am intrigued,
but what is she concealing.*

Madeleine/Aristide

*Toujours l'amour. The first rule of love
Is simply to love, love alone
Toujours l'amour.
The love I speak of
Will take you to places unknown!*

(Dance follows. Madeleine goes to Aristide and dances with him during the first half of the refrain in broad, elegant, sensuous waltz steps. Then she breaks out of Aristide's arms.. He tries to kiss her, but she leaves him standing.)

Madeleine

*A romance is fleeting, you see.
You men all mean nothing to me.
Ah....*

Both

I only am faithful to love

Aristide (parlando)

*A romance can be fleeting, I see.
(In time with the music, spoken)*

Madeleine (parlando)

You men all mean nothing to me.

Aristide/Madeleine

*Toujours l'amour,
These words I dream of
I only am faithful to love.*

(Madeleine exits.)

CD2 Track 1

Mustafa

How did it go?

Aristide

I'm not sure. I need to take a closer look at her!

Mustafa *(exiting with Aristide)*

You'd better do it before I do.

(Célestin and Maurice enter. Célestin is about 25 years old, in an impeccable Tuxedo with an orchid in the lapel. He is very likeable and good-looking, has a lot of charm and winning manners. Despite a spirited temperament, he is a little shy around the ladies.)

Maurice *(a Parisian man about town, his appearance is elegant.)*

Célestin! What a surprise to see you here. And so well dressed.

Célestin

I may be a poor young law clerk, but once a year I splurge and come to the Ball at the Savoy. It's nice to get out of those dreary suits that I wear to the office.

Maurice

You certainly have excellent taste in tuxedos.

Célestin

Between you and me, I borrowed it. Do you know why I come to this place? *(His mood rising to ecstasy)* Because I long for adventure, romance! *(Getting carried away)* When I see those lovely ladies around town in their gorgeous gowns, and beautiful furs, I can't help but wonder what it would be like to hold one of them in my arms, drink in the scent of her perfume, *(building)* pull her close to me... *(He has unconsciously put his arm around Maurice and comically pulls him toward himself.)*

Maurice *(interrupting)*

Does it have to be such a refined lady?

Célestin

Yes, a woman from the highest echelon of society.

Maurice

And have you found your adventure?

Célestin

Not yet. This is my third time here and so far all the women I've met have asked for money.

Maurice

I'm not surprised. It's not like you'll run into the Duchess of Orleans around here.

Célestin *(convinced)*

Don't say that. Some of society's best women attend this ball- women who are looking for a little amusement. Earlier tonight, I saw a beautiful woman in a green dress and my heart almost leapt out of my chest. *(Broadly)* My great adventure was about to begin... That woman was not for sale!

Maurice

Did you talk to her?

Célestin *(horrified)*

I couldn't do it! The sensibilities of my good upbringing held me back! I'm from a good family, you know! *(Reflective)* Maybe I should have...

Maurice *(amused)*

You couldn't think of one thing to say to her?

Célestin

You're right. I have to talk to her. Let's go.

Maurice

My God, Célestin, you're so young!

Célestin

What else do I have besides my youth – and this borrowed tuxedo?

(They exit)

CD2 Track 2

Daisy (*in ball gown and cape*)

Where have you been, Mister Mustafa? I've hardly seen you.

Mustafa (*without fez, gestures to invite Daisy to the bar*)

Please excuse me. I was . . . busy.

Daisy

That's no excuse.

Mustafa (*admiring her*)

Look at you! I could eat you up!

Daisy

I met your ex-wives. They're a lot of fun. They speak very highly of you.

Mustafa

Excellent! There, now, you see? How are my chances?

Daisy

Chances?

Mustafa

With you!

Daisy

50-50. There are two things that trouble me. First, your marriages are always so short.

Mustafa

The shorter the marriage, the longer the friendship.

Daisy

And second, you seem as if you're always on the prowl.

Mustafa

Only when I'm single. A cat may hunt all night, but he always comes home in the morning.

What do you say, Miss Daisy? I love you in a way that I've almost never loved anyone before!

Daisy

I'm tempted to marry you just to teach you some manners.

Mustafa

Excellent! (*He takes a form out of his pocket.*) I have a marriage contract right here.

Daisy (*amazed*)

How convenient!

Mustafa (*striking a pose*)

You never know who you're going to meet. Read it over. If you see something you don't like- cross it out.

Daisy

I like you, Mister Mustafa. I might say yes, but . . .

Mustafa (*anxious*)

But?

Daisy

But first, I want you to introduce me to your old friend Pasodoblé.

Mustafa (*surprised*)

Pasodoblé? What do you want with him?

Daisy
I've always wondered what he looks like. Is he handsome?

Mustafa (*contemptuous*)
But never mind all that. Let's go out and paint the town! I'll show you all the best places. And later, when we're alone together, (*tenderly*) perhaps you'll give me a little advance on our marriage?

Daisy
What kind of an advance?

Mustafa
A kiss?

Daisy (*harsh*)
Absolutely not!

Mustafa (*consoling himself*)
Oh, that's right, it's too early to ask. Women are never in the mood before midnight. I know how this works.

CD 2 Track 3
No. 12 Duet
Out on the town

Mustafa
*I've studied it every which way,
And here's what I have to say:
If a woman wants to fool around
It depends on the time of day!*

*In the morning she's a prude,
After lunch she's just plain rude!
You have to wait 'til late at night
Before she's in the mood.*

*Late in the evening when you're out on the town,
Out on the town, out on the town...
You'll find that's when the ladies let their hair down,
Let their hair down, way down!
For when the midnight air is chilling,
That's when the ladies are more willing!
You'll find that's when the ladies let their hair down,
Let their hair down, way down!*

Daisy
*I've studied it every which way..
This game you men all play.
You seem to think you're the only ones
Who want to roll in the hay!*

Mustafa (*parlando*)
It's worth a shot!

Daisy (*sung*)
*In the morning you just eat!
In the afternoon you're beat!
So we have to wait until late at night
Before you turn up the heat!*

Mustafa (*parlando*)
Meow!

Daisy
*Late in the evening when we're out on the town,
Out on the town, out on the town.
That's when you men all hope we'll let our hair down,
Let our hair down, way down!*

Although a midnight stroll is thrilling,

It doesn't mean a lady's willing!

Daisy/Mustafa

*That's when hope/you'll find the ladies let their hair down,
Let their hair down, way down!*

(This is spoken by Daisy and Mustafa together.)

*Taller women, smaller women, classy women, brassy women,
Chubby women, clubby women, flirty women, dirty women.
Snazzy women, jazzy women, thrifty women, shifty women,
Spicy women, dicey women, grumpy women, jumpy women,
Some are hot, some are cold, some are young, some are old,
Some are shy, some are bold, Some are dark, some are fair,
Some have wigs instead of hair!*

M: Some of them are so exotic.

D: Some of them are just neurotic.

M: Some have been around the block.

D: Some of them are on the clock!

M: Some of them are in the buff!

D: Some of them aren't old enough!

M: Some of them have shape and tone,

D: Some of them use silicone!

M: Some of them have bedroom eyes,

D: Some of them are really guys!

Both

(sung)

*Late in the evening when we're out on the town,
Out on the town, the town....*

(Refrain dance.)

Daisy

For when the midnight air is chilling,

Mustafa

*That's when the ladies,
Ha Ha, are more willing!*

All

*That's when you'll find / you hope the ladies let their hair down,
Let their hair down, way down!*

(All exit dancing.)

(Tangolita/Aristide enter together.)

CD 2 Track 4

Tangolita (*sarcastically*)

Oh, you've got it all wrong, Aristide. I wanted to see you tonight because I needed your advice.

Aristide (*mistrustful*)

Just my advice? Nothing else?

Tangolita

Darling, you're married, remember?

Aristide (*pressing the point*)

What about the check?

Tangolita

Here it is. Look!

(*She tears it up.*)

Aristide (*amazed*)

You didn't invite me here for any other reason?

Tangolita (*ironic*)

I've never cared for married men. And besides, . . . (*She looks him up and down.*) You've changed quite a bit.

Aristide (*annoyed*)
Do you think so?

Tangolita
You've aged. But I still need your advice. The famous movie star Satinello has proposed to me. Should I accept?

Aristide (*furious*)
Satinello? Of all people, he's my successor?

Tangolita
Why not? Am I supposed to enter a convent because you've gotten married?

Aristide
I've always found your sarcasm very attractive.

Tangolita (*pleased*)
Do you find me attractive?

Aristide
Yes.
(*Madeleine enters. She leans against the bar and observes them attentively.*)

Tangolita (*mocking*)
But, Aristide, an upstanding husband like you!

Aristide
Husband or not, I'm still a Faublas. When I'm summoned to a ball where there's champagne and a beautiful woman, it would be in poor taste not to seize the opportunity. A Faublas never commits a faux pas!

Tangolita
You're still the same great seducer you always were . . . Feel how my heart is beating! (*She places his hand on her heart. Pomerol enters.*) And now, you need to honor the check! (*She takes out a second check.*)

Aristide (*amazed*)
But you tore it up!

Tangolita
That was a fake! (*She shows it triumphantly.*)

Aristide
You're a devil. No, you're worse than a devil. You're a woman.

Tangolita
How observant.

Aristide (*to Pomerol*)
Waiter, a séparée.

Pomerol
Of course- right this way. Room 8. (*He directs Tangolita and Aristide to a door and exits with them.*)
(*Madeleine has followed the preceding conversation closely. With difficulty, she represses her emotion. She follows them for a few steps.*)

CD 2 Track 5

Madeleine
Room eight? With her? What do men see in those cheap floozies? (*Very broadly*) Just because I'm a respectable woman, doesn't mean that I can't be alluring too.

(*Madeleine chooses the best dancer and dances with him to finish the number and exit, while the other men go back to the bar.*)

Song no. 13

I kiss as well as Tangolita

Madeleine

*It's in my blood,
It's in my soul,
I know I've got what it takes to make a man lose control.*

*This game of love,
This game we play.
Don't even try to resist, for I always get my way.*

*I dance as well as any Tangolita,
But I am "sweeta," what can I say?*

*I am a more alluring senorita,
Than Tangolita- on any day!*

*I know you boys are trying to impress me.
I know you boys are longing to caress me
I kiss as well as any Tangolita
But I'm "discreeta" and less cliché!*

*You dream of me,
In darkest night.
Like every man in the room, your hoping that you'll possess me.
And if you play your cards just right.
Who knows there's even a chance that one of might undress me.
La,la,la...*

(Dance)

*I know you boys are trying to impress me.
I know you boys are longing to possess me.*

(Madeleine returns immediately. Célestin goes to the bar.)

CD 2 Track 7

Madeleine (*drops the Russian accent*)

There's no time to lose. The first decent-looking man who crosses my path will have to do!

Célestin (*not noticed By Madeleine, very awkward*)
Ahem, ahem . . .

(Madeleine turns around.)

Célestin (*stutters*)
Madame . . .

Madeleine (*coquettish, approaching him*)
Yes?

Célestin (*awkward*)
Madame, I wanted to . . . I'd like to . . . Earlier, in the ballroom . . . I was walking past you and.... it's just that the right words wouldn't come to me . . . (*He approaches her decisively*) I want to ask you something!

Madeleine
Yes?

Célestin (*quickly*)
May I join you?

Madeleine (*takes a few steps back, looks at him carefully*)
Let me look at you. You're young, elegant, personable. Why not? I like you. Let's go!

Célestin (*at a loss for words, clumsy*)
That's all I have to do?

Madeleine

Don't be surprised.. (*Encouraging*) This is the Ball at the Savoy, where you can do anything you want. What kind of woman do you think I am?

Célestin (*uncertain*)

I don't know. I'm farsighted. (*Puts his glasses on. Suddenly erupting*) You're not one of those easy women who come here looking for an adventure. No, you're a sophisticated, elegant lady from high society. For some reason, you're playing the coquette tonight.

Madeleine

Young man, you're mistaken. (*Becoming nervous*) Just invite me to dinner, sweep me off my feet, seduce me... That's what I'm here for.

Célestin

But you're not that kind of woman.

Madeleine

Yes I am! And tonight, I'm looking for a reckless, hot-blooded man.

Célestin (*comical*)

In that case, I'm at your disposal! Allow me to introduce myself. My name is . . .

Madeleine

No names. I want us to be "un-nameably" happy together.

Célestin (*in ecstasy*)

My God, this is it! My great adventure is about to begin!. (*To the bartender*) A cognac!

(*He goes to the bar and has one drink after the other. Meanwhile, Madeleine confers with Pomerol, who has been on stage for a while, watching over the bar.*)

Madeleine

Waiter, is Séparée Number Nine free?

Pomerol (*surprised*)

Does it have to be number nine?

Madeleine

Yes. And you're going to tell me everything that happens in room eight.

Pomerol (*with feigned indignation*)

But Madame, that's against my principles.

Madeleine

Will this cover the cost of the room . . . and your principles?

(*She gives him a large sum of money.*)

Pomerol

You know what they say: silence is golden but talking pays the bills.

This way, please.

CD 2 Track 8

No. 13a Transitional Music

(*The stage goes suddenly dark. Madeleine, in spotlight, leads Célestin away from the bar.*)

Madeleine (*sings*)

Toujours l'amour, These words I dream of

I only am faithful to love.

CD 2 Track 9

Séparée Scene

(*Two separate rooms, adjacent to each other, identically appointed and furnished, very elegant and luxurious, cozy and intimate. At the back or side of each room is a small door. On the right, Tangolita and Aristide, who is ordering dinner from Pomerol. On the left, Madeleine and Célestin, who have just entered. Madeleine looks around, observing the interior. Whenever the people in one of the rooms are talking, the people in the other room fill their silence with eating, drinking, etc. Separate rooms.*)

Madeleine (*looking around*)

How charming!

Célestin (clumsily helping her out of her coat)
Yes, isn't it? It's small, but clean. *(Célestin is feeling very awkward. Madeleine gestures for him to sit down. Awkward silence.)*

Pomerol *(with notebook)*
Are you ready to order?

Aristide *(to Tangolita)*
What would you like?

Tangolita
Oysters, caviar, pâté, poulet aux truffes, Veuve Cliquot.

Pomerol
The usual, then. Very good. *(He moves to the back but stays in the room, observing what follows.)*

Tangolita
That's what we always used to have, remember?

Aristide
How could I forget?

Tangolita *(erotic)*
Let me have a puff of your cigarette. It will be as if we kissed.

(Aristide passes her the cigarette. Tangolita takes it in her mouth and bites his finger.)

Aristide
You bit me! You viper!

Tangolita
Viper! That's what you always used to call me- your sweet little viper.

(Pomerol exits.)

Tangolita
Do you remember the last time we ate here?

Aristide *(lost in memories)*
Of course. We wrote our names on the table. *(He looks for their names.)*

Tangolita
No, that wasn't here, that was next door, in room nine.

Madeleine
So this is what a séparée looks like? Oh, look at all the names that have been scratched into the tabletop. Jeanette, Paul, Margot, Victor . . .

Célestin
. . . Tangolita. Aristide.

Madeleine *(hurt, stands up)*
What? Where? *(she looks at the table)* What's your name? You can tell me.

Célestin *(comical, with pathos)*
Célestin!

(Madeleine takes a ring off her finger and scratches on the table surface.)

Madeleine
Célestin and . . .
(Célestin takes the ring and continues scratching where she left off.)

Célestin
. . . the dream of my life! *(Enthusiastic)* You're ravishing! *(He tries to put the ring back on Madeleine's finger. Tenderly)* Which finger does it go on? *(He tries to kiss her hand but is interrupted by Pomerol. Célestin's every attempt at intimacy is interrupted by the waitstaff.)*

Pomerol (*enters*)

Madame, I am here to report that the people in room eight have ordered these items. (*He shows her the menu.*)

Madeleine

Oysters, caviar, pâté - bring us exactly the same dinner! What else did you observe?

Pomerol (*reads from his notebook*)

The lady said: Let me have a puff of your cigarette. She then bit the gentleman on the finger, sensuously, and he said: Ow, you bit me, you viper.

Madeleine

Viper? Good lord.

Pomerol

That's what he said. (*exit*)

(*Madeleine jumps up. Célestin jumps up too.*)

Madeleine

Give me a puff of your cigarette.

(*Madeleine bites his finger.*)

Célestin

Ow! You bit me!

Madeleine

Was that sensuous? Am I a viper?

Célestin (*uncomprehending*)

Yes, yes, if that's what you want to be. Why are you asking me that?

Madeleine

Don't ask questions! Isn't it enough that I'm here and that I'll refuse you nothing? Absolutely nothing?

Célestin (*overjoyed*)

Really? (*He tries to embrace her, but there's a knock on the door. Dinner is served. Madeleine and Célestin sit down. Célestin is very unhappy about the interruption.*)

(*Aristide stands up and moves around restlessly*)

Tangolita

What's the matter with you?

Aristide

I'm nervous. A little while ago, I danced with a woman in a green dress. She reminded me of someone.

Tangolita (*laughing*)

Your wife, I'll bet.

Aristide (*surprised*)

How did you know?

Tangolita

Marital anxiety psychosis. Husbands are always thinking about their wives. If wives only knew how faithful most men are – even when they're cheating on them!

(*Aristide rings bell.*)

Tangolita

Why did you ring?

Aristide (*nervous*)

I need to call my wife. It'll calm me down.

Tangolita

Marital anxiety psychosis....

Pomerol (*enters*)
You rang, Marquis?

Aristide
Call 91-99 on the telephone. And let me know when you've gotten through.

Pomerol
That won't be necessary, Marquis. I'll bring the telephone to you. It's our newest amenity. (*He exits.*)

Left:
Célestin (*emphatic*)
Believe me, Madame, I am not looking for a quick little adventure. I've longed for a woman like you my whole life.

Madeleine
How nice.

Celestin
(*feeling encouraged*)
Do you really find me appealing?

Madeleine (*absent-minded*)
Yes, (*Impatient*) Now stop talking. Come on and kiss me! (*She closes her eyes and waits for him to kiss her.*)

Célestin (*comically agitated*)
Oh God! (*He stands up.*) I need my glasses. (*He puts down his cigarette and puts on his glasses. He goes to kiss her.*)

Pomerol (*enters*)
Excuse me! The gentleman next door has requested a telephone. He wishes to call 91-99.

Madeleine (*jumps up*)
That's my number! What am I going to do?

Pomerol (*smooth*)
It's very simple, Madame. I'll bring you a telephone and the operator will redirect the call to you.

Madeleine
You can do that?

Pomerol (*modest*)
I do it almost every day! (*Exit.*)

(*Unhappy about what he has been hearing, Célestin has had several glasses of champagne and is now in a tearful state.*)

Madeleine
I'm nervous.

Célestin
And I'm sad.

Madeleine
Why?

Célestin
You really are a lady from high society!

Madeleine
And that makes you sad?

Célestin
In the next room there's a man who can call you up late at night, and make you nervous! Obviously he's your lover, or – even worse – your husband. I get the feeling that you're only here with me for revenge.

Madeleine
What if I am?

Célestin (*drinks*)
That makes me sad!

Madeleine

Don't be. Wait until you see how I handle the man from next door!

(Two pages enter, each carrying a telephone on a steel stand, one into room eight, the other into room nine. They exit.)

Aristide *(nervous)*

Hello? Switchboard? What happened to my connection? 91-99?

Tangolita

Calm down!

(Madeleine's telephone rings. Madeleine answers.)

Madeleine

Hello?

Aristide

Is that you, darling?

Madeleine

Yes, darling.

Aristide *(placing hand over receiver)*

Thank God she's at home! *(Into receiver)* What are you doing, darling?

Madeleine

I'm lying on the *divan* and reading, just as you suggested.

Aristide

What are you reading? Ulysses?

Madeleine

No, that's much too exciting to read without you here. I'm reading "Eckhart the Faithful."

Aristide

Have you already undressed?

Madeleine *(looking as Célestin)*

Undressed? Not yet.

Célestin *(confused)*

I'm so ashamed!

Aristide

Are you going to bed soon, darling?

Madeleine *(as before)*

Bed? Yes, I'm just about to!

Célestin

Oh my God! *(He hides his face in a napkin.)*

Aristide

Are you thinking about me?

Madeleine

Constantly.

Aristide

You're a doll. Good night! Sleep tight!

Madeleine

Oh, I almost forgot the most important question. How's your old friend Pasodoblé?

Aristide

He's great! He's sitting here with me now.

Madeleine

How reassuring. Bye bye, darling.

Aristide (*Hangs up.*)

Bye sweetheart. (*to Tangolita*) That was reassuring.

Madeleine (*stands up, goes and stands before Célestin.*)

Say something passionate to me. Something bewitching. Unleash all your powers of seduction.

(*Madeleine passes out. Celestin is holding the half-unconscious Madeleine in his arms*)

CD 2 Track 10

No. 14 Finale with Song and Duet

Open scene change. In the darkness, candelabra lights are seen, first faintly, then growing stronger, until the entire Savoy ballroom is visible, brightly lit. Frenetic party atmosphere as the evening approaches its climax. Everywhere dancing couples, people flirting, great merriment. At the back are loggias with conversing couples. Colorful balloons in the air, streamers are thrown, etc. In short, a noisy scene of the greatest fun and carnival atmosphere.)

Chorus (sings)

Ladies dressed at the height of fashion,

Dashing men fill the air with passion.

Bright eyes glowing,

champagne flowing,

Joy runs free at the Ball tonight..

(*New groups of dancers stream into the room. The ball has reached its climax. Everyone sings, dances, laughs. Music fortissimo!*)

Chorus (sings)

We'll have a ball at the Savoy,

music and dancing will fill the night.

Laughing and singing all night long,

You'll fall in love with every song,

When you're having a ball at the Savoy

Gowns and tuxedos oh what a sight!

Come out and play!

Throw cares away!

Dance until the break of day!

Laughter is king!

Pleasure takes wing!

Who knows what the night will bring.

Mustafa (*enters dancing with his six ex-wives*)

One, two, three, four!

Five, six times I've been in love!

But push has come to shove.

And now I've found a brand new love, my darlings!

(*Everyone on stage dances during the following measures. A gong is struck loudly, interrupting the ball. The ensemble disperses. On the stairs stands the radio announcer, an elegant gentleman in a tuxedo. a microphone is lowered from the ceiling.*)

Radio Announcer

Ladies and gentlemen! We are coming to you live from the Ball at the Savoy where we are about to announce this year's winner of the Figaro Prize for music. Listeners from around the world are tuning in from as far away as New York, London, Vienna, Tokyo, Berlin and Constantinople.

All

Ah!

Radio Announcer

(*pause*) The jury has awarded this year's Figaro prize to the popular song writer José Pasodoblé. (*The crowd cheers.*) We are pleased to announce that José Pasodoblé is here tonight to make his first public appearance. Ladies and gentleman, are you ready for the surprise of your life?

Crowd

Yes!

Radio Announcer (*turns around and calls*)

"Mister" Pasodoblé, if you would be so kind . . . *(Daisy appears at the top of the stairs. Behind her are several elegant gentlemen. She is wearing a tuxedo and a top hat, and she holds a silver baton in her hand. Everyone stays onstage. Crowd goes wild)*

Daisy
Surprise! It's me!

Radio Announcer
For all you listeners, that loud cry was for the revelation that Jose Pasodoblé is really a woman. The lovely Miss Daisy Parker!

Mustafa *(horrified)*
She's Pasodoblé?

Daisy *(descending the staircase and coming downstage, singing, and stepping up to the microphone)*
*Who'd have thought that it could ever be,
That Pasodoblé's really me.
I'm a girl as you can plainly see!*

Mustafa *(embarrassed, to the audience)*
*Something this weird and quirky,
Never happens back in Turkey!*

Daisy *(dancing in front of Mustafa and enjoying his embarrassment, to the audience)*
*How d'you do?
New York, Chicago, Boston,
How d'you do, hello!*

Chorus
Hello!

Daisy *(to Mustafa)*
How d'you do?

Mustafa
Did you know she's Pasodoblé?(sings to Daisy)
How d'you do, hello!

Chorus
*Hello!
All the songs that we've been dancing to,
We can't believe it's really true!
How do you do?
How do you do?
Pasodoblé's really you!*

(While the chorus sings the previous few lines, Daisy goes to the conductor's podium and takes her place there. The conductor disappears into the orchestra.)

CD 2 Track 11
Song No. 15
Niagara Fox

Daisy
*Here's the latest new craze.
You'll be dancing for days!
Take a gander I'm here to show it to you!*

*It's my latest new song,
Folks are singing along,
Just a second and you'll be doing it to!*

*Get up on your feet, kick up your heels
Pull up your socks!
Step out on the dance floor
Do the new Niagara Fox!
Dancing and romancing to the sweetest melody,
Once you start, you can't stop, fellas,
Just you wait and see!*

*Come on, I'll lead the band!
Let's go have some fun!
Ladies go grab a man,
Show him how it's done!*

*Don't call on your broker
There's no need to sell your stocks!
Just sway to the rhythm of the new Niagara Fox!*

(Dance interlude)

Daisy
La, la, la...

All
*Get up on your feet, kick up you heels
Pull up your socks!
Step out on the dance floor
Do the new Niagara Fox!*

CD 2 Track 12

Mustafa
Bravo, Pasodoblé! Allachai!

Daisy
Thank you, thank you! And now, I'd like to say a few words to my dear Daddy. He's sitting by the radio back home in New York. *(The ensemble divides. Daisy runs over to the microphone.)*
Hello Daddy! A year ago, we made a bet that if I became a famous song writer I could choose my own future and marry whomever I like. Well, I've won! You didn't think I could do it, but I did. *(Very affectionate, heartfelt)* Don't be upset Daddy, I'm sending you a kiss through the microphone. And Bobby, I have some news for you too. I just got engaged. *(Tenderly, to Mustafa)* To Mister Mustafa Bey!

Mustafa *(joyful, going up the steps)*
Pasodoblé! You're really saying yes?

Daisy
Mustafa! Say hello to your latest father-in-law!

Mustafa
Salaam aleikum! Mister Daisy, I would like to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage. I will make her very happy.

Daisy
(She lays her head on his shoulder.) And now, listen carefully. Here comes our engagement kiss.

Mustafa
*We've shared a kiss,
And now our love shows.*

Daisy
*Live on the air,
Now everyone knows!*

(She embraces Mustafa.)

Chorus *(exiting)*
*What a cute couple,
So chic and debonair,
Like Mr. Brown,
And Lady Claire!*

Daisy *(freeing herself from his arms, happily)*
Wonderful!

(All have now left the stage except Daisy and Mustafa.)

Mustafa *(notices with amazement that they are alone together. Both come downstage.)*
I've never been so excited! And this isn't the first time I've been engaged.

Daisy *(with energy)*

But it's your last! When I like a man, I don't share him with anybody.

Mustafa

What do you like about me, anyway?

CD 2 Track 13

Daisy

What "do" I like about you?

Song No. 16

Why am I in love with you?

Daisy

When women look at you my dear,

Clark Gable has nothing to fear.

I'm sure that you have never been

Mistaken for Errol Flynn.

But looking at you tonight,

Everything just seems so right.

It's not what I planned,

I don't understand,

I'm eating right out of your hand!

Oh, why am I in love with you,

In love with you, in love with you?

I ask myself the whole day through,

Oh why, oh why, oh why?

Mustafa

Allachai!

Daisy

But I am so in love with you,

In love with you, in love with you,

No need to wonder why it's true,

So let's not even try!

Mustafa

Allachai!

Daisy

It's really love, there is no doubt,

There's nothing left to figure out,

And yet, I feel the need to shout,

The need to shout, the need to shout,

And yet I feel the need to shout,

Oh why, oh why, oh why?!

Mustafa

When it comes to love I must admit,

I've sampled every bit of it!

In love I have a Ph.D.,

It's always been my specialty.

I've studied women everywhere,

Of kisses I've had my share.

With love I was through,

But then I met you,

You had me at "how do you do?"

Oh, why am I in love with you,

In love with you, in love with you?

I ask myself the whole day through,

Oh why, oh why, oh why?

Daisy

Allachai!

Mustafa

But I am so in love with you,

*In love with you, in love with you,
No need to wonder why it's true,
So let's not even try!*

Daisy
Allachai!

Mustafa
*It's really love, there is no doubt,
There's nothing left to figure out,
And yet, I feel the need to shout,
The need to shout, the need to shout,
And yet I feel the need to shout,
Oh why, oh why, oh why?!*

Mustafa
Ha, ha, ha...

Daisy
Ha, ha, ha...

Mustafa
Ha, ha, ha...

Daisy
Ha, ha, ha...

Both
*Oh, why am I in love with you,
In love with you, in love with you?
I ask myself the whole day through,
Oh why, oh why, oh why?*

(Dance interlude)

Daisy, Mustafa, Chorus
Ha, ha, ha.....

(Daisy and Mustafa make a false exit. Both return to the stage. Second false exit. When they return, another laughing refrain with a comical boxing match between the two. Madeleine enters.)

CD 2 Track 14

Madeleine
La, la, la...
*I am a more alluring senorita,
Then Tangolita- on any day!*

(During the second refrain, we can already see Aristide and Tangolita enter, dancing, among the other couples.)

(Aristide while dancing with Tangolita, suddenly spots Madeleine. He tears himself away from Tangolita, runs to Madeleine, and shouts over the long note that Madeleine is holding)

Aristide
Madeleine!

Madeleine
Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen. I have an announcement to make. I, Marquise Madeleine de Faublas, the niece of a cardinal, the granddaughter of a count, have just . . . *(Orchestra plays a chord.)* Betrayed my husband! *(pointing at Aristide)*

(Orchestra plays a chord.)

Aristide *(shouts)*
Madeleine!

(The members of the ensemble make brief but meaningful movements. Madeleine looks around calmly. The guests stand stock still.)

Madeleine

My husband was with another woman tonight. Wives are deceived every day and they all dream of revenge. Well I acted upon it. If he can do it, then so can I. My husband betrayed me...

(sings, with excitement)
And now I have had my revenge!

(Great commotion in the ensemble; orchestra plays two measures presto.
In the break, Aristide speaks.)

Aristide *(threatening)*
Is this a joke?

Madeleine *(perfectly calm)*
You don't believe me? What if I told you that I was having dinner in the next room when you were speaking to me on the telephone?
(Majestically) An eye for an eye,

Madeleine *(sings, with mockery)*
I trusted you,
You didn't care.
You broke my heart,
With your affair.
It's clear our marriage was just not meant to be
You made a fool out of me!!

(She becomes more and more emotionally involved in the situation.)

My love was true
It's all I knew.
You told me lies,
Betrayed me too.

The table's turned now
It wasn't hard to do.
And so I cheated on you!

Aristide *(goes up to her, grabs her hand)*
Who was it?

Madeleine *(frees herself, takes a step away from him. Mocking)*
A stranger. I have no idea who he was. He's already left.

Aristide *(threatening)*
I'll kill him! *(He rushes off.)*

(Tangolita breaks away from the motionless gentlemen surrounding her and approaches Madeleine. The crowd talks amongst themselves.)

Tangolita
Well played, Madame, but let me give you a little advice. Women cheat on men all the time; we just don't talk about it. *(She turns to the gentlemen.)* Gentlemen! *(She motions them to take her arm and exits.)*

CD 2 Track 15

Madeleine *(She masters her pain. She sings, half unconscious)*

Song No. 17 **He swore that he'd be faithful**

He swore that he'd be faithful,
He swore that he'd be true.
He swore he'd never hurt me,
This man I thought I knew.

The man I loved betrayed me,
And turned my heart to stone.
And for the way he hurt me,

You men must all atone.

*And if you thought I loved you,
You have yourself to blame.
I'm through with love forever
To me it's a game!*

*And if I cause you sorrow,
Don't think me rude or vain.
It was a man who hurt me,
And now you feel my pain.*

*So if a man desires me,
And wants to hold me tight.
Perhaps he will inspire me
With a kiss tonight.*

*Although you may amuse me,
Although I act the part.
Although I let you kiss me,
You'll never own my heart!*

(parlando)
*I'm through with love forever
To me it's a game!
And if I cause you sorrow,
Don't think me rude or vain.
It was a man who hurt me,
And now you feel...*

(sung)
my pain.

(parlando)
*So if a man desires me,
And wants to hold me tight.
Perhaps he will inspire me*

(sung)
*With a kiss tonight.
Although you may amuse me,
Although I act the part*

(parlando)
*Although I let you kiss me.
(sung)*
*You'll never own my heart.
Although I let you kiss me,
You'll never own my heart!*

(Only now does Madeleine notice the motionless people around her. She cuts off the note of the last syllable. Pulling herself together, with her last bit of strength)

Madeleine
Why so silent, ladies and gentlemen? This is the ball at the Savoy! *(Inciting the others)* We should be dancing! I want to dance!
Maestro!

(Everyone begins dancing to "Toujours l'amour" in waltz tempo. Madeleine dances with several gentlemen, frequently leaving her partner for a new one. She is alone as the dancing becomes more up-tempo and joyous. She stumbles to the steps and sings, full of pain, but full-force)

*Toujours l'amour, These words I dream of
I only am faithful to love.*

(Madeleine stands motionless in the middle of the stage. Everyone around her is dancing. Exuberant, merry carrying-on. With these contrasting moods, the curtain falls.)

End of ACT II

Act III

CD2 Track 16

No. 18A Music interlude

(A ladies' salon in the Villa Faublas. Sunny late afternoon. Several very elegant floral arrangements, baskets, etc. Archibald, in a grumpy mood, busying himself about the place. Bébé, clearly in very good spirits.)

CD 2 Track 17

No. 18B Melodrama

Archibald

Unbelievable! The wife of the Marquis de Faublas would never do a thing like that.

Bébé *(cheeky)*

Well, she did! And the whole world is cheering. There's even going to be a parade tonight in her honor.

Archibald *(incredulous)*

Why? Did you see the evening papers? *(The music ends.)* Listen to this: *(Reading out of the newspaper)* "Professor Lenglin, world-famous psychologist, was quoted as saying: It is inconceivable that the Marquise de Faublas betrayed her husband. No woman has ever done anything of the sort and then admitted it publicly."

Bébé *(contemptuous)*

What do you expect from the right wing press? If you read the left-wing papers, they'll tell you what really happened. *(She reads out of a French newspaper with red letters in its banner.)* "Decline of morals in aristocratic circles. We are convinced that the Marquise did indeed betray her husband, and was more than justified in doing so. It is to be hoped, however, that the man to whom she gave herself was a member of the working class, a man of the people." *(sees Aristide approaching)*

Look out! Here comes the Marquis!

(Aristide and Mustafa enter. Both are very sad and exhausted.)

CD 2 Track 18

Aristide *(softly)*

Bébé, where's my wife?

Bébé *(curt, almost pouting)*

The mistress is still asleep.

Aristide

Still asleep? It's afternoon!

Bébé *(as above)*

The mistress came home very late. She is tired and does not wish to be disturbed. *(She curtseys in a cheeky manner and exits.)*

Archibald *(warmly, as if expressing condolences)*

May I pour you an aperitif, Marquis? Perhaps some vermouth or bitters will help you put everything into perspective?

Aristide (*discouraged*)
No, thank you, Archibald.

Mustafa
You can bring me one.
(*Archibald exits.*)

Aristide (*nervously pacing*)
Well, how do you like this? My wife is the woman of the hour and everyone's on her side. Phone calls, telegrams, flowers . . . And the Duchess of Orleans, the most puritanical old dowager in all France, has invited her to tea – to show the world that she's convinced my wife is innocent.

Mustafa
Isn't that a good thing?

Aristide (*furious*)
But I'm not convinced that she is!

Mustafa
You don't think she actually...

Aristide (*interrupting*)
I don't know. And it's killing me.

Mustafa (*cheering him up*)
My Papa, the Aga Pasha, always said: better a pleasant uncertainty than an unpleasant certainty.

Aristide
What did the headwaiter tell you?

Mustafa
He said your wife paid the bill.

Aristide (*annoyed*)
Of course she did. How long were they alone together?

Mustafa
For about an hour.

Aristide (*in despair*)
Well, there you go! Put yourself in my place.

Mustafa
No thanks, I'd rather not.

Aristide
And the craziest part is – nothing happened between Tangolita and me.

Mustafa
You idiot! Why not?

Aristide (*yells*)
Because I was too nervous!

Mustafa (*laughs*)
This would make a great comedy: "Innocence betrayed," or "The Needlessly Punished Husband!"

Aristide (*thinking it over*)
I just want to know: did she or didn't she?

Mustafa (*in the same tone*)
That is the question! (*Consoling him*) My Papa, the Aga Pasha, always said: if you want to know whether a woman is faithful, toss a coin in the air. If it lands on heads, she's betrayed you. Tails, she has a lover. (*Broadly, as he leads Aristide away*) If it stays up in the air, she's faithful!

(*They exit.*)

(Bébé and another female servant bring in a cart with breakfast items. Madeleine enters. Very elegant morning toilette, i.e. pajamas, etc. She is in a radiant mood.)

CD 2 Track 19

No. 18C

Madeleine

I'll have a ball at the Savoy La, la, la.... Mmm...

Bébé *(When Madeleine has sat down, gushing)*

Madame, there's something different about you today- you're glowing.

Madeleine

Really?

Bébé

Madame, may I say something?

Madeleine

What is it?

Bébé

Women all over the world are cheering for you. Thanks to you men will have to behave decently for a change. I've already warned my boyfriend: "if you're unfaithful to me I'll do just what Madame did and take my revenge!"

Madeleine

So I'm some kind of hero?

Bébé *(gushing)*

Yes, just like Joan of Arc!

Madeleine *(laughing)*

As long as they don't burn me at the stake!

Bébé

The Marquis! *(She curtseys and exits.)*

Madeleine *(sings)*

I kiss as well as any Tangolita, but I am sweeter...

What can I say...

Aristide

Outrageous!

Madeleine

I am a more alluring senorita . . .

Aristide *(planting himself in front of her, spoken)* Unbelievable.

Madeleine *(continues to sing, calmly)*

Than Tangolita on any day.

Aristide *(threatening, spoken)*

You have nothing to say to me?

Madeleine *(completely calm, continues to sing)*

Toujours, L'amour the first rule of love,

Is simply to love love alone.

Aristide

You're infuriating!

Madeleine

Toujours, L'amour, the love I speak of,

Will take you to places unknown.

*A romance is fleeting, you see.
You men all mean nothing to me.
(quasi parlando)
Toujours l'amour, These words I dream of...*

Aristide (*spoken, furious, banging on the breakfast table*)
I want the truth!
Madeleine (*sings, ironic*)
Last night I behaved just like (*comical*) You-ou-ou!

Aristide (*stands behind her*)
You're driving me crazy . . . Tell me that this was all a big joke, and I'll kneel down before you and beg for your forgiveness.

Madeleine (*spoken*)
Unfortunately, that's the one thing I can't do. It's too late. Last night, at 12:35, a young man took me in his arms, kissed me, and . . .

Aristide (*pushing*) And . . . ?
Madeleine (*politely*)
You don't want to hear all the details, do you? (*Mocking*) Do you, darling?

Aristide (*tragic*)
So it's true?

Madeleine
Yes.
Aristide (*trembling*)
Have you thought about the consequences?

Madeleine
No, I'm sorry, I didn't have time! There was only one thing on my mind: Revenge! And you know, it's true: revenge is sweet! (*She spreads some jam onto a roll.*)

Aristide (*furious*)
I think my lawyer should take it from here. (*He rings bell.*)

Madeleine (*calm*)
You read my mind, darling.
(*Archibald enters.*)

Aristide (*To Archibald*)
Archibald, call my attorney, Maitre Levy. Tell him to come here straightaway. It's urgent.
(*The name Levy is pronounced French-style, with the accent on the second syllable.*)

Archibald
Very good, Sir. (*He exits.*)

Aristide (*approaching Madeleine, falsely calm*)
You know what this means, don't you?

Madeleine
Yes! A chic little divorce. I'll go on a trip, and in four weeks or so, it'll all be finished.

Aristide
What are the grounds for the divorce?

Madeleine (*conciliatory*)
Infidelity, of course.

Aristide (*furious*)
Mine or yours?

Madeleine (*superficial*)
How about both?

Aristide (*starting to leave, catching himself, gentle and pleading*)
Madeleine.

Madeleine (*cool*) What is it?

Aristide (*breaking into anger*)

I hate you!

(*As he exits, he meets Mustafa, who is entering. Mustafa tries to stop him. Aristide exits, furious.*)

Madeleine (*very sweetly*)

I know, dear. (*She stands up and calls*) Bébé!

(*Bébé and another female servant enter. The other servant moves the breakfast cart. Meanwhile, Mustafa has come back and hears Madeleine's words.*)

Madeleine (*to Bébé*)

Pack all my bags immediately. I'm leaving today.

Bébé

Very good, Madame. (*She and the other servant exit.*)

Mustafa (*rushing in*)

Madeleine, what are you doing? Are you leaving?

Madeleine

Yes, I have to.

CD 2 Track 20

Song No. 19

Take a trip with me to Alma-ata

Madeleine

One thing I know now,

I've got to go now,

I'm through with married life-goodbye! Perhaps to Africa, perhaps America... For it is clear, my life here, was a lie!

Mustafa (*spoken*)

Madame, do you know what you should do?

Take a trip with me to Alma-ata,

Alma-ata where the camels race.

If you've never been you really, really outta,

For it's such a lovely place

On the border of Kyrgyzstan,

'round the corner from Uzbekistan,

when you're on your way to Alma-ata,

just tiptoe around Afghanistan!

Madeleine/Mustafa

Ah, listen to me...

Alma-ata is the place to be.

Life is simple and cares are few,

There's no difficult work to do.

Love is not a sin, you will fit right in,

And what's more the food's good too!

Mustafa

In Alma-ata, the men are "hotta",

They come in every shape and size.

No need to hesitate,

Just ask one for a date,

And you'll be in for a pleasant surprise!

Madeleine

Yes, I'll go with you to Alma-ata,

Now's the time for me to leave this place!

I would love to visit Alma-ata,

I have never seen a camel race!

On the border of Kyrgyzstan,

'round the corner from Uzbekistan,

*When I'm on my way to Alma-ata,
Just tiptoe around Afghanistan!!*

Madeleine/Mustafa

Ah, listen to me...

Alma-ata is the place to be.

Life is simple and cares are few,

There's no difficult work to do.

Love is not a sin, you will fit right in,

And what's more the food's good too!

CD 2 Track 21

Daisy *(followed by Archibald)*

What's all the fuss about?

Archibald

I'm sure you're aware of the circumstances, mademoiselle. *(Joyful)* The Marquise is going away, and the master's attorney will be arriving shortly.

Daisy

I guess the honeymoon really is over.

Mustafa *(to Daisy)*

Ah, there you are, my little kebab. I know you can save this marriage.

(Archibald exits.)

Daisy

I'm sorry, my little Turkish scimitar, I don't think anything can be done.

Mustafa *(reproachful)*

That's a European marriage for you. Nothing but conflicted feelings and erotically charged hostility. My solution? When you hit a rough patch you just shake hands and call it day.

Daisy

I couldn't agree more! Which is why I've made a few minor changes to our marriage contract. Here, darling, read it. *(She removes a very small piece of paper from her purse and hands it to him.)*

Mustafa *(reads it)*

What? Both parties are entitled to three days' cancellation notice?

Daisy

Of course. You said so yourself. *(Imitating him)* Shake hands and call it a day.

Mustafa

But what if you're attracted to somebody new?

Daisy *(as if talking about something insignificant)*

In that case, I'll divorce you. Very simple.

Mustafa *(looks at her with horror, grabs her hand, pulls her to him)*

I can't agree to that.

Daisy

Why not?

Mustafa

Because I want you all to myself for the rest of my life.

Daisy

Ah! You've passed the test!

Mustafa

Test? What test?

Daisy

If you'd given a different answer, I would have said no.

Mustafa (*still out of breath, affectionately*)
Daisy, you rascal! When you look at me with those impish eyes . . .
(*Daisy cozies up to him*)

Mustafa
I remember why I fell in love with you.

CD 2 Track 22

No. 20

Why am I in love with you (reprise)

Mustafa
*Oh, why am I in love with you,
In love with you, in love with you?
Hey! Hey! love with you,
Oh why, oh why, oh why?*

Daisy
*I ask myself the whole day through,
the whole day through,
the whole day through
Hey! Hey! whole day through,
Oh why, oh why, oh why?*

Mustafa
It's really love, there is no doubt,

Daisy
There's nothing left to figure out,

Both
*And yet, I feel the need to shout,
The need to shout, the need to shout
Hey! Hey!
Need to shout
Oh why, oh why, oh why?!*

CD 2 Track 23

(They exit. Madeleine enters. She is wearing an elegant travel outfit. Gitta Alpar wore a gray silk coat with a purple hat, purple gauntlet gloves, and large purple handbag. To Béb )

Madeleine
Is everything packed?

B b 
Oui, Madame. And I've already called for the car.
(*B b  exits. Daisy enters.*)

Daisy
Are you leaving, darling?

Madeleine (*with contrived calm*)
After what happened last night, what choice do I have?

Daisy
You're not going to continue your little game in front of me, are you? (*Emphatic*) I know you didn't do it. It's not like you.

Madeleine
You're mistaken. (*Passionately*) I know why everyone is in such a hurry to say I'm innocent. They're afraid that what I did might catch on. I can't undo what's happened. I deceived my husband, and if people don't believe me, I'll take out a full-page ad in the newspaper that says I did!!

Daisy (*shocked*)
So you really did?

Madeleine

I really did!

CD 2 Track 24

(Archibald enters)

Archibald
Madame, the attorney has arrived.

Madeleine
Please send him in and tell my husband that he's here.

(Archibald shows Célestin in, then exits. Célestin enters. He is somewhat changed. Instead of a monocle, he wears glasses. He is wearing a nice, but modest, suit, and carries a briefcase. His behavior is very modest, extremely polite, somewhat awkward.)

Célestin
Good afternoon! *(He approaches Daisy, assuming her to be the lady of the house.)*

Madeleine *(off to the side, dumbfounded, softly)*
Oh!

Célestin
Pardon the intrusion. My name is Célestin Formant. I am here on behalf of Maitre Levy who is out of town. Do I have the honor of speaking with the lady of the house?

Daisy *(clueless, points to Madeleine)*
No, that's her.

Madeleine *(breaks out of her state of shock and goes, slowly but decisively, to Célestin.)* Excuse me, young man, but haven't we met before?

Célestin *(looking at her through his glasses, speaking in a very normal tone)*
I beg your pardon, Madame, but no, not that I can recall.

Madeleine
Then I must be mistaken.

CD 2 Track 25

(Aristide and Mustafa enter.)

Aristide *(sees Célestin)*
So, you're Maitre Levy's representative?

Célestin
Yes, sir. He's out of town. I was told that it was an urgent matter?

Aristide
Yes, very urgent. A divorce.

Célestin
I see.

Aristide
But before I retain your services, I would like to have a word with my wife. Would you mind waiting in the garden for a moment?

Célestin
As you wish, Marquis

Aristide *(to Madeleine)*
This is your last chance. *(Pleading)* Tell me that this is all a lie.

Madeleine *(defiant)*
I'm sorry, I can't do that.

Aristide

Don't you understand? You're the only one who can tell me what really happened!

Madeleine

I'm not the only one. What about the gentleman with whom I . . . had dinner.

Aristide (*nervous*)

But I don't know him, and apparently, neither do you.

Madeleine (*with irony*)

Au contraire. You're in luck. He just walked out to the garden. (*She points at Célestin out the window*)

Aristide, Daisy, Mustafa (*dumbfounded*)

That's him!?

Aristide

Him!?? (*bursting in anger*) I'm going to settle this once and for all! (*He tries to rush out of the room. Mustafa and Daisy hold him back.*)

Madeleine (*Very calm*)

Go ahead, do what you like. But you won't get anything out of him. (*She exits, proudly and with a mocking smile.*)

Aristide (*furious*)

I'll kill him!

Daisy (*blocking him from leaving*)

If you kill him, how is he going to tell us what happened?

Mustafa

Let me talk to him. I'm a diplomat.

Aristide (*as if bitten by a tarantula*)

I've had enough of your diplomacy.

Mustafa (*insulted*)

My government is very pleased with my diplomatic abilities.

Aristide

Really? Well, I have one word to say to you: Pasodoblé! (*He points at Daisy.*) (*Struggling to regain his composure, to Célestin*) Sir, would you please come back inside?

CD 2 Track 26

(*Célestin enters.*)

Célestin (*very polite*)

Thank you.

Mustafa (*softly, to Aristide*)

Easy does it.

Aristide (*forcing himself to be polite*)

Sir . . .

Célestin

Sir?

Aristide

I was hoping that your boss could handle this case. It requires . . . (*looking Célestin over from head to toe*) an experienced jurist.

Célestin (*annoyed*)

If you don't find me suitable for this matter, . . . (*He packs his briefcase.*)

Aristide (*losing his temper, shouting*)

I don't find you suitable at all!

Célestin (*insulted, starts to leave. Mustafa holds him back.*)

In that case, I'll be going. I may be farsighted, but I have my pride.

Mustafa (*speaks placatingly to Célestin*)

Tell me, young man. By any chance, did you attend the ball at the Savoy last night?

Célestin (*his mood changing*)

Why yes sir, I did. It was a wonderful evening.

Aristide (*angry*)

So you had a good time?

Célestin (*becoming ecstatic*) It was unforgettable!

Mustafa

We were there, too. We saw you with a woman in green.

Célestin (*amazed*)

That's right. Wasn't she enchanting?

Mustafa

You had dinner together, didn't you? Come on, you can tell us.

Célestin (*embarrassed*)

Well, yes, but . . . excuse me . . .

Mustafa

We were hoping you could settle a little bet between me and my friend here. He says the lady was a coquette. I said she was a lady. Which one of us is right? (*He leads Célestin downstage. Whispers*) If you have dinner with a woman, then you know. (*He starts to giggle.*)

Célestin (*laughing along with him*) You win the bet. She was a lady.

Aristide (*trembling*)

Are you sure?

Célestin

Oh, yes. A lady from high society. (*gushing*) And what a lady! Her shoulders, her hair, and that green dress! She was temptation itself.

Aristide (*softly, to Daisy*)

I'll kill him! (*He tries to attack Célestin.*)

Daisy (*restraining him*)

Keep calm and carry on.

Célestin

Her husband, some aristocrat, had a rendezvous at the ball with what's-her-name, Tangolita. I don't understand how a man of taste would ever deceive such an enchanting woman with someone like that. What's a Tangolita compared to a woman of such elegance and grace?

Daisy (*softly, to Aristide*)

You have to admit it's a good question.

Aristide (*forcing himself to be calm*)

What else happened between you and this lady?

Célestin (*approaches Aristide, raises his glasses up onto his forehead*)

As a gentleman it would be indiscrete for me to say. Besides, whatever else may have happened, it has nothing to do with your bet. (*He lets his glasses fall comically back onto his nose and steps away from Aristide.*)

Mustafa (*to Aristide*)

He's a very sensitive young man.

Aristide (*enraged*)

Did it ever occur to you that you were putting this lady in a very compromising position? (*compromising this woman's reputation*)

Célestin (*perfectly calm*)

Not at all. I gave the lady my word of honor that I would never reveal what happened between us. And when I give my word, I keep my word. (*Shifting to a businesslike tone*) And now regarding the legal matter, if you still think I'm too young, I'll send my colleague, Monsieur Gramin, to see you. He's over eighty and very experienced.

Aristide (*in desperation, shouting*)
You should have sent him to the ball last night!

Célestin (*more and more rhapsodic*)
The truth is I don't know anything about her. It's better that way. If I knew who she was, what would happen to the mystique of it all? And I never want to see her again, I'd rather let the memory of her live on in my heart... (*Pause.*) Excuse me if I get a bit carried away, but it was just so beautiful! (*Pause.*) Madame. Gentlemen. (*He bows and leaves, in a melancholy mood.*)

CD 2 Track 27

Mustafa
What a fine young man.

Daisy
I'm impressed.

Aristide (*emerging from state of shock*)
I'll kill him!

Daisy (*mischievous*)
Let me handle this. Gentlemen, go to some place within earshot.

(*The two men hide in such a way that the audience sees them but Madeleine cannot.*)

Madeleine (*enters, cheerful and unselfconscious.*)
Well, did you find out anything?

Daisy (*crying, with feigned agitation*)
For goodness sake, Madeleine! What did you do?

Madeleine
What do you mean?

Daisy (*crying*)
That young man told us everything.

Madeleine
I don't believe you. He gave me his word of honor.

Daisy
What's a man's word of honor worth these days? He told us everything – the dinner, your caresses, the color of your lingerie, . . . in short, he admitted that you had been lovers!

Madeleine (*forgetting herself*)
He told you that? (*Very excited*) He's lying! (*Loud*) You know I don't wear lingerie!

Aristide (*bursts into the room*) Madeleine!
Madeleine (*sees that she has been caught*)

Daisy (*happy, to Mustafa*)
I knew it.

Aristide
Madeleine, you were true to me! (*he gets down on his knees*) Nothing happened between Tangolita and me last night. Can you forgive me?

Madeleine
Can you promise me this will never happen again?

Aristide
Yes
(Archibald enters)

Archibald
I have a telegram from the Prefect of Lyon.

Aristide
No thank you Archibald, I'm through with telegrams.

(Aristide kisses Madeleine)

Archibald

Actually sir, the telegram is for Mr. Mustafa Bey.

Daisy/Madeleine

No more telegrams!

(Daisy slugs Mustafa and Mustafa shoos Archibald away)

CD 2 Track 28

Daisy/Madeleine

Oh, why am I in love with you,

In love with you, in love with you?

I ask myself the whole day through,

Oh why, oh why, oh why?

(Ensemble has begun to trickle into room throughout the verse when Mad/Mus/Dais/Ari sing in unison)

Mad/Dais/Mus/Ari

But I am so in love with you,

In love with you, in love with you,

No need to wonder why it's true,

So let's not even try!

All (Chorus/soloists)

Ha, ha, ha....

Curtain