

(Takes out a pistol.)

I'll shoot the cur in the street!

**WIDOW.** No, Louis. Don't. It would be wrong. *Wrong.* Not very wrong, but still wrong.

(CHARLIE enters with a bottle and more red roses.)

**CHARLIE.** Your headache pills, Madam. And flowers from the Swedish Ambassador.

**WIDOW.** Put them in water, Charlie.

**CHARLIE.** There's a gentleman outside.

**WIDOW.** Is it Monsieur... You-Know-Who-Hey?

**CHARLIE.** No, Madam. He's from the police.

**WIDOW.** The police?

**LEROUX.** Really, Daisy, I must have an answer.

**WIDOW.** Let him in, Charlie! Let the man in!

**LEROUX.** (Kissing her hand:) Daisy, please. Have pity...

**CHARLIE.** The gentleman in question, Madame.

(CECILE enters, in a fake moustache and dressed like a man. LEROUX continues kissing while WIDOW tries to get it away.)

**CECILE / LEFAUX.** (French accent:) Madame Tillou, I am Inspector Gerard LeFaux of the Paris Police.

**LEROUX.** Daisy!

**WIDOW.** (Wrenching hand away from LEROUX:) Louis, that's enough!

**CECILE / LEFAUX.** (Aside to audience:) Actually, it is I, Cecile Leroux, in disguise. I come here to discover the truth about this hussy and Agamemnon — and I find my father on his knees kissing her hand!

**CECILE / LEFAUX.** I have some questions for you, Madame.

**LEROUX.** How dare you, sir! This lady and I are in the midst of a private conversation.

**WIDOW.** No, no, thank you for coming, Inspector. — Charlie, keep on poking.

**CHARLIE.** Very good, Madame.

(CHARLIE exits up left.)

**CECILE / LEFAUX.** Madame Tillou, your brother Jean-François Millet, the painter. I understand that after he took ill he went to the Barbary Coast?

**WIDOW.** Three months ago today, where he remained until his death last week — or was it the week before...

**CECILE / LEFAUX.** My investigations show no sign that your brother was ever in the Barbary Coast.

**WIDOW.** My brother? Jean-François? Never in the Barbary Coast?

**CECILE / LEFAUX.** No.

**WIDOW.** Where is the Barbary Coast?

**CECILE / LEFAUX.** I do not know. But if he did not go to the Barbary Coast, where did he go? He seems to have disappeared!

**WIDOW.** He didn't disappear. His body lies in state in the Pantheon this very minute.

**CECILE / LEFAUX.** Does it really? The casket, madame, is closed. And who has all Jean-François Millet's money since he disappeared? You do!

**WIDOW.** Well, of course, I have it. I'm his sister...

**CECILE / LEFAUX.** So you say! I think you also know a man named Agamemnon Buckner.

**WIDOW.** Dear Chicago. Ah, yes. You may say I owe everything to dear Mr. Buckner.

**LEROUX.** Daisy, will you marry me or not?

**WIDOW.** Louis, please. This is important.

**CECILE / LEFAUX.** Madame Tillou! I must ask you! What is your relationship to this Monsieur Buckner? Is he your lover?

**WIDOW.** My lover? Chicago? Ha ha ha ha ha!

**LEROUX.** Daisy, please...

**WIDOW.** All right! Yes! He is my lover!

**LEROUX.** (Aside:) I'm crushed!

**CECILE / LEFAUX.** (Aside:) I'm crushed!

(CHARLIE enters.)

**CHARLIE.** Monsieur André.

**WIDOW.** Put him in water, Charlie!

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