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 CHICAGO

...three hundred francs.

THORPE. Three hundred francs.

O'SHAUGHNESSY. Indade, yer ladyship, it's worth the double of it, on me honor.

THORPE. It seems so to me, but I am no judge.

O'SHAUGHNESSY. Why, look at the grace of it! The charm of it! The *size* of it! Ye'll not get anything like it for the money this side o' the grave.

THORPE. The thing is, I just don't *know*...

O'SHAUGHNESSY. (*Sudden ferocity:*) Well, then, ye can go to hell!

(CHICAGO and DUTCHY nudge him to be quiet.)

THORPE. (*Before "The Angelus":*) Oh, dear me, that looks good. That looks quite good. That is *very* good.

CHICAGO. It's only a masterpiece. It *ought* to be good.

O'SHAUGHNESSY. At the price I'm tinkin' of buyin' the dingus meself.

THORPE. What is the price?

CHICAGO. Twenty-five hundred francs.

MILLET, DUTCHY, O'SHAUGHNESSY. (*Gasp.*)

THORPE. Yes. Hm. That sounds quite reasonable. I've a mind to take it. It grows on me. It grows on me. And it is quite *large*, after all.

CHICAGO. Buy in bulk, I always say.

THORPE. You know I just might. Yes, I just might take a chance...

CHICAGO. (*Aside to the other three:*) Take a grip on yourself, lads. Twenty-five hundred francs!

(*The boys bow their heads in silent prayer - and look just like "The Angelus."*)

THORPE. But tell me. This Mr. Millit...

CHICAGO ~~MILLET AND FRIENDS~~. Millet.

THORPE. This Mr. Millet. Is he dead?

CHICAGO ~~MILLET~~. I beg your pardon?

THORPE. Is he dead? You see, a painter has so much more talent when he's dead. Indeed the deader he is, the better he is. Just look at

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