

WIDOW. All right, send him in, please. And Charlie, this time—no poking.

CHARLIE. Very good Madame.

(ANDRÉ enters, CHARLIE exits.)

ANDRÉ. My precious!

WIDOW. My sweetest!

ANDRÉ. Those eyes! That hair! That face! Those lips!

(He makes to kiss the WIDOW. The WIDOW breathes right in his face and he turns away fast.)

Phew! She's been smoking!

WIDOW. You naughty boy! I ought to scold you. But dear Bastien, you have conquered me.

ANDRÉ. At last!

(ANDRÉ kisses WIDOW's neck passionately several times.)

WIDOW. *(Pushing him off:)* Lordy! O, you frighten me! But...

ANDRÉ. But what, sweetest?

WIDOW. *(Pulling him back on her neck:)* I like it.

ANDRÉ. You darling! I could eat you!

WIDOW. Do you love me, Bastien? Really and truly?

ANDRÉ. Love you? O, Daisy!

WIDOW. Yes, I know you love me but do you love me well enough to...

ANDRÉ. To what, dear?

WIDOW. To make me forget that you ever said those cruel words?

ANDRÉ. Cruel words?

WIDOW. That if I don't marry you tomorrow you'll take me to court?

ANDRÉ. I never meant that, darling. It was a wild outburst of despair. Forgive me, precious. You do forgive me, don't you?

WIDOW. Forgive you! The moment you have made me forget it—gladly. But as long as that nasty old contract exists to remind me of that cruel hour...

ANDRÉ. *(Producing the contract:)* This shall cease to exist the moment you promise to be mine.

(Aside:)

She's just in the humor. A touch of the heroics will fetch her.

(To WIDOW:)

Only say the word, darling, and I shall rip this to pieces.

WIDOW. Only one word?

ANDRÉ. One little word.

WIDOW. And it's pieces?

ANDRÉ. Just say *oui!*

WIDOW. Just *oui?*

ANDRÉ. *Oui!*

WIDOW. Wuh... Wuh...

ANDRÉ. We'd be so happy together. Give me the promise, sweetheart, and make me entirely happy beyond all doubt or question. Come now. Promise me. Promise.

WIDOW. I do puh...puh...puh...

(Aside:)

I must gain time.

(The WIDOW begins to cry.)

ANDRÉ. Dearest! What is it?

WIDOW. O, think of the day! I'm so wicked to forget it.

ANDRÉ. The day?

WIDOW. François's funeral, of course! Betroth myself today—with my dear brother still cooling off in his coffin? No. It's impossible.

ANDRÉ. But Daisy, I must have my answer.

(Noises offstage left.)

WIDOW. Run, dear. I hear someone in the house.

ANDRÉ. Do you think I care if someone finds me here?

WIDOW. You wouldn't want to compromise...*your future wife?*

ANDRÉ. Future wife? You mean—*oui?* *Oui-oui?*

WIDOW. I mean...*oui!* I'll see.

—end