

Disillusion

A POTTED DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

Dramatis Personae

First Officer, tall, handsome, debonair.

Second Officer, homely countenance.

Miss Baby Charme, late of the "Moulin Bleu."

Commissionaire, Hotel St. Ciel.

ACT I.

Scene: The Officers' Gallery, Recreation Room, Beauville Hospital. "Fishing Ballet" from "Khaki and Kirls" revue is in progress. Time: mid-summer, judging by the costumes of the beauty chorus.

First Officer (on right of gangway, leaning forward excitedly): "Gee," old man, isn't she topping, isn't she absolutely IT. Ever see such hair,—puts the sun to shame right enough; look at the way she floats over the stage; look at her eyes, look—"

Second Officer: Grunts, laughs sardonically.

F.O. (giving S.O.'s knee a slap): "Say, d'you think she'd accept if I asked her to—a quiet little dinner before the show to-night?"

S.O.: "H'm, be tickled to death, I guess."

F.O.: "I'll send her a note right now; looks better than forcing myself upon her. Little flower" (dreamily). Gives one long look towards the stage. (Exit. Downstairs).

ACT II.

Scene: The Lounge at the Hotel St Ciel. Time: 6:30 p.m.

F.O. (to Commissionaire): "Happen to have seen a lady going into the Hotel lately?"

Commissionaire (considering): "Well, Sir, there was someone went in just now, hinquring whether I'd seen an hofficer. Maybe you're him, Sir? The er—lidy said that if one came I was to say as Miss Baby Charme was waitin' hinside. There she is, Sir, on the right. Thank you very much, Sir. No trouble at all, Sir." Exit.

F. O. (advancing right, towards Miss Charme): "Miss Charme,—Baby,—dare I say it? Come!"

Miss Charme (turning to F.O. with outstretched hands): "Dearest!" (Staccato).

F.O. falls to the floor in dead faint as spasm of pain contracts his features.

ACT III.

Scene: Hospital Room. Usual litter of bottles, etc.

F.O. in bed, churning bedclothes.

S.O. sits by his sick friend and listens with a solemn face to his ravings.

F.O.: "Baby—that was a long, long time ago they called you that—how the years roll—little flower—the blight caught you—faded—she'd be tickled to death—dinner—the band would stop when she took soup—Baby—dearest, ba——"

S.O. (as the murmurings die away): "The corner is turned. He sleeps."

Curtain.

D. L. WARNE.