

PIP. Everything! well, so she shall be everything to me, if she will, that is. (*They embrace.*) But you'll drop the "Profession."

BAB. And retire into private life.

MAD. GIG. (*Coming down to GIGOT.*) There! there's an example! there's a pattern woman! Come, Gigot, shall I be everything to you?

GIGOT. The fact is Mrs. G., I don't want *everything*.

MAD. GIG. I am well off. The cellars of the Café de la Regence are well stocked. You shall have the key.

GIGOT. Umph! That's a consideration. I say; if I do ship for another matrimonial cruise, I must be a cabin passenger.

MAD. GIG. Agreed.

GIGOT. Look here, I say, no brimstone in the cargo, this time, eh?

REGENT. No, nothing but treacle.

GIGOT. (*Sighing.*) All right. Ship me aboard. (*They embrace.*)

HELENE. (*To MAURICE.*) We shall be everything—

MAURICE To each other.

CHAT. Everybody seems to be everything to somebody. I shall be nobody.

PIP. No, you shall come back to Chateaugris with us.

REGENT. And cultivate the family tree.

CHAT. (*Aside.*) Where is my dukedom now? (*PIPANDOR whispers to REGENT, then goes off L.*)

REGENT. Oh! (*To CHATEAUGRIS.*) Kneel down. (*CHATEAUGRIS kneels. PIPANDOR returns with a saucepan decorated with lettuce leaves and onions to represent a ducal coronet; gives it to the REGENT who places it on CHATEAUGRIS' head.*) I create you First Scraper to the Noble Order of the Silver Saucepan. There's your coronet.

CHAT. It's lucky I have a head left to wear it.

ESCAR. (*Meekly.*) Can't I do something?

REGENT. Yes. Get out. Pip, you are a genius, you shall be rewarded. I create you Master of the Ceremonies to the Order of the Silver Saucepan. (*PIPANDOR kneels and the REGENT decorates him with his own ribbon.*) And now, to supper.

FINALE.

ALL PRINCIPALS.

Now to the story so happily ended
Stick on the moral which should be appended.
Tie to your kite, if you'd not have it fail,
Plenty of string and a deuce of a tail.

HELENE.	Faint heart in love—
MAURICE.	never captured the fair.
MAD. GIG.	A bird in the hand—
GIGOT.	is worth two in the air,
PIP.	First take the inch—
BAB.	and you'll soon get the ell,
CHAT.	Don't count your chickens—
ESCAR.	till out of the shell.