

Perhaps I'd better go outside and see.

(Goes outside. The "Fairy of the Forest" steps in and closes door.)

FAIRY. Ah, Coquettina! oh, you naughty child!
In spite of all I've said, you *will* be wild.
All right, Miss, I have such a rod in pickle!
But first these gentlemen in here I'll tickle.

(Blows out candle. Stage darkens. She goes to cupboard and raps gently, then to barrel, then to table, then to chair, and steps to back of stage. All four come out and grope in the dark, avoiding each other. They speak in whispers.)

GEN. B. Here, Coquettina!

CAPT. T.

Deawest!

ROOSTER.

Where are you?

KING. Come to my arms, my Coquettina, do!

(They all get into a circle in front of stage, each holding a hand of the other. The fairy laughs, claps her hands, and fairies enter with lanterns hung at the end of their wands. Stage lights up. Quick curtain.)

