

At the close of song, a billet-doux falls from the bouquet on to the ground.

HELENE rises and picks it up hastily. PIPANDOR tumbles from seesaw. HELENE glances at note, and then goes off hurriedly into house, L. BABETTE follows. PIP. follows her, she boxes his ears.

PIP. What a sex! They have no consideration, and too much muscle. (*Sees wine, etc.*) What's this? Cake and wine? (*Makes grotesque bow to Chateaugris and Madam Gigot. Helps himself to wine and cake.*) By your leave. (*Sits himself on seat, R, eating.*) The Marquis of Chateaugris—fast asleep; Madam Gigot de Coulonge—fast asleep; Pip—wide awake. (*Drinks.*) Now, what is Madame doing here? That's what I want to know. She came a year ago as governess to Mam'selle Helene, and now I suspect she wants to be *governess* to Mam'selle's papa. No, you don't, Madame G. As my master says, the dignity of the house of Chateaugris must be maintained; besides, you've pulled my ear a dozen times a day ever since you came—twelve times a day for a year—is twelve times a day too much for this ear. (*Crosses to Madame Gigot; takes papers from her pocket.*) Sweet innocents! What's this? A packet of letters. My fingers always itch when I see paper with writing on it. I wish I could read! Never mind; they may come in useful some day. (*Goes to box; takes out piece of parchment.*) This will do nicely to wrap them up; it is torn, but that doesn't matter. (*Wraps up packet in parchment and puts it into his pocket.*) Bother these wasps! they are after the plums. Ah! I know—(*Takes her handkerchief, catches wasp in it, and puts it back in her hand, then retires back.*) MADAME GIGOT suddenly starts up with a scream. CHATEAUGRIS wakes. PIP goes off; L. U. E.

CHAT. Hallo!

MAD. G. A wasp has stung me. Look! (*CHATEAUGRIS takes her hand.*) Oh! I shall taint; I know I shall.

CHAT. Poor little hand. (*Business; he amorous, but cautious; she trying to lead him on; he lifts the hand towards his lips, then suddenly lets it fall; rises and comes front, aside.*) Take care Chateaugris; take care; no kisses; you've gone too far already. (*Aloud.*) A little sweet oil, MADAME GIGOT. I will go and fetch it myself. (*Aside.*) Deuced fine woman, Chateaugris, but no kisses. Clever old birds, widows. (*Goes into house L.*)

MAD. G. (*Coming front.*) There's an opportunity lost! A little sweet oil, indeed! Never mind! My time will come, and the widow Gigot, governess and police agent, shall change her position for the coronet of a Marquise—the Marguise de Chateaugris—and then the Regent may find out his plots for himself. But the bird is shy, very shy! (*Sings.*)

WHY WONT HE SEE?

MAD. GIG. I often sigh when no one's by

But he.

I drop my kerchief, but he lets it lie

Ah me,

Why wont he see!