

OGRE. This spread's far better. (*To TIM.*) Champagne ?

TIM. If you please.

NOBODY. (*To OGRESS.*) Your glass is empty. (*NOBODY fills glass.*)

OGRESS. Colonel, you're too kind.

I really couldn't.

NOBODY. Nonsense, never mind. (*Fills glass.*
(*OGRESS appears not to see, but presently drinks it.*)

OGRESS. Come, let me send you all some chicken pie.

NOBODY. Excuse me, marm, but did it ever cry ?

OGRESS. La, General, what a joke !

OGRE. (*Coughing.*) Some wine ?

OGRESS. You must.

NOBODY. (*Aside.*) The wine that's crusted, not the
whine in crust.

(*OGRESS opens pie, the frog jumps out and off L,*
OGRESS screams. The pie moves off L.,
OGRE tries to stop it.)

OGRE. Of all the funny things ! A walking dish !

NOBODY. We only want, besides, the talking fish.

OGRESS. Well, come, we've something left ; I'll take
some bread.

(*OGRE takes up loaf, it moves off L., OGRE*
follows and brings it back ; it gets away
again, off L.)

OGRE. The place must be enchanted, or my head—

TIM. (*Rising.*) No matter, here's the wine, I give
a toast.

Our charming hostess and our noble host.

(*TIM holds cup secretly to PRINCESS'S*
mouth ; she drinks.)

As for these queer disturbances at lunch,
Perhaps there's something in the air —