

**MASTER PATELIN,
SOLICITOR; A COMEDY
IN THREE ACTS**

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Master Patelin, solicitor; a comedy in three acts by Barrett H. Clark

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BARRETT H. CLARK

**MASTER PATELIN,
SOLICITOR; A COMEDY
IN THREE ACTS**

THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYS
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BARRETT H. CLARK

GENERAL EDITOR

PHOTOMOUNT

Brueys, David Augustin

**Master Patelin, Solicitor:
a Comedy in Three Acts:
by Brueys: Translated by
Barrett H. Clark**

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BRUEYS.

The "Farce de l'avocat Patelin" belongs to the fifteenth century; the present version is a translation of the best modernization, which was made by D. A. de Brueys (1640-1723). The authorship of the original is not known, though it has been attributed to François Villon.

Special stage-directions have been included in the present translation. The costumes should be fifteenth century French.

MASTER PATELIN, SOLICITOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PATELIN.....*A solicitor*
GUILLAUME.....*A draper*
VALÈRE, GUILLAUME'S son, in love with HENRIETTE
AGNELET.....*GUILLAUME'S shepherd, in love with*
COLETTE
BARTHOLIN.....*A judge*
A PEASANT
ARCHERS
MADAME PATELIN.....*The solicitor's wife*
HENRIETTE.....*Their daughter*
COLETTE.....*Their maid*

SCENE:—*A street in a village near Paris.*

TIME:—*Fifteenth century.*

MASTER PATELIN, SOLICITOR.

ACT I.

SCENE:—*A small village square. Street entrances to the right and left. Center is GUILLAUME'S shop; right, PATELIN'S house; left, BARTHOLOIN'S. PATELIN is alone.*

PATELIN. There is no doubt about it: though I haven't a sou, I must have a new suit of clothes to-day. It's perfectly true, one might as well be a leper as be poor. Who would know I am a solicitor—in these clothes? I left my home town two weeks ago, but since I've been here, things have gone from bad to worse. I don't get a single case from this petty judge here, who is my neighbor; from my other neighbor, the rich draper, I can't even buy a suit. Poor Patelin! And poor Patelin's daughter! Who will marry her now, I wonder? I've got to use my brains—get credit from Monsieur Guillaume, the draper. *(He goes up-stage and stands to one side)*

(Enter COLETTE and MADAME PATELIN, from PATELIN'S house. They do not see PATELIN.)

PATELIN. *(Aside)* There's my wife and her maid.

MADAME PATELIN. I don't want to talk to you in the house; I'm afraid my rascally husband might overhear us.

PATELIN. *(Aside)* Hm!

MADAME PATELIN. I want you to tell me where

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my daughter gets the money to buy her expensive clothes?

COLETTE. Oh, Madame's husband must give it to her——

MADAME PATELIN. My husband! He hasn't enough to buy clothes for himself.

PATELIN. (*Aside*) True indeed!

MADAME PATELIN. If you don't tell me the truth I'll discharge you, and you shan't marry Agnelet.

COLETTE. Well, I see I must tell you, then! You know that Valère, the son of the rich Monsieur Guillaume, is in love with Mademoiselle Henriette—he gives her presents, you see——

MADAME PATELIN. But where does he get the money? If his father is rich, he is very miserly.

COLETTE. Oh, Madame, when parents give nothing to their children, the children steal from their parents.

MADAME PATELIN. Then why doesn't he ask Henriette to marry him?

COLETTE. He has, only he's afraid his father would never consent. Monsieur Patelin doesn't—begging Madame's pardon—doesn't dress very well, and he imagines Monsieur isn't any too successful.

MADAME PATELIN. That will do. I hear someone. Go in now. (*COLETTE goes into the house, and PATELIN comes forward*) Ah, it's you!

PATELIN. It is.

MADAME PATELIN. And what clothes you have on!

PATELIN. I'm not at all vain.

MADAME PATELIN. You're a tramp. And let me tell you, your way of dressing scares away every suitor for Henriette's hand.

PATELIN. That's so: a man is judged by his clothes, so to-day I'm going to have a new suit.

MADAME PATELIN. You! And with what?

PATELIN. Don't worry about that. Good-by.

MADAME PATELIN. Where are you going?