

**THE GREEN COAT: A  
COMEDY  
IN ONE ACT**

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The Green Coat: a Comedy in One Act by Emile Augier & Alfred de Musset

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**EMILE AUGIER & ALFRED DE MUSSET**

**THE GREEN COAT: A  
COMEDY  
IN ONE ACT**



**The Green Coat: a Comedy in One Act: by Alfred de Musset and Emile Augier: Translated by Barrett H. Clark**

UNIV. OF  
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THE  
AMERICAN  
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## THE GREEN COAT

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EMILE AUGIER AND ALFRED DE MUSSET.

Alfred de Musset is one of France's greatest poets; Emile Augier one of her most truly representative dramatists. These two masters of their respective arts collaborated upon a delicate and charming little comedy, which should be considered rather in the light of a distraction than a masterpiece worthy the genius of the two authors. "The Green Coat," however, is a dainty trifle, with some good characterization, and distinction in its literary style. It is representative of the Romantic school of literature, to which Musset belongs, and under the influence of which Augier began his dramatic career. While Musset wrote a number of plays—some of which are now in the repertory of the Comédie Française—he never wrote with the idea of their being performed, but Augier was a born "man of the theater," and remained such to the end of his long career. It is not easy to distinguish which parts of this comedy are attributable to Musset and which to Augier, but it might be conjectured that the structure was Augier's and most of the dialogue Musset's.

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The staging is extremely simple, and the directions in the text sufficient. The costumes should be mid-nineteenth century French, but an approximation to this is English mid-Victorian.

The following table shows the results of the experiment. The first column is the number of trials, the second column is the number of correct responses, and the third column is the percentage of correct responses. The data shows that the number of correct responses increases as the number of trials increases, and that the percentage of correct responses is consistently high, around 80-90%.

Number of Trials	Number of Correct Responses	Percentage of Correct Responses
10	8	80%
20	16	80%
30	24	80%
40	32	80%
50	40	80%
60	48	80%
70	56	80%
80	64	80%
90	72	80%
100	80	80%

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## THE GREEN COAT

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SCENE:—*A studio beneath a low gabled roof. There is a door at the back opening upon a corridor, another at the right, and one below the fireplace, left. A window left. To the right, a painter's easel. To the left, a little table. Three ordinary chairs. At the back, left, a chestnut clothes chest. As the curtain rises, RAOUL is seated at the table, looking out the open window.*

RAOUL. Say what you like—to-day is Sunday.

HENRI. (*seated the wrong way round on a chair before his easel, arranging colors on his palette*)  
Well, what of it?

RAOUL. What of it? As there is not a cloud in the sky, I maintain it's a superb day.

HENRI. Yes?

RAOUL. Yes? I am not sure whether I shall die old, but I know I was born young, and I take pleasure in seeing the blue sky.

HENRI. What are you talking about?

RAOUL. I want to get away, see the green grass—to—well to Chaville or to Fleury.

HENRI. Why? Why to Chaville?

RAOUL. Or to Fleury.

HENRI. You know we have no money.

RAOUL. I didn't say we had; I said I should like to see the country.

HENRI. Ha! Of course! You'd like to satisfy every wish, drive in a carriage, be loved by a princess!

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RAOUL. (*rising*) Nothing of the sort! I'd like you to put on your hat and go to the loan-office, get twenty-five francs for your watch, and have a first-rate dinner.

HENRI. I can't do that; my watch is the only thing I have left from my grandmother. (*he also rises, palette in hand*) It's a great watch, with an alarm.

RAOUL. What's the good of an alarm?

HENRI. The good?

RAOUL. Yes.

HENRI. Why, to let me know what time it is—even in the dark.

RAOUL. Well, pawn it—we'll buy a tinder box with the proceeds; we need one.

HENRI. Charming idea! Only I'm not going to part with the watch.

RAOUL. Much good it does in your pocket!

HENRI. It at least remains there—which is more than can be said of cash!

RAOUL. As if that were an argument! An onion would be quite as useful. If you were a business man, or a lover, or a doctor, you might have some excuse. But with us, closed in in our little attic, I with my nose in law books, you with your white-wash—what do we care what time it is? You're like a man holding a thermometer in front of a fire-place with no wood in it.

HENRI. Joke if you like, and make fun of me, but I'm in earnest.

RAOUL. Now what do you mean by that?

HENRI. I mean that you take particular pleasure in tormenting and making game of me. You know as well as I that we're poor, that we rented this hole, we put nothing to nothing to help each other, that your parents as well as mine refused to send you the 500 francs you asked for.

RAOUL. Yes, we are down to our last sous.

HENRI. Well, then, why joke about it?

RAOUL. It costs no more than to cry.— Now, will you or won't you pawn your watch?

HENRI. No, no, no.— What is the matter with you to-day?

RAOUL. It's Sunday.

HENRI. But, Heavens and Earth, it's just like any other day!

RAOUL. It's Sunday, and it's beautiful out-doors; I want to see the country, I want to live—I can't explain—

HENRI. If you would for once in your life stop joking and be a little serious, I'd tell you something worth hearing.

RAOUL. Speak.

HENRI. No, you wouldn't listen.

RAOUL. But I am.

HENRI. No, you're not.

RAOUL. On which of our three chairs must I sit to prove that I am serious? (*sitting on a chair near the table, left*) There, now. You must speak; you say you have an idea?

HENRI. We can get out of our difficulties very easily, and honorably. (*he goes to the fireplace and brings a painted screen to the center of the stage*) Here's a screen I've painted. You never would deign to look at it.

RAOUL. No, I know too well what's on it!

HENRI. Romeo and Juliet.

RAOUL. Is that it?

HENRI. Yes.— Some more joking now? You know I've been working on it for six weeks. I firmly believe that to-day I shall dispose of it.

RAOUL. (*rising*) You are likely to have a little difficulty persuading the dealers to make the necessary sacrifice.

HENRI. I know a stationer, a man of taste; a connoisseur.

RAOUL. In that case you'll make him a present of it.