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Frou Frou: A Play in Five Acts by Ludovic Halévy & Henri Meilhac & Helena Modjeska

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LUDOVIC HALÉVY & HENRI MEILHAC & HELENA MODJESKA

# FROU FROU: A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

Trieste



## FROU FROU:

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### A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS,

BY.

MEILHAC AND HALEVY,

AS PERFORMED BY

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### MADAME HELENA MODJESKA,

(COUNTEES BOZENTA.)

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### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

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GILBERTE, Frou FrouModjess	A
Brigard	•
HENRI DE SARTORYS	•
PAUL DE VALREAS	•
BARON DE CAMBRI	
George de Sartorys, A Child	
Prrov, A Prompter.	•
Louise	•
BARONNE DE CAMBRI	•
PAULINE, A Maid	,
The Governess	•

ACT I.—Les Charmarettes — M. Brigard's Country House.
ACT II.—Madame Sartorys' House in Paris.
ACT III.—The same.
ACT IV.—A Lodging in Venice.
ACT V.—Same as Second and Third.

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### FROU FROU.

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#### ACT I.

#### SCENE FIRST.—Drawing-room at Les Charmarettes. French window opening on a terrace. Table between the windows. Doors R. 2 E. and L. 2 E. Sofa L. Table R. Arm chair, etc.

#### PAULINE discovered dusting.

PAU. Well, whom have we here? Mdlle. Gilberte and M. de Valreas, to be sure! What are they up to, I wonder, urging their horses on like that? My young lady has got in first, anyhow. Here she comes! Yes, yes, its no use for him to spur on his poor mare now, she has won the race.

> [Enter Gilberte, c., in riding habit, out of breath; afterwards Valreas.

GIL. I'm first! I'm first! (Takes the newspaper from table and waves it.) Here's the newspaper.

VAL. (Entering.) Yes, you've got it, and I'm beaten.

Gil. (Throwing herself in chair.) Presently, Pauline, presently I will dress.

Exit Pauline, R. D.

VAL. (R.) I'm beaten; I acknowledge it!

GIL. (L. C.) You say that with a sort of magnanimous air. Did I not win fairly?

VAL. Yes, yes, quite fairly. I only mean that I do not mind having lost.

GIL. Why not?

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VAL. Because it is so much pleasanter to ride behind you than in front of you. You sit a horse in the prettiest conceivable fashion, and to see you galloping on like the wind, and—

GIL. Charming! Charming!

#### FROU FROU.

VAL. (Sits in chair, L. C.) No, no, it is you who are charming-and something more than charming. Do you know that when you took that fence just now your skirt fluttered up just a little, and I saw the prettiest little tiny, tiny foot-

What! GIL.

VAL. I say that you have a very small foot. Look! am I not right?

(Hastily withdrawing her foot.) Oh! GIL.

Will you dare to tell me that it is not the pret-VAL. tiest little foot that was ever seen? Ah, you cannot deny it, Mdlle. Frou Frou ! Rises.

GIL. Come, now, I won't have you call me Frou Frou.

Is it not your name? VAL.

My name for papa, for my sister Louise, but GIL. not for you.

VAL. (c.) Oh, 1 beg your pardon, for me, too. What other name could so well fit the delightful lady for whom it has been invented. Are you not Frou Frou all over? An opening door in the distance, and then all down the staircase a tripping sound of fairy feet and a sweeping of silken skirts, rustling like a summer whirlwind-Frou Frou. You burst into the room, skip around, turn everything upside down looking for things you don't want; pose and pout, and laugh and dance and chatter and rustle to flutter out again in just such a hurry as you fluttered in-Frou Frou. Frou Frou, (goes to her) and do you know I even like to fancy that when you are asleep your own little fairy spirit rustles her gossamer wings above your head with just the same pretty murmur-Frou Frou!

That's enough-be sensible-do. GIL.

Sensible! You have chosen an odd moment VAL. to enjoin that on me. Here was I just going to say such an astonishingly, sensible and prodigiously serious thing to you, that upon my word, I don't know how to begin !

GIL. What! as serious as all that?

You shall see if it is not. VAL.

Approaches. GIL. (Jumping up.) Another time! another time! For however serious a thing you may have to say to me, I have something far more serious to do. I must dress for dinner! Cross and up C.

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