

**A TRUMPED SUIT: A
COMEDY
IN ONE ACT**

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A Trumped Suit: A Comedy in One Act by Eugène Magnus

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EUGÈNE MAGNUS

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IN ONE ACT**

A TRUMPED SUIT

A Comedy in One Act

BY
JULIAN MAGNUS

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CHARACTERS.

M. CARBONEL.

VICTOR DELILLE.

ANATOLE GARADOUX.

CÉCILE, *Carbonel's daughter.*

ANNETTE, *chambermaid.*

[The French original of this play is "*Les Deux Timides*,"
written by M. Eugène Labiche.]

A TRUMPED SUIT.

SCENE. Salon in a country house near Paris.

Large doors at back supposed to open on a garden. Door L. 1. E. Doors L. 2 E. and R. 2 E. Mantelpiece R. Clock and vases on mantel. Table with writing materials L. R., a small ornamental table. Small sideboard against wall L. Usual furniture of a handsome salon.

At rise of curtain, Annette, with hot-water jug in her hand, comes from back, opens door L. 2 E., and deposits the jug within.

ANNETTE.

Monsieur, there is the hot water. [*Comes front.*] This M. Anatole Garadoux, mademoiselle's intended, is what I call queer. He wouldn't suit me at all. Every morning, he takes an hour and a half to dress himself and polish his nails—that is, half an hour to dress, and an hour to trim his nails. He has a case of little instruments, and cuts, and scrapes, and grinds, and rubs, and files, *and* powders, *and* polishes—what a housemaid he'd have

been if Fate hadn't spoiled him at the start! I don't know what M. Carbonel can have seen in him! Oh, my! I suppose master could no more say "no" to him than he can to any one about anything. It's absurd that a man of his age should have no more will than a baby. He hasn't any more firmness than jelly in the sunshine! His daughter makes up for him, though. With all her sweetly innocent, yielding manner, she has her own way when she wants it. [*Cécile is heard singing in the garden.*] She's coming back from her morning walk.

CÉCILE, *entering at back with a lot of cut flowers in her apron.*

Annette, bring the vases.

ANNETTE, *taking vases to table.*

Yes, mademoiselle. [*They busy themselves arranging the flowers.*] He's getting up. I have just taken in the hot water.

CÉCILE.

To whom?

ANNETTE.

To M. Garadoux.

CÉCILE.

What does that matter to me?

ANNETTE.

Have you noticed his nails?

CÉCILE, *curtly*.

No!

ANNETTE.

Not noticed his nails! Why they're as long as that. But the other day, in trying to open a window, he broke one.

CÉCILE, *ironically*.

Poor nail!

ANNETTE.

To be sure, it will grow again—in time; but wasn't he cross? Since then, he has always rung for me to open the window.

CÉCILE.

I have already had to ask you not to be for ever talking to me about M. Garadoux—it is disagreeable! it annoys me!

ANNETTE, *astonished*.

Your intended!

CÉCILE.

Intended, yes; but intentions don't always lead to—marriage. Where is papa?

[*Replaces vase on mantel.*]

ANNETTE.

In his study; he's been there more than an hour with a gentleman who came from Paris—

CÉCILE, *quickly*.

From Paris? A young man—a lawyer?
Blond—very quiet manner—blue eyes?

ANNETTE.

No. This one is dark, has mustaches—and a beard like a blacking-brush.

CÉCILE, *disappointed*.

Ah!

ANNETTE.

I fancy he's a traveler for a wine-merchant. Your father didn't want to see him, but he managed to squeeze through the door with his bottles.

CÉCILE.

Why doesn't papa send him away?

ANNETTE.

M. Carbonel? He's too timid to do that.
[*Places other vase on mantel.*]

CÉCILE.

I am afraid he is.

CARBONEL, *speaking outside R. & E.*

Monsieur, it is I who am indebted to you—delighted! [*Enters with two small bottles.*] I didn't want it, but I have bought four casks.

CÉCILE.

You have bought more wine ?

ANNETTE.

The cellar is full. [Goes up.

CARBONEL.

I know it ; but how could I say "no" to a man who was so nicely dressed—who had just come twelve miles—on purpose to offer me his wine ? In fact, he put himself to great inconvenience to come here.

CÉCILE.

But it's you he has inconvenienced.

ANNETTE, *at back.*

The great point is, is the wine good.

CARBONEL.

Taste it.

ANNETTE, *after pouring some into glass which she takes from sideboard, drinks, and utters cry of disgust.*

CARBONEL.

That's exactly how it affected me. I even ventured to say to him—with extreme politeness—"Your wine seems to me a little young"; but I was afraid he was beginning to feel vexed—so I took four casks—only four !