

## Petticoat Perfidy, Side #1 — Mrs. M. and Juliette

**Mrs M.** Nothing in the paper, positively nothing, and I have read through every word of it, advertisements and all. *[bell heard]* Ah! Somebody is coming at last. I wonder who it is. *[listening]* Somebody who wears thick boots. Oh, it's Lady Lovibond — her footsteps always remind me of a policeman's tramp along the pavement. Well, she'll talk for twenty. *[Seats herself, waiting]*. Nobody after all. Really, this is too bad! I have been back in town for three weeks — left cards at all my acquaintances, bores, frumps and all, and let them know that I am at home on Wednesday afternoons, dating from today — it's nearly five and not a soul has been near me! What is the meaning of it? And what will my new butler, Blossoms, think of it? I told him there would be at least thirty people calling by four o'clock. He will think me a miserable imposter! *[knock at the door]* There he is — come to give warning, I suppose — come in. *[Juliette Enters]* Oh... it's you, Juliette.

**Jul.** *Oui, madame.* *[placing tray on tea-table]* I thought Madame would not wait longer for her tea. Madame ordered it at four o'clock for her visitors.

**Mrs. M.** *[hastily]* Did I? I meant five. Nobody comes before five.

**Jul.** Madame said quite a little crowd would come at three.

**Mrs. M.** You misunderstood. But why does not Blossoms bring in the tea?

**Jul.** Ah — M. Blossoms — he looks so noble waiting in the hall to announce the friends of Madame, and assured me that when there is only a *maitre d'hotel* like himself and a *femme de chambre* like myself, it is the duty of the *femme de chambre* to bring in the tea.

**Mrs. M.** Indeed! Who rang the bell just now and was admitted?

**Jul.** A visitor for the cook, madame.

**Mrs. M.** Oh — my cook receives on Wednesdays, does she?

**Jul.** As Madame does not go out on Wednesdays, cook thought she would choose the same day as Madame, and it is more convenient for M. Blossoms.

**Mrs. M.** Well, upon my word — I — [*seeing Juliette pouring tea into several cups*] What are you doing, Juliette?

**Jul.** If all the cups are clean the first visitor that comes may think that Madame has been neglected this afternoon, and I wish to preserve the self-respect of Madame.

**Mrs. M.** Nonsense! As if anybody would look into the cups, and draw such a conclusion.

**Jul.** Probably Madame would herself at the house of another. See these chairs, their order is too manifest, each say, "Nobody has sat in me." If Madame will permit me. [*places chairs in disorder about the room*] Voila, that is better. Has Madame any further orders?

**Mrs. M.** No, thank you, Juliette, you have done quite enough for my self-respect, I assure you

## **Petticoat Perfidy, Side #2 — Mrs. M. and Mrs. N. J.**

**Mrs. N.** I was going along Piccadilly on my way to the concert at the Princes Hall, and I thought "I'll just look in on Mrs. Mountrevor; it's her afternoon at home, and I'll have just a few minutes' quiet chat with her, as I shall be sure to find her — alone.

**Mrs. M.** Alone! Oh, my dear, if you had come ten minutes sooner there would not have been a chair for you to sit upon. Indeed, ever since three o'clock the room has been crowded, positively crowded. Why, my throat is quite sore with talking.

**Mrs. N. J.** Ah, I thought your voice sounded a little shaky.

**Mrs. M.** Shaky?

**Mrs. N. J.** Dreadfully tired, I mean. You ought to take more care of yourself, my dear. Keep your feet warm and your head cool; that's the way. And who has been here this afternoon?

**Mrs. M.** Oh, almost everybody. The French Ambassador, the President of the Board of Commerce, Mrs. Happyrock, Lady Smith Kensington, the Duchess of Dorset —

**Mrs. N. J.** The Duchess of Dorset — are you quite sure !

**Mrs. M.** What do you mean by sure?

**Mrs. N. J.** I thought the dear Duchess was at Nice.

**Mrs. M.** Oh, so she was, but she only stayed there a short time, and has just come back.

**Mrs. N. J.** A very short time; she only left London for the South of France the day before yesterday.

**Mrs. M.** [*confused*] One travels so quickly now-a-days. Do have some tea.

**Mrs. N. J.** Thanks, let me help myself.

**Mrs. M.** I hope there is some left.

**Mrs. N. J.** Oh yes — it's quite full.

**Mrs. M.** Blossoms has filled it up so many times, I am afraid it's rather weak.

**Mrs. N. J.** Weak! [*pouring out tea*] Not at all, just as strong as if it had never been touched. What wonderful tea yours must be.

**Mrs. M.** Just what everybody has remarked this afternoon.

## Petticoat Perfidy, Side #3 – Mrs. N. J. & Juliette

**Mrs. N. J.** Very pleasant society at the Mountrevors' country house, I suppose?

**Jul.** [*Grandiose, impersonating Russian nobility throughout scene*]. Oh, yes; but rather *triste*.

**Mrs. N. J.** Yes. [*aside*] What beautiful French she speaks, too. [*aloud*] I always find the country so dull. But you meet very nice people, people in good society, I mean?

**Jul.** Ah, no; very nice, but common-place and vulgar.

**Mrs. N. J.** You surprise me. Was not Lord Fabian Fitznoodle there? You don't call him vulgar, I hope.

**Jul.** Oh, no, he is quite a gentleman; very generous with his money, and excellent taste.

**Mrs N. J.** [*aside*] Generous with his money! What does she mean? [*aloud*] I suppose you observed that he — well — that he paid great attention to Mrs. Mountrevor?

**Jul.** Not at all, not at all [*holds out tea*]. Lord Fabian is a handsome man, a little *passé* perhaps; but, did you ever see his valet? Ah! his valet, *mon Dieu*, is a remarkably handsome man.

**Mrs N. J.** No, I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, [*aside*] Rather an odd remark for a Russian princess!

**Jul.** It is very warm. Tell me, dear friend, do you see a fan anywhere about?

**Mrs. N. J.** On the chimney piece

**Jul.** Would you kindly?

**Mrs. N. J.** Oh, charmed, I am sure, [*rises; fetches fan from mantelpiece and gives it to Juliette*] There, Princess.

**Jul.** Thanks very much.

**Mrs. N. J.** [*aside*] She is accustomed to be waited on, there is no mistake about that, [*aloud*] And how do you amuse yourself in London, Princess? You go to the theatre?

**Jul.** Whenever I can, but it is not often, I have so *few evenings to myself*, only one or two in the course of the month. Sundays, of course, but in this stupid London there are no theatres on Sundays.

**Mrs. N. J.** Only one or two evenings — Oh, you mean you are so overwhelmed with your duties?

**Jul.** Exactly; always hard at work.

**Mrs. N. J.** [*aside*] Exemplary creature ! [*aloud*] And are you fond of music?

**Jul.** Oh, *mais oui, j'adore la musique!* [*sings a few lines of a French song*]

**Mrs. N. J.** [*aside*] Ah, how thoroughly Russian!

## Cox and Box, Side #1 —Cox & Bouncer

COX: Eight o'clock! (knock at door) Come in!

*Enter SERGEANT BOUNCER.*

BOUNCER: Good morning, Colonel Cox. Why, you've had your hair cut!

COX: Cut! It strikes me I've had it mowed! I look as if I'd been cropped for the Army... This comes of having one's hair cut. None of my hats will fit me. By-the-bye, Bouncer, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?

BOUNCER: Why—I suppose the chimney —

COX: The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke.

BOUNCER: Why, the gentleman who has got the attics is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth.

COX: Ah! then you mean to say that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going up the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction?

BOUNCER: Why —

COX: Then I suppose the gentleman you are speaking of is the individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I'm going down, and going down when I'm coming up?

BOUNCER: Why — yes — I

COX: I should set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

BOUNCER: Yes sir. Good morning. (*Going.*)

## Cox and Box, Side #1 – Box & Bouncer

BOUNCER: He's gone at last! I was in fear Mr. Box should come in before Mr. Cox went out. Luckily they've never met yet; for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till morning, and Mr. Cox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers is any the wiser for it. Now, let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's way.

BOX: (*without*) Pooh — pooh! Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir? (*Enters — puts his head out of door again, shouting*) It was as much your fault as mine, sir! I say, sir. It was as much your fault as mine, sir!

BOUNCER: Dear, dear, Mr. Box! What a temper you are in to be sure! I declare, you are quite pale.

BOX: What colour would you have a man to be who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?

BOUNCER: Oh, certainly, Mr. Box! (*Going.*)

BOX: Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I'm going down?

BOUNCER: (confused) Oh—yes—the gentleman in the attic, sir.

BOX: Oh! There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats — white hats and black hats — hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims; in short, I have come to the conclusion that he must be associated with the hatting interest.

BOUNCER: Yes, sir! And they tell me that's why he took the hattics!

## Cox and Box, Side #3 — Cox & Box

COX: Are you married?

BOX: Me? Why, not exactly!

COX: Ah! A happy bachelor?

BOX: Why, not precisely!

COX: Oh! A widower?

BOX: No. Not absolutely!

COX: You'll excuse me, sir — but, at present, I don't exactly understand how you can help being one of the three.

BOX: Not help it?

COX: No, sir. Not you, nor any other man alive!

BOX: Ah, that may be. But I'm not alive!

COX: You'll excuse me, sir — but I don't like joking upon such subjects.

BOX: But I am perfectly serious, sir. I've been defunct for the last three years.

COX: Will you be quiet, sir!

BOX: If you won't believe me, I'll refer you to a very large, numerous, and respectable circle of disconsolate friends.

COX: My dear sir — my very dear sir — if there does exist any ingenious contrivance whereby a man, on the eve of committing matrimony, can leave this world, and yet stop in it, I shouldn't be sorry to know it.

BOX: Then there's nothing more easy. Do as I did.

COX: I will! What is it?

BOX: Drown yourself!

COX: Will you be quiet sir!

## AUDITION SONG — BOUNCER “Rataplan”

*(Sheet music Available in separate PDF. Link to recording will be provided.)*

We sounded the trumpet, we beat the drum,  
Somehow the enemy didn't come.

So I gave up my horse  
In Her Majesty's force  
As there wasn't a foeman  
To meet with the yeoman;  
And so no invasion  
Threatened the nation.

There wasn't a man  
In the rear or the van,  
Who found an occasion to sing Rataplan!  
Rataplan! Rataplan!  
Rataplan plan, plan, plan!

# AUDITION SONG — BOX “A Lullaby”

*(Sheet music Available in separate PDF. Link to recording will be provided.)*

Hushed is the bacon on the grid,  
I'll take a nap and close my eye.  
Soon shall I be nodding, nodding, nid,  
Nid, nodding, nodding, nodding, nodding.  
Singing lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,  
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby.  
Hush-a-bye, bacon, on the coal top.  
Till I awaken, there you will stop,  
Lullaby, lullaby.

## AUDITION SONG — COX “My Master Is Punctual”

*(Sheet music Available in separate PDF. Link to recording will be provided.)*

My master is punctual always in business,  
Unpunctuality, even slight, is in his  
Eyes such a crime that on showing my phiz in his  
Shop, I thought there'd be the devil to pay.

My aged employer, with his physiognomy  
Shining from soap like a star in astronomy,  
Said “Mister Cox, you'll oblige me and honour  
If you will take this as your holiday.”

Visions of Brighton and back and of Rosherville,  
Cheap fare excursions, already the squash I feel,  
Fearing the rain, put on my Mackintosh I vill  
Now for my breakfast, my light de-jeu-nay.