**Percy**

*One*

Armand, I belive you know our guest – Mademoiselle Marie Grosholtz? She’s just recently come, from Paris. And what do you know, Armand? There she was, fresh off the boat with nowhere to go, and what do you think? Cleverest thought came to me: a companion for the wife. La. Demned clever, I do think- putting two French friends together, pass the time, do whatever women do, eh what, my dear

*Marguerite: This Particular woman is an artist*

Sink me, it’s true! Mademoiselle Grosholtz is just finishin’ my portrait, Armand, and I do believe it’s- *(Seeing the portrait)* Oh, but I’m breathtaking! And presently the mademoiselle’s vowed to do a bust of me. We’ll put it in the garden, shall we? My head atop a flag post. La! We’ll make a fountain out of it, water spittin from my mouth, what? Well, for then I can water the roses!

*Two*

*Ben: They’re looking for your ring*

*Elton: Get rid of the thing, Percy*

No, I can’t! oh, this is madness! No. This must stop. And now, the danger is too great. I will continue. I have every reason to, for if my wife and her brother die, my life.. will be over. But that is not true for the rest of you my,.. dear friends. I cannot—I will not ask you to go forward with me in this reckless plan one moment longer. I insist that you… go home. Back to England. Tonight. As for Marguerite and Armand-.. I will find a way--- I will *(he breaks down)*