MAYOR: That's enough from the both of you!

VERONICA: *(to Laurette)* Now you've made him angry!

LAURETTE: *I* made him angry?!

MAYOR: *(to Laurette)* Be Quiet!

(to Veronica) And you're no better than she is!

LAURETTE: I still maintain they are *red*. Dragoons!

MAYOR: Not again! *(Knock on door spurs him to action - he helps women exit the room)*

VERONICA: And I say *yellow*! Militia!

MAYOR: That's it! OUT! The both of you! I will conduct his interview on my own! *(sends both women out)* Now I don't have time to change before the interview. Oh well. This will have to do. I am the master of my house, after all! *(continued knocks on door; Mayor goes to answer)*

PASQUIN: Pasquin, at your service, Sir.

MAYOR: Come in. (Hm...strapping young fellow..perhaps a bit primitive but, that may be all to the good). Step forward; let's have a look at you. *(Pasquin steps forward) What happened to your eye?*

PASQUIN: Oh, well...I was walkin' along, mindin' my own business, sayin' hello to the ladies, when a soldier came towards me and we got into a *little discussion*...and that's when he gave me this and in return I gave him a "hah! And a High-yah! And I kicked him, Sir."

MAYOR: So, you don't care for soldiers then?

PASQUIN: Never could stand the sight of a soldier. I just go crazy if one comes near me and I start sluggin'.

MAYOR: Wonderful! (I can't wait to introduce him to Captain Silvio)...I think we will get along fine then! So, besides slugging soldiers, why don't you tell me what else you can do...

PASQUIN: Don't mind if I do.

3. COUPLETS: PASQUIN

DIALOGUE:

MAYOR: Well, well. A man of many talents. But...it is your honesty and candor that count most with me. I need someone I can rely on. For instance, what would you do if while under my employ, you were offered a bribe?

PASQUIN: Well, Sir, I'd tell them I didn't want to get married *(chuckles/snort)*

MAYOR: No, no. Not "Bride," a BRIBE. I'm talking about money. Suppose someone offered you money to get inside this house for access to my ddaughter...

PASQUIN: That's easy. I'd tell them she doesn't want to get married either...Then I'd send him on his way. *(spins Mayor and kicks him towards the door)*...just like I did that soldier the other day!

MAYOR: *(gasping)* Just...what...I wanted...to hear! You understand perfectly! Now, let me introduce you to the women of the house...

(Veronica and Laurette enter room, still arguing about Penelope's soldier)

MAYOR: My dears...I would like to introduce...

LAURETTE: I can prove that they were *red.* Penelope showed me his portrait, in *uniform*...

VERONICA: Hardly conclusive...I still maintain...

MAYOR: MY DEARS!!!! *(silence)* Thank you! *(turning to Pasquin*) Pasquin, I present my wife and daughter.

PASQUIN: ***(with an exaggerated bow to Veronica)*** **Ah, Mademoiselle...**

MAYOR: No, no, that's my wife. This is my daughter, here.

PASQUIN: ***(to Laurette)*** **I beg your pardon, miss.** ***(looking back at Veronica)*** **Couldn't tell which was which.**

LAURETTE: (The idiot!)

VERONICA: (Hold on to this one!)

MAYOR: Now, Pasquin, time for some lunch.

VERONICA: We have some eggs, butter, and cream in the kitchen.

MAYOR: Ah, yes! Pasquin, why don't you amaze us with your superb culinary skills and make us a perfect omelet! ***(hands Pasquin a cute, lacy apron)***

PASQUIN: ***(shakes hips as holds apron up)*** **Yes, Sir!**

MAYOR: ***(turning to Veronica)*** **Take Pasquin and show him where the ingredients are.**

VERONICA: Come along. I'll show you where the kitchen is. ***(Pasquin and Veronica exit).***

MAYOR: Well, on the whole, I am quite pleased with my new acquisition.

LAURETTE: Then I would say you are easily pleased.

MAYOR: Not at all, my dear. He has many first rate qualities.

LAURETTE: Really?! First your eyes go bad, thinking that salesman was my Silvio and *now* your brain, hiring a one-eyed simpleton for a servant! Are you sure you don't need to see a doctor? Would you like me to summon the salesman from this morning?

MAYOR: Dont' take that tone with me, young lady! I demand an apology...At once!

LAURETTE: *(as a soldier, mocking)* Yes, Sir. I beg your pardon, Sir.

MAYOR: That's better...Now, don't be so quick to judge. Looks can be deceiving. He's just what I need to keep that Captain away from you!

LAURETTE: You mean you hired a babysitter to watch me?!!

MAYOR: *(somewhat gloating)* Yes indeed!

LAURETTE: *(whining)* Ah, Father!.....You know he only has one good eye...for now... *(whining)* Ah! How can you do this to me, a grown woman.....It's not fair...I can't believe this!...

MAYOR: *(mimicking his daughter's whining with incoherent syllables)* If I say that's how it's going to be, then that's how it's going to be. And that's final!! Do I make myself clear?!

LAURETTE: But Father, why? Why are you so opposed to the man I adore?

MAYOR: I said, is that clear?

LAURETTE: *(somewhat defeated)* Yes, Sir.

MAYOR: Good. I know what's best for you. And what's best for you is to marry a man of maturity, not some slinky soldier!

LAURETTE: A man of senility you mean.

MAYOR: Segnor Bellino is not that old. And, while he may not have many teeth, he has many dollars.

LAURETTE: But Father...

MAYOR: I expect it to be settled by tomorrow.

LAURETTE: Tomorrow! Oh Father! How can you expect me to marry Signo Bellino when I am in love with a Captain?

MAYOR: ENOUGH about the blasted Captain! Soldier's make poor husbands. They are never around. And when they are, they laze-about doing nothing. No! You are going to marry a man who will be around, like his money, for a good long time!

LAURETTE: No, I won't!!

MAYOR: You are going to marry Senior Bellino because I said so...And that is FINAL!! IS...THAT...CLEAR?!

LAURETTE: Ahiee!...Mamma!! ***(as she runs out)***

MAYOR: Why are daughters so difficult?

4. OMELET QUARTET

MAYOR: Out with it you, chef masquerader! What have you done with this omelet?

PASQUIN: A chef never give out his secrets...

MAYOR: Well then, I guess there's just one thing left to do. ***(he sits down again at the table)*** **Waste not, want not.**

VERONICA: You're not actually going to eat that, are you?

LAURETTE: I wouldn't touch it.

VERONICA: Nor I.