

# **The Rover** or, **The Banish'd Cavaliers.**

**by Aphra Behn,**  
*Adapted Version by G. Raby*

*Enter three Courtezans of Naples, who together present the Prologue.*

## **Prologue**

Wits, like Physicians, never can agree,  
When they're of a different Society;  
A new Play whose Author is unknown  
Among the powerful Purses of the Town  
more like than not the Poetry's cried down;

Meantime, true Wit prohibited must dance,  
As if 'twere declared an Illegal Substance.  
But should Men be rated by Poetic Rules  
Lord, what a poll would there be raised from Fools  
whose prejudicial Insults spiteful rub  
at any who are not of their Club.

Well! Flourish, Countrymen, drink, swear, roar,  
Let every free-born Subject love his Whore;  
Since with old Plays you have so long been cloy'd,  
As with a Mistress many years enjoyed

But if, brightly, new Variety you pursue  
Nay, though for Worse you change, you will have New:  
Here's one that's stuffed with Wit and with Debauches  
that croon and sweat and love without Reproaches...

*There follows a most palpitating Dumb Show in quick and Visual Scenes, where Belvile rescues Florinda at the Siege of Madrid; Hellena must pray ('though she is fatigued) in the Convent, while Valeria must attend to her Embroidery; Wilmore fights in Spain and saves the Life of Frederick; Lastly, Ned Blunt, with his Boy Philip, arrives in the beauteous City of Naples. One of the Courtezans sells him a NewsPaper, calling in a Vendor's voice:*

**Courtezan**

Naples! Carnival! 1939!

# Act One, Scene One:

## Naples, in Carnival Time, 1938. A Chamber

*Enter Florinda, Valeria and Hellena, who tries to spy a Letter of Florinda.*

**Florinda**

What an impertinent thing is a young girl bred in a Nunnery! How full of Questions! No more, I tell you Hellena; I have told you more than you can understand already.

**Hellena**

That's my problem: if I want to know, I must be inquisitive; neither is it enough to know you're a Lover, unless you tell me who it is you sigh for.

**Florinda**

When you are a Lover, I'll think you fit for a Secret of that nature.

**Hellena**

It's true, I've never been a Lover yet-- but I begin to have a shrewd Guess what it's to be so, and fancy it very fine to sigh, and blush and wish, and dream and wish, and long and wish to see "the Man"; and when I do, look pale and tremble; just as you did when my brother brought home the fine English Comrade to see you--what do you call him? Don Belvile?

**Florinda**

Hellena!

**Valeria**

That Blush betrays her--I am sure 'tis he--or is it Don Antonio the Fascist Governor's son--Or perhaps the rich old Don Vincentio, whom our father designs for her husband? Why do you blush again?

**Florinda**

With Indignation; and however near our Father thinks I am to marrying that hated Object, I shall let him see I understand better what's due to my Beauty, Birth and Fortune, and more to my Soul, than to obey those unjust Commands.

**Hellena**

Now hang me, if I don't love you for that dear Disobedience. I love Mischief strangely, as most of our Sex do if we're denied love of anything else--But tell me, dear Florinda, don't

you love that fine Anglese?--for I vow next to loving him myself, t'will please me most that you do, for he's so gay, and so handsome!

**Florinda**

Hellena, a Maid design'd for a Nun ought not to be so curious in a Discourse of Love.

**Hellena**

D' you think I could ever be a Nun?

**Valeria**

Perhaps if you were bound and gagged--

**Hellena**

--Not, at least, until I'm so old I'm fit for nothing else.

No, Sister; and that which makes me long to know if you love Belvile is because I hope he has some mad Companion or other, who will spoil my Devotion and wreck my Religious Career!

**Florinda**

Hellena, you are too wild!

**Hellena**

Ah, now you've got yourself a Man, you take no Care for poor me--Would you, I beg you, tell me what is it about me makes me unfit for Love-- have I not a world of Youth? A Humour gay? A Beauty passable? A Vigour desireable? Well-shap'd? Clean limbed? Sweet breath? And Sense enough to know how all these ought to be employed to the best Advantage: yes I do, and will.

**Valeria**

Tis clear that our Brother must lay aside his Hopes that he'll inherit your Fortune by your taking Orders.

**Hellena**

Tell me how you came acquainted with this Belvile; for I perceive you knew him before he came to Naples.

**Florinda**

Yes. Yes, I knew him at the Siege of Madrid. He was then a Colonel of the International Brigade who, when the Fascists stormed the town, nobly protected my Brother and me, preserving us from all Insolencies; and I must admit that (besides my great Obligation to him) I have-- I know not what-- something that pleads kindly for him in my Heart. Oh Sisters, I will suffer no other to enter--  
But see, my Brother.

*Enter Don Pedro, and Stephano, with a Masquing Outift, and Callis the Governess, who rings a Bell for Hellena's Lessons.*

**Don Pedro**

Good Morrow, Sister.

**Callis**

Hellena!

**Don Pedro**

When did you last see your Lover Don Vincentio?

**Florinda**

I know not, Sir--Callis, when was he here?

**Callis**

Why, this Morning, Madam.

**Florinda**

--I consider it so little, I know not when it was.

**Don Pedro**

I have a Command from my Father here to tell you, you ought not to despise Vincentio, a Man of so vast a Fortune, and such a Passion for you-- Stephano, my things--  
*he puts on his Masquing Outfit*

**Florinda**

A Passion for me! Tis more than ever I saw, or had a desire to know of! I hate Vincentio, and I would not have a man so dear to me as my Brother follow the Custom of this Country and make a Slave of his Sister--And Sir, my Father's Will, I'm sure you could divert, if you would.

**Don Pedro**

I know not how dear I am to you, but could wish only to be ranked equal in your Esteem with the English Colonel Belvile-- Why do you frown and blush? Is there any Guilt belongs to the Name of that Communist?

**Florinda**

I'll not deny I value Belvile: when I was exposed to Danger, the licens'd lust of Franco's Soldiers; when Rage and Conquest flew throughout our City-- then Belvile threw himself into all Dangers to save my Honour-- and will *you* disallow him my Esteem?

**Don Pedro**

Yes, pay him what you will in Honour--but you should consider Don Vincentio's Fortune, and the Inheritance he'll leave you against the Land our Family's lost in Spain.

**Florinda**

You should consider my Youth , Beauty and Fortune, which ought not to be thrown away on his Age.

*Don Pedro admires his Costume*

**Don Pedro**

Tis true, he's not so young and fine a Gentleman as that Belvile--But what Jewels will that Communist present you with? His Eyes, His Heart?

**Hellena**

And arn't those better than any Don Vincentio has made from his War Profiteering?

**Don Pedro**

Why, how now! Has your Nunnery-schooling taught you to understand the Value of Hearts and Eyes?

**Hellena**

Better than to believe Vincentio deserves to be Valued by any woman--

**Don Pedro**

This is fine--Go up and say your prayers, you're not designed for the Conversation of Lovers.

**Hellena**

*Aside* Nor Saints, yet for a while, I hope.

--Is't not enough you make a Nun of me, but you must cast my Sister away too, exposing her to a worse Confinement than a religious Life?

**Don Pedro**

The girl's mad--Is it a Confinement to be carried into the Country, to an ancient Villa, belonging to Vincentio's family these five hundred years and more, and to have no other Prospect than that of seeing all her own that meets her Eyes--a fine, pleasing Air, large Fields and Gardens where she may walk and gather Flowers?

**Hellena**

Wonderful! And after these daily Divertissements, imagine those of the Night! To lie in a wide Moth-eaten Bed Chamber with Furniture in the fashion of King Sancho the First; the wonderful Bed his Forefathers lived *and* died in--

**Don Pedro**

Very well--

**Hellena**

--the wonderful Chamber to which he retires for his Grooming (and being a frugal and jealous Dandy instead of hiring a Valet to to do that for him he'll desire you to do it)--

**Don Pedro**

Have you done yet?

**Hellena**

--that Honour being past, the Giant stretches himself, yawns, sighs a Belch or two, loud as a Musket, throws himself into Bed, expects you in the foul Sheets next to him--but before you can even get yourself undressed, he calls you with a Snore or two-- oh wonderful, fine Blessings for a young Lady--

**Don Pedro**

Have you done?

**Hellena**

And this man you must kiss-- in fact you must kiss no-one but him-- and nuzzle through his greasy Beard to find his Lips--and to this you must submit for threescore Years--and all for an Inheritance!

**Don Pedro**

Your opinion of Don Vincentio has no bearing on this--she'll marry him anyway.

**Hellena**

Marry Don Vincentio? MARRY DON VINCENTIO! Hang me, such a Wedlock would be a worse Sin than Adultery: I'd rather see her in the *Hostel de Dieu* , to waste her Youth there in Vows, and be a Handmaid to Sick Old Folk!

**Don Pedro**

*speaking to Florinda*

You have considered, Sister, that Belvile has no Fortune, no Estates whatsoever, is banished from his Country, a lost Cause at Home and a broken Cause abroad?

**Hellena**

What then? The Governor's Son is better than Old Sir Mafia. Don Vincentio! I doubt he could stop courting Mussolini long enough to trade in your Youth and Beauty!

**Don Pedro**

Callis! Take her off, and lock her up all through Carnival week, and at Lent, she will begin her Everlasting Penance, in a Monastery.

**Hellena**

I care not, I'd rather be a Nun than be obliged to marry where you'd tell me!

**Don Pedro**

Then you will be blessed with that Choice..

**Hellena**

Shall I so? A Nun? Yes, I think I'll make a fine Nun! I 've an excellent humour for a Grate!

*Hellena in a Rage goes to strike her Brother, but is prevented.*

**Don Pedro**

Callis! make it your Business to watch this wild Cat. As for you, Florinda, I was only testing you all this while by urging my Father's Will; but mine is that you would love Antonio. He is brave and young--

**Valeria**

--and Fascist--

**Don Pedro**

--and all that can complete the Happiness of a gallant Maid.  
This Absence of my Father will give us an Opportunity to free you from Vincentio, by  
marrying here, which you must do Tomorrow.

**Valeria**

Tomorrow!

**Don Pedro**

Tomorrow--or it will be too late-- so, resolve upon it--Tomorrow!

**Florinda**

Sir, I shall strive to behave as your Sister ought.

**Don Pedro**

I'll both believe you and trust in you-- Adieu!

*Exit Don Pedro and Stephano to join a Party of Masquers in the Streets outside*  
**Hellena**

Behave as his Sister ought! Ha!

**Florinda**

I've never felt utter Ruin as near as this.  
I've no Argument against Antonio's Love,  
For he has all the Advantages of Nature,  
The moving Arguments of Youth and Fortune.

**Hellena**

Callis, you wouldn't be so cruel as to lock me up, would you?

**Callis**

I must obey . You might as well get used to being cloistered.

**Hellena**

Cloistered?



**Valeria**

Florinda, you shall have Belvile if I may rule you. If you will have Man you must win Man, and be a little wanton. Therefore, you must tell him of our Brother's plans, and go out disguised lest our Brother spy you.

**Florinda**

I dare not be so free.

**Hellena**

Yes, Callis-- let me see the Carnival.

**Callis**

What, go to a Masquerade? What would you do there?

**Valeria**

What all the World does, be as mad as the rest, taste a little Freedom--  
Sister, you'll go too, won't you? Come, please, don't be sad--

We'll outwit twenty Brothers, if you'll be ruled by us  
Come, put off this dull Humour with your dull Clothes, and assume one as gay and fantastick as the Dresses I have provided!

*Valeria draws out a Bag of Costumes from a hiding Place. Florinda gasps!*

**Hellena**

Come, let's ramble, let's rove

*The Sisters exit*

**Callis**

Madam? Mesdames! Oh, I must wait on you, I'll not trust young Girls alone...

*Aside* Besides, I have a youthful Itch of going myself!

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# Act One, Scene Two:

## A Long Street in a Poor Part of Naples.

*Wilmore, wrapped in a Blanket, sleeps against a Doorway.*

*Enter Belvile, melancholy, with Blunt and Frederick.*

**Frederick**

What the Devil ails our Comrade, we're alive in this beautiful City, our Friends escaped alive; what makes him look so mournful? If you'd been in Naples long enough, I'd say you were in love, but surely--?

**Belvile**

No, I've met no new Amours since I came to Naples

**Frederick**

Did you leave someone behind in Spain?

**Belvile**

No

**Frederick**

Are you sad because you're poor?

**Belvile**

No

**Frederick**

I can't divine the Cause then;

**Blunt**

It's the want of a Wench!

**Belvile**

No

**Blunt**

If it's not, it should be.

**Frederick**

Wait, wait, I've found it: he's renewed his acquaintance with that Lady-- the one we protected in Madrid--what was her name?--Pox on it, he smuggled her out of the City-- her Brother's a noble Spaniard, in deep with the Government, um, um-- Florinda! Ay, Florinda.Oh Belvile. Oh poor Belvile. Can't you find anything else? She's too damned virtuous, besides which its a hopeless Cause because you've little or no possibility of gaining her—

**Belvile**

You're mistaken! I 've interest enough in her Heart, if it weren't for the severity of her Brother, who, perceiving my Feelings--

**Frederick**

--Has civilly thrown you from the House?

**Belvile**

Yes, to make way for a powerful rival, the Fascist Antonio, who has the advantage of me in being Italian, the Town Deputy, stinking Rich and able to take her Home. While all I can offer her are Letters, and distant looks up at her Window, and the promise of my Love.

**Blunt**

Oh the Pain! Write it down and frame it! God's grief, this Man is quite spoiled! Frederick, what the Devil are we made of that we can't feel like this over a Wench?

**Frederick**

Belvile.I dare say I've had a hundred as young, as virginal and as handsome as your Florinda, and Dogs eat me if they weren't as troublesome to me in the Morning as they were welcome in the Night.

**Blunt**

Love's thrifty though; he'll not touch another Woman, and that'll save him Money.

**Belvile**

That's your joy: a cheap Whore

**Blunt**

And why not, eh? Eh? God's grieflikins, haven't you heard how an Honest Woman goes through a Man's Money? Eh? You Liberals can be liberal with your Cash, for you think

Property is theft, not having any; but I thank my Stars I 've more sense than to collectivize my Wealth for Socialism.

**Belvile**

Arn't you running a risk in consorting with banished Internationals?

**Blunt**

I'm protecting Italy from your bad influence; and if they want to get picky about my lending you Money now and then, let 'em; it'd be a greater Crime to my Conscience not to, for a Country-man's a Country man.

**Wilmore**

Well said, Comrade.

**Belvile**

Wilmore?

**Wilmore**

Ha! Dear Belvile! Noble Comrade!

**Belvile**

Wilmore!! Alive!  
Welcome to Naples, my dear Rover!

**Wilmore**

Let me salute you my dear Fred; ah Comrades, how did you make it through?

**Frederick**

We refused to die, Wilmore, like yourself. I am infinitely glad to see my dear mad Wilmore again--What brings you ashore here? Where's the Battalion?

**Wilmore**

Taking positions for the next War, and welcome to it. I'll find them in a Month or two; my Business ashore is to enjoy myself a little this Carnival!

**Frederick**

Let me introduce our new Friend, Sir, he's ....a Landowner...but what the hell, he's English.

**Wilmore**

Any Friend of yours, Comrade....

*He gives Blunt a military sort of embrace that makes him wince*

**Blunt**

Your Servant, Sir.

**Wilmore**

Faith, I'm glad to meet you in a warm Climate...Does the Sun have God-like Power still, over the Wine and Women? Love and Mirth are my Business in Naples, and the Market for it seems just about to open.

**Belvile**

Is this the kind of Merchandise you're looking for?

*There follows a most sensational scene of Carnival mirth where Men and Women spill into the Street for Dancing and Gossiping, for Argueing and heavy Flirting. Some Women wear "Papers pinned to their breasts".*

**Blunt**

God's grieflikins! What have we here?

**Frederick**

Now the Game begins

**Wilmore**

Fine pretty Creatures! May a Stranger have leave to look and to love? What's here--  
*He reads a "Paper" dropped by a Woman.*

**Wilmore**

"Roses for Every Month"

**Blunt**

What does it mean?

**Woman**

We are, or are costumed as, Courtezans, who here in Naples are to be hired by the Month.

**Wilmore**

Pray, where do your Roses grow? I'll plant some in a Bed of mine.

I'll be pressed with you between a couple of Sheets my Flower!

*The Woman and her entire Party exit; Wilmore wishes to stay them.*

**Wilmore**

No, No! No!! You can't leave like this--

**Belvile**

Shhh-- use no Violence here--we must not draw Attention.

**Wilmore**

Death! Just as I was going to be damnably in Love! I should have plucked that Rose out of his Hand, even kissed the Bush it grew in--

**Frederick**

No friend to Love like a long Voyage at Sea.

**Wilmore**

Death! Now I'm awake I must have a Woman! I'm a rampant Lion --for a kind of legal, authorized Fornication, where the Man's not ashamed of it nor the Woman despised.

Madam! Darling!

*Wilmore runs after the RoseSellers but quickly returns. Enter Florinda, Hellena and Valeria, dressed like Gypsies; Callis and Stephano, Lucetta, and Sancho all in Masquerade Costumes and masks.*

**Hellena**

Sister, there's your Englishman, and with him a handsome dashing Fellow--I'll to him,  
*Aside* and instead of telling him his Fortune I'll make my own.

**Frederick**

More Game: Come this way, this way!

How they eye us!

**Wilmore**

Gypsies, on my Life!

*He goes to Hellena*

Dear, pretty and ( I hope) young Devil, will you tell an amorous Stranger what Luck he's like to have?

**Hellena**

Indeed, that's the Business of a Witch, and I'm but a Gypsy --yet without looking at your hand I have a fair Idea, 'tis some inconstant Heart you chase, as little worth the stealing as your Purse.

**Wilmore**

Egad Child, you're right about that, I can't even cross your Palm with Silver; but try to divine what else, of more value I have about me, that you could persuade me to part with?

**Hellena**

Is it your Country you mean?-- but I think you have lost that already.

**Wilmore**

I just arrived from Spain, 'tis true and no Love was lost there;  
I have a World of it stored up--Would you be good Natured, and take some off my Hands?

**Hellena**

We--ll, I could be inclined that way.... but I can't. For a foolish Vow I'm going to make, to die a Maid.

**Wilmore**

Then you'll be damned without Redemption; as I'm a good Christian I must in Charity divert so wicked a Design-- I pray you, dear Creature, let me know quickly when and where I shall begin my Good Deed.

**Hellena**

If you should prevail with my tender Heart (as I fear you will, for you have horribly loving Eyes) there'll be Difficulties in it that you'll hardly undergo for my Sake.

**Wilmore**

Child, I've been bred in Dangers, and my Sword has fought for the hardest and best Cause there is.: Name the Danger-- anything but a long Siege-- and I'll take it.

**Hellena**

Can you storm ?

**Wilmore**

Most furiously

**Hellena**

Can you storm Nunnery Walls? He that wins me must scale those first.

**Wilmore**

A Nun! Oh how I love you for it! There's no Sinner like a young Saint-- young Woman  
be warned: the Old Testament cursed nothing like a Woman who died a Maid;

**Hellena**

I perceive, Father Captain, you would impose no severe Penance on her who was inclined  
to console herself before she took Orders.

**Wilmore**

Ah..not if she was young and handsome, no.

**Hellena**

But what if she isn't?

**Wilmore**

Child, I have intuitive Faith in you, and will endeavour to save you no matter what your  
Faults. Besides, it's more virtuous to leave the World when you've tasted and prov'd the  
Pleasure in it.

**Hellena**

I perceive, good Father Captain, that you design sincerely to make me fit for Heaven; but  
I'm anxious that once I begin I shall love like anything, and then if I don't want Heaven,  
but only the World--what would you do with me?

**Wilmore**

I would have no Choice but to conduct you to the Banquet of Love;  
--Oh, I'm impatient; your Lodging sweetheart, your Lodging, or I'm a dead Man.



**Hellena**

Why must we be guilty of Fornication or Murder if we converse with you Men? And is there no difference between Permission to love me, and Permission to lie with me?

**Wilmore**

Well, Child, they were made to go together.

**Valeria**

*to Frederick, reading his Hand*

I perceive Carnival Desires.

**Frederick**

So far, so good; are they satisfied, these Desires?

**Valeria**

Tis Cloudy and I cannot tell;

**Frederick**

Look again, tell : if Wenches must be demure and nice Year in and out, 'tis only fair they should be free and frolic for one Week in the Calendar.

*Lucetta whispers to Sancho, pointing at Blunt*

**Lucetta**

Are you sure this is the Man?

**Sancho**

Since when did I mistake your Game?

**Lucetta**

He's obviously a Stranger, from his gazing about; he looks English too, and I've heard they're a gullible affectionate People with so high an opinion of themselves that a Woman may flatter'em into any sort of Fool she pleases. If I understand my Trade, he's mine!

*She passes him, checking him out*

**Blunt**

She likes me! I have Beauties which my false Mirror does not show !

*Florinda reads Belvile's Palm, which he desires to withdraw. Callis keeps watch, and listens to a Poem by Stephano.*

**Florinda**

By this Line, Sir, you should be a Lover...

**Belvile**

Come, let me go; I'm weary with this Fooling.

*He walks away*

**Florinda**

I will not, 'till you have confessed whether the Passion that you have vowed Florinda be true or false.

*He stops and seizes her.*

**Belvile**

Florinda!

**Florinda**

Softly! Shh!

**Belvile**

You 've named a Name to fix me here forever

**Florinda**

She'll be disappointed then, who hopes to meet you Tonight at the Garden Gate-- let me see your Hand--Oh you'll be there!-- and there she vows she'll die or make you happy.

*She looks anxiously over her Shoulder as Callis calls in Trepidation*

**Callis**

Madam!

**Belvile**

What do you mean?

**Callis**

Madam, your Brother's here!

**Florinda**

Exactly what I say--Farewell!

**Belvile**

Wait! Wait! Where must I be? at the Garden Gate? I know it--tonight? Tonight you say? Wait!

*Enter Don Pedro and other Masquers and pass over the stage.*

**Florinda**

Away, away! Sisters, our Brother's here.  
*She runs off to fetch Hellena from Wilmore.*

**Wilmore**

*to Hellena*

After Dinner, right here, in that same Costume, then, promise?

**Hellena**

If you'll promise to keep your Heart between now and then.

**Wilmore**

*to Hellena as she exits*

I swear!

*Exit all the Women , Blunt with Lucetta, and Don Pedro's group.*

**Belvile**

Fred, she loves me!

**Frederick**

Have a care Belvile, what you do; this may be a Trap laid by her Brother to ruin you. What is that Letter?

**Belvile**

It's Florinda's Writing. Virtuous, blessed Florinda.

**Frederick**

You are overdoing it, Belvile

**Belvile**

Oh Wilmore! Read this! So loving! So courageous-- read it! See, she" invites me to deliver her from the threatened Violence of her Brother"-- will you help me?

**Wilmore**

Will she be grateful ?

**Belvile**

How do you mean?

**Wilmore**

There's only one way for a Woman to oblige me

**Belvile**

You profane Wilmore. Florinda is virtuous.

**Wilmore**

Pox on her then, she's fit for nothing but a Husband, and you should let her go.

**Frederick**

Go easy, he's in Love

**Wilmore**

Jesting merely, Belvile--I'll help you, sure.

**Belvile**

Read this Postscript.

**Wilmore**

*Reads*

"At ten tonight, at the Garden Gate, for which if I cannot get the Key, I will contrive a way over the Wall--come attended with a Friend or two". Lord, if we can't come up with a Rope to string her over the Garden Wall, we deserve to be lynched ourselves.

**Frederick**

She'll contrive it; these machinating Women can plot like Jesuits in Chains.  
Hey. Hey! Ned Blunt's disappeared with that Woman.

**Belvile**

Damn. He'll never find his way Home; We'll have to notify Missing Persons: "Lost Boy of Thirty Roams Naples"

**Frederick**

I hope she sells him to the Nationalists for Conscription; he's fat enough to survive a Year on Soldiers' Rations;

**Belvile**

I hope he's properly banged and turned out naked at Midnight

**Wilmore**

He must be one of your better loved Friends.

**Belvile**

He's one of your Silver Spoon Boys, who's never wanted for anything, nor ever had a Thought in his Head; educated in a Nursery with a Maid to tend him, trained up as a Tory M.P. by his right Worshipful Father; into Blood Sports from an early age; Investments in Heavy Industry and, I'll wager, friendly with the Reich. He calls us Comrade but he's no Clue of what we are about-- a pox on him, he's our Banker; he's our only Ticket home.

**Frederick**

Let him be; he'll come through.

**Wilmore**

Why should he get lucky with a Wench and I go begging?

**Frederick**

Too much talk perhaps, with your little Gypsy?

**Wilmore**

Ay, Hang her, she was some damned honest virtuous Person of Quality, I'm sure, she was so ....witty. If her Face matches her Wit and Humour, there's no question but I'll have to sacrifice the Month to gain her....

But come on Lads, you must have made some Kind Acquaintance since you came to Town? You can't have lived so quietly.

**Frederick**

Anticipation has kept us quiet; we're all fired for a Beauty newly come to Town from Padua: the famous Angelica Bianca.

**Wilmore**

Not the Mistress of the dead Spanish General?  
Who's she with now?

**Frederick**

No one; she's putting herself up for Sale, and for four days in the week she's yours--for so much a Month.

**Wilmore**

A Whore?

**Frederick**

A Whore.

**Wilmore**

The thought quenches every spark of Fire in me. 'Tis Bizarre....

**Frederick**

'Tis Naples

**Belvile**

'Tis Carnival.

**Wilmore**

So!

**All**

Let's go check the Lady out.

*They Exit.*

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# Act Two, Scene One:

## The Long Street

*Enter Belvile and Frederick in Masquing Costumes, and Wilmore in his own Clothes, with a Mask in his Hand.*

**Wilmore**

Why the Costumes?

**Belvile**

Because no matter what Extravagances we commit in these Faces, we're not responsible.

**Wilmore**

I should get a Mask too; but if I do, that little Gypsy Wench won't know me. Pray God she proves damnably ugly; I can't get her out of my Head.

**Belvile**

If you want to marry for Money, don't fall for a Gypsy

**Wilmore**

She's played with my Heart so it won't lie still till I've met with some Wench who'll play the Game out with me--Oh for my Arms full of soft, white, kind --Woman! yes, I must meet this Angelica.

**Belvile**

This is her House, I doubt you can get admittance; I perceive her Picture is not yet out.

*Enter Blunt*

**Blunt**

Comrade--your Hand, and yours, Fred! I have been an Ass, a deluded Fool, a crowing Imbecile from my birth till this Hour, and I repent my little Faith.

**Belvile**

What the Devil's the matter, Ned?

**Blunt**

What a Woman, Fred, what a Girl!

**Wilmore**

Ha! Where, damn it?

**Frederick**

Ay, where?

**Blunt**

So tender, so loving, and all for sweet Love of me! How she made eyes and kissed Lips and soothed my Heart from my Breast! Am I awake? I think I still feel her Charms, Fred--  
-Try if you can taste any of her Kisses on my Lips--

*Blunt kisses Frederick*

**Belvile**

Ha ha ha!

**Wilmore**

Death Man, where is she?

**Blunt**

Why, why did I stay in dull England so long-- how I laughed at you, Comrade, when you sighed for Love! But now I know all Cupid's joys I once mistook for Fancies, dreams and Fables-- I'm going to sell everything in Essex, and plant here for ever.

**Belvile**

What a Blessing, Blunt, you have a mistress you can boast of out loud; I know you'd rather have a proclaimed clap than a *secret* love affair.

**Wilmore**

Do you know her Name?

**Blunt**

Her name? God'sheartlikins why would I want to know her Name?  
She's fair, young, nubile and generous--ravishingly generous; what a Pox care I for her Name?

**Wilmore**

What did you give her?

**Blunt**

Give her! Ha ha ha! She's a Person of Quality! 'Sheartlikins, you think a Creature like that can be Bought? "Give her"? you ask. It so happens she presented me with this Bracelet, in return for that piddling little Diamond I used to wear: no Gentlemen, no: Ned Blunt is not just Any Body--she expects me again Tonight.



**Wilmore**

Ha! We'll all come!

**Blunt**

Not a Soul; No, Gentlemen, you are Wits; I am a dull country Rogue, I.

**Frederick**

Well, Sir, for all that she's a Person of Quality, I'd be glad to check your Purse is secure; your Funds are all we have at present; come on Sir, hand it over.

**Blunt**

Take it, take the necessary Trifle, useless to me now that I'm beloved by a Gentlewoman; Money Money Money! Here take mine too!

**Frederick**

No, keep Something for her to thieve, so we can laugh .

**Wilmore**

Death! For someone to thieve all the Love I could spare tonight.

**Frederick**

She's a Whore.Upon my Life.

**Blunt**

A Whore? Yes! With such Clothes, such Jewels! Such a House! Such Furniture and so attended!A Whore? 'Sheartlikins, you are jealous, Gentlemen, of this Shape and Size that takes so with the Ladies; my Waste tolerably long, with other inviting Aspects....which shall be be Nameless.

**Wilmore**

Could it be he's struck Lucky?

**Frederick**

No; Angelica has set the Market too high.

*Enter two Bravoes, Angelica's beauteous Bodyguards, with a large Portrait of their Employer, which they place against the Balcony.*

**Belvile**

See there, the Sign for the Inn; any Man's lodging who's Fool enough to give her Price.  
*Wilmore and Blunt gaze at the Picture. A Crowd of Neapolitans gather to gaze.*

**Blunt**

What the Devil's this?

**Belvile**

A famous Courtesan that's to be sold.

**Blunt**

Sold! What Impudence. Sold! What Order and Decency! Whoring's established by virtue of the Fascists I'll wager--Come let's be gone, we're not interested--

**Frederick**

She's too pricey for you Blunt.

**Wilmore**

How wonderfully fair she is--a thousand Crowns a month. A thousand Kingdoms were too little. A Plague on my Poverty; I don't miss Wealth until it hinders my approach to Beauty.

**Blunt**

Would she take a Cheque?

**Bravo**

This is a Trade, sir, that accepts no Credit.

*Enter Don Pedro in Masque Costume, followed by Stephano.*

**Belvile**

We're too noticable; let's walk off a while.

*Exeunt the English.*

**Don Pedro**

A thousand Crowns! I shall find a thousand Crowns. I wouldn't desire her any cheaper.

*Exit Stephano & Don Pedro ;t he Gazers disperse.*

*Angelica and Moretta enter on the Balcony.*

**Angelica**

What did those Fellows say?

**Bravo**

They were Admirers but not Purchasers; they laughed at the Price and passed on.

**Angelica**

Good. He that wishes to but cannot buy gives me more in Pride than I'll get in Pleasure from he who pays the Price.

**Bravo**

I recognized the last through his Disguises: Don Pedro, Nephew to the General, who near ruined him at the Siege of Madrid.

**Angelica**

My old Gallant's nephew? The Republic and the War lost him a vast Sum of Money ; I recall Don Pedro was desperately in love with me in Padua.....

**Moretta**

Not that amorous Ass who used to prance outside your Window all Night? Oh, he'll pay, he's the likliest Man.

**Angelica**

He's brave and generous, but Inconstant. Aye, Inconstancy's the Sin of all Mankind, therefore I'm resolved that nothing but Gold shall charm my Heart.

**Moretta**

And that's the only Interest a Woman of our Profession ought to consider; 'tho I do wonder what has protected you so long from the general Disease of Woman: I mean, of falling in love.

**Angelica**

I was born under Saturn, and so I have no time for Love; the Bravest and Noblest have purchased my Favours at so dear a rate, as if no Coin but Gold were current with our Trade--Ah, here's Don Pedro again; fetch me my lute--it's either him or Don Antonio, my Nets are spread.

***Enter Don Pedro with Stephano; and Don Antonio with his page Diego. Both go up to the Picture.***

**Don Antonio**

A thousand Crowns! What I heard of her Beauty before had fired my Soul, but this confirmation of it has blown it into a Flame.

**Don Pedro**

Ha!

**Don Antonio**

Sir--Has the Painter flattered her?

**Don Pedro**

Flattered her? He cannot. I have seen the Original, she exceeds this, and does so with a languishing Air that no Artist can represent.

**Diego**

You've wasted a thousand Crowns on uglier Women Sir; and although you are near to Marriage....why not? Florinda won't miss it.

**Don Pedro**

*Aside* Ha! Florinda! Sure, it's Antonio.

**Don Antonio**

Pah, Florinda! Not one thought of her will check my Passion here.

**Don Pedro**

Florinda scorned! And my hopes to possess Angelica defeated!

*Music plays above: Angelica sings a Song.*

*Delighted, Don Antonio pulls off his mask and blows kisses up at her.*

**Angelica**

There lives a Woman, a Signorita,  
And she is pretty as her Picture  
And she is tender as a Fire in the Night

*Enter the Courtezans from the Prologue to wonder at Angelica on her Balcony.*

She is for Purchase, her Reputation  
Is not the best, o your Imagination  
Makes her a Furnac of Fascination of Delight.

On every Corner, Women in their Satin Gowns  
Crying out and Falling down  
Oh Women, poor Women  
Dying to be famous.

There lives a Woman, a Signorita  
And every Kiss will make her richer  
And every Lover will discover her true Price

Her House is empty, her Door is open  
If you can pay perhaps you may be welcome  
Is your Blood hot? Well hers will cool you its made of Ice.

*The Courtezans sing below Angelica*

On every Corner, Women in their Satin Gowns  
Crying out and Falling down  
Oh Women, poor Women  
Dying to be famous.  
Women poor Women, dying to be famous.

*The Courtezans exit, as does Angelica.*

*During her Song, Rivals have exchanged angry Looks*

**Don Antonio**

Friend, where do I pay my offering of Love?

**Don Pedro**

You are too late; I intend to pay the thousand Crowns.

**Don Antonio**

Go; Go now, or I shall get angry, and then you will not be safe.

**Don Pedro**

My Anger may be fatal, Sir, as yours;

**Don Antonio**

I don't know who you are; but I think you might be worth killing  
*They draw swords and fight, Pedro with more passion but less skill. Angelica shouts "Not in front of my House!". Enter Wilmore and Blunt, to separate them.*

**Wilmore**

Put up--put up, and take another Time and Place; this is Carnival. Besides, if a fight could win her, she'd be mine.

**Don Pedro**

Dare you meet me tomorrow on the Molo?  
For I've a Title to a better Quarrel,  
That of Florinda in whose credulous Heart  
You've made an Interest, and destroyed my Hopes.

**Don Antonio**

Dare? Wear a Mask, then I can deny killing you.

**Don Pedro**

It shall be so.

**Don Antonio**

Who might this Rival be? Unless the English Socialist of whom I've often heard Don Pedro speak; It's time he were removed.

*As they move to go, Wilmore seizes Angelica's Portrait.*

**Don Antonio**

What do you mean by this? Restore the Picture

**Wilmore**

I will not ...Sir

*Sebastien and Biskey try to take back the Portrait, but Wilmore easily disposes of them.*

**Don Pedro**

By Heaven you will.

**Wilmore**

No more fighting, now.

**Don Pedro**

What Right can you pretend?

**Wilmore**

That of Possession, Sir; like your "Rights" to your Estates

**Don Antonio**

That's Anarchy speaking: Rogues and Rovers!

**Blunt**

Death! You lie!.....well, maybe him.

**Don Pedro**

Restore the Picture, or kiss your Looks goodbye.

**Wilmore**

Not for a thousand Crowns!

*He fights both Pedro & Antonio together. Blunt assists ineffectually. Enter Angelica, with a Gun.*

**Angelica**

Hold! I command you!

*They stop. Armed Braves enter and line up beside her.*

You Sir, unmasked, what are you doing with my Picture?

**Wilmore**

I saw your charming Picture, and was wounded through my Soul. Lady, I have no thousand Crowns. So let me love your Picture.

**Angelica**

Sir, I give you leave. But you must leave at once.

**Don Antonio**

A pox on it! There's a place for Anarchists in forced Labour Camps.

**Wilmore**

Ha! The fascist Forces of Franco, Hitler and Mussolini combined could never put me there. Solidaridad! La Unidad de todo el Pueblo!

*Angelica trains her Gun on Don Antonio; her Braves watch Don Pedro.*

**Don Antonio**

The Police will deal with you.

*to Don Pedro*

Tomorrow.

*He and Don Pedro Exit. Blunt pulls at Wilmore, who looks at Angelica.*

**Blunt**

Is the Devil in you? Don't you know the danger of identifying yourself? Death! Let 's go!

**Wilmore**

Thanks for caring.

**Angelica**

Come into the House. I want to talk with you.

Don't be afraid.

**Wilmore**

Damn these gay Harlots.

*He sets out to enter. Blunt takes his arm.*

**Blunt**

Man, she'll murder you! She'll hold you till the Police come! You shall not go.

**Wilmore**

Let me be. I believe the Woman means well.

**Blunt**

Comrade-?!

*Wilmore is gone*

The Rogue's stark mad for a Wench.

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## Act Two, Scene Two

### A Fine Chamber.

*Enter Wilmore, Angelica and Moretta*

**Angelica**

Insolent Sire, how dare you steal my Picture?

**Wilmore**

How dare you set it up, to abuse the poor with so much Excellence? Is this Heaven of Beauty shown to move Despair in those who cannot buy? And can that Despair be more extravagant than I have shown it ?

**Angelica**

I sent for you to ask my Pardon, Sir, not to aggravate your Crime-- you should be at my Feet imploring it.

**Wilmore**

Then you decieve yourself. I came to rail at you, and talk such Truths too, as shall let you see the Vanity of your Pride, which makes you set so high a Price on Sin-- for Sin it is when what belongs to Love is meanly bartered for.

**Angelica**

Ha ha ha, alas good Captain, what a pity your edifying Doctrine can't work with me-- Moretta, fetch the Gentleman a Glass, he needs a reminder of what Charms he has--

*Aside* Lest he guess my Business.

**Moretta**

He needs no reminder. The stink of those Britches are enough reminder; he hasn't changed 'em since he swam the filthy Ebro on the run.

**Angelica**

Do not abuse a freedom Fighter--

**Moretta**

--Goodbye, Comrade, Weather Beaten or no , will you march off? We have no Scraps here; we can afford no Kindness. The Price is too high for your Mouth, so troop off I say, left right.

**Wilmore**

I came on Business; if you're the Forewoman of the Shop, here's payment.

*He tosses her a bag of coin*

**Moretta**

Keep it for your Laadress; you know the Price.

**Wilmore**

Count it; there's enough for a Part of her.

**Moretta**

*Aside* Pox on him he'll fret me to Death;  
-- we sell only by the Whole Piece

**Wilmore**

I have Comrades in Town , we'll raise the Whole and sell Shares in her at a Public Auction!

**Angelica**

*Aside* This should anger me!--from any other Man

**Moretta**

Out!

**Angelica**

Your Anger will win you no Fortune here; you'll stay Poor, and certainly despised.

**Wilmore**

Yes I am Poor--but I have at least my Dignity, and scorn this Baseness which you practise. Poor as I am I would never sell Myself or Anything I believe in, not even to gain your Favour. Though I admire your Beauty strangely, I do condemn your Thinking; yet what does that matter in the act of Love?

**Moretta**

Out, you Fool, get out at once!

**Angelica**

How dare you take such Liberties! Withdraw!

**Moretta**

Sure, she's bewitched!

**Angelica**

Withdraw, I say!

*Moretta exits. Angelica speaks to Wilmore:*

Why do you say that I am Mercenary ?

Is it *my* Publicity excites Mens' Lust ? No.

And since you will not leave me be, I set me out for Sale-- Men will to Market, and 'tis an honest Impudence to set the Price myself.

And if the "purer flame" of Love struck me to languish at your feet, what then?

**Wilmore**

We cannot know unless we try .

**Angelica**

Keep your distance! Such sudden bold Attractions are false Fires-- they betray--.

For are you Men not guilty of the same mercenary Crime?

When considering a Lady for a Wife, you care nothing for her Beauty or Intelligence, but only, "What's her Fortune?", which, if its small, you cry "she will not serve!" and ignobly leave her, tho' she yearns for you.

**Wilmore**

That 's the barbarous Practise of the Bourgeoisie, which I scorn to follow or defend.

**Angelica**

Well said; you've a true Nature, I see.

**Wilmore**

Here, such a Slave I am to Beauty,

Here is the only Sum I can command on Earth;

I know not how I'll eat when this is gone

Yet this last Reserve I'll pay to enjoy you.

Don't frown and turn away. You are for sale

I know, and would rather be bought by me, by me

For whatever I can pay.  
Deny me and we both lose; look at me; no, look at me...  
I 'm inclined to love you for your Reputation.

**Angelica**

Aside: His words go through me to the very Soul...  
-- Sir, I have too great expectations...

**Wilmore**

The key to Happiness, I now know, is to live for the moment.  
Won't you take my Wallet, and take my Love, this moment, for Happiness?

**Angelica**

Put away your Money.

**Wilmore**

*Aside* What's her meaning?

**Angelica**

If your Fortune were as large as your Soul,  
You could not buy my Love.

**Wilmore**

Then I'll go.

**Angelica**

Wait-- *is* it Love you speak of?  
*Could* you forget I am a Whore,  
And let me be your Lover only?  
Could you prize my yielding joys  
Without considering who else has known them?

**Wilmore**

*Aside* Is she sincere? Tread careful, Wilmore--  
--Curse on your charming Tongue!  
Do you raise my Hopes to dash them?  
You have found the easy way into my Heart  
Tho' I can see that all you say is false.

**Angelica**

Now I'll speak openly:  
I never loved before, tho' often I've had Lovers

**Wilmore**

Madam, I've been so often gulled and cheated  
that I've no Faith left for the weak deceiving Sex,  
Especially for Women of your Trade.

**Angelica**

Good. My Pride surmounts my Love; so  
You may leave. Farewell.

**Wilmore**

*Aside* Death! How you throw a Fire about my Soul!  
Throw off your Pride and show the Power of Love  
I am no Enemy to Bliss: your Arms can enslave me  
Though nothing else on Earth could do it.

**Angelica**

I dare not hear you talk: each Word has charms to draw my Heart away.  
You have undone me. Why are you so soft?  
Your Body's hard and rough and meant for War--  
Would you storm me? I'll not defend myself.  
I am as free as you and just as fiery..

**Wilmore**

Take heed, my Beauty, how you raise my Hopes  
Which, once unleashed, will give me all Dominion:  
There's not a Joy you hold in your hot Store  
But I'll command them all.

**Angelica**

Why hold back? Is it that you cannot Credit me?  
For you I swear repeated Bliss that others vainly languish for  
Do you fear I'm over-used? I can undecieve these fears  
If you will taste but one minute's Joy with with Me.

**Wilmore**

And I will pay you back my Soul, my Life.

**Angelica**

And will you pay me what I ask?

**Wilmore**

Ah! You know I can't!

**Angelica**

The Pay I mean is just: your Love for mine.

**Wilmore**

Entirely.

**Angelica**

Swear it then.

**Wilmore**

So I do, forever. Where's your Bed, Goddess?  
There I'll breathe my Vows so you can't doubt me.

**Angelica**

I can't resist you.

*They exit. Moretta appears.*

**Moretta**

Is all our Project come to this? To love such a No-one, a Beggar, a Soldier without even a Regiment or Country, a Communist, whose Business is to stir up then be gone; an own-nothing, keep-nothing Collectiviser--OH! I could curse now; this is the Fate of most Whores:  
Wealth, which from obsessed Patrons we win  
Is spoil to Love, which leaves us poor again.

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## Act Three, Scene One.

### A Street.

*Enter Florinda, Valeria, Hellena, singing an Italian Gypsy song in harmony.*

Alive in the City  
Oh! Carnival!  
Where Men and Women  
Find their Hearts Delight.  
Follow me Follow  
To the Carnival!  
If Love you cherish  
He'll be there Tonight.  
Love! Love, Love Love  
Love!  
Follow the Carnival, to your Heart's delight.

**Valeria**

This Gypsy Trade comes as naturally to us as if we were born in Granada! But did you see how I stammered when I told the Stranger's Fortune? I thought our own would come burbling out by mistake!

Hellena? Hellena! -- you've been so serious ever since.

**Hellena**

Hey ho, I'm as sad as a lover's Lute.

**Florinda**

I'd give my Garters if she'd fall in Love--to be avenged for the Abuse she's given me.

**Valeria**

Oh Hellena: there, there Hellena.

**Hellena**

Ah, I wish I'd never seen my mad Monsieur. And yet, for all your laughing, I am not in Love; and yet, my having seen him, I can't get him out of my Head.

**Valeria**

Ha, ha, ha! In love with a prodigious Flirt!

**Hellena**

A prodigious Flirt who's stood me up!  
That Thought is not very pleasant to me.

What is this strange new Feeling?

**Valeria**

What is it like?

**Hellena**

Hang me, I cannot choose but be angry and afraid. Might that mad Fellow fall in Love with any Body but me?-- what 's come over me, I don't know-- I would I could meet with some true damned Gypsy, so I could know my Fortune.

**Valeria**

Nothing so easy! You will love the wandering Inconstant 'till you find yourself hanged about his neck, and then be as mad to get free again.

**Florinda**

Alas, Valeria, we'll see her leap into his Jeep and wave a Flag all the way to Russia.

**Hellena**

Why not? All you are provided for, no-one cares for poor Me-- But since you've set my Heart a-wishing, you must tell me what I'm wishing for. Come now, it won't kill me-- unless its very long.

**Florinda**

Hellena! You're mad to talk so! Oh! Who could like you that heard the way you talk?

**Hellena**

Like me? I don't intend that every He that likes me should have me, but only He that I like: I'd have stayed in the Nunnery, if I'd liked the Abbess as well as she'd liked me. But no, I left the Convent not( as my wise Brother imagines) to take eternal an Farewell to the World, but to love and to be beloved; and I will be beloved, or I'll steal one of your Men, so help me God.

**Valeria**

Ahem, who puts me in the Number of Lovers?

**Hellena**



You were flaunting and ogling enough to lure the entire City to your Bed, and not just your Frederick.

**Florinda**

Hellena, Valeria--you are too rash to give your Hearts at first sight. I saw a thousand Charmers before I could yield; and it was knowing Belville's Merit, simply his Person, that took my Soul.

**Hellena**

Oh, Hang your soulful Lover; I never thought much of Courtship, it's an idle, silly kind of Pleasure to write soft little Billet Doux, and receive Answers, with great danger, where my Beauty's praised, my Wit admired --

**Valeria**

Assuming you dare show any--

**Hellena**

; No I already have the Vanity to know I am desirable; and I am to be a NUN, and so shall not be suspected of having any such earthly Thoughts about me--But when I walk like this-- and sigh like this-- they'll think my mind's on my Monastery, and cry, "How serene she is, how celibate! " and not a Whisper of Man.

**Florinda**

I fear for you Hellena.

**Hellena**

Just like my Brother: "Take Heed of the Honour of our House, and your own unspotted Fame" and so on and so on and so--Here comes your Lover--where's my Inconstant? Step aside, and we'll learn Something.

*Enter Belvile, Frederick and Blunt.*

**Belvile**

What's going on? The Picture's gone!

**Blunt**

Wilmore is a proper handsome Fellow. Perhaps the Wench is goodnatured....

**Belvile**

More likely she has cut his Throat and fled. Pox on it! Let's knock and ask for him.

**Hellena**

My heart goes pitapat, for fear its my Man they talk of.

*They pound on the door and cry: Wilmore!!*

*Enter Biskey and Moretta above.*

**Biskey**

What do you want?

**Belvile**

Tell the Stranger that entered here about two Hours ago that his Friends are come for him.

**Moretta**

He's coming out to you, and brings my Curse with him

*She goes in. Enter Wilmore below*

**Belvile**

And how, and how, dear Lad, has Fortune smiled? Do we raise a Flag to her or break her Windows, hah?

**Wilmore**

Look at this Face! Am I smiling? Haven't I an Ambience about me to distinguish me from common Lovers? Buona Roba! Signorita! To sleep in her Arms is lying in Frescoe, all perfumed Air about me.

**Hellena**

Aagh!

**Wilmore**

Time for a Drink Boys, lets go take a Bottle and hear the Story of my Success; Come, Gentlemen, study this, study this which will supply all our Needs-

*he jingles Gold*

--and while we're here this shall buy us new Pleasures every Minute.

**Blunt**

But....er...Sir, you're not married, are you?

**Wilmore**

All the Honey of Matrimony, but none of the Sting.

**Blunt**

You were born Lucky

**Wilmore**

I was indeed, and here's the Proof of it

*Enter Sancho, watching Blunt*

**Belvile**

So, Comrade, the little Gypsy is forgotten?

**Wilmore**

Damn! Damn you for reminding me of her! The night's Debauch drank her right out of my System.

**Hellena**

Did it now, good Comrade.

**Wilmore**

*Aside* Ha! I hope she didn't hear me!

**Sancho**

Sir, my Lady expects you. She has removed all that might oppose your Will and Pleasure, and is impatient till you come.

**Blunt**

Oh! Her Husband is gone out! I'll not say goodbye, they'll only dog me or delay me.

*Blunt exits with Sancho*

**Frederick**

Madam Gypsy! I need you!

**Wilmore**

You're a fine Woman of your Word, to make a Man languish a whole Day--

**Hellena**

--Exhaustively searching for me?

**Wilmore**

--How did you know? I've walked the Streets, dazed, listless, a Pilgrim--if you'd seen me you'd have pitied me.

**Hellena**

*Aside* Hanged if I can be angry with him--he's such a great Liar!  
--Such Devotion must be rewarded, Sir

**Wilmore**

That's kindly said, I see you have a Conscience. For Starters, then, show me your Face.

**Hellena**

Oh! This Morning you said you didn't care what I looked like. Your Appetite's cooled.

**Wilmore**

Long fasting, Child, spoils a Man's Appetite-- but if you're handing out Treats, I can find Room somehow.

**Valeria**

Would you begin before the Priest says Grace?

**Wilmore**

Oh, yuch, a Priest! You could not douse me more if you showed me an ugly Face.  
*Enter Angellica, Moretta, Biskey and Sebastian, all in masquerade. Angelica sees Wilmore courting Hellena and is aghast.*

**Angelica**

Oh God! Oh Heavens! Is it He? And passionately involved with another Woman?

**Moretta**

What else could you expect from a no-good Socialist.

**Angelica**

Expect! As much as I gave him , a Heart entire  
Which I had Pride enough to think when I gave it  
It should deserve more Constancy than this.

**Hellena**

You see Comrade Captain, how willing I am to be Friends with you, 'till Time and Ill-Luck make us Lovers; and I'll pop the Question first rather than put your Modesty to the Blush by your asking me. For I know you Politicals are such strict Men, and so devoted

to your social Ideals, it would be hard to distract your tender Conscience to Marriage with a young and willing Maid.

**Wilmore**

Maybe I'll accept; Marriage to me would be the hardest Revenge on you.

**Hellena**

Then its decided, and a good Destiny too since we are both of one Humour. I am as Inconstant as you. You see, I have considered, dear Husband, that a handsome Woman has a great deal of options while her Face is good, for then its our Harvest Time to gather Friends. And so, it would be disastrous for me in these Youthful Days of my Prime to catch a fit of Constancy. No! T'would be loitering after Daylight in the Lobby of Life!

I therefore vow I'll allow us one year for Love, one year for Indifference and one year for Hate, and then go hang yourself--for I profess myself the Gay, the Kind and the Inconstant. The Devil's to pay if this won't please you!

**Wilmore**

My Heart's got a Hole in it too--no Prison like Mine to keep a Mistress in.

**Angelica**

*Aside* Perjured Man! How I trust you now!

**Hellena**

Then we are resolved...? Your business is to con as many Maids as trust you; mine the same with Men of Faith--see if I have not as desperate a lying Look as yourself....

*She removes her mask*

How do you like it?

**Wilmore**

Like it! I never saw so much Beauty. Oh the Charms of those sprightly black Eyes, that strangely fair Face full of Smiles and Dimples! those soft round melting cherry Lips! and small even white Teeth! Oh! One look more, and strike me dumb, or I'll go raving till I'm apprehended, mad!

**Angelica**

It is not fit to interrupt him, or my Jealousy will overtake my Reason. Oh I can endure no more!

Sebastian! Follow that woman and learn who it is; You--tell the Fugitive I would speak to him instantly.

*She exits. Florinda courts Belvile, who is unresponsive. Frederick courts Valeria.*

**Valeria**

Dear Sir, Comrade, don't look so sad! You are divided from your Love, but see my Friend frankly offers you hers to play with in the meantime.

*To Frederick*

And I, Sir, will do as she does.

**Belvile**

I am sorry; I cannot play her Game.

**Frederick**

Mind your own Affair and he'll come around; in Public he's a Model of Integrity, but alone no Woman escapes him.

**Florinda**

*Aside* Oh! What if its true? I'll tempt him further.

**Florinda**

Believe me, I'm no common Mistress -- shall I prove it to you? -- why, gladly, take this Jewel.

**Belvile**

Madam, out of all Mankind, why choose me to be the Object of your Bounty?

**Valeria**

There's another civil Question asked.

**Frederick**

Pox on him, along with his own he's spoiling my Chances.

**Florinda**

Sir, from my Window I have often seen you; and Women of Quality have so few Opportunities for Love, we can't afford to lose any.

**Frederick**

Ay, this is something! Here's a Woman! Take the Jewel, Fool--

**Belvile**

You tempt me strangely Madam, every way--

**Florinda**

*Aside* And if I find you false my whole Repose is gone--

**Belvile**

--and but for a Vow I've made to a very fine Lady, this Goodness had subdued me.

*Enter Callis, in a panic she attempts to gather up Florinda, and then the other Sisters. Hellena continues to taunt Wilmore.*

**Hellena**

Tell me what you did inside that House.

**Wilmore**

Which House?

**Hellena**

That House

**Wilmore**

That House? Oh, that House. Oh, I went to.... a Friend of mine lives there.

**Hellena**

What, a He or a She Friend?

**Wilmore**

A Man, upon my Honour, a Man.

**Hellena**

"Ah, such a Buona Roba, "to be in his Arms is to lie in Fresco, all perfumed Air about me"-- was this your Man Friend too?

**Wilmore**

Yes. No.

**Hellena**

Yes?

**Wilmore**

No. There are, Madam, you see, there are certain Ladies of the World who are not standoffish; there are, Madam, certain--

**Hellena**

--And there are, Sir, there are Men too, as Inconstant and Wild as yourself; there are, Comrade, there are, and so I have resolved:

**Wilmore**

Oh!

**Hellena**

--To see your Face no more--

**Wilmore**

Oh!

**Hellena**

--'till Tomorrow

**Wilmore**

Ah!

**Hellena**

Providing you swear never to see that Lady more.

**Wilmore**

See her? I won't think of her, or any Woman.

**Hellena**

Kneel and swear.

"I do --swear never to think--, to see--, to love--, nor lie-- with any but thy Self".

*He repeats each phrase, with increasing Reluctance.*



**Hellena**

Kiss the Book.  
*He kisses her hand*

**Wilmore**

Most religiously!

**Hellena**

And now I've made you damn your Soul.

**Callis**

Girls, it's getting Dark, we must go.

**Florinda**

I leave this with you, that when I'm gone you may repent the Opportunity you lost by your Modesty.  
*She gives him the Jewel, which is her picture. All the Women Exit.*  
*Belvile looks at the Jewel.*

**Belvile**

Florinda's Picture! It was her! It was her-- why didn't she say--! What an Idiot was I? I'd have given the World for one minute's Talk--

**Frederick**

Damn your Modesty Belvile, a Pox on your Vow; I've lost the Jewel of her Friend because you chased them off.

**Belvile**

Wilmore! The blessed Opportunity, lost! Florinda, Friends, Florinda!

**Wilmore**

Such a Face, such devilry, such black Eyes-- and so much Wit!

**Belvile**

All, all and a thousand Charms beside

**Wilmore**

Do you know who she is?

**Belvile**

Know her? Yes, yes, and Pox take me that I didn't seize her when I had the Chance!

**Wilmore**

No, Belvile, you are my Comrade, don't be my Rival here--

**Belvile**

I am mad. I am mad to have missed her!

*He shows the Picture to Wilmore*

**Wilmore**

Fine Wench. Who is it?

**Frederick**

Belvile's Spanish Girl.

**Wilmore**

Oh-h! I thought you meant-- calm down, have a Drink. A Bottle will set you right again.

**Belvile**

A Drink. Yes. Let's drink; and then it will be time to meet her at the Garden.

**Wilmore**

Agreed.

*They exit.*

---

## Act Three Scene Two

### At Lucetta's House.

*Enter Blunt and Lucetta, with the Prologue Courtezans, who prepare Lucetta.*

**Sancho**

Haste, he'll be here any Moment.

**Lucetta**

We'll be cruel as Convicts or Pimps of Naples.

**Sancho**

You are a pretty Advocate.

**Lucetta**

A pretty Lady am I not? I shall dote upon the Serenading Dandy, his white Fingers, his fine Clothes, and, God's heartlikins, his enormous Folly. Could I woo him into Marriage, I wonder?

**Sancho**

Ha! Stop your dreaming Lucetta. Your shoulders are as laced as mine with the Whip Lash. Make him hot, but don't let him do you, hear me? I'll beat you if you lick him.

**Lucetta**

Fear me not.

**Blunt**

Yoo-- Hoo!

*Enter Blunt, Sancho opens a large Trap in the Floor then exits.*

**Lucetta**

Now we are Home free: no fears of my jealous old Husband coming Home, and Love is all the business of my Soul.

**Blunt**

I am, I am, I am transported.

*Aside* Damn it, what does one say in these Situations? I was a Fool not to learn Something from Frederick before I came. Ugh, I must say something--Sweet Soul; 'Ds HeartLikins; I am a wealthy Man, but would be your humble Servant, Madam.

**Lucetta**

The first sight of your sweet Face and Shape made me your absolute Captive.

**Blunt**

*Aside* Oh! I'll show her Husband a Spanish Trick; send him out of the World and marry her myself: she's damnably in Love with me, she'll hand all his Wealth to me, so its a good Investment....  
--Your Captive Madam!

**Lucetta**

Well.

**Blunt**

Well.

**Lucetta**

Well then.

**Blunt**

Well then.

**Lucetta**

I'll go get undressed, and I'll be right back.

**Blunt**

Oh. Er-- Hurry!

**Lucetta**

Dear Soul, you cannot guess at the Pain of a longing Lover when Joys are compassed within so few minutes.

*She goes out.*

**Blunt**

Ha!

A rare Girl. I should take her home to England, though to tell the truth there's enough Whores there already. What a House she has! How rich and Fine!

*Enter Sancho*

**Sancho**

Sir, my Lady has sent me to conduct you to her Chamber.

**Blunt**

Heartlikins, by his manners he might be a Justice of the Peace in Essex, while here he's a procuring Pimp! How strange the World is!

*Blunt follows Sancho to an Inner Room with an Alcove Bed, with Lucetta in it. Sancho takes the Candle from Blunt at the door.*

Adieu Sir.

**Sancho**

**Blunt**

What? No! I'm afraid of the Dark.

**Sancho**

Sir, this is as far as I go.

**Blunt**

No, Please! Ah, quite so, quite so.  
Are you in bed, sweet Mistress?

**Lucetta**

Indeed!

*Blunt falls over a piece of Furniture, and cries out.*

**A Voice**

.. my kindness awaits.

*Each of the Whores call to Blunt from a different Place, until he is both wounded and dizzy.*

**Blunt**

This is Love's Holy Day--

**A Voice**

Oh my sweetest!

**Blunt**

--the rest were working Days in which I but ploughed the Sex.

**A Voice**

Make speed my Love!

**Blunt**

*He leaps where he thinks she is.*

Ahhh!

Where are you sweetest?

**A Voice**

Over here Sweetness!

*He leaps again.*

Ow-Ahhh-hhhhh!  
My dove?

**Blunt**

Here my Love!

**A Voice**

Here my Love!

**A Voice**

Here my Love!

**A Voice**

Right a bit, Left a bit, Forward, to the Left-- right there!

**Lucetta**

Owww-Ahhhhhh-hhhh-hhhhh!

**Blunt**

*Blunt disappears down the Trap. Sancho enters with a Light.*

**Sancho**

A pretty love Trick, finely dispatched. Did you enjoy yourself?

**Lucetta**

No.

**Sancho**

Are you sure?

**Lucetta**

Let us see what we have got by this.

**Sancho**

Ha! A rich Coat; fine Trousers; a Pistol, with Ammunition! And Gold! The Waistband of his Trousers have a mine of Gold. There must be two hundred Pieces here!

**Lucetta**

A bunch of Diamond Rings; one with the Family Arms. A gold Box with family Pictures and a Lock of Hair...

**Sancho**

This is the Fleece which Fools do bear,  
designed for witty Men to shear.  
I'll guard your Shares as well.

Lucetta

You shall not be guilty of that Folly.

Sancho

Come now, you Whores, to Bed.

*Exit Sancho*

**Lucetta**

Pshaw, these Pimps are like the Cooks of the Camp; they can roast or boil a Woman, but know none of the Tricks to make the Sauce pleasant.

Ha ha, I was a Jilt to act Love for the believing Fool; yes, Love will leave you Naked, Brother.

*She makes to follow Sancho, then calls down the Trap*

Take these you poor little rich Boy!

*She throws her Drawers of Purple Silk down the Hole where Blunt fell.*

*He emerges from a Sewer Outlet on Another Street .*

**Blunt**

Oh Lord, I've got out at last. Alas, I know not where I am, nor how to get Home.

Oh Blunt, what a Fool, what a Dog you are. "Loser" is written plain across your Forehead-- Tis a Song! And Every Body will be singing it!

I've lost everything save my Virginity--

Dammit-- that's the Chorus!

Damn the-- Curse the-- where do I begin?

With myself, my Fortune, the damned Queen that tricked me? Ay, that's for certain, all we Good Natured, Sensitive Guys find to our cost:

You can never believe in a Woman!

---

## **Act Three, Scene Three**

### **A walled Garden.**

*It is dark and windy. Enter Florinda, a Cloak over her Nightgown, with a Key and a little Box.*

**Florinda**

Well, so far so good, I'm on my way to Happiness. I've got myself free from Callis, my Brother is thinking of his inheritance and not of me; good Fortune and Hellena's light Fingers availed me of the Garden Key....

*A noise startles her.*

What's that? I'm as fearful as a young Thief!

Is it the Wind in the Boughs?

Belvile is late, he's late!

*The sound of Wilmore singing drunkenly alarms her.*

Who's there? I must hide my Jewels-- in the Jasmine.

*She goes to lay down the Box.*

*Enter Wilmore, masked and drunk.*

**Wilmore**

Belvile! Frederick! They promised to wait at the next Corner, but who the hell knows the corner of a full Moon? What's this? A very pleasant Garden! A very convenient Place to sleep in--Ha! What has God sent us here? A Female? By this light a Woman! I'm a Dog if it isn't a Wench! A Wench of the Night! Sweet Lady, let me salute your Shoestring.

**Florinda**

Who are you? What are you doing here?

**Wilmore**

No hard questions, please! Come, kiss me.

**Florinda**

Oh God!

**Wilmore**

By God, she smells good for a Whore. Come now, don't be foolish, let's lose no Time. You can do whatever you want to me, I'll be very Secret--

**Florinda**

Unhand me or I'll cry Murder, Rape or Anything--

**Wilmore**

Rape! Come here, you lying Baggage, spin me no Lies. Why, at this time of Night, was your cobweb Door set open, dear Spider, but to catch Flies?

**Florinda**

Filthy beast--

**Wilmore**

I am so a filthy Beast, and that is why you want me. Come on, 'tis Fated, pure Accident on both sides, come on--

**Florinda**

Would you ruin me--?



**Wilmore**

No no, look, here's Coin for you--

**Florinda**

Sir, if you're a Gentleman--

**Wilmore**

It's no use wheedling me for more! No struggling now, come on--  
*She struggles with him, threatening to call out.*

**Florinda**

Please, I beg you; Don't make me cry out, don't make me--  
*The struggles worsens*

**Florinda**

Help! Murder! Help!  
*Don Pedro enters above, calling to Stephano. Enter Belvile followed by Frederick, both masked.*

**Belvile**

Florinda!  
Villain-- let go that Lady!  
*Belvile fights Wilmore, throws him, and then runs to Florinda. Frederick disarms Wilmore, who falls.*

**Florinda**

Belvile!

**Wilmore**

*removing his Mask.*

Belvile?

**Belvile**

Wilmore?

**Wilmore**

Belvile!

**Frederick**

Wilmore!  
*Frederick pushes Wilmore Offstage.*

**Florinda**

Alas, my Brother is coming. I cannot escape with you now. This rude Man has-- Go! Go!

**Belvile**

Florinda!-- I'll walk under your Chamber Window--  
Wilmore!

*He runs from the Garden. Enter Don Pedro and Stephano with Lights, followed by Hellena.*

**Don Pedro**

The Gate undone! I'm betrayed! Run Stephano, see that Florinda is safe and the House secure.

**Hellena**

You need not, Sir. My dear Sister's fast asleep. I would not awake her, for fear of frightening her with your Danger.

**Don Pedro**

Anarchy! Who opened up the Garden Gate?

**Hellena**

I expect the Servants have been masquerading.

**Stephano**

I'll find them out and punish them.

**Hellena**

A lewd Custom which debauches Youth.

**Don Pedro**

There's something more in this than I imagine. There's something more.

*He exits, pulling Hellena with him.*

---

## **Act Three, Scene Four.**

### **The Long Street.**

*Enter Belvile in a Rage, Frederick holding him off Wilmore, who is dejected.*

**Wilmore**

Why, how was I supposed to know it was Florinda?

**Belvile**

Must you always be a Beast, a Brute, a senseless Swine? We're not at War now!

**Wilmore**

I was hoping the Quarrel would be on my side for the uncivil Interruption.

**Belvile**

Not one more Word! Or I swear, you Brute I'll--

**Wilmore**

We're not at War now!

**Frederick**

Belvile, this is your Comrade! You're distracted! He's sorry, look at him, he's very sorry for his Fault.

**Wilmore**

I'm very sorry for my Fault.

**Belvile**

He's always sorry afterwards, but never changes. I hope your Sorrow kills you.

**Wilmore**

I thought she was a Harlot!

**Belvile**

What if she was? She cried to stop you! Drunken Sot! Animal!

You could tell she was a Woman, could you not distinguish her Innocence, just to see her Face and Person should strike an awful Reverence in your Soul.

**Wilmore**

Woman, yes. More...I couldn't wish to know.

**Belvile**

Death! I've no more patience-- draw or I'll kill you.

**Wilmore**

Comrade, I swear I'll make it up to you Tomorrow; if not then kill me.

**Belvile**

Dammit, tomorrow she 's to marry Antonio.

**Wilmore**

*He shrugs his Shoulders*

Ah.

**Belvile**

Ahhhh!

**Wilmore**

*I'll* kill him?

**Belvile**

No. You wait for Instructions. I'll plant myself under Florinda's Window for News. If I find no Comfort there, I die.

*Exit Frederick and Belvile.*

**Wilmore**

What a Night!

Why, this is Angelica's house. Did I not promise her Tonight--

*Enter Antonio*

Who the Devil have we here?

*Enter Moretta, above.*

**Moretta**

Don Antonio?

**Don Antonio**

Yea, come to claim the Prize I paid for.

**Wilmore**

Antonio? Entering Angelica's? And Belvile's Florinda? Damn'd Fascist! Por La Libertad de Nostra Patria!!

*He runs at Antonio ; they Fight and Antonio is wounded.*

**Moretta**

Ring the Alarm. Its the mad Communist back again.  
Help! Help! A Man killed!

*Belvile and Frederick run back in, Belvile takes Wilmore's Sword.*

**Wilmore**

I killed him Belvile. I should go to sleep now.

**Belvile**

Take the mad Fool off.

*Belvile kneels by Antonio. Enter the Condottieri, with Guns.*

**Antonio**

Arrest this Anarchist.

**Belvile**

I came to his assistance.

**Antonio**

These Englishmen are Communists.

**Belvile**

No Sir, not I.

**Antonio**

Take them away.

**Belvile**

You are arresting me for my Humanity?

**Antonio**

Take him away.

**Diego**

Yes sir, Don Antonio, Sir.

**Belvile**

Antonio? You are Don Antonio? Damn you Sir!

**He struggles to attack Antonio, but is carried off.**

---

## **Act Four Scene One**

### **A Dark Room, with Belvile in it.**

**Belvile**

I am Defeated. I'm a Stranger to the Government of this Nation without Mercy, and Prisoner to the Man who will take Florinda. A Fascist and a whoring Knave who'd betray her on the eve of wedding her. And they'll kill me like a Dog, without defence. A Light! A Door opens. So now I die, alone and for Nothing.

*Enter Don Antonio*

**Don Antonio**

It was a mean Action to attack me basely without allowing Time for my Defence.

**Belvile**

View me well. It was another Man attacked you. You'll find no Cowardice or Brutality in me.

**Don Antonio**

You can't fool me, sir. Neither can you kill me, it seems, though twice you have attacked me at the House of the Courtesan Angelica.

**Belvile**

Sir, if you intend to kill me, go ahead.

**Don Antonio**

Hm. I have a Quarrel with a Rival, about a Woman whom we both love.

**Belvile**

*Aside* Death! He means Florinda!

**Don Antonio**

This Rival challenged me Yesterday to meet him on the Molo, at Daybreak.

**Belvile**

That's soon.

**Don Antonio**

And Tonight you have made my Arm unfit to duel.

**Belvile**

And?

**Don Antonio**

You are in Danger from our Laws, on two Counts: the Law against Street fighting during Carnival, and the Law against Social Agitators. Perhaps I could snatch you from impending Doom...

**Belvile**

Perhaps.

**Don Antonio**

What do you say?

**Belvile**

You'd have me kill the Man that you're to meet on the Molo. He who lays a claim to-- the Maid you speak of.

**Don Antonio**

It's your Idea, not mine.  
You fight under my Name and Dress.

**Belvile**

In exchange for?

**Don Antonio**

Your Liberty.

**Belvile**

I'll do it.

**Don Antonio**

Swear.

**Belvile**

On Liberty, I swear.

**Don Antonio**

Come sir, the Day calls you forth. Put on this Costume.

**Belvile**

*Aside:* Fantastic Fortune--your deceptive Light  
cheats us wearied Soldiers by the Night;  
But even if a Precipice I tread  
I'm resolved to follow where you lead.

*Belvile exits, following Antonio.*

*Intermission.*

---

## **Act Four, Scene Two**

### **The Molo**

*Enter Don Pedro. A Courtezan from the Prologue, stands against a Building, and attempts to sell a Newspaper to Don Pedro.*

*Courtezan*

Il Duce Outlaws Duelling!

*Don Pedro brushes her off, and she exits. He is waiting.*

*Enter Florinda and Callis, in Masque costumes, with Hellena.*

**Florinda**

Hellena, can't you tell me whom it is my Brother is to fight?

**Hellena**

He wouldn't say-- But I am sure it was you they fought over.

**Florinda**

Then it must be Belvile. What other Lover is there who'd dare fight with Pedro--except Antonio-- and surely, they are too close ever to fight--?

*Enter Pedro*



Antonio? **Don Pedro**

**Florinda**

Antonio? Sure, I heard amiss.

**Don Pedro**

He's late. The Place will get too busy and the Duel will be prevented.  
He's late. But who will not excuse a happy Lover  
When soft Arms confine the yielding Neck?  
He's late. I fear he's been with fair Angelica.

*Enter Belvile in Antonio's clothes.*

**Belvile**

This must be he.

**Don Pedro**

Antonio! Good Morning!

**Belvile**

You're early Sir.

**Don Pedro**

The wretched, Sir, are watchful, and this Night is the end of your Advantage in Angelica.

**Belvile**

*Aside* :Angelica?

Have I mistook my Man? Or has Antonio?

**Don Pedro**

Come sir, you know our Terms.

**Belvile**

No talking. I am ready Sir.

*They fight. Belvile disarms Pedro: Florinda runs in and protects Pedro with her body.*

**Don Pedro**

Florinda!

**Florinda**

Hold! Whoever you are, if you strike here I die!

**Belvile**

*Aside* Florinda, imploring for my Rival?

**Don Pedro**

*pushes Florinda away.*

Go!. Away!

*Don Pedro swipes at Florinda; Callis screams. The Duellers fight again. Belvile disarms Pedro a second time. Florinda again runs in.*

**Florinda**

By all you believe in; by her you love: don't hurt him.

**Belvile**

By her I love? I obey. I obey.

*He lays his Sword at her feet.*

**Don Pedro**

Antonio. You love Florinda. This action proves: you love Florinda.

**Belvile**

Love Florinda? Love her? Take up your Sword again, impale me on it: upon this Truth I'll give my Life away.

**Don Pedro**

No; you've redeemed my Friendship and my Sister.

*He pulls off his Vizard to show his Face.*

**Belvile**

Don Pedro!

**Don Pedro**

Resign your claims to Angelica and give your Heart entirely to my Sister?

**Belvile**

I do! We will marry this Instant; I'll delay my Happiness no longer.

**Don Pedro**

This Minute, yes; no Time like the present.  
Tonight my Father arrives from Rome  
And will likely hinder what we propose.

**Florinda**

Brother?

**Don Pedro**

*Ignoring her*

So that no-one will observe us, you go that way to Saint Peter's Church, I'll bring Florinda with me;

**Belvile**

I'll meet you there.

**Don Pedro**

And I'll instruct a Father to conclude your Happiness.

**Florinda**

Wait! I have not prepared my Heart.

**Belvile**

Shh. Madam, you don't know what you're saying.

**Don Pedro**

We've no time for Modesty.

**Florinda**

I despise the Man who lays a Tyrant's Claim to what he ought to conquer by devotion.

**Belvile**

She's coy. Its best I speak to her alone.

*He draws her aside.*

**Florinda**

Sir, you can force me to the Altar but you will never force me to submit to you.

*He lifts his Vizard*

**Belvile**

Do not lose so blessed an opportunity!

**Florinda**

Belvile!

**Belvile**

Don't be afraid; we must use our Wits.

*Enter Wilmore, finely dressed*

**Wilmore**

Belvile! How goes it? I passed a good Night.

**Don Pedro**

Belvile!

**Belvile**

You! Go to Hell!

**Don Pedro**

Ha! I beg your pardon Sir, you have Something of mine.

*He seizes Florinda*

**Belvile**

Take your Hands from her; she's mine by Conquest; I won her with my Sword.

**Wilmore**

Did you now? Then we'll keep her by the Sword.

*Wilmore draws and attacks Pedro. Belvile gets between them.*

**Belvile**

Stop! Stand off! I'll not have you fight for me; you are so lewd and profoundly cursed, its fatal for you to enter any Quarrel .

**Wilmore**

Well, if you're going to be like that...I'll wait until you beg for my Help.

**Belvile**

*To Pedro* You're Florinda's Brother, and I won't hurt any Man she holds dear.

**Don Pedro**

*To Florinda*

This was a clever Plot you cooked up with Belvile. Almost convincing.  
But not convincing enough. Sister, come with me.

**Florinda**

Pedro, I can explain...

*He pulls her out with him.*

**Wilmore**

Don't hang back now--you'll lose the Woman!

**Belvile**

Don't speak to me!

**Wilmore**

What have I done?

**Belvile**

Leave me, leave me instantly!

**Wilmore**

Not while you're being uncivil, and not until you tell me what I've done.

**Belvile**

Death, I'll explain it all to you Wilmore!

*He draws his Sword and runs at Wilmore, who turns and runs away.*

*Enter Frederick, Angelica, Moretta and Sebastian.*

**Angelica**

Ha! There goes Wilmore! Go, quickly, bring him back to me.

**Frederick**

Belvile's mad; Wilmore's madder--They're going to get us all in trouble.

*He runs out after them. Angelica and Moretta remain on stage.*

**Angelica**

I am all Rage! Yesterday he fought for my Favour;  
Now I must beg with pleading Invitations,

and last Night he broke his Word--false perjured Man--  
my first Love's dead, defeated... he loves one whose  
only Merit, as far as he knows, is that she's  
Don Pedro's youngest Sister.....dumb dumb Imbecile!  
He does not see me now, though YesterDay  
he'd have sacrificed his Life to've  
gained one Night with me! Oh!

**Moretta**

I told you what would come of it, but would you listen? No, Moretta's a doting old Fool;  
Don't listen to her, no, go ahead and give him 500 Crowns, turn away your other paying  
Customers! And now, surprise surprise he's set himself out for other Lovers. You should  
have kept him Poor if you wanted any Good of him.

**Angelica**

Its not the Money.  
If I'd given him all  
My Youth has earned from Sin,  
I'd not have lost a Thought nor a Sigh upon it;  
But I've given him my eternal Rest,  
My whole Repose, my future Joys, my Heart, my virgin Heart.  
Moretta! oh, its gone!

**Moretta**

Curse on him, Here he comes, to shame you again for being a Whore. A pox on your  
faint Heart; I'll find a new Partner.

*Exit Moretta , enter Wilmore . Angelica turns and walks away.*

**Wilmore**

Oh, turn your Shadow. Follow when I run from you, walk away when I pursue.

**Angelica**

You may mock. All Happiness, all Joys pursue you. But know, false Man, that you have  
done me wrong.

*She turns away.*

**Wilmore**

Oh no, no no. I hate a sullen Lover! My Business is to laugh and love; it would take me  
as much Time to make up with you as to woo and gain a whole new Woman.

**Angelica**

I scorn to deliver exactly what you want of me; I'll not be your Drudge or your virtuous Mistress.

**Wilmore**

What would I want with a virtuous Mistress! ? Virtue's an illness in a Woman.

**Angelica**

You are persuasive; I wish you could persuade my Heart that you pursue that Girl for her two hundred thousand Crowns and not for her Youth and Beauty.

**Wilmore**

Two hundred thousand Crowns? What Story's this? What Woman? Oh-h-

**Angelica**

Why, how odd. Have you forgotten the Woman you pursued on the Piazza last night?

**Wilmore**

Pox on it! my Gypsy worth two hundred thousand Crowns?

**Angelica**

False Man! I see my Ruin in your Face. How you promised on my Breast never to be unfaithful--have you forgotten your Vows so soon?

**Wilmore**

No, I was just coming to repeat 'em, if you're in the Mood.

*Aside* Some Mood indeed; I wish she'd be angry enough to walk off and leave me.

*Enter Hellena, in Man's Clothes.*

**Hellena**

*Aside* This must be Angelica; Grr, ay ay and my mad Soldier's with her too, for all his swearing; by God I love a straightforward lying Man.

**Angelica**

I am in no Mood for your Vows.

**Wilmore**

Then I'll be gone, since you wish it.

**Angelica**

Stay!

**Wilmore**

*Aside:* Death, how shall I get away?  
Madam, I've a Friend-- that's dangerously sick.

**Angelica**

I see you're impatient, yet you shall stay.

**Wilmore**

*Aside* And miss my Assignation with my Gypsy!  
*Hellena addresses herself to Angelica.*

**Hellena**

Excuse me good Gentlewoman: are you the Lady Angelica?

**Angelica**

Indeed I am.

**Hellena**

Madam, you'll pardon my Intrusion when you know my Business;  
I hope there's a wondrous store of Goodness  
Where so much rare and virgin Beauty dwells.

**Angelica**

Wilmore, stay. You shall not go.

**Hellena**

I am related to a Lady, Madam,  
Young, Rich and Nobly born--its her Misfortune  
to be in Love with an Englishman of the International Brigade.  
At first sight she loved him, Faults and all  
For he, she said, had Charms in every Word.

**Wilmore }**

*Aside* God, it must be me!

**Angelica }**

*Aside* God, it must be he!



This praise will raise his Pride and ruin mine.

*To Wilmore*

Since you are so impatient to be gone, I release you, Sir.

**Wilmore**

Madam, I've considered and have decided to stay.

**Angelica**

But Sir, I've--Business now, that--

**Wilmore**

But Madam, you confuse me with your Moods.

**Angelica**

Your Friend--

**Wilmore**

Is less to me than you.

**Hellena**

This cunning Flatterer --! -- was believed by her;  
She thought herself the happiest Maid alive:  
Today was the appointed Time by both  
to consummate their Love in holy Wedlock:  
But while she languished for the expected Bridegroom,  
she heard he'd paid his broken Vows to you,  
and so, I find, it is.

**Wilmore**

*Aside* A mystery Wedding! With me at the middle of it!

**Angelica**

Now I understand your Impatience to be gone, and why you've dressed yourself so Fine.

**Wilmore**

I've no idea what he's talking about.

**Hellena**

Madam, should I tell you the Remainder?

**Angelica**

Talk on. You raise a Storm here that may undo my Passion;  
Liberate me, and I'll grant you Anything.

**Hellena**

My Friend requests that you do not see this Stranger  
If you do, she swears you are undone  
Nature never made a Man so excellent  
For sure he'd be a God, but for Inconstancy.

**Wilmore**

Some Woman in Love with me, has sent this as a perverse Message !

**Angelica**

Do you see the Man you speak of?

**Hellena**

Yes Madam.

*She points at Wilmore.*

**Angelica**

False as Hell! What have you to say to this?

**Wilmore**

What can I say? I swear I'm--

**Hellena**

Be careful, what you swear--

**Angelica**

--And never hope to be believed--

*He walks about; they follow.*

**Angelica**

You perjured Man  
Is this how you return my Generosity?

**Hellena**

Why would you abuse my Lady's Faith?

**Angelica**

And use me so in humanly?

**Hellena**

A Maid so young, so innocent--

**Wilmore**

*Aside* Young is she? Innocent is she?

**Angelica**

Don't you know your Life is in my Power?

**Hellena**

And that my Lady will be revenged?

**Angelica**

Deny it! Is it true?

Guilt has struck you dumb!

I wish, how I wish, you had never spoken to me.

*She turns away, weeping.*

**Wilmore**

Her Name, dear Boy, her Name!

**Hellena**

Have you forgotten it ? Shame!

**Wilmore**

Shell shock. Battle fatigue. Yes I have forgot it.

**Angelica**

Boy, are you sure, beyond Doubt, that this is he?

**Hellena**

*Hellena takes Wilmore's face and examines it closely.*

I 'm almost certain. I know his Look, that lying Lover's Look.

**Wilmore**

Fine work, my little Mischief.

*To Angelica:*

Madam, I have found out the Plot.

**Hellena**

*Aside* Oh Lord; am I discovered now?

**Wilmore**

Do you see this young Spark here? Who do you think this is?

**Hellena**

Don't give me away!

**Wilmore**

*To Hellena:*

I'll teach you to spoil Sport you will not make.

*To Angelica:*

This small Ambassador comes not from a Person of Quality, as you imagine, but from a Low Life; a Gypsy: who spins her Yarn for any Man who winds up with her; an Animal, in short.

**Angelica**

I know the Woman he means!

**Hellena**

Oh get me out of here!

**Wilmore**

You mean that Thing? That Gypsy Thing? You might as well be jealous of a Monkey or a Parrot as her; a German Motion is worth a dozen of her and a Dream would bring more Pleasure, so mishapen, so ugly; all Talk and no Action.

**Hellena**

*Aside* Oh God does he mean it?

**Angelica**

You are mistaken; she's a Spanish woman of Quality.

**Wilmore**

So, my little Imp, you may return to tell your Lady that until she's pretty enough to be loved, or I stupid enough to get Religion, she'll have small hopes of wedded Bliss with me.

**Angelica**

You didn't swear to marry her?

**Wilmore**

I, marry, by God!

**Angelica**

Vow you didn't and never will promise to marry her.

**Hellena**

*Aside* If he swears that he'll be revenged on me indeed!

**Angelica**

No matter what her Fortune, what her Honour.

**Wilmore**

Honour! I tell you, I hate the very idea of it in Sex. Faithfulness, monogamy--bah, you break all ten Commandments just to keep the one; Love's not made for ownership and enclosure: love is Free.

**Hellena**

Then you will never marry?

**Wilmore**

If I did, it would be to some dreadful, sinful, generous Wit, a Mastermind in Intrigues of Love!

**Angelica**

There's no Faith in anything he says.

*Moretta enters, scornful.*

**Moretta**

Madam, Don Antonio and Don Pedro wish to see you.

**Hellena**

Ha! I must get out of here.

*Hellena backs away and exits.*

**Wilmore**

What Luck; I mean: It appears I must leave you, Madam, to the enjoyment of my Rivals.

**Angelica**

Rude Man; you've no idea how cruel, how sick your Mockery makes you; Go.  
Go far away, and never show your lying Face to me again, in case I forget myself, and kill you.

**Wilmore**

I look forward to meeting you in a better Mood. Till then: au revoir.

*Aside:* Ha, now where is my Gypsy?

*Exit Wilmore.*

**Angelica**

He's gone.  
And with what willing haste he took his Leave.  
He's gone-- and in this Ague of my Soul  
The shivering Fit returns.  
I thought my Eyes could kindle lasting Fires  
I had forgot my Name, my Infamy  
And how all Men prefer a younger Mistress....  
Well Sir, since I'm not fit to be beloved,  
I'll have to think of some Revenge  
On him that shamed my Soul  
And put my Liberty in Chains at Carnival.

---

**Act Four Scene Three**  
**A Street**

*Enter Florinda and Valeria in Different Costumes, out of Breath.*

**Florinda**

Escaped!  
What did you do to Callis?

**Valeria**

She wouldn't listen to Reason, so I followed her into the Wardrobe, and as she was looking for something in a great Chest, I tumbled her in by the Heels, snatched her Keys, and locked her in-- then set you free.

**Florinda**

We can never go Home again after such an Action.

**Valeria**

We must hope our Cause of Romance is a good one. I have the address of Belvile's lodging.

*Don Pedro Wilmore and Belvile enter.*

Mask, Sister!

*They put up their Vizards.*

**Belvile**

Don Pedro, Forgive me Sir. It was a Carnival Joke, nothing more. It was Antonio's Idea.

**Don Pedro**

For your past Services, we might be Friends again--but vow you will never speak to my Sister!

*Wilmore ogles Valeria*

**Wilmore**

A finelooking Woman! Beauty!

**Don Pedro**

She's looking back at you!

**Wilmore**

A shame to waste a Gaze like that; I'll follow her.

**Belvile**

Wilmore: do not.

*The Women realize they are perceived and panic, running away.*

**Wilmore**

Do not? I'll follow to the Antipodes, with an Invitation like that!

*He exits in pursuit , as Frederick enters, laughing.*

**Frederick**

Comrades, you should see him!

**Belvile**

What? Who?

**Frederick**

Our Bourgeois Friend's been cheated out of everything but a Harlot's Drawers!

**Don Pedro**

In this City?

**Frederick**

Sir, he's an Accident waiting to happen; an Englishman who is so fond of his Money it's a Wonder to see how he looks without it!

**Belvile**

Come Home with us, Sir, for a Laugh;

**Don Pedro**

Let us bring those Women along also. There's one for each, and we'll catch them if we hurry.

**Belvile**

Done!

*Aside* If I keep Don Pedro occupied, perhaps Florinda can escape the House.

*They exit.*

*There follows a Chase Scene; Eventually, the Women separate in an attempt to get away. Wilmore is chasing Valeria, Hellena is pursuing Wilmore; Don Pedro and Belvile are chasing Florinda; She comes to the door of Belvile's Lodging.*

**Florinda**

What shall I do? I fear my Brother will catch me. I am lost! Here's a Door stands ajar... My Life and Honour are at stake and Necessity knows no choice. Belvile, I venture in.

---



# Act Four, Scene Four

## In Blunt's Chamber

**Blunt**

A pox on all One-Suit Socialists! No spare Clothes anywhere to be found, and the Rogues will come Home to find me naked. Oh where is my Tailor!  
Woman! What would I give to revenge myself on Woman! Any mortal thing in Petticoats, just to be revenged! Oh, how I'll use all Womankind hereafter!

*He demonstrates, imagining a Sword.*

*Enter Florinda.*

**Florinda**

Ha! AMan! Heavens, what's he wearing? Sure, he's an Eastern Mystic; perhaps he'll help me.

Sir, may I interrupt your Meditations--?

**Blunt**

Hah! What's this here? Are my Wishes granted? Ah, you wretched Thing! Ah! A She-Creature!

**Florinda**

Sir, indeed, you see the Truth of me, I am a very wretched Maid, forced by a strange unlucky Accident to seek safety here, and will be ruined if you don't grant it.

**Blunt**

Ruined! Is there any Ruin so complete as that which threatens you now? Do you know, miserable Woman, what Den of Mischief you have fallen to? Hah! Your Soul is Guilty; it wishes to change you into any humble Animal or Devil--for it were safer for you to be anything, other than a Woman.

**Florinda**

Sir, pity a harmless Girl, who enters your House for Sanctuary.

**Blunt**

Talk on, talk on, ay , and weep too. Come, come, flatter me out of my Sense; 'Adsheartlikins I cannot be safe from you in my House, not in my Chamber, not even in my Nakedness! Your Impudence invades me Madam!

*He pulls her over his Shoulder*

Come, no Resistance. My Bed's in there!

**Florinda**

*Smacks him on the Head; Blunt cries and drops her.*

Are you mad? Or drunk? You would not be so cruel.

**Blunt**

Cruel, yes, I will kiss you and beat you all over; I will kiss you and look at you all over; you will lie under me too, not because I want to enjoy you, but just to inflict deliberate Malice on you, and be revenged on one Whore for the Sins of another; I will smile and deceive you, flatter you, beat you, kiss and lie to you, embrace you, rob you and strip you stark naked to hang you out the Window with a Song about scurvy Women stuck to your breast; damnable scurvy Women--

**Florinda**

Must I be sacrificed because of another Woman's harm to you? I don't understand what you are talking about; I assure you that--

*Frederick enters*

Sir, help me!

**Frederick**

What's this, Ned, alone for a Minute and another Seductress of Quality?

**Blunt**

Fred, I 'm glad you 've come, to be a Witness to my dire Revenge. This has a fine Pretence, some very "unfortunate Accident " brought her to me, to "save her Life", no less, 'Adsheartalikins! Is the Ass to be bridled again, d'you think? No Prayers nor Tears shall mitigate my Revenge; you shall see Fred; I'll make up my loss here on her Body, I'll take it out in kindness and in beating.

**Frederick**

So, Mistress Mine, what do you have to say to this?

**Florinda**

I think he will not, dares not be so barbrous. I think you will prevent him.

**Frederick**

Have a care, Ned, she sighs a deep Sigh, she's in love with those Drawers of yours, she'll strip you of them too!

*Frederick locks the Gate.*

There are of your Calling such Baggages, even on the Battle Field they'll flea a Man until he's stripped down to his Skin; There was a Comrade after the Ebro, robbed of a Row of Teeth while unconscious, which the Whore made him buy back when he crawled back into the World...you see, Lady, how little Reason we have to trust you.

**Florinda**

Among Women and Men too there are such Devils, but I swear by all that's Holy I am not; I entered here to save my Life and Honour.

**Blunt**

Fred, we'll both lie with her, and then let me alone to bang her stupid.

**Frederick**

Aha, this serves your Revenge and has a double Pleasure in it.

*Frederick advances on Florinda, undoing his Belt, which Action Blunt copies.*

**Blunt**

Well said. You hear, Little One, how you are condemned by Public Vote to the Bed within; there's no resisting Destiny, Sweetheart.

**Florinda**

Wait, do you know Belvile, an International Comrade-- for his Sake, I beg you--

**Blunt**

Belvile! Belvile! Why yes Sweetie, we do know Belvile, and wish he was with us now; he's a Cormorant at Whore and Bacon; he'd have a Limb or Two of you, my virgin Chick; but no matter, we'll leave him the Bones to pick at.

**Florinda**

If you respect Belvile, then have respect for me. If not, believe I merit better Treatment than you threaten: take this Present, and consider---

*She gives him a ring.*

**Blunt**

Hum a Diamond. Hum.

**Frederick**

Ned, I think we are mistaken here.

**Blunt**

A wonderful Rhetoric lies in a Ring; more persuasive than all her Sex can utter.

**Frederick**

I suspect we are wrong. It would be a vile shame for us to be trussed up for a Rape on a Maid of Quality, when we only believe we ruffle a Whore.

**Blunt**

Ah, you'll believe Anything; I've heard it All before.

**Frederick**

But this Ring reprieves her till Belvile comes.

**Blunt**

That's hard. But I'll grant it.

*Enter Philip.*

**Philip**

Sir, the Colonel is just come in with Wilmore and a Spanish Gentleman; they wish your Company for Dinner, but sir, the Tailor's not yet come.

**Blunt**

Damn! Say I'm not at Home~! Say I'm asleep! Anything!  
Quickly Fred, lock the Wench in your Chamber.

**Frederick**

Don't be afraid, Madam, whatever he threatens you are safe in my hands.

*They go to the inner Chamber.*

*There is a great knocking at the Door.*

**Voices**

Ned! Ned Blunt! Ned! Ned! Open!

**Belvile**

He must be dead! Break down the Door! Alas, poor Ned! Shoulders to it!

**Blunt**

Gentlemen, what do you mean by this outrage? This Door is worth--

**Belvile**

Are you alive? Hurray! Open the Door, you Rogue!

**Blunt**

Yes, I am alive Gentlemen, but at present a little busy.

**Belvile**

He's Busy? Open!

**Blunt**

I-I-I am at my Devotions. 'Odsheartlikins, will you not allow a Man time to pray?

**Belvile**

Turned religious? Open, this I must see!

**Blunt**

To tell you the plain Truth, Comrade, I am engaged in the necessary Business of Life; yes, Life; I have a Wench with me, you apprehend me? Only a Devil would disturb me now.

**Wilmore**

Ha! A Wench! Then we must in and partake; open up now-- unless it be your beloved Lady of Quality!

More shoulder Comrades!

*They break open the Door and spill into the Room to surround Blunt. laughing.*

**Blunt**

Allright alright, have your Laugh and be done with it; ; enough ! the Joke's over; you've wrecked the Door, and I'm ruined--a Plague upon my Taylor!

**Wilmore**

Death, how the Whore dressed him! Ned, Ned, I am truly sorry.

**Blunt**

Keep it to yourself Sir; I find your Pity harder to endure than your Mirth.

**Belvile**

Now Wilmore, don't be too rough on Blunt's Mistress; you must not mistake a Lady of Quality for a Whore, Sir--

**Wilmore**

*Playing the Lady, he gives Blunt a Kiss*

--particularly one so young, so handsome, so eloquent, wealthy and virtuous--ha, ha, ha!

*The others pick him up and run him around the Room; after, they drop him and toss him one to the other, showering him with mock Kisses and Caresses.*

**Blunt**

I'm warning you Sir, I can be Angry; have a Care--'dsheartlikins I can fight, I can-- you hear me Sir, push me no further, no more!

**Belvile**

Why Ned, you're Peevish. Were you Disappointed? Did the jealous Count her Husband return just in the nick of Time?

**Blunt**

Ned Blunt is not an Ass to be laughed at!

**Wilmore**

*Seriously*

Oh, to bring a Lover so near to his Happiness, a vigorous, Passionate Lover like our Comrade here, then not only cheat him of his Moveables, but his Desires too!

**Belvile**

*Seriously*

Oh the loss of a Mistress is nothing to Blunt, he'll have a dozen the next Time he looks around; his Eyes have Charms not to be resisted...

**Don Pedro**

Sir, though I 'm a Stranger to you, I'm astonished at the rudeness of this City; and if you would tell me who robbed you, I will report them to the proper Authorities.

**Blunt**

Finally, a Man who speaks Sense. Let me tell you Gentlemen, I intend to be revenged, and have Revenge in my Power now, as I speak. I have in my Possession a Female, who will wish she'd fallen under any Curse than the Ruin I've designed for her; 'dsheartlikins, she assaulted me here in my own Lodgings, and would certainly have raped me, had this Sword not defended me.

**Frederick**

I don't know about that, but the reverse would certainly have been true if she hadn't redeemed herself with this Ring--let's see it Blunt--

*Blunt shows the Ring*

**Belvile**

*Aside*Ha! --the Ring I gave Florinda when we exchanged our Vows-- Blunt, c'mere!

*Belvile whispers to Blunt.*

**Wilmore**

No whispering now, we're all equal Comrades when there's a Woman in the Case.

**Belvile**

Shut up!

**Wilmore**

Where's the Wench? Let's see her; let's conduct an Official Examination.

**Don Pedro**

Yes; Bring her out. I can tell if she's a Person of Quality or one for your Diversion.

**Blunt**

Fred has the Key.

**Wilmore and All**

The Key, the Key!

**Belvile**

*Aside* Death, what shall I do?

--Gentleman, we shall enter one at a Time, give me the Key.

**Wilmore**

One Moment if you please, I'll go first.

**Frederick**

Ned and I found her, she's our Property.

**Wilmore**

Damn Property.

Frederick

Alright, the longest Sword has her.

*They all draw. Pedro, being a Spaniard, has the longest.*

**Blunt**

You win, Don Pedro.

**Wilmore**

The Wench is yours.

*Aside:* Damn these Spaniards, they're so well Armed.

*Don Pedro goes into the Inner Chamber, Belvile tries to catch his Arm, but Wilmore seizes hold of him.*

**Belvile**

Sir, I, I --

*Aside* Wilmore, you have ruined me once again.

*Belvile and Wilmore wrestle, until Frederick stuffs a Handkerchief in Belvile's Mouth while Wilmore bounces on him in a Double Nelson hold.*

**Wilmore**

Gambling with our Opportunity--that's what ruined us, dammit!

**Belvile**

You intolerable Swine!

*A shout from Frederick. Enter Florinda, running in her Mask, Pedro in pursuit. The Men applaud her.*

**Don Pedro**

It's no use trying to escape--we drew Lots for you and I won.

**Florinda**

Oh God, my Brother!

**Don Pedro**

I know you, and I know your Business here.

**Florinda**

You do?

**Wilmore**

*Thrown off by Belvile, he seizes Florinda and holds her Arms from behind. Blunt intercepts Belvile.*

He does

**Don Pedro**

*Bows to Florinda, then lifts up her Dress to cover her Face;*

You entered here to entertain these proper Gentlemen-- Hum, she's nicely limbed, a hot and crafty Queen.



*Florinda kicks Pedro and struggles free, as Belvile frees himself from Blunt and struggles with Wilmore.*

**Wilmore**

Wait!

*They all Stop.*

Perhaps the Lady wishes to choose her Man?

**Don Pedro**

Good Breeding demands her Choice be free!

*Florinda runs to the Door but is prevented by Frederick , and the Men then toss her as they did Blunt on the earlier Occasion.*

Take your pick of five good Fellows as eager for the Act as you are apt to undergo it. Or perhaps, take all of us--?

*Enter Valeria. They all Stop.*

**Valeria**

Hold!

*Valeria is surprized to see Don Pedro.*

**Pedro**

Valeria!

**Frederick**

My little Gypsy!

**Valeria**

*Aside* Don Pedro, here!

-- Oh! I have found you Sir! The strangest Accident has--oh if I had but Breath to tell it--

**Don Pedro**

*Tries to distract Valeria away from "the loose woman"*

Is Florinda safe? Is Hellena well?

**Valeria**

Yes sir, yes, safe from -- er-- any Fears of you.

**Don Pedro**

Then where is Florinda? Speak--

**Valeria**

She's fled away dressed as a Boy, Sir--but Callis thinks you could catch her if you hurry. She's waiting for you at the House, Sir.

**Don Pedro**

Dishonourable Girl--she will shame our Family! Sir, you see the Necessity of my leaving you.

*Wilmore and Blunt celebrate by measuring swords again*

I think my Sister will come running to you; as we are Friends, I count on you to render her back to me.

**Belvile**

Love and Honour will be my Guide.

*Exit Don Pedro. Valeria turns back.*

**Valeria**

Quickly! You must get married, before our Brother returns here. Boy!

*Valeria instructs Philip to fetch the Father*

**Wilmore**

Another Wench!

**Blunt**

They're flocking to us.

*Valeria picks up a bucket of water and throws it over Wilmore and Blunt*

**Florinda**

Oh Valeria, you have saved me.

**Belvile**

Florinda--!

**Wilmore**

Florinda? Comrade, is this the Florinda who's caused so many Quarrels between us...?

**Florinda**

It is.

**Belvile**

Could you...can you give me the honour of your Hand?

**Wilmore**

And give me your Pardon Lady.

*He kneels*

**Florinda**

*You* are Belvile's Friends?

**Frederick**

We are Dogs. We have no Words to plead our Cause with. Madam, I.....I was never so thoroughly mistaken before. I am confounded.... I shall never dare look up with Confidence, until it pleases you to pardon me.

**Florinda**

Sir, I.....

**Belvile**

Florinda?

**Florinda**

I may be reconciled to you both, on one Condition.

**Frederick**

Name it.

**Florinda**

That you marry, and learn truly how to respect a Woman.

**Belvile**

Gladly, I-- but Fred marry? He's no inclination that way.

**Frederick**

Yet I will obey your Command. I am weary Belvile, of the Sin of the Apple, and the sin of the Grape and, after all our hard adventuring, I am weary of the Sin of Cain.

**Florinda**

Then marry a Maid who does not hate you, and whose Person (I believe) will not be unwelcome to you.

**Frederick**

Why would this Lady want me?

**Valeria**

Not for your own Sake, it's sure.

**Florinda**

But--

**Valeria**

But, if your Friend marries my Sister, we did agree, t'would be a Match between you and I.

**Frederick**

Then I'll keep my Word.

**Valeria**

And I.

**Florinda**

And I forgive you, Sir.

**Blunt**

*Aside* I have not the Courage to approach her myself.

**Florinda**

*To Belvile*

Sir, would you complete this mighty Joy we've wished for so long?

*Enter a Boy*

**Boy**

Madam, I have brought the Father you sent for.

**Valeria**

Oh. Thank you.

**Frederick**

Your example, Sir, was always my Ambition in War, and so it is now, in Love.

**Wilmore**

And I suppose I have to be the Witness to these two Half-Hitches?

**Florinda**

No.

**Belvile**

Do us better Service by staying away.

Guard here, in case Don Pedro returns to disrupt the Ceremony.

**Wilmore**

This Pass is secure as Albacete.

*Exit Belvile, Florinda, Frederick and Valeria. Enter a Boy.*

**Boy**

Sir your Tailor awaits you in the Parlour, with a suit of Clothes made to measure.

**Blunt**

Comfort! I shall not dance naked at the Wedding!

*Exit Blunt*

**Boy**

*To Wilmore*

And there's a Lady Sir, who wants to speak to you; a very fine Lady. I told her you were busy.

**Wilmore**

This must be my Gypsy! Bring her in.

*Enter Angelica, masked.*

Darling, you 're a cunning little Devil, to spoil my Business with Angelica--

**Angelica**

Stand away from me--

*she draws a Pistol and holds it to his Breast.*

**Wilmore**

Agh! Who are you? What do you want?

**Angelica**

One you have injured, come to kill you for it.

**Wilmore**

I don't understand-- I've injured no-one.

**Angelica**

Have you forgotten me so soon?

**Wilmore**

Angelica!

**Angelica**

Yes, Traitor. Is your guilty Blood shivering in your Veins?

**Wilmore**

No. My blood ebbs and flows as ever, and has that heat for you too, which would enable me to love you if I had the opportunity.

**Angelica**

Are you a Devil? How dare you wanton with my Pain?

**Wilmore**

Wait, wait! You can't kill me just now--

*Aside:* Death, I think she means it.

**Angelica**

Why, what have you to say to me? --  
No, say nothing; I know if I listen to you  
You'd talk me out of all my Courage  
and I have vowed to kill you, by all that's Sacred to me.

**Wilmore**

That's the End of me then. I might have fought another War, I might have loved another  
Woman. I've always lived what I believe, from Moment to Moment; and now I see my  
Number's up.

**Angelica**

Tell me first, how many poor, believing, Girls have you seduced?  
How many Hearts betrayed to ruin?

**Wilmore**

Dart for dart, I think my Conquests equal yours.

**Angelica**

You taught me Love

**Wilmore**

--And am obliged to you for nothing more than Love

**Angelica**

I mean you taught me how to value Love-- Oh foolish Man !  
All the Incense and rich Sacrifice that blind Devotion offered  
at my Altars would be yours, had you not pulled me down...  
I thought all Men were born to worship me,  
I wore my Power like Lightning in my Eyes;  
But the Oaths you made devoutly on your Soul  
Besieged my Heart, and I became your Slave.  
My Pride turned to a submissive Passion and so I bowed,  
As I never did before  
To anything, or anyone, but Heaven.

**Wilmore**

Angelica--!

**Angelica**

I would have worn my Chains with Vanity and Joy, as your Beloved.  
To be, for once, within the intolerable Bounds of Nature, true-Beloved.  
But you have broke the Vows that put them on.

**Wilmore**

Broke my Vows? Why, where have you lived? Among the Gods?  
Every mortal Man, swears a thousand Promises, and breaks them all.  
Your old Spanish Lover has quite spoiled you:  
There's nothing makes a Woman vain as Flattery.

**Angelica**

Ay, my Love, you hold a Mirror that's an undeceiving Glass  
You show the spoil'd Honour of my Flesh and make me know  
The Treasure of my Soul could not be worth  
A Conquoror's Care or Value.

**Wilmore**

You're a brave Lady; and I admire you.

**Angelica**

Your Love has robbed me of my Pride and Unconcern  
And my Coward Heart's abandoned to your Mercy.

**Wilmore**

I wish I were that dull, that constant thing you want--

**Angelica**

Stop! Another Word will damn you!  
Oh, how I'm fallen, like a long-worshipped Idol  
Discovered to be a Cheat! A Cheat!  
Why, did you destroy my Power?  
Why undermine my innocent Security?  
Why, oh Why did you abandon me, and now must die?

For the Public Safety of my Sex  
and for my own private Injuries, prepare--

**Wilmore**

Angelica, adieu.

*Enter Don Antonio, his Arm in a Sling.  
He lays hold of the Pistol.*

**Don Antonio**

Ha! Angelica! I saw your Carriage outside.  
Who are you Sir, that Mlle. Bianca must kill you in Person? I am your Patron,  
Mademoiselle. Did you not think me worthy of settling your Business?

**Wilmore**

Thank you, but we can solve this without your assistance.

**Don Antonio**

The Rival who stabbed me in the Street last Night!  
*He offers to shoot Wilmore. Angelica shields him with her body.*

**Angelica**

Hold! You're mistaken, sir!

**Don Antonio**

It is the same Man! I've paid a thousand Crowns, Villain, so take your Hands off her!

**Angelica**

Sir, to show the utmost contempt for this Rover  
I give him life.

**Don Antonio**

*puts a lascivious hand on Angelica*

By all that's Holy, I adore you so  
I will never fail in Obedience to your Will.

**Angelica**

So he swore and so I believed him.

*To Wilmore*

If you want to keep your Health, live where I'll never set Eyes on you.

*To Antonio*

And since I have a thousand Crowns from you  
Come to my Chamber; when? I care not.

*Enter Don Pedro*

**Don Pedro**

Hah! Antonio and Angelica! Sir, a Coward Fear prevented you from meeting me this  
morning on the Molo, to solve our rival Interests in this Lady.

**Angelica**

Alas for us all.



*Exit Angelica.*

**Don Antonio**

Meet you?

**Don Pedro**

I was the masked Man who dared you to the Duel.

**Don Antonio**

So? I sent Someone else. I was unable to fight.

**Don Pedro**

And will you send Someone else to marry my Sister? It seems you are occupied with Angelica.

**Don Antonio**

I have her, Pedro. Now I am happy.

*Don Antonio exits, laughing.*

**Don Pedro**

If I could find Florinda while my Anger 's high, I swear I'd marry her to Belvile in Revenge.

**Wilmore**

Well Sir, you'll want to thank the Priest within, for helping you out.

**Don Pedro**

What? My Sister's married?

**Wilmore**

Married and Bedded by now, else he's no Friend of mine.

**Don Pedro**

It's true I owe him a Favour from Madrid, but he should fear my Power. You Internationals are not welcome in Naples.

**Wilmore**

The War didn't end in Spain it's true; and all of us must choose which Side to join. I suggest you decide here and now. My Ship's ready to leave, a league from the Molo; I could strike the first Blow of the next War.

*They both draw.*

So who will you be for? Mussolini? Or International Brotherhood?

*Enter Belvile*

**Belvile**

Wilmore! That's my Wife's Brother!

**Don Pedro**

Am I so, Sir?

**Belvile**

And well-loved by her and I, as an honourable Man.

**Don Pedro**

Then, Sir, I wish you Joy.

**Belvile**

Joy?

**Don Pedro**

By this embrace I do. I love my Sister. I want her to be happy, and you are better for her than Antonio. I have Obligations to you for helping us escape Madrid, tho' I had hoped a different Alliance would help me to recover our Property there.

**Belvile**

Pah! Property!

**Don Pedro**

Brother!

**Belvile**

Brother!

**Wilmore**

Brother!

**Don Pedro**

Lead me to my Sister so I can give her my Blessing, and I'll endeavour to get our Father's too.

*Don Pedro Exits with Belvile. Wilmore shrugs and puts away his Weapon. Enter Hellena, in Cabin Boy's clothes.*

**Wilmore**

Ha! My Gypsy! Now I'm happy! Child, I despaired of seeing you before I leave!

**Hellena**

Could you have left me behind?

**Wilmore**

It would have broken my Heart, Child.

**Hellena**

I wonder if I should trust you? Would you be a faithful Friend?

**Wilmore**

Probably not; you are too attractive, and too witty for Friendship. I am afraid I might fall in Love, Child-- but all I can expect from you is Abuse.

**Hellena**

And you must continue to expect only Abuse; I intend to find out all your Haunts, to put you down in front of your Friends; you'll have to fall back on me for Love because nobody else will love you.

**Wilmore**

So I should love you as a kind of last Resort?

**Hellena**

Yes.

**Wilmore**

Haven't you any... more positive Features?

**Hellena**

Nope. I am a lone Child, Comrade, a kind of orphan Lover; It would be a Good Deed in you to take me, for why should I die a Virgin when I could partake of International Brotherhood?

**Wilmore**

Help me.

I was never clawed away with Broad-sides from a Female before now. You are funny! I adore your good Nature.

**Hellena**

Then let's lose no Time!

**Wilmore**

My Bed's prepared for you --

**Hellena**

You only have to get my Consent and the Ceremony's a quick one-- the Priest just has to say Amen to it and I dare lay my Mother's Daughter by the fine Fellow who's your Father's Son, without Fear or Blushes.

**Wilmore**

Wha-wha--Hold, child, no Bug-Words. Priest? Ceremony? No, no Vows but Love, Child. Marriage is as certain a bane to Love as lending Money is to Friendship. I'll neither ask nor give a Vow; but if it's a Child you want--

**Hellena**

What? A Cradle full of Noise and a Backpack of Repentance? Maybe you want to teach me how to knit Baby-clothes?

**Wilmore**

First you twine about ...

**Hellena**

My Dog knows how to do that .

**Wilmore**

I see we are both on our Guard; and I see there's no way to conquer good Nature but by yielding. Here, give me your Hand: one Kiss and I'm yours.

**Hellena**

One Kiss! Forget it; you'll have none for asking such a sneaking Sum. Good Friend Single-Kiss, is this what all your Talk boils down to? A Kiss and a Cradle? I'll get me to a Nunnery! Farewell Comrade Single-Kiss.

*She goes out; he stays her*

**Wilmore**

I 'll not be parted from you again--I adore you, I adore your Nature, and we're are so well matched, it must be a Bargain; though a hard Bargain; yes very hard. Give me your hand. Love and Fortune! I will.

**Hellena**

You will?

**Wilmore**

I will.

**Hellena**

Will--?

**Wilmore**

Marry you. I will marry you.

**Hellena**

Why, strike me down with Surprise! Quickly, tell me your Name, so I can accept you properly.

**Wilmore**

My name is Robert Constant.

**Hellena**

A very fine Name!

**Wilmore**

I hope yours is better.

**Hellena**

I am Hellena Inconstant.

*Enter Pedro, Belvile, Florinda, Frederick and Valeria.*

**Don Pedro**

Hellena! What are you wearing?!

**Hellena**

Comrade, show your Love and Courage and defend me bravely, or --

**Don Pedro**

What 's your Business? Answer me!

**Wilmore**

Keep your Distance, Sir, you may talk with her, but that is all.

**Hellena**

My Business, Brother, is the same as all living Creatures: to love and be loved: and here's the Man.

**Don Pedro**

Have you forgotten your vows to God? And to me?

**Hellena**

If you will be kind, I'll talk to God.

**Don Pedro**

All three of my Sisters ruined on the same day.

**Belvile**

This is the pleasantest way for the Aristocracy to fall, Brother. A new Age is dawning. Besides, my friends are Gentlemen and ought to be esteemed for their Ideals, since they've had the Glory to suffer for the best Cause: that of Freedom.

**Don Pedro**

The new Age is finished, Belvile, and all my Land in Spain is with it.

**Florinda**

But Tomorrow is another Day, Pedro.

**Hellena**

Let most Voices carry it: For Franco or for Love?

**All Voices**

For Love! Love!

**Don Pedro**

Alright! Take her, Sir, I'm glad to be rid of her! I hope you've an easier Time guarding her Honour than I did.

**Wilmore**

It's her Honour, she can do with it what she wants .

**Don Pedro**

I wish you luck getting my Father's Approval; it won't come so easily.

*Wilmore and Hellena stand before the Father*

**Wilmore**

Are you nervous?

**Hellena**

No more than you in a Battle.

**Wilmore**

Brave Girl.

*They kneel to be married, while below:  
Enter Blunt in a very Ridiculous Spanish Outfit.*

**Blunt**

Boys and Girls come out to Play!

**Frederick**

Oh! A Bouquet Garni, stuffed with Fool's Flesh.

**Belvile**

A Feast for the Eyes, Ned.

**Blunt**

The Carnival is in full swing; Come out: Tis as good as a Revolution!

Oh--Fred, here is your Paper.

*A News-Paper seller enters.*

**Belvile**

A Toast: to Peace and our Great Cause!

*They drink a toast; a Bell tolls.*

*Frederick sees the Headlines.*

**News Vendor**

Invasion of Poland. Britain and France take up the Challenge.

**Frederick**

Pox on it. War.

**Hellena**

I do.

**News Vendor**

Duce thanked by Fuhrer.

**Florinda**

You must leave Italy. Will you go back to enlist?

**Wilmore**

I do.

**News Vendor**

All Nations Mobilize.

**Belvile**

It'll be over by Christmas.

**Frederick**

Pox on it.

*to Wilmore:* War, Comrade.

**Wilmore**

Naturally.

**Florinda**

But let us now no future Dangers dread  
Than present ventures of the Marriage Bed.

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**The End.**