

# The Visions of Simone Machard

(1942)

by Bertolt Brecht

*Liberated from  
capitalist control  
to educate the masses  
by  
Socialist Stories*

## CHARACTERS

PHILIPPE CHAVEZ, mayor of Saint-Martin (King Charles VII in the dreams)

HENRI SOUPEAU, owner of the hostelry (the constable)

MARIE SOUPEAU, his mother (Isabeau, the queen mother)

CAPTAIN HONORÉ FÉTAÏN, a wealthy vineyard owner (the duke of Burgundy)

THE COLONEL (bishop of Beauvais)

A GERMAN CAPTAIN (an English general)

SIMONE MACHARD (the Maid of Orleans in the dreams)

MAURICE and ROBERT, truck drivers

GEORGES, PÈRE GUSTAVE, employces of the hostelry

MADAME MACHARD, MONSIEUR MACHARD, Simone's parents

A SERGEANT

REFUGEES

SUPPORTING CHARACTERS

(soldiers and people in the dreams)

THE ANGEL

*The scene represents the yard of the "Au Relais" hostelry. The background consists of the garage, a low building. To the right of the audience is the hostelry with its back door. To the left the storehouse, with rooms for the truck drivers. Between the storehouse and the garage a rather large gate, opening out on the street. The garage is conceived as a large one, since the hostelry also operates a trucking business.*

*The action takes place in June 1940, in Saint-Martin, a small town on one of the main roads from Paris to the south of France.*

## The Book

*Georges, a soldier, is sitting smoking. His right arm is bandaged. Beside him old Père Gustave is mending a tire. The brothers Maurice and Robert, truck drivers employed by the hostelry, are looking intently at the sky. Airplanes are heard. It is the evening of June 14.*

ROBERT They must be ours.

MAURICE They're not ours.

ROBERT (*calling over to Georges*) Georges, are they ours or are they Boches?

GEORGES (*gingerly moving his bandaged arm*) Now it's gone numb above the elbow.

PÈRE GUSTAVE Don't move it; that's no good.

*(Simone Machard comes in. She is a young teenager; her skirt is too long and her shoes are too big. She is carrying a heavy basket full of washing)*

ROBERT Heavy?

*(Simone nods and carries the basket as far as the gas pump. Smoking, the men watch her)*

GEORGES (*to Père Gustave*) Think it could be the bandage? It's got stiffer since yesterday.

PÈRE GUSTAVE Simone, go get Monsieur Georges some cider out of the storehouse.

SIMONE (*puting down her basket*) What if Monsieur Soupeau catches me again?

PÈRE GUSTAVE Do as you're told.

*(Simone goes out)*

ROBERT (*to Georges*) Can't you answer a question? The guy wears a uniform and he doesn't even look up when he hears a plane! With soldiers like you they'll lose the war.

GEORGES What do *you* think, Robert? Now it's numb above the elbow too. Père Gustave thinks it's only the bandage.

ROBERT I asked you about those planes.

GEORGES (*without looking up*) Germans. Ours don't get off the ground.

*(Simone has come back with a bottle of cider, from which she pours a glass for Georges)*

SIMONE Do you think we're going to lose the war, Monsieur Georges?

GEORGES Win or lose, I'm going to need two arms.

*(Monsieur Henri Soupeau, the owner of the hostelry, comes in from the street. Simone quickly hides the cider. Monsieur Soupeau stops in the gateway, looks to see who is in the yard, and motions to someone in the street. A gentleman in a long dust coat appears. Monsieur Soupeau escorts him across the yard, carefully shielding him from the others, and disappears with him into the hostelry)*

PÈRE GUSTAVE Did you see that dust coat? That's an officer. A colonel. One more who's beat it from the front. They don't want to be seen. But they eat like a horse.

*(Simone has gone over to her basket and sat down on the support of the gas pump; she starts reading a book that was on top of her basket)*

GEORGES (*over his cider*) Robert gives me a pain. He says they'll lose the war with soldiers like me. But thanks to me, they've won something else, you can't deny it. A gentleman in Tours has made good money on my shoes and a gentleman in Bordeaux on my helmet. My jacket brought in a castle on the Riviera, and my leggings seven race horses. France was making a good thing out of me before the war even started.

PÈRE GUSTAVE And now it's being lost. By the dust coats.

GEORGES Exactly. There are 200 hangars with 1000 fighter planes, paid for, tested and manned, but in the hour of France's peril they never get off the ground. The Maginot Line cost 10 billion; steel and concrete, 700 miles long, seven

stories deep, in open country. And when the battle started, our colonel hopped into his car and drove to the rear, followed by two cars full of food and wine. Two million men waiting for orders, ready to die, but the war minister's mistress was on the outs with the prime minister's mistress, so no orders came. Our forts are dug in, they don't move; their forts are on wheels, they roll over us. Nothing is going to stop their tanks as long as they have gas, and they get gas from our gas stations. Tomorrow they'll be here at your station, Simone, drinking up your gas. Thanks for the cider.

ROBERT Don't talk about tanks (*with a motion of his head in Simone's direction*) when she's around. Her brother's at the front.

GEORGES She's busy with her book.

PÈRE GUSTAVE (*to Robert*) How about a game of belote?

ROBERT I've got a headache. All day we've been driving the captain's wine barrels through crowds of refugees. A regular migration.

PÈRE GUSTAVE The captain's wine is the most important refugee of all. Can't you get that through your head?

GEORGES Everybody knows the man's a fascist. His pals on the general staff must have told him that something's gone wrong again up front.

ROBERT Maurice is fit to be tied. He says he's good and sick of driving those damn wine barrels through women and children. I'm hitting the hay. (*He goes out*)

PÈRE GUSTAVE Those crowds of refugees are ruinous for warfare. Tanks can get through any swamp, but in a human swamp they bog down. The civilian population has turned out to be a terrible nuisance in wartime. When a war breaks out they ought to be moved to another planet, they're only in the way. One or the other has got to be abolished: the people or the war; you can't have both.

GEORGES (*has sat down beside Simone; reaching into the basket*) You've taken the washing down dripping wet.

SIMONE (*still reading*) The refugees keep stealing the tablecloths.

GEORGES Probably for diapers or to wrap their feet in.

SIMONE (*still reading*) Madame counts them just the same.

GEORGES (*pointing at the book*) Is it still the Maid of Orleans? (*Simone nods*) Who gave you this book?

SIMONE Monsieur Soupeau. But I never get a chance to read. I'm only up to page 72, where the Maid defeats the English and crowns the king in Rheims. (*Goes on reading*)

GEORGES Why do you read that old-fashioned stuff?

SIMONE I want to know what happens next.—Monsieur Georges, is it true that France is the fairest land on earth?

GEORGES Is that what it says in the book? (*Simone nods*) I've never seen the rest of the world. But they say the fairest land is the one you live in.

SIMONE What's the Gironde like, for instance?

GEORGES I think they grow wine there too. They say France is the biggest wine drinker in the world.

SIMONE Are there a lot of barges on the Seine?

GEORGES About a thousand.

SIMONE And Saint-Denis, where you were working. What's it like?

GEORGES Nothing to write home about.

SIMONE But all in all it's the fairest land.

GEORGES It's good for bread, wine, and fish. I wouldn't say anything against the cafés with their orange awnings. Or the food markets with all the meat and fruit, especially in the early morning. Never mind the bistros with their pernod. The country fairs and the brass bands at ship launchings are all right. And who could object to the poplars we play boules under? Have you got to take food parcels to the schoolhouse again today?

SIMONE If only the engineers get here before I have to go.

GEORGES What engineers?

SIMONE They're expecting engineer troops in the kitchen. Their field kitchen got lost in the crowd of refugees. They're from the 132nd.

GEORGES Isn't that your brother's regiment?

SIMONE Yes. They're moving up to the front.—It says in the book that the angel commanded the Maid to slay all the enemies of France, God wills it.

GEORGES You'll be getting your nightmares again if you go on reading that bloodthirsty stuff. Why do you think I took the newspapers away from you?

SIMONE Do their tanks really plow through crowds of people, Monsieur Georges?

GEORGES Yes. And now you've done enough reading.

*(He tries to take the book away from her. Monsieur Soupeau steps into the door from the hostelry)*

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Georges, you're not to let anyone into the breakfast room. *(To Simone)* You're reading at your work again, Simone. That's not what I gave you the book for.

SIMONE *(has begun to count the tablecloths eagerly)* I was only taking a quick look while I was counting the washing. I'm sorry, Monsieur Henri.

PÈRE GUSTAVE I wouldn't have given her that book if I were you, Monsieur Henri; it's getting her all upset.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Nonsense. In times like these it won't hurt her to learn something about the history of France. These youngsters don't even know what France is. *(Speaking over his shoulder back into the house)* Jean, take the hors d'oeuvres to the breakfast room. *(Again to those in the yard)* It wouldn't hurt you to read about the spirit they had in those days. God knows we could use a Maid of Orleans.

PÈRE GUSTAVE *(affecting interest)* Where would she come from?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Where would she come from! From anywhere. It could be anybody. You! Or Georges! *(Indicating Simone)* She could be the one. Any child could tell them what needs to be done, it's simple. Even she could tell the country.

PÈRE GUSTAVE *(looking Simone over)* Maybe kind of small for a Maid of Orleans.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Kind of small, kind of young, kind of big, kind of old: where the spirit is lacking there's always an alibi. *(Over his shoulder into the house)* Jean, did you serve the Portuguese sardines?

PÈRE GUSTAVE *(to Simone)* How about it? Would you like to change your job? I'm only afraid no angels would come along these days.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU That will do, Père Gustave. I wish you'd keep your cynicism to yourself in front of the child. Let her read her book; she can do without your nasty remarks.

(*On his way into the hostelry*) But it doesn't have to be during work hours, Simone. (*Goes out*)

PÈRE GUSTAVE (*grinning*) Hey, Georges, can you beat that? Now he wants his kitchen maid to learn how to be the Maid of Orleans, on her own time of course. They cram kids full of patriotism. And they disguise themselves in dust coats. Or hide their hoarded gasoline in certain brickyards instead of handing it over to the army.

SIMONE Monsieur Soupeau isn't doing anything wrong.

PÈRE GUSTAVE No, he's a public benefactor. He gives you twenty francs a week, so your people "won't be left entirely high and dry."

SIMONE He keeps me on so my brother's job will be waiting for him.

PÈRE GUSTAVE And gets a gas station attendant, a waitress, and a dishwasher out of it.

SIMONE That's because there's a war on.

PÈRE GUSTAVE Which doesn't hurt him any, does it?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*appears in the doorway of the hostelry*) Père Gustave, a half bottle of the '23 Chablis for the gentleman with the trout. (*Back into the hostelry*)

PÈRE GUSTAVE The gentleman in the dust coat, alias the colonel, desires a bottle of Chablis before the fall of France. (*Out into the storehouse. During the following, he takes the bottle of Chablis across the yard into the hostelry*)

A WOMAN'S VOICE (*from the second floor of the hostelry*) Simone, where are those tablecloths?  
(*Simone picks up the basket and starts toward the hostelry. At this moment a sergeant and two soldiers come in from the street with a large stew pot*)

SERGEANT We've come to pick up rations. The people at the town hall said they'd phoned.

SIMONE (*beaming, eagerly*) It must be ready by now. Go right into the kitchen. (*To the sergeant, while the two soldiers go in*) Monsieur, my brother André Machard is with the 132nd. Do you know why we haven't heard from him?

SERGEANT Everything's in a muddle up front. We lost contact with the front line the day before yesterday.



SIMONE Is the war lost, monsieur?

SERGEANT Of course not, mademoiselle. A few enemy tanks have broken through, that's all. The monsters are bound to run out of gas pretty soon. Then they'll be stuck.

SIMONE They say they'll never get as far as the Loire.

SERGEANT No, nothing to worry about. It's a long way from the Seine to the Loire. The only trouble is the crowds of refugees. We can hardly move. And we've got to repair the bombed bridges, or the reserves won't get through. *(The two soldiers come back with the pot; the sergeant looks inside it)*

SERGEANT Is that all? It's a disgrace. Take a look, mademoiselle. It's not even half full. This is the third restaurant we've been sent to. The first two gave us nothing at all. Here we get this.

SIMONE *(looks into the pot with consternation)* There must be some mistake. We've got plenty, lots of lentils and smoked pork. I'll speak to Monsieur Soupeau myself. Your pot will be full. Just a minute. *(She rushes inside)*

GEORGES *(offering cigarettes)* Her brother's only seventeen. He was the only one in Saint-Martin to volunteer. She's very fond of him.

SERGEANT Damn this war. What kind of a war is it anyway? The army's treated like an enemy in its own country. And the premier says on the radio: "The army is the people."

PÈRE GUSTAVE *(who has come out of the house)* "The army is the people." And the people are the enemy.

SERGEANT *(hostile)* What do you mean by that?

GEORGES *(looks into the half-empty pot)* Why do you stand for it? Go get the mayor.

SERGEANT We know mayors; they don't do a thing.

SIMONE *(comes out slowly; without looking at the sergeant)* Monsieur Soupeau says he can't give you any more on account of all the refugees.

PÈRE GUSTAVE And we can't give them anything because the troops get it all.

SIMONE *(in despair)* Monsieur Soupeau is angry because the mayor is always making demands.

SERGEANT *(wearily)* It's the same all over.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*comes into the doorway and gives Simone a folded check*) Here's the check for the gentleman with the trout. Tell him we're giving him the strawberries at cost price, say your parents sold them to the hostelry. (*He shoves her into the house*) What's the matter? You're not satisfied? Would you kindly stop to think of the civilian population? We've been bled white, and every day they ask more of us. God knows that nobody feels for France more than I do, but . . . (*With a sweeping gesture of helplessness*) I have to make big sacrifices to keep this business going. Look at the help I've got. (*With a gesture in the direction of Père Gustave and Georges*) An old man and a cripple. And a child. I employ them because they'd starve if I didn't. I can't feed the French army into the bargain.

SERGEANT And I can't send my men out in the night on an empty stomach to work under fire for your benefit. Repair your own bridges. I'll wait for my field kitchen. If it takes seven years. (*Goes out with his men*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU What can I do? You can't please everybody. (*Making up to the help*) Friends, thank your stars that you don't own a restaurant. You see how it is? Like fighting off wolves. After all the trouble we've had getting two stars in the guidebook. (*Since Père Gustave and Georges show little sympathy for his troubles, angrily*) Don't stand there like bumps on a log. (*Calls back into the house*) Monsieur, there's no one in the yard now.

COLONEL (*the gentleman in the dust coat—comes out of the hostelry. To Monsieur Soupeau who is escorting him across the yard to the road*) Your prices are outrageous, monsieur. One hundred and sixty francs for a meal.

GEORGES (*goes in the meantime into the hostelry and drags out Simone, who is burying her face in her hands*) They left long ago. You don't have to hide in the hallway any more. It's not *your* fault, Simone.

SIMONE (*drying her tears*) It's only because they're from the 132nd, Monsieur Georges. The boys at the front are waiting for help, and the engineers have to repair the bridges first.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*returns from the street*) Foie gras,

trout, roast lamb, asparagus, Chablis, coffee, brandy, Martell '84. In times like these. And when the check comes, they make a face a mile long. But the service has to be double quick, because they can't wait to get out of the war zone. An officer! A colonel! Poor France! (*Sees Simone; with a guilty conscience*) And you, don't butt in. What goes on in the kitchen is none of your business! (*Out into the hostelry*)

GEORGES (*to Père Gustave, pointing at Simone*) She's ashamed on account of the engineers.

SIMONE What will they think of our hostelry, Monsieur Georges?

GEORGES (*to Simone*) You have no reason to be ashamed. The hostelry will cheat people as sure as God made little red apples, and the boss will charge scandalous prices as sure as a dog farts. You're not the hostelry. When a guest praises the wine, you've got nothing to be pleased about; when the roof caves in, you've got nothing to cry about. It wasn't you that chose the bed linen. It wasn't you that refused them food. See?

SIMONE (*not convinced*) Yes, Monsieur Georges.

GEORGES André knows you took the job on his account. That's enough. And now go on over to the schoolhouse to see little François. But don't let his mother scare you with her talk about the stukas, or you'll dream half the night that you're on the battlefield. (*He pushes her gently into the hostelry; to Père Gustave*) Too much imagination.

PÈRE GUSTAVE (*mending his tire*) She doesn't like going to the schoolhouse. They insult her because the food parcels are too expensive.

GEORGES (*with a sigh*) As I know her, she probably sticks up for the boss. She's a loyal one.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*comes out of the hostelry and calls out in the direction of the storehouse, clapping his hands*) Maurice, Robert!

ROBERT'S VOICE (*from the storehouse, sleepily*) Yes?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Captain Fétain just called up. He wants you to take the rest of the wine barrels to Bordeaux right away.

ROBERT'S VOICE    Tonight? That's impossible, Monsieur Henri. We've been on the road for two days.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    I know. I know. But what can I do? The captain thinks we're being too slow about his shipments. Of course it's because of the clogged roads. I really hate to deprive you of your night's sleep, but . . . (*A gesture of helplessness*)

ROBERT'S VOICE    The roads are clogged at night too, and we have to drive with blackout lights.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    C'est la guerre. We can't antagonize our best customers. Mother insists. So get started. (*To Père Gustave*) Aren't you through with that tire yet? (*Monsieur Chavez, the mayor, has come in from the street, with a briefcase under his arm. He is very much excited*)

PÈRE GUSTAVE (*calling Monsieur Soupeau's attention to him*)  
Monsieur le maire.

MAYOR    Henri, it's about your trucks again. I'm sorry. You've got to let me have them for the refugees.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    But I've told you that I'm under contract to haul Captain Fétain's wine. I can't refuse him. He and mother are childhood friends.

MAYOR    "The captain's wine!" Henri, you know I don't like to interfere with anyone's business activities, but at a time like this I can't worry my head over your relations with that fascist Fétain.

(*Simone has come out of the hostelry. A tray full of large parcels is slung round her neck, and she is carrying two baskets full of parcels*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*menacingly*)    Philippe, watch your step about calling the captain a fascist.

MAYOR (*angrily*)    "Watch your step!" That's all you and your captain can think of, with the Germans on the Loire. France is going to the dogs!

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    What! Where are the Germans?

MAYOR (*emphatically*)    On the Loire. And the Ninth Army can't get through to relieve our boys because Route 20 is clogged with refugees. Your trucks are confiscated along with every other truck in Saint-Martin; I want them ready

tomorrow morning to evacuate the refugees in the school-house. That's official. (*He takes a small red poster out of his briefcase and starts fastening it to the garage door*)

SIMONE (*horrified, in a low voice to Georges*) The tanks are coming, Monsieur Georges.

GEORGES (*puts his arm over her shoulder*) Yes, Simone.

SIMONE They're on the Loire. They'll be coming to Tours.

GEORGES Yes, Simone.

SIMONE They'll come here too, won't they?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Now I see why the captain was in such a hurry. (*Shaken*) The Germans on the Loire, that's terrible. (*Goes over to the mayor who is still posting his notice*) Philippe, never mind about that. Come inside with me. I want to talk to you in private.

MAYOR (*angrily*) No, Henri, I'm through talking with you in private. I want your employees to know that your trucks are confiscated and your gas too. I've looked the other way long enough.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Are you out of your mind? Confiscating my trucks in this situation! Anyway, I haven't got any gas. Except for the few gallons I've got here.

MAYOR What about the black-market stuff you haven't declared?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU What's that? Are you accusing me of illegally hoarding gas? (*Furious*) Père Gustave, have we any illegal gas?

(*Père Gustave pretends not to hear and starts rolling his tire into the garage*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*shouting*) Maurice! Robert! Come down here this minute! Père Gustave! (*Père Gustave stops*) Speak up! Have we any illegal gas around here?

PÈRE GUSTAVE I don't know anything about it. (*To Simone, who is staring at him*) Attend to your work and stop listening to other people's business.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Maurice! Robert! Where are you!

MAYOR If you have no extra gas, what do you truck the captain's wine with?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU You can't catch me with that one, mon-

sieur le maire. I truck the captain's wine with the captain's gas. Georges, did you ever hear of my having any illegal gas?

GEORGES (*with a look at his arm*) I've only been back from the front for four days.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU That's right, you wouldn't know. But there's Maurice and Robert. (*Maurice and Robert have entered*) Maurice and Robert! Monsieur Chavez has been accusing us of hiding gasoline. I ask you in the presence of Monsieur Chavez: is that true?

(*The brothers hesitate*)

MAYOR Maurice and Robert. You know me. I'm not a policeman, I don't like to meddle in other people's business. But France needs gasoline. I'm asking you to testify that there is gasoline here. You're decent young fellows.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Well?

MAURICE (*sullenly*) We never heard of any gas.

MAYOR So that's your answer. (*To Simone*) Your brother's at the front, isn't he? But I presume you won't tell me either that there's gas hidden here?

(*Simone stands motionless, then starts to cry*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Oh, now you're asking children to give evidence against me? Monsieur le maire, you have no right to undermine this child's respect for her employer. (*To Simone*) Run along, Simone.

MAYOR (*wearily*) Sending some of your fraudulent food parcels to the schoolhouse? Robbing the refugees again? You only filled the soldiers' pot half full. How can the refugees get anywhere if they're robbed of their last sou all along the line?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU This is a restaurant, not a charitable institution.

MAYOR I see. Only a miracle can save France. It's rotten to the core. (*He goes out. Silence*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU All right, Simone. Get going!

(*Simone goes out slowly and hesitantly toward the gate, repeatedly looking back. The book which she has hidden in the tray falls to the ground. She picks it up on the sly and goes out through the gate with her tray and baskets*)

## Simone Machard's First Dream

*The night of June 14.*

*Music. The angel emerges from the darkness. He stands on the garage roof. His face is golden and expressionless. In his hand he holds a small drum. Three times he cries out in a loud voice: "Joan!" Then the stage lights up. Simone is standing in the deserted yard with her wash basket on her arm, looking up at the angel.*

### THE ANGEL

Daughter of France, Joan: something must be done  
 Or our great France will perish before two weeks have run.  
 The Lord our God has looked around for aid  
 And now His eyes have fallen on His little Maid.  
 Here is a drum. God sends it. Beat it mightily  
 To shake the people from their lethargy.  
 But to be heard, you must set this drum upon the ground  
 As though to make the soil of France itself resound.  
 Now drum, and wake this people from its trance  
 Till rich and poor take pity on their mother France.  
 For shipping call on the bargemen of the Seine  
 On the peasants of Gironde to feed our fighting men.  
 For tanks you will go to the metal workers of Saint-Denis  
 And to pull the bridges down before the enemy  
 Round up the carpenters of Lyons. Tell them all  
 That France, the mother they have scoffed at, sends this  
 call  
 That France the great toiler and wine drinker is in need  
 And peril. Go now and seek them out. Godspeed!

SIMONE (*looks around to see if anyone else is there*) Do I  
 have to, monsieur? Aren't I too little to be a Saint Joan?

THE ANGEL No.

SIMONE Then I'll do it.

THE ANGEL It will be hard. Leftit cribble clump.

SIMONE (*timidly*) Are you my brother André?

(*The angel is silent*)

SIMONE How are you getting along?

*(The angel disappears. But Georges comes sauntering out of the garage, bringing Simone his helmet and bayonet)*

GEORGES Helmet and sword. You'll need them. It's not the job for you, but the boss hasn't got anybody but a cripple and a kid. Forget about your work; listen, the tanks are breaking through like meat choppers: no wonder your brother's already an angel.

SIMONE *(takes the helmet and bayonet)* Should I clean them for you, Monsieur Georges?

GEORGES No, you'll be needing them now that you're the Maid of Orleans.

SIMONE *(puts on the helmet)* You're right. I've got to go to the king in Orleans right away. It's twenty miles, the tanks do fifty an hour, and my shoes are full of holes, I won't get new ones until Easter. *(Turns to go)* Would you wave to me as I go down the road, Monsieur Georges? I'll be afraid if you don't, war is old-fashioned, bloodthirsty stuff.

*(Georges tries to wave with his bandaged arm, and disappears. Simone starts on her way to Orleans, marching in a small circle)*

SIMONE *(sings loudly)*

On my way to Saint-Nazaire

I had lost my breeches.

All the people shouted loud:

"Where'd you put your breeches?"

I said: hard by Saint-Nazaire

Look, the sky is azure

And the oats are much too high

And the sky too azure.

*(Suddenly the truck drivers Maurice and Robert start trotting behind her, in overalls but with medieval weapons)*

SIMONE What are you doing here? Why are you following me?

ROBERT We're following you because we're your bodyguard.

But kindly stop singing that song, it's indecent. We're betrothed to you, Joan, so be dignified.

SIMONE Am I betrothed to Maurice too?

MAURICE Yes, secretly.



*(Père Gustave comes toward them in primitive medieval armor. He looks away and begins to pass them by)*

SIMONE Père Gustave!

PÈRE GUSTAVE You leave me out of this. Expecting me to man guns at my age. Ridiculous! Live on tips and die for France!

SIMONE *(softly)* But France, your mother, is in *danger*.

PÈRE GUSTAVE My mother was Madame Poirot, the washer-woman. She was coming down with pneumonia. But what could I do? I had no money for all the medicines.

SIMONE *(shouting)* Then I command you, in the name of God and the angel, to come back and take charge of the guns. *(In a kindlier tone)* I'll clean them for you.

PÈRE GUSTAVE All right. That's something else again. Here, carry my pike. *(He gives her his pike and trots along with the others)*

MAURICE How much farther is it, Simone? It's all for the capitalists anyway. Workers gobbie girl, belie! *(Simone also answers in a dream language unintelligible to the audience. She speaks with great force of conviction)*

MAURICE *(who has understood her)* That's God's truth. All right, we'll keep going.

ROBERT You're limping, Simone. That hardware is too heavy for you.

SIMONE *(suddenly exhausted)* I'm sorry. It's only because I didn't get much breakfast. *(Stops and dries her sweat)* I'll be all right in a minute. Robert, do you remember what I'm supposed to say to the king?

ROBERT *(says something unintelligible in the dream language; then)* That's all.

SIMONE Of course. Thanks. Look, there are the towers of Orleans.

*(The colonel enters in armor with the dust coat over it. He sneaks across the yard)*

PÈRE GUSTAVE A fine beginning. The marshals are leaving town, they're clearing out.

SIMONE Why are the streets so empty, Père Gustave?

PÈRE GUSTAVE I suppose they're all having supper.

SIMONE And Père Gustave, why aren't they ringing the bells if the enemy's coming?

PÈRE GUSTAVE I suppose Captain Fétain has sent the bells to Bordeaux.

(*Monsieur Soupeau is standing in the entrance to the hostelry. He is wearing a helmet with a red plume and around his chest something of glittering steel*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Joan, you're to take the fraudulent parcels to the schoolhouse this minute.

SIMONE But Monsieur Henri, France, our mother, is in danger. The Germans are on the Loire and I must speak to the king.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU This is an outrage. I'm doing all I can. Don't forget the respect you owe to your employer. (*A man in a purple garment appears in the garage*)

SIMONE (*proudly*) Look, Monsieur Henri, there's King Charles VII. (*The man in purple proves to be the mayor, who is wearing the royal cloak over his suit*)

MAYOR Good morning, Joan.

SIMONE (*astonished*) Are you the king?

MAYOR Yes. I'm here on official business. I hereby confiscate the trucks. We wish to speak to you in private, Joan. (*The drivers, Père Gustave, and Monsieur Soupeau disappear in the darkness. Simone and the mayor sit down on the stone support of the gasoline pump*)

MAYOR Joan, it's all over. The marshal has gone off without leaving his address. I've written to the constable for guns, but my letter with the royal seal has been returned unopened. The master of the horse says he's been wounded in the arm, though no one has ever seen the wound. They're all rotten to the core. (*He weeps*) I know, you've come here to scold me, to tell me I'm a weakling. And so I am. But what about you, Joan? First of all I want you to tell me where that illegal gas is.

SIMONE In the brickyard, of course.

MAYOR I know I've been looking the other way. But you're robbing the refugees of their last sou with your fraudulent parcels.

SIMONE I do it because I have to keep a job for an angel, King Charles.

MAYOR And is it to keep their jobs that the drivers have been

trucking Captain Fétain's wine instead of refugees?

SIMONE Yes. And because the boss has registered them as indispensable to keep them out of the army.

MAYOR Ah yes, my bosses and nobles. They're the ones that have given me my gray hairs. The nobility is against the king. It says so in your book. But you've got the people behind you, especially Maurice. Couldn't we make a pact, Joan, you and I?

SIMONE Why not, King Charles? (*Hesitantly*) Only you've got to interfere with people's business activity and make sure the stew pots are always full.

MAYOR I'll see what I can do. I've got to watch my step, though, or they'll cut off my royal salary. You see, I'm the man who looks the other way, so naturally when I say something nobody listens. I'm expected to do all the dirty work. Take those engineers. Instead of taking their rations from the hostelry by force, they come to me: "Repair your own bridges. We'll wait for our field kitchen." Is it any wonder that the duke of Burgundy deserts me and goes over to the English?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*stands in the doorway*) King Charles, I hear you're dissatisfied? Would you kindly stop to think of your civilian population? We've been bled white. Nobody feels for France more than I do, but . . . (*Gesture of helplessness; goes out*)

MAYOR (*with resignation*) Then how do you expect us to defeat the English?

SIMONE I'll just have to beat my drum. (*She sits down on the ground and beats her invisible drum. Every stroke resounds as though it came out of the earth*) Come on, you bargemen of the Seine! Come on, you metal workers of Saint-Denis. You carpenters of Lyons, come on. The enemy is coming.

MAYOR What do you see, Joan?

SIMONE They're coming. Stand fast, men. First comes the drummer with the voice of a wolf, *his* drum is made out of a Jew's skin; he's got a vulture on his shoulder, with the face of Fauche, the Lyons banker. Right behind him comes Field Marshal Firebug. He's on foot, a fat clown in seven uniforms, and he doesn't look human in any of them. It's easy

to recognize the two devils, because there's a canopy of newspapers over them. Behind them ride the executioners and marshals: A swastika is branded on their low foreheads, and behind them as far as the eye can see come tanks and guns and railroad trains, and cars with altars on them and torture chambers, all very fast, on wheels. The battle wagons in the lead and behind them the loot wagons. The people get mowed down, but the grain gets gathered. Wherever they go, cities collapse, and every place they leave is a naked desert. But now they're done for, because here stand King Charles and the Maid of God, that's me.

*(All the Frenchmen who have appeared or will appear in the play have arrived, all with medieval weapons and odd pieces of armor)*

SIMONE *(radiant)* See, King Charles, they've all come.

MAYOR Not all, Joan. I don't see my mother Isabeau, for instance. And the constable has gone away in anger.

SIMONE Don't be afraid. Now I must crown you king, then the whole French people will be united. I've brought you a crown. See?

*(She takes a crown out of the basket)*

MAYOR But who am I going to play rummy with if the constable doesn't come back?

SIMONE Ockal grisht burlap. *(Simone sets the crown on the king's head. In the background the engineers appear, pounding their stew pot with ladles and making a loud noise)*

MAYOR What's that sound?

SIMONE It's the bells of Rheims cathedral.

MAYOR Isn't it the engineer troops that I sent to the hostelry for food?

SIMONE They didn't get any. That's why their pots are empty. The empty pots are your coronation bells, King Charles.

MAYOR Clidder dunk frim. Klemp!

ALL Long live the king and Joan, the Maid, who has crowned him.

MAYOR Many thanks, Simone. You have saved France.

*(The stage darkens. The voice of a radio announcer mingles with the confused music)*

## 2

## The Handshake

*It is early morning. Maurice and Robert, Père Gustave, and Georges are eating breakfast. The radio is heard from the hostelry.*

RADIO We repeat the war ministry bulletin issued at three-thirty this morning. Due to an unexpected crossing of the Loire by German tank formations the strategically important highways of central France have been swamped by new waves of refugees. The civilian population is requested to stay put, so the roads can be open for reinforcements.

MAURICE It's time to get out of here.

GEORGES The waiter and the rest of them cleared out at five; they'd worked all night packing the china. The boss threatened to call the police. It didn't do him any good.

ROBERT *(to Georges)* Why didn't you wake us up?  
*(Georges is silent)*

MAURICE The boss told you not to, eh? *(Laughs)*

ROBERT Aren't you clearing out, Georges?

GEORGES No. I'll take off my uniform and stay. They feed me here. I've given up hope of my arm getting better.  
*(Monsieur Soupeau comes bustling out of the hostelry. He is carefully dressed. Simone comes trotting behind him, carrying his suitcases)*

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU *(clapping his hands)* Maurice, Robert, Gustave, get moving. The china has to be loaded. Everything in the storehouse goes into the trucks. Pack the hams in salt. But load the vintage wines first. You can have your coffee later, there's a war on. We're going to Bordeaux.  
*(The help go on with their breakfast. Maurice laughs)*

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU What's the matter? Didn't you hear me? The trucks have got to be loaded.

MAURICE *(negligently)* The trucks have been requisitioned.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Requisitioned? Nonsense. (*With a grand gesture*) That was yesterday. The German tanks are heading for Saint-Martin. That changes everything. Yesterday's arrangements don't apply any more.

PÈRE GUSTAVE (*in an undertone*) Right.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Stop drinking when I'm talking to you.

(*Simone has put the suitcase down and crept back into the hostelry*)

MAURICE Let's have another coffee, Robert.

ROBERT Right, how do we know when we'll eat again?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*repressing his anger*) Be reasonable.

Help your boss pack his belongings. There's a tip in it for you. (*When no one looks up*) Père Gustave, come on now. Get started on the china. Well?

PÈRE GUSTAVE (*stands up hesitantly*) I haven't finished my breakfast yet. Don't look at me like that. It won't do you any good now. (*Angrily*) You can stick your china up your ass for all I care. (*He sits down again*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Are you crazy, too? At *your* age? (*He looks from one to the other, then at the motorcycle; angrily*) So that's it? You're waiting for the Germans? Your boss is through? Is that the affection and respect you owe your employer? (*To the drivers*) Three times I've signed statements that you were indispensable to my trucking business; if I hadn't, you'd be at the front, and this is how you thank me. This is my reward for treating my help as if we were all one happy family. (*Over his shoulder*) Simone, get me some brandy! I feel weak. (*When there is no answer*) Simone, where are you?—Now she's gone too.

(*Simone comes out of the hostelry, wearing a jacket, dressed to go out; she tries to sneak past Monsieur Soupeau*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Simone!

(*Simone keeps going*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU What, you won't answer me? Are you crazy? (*Simone starts to run and goes out. Monsieur Soupeau shrugs his shoulders and points at his forehead*)

GEORGES What's got into Simone?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*turns back to the truck drivers*) So you refuse to obey orders?

MAURICE Not at all. As soon as we've finished our breakfast, off we go.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU And the china?

MAURICE We'll take it. If you'll load it.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Me?

MAURICE Yes, you. It's yours, isn't it?

ROBERT Of course we can't guarantee that we'll get to Bordeaux, can we, Maurice?

MAURICE Who can guarantee anything these days?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU This is an outrage. Do you know what will happen to you if you disobey orders in the face of the enemy? I'll have you shot right here, up against this wall!  
(*Simone's parents come in from the street*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU What do *you* want?

MADAME MACHARD Monsieur Soupeau, we've come on account of our Simone. We hear the Germans will be here soon and that you're leaving. Simone is a little girl, and Monsieur Machard is worried about the twenty francs.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU She's run away, God knows where.

GEORGES Didn't she go home, Madame Machard?

MADAME MACHARD No, Monsieur Georges.

GEORGES That's funny.

(*The mayor comes in with two policemen. Simone is hiding behind them*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU You've come at the right time, Philippé.

(*With a grand gesture*) Philippe, I'm faced with rebellion. Do something.

MAYOR Henri, Mademoiselle Machard has informed me that you're planning to abscond with your trucks. That is illegal. I shall use every means at my disposal to prevent it. Including the police. (*Points at the policemen*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Simone, you had the gall . . . ? Gentlemen, I employed this creature out of kindness for her family!

MADAME MACHARD (*shakes Simone*) Now look what you've done! (*Simone is silent*)

MAURICE I sent her.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU I see. And you took orders from Maurice?

MADAME MACHARD Simone, how could you!

SIMONE I wanted to help monsieur le maire, mother. They need our trucks.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU *Our trucks!*

SIMONE (*growing confused*) André's roads are clogged. (*Unable to continue*) Please, monsieur le maire, you explain.

MAYOR Henri, try to keep your selfishness within bounds. The child was right in calling me. At a time like this everything we own belongs to France. My sons are at the front and so is her brother. In other words, even our own sons don't belong to us.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*beside himself*) So order has ceased to exist. Property doesn't exist any more. Why don't you give my hostelry to the Machards? Maybe my truck drivers here would like to help themselves to the contents of my safe? This is anarchy! Permit me to remind you, Monsieur Chavez, that my mother went to school with the prefect's wife. And there's still such a thing as a telephone.

MAYOR (*weakening*) Henri, I'm only doing my duty.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Philippe, be reasonable. You talk about the property of France. What about my supplies, my precious china, my silverware? Aren't they the property of France? Do you want them to fall into the hands of the Germans? Not one coffee cup must fall into enemy hands, not one ham, not one can of sardines. Wherever they go they must find a desert. Have you forgotten that? You're the mayor. You should have come to me and said: Henri, it's your duty to safeguard your possessions from the Germans. And my answer would have been: Philippe, in that case I need my trucks.

*(The sound of a crowd is heard from the street. A bell rings in the hostelry, and there is pounding on one of the doors)*

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU What's going on? Georges, go see what's going on. (*Georges goes into the hostelry*) And to my staff, who have forgotten their duty so far as to leave my possessions in the lurch, you must say (*to the drivers*): Gentlemen, I appeal to you as Frenchmen. Go pack the china.

GEORGES (*coming back*) It's a crowd of people from the schoolhouse, Monsieur Henri. They heard the trucks were



being sent away. They're all excited, they want to speak to the mayor.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*turning pale*) There you have it, Philippe. It's all Simone's fault. Quick, Georges, shut the gate. (*Georges goes to close the gate*) Quick, quick! Run!—This is the result of the agitation about my food parcels. The mob. (*To the policemen*) Do something! This minute! Philippe, you've got to phone for reinforcements, you owe me that. They'll kill me, Philippe. Help me! Please, Philippe.

MAYOR (*to the policemen*) Guard the gate. (*To Monsieur Soupeau*) Nonsense, they won't hurt you. You heard him, they only want to talk to me. (*Since there is pounding on the gate*) Admit a delegation, not more than three.

(*The policemen open the gate a crack and talk with the crowd. Then they admit three people, two men and a woman with a babe in arms*)

MAYOR What is it?

ONE OF THE REFUGEES (*excitedly*) Monsieur le maire, we demand the trucks!

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Haven't you heard that the roads have to be kept clear?

THE WOMAN For you? What do you want us to do? Wait here for the German bombers?

MAYOR (*to the refugees*) Madame, messieurs, don't panic. It's all settled about the trucks. Monsieur Soupeau merely wants to save a few valuable possessions from the threat of enemy action.

THE WOMAN (*indignantly*) You see? There you have it! They want to evacuate crates instead of people.

(*The sound of planes is heard*)

VOICES (*from outside*) Stukas!

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU They're diving.

(*The noise grows deafening. The planes have dived. All throw themselves on the ground*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*when the planes have gone*) That's dangerous. I've got to get out of here.

VOICES (*from outside*) Give us the trucks!—Do they want us all to be killed?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU They're not loaded yet! Philippe!

SIMONE (*angrily*) This is no time to think of your supplies!

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*flabbergasted*) How dare you, Simone!

SIMONE Why not give the food to the people?

THE REFUGEE Oh, it's food? It's food they want to load in the trucks?

MAURICE That's right.

THE WOMAN And we couldn't even get soup this morning.

MAURICE It's not the Germans he wants to save his supplies from. It's the French.

THE WOMAN (*runs back to the gate*) Open up! (*When the policemen hold her back, she shouts over the wall*) It's the hotel's food supplies that's going in the trucks!

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Philippe! Don't let her broadcast that.

VOICES (*from outside*) They're evacuating the food supplies! —Break down the gate!—Aren't there any men here?— They're taking away the food and they're leaving us for the German tanks!

(*The refugees break through the gate. The mayor goes toward them*)

MAYOR Messieurs, mesdames, no violence! Everything will be straightened out.

(*While the mayor argues by the gate, a violent dispute arises in the yard. Two main groups form. On the one side Monsieur Soupeau, one of the male refugees, the woman refugee, and Simone's parents. On the other side, Simone, the two truck drivers, the second refugee, and Père Gustave. Georges does not take part, but goes on with his breakfast*)

(*Unnoticed, old Madame Soupeau has come out of the hostelry. She is very old, dressed all in black*)

THE WOMAN There's still at least eighty people without transportation.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU You're taking your bundles, madame. Why should I leave everything behind? They're my trucks, aren't they?

MAYOR How much space

SIMONE You know the roads. You can go around the back way so's to leave Route 20 clear for the troops.

ROBERT What makes you think we're going to drive his supplies through the flood for him?

do you need, Monsieur Soupeau?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Enough for at least sixty crates. There'll be room for about thirty refugees in the other truck.

THE WOMAN So you want to leave fifty of us behind. Is that it?

MAYOR Let's say you'll manage with half a truck. Then at least there'll be room for the children and sick people.

THE WOMAN Do you want to break up families? You wicked man!

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Eight or ten of them can sit on the crates. (*To Madame Machard*) Your daughter's to blame for all this.

THE WOMAN The child has more heart than the whole lot of you put together.

MADAME MACHARD You must forgive our Simone, Monsieur Henri. She got these ideas from her brother. It's dreadful.

THE WOMAN (*to the crowd in the doorway*) Why don't we take the trucks and the food too?

MADAME SOUPEAU Here's the key, Simone. Let the people take all the food they want. Père Gustave, Georges, give them a hand.

MAYOR (*in a loud voice*) Bravo, Madame Soupeau!

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Mother, how can you? What are you doing down here anyway? You'll catch your death in this

SIMONE But you'll take the children and sick people?

ROBERT Refugees—that's something else again.

PÈRE GUSTAVE You keep out of this, Simone. That's my advice to you.

SIMONE But our fair France is in danger, Père Gustave.

PÈRE GUSTAVE She got that out of that damn book! "Is our fair France not in danger?"

ROBERT Here comes Madame Soupeau. She wants you.

(*Simone goes over to Madame Soupeau*)

draft. There are vintage wines and 70,000 francs worth of supplies in the cellars.

MADAME SOUPEAU (*to the mayor*) The township is free to use them as it sees fit. (*To Monsieur Soupeau, coldly*) Would you rather have looting?

SIMONE (*to the woman with the baby*) There's going to be food for you.

MADAME SOUPEAU Simone! At your suggestion, my son has just made all the hostelry's food supplies available to the township. That leaves only the china and silverware, which won't take up much room. Will somebody load them for us?

THE WOMAN What about room for us in the trucks?

MADAME SOUPEAU Madame, we'll take as many of you as possible, and as for those who are left behind, the hostelry will be honored to feed them.

A REFUGEE (*calling out toward the gate*) Gaston! Would the old Creveux couple and the Meuniers stay behind if they're fed?

SHOUT FROM OUTSIDE Maybe they would, Jean!

THE WOMAN Hey, if they'll feed us, I'd like to stay myself.

MADAME SOUPEAU You'll be welcome.

MAYOR (*in the gateway*) Messieurs, mesdames, help yourselves. The hostelry's supplies are yours.

(*A few of the refugees go hesitantly into the storehouse*)

MADAME SOUPEAU And bring us a few bottles of brandy, Simone, the 1884 Martell.

SIMONE Yes, madame. (*She motions to the refugees and goes with them, Père Gustave, and Georges' into the storehouse*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Mother, this is going to be the death of me.

ONE OF THE REFUGEES (*drags out a crate with Georges; in high spirits parodies a market crier*) Fruit, ham, chocolate! Provisions for your trip! Absolutely free of charge!

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*looking indignantly at the cans that the refugees and Georges are carrying across the yard to the gate*) But those are delicacies! That's foie gras!

MADAME SOUPEAU (*under her breath*) Shut up! (*To the refugee, politely*) I hope you enjoy it, monsieur. (*With Père*

*Gustave's help the other refugee hauls baskets of food across the yard)*

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*lamenting*) My Pommard 1915. And that's caviar. And this is . . .

MAYOR This is a time for making sacrifices, Henri. (*In a choked voice*) We must let our hearts speak.

MAURICE (*imitating Monsieur Soupeau's outcry*) "My Pommard!" (*Laughing uproariously, slaps Simone on the back*) Just for that I'll load your china for you, Simone.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*offended*) I fail to see what's so funny. (*Pointing at the vanishing baskets*) This is looting.

ROBERT (*good-naturedly with a basket*) Don't let it get you down, Monsieur Henri. We'll load your china to make up for it.

MADAME SOUPEAU It's a deal. (*She picks up some cans and bottles of wine and takes them to Simone's parents*) Here. You have some too. And get glasses for your parents, Simone. (*Simone does so; then she gets a stool, puts it down by the wall and hands provisions from a basket to the refugees on the other side of the wall*)

MADAME SOUPEAU Maurice, Robert, Père Gustave, go get yourselves glasses. (*Pointing to the policemen*) I see that the law is already served. (*To the woman with the baby*) Won't you join us in a drink, madame? (*To all*) Mesdames, messieurs, I propose a toast to our fair France.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*standing alone and excluded*) What about me? Are you going to drink a toast to France without me?

(*He pours himself a glass and joins the group*)

MAYOR (*to Madame Soupeau*) In the name of the township of Saint-Martin, I wish to thank the hostelry for its generosity. (*He raises his glass*) To France and to the future.

GEORGES But where's Simone?

(*Simone is still busy handing provisions over the wall to the refugees*)

MAYOR Simone!

(*Simone is flushed. She approaches hesitantly*)

MADAME SOUPEAU Go get a glass, Simone. All of use here owe you a debt of gratitude.

*(All drink)*

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU *(to the drivers)* Are we friends again? Did you think I objected to transporting refugees in my trucks? Maurice and Robert, I like to get my own way, but I respect noble motives when I see them. I'm willing to admit a mistake. You do the same. Let's forget our little personal differences and stand together, shoulder to shoulder, against the common enemy. Shake on it.

*(He begins with Robert, who gives him his hand with a sheepish grin; next Georges gives him his left hand. Then Monsieur Soupeau embraces the woman with the baby. Grumbling, still angry, Père Gustave gives him his hand. Finally, Monsieur Soupeau turns to Maurice, who, however, makes no move to give him his hand)*

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Oh la la. Are we Frenchmen, or aren't we?

SIMONE *(reproachfully)* Maurice!

MAURICE *(hesitantly giving Monsieur Soupeau his hand; ironically)* Long live our new St. Joan, come to unite the French people.

*(Monsieur Machard gives Simone a slap in the face)*

MADAME MACHARD *(explains)* That's for your obstinacy, for disobeying your employer.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU *(to Machard)* Don't, monsieur. *(He puts his arms around Simone consolingly)* Simone is my pet, madame. I've got a weakness for her. *(To the drivers)* But come on, boys, let's start loading. I'm sure Monsieur Machard will help us.

MAYOR *(to his policemen)* How about you fellows giving monsieur a hand?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU *(bows to the woman with the baby)* Madame!

*(The group breaks up, the crowd outside also drifts away. Only Monsieur Soupeau, the mayor, Madame Soupeau, Simone, the two truck drivers, and Georges remain on the stage)*

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Friends, I wouldn't have missed that for anything. Damn the caviar and the Pommard. I'm for unity.

MAURICE What about the brickyard?

MAYOR (*cautiously*) That's right, Henri. Something's got to be done about the brickyard.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*distressed*) What? What more do you want? All right, send any trucks that are out of gas to the brickyard. They can fill up. Now are you satisfied?

ROBERT In Abbeville the German tanks got their gas from the filling stations. That's why they get ahead so fast.

GEORGES Our 132nd had tanks on its tail before they had time to look around. They made mincemeat out of two regiments.

SIMONE (*frightened*) But not the Seventh?

GEORGES No, not the Seventh.

MAYOR Gasoline stocks have to be destroyed, Henri.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Aren't you in a bit too much of a hurry? We can't destroy everything just like that. Maybe we'll throw the enemy back. What do you say, Simone? Tell Monsieur Chavez that France isn't lost yet, not by a long shot. (*To Madame Soupeau*) And now good-bye, mother. I hate to leave you here. (*Kisses her*) But Simone will be a great help to you. Good-bye, Simone. I'm not ashamed to thank you. You're a real Frenchwoman. (*Kisses her*) As long as you're here, nothing will fall into the hands of the Germans, I can be sure of that. I want the whole place stripped bare, understand? I know you'll carry out my wishes. Good-bye, Philippe, old man. (*Embraces him, picks up his bags. Simone wants to help him, he waves her away*) Never mind. Have a talk with mother, decide what to do about our supplies.

(*Goes out in the direction of the street*)

SIMONE (*runs after the two truck drivers*) Maurice, Robert. (*She kisses them both on their cheeks. Then finally Maurice and Robert go out too*)

VOICE OF THE RADIO ANNOUNCER Attention! Attention! German tank formations have reached Tours. (*The announcement is repeated several times until the end of the scene*)

MAYOR (*pale, beside himself*) Then we can expect them here by tonight.

MADAME SOUPEAU Don't be such an old woman, Philippe.

SIMONE Madame, I'll run over to the brickyard with Père Gustave and Georges. We'll destroy the gasoline.

MADAME SOUPEAU You've heard your employer's orders. He told us not to be in too much of a hurry. You must leave certain decisions to us, my dear.

SIMONE But madame, Maurice says the Germans go so fast.

MADAME SOUPEAU That will do, Simone. (*Turns to go*) There's a nasty draft here. (*To the mayor*) Thank you, Philippe, for all you've done for the hostelry today. (*In the doorway*) Besides, Simone, now that they're all gone, I'll probably close the hostelry. Give me the key to the storehouse. (*Simone, stunned, gives her the key*) I think you'd better go home to your parents. I've been satisfied with you.

SIMONE (*does not understand*) But can't I help when the people from the town hall come to get supplies?

(*Without a word Madame Soupeau goes into the hostelry*)

SIMONE (*after a silence, haltingly*) Have I been fired, monsieur le maire?

MAYOR (*comfortingly*) I'm afraid so. But you mustn't feel badly. You heard her say she was satisfied with you. Coming from her, that means a good deal, Simone.

SIMONE (*tonelessly*) Yes, monsieur le maire.

(*The mayor goes out dejectedly*)

(*Simone looks after him*)

## Simone Machard's Second Dream

*The night of June 15.*

*Confused, festive music. A waiting group emerges from the darkness: the mayor in his royal cloak, Monsieur Soupeau and the colonel, both in armor and with marshal's batons; the colonel is wearing his dust coat over his armor.*

COLONEL Our Joan has now taken Orleans and Rheims after clearing Route 20 for our advancing troops. She must be suitably honored, that much is plain.



MAYOR I, the king, will see to that, monsieur. The dignitaries and great families of France, who are to assemble here today, will bow down to the ground before her.

*(From now until the end of the scene the titles and names of France's dignitaries and leading families are called out backstage, as though they were assembling)*

MAYOR By the way, I hear she's been fired? *(Discreetly)* At the behest of the queen mother, the proud Queen Isabeau, so I hear.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU I don't know anything about that, I wasn't there. If you ask me, it's not right. She's my pet. I say she stays.

*(The mayor says something unintelligible, apparently evasive, in the dream language)*

COLONEL Here she comes.

*(Simone strides in with sword and helmet, preceded by her bodyguard, consisting of Maurice, Robert, and Georges. The three are in armor. From the darkness have emerged Simone's parents and the staff of the hostelry: "the people." The bodyguard pushes the people back with long pikes)*

ROBERT Make way for the Maid.

MADAME MACHARD *(craning her neck)* It's her. That helmet looks pretty good on her.

MAYOR *(steps forward)* Dear Joan, what can we do for you? Tell me your wishes.

SIMONE *(with a bow)* My first request, King Charles, is to go on feeding my beloved native town with the hostelry's supplies. You know I've been sent to help the poor and needy. Their taxes must be remitted.

MAYOR That goes without saying. What else?

SIMONE In the second place, Paris must be taken. The second campaign must begin at once, King Charles.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU *(astonished)* A second campaign?

COLONEL What will old Madame Soupeau, the proud Queen Isabeau, say to that?

SIMONE You must give me an army, King Charles, with which to defeat the enemy completely before the year is out.

MAYOR *(smiling)* Dear Joan, we are very well satisfied with

you. Coming from us, that means a good deal. That will do. You must leave certain decisions to us. I shall now close the hostelry, and you will go home. But first of course you will be ennobled. Give me your sword, I've mislaid mine, and I shall dub you a lady of France.

SIMONE (*gives him the sword and kneels*) Here's the key. (*Confused music, organ and chorus, indicates festive church rites in the distance*)

(*The mayor solemnly touches Simone's shoulder with the sword*)

BODYGUARD AND PEOPLE Long live the Maid! Long live the great lady of France!

SIMONE (*when the mayor starts to leave*) Just a minute, King Charles. Don't forget to give me back my sword. (*Urgently*) The English haven't been defeated yet, the Burgundians are raising a new army, more formidable than the first. The hardest is yet to come.

MAYOR Many thanks for the offer. And many thanks for everything else, Joan. (*Gives Simone's sword to Monsieur Soupeau*) Take it to Bordeaux, Henri, there it will be safe. We for our part must now have a confidential talk with Madame Soupeau, the proud Queen Isabeau. Farewell, Joan, it has been a pleasure! (*Goes out with Monsieur Soupeau and the colonel*)

SIMONE (*in terror*) But the enemy's coming, don't you see! (*The music sinks to a murmur, the light grows dim, the people vanish in the darkness*)

SIMONE (*stands motionless. Then*) André! Help! Archangel, come down! Speak to me! The English are raising an army, the Burgundians have turned traitor, and our men are running away.

THE ANGEL (*appears on the garage roof; reproachfully*) Where is your sword, Joan?

SIMONE (*confused, apologetically*) They dubbed me a noble lady with it and they never gave it back. (*Softly, ashamed*) I've been fired.

THE ANGEL I see. (*After a silence*) Maid of France, don't let

them send you away. Hold out. France wishes it. Don't go back to your parents yet, they'd eat their hearts out about your being fired. Besides, you promised to keep your brother's job in the garage for him; because one day he'll be coming back. Stay, Joan. How can you leave your post when the enemy may burst in from one minute to the next?

SIMONE Should we go on fighting if the enemy has already won?

THE ANGEL Is the night wind blowing?

SIMONE Yes.

THE ANGEL Isn't there a tree in the yard?

SIMONE Yes, the poplar.

THE ANGEL Do its leaves rustle when the wind blows?

SIMONE Oh yes.

THE ANGEL Then you should fight, even if the enemy has won.

SIMONE But how can I fight when I have no sword?

THE ANGEL

Hark:

When the conqueror comes to your town or village

Let there be nothing left for him to pillage.

Let no one give him a key

He's vermin, not company.

Let there be nothing for him to feed on

No chair to sit on and no bed to sleep on.

Hide what you cannot burn. Bury the bread and meat

Pour out the milk, let the dearth be complete.

Let him curse his fate, for Monster is his name

Let him eat earth and dwell in flame.

Let there be no court where he can plead

For mercy; let your city be gone, demolished, dead.

Let him find emptiness at every step. Let it be

As though there had never been a hostelry.

Go forth and destroy.

*(The stage grows dark. Confused music. Intermittently one hears the angel's soft but insistent "Go forth and destroy" and, very distinctly, the rumble of heavy tanks)*

## 3

## The Fire

(a)

*Old Madame Soupeau all in black, and behind her Thérèse the chambermaid and Père Gustave wearing his Sunday suit, are waiting in the gateway for the German captain. Georges, now in civilian clothes, is leaning against the garage wall. Simone is inside the garage hiding from Madame Soupeau and listening to him. The clanking of passing tanks is heard from outside.*

SIMONE She's as white as a sheet. She's scared.

GEORGES She thinks they'll arrest her as a hostage and shoot her. She's been having fits all night. Thérèse heard her screaming: "The butchers will kill us all." But that didn't keep her from staying here, it's her greed, and now she's waiting for the German captain—I really don't understand why you don't want her to see you. Is anything wrong?

SIMONE (*lying*) No, no. Except she'd send me away if she saw me. For fear the Germans might hurt me.

GEORGES (*suspiciously*) Is that the only reason you don't want her to see you?

SIMONE (*changing the subject*) Do you think the Germans have caught up with Maurice and Robert?

GEORGES Maybe.—Say, why have you moved out of your room upstairs?

SIMONE (*lying*) There's room for me in the storehouse now that the drivers have gone away.—Do you think André will be coming back soon?

GEORGES Probably.—She hasn't fired you, Simone?

SIMONE (*lying*) No.

GEORGES Here come the Germans.

*(The German captain comes in from the street, accompanied*

by Captain Fétain. In the gateway Madame Soupeau exchanges polite greetings with the two officers. Their conversation cannot be heard)

GEORGES The captain and secret fascist has the honor of introducing the enemy to madame. All too polite for words. They're sniffing, they don't seem to dislike each other's smell. The enemy is a gentleman. Madame seems enormously relieved. (*Whispers*) They're coming.

(*Simone steps back. Madame Soupeau leads the two officers across the yard to the hostelry; Thérèse the chambermaid follows*)

PÈRE GUSTAVE (*to whom Madame Soupeau has whispered something, goes over to Georges and Simone*) Madame doesn't want the mob from the schoolhouse in the hostelry any more. The German officers might not like it. But it looks as if the boss could just as well have stayed.

GEORGES The first thing they announced over the radio was: "No one who observes law and order has anything to fear."

PÈRE GUSTAVE The one in there says "please" when he wants something. "Please show my orderly my rooms."

SIMONE He's the enemy all the same.

(*Père Gustave goes out into the storehouse*)

GEORGES Has your cousin had another dream?

SIMONE Yes, last night.

GEORGES About the Maid again?

SIMONE (*nods*) They dubbed her a lady.

GEORGES That must have been a big thing for her.

SIMONE Her native place has had its taxes remitted, the same as in the book.

GEORGES (*rather harshly*) But actually the hostelry's supplies are not being distributed to the people, as promised.

SIMONE (*flustered*) My cousin didn't say anything about that.

GEORGES Oh.

SIMONE Monsieur Georges. If in a dream like my cousin has now and then a certain person appears as an angel—does it mean the person must be dead?

GEORGES I don't think so. It probably just means that the dreamer is afraid this person might be dead.—Tell me, what more is your cousin expected to do?

SIMONE Lots of things.

GEORGES Did something bad happen in the dream?

SIMONE Why?

GEORGES Because you're telling me so little.

SIMONE (*slowly*) No, nothing bad.

GEORGES I'm asking, Simone, because it seems to me now and then that another person might take these dreams seriously and forget that we're living in broad daylight and not in a dream.

SIMONE (*violently*) Then I won't talk about my cousin's dreams with you any more, Monsieur Georges.

(*The woman with the baby and another refugee from the schoolhouse come into the yard*)

SIMONE They're coming for food. Tell them nicely, Monsieur Georges. (*She hides and looks on*)

GEORGES (*steps forward*) Madame.

THE WOMAN The tanks are here.

THE MAN There are three of them outside the town hall.

THE WOMAN Big ones. Twenty feet long.

THE MAN (*indicating the German sentry*) Watch out!

MADAME SOUPEAU (*steps into the doorway of the hostelry*)

Georges! Père Gustave. Take the hors d'oeuvres to the breakfast room for the Herr Hauptmann.—What have you come for?

THE WOMAN We've come to see about the food, madame. There are twenty-one people left in the schoolhouse.

MADAME SOUPEAU Georges, didn't I tell you to keep beggars out of the hostelry?

THE MAN What do you mean, beggars?

MADAME SOUPEAU Why haven't you told these people that from now on they'll be dealing with the German commandant and not with us? Those happy days are over.

THE WOMAN You want us to tell that to the people in the schoolhouse after we advised them all to stay here so you could send your china away?

MADAME SOUPEAU Madame, I wouldn't start denouncing people if I were you.

THE WOMAN Madame, don't hide behind the Germans.

MADAME SOUPEAU (*calls over her shoulder*) Honoré!

THE WOMAN Me and my baby could have been in Bordeaux with my sister by now. You promised to feed us, madame.

MADAME SOUPEAU I was blackmailed into it, madame.

CAPTAIN FÉTAIN (*coming up behind her*) The place was being looted, neither more nor less! But now, my friends, there's going to be order and discipline around here. (*Motioning toward the German sentries*) Do you want me to have you driven out of here with bayonets? Don't get worked up, Marie; remember your heart.

THE WOMAN You bastards!

THE MAN (*holds her back and leads her away*) Madame, this won't last forever.

MADAME SOUPEAU It's beginning to stink of sewage around here. The gutters of the northern cities are pouring their rats into our peaceful villages. We're getting the riffraff from their cheap wine rooms. They'll have to pay for this, in blood. Père Gustave, breakfast for four.

CAPTAIN FÉTAIN (*to Georges*) Hey you! The mayor will be coming here. Tell him I want to speak to him before he sees the Herr Hauptmann. (*He leads Madame Soupeau back into the hostelry*)

(*When the two are gone, Simone runs after the refugees*)

GEORGES Père Gustave! The hors d'oeuvres for the Herr Hauptmann.

PÈRE GUSTAVE'S VOICE (*from the storehouse*) I heard you. Nothing's too good for the Herr Hauptmann.

(*Simone comes back out of breath*)

GEORGES What did you say to them?

SIMONE To tell the people in the schoolhouse that they'll get their food. I'll take it to them tonight.

GEORGES Yes, you've still got the key.

SIMONE It was promised to them.

GEORGES Just be very careful. That's theft.

SIMONE Didn't the boss say: "As long as you're here, Simone, nothing will fall into the hands of the Germans, I can be sure of that"?

GEORGES But now his mother's singing a different tune.

SIMONE Maybe they're forcing her.

(*The mayor appears in the gateway*)

SIMONE (*rushes up to him; in a whisper*) Monsieur le maire, what's going to happen now?

MAYOR What do you think, Simone? I have good news for you: at my suggestion your father's being taken on as bailiff. You've deserved it, Simone. Now it won't matter that you lost your job.

SIMONE (*in a whisper*) Monsieur le maire, is it true that there are three tanks outside the town hall? (*Still more softly*) The gas is still there.

MAYOR (*absently*) Yes, that's bad. (*Suddenly*) But Simone, why are you still here?

SIMONE Something has to be done about the gas, monsieur le maire. Can't you do something? They're sure to ask Madame Soupeau for it.

MAYOR I don't think we have to worry about Madame Soupeau, Simone.

SIMONE I could do something. I know my way around the brickyard.

MAYOR (*vaguely*) I hope you're not thinking of doing anything foolish, Simone. I've got a great responsibility for the town of Saint-Martin. Do you understand?

SIMONE Yes, monsieur le maire.

MAYOR I don't know why I'm talking to you like this. You're still a child, Simone. But I think each one of us has to do his best. Don't you?

SIMONE Oh yes, monsieur le maire. If the brickyard were to burn down . . .

MAYOR Good God! You mustn't even think of such things. But now I have to go in. This is the hardest thing I've done in all my life. (*He starts to go in*)

(*Captain Fétain comes out*)

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN Monsieur Chavez. You're just in time for breakfast.

MAYOR I've had my breakfast.

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN That's unfortunate. You don't quite seem to understand. A good many unpleasant things happened here yesterday, with the connivance of the authorities. It is regrettable that no immediate measures were taken to stop the shameless attempts of certain elements to exploit the down-



fall of France for their own advantage. The least our German guests can expect is a polite gesture from us. The German commandant, for instance, has already been informed about certain supplies that are stored in a brickyard. Maybe you ought to take that into account, Chavez. Maybe that will improve your appetite? After you, monsieur le maire.

MAYOR (*very unsure of himself*) After you, mon capitaine.  
(*The two go into the hostelry. Père Gustave comes out of the storehouse and follows them*)

PÈRE GUSTAVE (*going in with the hors d'oeuvres*) Fair weather and happy journey! Rich birds flock together, ch, Georges? They're selling France the same as they sell their wine and hors d'oeuvres! (*Goes out*)

(*Simone has followed the last exchange. She has sat down*)

GEORGES Simone! What's the matter with you? Simone!  
(*Simone does not answer. Georges stands rigidly, preserving the gesture with which he has tried to shake her into consciousness. During Simone's daydream, Père Gustave's "Rich birds flock together" is repeated mechanically and more faintly*)

## Simone Machard's Daydream

*On June 20.*

*Confused martial music. The back wall of the hostelry becomes transparent. Before an enormous tapestry the mayor as King Charles, Captain Fétain as the duke of Burgundy, the German captain with his sword across his knees as the English general, and Madame Soupeau as Queen Isabeau are seated playing belote on a marble table.*

MADAME SOUPEAU I wish to see the mob no more, my lord.  
GERMAN CAPTAIN Hide behind us, Queen Isabeau. I'll have them all cleared out of the yard. Then we'll have order. My trick.

MAYOR Hark! Do I hear the sound of drums?  
(*Joan's drum is heard in the distance*)

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN I hear nothing. Play your ace of clubs.

*(The drumming stops)*

MAYOR *(doubtfully)* No? Duke of Burgundy, I'm afraid my Joan is in trouble and needs help.

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN Ten of hearts. I need peace, so I can sell my wines.

GERMAN CAPTAIN What is the price of your hors d'oeuvres, madame?

MADAME SOUPEAU Whose deal? Ten thousand pieces of silver, my lord.

MAYOR This time I'm sure. She must be in danger, mortal danger. I must hasten to her help and destroy everything.

*(He stands up with his cards in hand)*

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN I should be careful if I were you. If you go now, it's the last time. You don't understand. How can we play if we're disturbed all the time? Jack of clubs.

MAYOR *(sits down again)* Very well.

MADAME SOUPEAU *(slaps him in the face)* That's for being so independent.

GERMAN CAPTAIN By your leave, Queen Isabeau. *(He lays coins down on the table)* One, two, three . . .

*(Georges shakes Simone out of her daydream, while the German captain goes on counting)*

GEORGES Simone! Now you're dreaming with your eyes open.

SIMONE Will you come, Monsieur Georges?

GEORGES *(stares at his bandaged arm; joyfully)* Simone, I can move it again.

SIMONE That's good. But we have to go to the brickyard, Monsieur Georges. We haven't got much time. Père Gustave, you come too. Quick.

PÈRE GUSTAVE *(coming back out of the hostelry)* Me? They've put up a notice: Anyone destroying essential war material will be shot. They mean business.

SIMONE The mayor wants us to.

PÈRE GUSTAVE The mayor's an asshole.

SIMONE But you'll come, Monsieur Georges? It's for André.

I wouldn't know how to destroy all that gas. Will we have to set fire to the whole brickyard?

GEORGES Don't you understand? I can move it again.

SIMONE (*looks at him*) So you won't come?

PÈRE GUSTAVE Here comes another one.

(*A German soldier comes into the yard, hauling baggage. As soon as she sees him, Simone runs away in a fright*)

THE GERMAN SOLDIER (*throws down the baggage; he is in a sweat. He lifts his steel helmet and, taking a friendly attitude, tries to communicate with gestures*) Hauptmann? Inside?

GEORGES (*with gestures*) In there. In the hostelry. Cigarette?

THE GERMAN SOLDIER (*takes the cigarette and grins*) War—merde. (*Gesture of shooting, disparaging wave of the hand*)

GEORGES (*laughing*) Boom boom. (*Farts with his lips, both laugh*)

THE GERMAN SOLDIER Hauptmann—asshole.

GEORGES What's that?

THE GERMAN SOLDIER (*mimes the German captain with the monocle*) Merde.

GEORGES (*understands. Happily mimes Captain Fétain and Madame Soupeau*) All merde.

(*They laugh again, then the German soldier takes the baggage and goes in*)

GEORGES (*to Père Gustave*) Oh la la, wouldn't it be easy for us to understand each other?

PÈRE GUSTAVE Better watch your step.

GEORGES Don't worry. Now that my arm is mending.

(*The German captain, Captain Fétain, the mayor, and Madame Soupeau come out of the hostelry*)

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN Herr Hauptmann, I am glad to see that we understand each other so well.

GERMAN CAPTAIN Madame, I wish to thank you for voluntarily offering us your gasoline. Not that the Wehrmacht needs it. But we accept your offer, because it demonstrates your good will and desire to cooperate.

MADAME SOUPEAU It's not far to the brickyard.

GERMAN CAPTAIN I'll send the tanks.

(*The sky has turned red. The group freezes into immobility.*)

*Explosions in the distance*)

GERMAN CAPTAIN    What's that?

CAPTAIN FÉTAIN (*in a hoarse voice*)    The brickyard.

(b)

*It is night. Pounding on the gate. Georges comes out of his room and opens for Monsieur Soupeau and the two drivers.*

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    How's it going, Georges? Is mother all right? Looks like the place is still standing. I feel like after the Flood. Hello, Simone.

*(Simone enters scantily dressed from the drivers' room. Robert hugs her. Père Gustave has also appeared)*

ROBERT    Have you been making yourself at home in our room? (*He dances around with her, singing in an undertone*)

Jo the strangler came back home

Rosa was still there

Mama had a green chartreuse

And Papa had a beer.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    What's been going on?

GEORGES    We've got a German captain here. Madame Soupeau's kind of tired from the investigation about the brickyard. The German captain . . .

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    What investigation?

SIMONE    Monsieur Henri, everything has been done the way you wanted it. And last night I managed to take some food to the schoolhouse.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    I asked about the brickyard.

GEORGES (*hesitantly*)    It's burned down, Monsieur Henri.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    Burned down?—The Germans? (*Georges shakes his head*) An accident? (*He looks from one to the other. No answer*) Orders from town hall?

GEORGES    No.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    The scum from the schoolhouse?

GEORGES    No, Monsieur Henri.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Then it was arson. (*Bellowing as if his foot had been cut off*) Who did it? (*No one answers*) Aha, you're all in it together. (*In cold rage*) So now you've started committing crimes? Isn't that nice? I might have expected it after the proofs of gratitude you gave me on my last day here. "You can stick your china up your ass"—remember, Père Gustave? All right, I'll take up the challenge. We'll see.

GEORGES It was on account of the Germans, Monsieur Henri.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*sarcastically*) I see. It so happens it was my brickyard, but you set it on fire to spite the Germans. In other words, you were so blinded by hate, so intent on destruction, that you slaughtered the cow that gave you milk. (*abruptly*) Simone!

SIMONE Yes, monsieur.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Tell me this instant who did it.

SIMONE Me, monsieur.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU What? You dared . . . ? (*Clutches her arm*) Who told you? Who was behind it?

SIMONE Nobody, monsieur.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Don't lie! I won't stand for . . .

GEORGES Please, Monsieur Henri, leave her alone. She's not lying.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Who told you to do it?

SIMONE I did it for my brother, monsieur.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Ah, André! So he incited you against your employer? "We underdogs," is that it? I always knew he was a Red. Who helped you?

SIMONE Nobody, monsieur.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU But why did you do it?

SIMONE On account of the gasoline, sir.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU And for that you had to set fire to the whole brickyard? Why didn't you just open the taps?

SIMONE I didn't know, Monsieur Henri.

GEORGES She's a child, Monsieur Henri.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Firebugs? The whole lot of you! Criminals! Get off my place, Père Gustave! Georges, you're fired! You're worse than Germans.

GEORGES Very well, Monsieur Henri. (*He goes to stand beside Simone*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    Weren't you saying something about an investigation? What kind of investigation?

GEORGES    The Germans are investigating.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    You mean it happened after the Germans got here?

GEORGES    Yes.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*has to sit down; in despair*)    That's all I needed. The hostelry will be ruined! (*Props his head in his hands*)

PÈRE GUSTAVE    Monsieur Henri, yesterday afternoon all Saint-Martin was saying nice things about the hostelry. "Right under the Germans' noses!" they were saying.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    I'll be court-martialed. That's what you've done to me. (*in despair*) I'll be shot.

SIMONE (*steps forward*)    You won't be shot, monsieur, because I did it. Come to the German captain with me, and I'll take it all on myself.

MAURICE    That's out of the question.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    Why is it out of the question? She's a child. They won't touch her.

MAURICE    You can tell the Germans she did it, but we're going to take her away. Get dressed, Simone.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    That would make us accomplices.

SIMONE    Maurice, I've got to stay. I'm sure André wants me to.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    It all depends on whether she did it after the Germans got here or before. Before they came, we were at war, then they can't do anything to her.

PÈRE GUSTAVE (*fawningly*)    They put up a notice right away, Monsieur Henri, saying that anyone committing a hostile act would be shot.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    Did you see that notice, Simone?

SIMONE    Yes, Monsieur Henri.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    What did it look like?

SIMONE    It was on red paper.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU    Is that right? (*Père Gustave nods*) Now comes the question the Germans will ask you, Simone. Did you read it after you set the fire? In that case it wasn't sabotage, Simone, and they can't do anything to you.

SIMONE I saw it first, monsieur.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU You don't understand. If you didn't see it until afterwards, the Germans will probably just hand you over to the mayor, because then it's a matter that concerns only the French. And then you'll be all right, Simone. Do you understand?

SIMONE Yes, monsieur. But I saw it before.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU She's confused. Père Gustave, you were in the yard at the time. When did Simone leave?

PÈRE GUSTAVE Before, Monsieur Henri. Of course. Before the notice was put up.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU See?

SIMONE You're wrong, Père Gustave. You told me yourself before I went that the notice said it was forbidden.

PÈRE GUSTAVE I told you nothing of the kind.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Of course not.

MAURICE Monsieur Henri, can't you see that the child wants no part in your tricks? She's not ashamed of what she did.

SIMONE Monsieur Soupeau is only trying to help me, Maurice.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU That's right. Then you trust me, Simone? Now listen carefully. It's the enemy we'll be speaking to now, Simone. That makes a big difference, you can see that. They'll ask a lot of questions, but you'll only say what's good for Saint-Martin and France. Isn't that simple enough?

SIMONE Yes, monsieur. But I don't want to say anything that's not right.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU I understand. You don't want to tell an untruth. Not even to the enemy. Very well. I give in. I'll only ask one thing of you: don't say anything, leave it to us. Leave it to me. (*Almost in tears*) I'll stand behind you to the last, you know that. We're all behind you. We're Frenchmen.

SIMONE Yes, monsieur.

(*Monsieur Soupeau takes Simone by the hand and goes into the hostelry with her*)

MAURICE She didn't read her book right.

## 4

## The Trial

(a)

## Simone Machard's Fourth Dream

*The night of June 21.*

*Confused music. In the yard stand the German captain in armor and Simone as the Maid of Orleans, surrounded by soldiers in black mail with red swastikas; one, recognizable as the German captain's orderly, is holding a swastika banner.*

GERMAN CAPTAIN We've got you now, Joan of Orleans. You will be handed over to a high court which will decide why you will be condemned to death at the stake.

*(All go out with the exception of Simone and the standard bearer)*

SIMONE What kind of court is it?

THE STANDARD BEARER Not an ordinary one. An ecclesiastical court.

SIMONE I'll confess nothing.

THE STANDARD BEARER That's all very well, but the trial seems to be over already.

SIMONE You mean I've been sentenced before they've even tried me?

THE STANDARD BEARER Yes. Of course.

*(A number of people who have apparently attended the trial come out of the hostelry and cross the yard to the street)*

PÈRE GUSTAVE *(while crossing the yard, to Thérèse)* To death! At her age!



THÉRÈSE My, who'd have expected such a thing only two days ago!

SIMONE (*plucks at her sleeve*) Is Hitler himself here?

(*Thérèse does not seem to notice her; she goes out with Père Gustave*)

(*Simone's parents cross the yard, the father in uniform, the mother in black*)

MADAME MACHARD (*sobbing*) Even as a little girl she was so obstinate. Just like her brother. It's a terrible blow to Monsieur Machard. And in his position as bailiff! The disgrace! (*Both go out*)

(*The brothers Maurice and Robert cross the yard*)

ROBERT She looked pretty good.

MAURICE Especially in the blue one with the ruffles.

SIMONE (*plucks Robert's sleeve*) Did you see the trial?

ROBERT (*nonchalantly*) Yes, of course.

SIMONE Will I see it too?

ROBERT Certainly. The judges will be coming out to break the staff over you. (*Both go out*)

A LOUD VOICE Quiet! Make way! The Maid will now be sentenced. By the ecclesiastical court of the high bishops and cardinals of Rouen. First the staff will be broken over the Maid.

(*A judge in resplendent cardinal's robes steps out of the hostelry. He holds a breviary in front of his face, so that he is not recognizable. He crosses the yard, stops behind a bronze tripod with a kettle on it, turns his back, claps the breviary shut, takes a small staff out of his sleeve, solemnly breaks it, and throws the pieces into the kettle*)

THE LOUD VOICE His Eminence, the bishop of Beauvais. For liberating the city of Orleans: death.

(*Before going further, he looks back indifferently over his shoulder. It is the colonel*)

SIMONE Monsieur le colonel!

(*A second judge steps out of the hostelry and repeats the ceremony*)

THE LOUD VOICE For liberating the city of Orleans and feeding the rats of the city of Orleans—with stolen goods: death. (*The second judge likewise shows his face. It is Captain Fétaïn*)

SIMONE Monsieur le capitaine!

*(A third judge steps out of the hostelry and repeats the ceremony)*

THE LOUD VOICE For attacking the city of Paris and the black-market gasoline: death.

*(The third judge is Monsieur Soupeau)*

SIMONE But Monsieur Henri, it's me you're condemning!

*(Monsieur Soupeau makes his gesture of helplessness; a fourth judge steps out of the hostelry and repeats the ceremony)*

THE LOUD VOICE For uniting the whole French people: death.

*(The fourth judge is holding his breviary so convulsively that he drops it. He hurriedly bends down to pick it up and is recognized; it is the mayor)*

SIMONE Heavens, the mayor. Oh, Monsieur Chavez!

THE LOUD VOICE Your high judges have spoken, Joan.

SIMONE But they're all Frenchmen. *(To the standard bearer)*  
It's a mistake!

THE STANDARD BEARER No, mademoiselle, the high court is French. *(The four judges have stopped in the gateway)*

MAYOR You must know that from your book. Naturally, the Maid is condemned by French judges, that's as it should be, because she's French.

SIMONE *(confused)* That's true. I know from the book that I'm condemned to death. But I'd like to know why. I've never really understood that part of it.

MAYOR *(to the judges)* She demands a trial.

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN What's the point of a trial when the sentence has already been read?

MAYOR Well, then at least the defendant will have been examined, questioned, and weighed in the balance.

COLONEL And found wanting. *(Shrugging his shoulders)* But very well, if you insist.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU But we're not prepared.

*(They put their heads together and deliberate in whispers. Père Gustave brings out a table and puts dishes and candles on it. The judges sit down at the table)*

PÈRE GUSTAVE The refugees from the schoolhouse are outside. They wish to be admitted to the trial.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Impossible. I'm expecting mother. She

says they stink.

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN (*in the direction of the gate*) The trial will take place behind closed doors. In the interests of the state.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Where are the records? Probably gone down the drain, like everything else in this country.

MAYOR Where is the complainant?

(*The judges look at each other*)

MAYOR It can't be official without a complainant.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Père Gustave, get a complainant out of the storehouse.

PÈRE GUSTAVE (*stands in the gateway and calls out toward the street*) The high court of Rouen calls on each one of you to put forward his complaint against the Maid.—Nobody? (*He repeats the summons; then to the judges*) The complainant: Isabeau, the queen mother, partisan of the renegade duke of Burgundy and of the mortal enemy.

MADAME SOUPEAU (*in armor, comes out of the hostelry and greets the judges, who bow low. With the practiced affability of a high-class hotelkeeper*) Good evening, Herr Hauptmann. No, don't get up. (*Over her shoulder toward the hostelry*) One Alsace-Lorraine for the Herr Hauptmann, well done. How would you like your peasants, constable? Are you satisfied with the service, colonel? (*Pointing to Simone*) Everything would have been saved if this Maid of Orleans hadn't upset the negotiations. Everything: France and the brickyard as well. You're too weak, gentlemen. Who makes the decisions around here, the church or one of the hostelry's kitchen maids? (*Begins to scream furiously*) I demand that this person be executed at once for heresy, disobedience, and obstinacy. Heads must roll. Blood must flow. She must be bloodily exterminated. A bloody example must be set. (*Exhausted*) My drops.

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN A chair for the queen mother.

(*Père Gustave brings a chair*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Isn't that armor too tight for you, mother? Why are you in armor anyway?

MADAME SOUPEAU I'm making war too.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU What kind of a war is that?

MADAME SOUPEAU My war. Against the seditious Maid, who incited those people in the schoolhouse.

CAPTAIN FÉTAIN (*sharply*) Shh! (*To Simone*) Maid, by what right did you incite the French people to make war?

SIMONE An angel told me to, venerable bishop of Beauvais.  
(*The judges exchange looks*)

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Oh. An angel? What kind of an angel?

SIMONE The one in the church. On the left side of the altar.

CAPTAIN FÉTAIN Never seen him.

MAYOR (*friendly*) What did this angel look like, Simone? Describe him.

SIMONE He was very young and he had a lovely voice, your worships. He said I should . . .

COLONEL (*interrupting*) What he said is of no interest. What sort of dialect did he speak? Like an educated person? Or some other way?

SIMONE I don't know. The way people speak.

CAPTAIN FÉTAIN Aha.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU How was this angel dressed?

SIMONE He was beautifully dressed. He was dressed in a kind of material you'd pay twenty or thirty francs a yard for in Tours.

CAPTAIN FÉTAIN Have I understood you correctly, Simone, I mean Joan? This angel was not one of the magnificent angels whose clothes cost maybe two or three hundred francs a yard?

SIMONE I don't know.

COLONEL In what condition was the robe? Rather worn?

SIMONE The angel was just a little crumbled away, in the sleeve.

COLONEL Aha. Crumbled away in the sleeve. As if he'd had to wear his robe at work, eh? Would you say torn?

SIMONE No, not torn.

CAPTAIN FÉTAIN But crumbled. Couldn't the sleeve in the crumbled part have been torn, from work? Maybe you couldn't see it, because the paint had crumbled away. But wouldn't you say that was possible?

(*Simone is silent*)

COLONEL Did the angel say anything that a person of rank could have said? Think before you answer.

SIMONE Plain, simple things.

MAYOR Did the angel look like anybody you know?

SIMONE (*softly*) My brother André.

COLONEL Private André Machard! Gentlemen, now we know.  
A very peculiar angel, to say the least.

MADAME SOUPEAU A barroom angel, a gutter Gabriel! Now at least we know what to think of those "voices." They come from the cheap wine rooms and manure pits.

SIMONE You oughtn't to say bad things about the angel, venerable bishops and cardinals.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU On page 124 of your book you will find that we are the ecclesiastical court, the highest authority on earth, so to speak.

COLONEL Don't you think that we, the high cardinals of France, know better what God wants than some low-class angel?

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN Where is God, Joan? Down below or up above? And where did your so-called angel come from? From down below. So who sent him? God? Or could it have been the evil one?

MADAME SOUPEAU The devil! Joan of Orleans, the voices you heard came from the devil!

SIMONE (*in a loud voice*) No! No! Not from the devil!

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN Why don't you call your angel? Maybe he will defend the great Maid of Orleans. Usher, do your duty.

PÈRE GUSTAVE (*cries out*) The high ecclesiastical court of Rouen hereby summons the angel, name unknown, who allegedly appeared to the Maid on various nights, to testify in her behalf.

*(Simone looks up toward the roof of the garage. It remains empty. Père Gustave repeats his summons. In great distress Simone looks at the smiling judges. Then she crouches down and in her confusion begins to beat the ground. But no sound is heard and the garage roof remains empty)*

SIMONE It doesn't sound here. What has happened? It doesn't sound. The French earth doesn't sound any more! It doesn't sound here!

MADAME SOUPEAU (*steps up to her*) Have you any idea who France is?

(b)

*The morning of June 22. Over the gate a French flag at half-mast, hung with crape. Georges, Robert, and Père Gustave are listening to Maurice, who is reading from a newspaper edged with black.*

MAURICE The marshal says the armistice conditions leave the honor of France intact.

PÈRE GUSTAVE That makes me feel better.

MAURICE It would. The marshal goes on to say that the French people must rally round him as round a father. A new order and discipline are needed.

PÈRE GUSTAVE That's right. André has stopped fighting, they have laid down his arms. What he needs now is strict discipline.

GEORGES It's good Simone has got away.

*(The German captain, without his hat and sword-belt, comes out of the hostelry, smoking his after-breakfast cigar. He casts an indifferent glance at those present and saunters toward the gate. He looks out for a moment, turns around, and now walking more quickly, goes back into the hostelry)*

PÈRE GUSTAVE It always bothered him that she's only a child.

GEORGES I can't get over her running away. She always said she'd stay no matter what. Something must have scared her. She just crawled through the window of the laundry room.

*(Monsieur Soupeau comes out of the hostelry, rubbing his hands)*

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Maurice, Robert. Unload the china and silverware! *(In an undertone, after looking around him)* I'm not going to ask you whether any of my staff helped a certain person to escape last night. What's done is done. I'll even go so far as to say that maybe it wasn't such a bad solution. Not that there was any real danger. The Germans aren't cannibals, and your boss knows how to handle them. Only this morning at breakfast I was saying to the German captain: "A farce! Before the notice, after the

notice, what's the sense in all that? A child! What do they expect? Maybe a little soft in the head, psychopathic! Tanks! Stop them! Destroy everything! And naturally the fascination of matches. A political act? Nonsense! Pure childishness!"

GEORGES (*looking at the others*) Childishness, Monsieur Henri? Childishness?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU I told mother the same thing: a child!

GEORGES That child was the only one of us here at the hostelry to do her duty; nobody else lifted a finger. And the people of Saint-Martin won't forget it, Monsieur Henri.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU (*disgruntled*) You just do *your* duty. Unload those crates. I'm only glad the matter is settled. I'm sure the captain won't waste much time looking for Simone. And now to work! That's what our poor France needs now! (*Goes out*)

GEORGES Relief all along the line: she's gone!

MAURICE And it had nothing to do with patriotism or anything like that. That would have been unpleasant. "The Germans aren't cannibals." We were just getting ready to make a noble gesture, to give the Germans the gasoline we'd been withholding from our own army, when the rabble steps in and gets patriotic.

(*The mayor comes in through the gate. He is pale and does not answer their greetings. Goes toward the hostelry*)

MAYOR (*turning around*) Are there sentries in the corridor outside Madame Soupeau's room?

PÈRE GUSTAVE No, Monsieur Chavez.

(*The mayor goes out*)

PÈRE GUSTAVE He's probably come because the Germans want the schoolhouse evacuated. Unless it's Madame Soupeau that wants it.

ROBERT The new order and discipline!

PÈRE GUSTAVE About Simone, Maurice: it had to be common arson, because in that case the insurance company has to pay up. They don't overlook things like that. (*Simone comes in through the gate between two German soldiers with fixed bayonets*)

GEORGES Simone! What's happened?

SIMONE (*stops, very pale*) I was in the schoolhouse.

ROBERT Don't be afraid. The Germans won't hurt you.

SIMONE When they questioned me last night they said I'd be handed over to the French authorities.

GEORGES Then why did you run away?

*(Simone does not answer. The soldiers push her into the hostelry)*

MAURICE So the Germans haven't washed their hands of it. Monsieur Henri was mistaken.

*(Monsieur and Madame Machard come in through the gate, the former in his bailiff's uniform)*

MADAME MACHARD Have they already brought her here? That's terrible. Monsieur Machard is beside himself. It's not just because the rent is due; it's the disgrace that's killing him. I always knew it would end like this; it's reading all those books that drove her mad. At seven o'clock this morning there's a knocking at the door and the Germans are outside. "Messieurs," I say, "if our daughter can't be found, she's done something to herself. Fire or not, she'd never have left the hostelry otherwise. If only for her brother's sake she'd have stayed."

*(Monsieur Soupeau comes out of the hostelry)*

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU It's too much, Madame Machard! She's cost me 100,000 francs. Not to mention the wear and tear on my nerves.

*(Madame Soupeau comes out of the hostelry. She has a powerful hold on Simone's arm and drags her, despite her resistance, to the storehouse. Behind them the mayor and Captain Fétain. All go into the storehouse. Those present in the yard look on in amazement)*

MAYOR *(at the storehouse door)* Machard, run over to the schoolhouse and get them to evacuate quietly. Tell them the Germans need the premises. *(Out into the storehouse)*

MADAME MACHARD Yes, monsieur le maire.

*(The two Machards go out with dignity)*

ROBERT What do they want of her in the storehouse? What are they doing to her, Monsieur Henri?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Don't ask questions. We have an enormous responsibility. One false step and the hostelry is ruined.



MADAME SOUPEAU (*comes out of the storehouse with Simone, followed by the mayor and Captain Fétain*) Monsieur le maire, I believe I have convinced you, you've seen it with your own eyes, that she left the cellars, with supplies including vintage wines valued at 50,000 francs, unlocked. How many cases of other goods have been lost I can only surmise. To deceive me, she handed me the key in your presence. (*Turns to Simone*) Simone, I hear that you yourself took whole baskets full of food to the schoolhouse. What did they pay you for it? Where is the money?

SIMONE I didn't take money, madame.

MADAME SOUPEAU Don't lie. And that's not all. The morning Monsieur Henri left, the mob threatened him because someone had spread a rumor that we were about to move our trucks. Did you spread that rumor?

SIMONE I told monsieur le maire, madame.

MADAME SOUPEAU Who was in the mayor's office at the time? Refugees?

SIMONE Yes, I think so.

MADAME SOUPEAU Oh, you think so. Then when the mob came here, what did you advise them to do about the supplies belonging to the hostelry where you were employed? (*Simone does not understand*) Did you or did you not advise them to take what they wanted?

SIMONE I don't remember, madame.

MADAME SOUPEAU So . . .

MAYOR What are you driving at, madame?

MADAME SOUPEAU Simone, who were the first to help themselves? Exactly, your parents. They took plenty.

ROBERT This is too much. (*To Madame Soupeau*) You yourself forced the stuff on the Machards.

GEORGES (*at the same time*) You told monsieur le maire to dispose of your supplies as he saw fit.

MAYOR That's right, madame.

MADAME SOUPEAU (*ignoring the last remarks, to Simone*) You were insolent, disloyal, and obstinate. For that reason I discharged you. Did you leave the hostelry when I ordered you to?

SIMONE No, madame.

MADAME SOUPEAU No, you just hung around, and then to get even with me for discharging you, you set fire to the brick-yard. Out of pure vindictiveness. Is that right?

SIMONE (*excitedly*) I did it because of the Germans.

ROBERT Everybody in Saint-Martin knows that.

MADAME SOUPEAU Oh, because of the Germans? Who told you the Germans would ever find out about the gasoline?

SIMONE I heard monsieur le capitaine telling monsieur le maire.

MADAME SOUPEAU Ah, you heard that we were going to declare the gasoline?

SIMONE Monsieur le capitaine wanted you to.

MADAME SOUPEAU So you burned the gasoline to keep us from handing it over. That's exactly what I wanted to know.

SIMONE (*in despair*) I did it because of the enemy! There were three tanks on the square outside the town hall.

MADAME SOUPEAU And they were the enemy? Or could it have been someone else?

(*Two nuns appear in the gate, accompanied by a policeman*)

MAYOR What brings you here, Jules?

THE POLICEMAN The ladies are from the Sisters of St. Ursula.

CAPTAIN FÉTAIN I phoned St. Ursula's in your name, Chavez.

(*To the nuns*) Mes soeurs, this is the Machard girl.

MAYOR How dare you . . . ?

CAPTAIN FÉTAIN Monsieur Chavez, you can't be thinking of letting this girl run around loose? (*Sharply*) The least our guests can expect is that we clean up the dangerous elements in Saint-Martin. You don't seem to have studied the marshal's address. France is facing a period fraught with peril. Insubordination is contagious, and it is our duty to nip it in the bud. One such fire in Saint-Martin is enough, Chavez.

MAURICE Oh, now we're expected to do the Germans' dirty work for them. And it looks like we're only too glad to.

MADAME SOUPEAU (*coldly*) Obviously the girl must be formally committed. I shall apply to the public prosecutor in Tours. For sordid personal motives she set fire to *our* brick-yard.

GEORGES How could Simone have personal motives?

MAYOR (*shaken*) Do you want to destroy the child?

ROBERT (*menacingly*) Who's being vindictive now?

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Don't start in again, Robert. She's a minor. She's being entrusted to the sisters' care. That's all there is to it.

MAURICE (*horrified*) But they beat the inmates.

SIMONE (*screaming*) No!

MAYOR You can't send Simone to a home for the feeble-minded. It's a house of mental torture! A hell! Do you realize you're condemning her to madness?

MAURICE (*pointing at the brutish nuns*) Just look at those ladies.

(*The nuns' faces remain masklike and unmoved*)

GEORGES You'd have done better to let the Germans execute her.

SIMONE (*imploring help*) That's where people's heads swell up and the spit runs out of their mouths, monsieur le maire. They tie you up!

MAYOR (*energetically*) Madame Soupeau, I will testify before the board in Tours and tell them what the child's actual motives were. Don't worry, Simone, everyone knows your motives were patriotic.

MADAME SOUPEAU (*in an outburst*) You want to make a national saint out of this little pétroleuse. Is that it? France is saved by fire. On one side the German tanks, on the other Simone Machard, the daughter of a common laborer.

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN In view of your past, Monsieur Chavez, the judges of the new France are not likely to attach much importance to your testimony. Besides, the road to Tours has become rather unsafe for people of your stamp.

MAURICE (*angrily*) Now I get it: you're clearing Saint-Martin of any suspicion that it has Frenchmen in it.

MADAME SOUPEAU Frenchmen? (*Seizes Simone and shakes her*) Do you think you can teach us what patriotism is? The Soupeaus have owned the hostelry for two hundred years. (*To all*) Do you want to see a patriot? (*Pointing to Captain Fétaïn*) Here he is. We're quite capable of telling you when war is necessary, and we can also tell you when peace

is better. You want to do something for France? Fine. We are France. Understand?

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN You're working yourself up, Marie.—Monsieur le maire, will you or will you not let them take the girl away?

MAYOR Me? *You seem to have taken over the power here.*  
(Turns to go)

SIMONE (frightened) Don't go away, monsieur le maire!

MAYOR (helplessly) Chin up, Simone! (Broken, he staggers off)

MADAME SOUPEAU (breaking the silence, to Captain Fétaïn) Honoré, get this scandalous business over with!

CAPTAIN FÉTAÏN (to the policeman) On my responsibility.  
(The policeman seizes Simone)

SIMONE (terrified, softly) Not to St. Ursula's!

ROBERT Swine! (Wants to strike the policeman)

MAURICE (holds him back) Don't be a fool, Robert. There's nothing we can do to help her. They've got their police, and they've got the Germans. Poor Simone, too many enemies.

MADAME SOUPEAU Simone, get your things.

(Simone looks around. Her friends stand silent, with down-cast eyes. Bewildered, she goes into the storehouse)

MADAME SOUPEAU (half to the personnel, calmly, explaining) The child is insubordinate, incapable of accepting authority. It is our painful duty to teach her order and discipline.

(Simone comes back carrying a tiny suitcase, with her apron over her arm. She hands the apron to Madame Soupeau)

MADAME SOUPEAU And now open your suitcase. We want to see what you're taking with you.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Is that necessary, mother?

(One of the nuns has already opened the suitcase. She takes out Simone's book)

SIMONE Not the book!

(The nun hands Madame Soupeau the book)

MADAME SOUPEAU This is the property of the hostelry.

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU I gave it to her.

MADAME SOUPEAU It wasn't much good to her. (To Simone) Say good-bye to the staff.

SIMONE Good-bye, Monsieur Georges.

GEORGES Will you be brave, Simone?

SIMONE Oh yes, Monsieur Georges.

MAURICE Stay well.

SIMONE Yes, Maurice.

GEORGES I won't forget your cousin.

*(Simone smiles at him. She looks up at the garage roof. The light dims. Music announces the apparition of the angel. Simone looks up at the garage roof and sees the angel)*

THE ANGEL

Daughter of France, don't be afraid  
None will endure who fight the Maid.

The Lord will blast the arm

That does you harm.

Where they take you it matters not

France is wherever you set foot.

The day will soon be coming when

Glorious France will rise again.

*(The angel vanishes. Full light. The nuns take Simone by the arms. Simone kisses Maurice and Robert and is led off. All look on in silence)*

SIMONE *(in the gateway, struggling desperately)* No, no! I won't go! Help me! Not to St. Ursula's! André! André!  
*(She is dragged away)*

MADAME SOUPEAU Henri, my drops!

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU *(frowning)* Maurice, Robert, Georges, Père Gustave! Back to work! Don't forget, we're at peace now!

*(Monsieur Soupeau and Captain Fétain lead Madame Soupeau into the hostelry. Maurice and Robert go out through the gate. Père Gustave rolls a tire out into the yard to mend it. Georges examines his bad arm. The sky begins to turn red. Père Gustave points this out to Georges. Monsieur Soupeau comes rushing out of the hostelry)*

MONSIEUR SOUPEAU Maurice, Robert! Find out what's burning. *(Goes out)*

PÈRE GUSTAVE It must be the schoolhouse. The refugees! It looks like they've learned something.

GEORGES The car can't have reached St. Ursula's yet. Simone must be able to see the fire from the car.