#### CHAUVELIN

Netty state of affairs, is it not? Go to work, Cherie. Now.

MARGUERITE moves toward FARLEIGH a ERCY and DESCURST pass each other.)

DEWHUP

What's Chauvelin up to?

PERC

Not sure.

**DEWHURST** 

And... your rife? Percival- your wife?

( MARGUERITE is now dancing with FARLEIGH.)

**START** 

**FARLEIGH** 

Lady Blakeney-

**MARGUERITE** 

It shall be our secret...

FARLEIGH

But I tell you, I have no *idea* who the Pimpernel is. Even if I *did*.. what makes you think the man is here tonight?

## **MARGUERITE**

Dear God, we both *know* he is here - I see it in your *eyes*! Farleigh, now I *beg* of you- If you know him, pray find him, tell him I *must* speak to him tonight- soon. What hour is it?

**FARLEIGH** 

Near midnight, Milady.

**END** 

**MARGUERITE** 

footbridge. Tell the Pimpernel I shall wait for him aside. On the footbridge. Tell your this message, Farleigh at ell your it is a matter of life and death.

(FARLEIGH Les away. Both WELIN and PERCY hear as MAPC LITE says:)

# PLEASE READ ALL ROLES THAT AREN'T PERCY AS ONE CHARACTER

# SCENE ELEVEN

Blakeney Estate: The Library

(As the lights come up, PERCY stands in his library, wearing an outrageous outfit. JESSUP enters.)

JESSUP
Sir— The gentlemen have been, readied.

PERCY
Send them in.

(JESSUP exits. DEWHURST, OZZY, ELTON, FARLEIGH, HAL AND BEN enter, wearing equally outrageous outfits.)

**DEWHURST** 

Percy, really now-there is a limit.

PERCY

Patience, lads. There's a method to my madness.

**DEWHURST** 

But tis madness! Spies and cutthroats surround us and we play dress-ups?

**PERCY** 

Precisely.

**FARLEIGH** 

Percy! I demand to know why I'm forced into this get-up! Upon leaving my house, the footman giggled- right in my face!

**ELTON** 

Well, I think it's rather nice for a change. Quite..summery.

**PERCY** 

Elton, sometimes you frighten me... But- we shall all continue to look "summery" for a while yet, boys. Desperate times call for desperate measures, what? We've been summoned to the palace.

BEN

The palace?

**FARLEIGH** 

By the prince?

#### **PERCY**

Yes. He has his suspicions. If he finds us out, he'll shut us down straightaway. British-French relations are tenuous enough these days without rabble rousers runnin' about.

HAL

Is that what he calls us? Rabble Rousers?

#### **PERCY**

That is how he refers to "the Pimpernel and his men," whomever they might be. But he'll never think it's *us*, will he? Naturally not, for the mere mention of that scoundrel makes us...

ALL

..Swoon?

**END** 

#### **PERCY**

Indeed! Such ruffians besmirch the very name of manhood. Nay, tis our duty as males not to rush to the battle, but to the tailor!

No. 12 THE CREATION OF MAN

(Percy, Ozzy Dewhurst, Elton, Farleigh, Hal & Ben)

Percy:

PEACOCKS!

Elton:

SINK ME!

Percy:

THINK YE, SIR,

HOW THOSE FEATHERED BOYS LOVE TO FLAUNT THEIR TAILS!

STALLIONS!

Farleigh:

ZOUNDS, SIR!

Percy:

HOUNDS, SIR! STAGS!

Dewhurst:

OF THE GOOSIE AND THE GANDER, SIR,

WHICH GENDER IS THE GRANDER, SIR?

Percy:

TO RENDER TOTAL CANDOR, SIR:

THE SPLENDOR IS THE MALE'S!

OZZY

But Percy, I simply can *not* hop about wearin' pink chiffon.

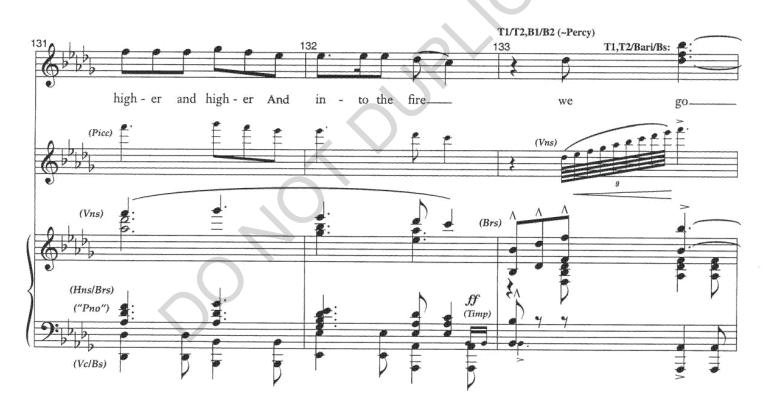
### **PERCY**

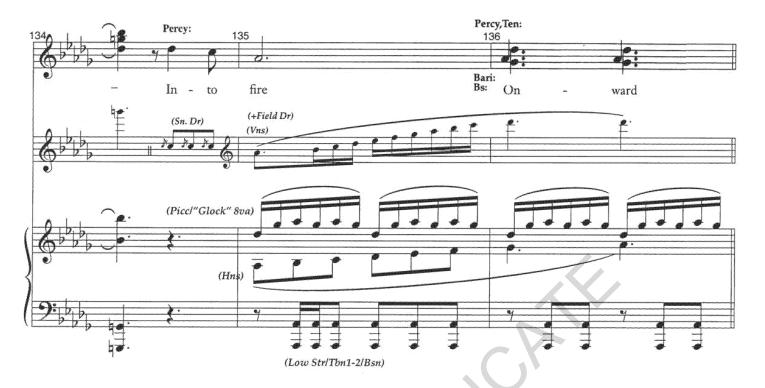
Ozzy, whatever we *must* do to deflect suspicion, we *shall* do- which in this case is.. to *shimmer*!

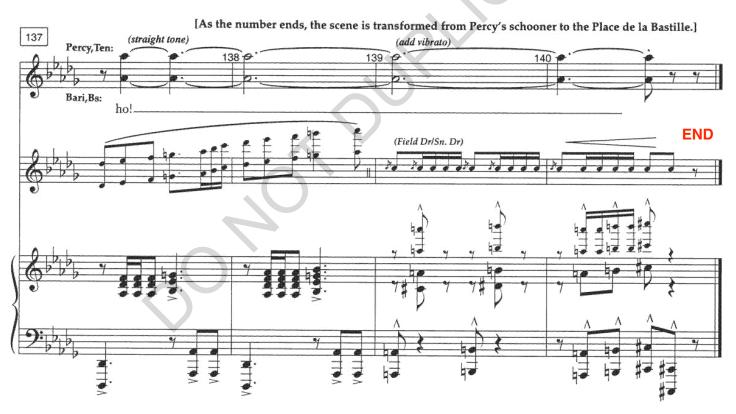












Applause segue