LUCIENNE. Where?
POCHE. Number 5!
VOICE of HOMENIDES. I keep you! I keep you!
LUCIENNE. (Bang on the door of Number 5.) Open up! Open up!
CAMILLE. (Leaning against the door.) You can't come in! I won't let you!
LUCIENNE. What do we do now?
POCHE. Baptiste's room! (They go into Number 3 as Homenides comes up the stairs.)
HOMENIDES. You no play the hide-and-sick with me!
EUGENIE. (Leaving Number 2.) Can I help you, monsieur?
HOMENIDES. Monsieur Chandelier!
EUGENIE. Number 3, monsieur. (Eugenie exits left down the corridor.)
HOMENIDES. (Knocking at Number 5.) Open your doors! Open your doors so I can kill you!
CAMILLE. (There's nobody in here!)
HOMENIDES. Will you open, please? Juan — duo — three! (On the third push, he sends Camille flying. He jumps on his neck.) My espouses! Where is my espouses? So I can kill her, so I can esstimate her!
CAMILLE. I don't have your espouses! I swear!
HOMENIDES. When I find her, I kill her! I do my target practice with her and I make the hole — like this! (He fires at the button, and the bed swings around, bringing Lucienne, Poche and Baptiste.)
LUCIENNE. My husband!
HOMENIDES. My espouses!
BAPTISTE. My rheumatism! (Homenides fires the pistol. Perrailson, Olympia, Eugenie, Pinache and Rugby all come to hear what all the noise is. Homenides continues to fire his pistol hitting the button, and the bed continues to turn. Olympia faints as the curtain falls.)

ACT THREE

The same as Act One, later that day.

ETIENNE. (Offstage.) Antoinette! Antoinette rushes in up center, panic-stricken.
ANTOINETTE. Oh, my God! Etiennel! (She closes and locks center doors, exits left.)
ETIENNE. (Offstage center. Rattling and pounding on center doors.) Antoinette! Antoinette! Open this door! Antoinette!
ANTOINETTE. (Enters left, her apron and cap in disarray, unlocks center door.) Haste makes waste. Haste makes waste. Haste makes waste. (She sits on the chaise, reading a magazine at Etienne enters left.)
ETIENNE. Antoinette!
ANTOINETTE. Oh. So it's you who's screaming like that.
ETIENNE. What do you mean by locking that door?
ANTOINETTE. Me? What door? I didn't lock the door.
ETIENNE. Oh, really. So you're not locked in, huh? (He goes to the upstage doors, turns the knob — Aha! ( — and the doors open. He stares at it, mystified.)
ANTOINETTE. Well, if you don't know how to work a door-knob ... you see, you take it in your hand —
ETIENNE. Don't push me, Antoinette. Now would you like to tell me what you were doing in the Frisky Puss this afternoon?
ANTOINETTE. The pussy what?
ETIENNE. Oh, you've got nerve. The place where I caught you half an hour ago — that Frisky Puss.
ANTOINETTE. I've been right here.
ETIENNE. Oh yea? Too bad I saw you there with my own eyes! Saw you! My own eyes!
ANTOINETTE. So! What does that prove?
ETIENNE. I only caught you half-naked with some Englishman!
ANTOINETTE. It couldn't have been me. I don't speak English.
ETIENNE. Ha ha ha! Oh, that's logical. Pantomime would serve for what you were up to!
ANTOINETTE. Anyway, I haven't budged from right here.
ETIENNE. Oh, Lord, you are lying like a duchess. All right, we'll just check up on this story.
ANTOINETTE. What are you going to do?
ETIENNE. Ask the concierge.
ANTOINETTE. The concierge!
ETIENNE. He'll tell me if you left.
ANTOINETTE.
Etienne, you're crazy! You're not going to bring the concierge into this ridiculous discussion! Do you want to be a laughingstock?
ETIENNE. I've got you this time.
ANTOINETTE. All right. Do as you like.
ETIENNE. (Into house phone.) Hello, is that you, Ploumard? Listen. What time did my wife go out today? ... Huh? What did you say? She didn't go out? ... She came down and had some soup with you? ... Onion soup with croutons and cheese? And a small green salad?
ANTOINETTE. (To us.) Cost me five francs to set up that salad.
ETIENNE. (Into phone.) All right, well, thanks ... (Hang up.)
ANTOINETTE. What did he say?
ETIENNE. Oh, give me some peace, will you? Am I crazy — or am I seeing things?
ANTOINETTE. You're crossing the line from jealousy into stupidity.
ETIENNE. Yes! Fine! Now go on, get back to the kitchen. (Front doorbell.) We'll talk about this later.
ANTOINETTE. As you like. (Antoinette exits left. Bell.)
ETIENNE. (Screaming like a madman.) I'm coming! I'm coming! — Heartless octopus ... (Raymonde enters with Tournel. She is trailing her ragged stockings.)
RAYMONDE. You didn't hear me ringing?
ETIENNE. (Preoccupied.) I was on the way, madame ...
RAYMONDE. Monsieur Chandebise hasn't come back?
ETIENNE. Huh? No, madame.
RAYMONDE. All right, you can leave us.
ETIENNE. Yes, madame.
RAYMONDE. And tell Antoinette to bring me some suspenders. It's like walking a pet.
ETIENNE. (Muttering as he leaves.) Heartless octopus...!
TOURNEL. I'm sorry?

ETIENNE. I wasn't speaking to you, monsieur.
TOURNEL. I should hope not! (Etienne exits up center. Tournel clearly doesn't want to stay around.) Well, Raymonde, now that you're safe home I should push off —
RAYMONDE. You're not going to leave me —?
TOURNEL. (Crestfallen.) Leave you, no — just ...
RAYMONDE. Thank you. Who knows what state of mind Victor will return in. You may have noticed, when last seen he was strangling you.
TOURNEL. So you think it's better if I'm here. Fine. Fine ...
RAYMONDE. You don't seem very enthusiastic.
TOURNEL. (Without enthusiasm.) You know how it is ...
RAYMONDE. Oh, that's very nice. It's always the same with men. Bold in battle but balking at the occupation.
TOURNEL. What occupation? Nothing happened between us.
RAYMONDE. No thanks to you. In any case my husband doesn't know that nothing happened. Finding us at the Frisky Puss he has every right to think something has. Which he is imagining, by the way. A screaming rage is usually the proof.
TOURNEL. But what took him so long? To reach a screaming rage, I mean. When he popped up in the bed the first time, bottle in hand ...
RAYMONDE. I know.
TOURNEL. He didn't seem particularly ticked off to see us. He seemed quite blase.
RAYMONDE. He even kissed us.
TOURNEL. Exactly! Then we meet him later — in uniform, no less — and he's a tiger! Usually, in this type of affair, a husband jumps to a conclusion fairly quickly. He doesn't ponder for a while.
RAYMONDE. One has to jump to conclusions. How else does one make sense of things? (Front doorbell.) My God, maybe that's him! TOURNEL. Already? (Antoinette enters from up center with a garter belt.)
ANTOINETTE. You wanted suspenders, Madame?
RAYMONDE. (Blush, taking the belt.) Yes, thank you, Antoinette.
ANTOINETTE. And Madame Homénides de Histangua is here. (Lucienne enters up center; Antoinette exits center closing doors.)
LUCIENNE. Oh, Raymonde, what a drama, what a tragedy, what a farce.
RAYMONDE. (A tragedienne.) Ah, Lucienne, you're telling me.
LUCIENNE. Look at my legs. Vibrating like a tuning fork.