good, but I want you to swallow all of it just the same.
Poché. Is it a stiff finger?
Finache. A very stiff finger. (Aside to Etiennette.) Get some
ammonia. That will shock his system.
Poché. I'm ready. Bring it on! Oh, this is my lucky day.
Finache. There's an excellent new anti-alcoholic potion. I'll
write out a prescription. Where's some paper?
Etiennette. In the desk.
Finache. You go lay him down.
Etiennette. Right. (Affectionately to Poché.) Are you ready, mon-
sieur? Just take my arm and follow me.
Poché. You're a very nice man.
Etiennette. Thank you.
Poché. Too bad your wife's a tramp.
Etiennette. Say ... 
Poché. You're the one who told me!
Etiennette. Well, she isn't a tramp anymore! She had onion soup
with the concierge!
Poché. As long as that's all she had.
Etiennette. And a small green salad ... (Poché and Etiennette exit
down right.)
Finache. (At the desk.) Something really reeks in here ... It's this
paper. (Takes the sheet of paper Lucienne first wrote on, and
sniffs it.)
That'll knock you over. Smells like "Pink-Pink." (Camille enters up
center, panting and wild-eyed.)
Camille. [Oh, it's you! Well, doctor, I'm going to remember that
hotel of yours. You wouldn't believe what happened! You wouldn't
believe it!]
Finache. (Not understanding a word.) What? What? Don't talk
so fast.
Camille. [If you only knew what happened!]
Finache. For God's sake, man, put in your palate!
Camille. [I lost my palate! Some Englishman punched me in the
face and my palate went flying.]
Finache. An Englishman? Punched you in the face? And your
palate went flying?
Camille. [But that's not all! It has been a NIGHTMARE today! I
went to the hotel and whom do I meet? Monsieur Tournell! And
Raymonde! And Chandebrise — with a stack of wood on his back! Why
does he have a stack of wood on his back? And Madame Homenides de
Histangue — and her husband, hunting her with a PISTOL. Bang!
Bang! I tell you, I have had it! What a tragedy. My God. What a
tragedy! (Camille falls onto the chaise. Antoinette enters up center.)
Antoinette. Madame sent me to find out how Monsieur
Chandebrise is doing.
Finache. You can tell her — Never mind. I'll go myself.
(Antoinette exits up center as Etiennette enters from down right.)
Etiennette. Monsieur is lying down.
Finache. Perfect. Oh, and Etiennette, fix up that ammonia. Ten
drops in a glass of water.
Etiennette. Right away, doctor. (Finache exits upstage center, Etiennette
exits left.)
Camille. [My God, I'm exhausted. I'm in a daze. I feel like a little
feather, a tiny piece of fluff, blown about in a cyclone.] (Knocking
down right.) [Come in! — My mind is going ...] (Poché enters down
right, wearing the robe.)
Poché. Excuse me ... 
Camille. [Uncle Victor!]
Poché. (Jokingly assuming a severe manner indistinguishable from
Chandebrise.) Well, well! If it isn't our young gentleman from the
Frisky Puss.
Camille. [If I did go down there I had a very good reason, an excel-
 lent reason. You see I had heard there was a certain person who wanted
some insurance ...] (Poché listens to all this open-mouthed, and lowers
himself to peer inside Camille's mouth.)
Poché. Say, what have you got in there? Spit it out, boy. Spit it out!
Camille. [I heard somebody at the hotel wanted some insurance ...]
Poché. Oh yeah? Well, I don't give a fart. And they said they
were going to bring me a finger.
Camille. Hoo heh? [Who said?]
Poché. Hoo heh?
Camille. Hoo heh? [Who said?]
Poché. Oh, who said. You said hoo-heh. The doctor said.
Camille. [I'll bring it to you right away.]
Poché. Much obliged. (Poché exits down right.)
Camille. [I thought I was done for, but he took it quite well. I used
to think Chandebrise was very narrow-minded, but I guess he's more
broad-minded than I thought. Lucky for me!] (In the upstage door —
left open by Etiennette — we see Chandebrise arriving, still in Poché's uni-
form and cap. Camille glances up there and is shocked with amaze-
ment, since he just saw Poché go off down right.) [Giaaack!]
Chandebrise. (Entering.) What's the matter?
CAMILLE. (Looking from the door down right to Chandebise and back again.) [My God! There — and there! There — and there!]

CHANDEBISE. Well, there and there what? (Camille backs off frantically, banging into the furniture.)

CAMILLE. [My God. I have gone mad! I really have gone mad!]

CHANDEBISE. Camille, what's the matter?

CAMILLE. [Get thee behind me, Satan! I'm mad! I'm mad...!] (Camille goes out upstairs, where he is seen running back and forth in the front hallways during all of the following.)

CHANDEBISE. I don't know what's in the air today, but it must be contagious. And that hotel was a nightmare... (Noticing his jacket draped over the chaise.) My jacket! How did that get here? Well, I'll be glad to be rid of this uniform... (Takes off uniform and cap, which he puts on the chaise, and pulls on his jacket.) The concierge didn't even recognize me — wanted to send me up the back. (In the vestibule, Camille grips Etienne, who's coming the other way.)

CAMILLE. [Etienne, I've going mad! I've going mad!] (He disappears off left, continuing to cry out, "I've gone mad!")

CHANDEBISE. Still at it.

ETIENNE. (Entering.) What's wrong with Monsieur Camille?

CHANDEBISE. Exactly what I was wondering, Etienne.

ETIENNE. Etienne! What you mean you recognize me?

CHANDEBISE. What you mean, do I recognize you? Why shouldn't I recognize you? (Camille erupts from the door up center, followed by Finache, Raymond, Tournel, and Lucienne.)

CAMILLE. [He's in two, I tell you. He's in two. There — and there! There — and there!]

ALL. What? — What? — What are you talking about?

CAMILLE. [I've gone mad! My God! I've gone mad!] (Camille exits, running out up center.)

LUCIENNE. What in the world...?

RAYMONDE. It's just us, darling —

CHANDEBISE. Just you, you say? Just you? And Tournel with you?

RAYMONDE and TOURNEL. What?

CHANDEBISE. (Goes at Tournel's throat, turning him about and shaking him.) What were you up to, huh? What were you up to down there in your little love-nest?

RAYMONDE. Oh, no! Not again!

TOURNEL. (Still in Chandebise's grip.) Chandebise — we've explained it to you a hundred times!

CHANDEBISE. (Still grappling with Tournel.) Explained it? What did you explain? You think you can pull the wool over my eyes?

LUCIENNE. Monsieur Chandebise, wait!

CHANDEBISE. (To her, calmly.) Are you there, madame? Excuse me. (Raging again, to Tournel.) You explained, did you?

RAYMONDE. Victor, stop it this instant!

CHANDEBISE. And you! Are you wearing your suspenders, my dear?

RAYMONDE. Yes, I am wearing suspenders! (Eugenie enters from up center, carrying Raymond's garter belts.)

EUGENIE. Did somebody in this house lose these suspenders?

CHANDEBISE. [I've had enough, I've had enough, I've had enough! Get out, all of you! And don't ever let me see you again! (He paces the room just as Pocahontas beside himself.)]

FINACHE. Don't excite him, he's in crisis now.

RAYMONDE. Well, I've had enough of his crisis for one day! I'm having a few of my own, you know!

FINACHE. Go, go. You too, Tournel! (They all go out up center.)

So, then, my friend. What is all this?

CHANDEBISE. I beg your pardon, Finache. I was beside myself all.

FINACHE. Quite literally. But you're recognizing people now. You know who Raymond is, you remember Tournel. You're even starting to know who you are.

CHANDEBISE. I'm what?

FINACHE. That's progress!

CHANDEBISE. Am I in the habit of not recognizing my own family and friends? And myself?

FINACHE. You misconstrue...

CHANDEBISE. I may have lost my temper, but I haven't lost my mind, you know.

FINACHE. (Humoring him.) Yes, I see that... But in your place I would have stayed in bed.

CHANDEBISE. You what?

FINACHE. And why did you need to put your jacket on?

CHANDEBISE. Because I didn't want to be taken for a bellboy, that's why!

FINACHE. A bellboy? (To himself) Oh, it's bad. It's bad.

CHANDEBISE. You think I enjoy being a bellboy?

FINACHE. Complete monomania.

CHANDEBISE. I certainly learned a thing or two about life inside your Frisky Puss.

FINACHE. So you went there?