

Interview

Farce in one act

by  
Octave Mirbeau

Translated by  
Geoffrey Levett

Geoffrey Levett  
07808476404

[Geoffreylevett@me.com](mailto:Geoffreylevett@me.com)

CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
FOX	A JOURNALIST	20-60	F/M
WOLF	A JOURNALIST	20-69	F/M
CHAPUZOT	A PUBLICAN	30-60	F/M
A WOMAN	A POOR DRUNK	30-55	F/M

A PUB. DOOR TO THE LEFT. A BAR COUNTER COVERED IN BOTTLES;  
BEHIND THE BAR, A DRESSER WITH BOTTLES, GLASSES ... ON THE WALLS,  
VARIOUS POSTERS ... TABLES, CHAIRS.

SCENE ONE.

CHAPUZOT, A POOR WOMAN

(At curtain rise, Chapuzot, in shirt-sleeves with bare arms, a napkin around his shoulder, is upstage behind the counter. He rinses out some glasses. A very poorly dressed woman, her face numbed by misery and drink, sips a big glass of white wine. People pass in the street, behind the door, on which we can read: Beers, wines and spirits.)

CHAPUZOT

So ... trouble at home?

WOMAN

You could say that.

CHAPUZOT

What's up with the kid?

WOMAN

It's his lungs ... It's pitiful ... He's going (She wheezes.) ... He's going (She wheezes.) ...  
He's wheezing ...

CHAPUZOT

What are you going to do?

WOMAN

Nothing. (She drinks.) What can I do? It's not easy with my daughter leaving me with  
him all day, in fact it's a pain in the arse.

CHAPUZOT

Give him two spoonfuls of vodka with Ivermectin in his milk.

WOMAN

What's that?

CHAPUZOT

That'll do the trick ... it'll warm him up and get rid of the bug. It's unbeatable!

WOMAN

Go on then.

CHAPUZOT

With Ivermectin?

WOMAN

Although ... (She hesitates.) I'll give it a go ... poor little sod.

CHAPUZOT

A tenner a shot, ok?

WOMAN

Alright! (CHAPUZOT fills a little bottle.) It's one thing after another. Three years ago her oldest went from I don't know what.

CHAPUZOT

Oh, yes ...

WOMAN

Last year, it was the second who died of the throat.

CHAPUZOT

Oh, yes ...

WOMAN

And now, now this poor little sod! (A beat. She drains her glass a final time.)

CHAPUZOT

Doctors just lie to you, you need to get him what he needs. (Putting the bottle back.) And you can count on me.

WOMAN

How much is that?

CHAPUZOT

Twenty quid. (With a hearty laugh.) Easier than the chemist, eh?

WOMAN

That's true ...

CHAPUZOT

(Same style.) Tastes better too?

You bet. WOMAN  
  
 (He gets out a contactless payment machine) Oh, cash. CHAPUZOT  
  
 (Paying.) Twenty. WOMAN  
  
 Thank you. CHAPUZOT  
  
 I'll be getting off. WOMAN  
  
 I hope he gets well soon. CHAPUZOT  
  
 Poor little sod. WOMAN  
  
(She leaves. CHAPUZOT starts drying the glasses. The INTERVIEWERS enter.)

SCENE TWO

Mr Chapuzot, please? FOX  
  
 That's me ... At your service. CHAPUZOT (Leaving his counter affably.)  
  
 Good. (Studying him closely.) Big ... long-haired ... 30 years old ... long arms ... bestial face. Yes, that's right. WOLF  
  
 What's that? CHAPUZOT  
  
 First, a vodka! FOX  
  
 Oh yes. CHAPUZOT

And no rubbish.

WOLF

Oh yes.

CHAPUZOT

(He serves him a vodka.)

FOX

What's this muck? Oh well, cheers! (They drink in one go. CHAPUZOT looks at FOX)  
On the slate! (CHAPUZOT grudgingly chalks up the slate.)

Now, hitch up your left sleeve.

WOLF

My left sleeve? Well ... but ...

CHAPUZOT

And show me your arm.

WOLF

Yes but ...

CHAPUZOT

(Imperiously.) Come on, come on.

WOLF

(Rolling up his sleeve.) Must be a vaccination inspector.

CHAPUZOT

FOX

(Examining the arm.) Tattooed, I knew it. A rose between two thorns. Perfect perfect.  
(She pulls out her phone.) Do you mind?

(Anxiously.) Where are you from?

CHAPUZOT

Don't move! (She points the phone.)

FOX

Now she's a photographer.

CHAPUZOT

FOX

(She takes a picture.) Very good ... Turn a bit. (Selfie.) Perfect, I'll tweet that.

CHAPUZOT

(Obediently.) Another?

FOX

No, don't move. (Same gesture.) That's it ... From the back, please ... The back is also a face.

CHAPUZOT

Strange photographer!

FOX

(She goes to the table SR and sits and presses 'Record' on the phone.) Now, let's talk.

CHAPUZOT

What? ... You want to talk to me?

FOX

Yes.

CHAPUZOT

Whom do I have the honour of addressing?

FOX

Only the interviewer-in-chief of *Snoop*.

CHAPUZOT

Come again?

FOX

The interviewer-in-chief of *Snoop*.

CHAPUZOT

(Obtusely.) Oh!

WOLF

(Piteously.) You don't know *Snoop*? The hottest platform, the latest gossip, and 12 million followers? Our followers can win iPhones, cars, luxury holidays. There, do you know it?

CHAPUZOT

(Nodding his head.) I know it, I know it.

FOX

Look, I'm in a hurry. I've got an appointment at 12 with Dorries and another with Musk at 2. So let's get on with it. But first, a vodka.

CHAPUZOT

(Getting up.) Oh yes.

WOLF

(She gestures to the phone.) Speak clearly for the microphone.

(CHAPUZOT serves a vodka which the INTERVIEWERS drink in one go. He chinks it up and sits down.)

CHAPUZOT

Maybe I've won a car.

FOX

(She leans on the table and looks at CHAPUZOT) You're a barman?

CHAPUZOT

(Looking around him at the counter and the room.) You got me! Isn't it obvious ...

WOLF

It's a dirty job. Anti-patriotic, if you think about it. Drunkenness, debauchery ... alcoholism, degeneration, maybe socialism. (At this last word CHAPUZOT makes a vigorous gesture of protest.) All the poisons ... Yes, that sums you up.

CHAPUZOT

If you say so.

FOX

Let's get to the point!

CHAPUZOT

About time.

WOLF

(With a lightly comic seriousness.) So you're a barman? You admit it?

CHAPUZOT

Oh yes!

FOX

And you also admit that your name is Chapuzot?

CHAPUZOT

Yes, Theodore Joseph.

WOLF

Think carefully before you answer. It's very serious ... Exceedingly serious.

CHAPUZOT

(Already dazed.) Of course my name is Chapuzot ... like my father.

FOX

Very well. (A beat.) You've fallen out with your wife?

CHAPUZOT

(To himself.) With my wife?

WOLF

Yes!

CHAPUZOT

No, I'm not married.

WOLF

Oh ... living in sin too. It all ties up. So you were on bad terms with your lover?

CHAPUZOT

What? What are you saying? With my lover?

WOLF

Well! Since you say you're not married, what else do you call someone you live with?  
(Gaily.) Your loofah?

CHAPUZOT

(Laughing and slapping his thighs.) That's a good one. (He gets up and moves SL.) Very good. But I don't have a loofah ... or a lover either ...

WOLF

(At the same time teasing and severe.) So you're not married and you don't have a lover?  
Pull the other one, Mr Chapuzot.

CHAPUZOT

It's the truth ...

WOLF

The truth? (Going towards Chapuzot.) You can't pull the wool over my eyes. I know all about it. You can't deny it.

FOX

Let's see ... Did your wife cheat on you? Or did you cheat on your wife? Who was cheating who?

CHAPUZOT

But mother of God! I'm telling you, you've misunderstood .

WOLF

(Interrupting.) Are you playing at being clever?

CHAPUZOT

No ...

WOLF

The joker ... the big head ... the trickster? That doesn't work.

CHAPUZOT

But ... see ...

WOLF

That doesn't work with us, you see? I recommend that you don't play games with us. (Dignified, almost menacing.) We are *Snoop*, Chapuzot, 12 million followers.

CHAPUZOT

So what?

FOX

We're the public square ... the nation's conscience ... our influencers denounce ... they judge and condemn. A vodka!

CHAPUZOT

Oh yes, oh yes. (He serves a vodka. Slate.)

WOLF

(Vodka in hand.) Yes, Chapuzot ... we alone ... all alone ... The police, justice ... etc etc (He drinks.) We campaign, punish or pardon. (He finishes his vodka.) Our opinion is everything. Don't forget it. (He gives the empty vodka glass to Chapuzot who puts it away.)

CHAPUZOT

And what's all that to me?

FOX

What's that? So ... you have a deal with *Snoop*?

CHAPUZOT

What?

FOX

I asked you if you have a deal with *Snoop*?

CHAPUZOT

A deal?

WOLF

Of course! Everyone does, Chapuzot ... politicians, bankers ... businessmen ... royals ... rapists. Footballers ... pop stars ... You don't? Unwise! That's too bad for you Chapuzot.

CHAPUZOT

What's sort of deal?

WOLF

Don't play the innocent with me.

FOX

(She plays with the button on Chapuzot's waistcoat.) Why did you throw a bottle of vodka at your wife's head?

CHAPUZOT

(Stunned expression.) A bottle of vodka?

WOLF

Yes!

CHAPUZOT

A bottle of vodka? The hell with it, really.

FOX

No comment? (Chapuzot is silent.) Very well.

CHAPUZOT

A bottle of vodka ... mother of God.

FOX

Don't lie. (He declaims.) Oh! No lies, lying is immoral. And it doesn't work on us.

WOLF

Even though you don't have a deal with *Snoop*, I'll give you a chance. Let's see. (She pats him amicably on the shoulder.) Let's see my dear Chapuzot ... good old Chappy.

(Very gently.) What made you commit this act of brutality? Because really, you seem like a good man! Was it just vulgar revenge? A sudden, irrational explosion of anger? A suggestion? A congestion? (A beat.) Yes? (Chapuzot expresses complete ignorance.) Let's carry on, gently. (She caresses his shoulder.) Are we in the presence of a crime of passion ... or was it pure repugnance .... Or simply atavistic?

CHAPUZOT

(Eyes popping.) Ata ... what?

FOX

(Forcefully.) Vistic ... atavistic.

CHAPUZOT

(Putting his head in his hands.) Mother of mother ...

FOX

You don't know? You don't understand what you've done?

WOLF

(With great pity.) Not the slightest self-knowledge? The mind of a cretin then?

(She gives him a flick on the chest.)

CHAPUZOT

(As if he were chasing a fly.) Ah! Bugger it!

(He goes to his counter, disappears under it, and we hear the sound of glasses and glassware moving.)

WOLF

I pity you Chappy. I can see that with you it's more stupidity than stubbornness ... Listen.

(Noises under the counter. FOX notices that CHAPUZOT has disappeared. She goes to the counter, leans over, and in a loud voice.)

FOX

I'll put it another way, a way that will be easier for someone of your intelligence to understand ... Vodkas all round!

CHAPUZOT

(Rising straight away.) Oh yes ... oh yes.

WOLF

We'll drink ...

CHAPUZOT

(With a good laugh.) Good, that's more like it.

(He serves the vodkas. They drink.)

FOX

Good health!

CHAPUZOT

Bottoms up!

(They find themselves in a moment of confidence together.)

FOX

Chapuzot, I'm your friend ... talk to me like a friend, good old Chappy!

(CHAPUZOT, laughing and chinks twice.)

CHAPUZOT

Ha ha ha!

FOX

Good old Chappy! (She strokes his cheek with a friendly gesture.) Were there many killers in your family? Because even if you're not married you must have a family?

CHAPUZOT

(Desperately.) So you're starting that again ...

WOLF

Then you're an orphan? (He hums.) A lost child, abandoned by his mother. Poor Chapuzot.

(CHAPUZOT comes out from behind the counter, cleans the table SL, goes back to the counter, returns to the table. The INTERVIEWERS follows his movements.)

FOX

So, since birth, you've developed the bad habits brought on by loneliness?

WOLF

It would be an explanation ... perhaps an excuse.

CHAPUZOT

(While he wanders here and there, raising his fists and clenching them.) Ah! Ah! Ah!

WOLF

You won't comment? (A beat.) You're absolutely determined not to reply?

CHAPUZOT

But in the name of God ... what do you want me to say?

FOX

Let's try another way? I'm being very patient Chappy. I'm not judging you.

(CHAPUZOT stops moving.) Was there any premeditation in your choice of a bottle of vodka?

CHAPUZOT

(Freeing himself from his stillness and carrying on.) Again with the vodka ... I don't know what you're on about.

WOLF

(Following him.) Why a bottle of vodka, rather than wine, or a can of Stella? That's the traditional choice of the wife beater.

CHAPUZOT

Dear God! Dear God !

(He goes back to the counter where he manhandles the bottles. He finishes by getting up a step-ladder and, back to the public, removing the objects from the dresser.)

WOLF

Take care Chapuzot. It's very important, maybe the jury will find a mitigating circumstance, or aggravating, according to how you tell the story.

CHAPUZOT

(Who turns around at the word 'jury') The jury? What jury?

FOX

The great Doctor Socquet will certainly be there. (With a gay maliciousness.) He'll question you. (With complete gaiety.) Perhaps he'll help to put you away. Will he see in this premeditated choice of the bottle of vodka ... (With emphasis.) ... an anthropological phenomenon of moral responsibility or irresponsibility? He's given us exclusive interview rights for the podcast.

CHAPUZOT

If I had a clue what you were talking about.

WOLF

You don't understand? (They change tack.)

FOX

Listen carefully ... by telling the complete story of your crime ...

CHAPUZOT

(Facing the dresser.) My crime now!

FOX

By an exact and minute study of the particular circumstances, general, conjugal and social ... which led up to, accompanied and followed ... if you could give me these details ... on which I could establish the psychology of the crime ... Do you see?

CHAPUZOT

(Without turning.) My head ... Dear God!

WOLF

We need to analyse the crime. We could get ten episodes out of this! Do you see?

CHAPUZOT

Fine ... you know everything.

FOX

Ignorance is no defence, Chapuzot. Answer me!

CHAPUZOT

I'd rather get out of here.

(He comes down from the step-ladder quickly and tries to flee. FOX, who has stepped behind the counter, holds him back using his apron.)

WOLF

You deadbeat! (A beat. She takes him amicably by the arms.) Do you see?

FOX

Let's take another angle ... have you heard of Jordan Peterman?

CHAPUZOT

It rings a bell.

FOX

You must have seen his YouTube channel?

CHAPUZOT

(Who has released himself and seizing a hosepipe, hoses the room down furiously.) I know him ... I don't know him ... whatever you want ...

WOLF

(Who is standing at the counter and striking the poses of an orator.) He's a man of genius, Chapuzot ...

CHAPUZOT

I didn't say any different.

WOLF

(Striking the counter.) He's a man of stunning genius, Chapuzot.

CHAPUZOT

I believe you ... I believe you ...

WOLF

(Drunk on his own words.) So, what's your opinion on the work of the illustrious Jordan Peterman?

FOX

On his admirable discoveries relating to the undermining of western civilisation? On his categorical judgements on the stupidity of Stoppard and the abject senility of Houellebecq, of Evaristo, of Rowling? Well? What do you say?

CHAPUZOT

Nothing.

(Not knowing what to do any more, he sits down SR and lights up his pipe.)

FOX

Do you support his marvellous and ground-breaking thesis that poverty, poverty Chapuzot, isn't a problem of government or economics ... but a neurosis.

CHAPUZOT

(Puffing smoke, without understanding.) I should coco.

WOLF

(Insisting.) A neurosis Chapuzot!

CHAPUZOT

(Same game.) It's possible.

FOX

And, do you know how he came to investigate this massive problem? Are you listening to me?

CHAPUZOT

I'm listening! Good God!

WOLF

He got himself ten people who lived on the streets.

CHAPUZOT

There's a lot of them about. (He blows some smoke.)

FOX

Don't interrupt. He tried to reform them. Listen.

CHAPUZOT

(Same game.) Oh yes! Oh yes!

WOLF

(Playing with the bottles on the counter.) The ten tramps showed signs of complete narcissism, do you understand?

CHAPUZOT

Go on, go on, I'm listening ...

WOLF

(Same game.) Narcissism that alienated them from society.

CHAPUZOT

(Lively.) What? ... What? ...

FOX

Nar-ci-ssi-sm ...

CHAPUZOT

Ah! Good.

WOLF

Never had this celebrated thinker seen such moral degeneracy in the rich, or even the comfortably off, do you understand?

CHAPUZOT

Well enough.

FOX

He never again doubted the result of this neuropathic and demential affliction: poverty.

CHAPUZOT

Yes, yes. Evidently ... carry on ...

FOX

(Leaning on the counter.) I don't have the time to give you a complete description of his work. It would be too difficult for you to understand. (Vague agreement of Chapuzot, who tidies up the counter.) It's not important anyway. Be happy to know that after countless experiments the illustrious Peterman came to understand everything, reform would be a doddle.

CHAPUZOT

Ah! Wonderful!

WOLF

He took these ten tramps to a retreat. He submitted them to an intensive diet, to rigorous analysis and training designed to achieve a complete cure. That is to say until the tramps became rich, do you understand?

CHAPUZOT

My head, my God, my head!

FOX

Forget your head Chapuzot. Doctor Socquet, Mr Deibler and myself will take care of your head later.

CHAPUZOT

Mr Deib ...

WOLF

Listen! As a result of this treatment, at the end of seven weeks, one of the tramps inherited 120 thousand pounds.

CHAPUZOT

(Stunned in admiration.) Oh!

FOX

A second was given blue chip shares in the stock exchange.

CHAPUZOT

(Same game.) Mother of mother! Oh mother of mother!

WOLF

A third ... a bar in Thailand, from one of the competitions organised by *Snoop*, 12 million followers.

CHAPUZOT

The lucky devil.

FOX

The luckiest was the fourth. Having outwitted the guards she ran into the street and was smashed up by a car ... she got 600 thousand from the insurance.

CHAPUZOT

And the others?

WOLF

The others were dead ... they didn't survive the treatment.

CHAPUZOT

(Dumbfounded.) Is that true?

FOX

Completely true.

CHAPUZOT

It's unbelievable.

FOX

No, it's a fact and ... give me a vodka!

CHAPUZOT

Oh yes ... oh yes. (He serves a vodka. Slate.)

FOX

And ... I wanted to ask you this, Chapuzot? ...

CHAPUZOT

Aren't you finished?

FOX

Chapuzot? In which class of psychopath would you put yourself? (A beat. Walking towards him.) Are you mentally imbalanced?

CHAPUZOT

(Interrupting.) But, Mother of God ... I'm just a barman.

FOX

(Still walking.) A mystic? A syphilitic? An alcoholic? A sadist?

CHAPUZOT

(Who is standing behind his counter, staggers back.) Leave me in peace ... I'm a barman, a simple man ... that's all!

WOLF

(Menacing him with a finger, softly.) Chappy?

CHAPUZOT

No, you're disturbing me.

WOLF

(Same gesture.) Chappy?

CHAPUZOT

No, no ... go to hell!

WOLF

So, you continue to deny it?

CHAPUZOT

Damn you!

WOLF

You refuse all analysis?

CHAPUZOT

It can go to the devil!

WOLF

You continue to defy the truth?

CHAPUZOT

I don't care ...

FOX

Very well, I'll give you a treat. Come here.

CHAPUZOT

I've had enough.

FOX

Come here. (CHAPUZOT does so slowly. FOX takes a copy of *The Daily Mail* from her pocket.) Here's *The Daily Mail* ... you wouldn't question the authority of *The Daily Mail*?

CHAPUZOT

(Flattered) No, that's my paper.

FOX

Yes? Well, listen (Reading.) 'As a result of an altercation of which the cause remains mysterious' (Spoken.) Mysterious ... Are you listening Chapuzot?

CHAPUZOT

Yes.

WOLF

(Reading again.) 'of which the cause remains mysterious ... a Mr Chapuzot' (She shows him the paper.) Look, it really says Chapuzot ...

CHAPUZOT

That's right ...

WOLF

Is it in black and white, yes or no?

CHAPUZOT

My God, yes,

FOX

And in *The Daily Mail* ... your paper?

CHAPUZOT

Yes but what does it say?

WOLF

You're looking pale Chapuzot ...

CHAPUZOT

What's it on about, *The Daily Mail*?

WOLF

You'll see ... you'll see. Oh! You're not the swaggerer now, the joker, the syphilitic ... (Correcting herself.) The faker?

CHAPUZOT

That's too much.

FOX

Let's continue. (Reading.) 'A Mr Chapuzot, barman in Mansion House'

CHAPUZOT

(Correcting) Manor House.

FOX

Mansion. (Showing him the paper.) It says 'barman in Mansion House.'

CHAPUZOT

But I'm from Manor House.

WOLF

Well, what of it?

CHAPUZOT

What of it? What of it? Green Lanes, where we are, is it in Mansion House or Manor House?

FOX

That's not the question. (Reading.) 'Mr Chapuzot, barman in Mansion House!'

CHAPUZOT

Manor ...

FOX

Mansion. (Reading.) 'Threw a bottle of vodka in his wife's face ... unconscious ... bloodbath ... the condition of the unfortunate woman is very serious, etc etc' There you go!

CHAPUZOT

But ... I'm not from Mansion House, I'm from Manor House.

WOLF

Mansion.

CHAPUZOT

MANOR!

FOX

Enough of the kidding ... Are you called Chapuzot?

CHAPUZOT

Yes.

FOX

Are you a barman?

CHAPUZOT

Yes.

FOX

Is that all in *The Daily Mail*?

CHAPUZOT

Yes.

WOLF

Well then, whether you're from Mansion House or Manor House doesn't matter.

CHAPUZOT

But in the name of God! I told you ...

WOLF

You refuse to comment? You continue with these infantile denials, these word games, this clown act. Very well ...

CHAPUZOT

Look Miss Whoever You Are, it's clear, it's easy to understand ... since I'm from Manor House ...

WOLF

(Getting more and more angry.) Yes ... yes ... go on ... go on ... (She walks left and right, bumping into the furniture.) I'm at the end of my patience. I'll say it in *Snoop*, the hottest platform, the latest gossip, 12 million followers. I'll say, Chapuzot ... that you adulterate your vodka ... you add lambic ... No, septic ... No, arsenic. I'll say that you had a baby with your daughter, and then killed it ... do you have a daughter? (Chapuzot tries to talk, chokes, thrashes around, makes a grotesque face.) I'll say that your bar is a haunt of Europhiles, of Francophiles, of paedophiles. I'll say that your wife sleeps with the whole neighbourhood ... that your ... we'll see if you continue to challenge *Snoop* ... the great creator of the public square!

CHAPUZOT

(More and more desperate.) I'm telling you ... I repeat ... Holy Mother of God! ... It's too much ... I'm from Manor House!

WOLF  
Mansion ...

CHAPUZOT  
Manor House!

WOLF  
I'll ruin you, I'll dishonour you. You don't mess with us. We're the conscience of the nation. Where's your wife?

CHAPUZOT  
My wife? Again? (He leaves the counter, approaches WOLF, begs her.) I don't have a wife.

FOX  
What? No wife ... and yet you throw bottles of vodka at her?

CHAPUZOT  
(Brandishing his towel.) Mother of mother ... of mother of mother!

FOX  
Try to be more logical in your denials ...

CHAPUZOT  
But ...

WOLF  
Go on! Bring me your wife ... maybe she'll talk.

CHAPUZOT  
(Strangled voice.) But ... See...

FOX  
I must see her ... I need to question her.

CHAPUZOT  
Ah! Ah!

FOX  
We need to investigate her psychologically ...

CHAPUZOT  
Pig!

WOLF  
So that we can trace the source of her atavism.

CHAPUZOT

Bastard!

WOLF

What's your wife like?

CHAPUZOT

I don't have a wife!

WOLF

Blonde? ... (Silence.) Brunette then? ... (Silence. CHAPUZOT is completely stunned.) Tall? Well built? (Silence. Detached.) Is she passionate ... shameful? (Silence.) Did you make her depraved? (Silence.)

FOX

How many abortions has she had? (Silence.) One ... Two ... you refuse to answer? Naturally! Silence ... Well! We'll have a laugh. That's better. (He walks, rubbing his hands.) A few things to finish off. (The INTERVIEWERS approach CHAPUZOT, who steps back at each question.) What do you think of colonic irrigation? (Silence.) Do you have a clear opinion on Brexit ... boat people ... the revolution in Russia? (Silence.) (Silence. CHAPUZOT is backed against the wall. WOLF grabs him, shakes him, then pushes him violently onto the table.)

WOLF

(In a voice of thunder.) What's your take on the England cricket team? (Two hands on his chest, holding him down.) Optimism? Pessimism? Indifference? (Silence. Letting him go.) Ok, it's a *prejudice* of silence, an insult? They'll boil you Chapuzot. (She crosses the stage, takes her hat and bag.) I tell you they'll boil you like a frog.

FOX

(With menace.) A last vodka, please!

CHAPUZOT

(Coming to him submissively.) Oh yes ... Oh yes ... (He serves the vodka.)

FOX

We're going. (She drinks.) I'll talk to your neighbours and the neighbours of your neighbours, because the neighbours of our neighbours are our neighbours, aren't they? Goodbye!

(He goes to the door. CHAPUZOT counts the chalk marks and turns to the INTERVIEWERS)

CHAPUZOT

But?

WOLF

No ... No!

CHAPUZOT

But? But?

WOLF

No, no ... too bad for you ... It's too late.

CHAPUZOT

But you owe me a dozen vodkas!

FOX

(She turns and stops close to the counter.) *Snoop* pays for nothing. We get everything for free.

(She taps on the counter energetically. A tray falls, scattering onto the stage, glasses, spoons, which roll around and shatter. They leave.

At the edge of madness CHAPUZOT raises his arms to the ceiling.)

CHAPUZOT

Mother of God! Mother of mother of God!

CURTAIN