

JEAN-MICHAEL, GEORGES, MARIE, ANNE, MSR. DINDON, ALBIN

DINDON. To think-to think that a daughter of mine would get herself involved with filth like this.

MARIE. Edouard!

DINDON. It's all your fault, Marie.

MARIE. My fault?

GEORGES. I say lets call it a night, go to bed, and start out fresh in the morning.

DINDON. Homosexual!

ALBIN. Perhaps we should sit out this round.

MARIE. March on, Edouard. Lead us out of this house of sin. We are right behind you.

ANNE. Sorry, Mother, but we are not right behind you. I'm staying here with Jean-Michel and we're getting married.

DINDON. Dare to defy me and I will cut you off without a sou!

ANNE. Cut me off. Do you think I brought you here just to get a dowry?

DINDON. You mean you knew about these people?

ANNE. No. But now that I do, it doesn't matter. I like them.

DINDON. HOMOSEXUALS!

ANNE. Father, don't bellow. They know what they are.

DINDON. Young lady, you march yourself straight out that door.

ANNE. No. I love you Father. *(to MARIE)* You too, mother. You are my family. But I love Jean-Michel. So we are going to marry and start our own family.

DINDON. And what sort of family do you think this son of a pervert could make, being brought up as he was by two transvestite homosexuals?

ALBIN. One transvestite.

GEORGES. One plain homosexual.

(JEAN-MICHEL finally steps forward.)

JEAN-MICHEL. Deputy Dindon, I must apologize for everything that happened here tonight. I made a terrible mistake but I'm going to spend the rest of my life trying to make up for it. And I hope to one day receive forgiveness for being stupid and thoughtless.

DINDON. While I appreciate the sentiments, I do not accept your apology.

JEAN-MICHEL. That's quite all right as it wasn't to you I was apologizing. It was to my parents.

DINDON. Your parents? What parents? Oh, one of them could have possibly fathered you, but you can't tell me that the other one is your mother.

JEAN-MICHEL. That's precisely who he is.

DINDON. I see no mother here.

ANNE AND JEAN-MICHEL

ANNE. Jean-Michel! Sorry I'm late. *(They kiss.)* How did it go with your parents?

JEAN-MICHEL. Oh, they're thrilled for us. They can't wait to meet you. How about yours?

ANNE. My mother's happy. But my father is so busy lecturing the world on how to run their families that he has no idea what's going on with his own. Oh Jean Michel, you're so lucky to have normal parents.

JEAN-MICHEL. Well, I'm not sure how normal any par... *(JEAN-MICHEL freezes. ALBIN and GEORGES enter. His mouth hangs open...)*

ANNE. Jean-Michel, what's wrong?

JEAN-MICHEL. What say we take a walk on the beach?

ANNE. Are you reading my mind?

JEAN-MICHEL. Let's go.

ANNE. But the beach is that way.

JEAN-MICHEL. It's starting to rain. We'd better run for cover.

ANNE. What?

JEAN-MICHEL. I just felt a drop.

ANNE. Jean-Michel, the sky couldn't be clearer.

(He grabs her and kisses her.)

JEAN-MICHEL. It's starting to rain. *(kiss)* Anne, if you love me you'll believe me. *(kisses her again)* It's starting to rain. *(kiss)*

(JEAN-MICHEL starts to exit, ANNE pulls him to her and kisses him .)

ANNE. And so it is.

04 With Anne
Jean-Michel, George, Flute, M.D. Keyboard 2

8
119 *dim e rit.* [Band] $\text{♩} = 125$

p *mp*

124 **JEAN-MICHEL:**

8 Who else can make me feel_ like I'm hand-some and tall? Who else can

p

129

8 make me feel_ I'm on top of it all? I found a com-bi-na-tion that

134 *poco rit.* *Colla voce*

8 works like a charm: I'm sim - ply a man

[Kbd. 1 Hp.]

Quasi Tempo

137

8 Who walks_ on the stars When - ev - er it's

8 Anne on my arm.

140

8 Anne on my arm.