

✓ " A WOMAN OF PARIS "

A play in two scenes written ✓ and produced ✓ by

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Cast:

Marie St. Clair..... A young girl from a village in the south of France
afterwards the mistress of the richest man in Paris.
Pierre Revel..... The richest man in Paris and a notorious boulevardier
John Millet..... The youthful sweetheart of Marie in southern France
and a young artist of the Latin Quartier
Mrs. Millet..... John's mother

Scenes:

One.....Interior of artist's studio in Latin Quarter of Paris
Two.....~~int~~ Exterior before small house in country town of France.

Time

The Present.

(As curtain rises on scene in artist's studio, Marie is discovered standing
on model's stand posing for portrait which John is painting. John goes through
motions of painting with brush, then puts brush down and gazes up at Marie)

John- That's about all for today. You must be tired.

Marie-I am-a little.

John- Come over here and sit in front of the fire(Leading her to sofa)

Marie- This is warm and cozy. You sit here too.

John- I'm afraid its too dangerous.



Marie- Dangerous?

John- Yes. I haven't recovered from the love I had for you back there in the village in southern France.

Marie- I don't want you to. It's too nice a memory.

John (rising and pacing floor) Memories are not very nourishing to a red-blooded man when his whole being is crying for a woman and that woman with him day after day. Why did you ever leave that night without me, particularly when our elopement was all planned?

Marie- I waited at the station until the train came. I phoned you. You did not come.

John- But I told you that something had happened to prevent it that night. My father died.

Marie- But I did not know that. And when you did not come, I just figured that your people had persuaded you to let me go. You know that they did not try to hide their feelings concerning me. And I could not go back to my own home after my father had locked me out. It was not home anyhow after mother died. So I took the train and came to Paris. You know the rest. Now I have everything that money can buy. I never expected to see you again and it was just by accident that I rang your bell several evenings ago. I was looking for the apartment upstairs.

John- But I still love you.

Marie- I am not sure that I have not always loved you but it is too late for that now. I am the mistress of Pierre Revel a notorious woman of Paris. Perhaps it isn't love but he is kind and there are no illusions. Sometimes I yearn for something else but one can't have everything.

John- I know and I guess most of it is my fault. And I care nothing of your reputation. I loved you then and I love you now.. Why not marry me and we can go away and begin a new life.

Marie- Marry you? You forget what I am. What will people say? How about Public Opinion? I am a woman of Paris.

John- Public opinion be damned. I love you and I'll marry you in spite of everything. I know you as you really are. You are not this woman of whom all Paris is talking.

(During his speech, Marie is very much moved and apparently weakening Marriage and a home would appeal to her. John has his arms about her pleading and she is just about to turn to him when the doorbell rings and breaks the spell)

Marie- Its no use. Too late. There's Pierre calling to take me home. Home!

(John opens door and Pierre enters. He is a dapper sort of figure dressed in the height of fashion, rather patronizing)

Revel- (Looking at portrait) Ah yes, quite good. You are doing well young man.
(To Marie) Come dear, we are due at Claridges for tea.



(Marie has already put on her hat and is wrapping robe about her. John stands by fireplace gazing into fire very thoughtful. As Pierre waits at the door, Marie gazes toward John, sighs and follows Revel through the door. John stands by fire a moment and then moves decisively toward desk, takes gun from drawer and passes behind curtain upstage and the next moment a shot is heard. After a pause Marie and Pierre reenter hurriedly and both rush toward curtain. They pull it aside and discover John lying across bed dead. With a cry Marie throws herself across body and Pierre drops curtain, pacing floor. Door opens at other end of studio and mother enters)

Mother- What is it? My boy?

Pierre- He is dead. He killed himself.

(Mother wrings hands and sinks in chair weeping. Revel tries to comfort her. After a moment she gets up and stands looking at picture of Marie)

Mother- You did it. Its all your fault (To Picture) You and your fine airs have ruined and killed my boy. I warned him not to have anything to do with her. But she will pay.

Pierre- Please be calm.

Mother- I'll fix her (Goes to curtain and flings it aside showing Marie sobbing as she lies across boy's dead body. The sight of this takes all the animosity out of the mother and she puts her arm around girl's shoulder and they weep together. After a while Marie leaves the mother and comes out to Pierre)

Pierre- Come lets go. I'll attend to the police.

Marie- I am going, for good.

Pierre- Where?

Marie- Anywhere to get away from this life. I've been all wrong. I am going to change it all. It may be too late for decency but perhaps I can regain some self-respect. And then there's his mother. If she will let me, the rest of my life will be devoted to her.

Pierre- You are very foolish. You do not belong to a straitlaced world. You'll see. You'll come back. Goodbye. (He takes her hand, kisses her and exits) She goes to portrait which shows her in all her finery and as the curtain descends she deliberately cuts portrait to bits).

End of scene one.

Scene two.

(About the yard of a beautiful cottage in a small town in France there are playing four beautiful children of ages ranging from two to six years. Marie and mother are sitting on porch one of them knitting and the other mending a childish garment. Both of them look very happy as they watch the children)

Mother- Are you sure your are happy, dear?

Marie- For the first time in my life. I have learned the secret of happiness. It is in service to others.

Mother- You certainly are doing more than your share of service.

Marie- I have lots to make up for from those years when I was a parasite.

Mother- And you have no regrets-you do not feel the call of Paris.

Marie- (Patting her) Nary a regret and not a call.

A child- Mother, here comes father.

(Marie and mother look as the curate of the village enters the yard. Both laugh at child's interpretation)

Priest-(Jovially) Young lady, don't you think you are doing too much? I see you have another orphan.

Marie- I wish I could have more of them.

Priest-When are you going to marry and have some children of your own.

Marie- Is that a proposal, Father?

Priest- Anyway I might answer that question, I would get in bad so I will let it pass.

(As they talk a beautiful car with Revel and his secretary as passengers passes by, apparently on its way to Paris)

Secretary- By the way, whatever became of Marie St. Clair?

Revel-(Shrugging his shoulds) I don't know.

(Car passes out of sight and mother speaks although those in yard know nothing of occupants of car)

Mother- Lets go inside . Its about time for tea.

Priest- That's great news to me.

(He follows mother through door and Marie herds the children together and with them clinging to her skirts, and her face smiling she goes through the doorway into the peaceful house as the curtain falls).

