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Dialogue part: Fifi Fricot. [189-?]

Kerker, Gustave, 1857-1923; Morton, Hugh, 1865-1916
[s.l.]: [s.n.], [189-?]

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Part No. 17 Set No.

DIALOGUE PART
OF

Fricol

IN

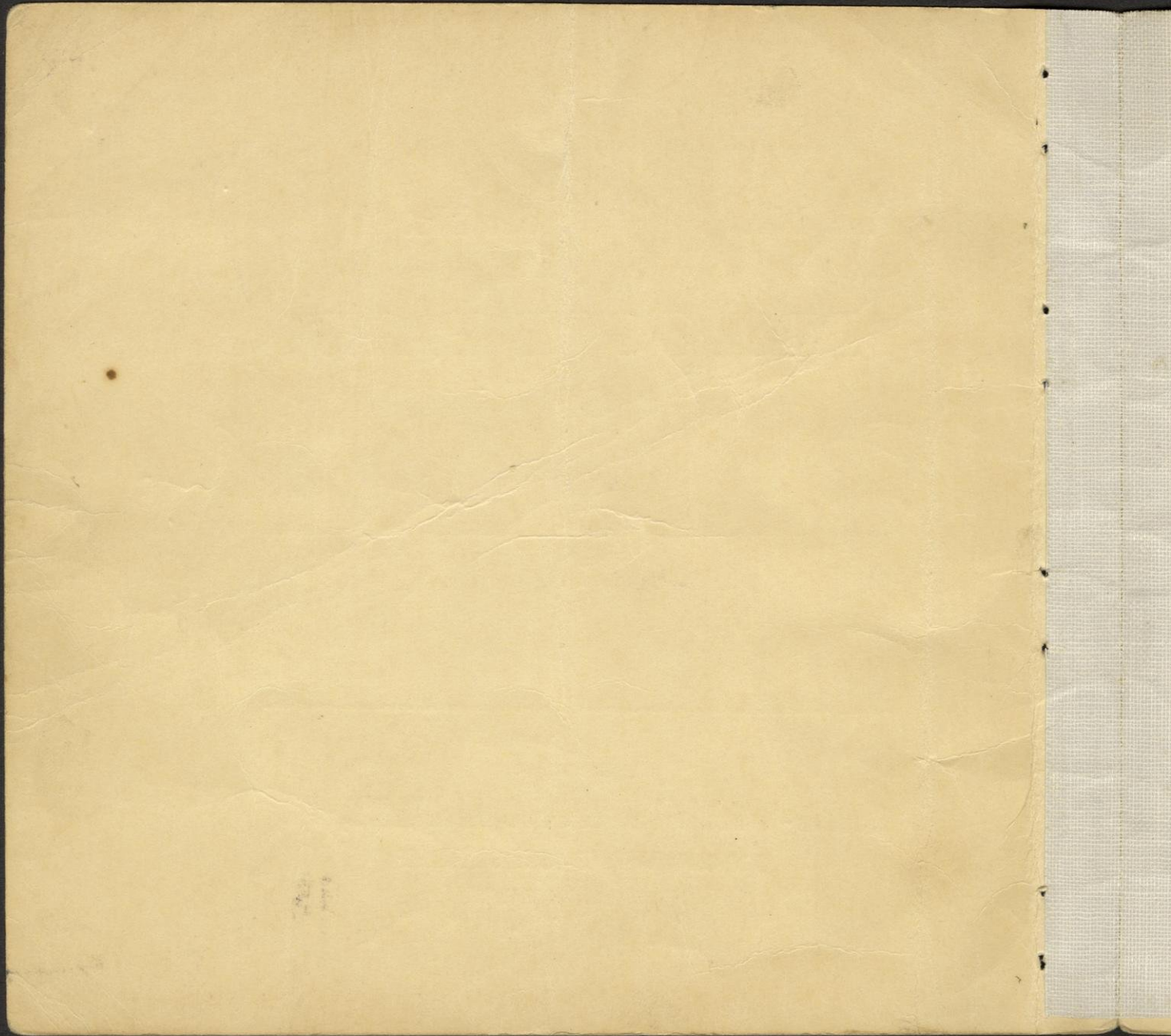
BELLE OF NEW YORK

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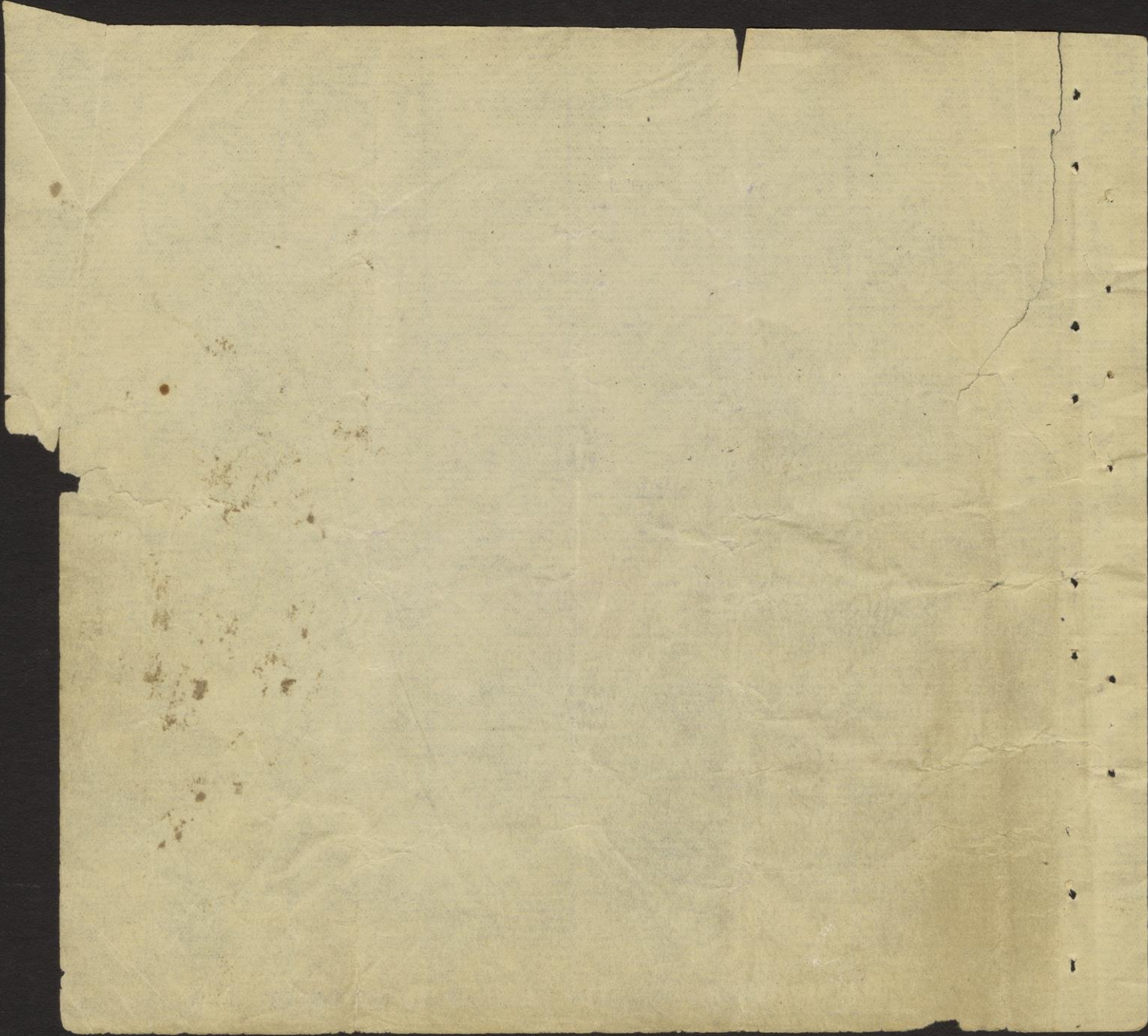
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FRECOE
IN
THE BELLE OF NEW YORK.



Head of young man's *prime league* - into Fricot

FRICOT

THE BELLE OF NEW YORK

~~-----I'll have to work.~~

(Fricot, the French chef, dressed in white clothes of a cook with other cooks has carried on to platform behind centre arch a large wedding cake containing figures of a girl under cause)

----you up to

(UP r. C. Coming down)

Ah, Monsieur, I have only 10 minutes to prepare ze table for ze wedding breakfast.

~~I bring in my material now and zis is my chef d'oeuvre--
c'est un grand piece tante, Monsieur.~~

~~-----off that gauze~~

(R) Ah, Monsieur, I did not want you to look ~~te.~~ (Aside)
~~If he discovers my trick, I shall lose my place (Yes R)~~

(Harry throws Fricot to L.C.)

Ah, Monsieur.

~~-----out of candy~~

(Up L.C.) Oui, Monsieur candy.

~~-----little ears~~

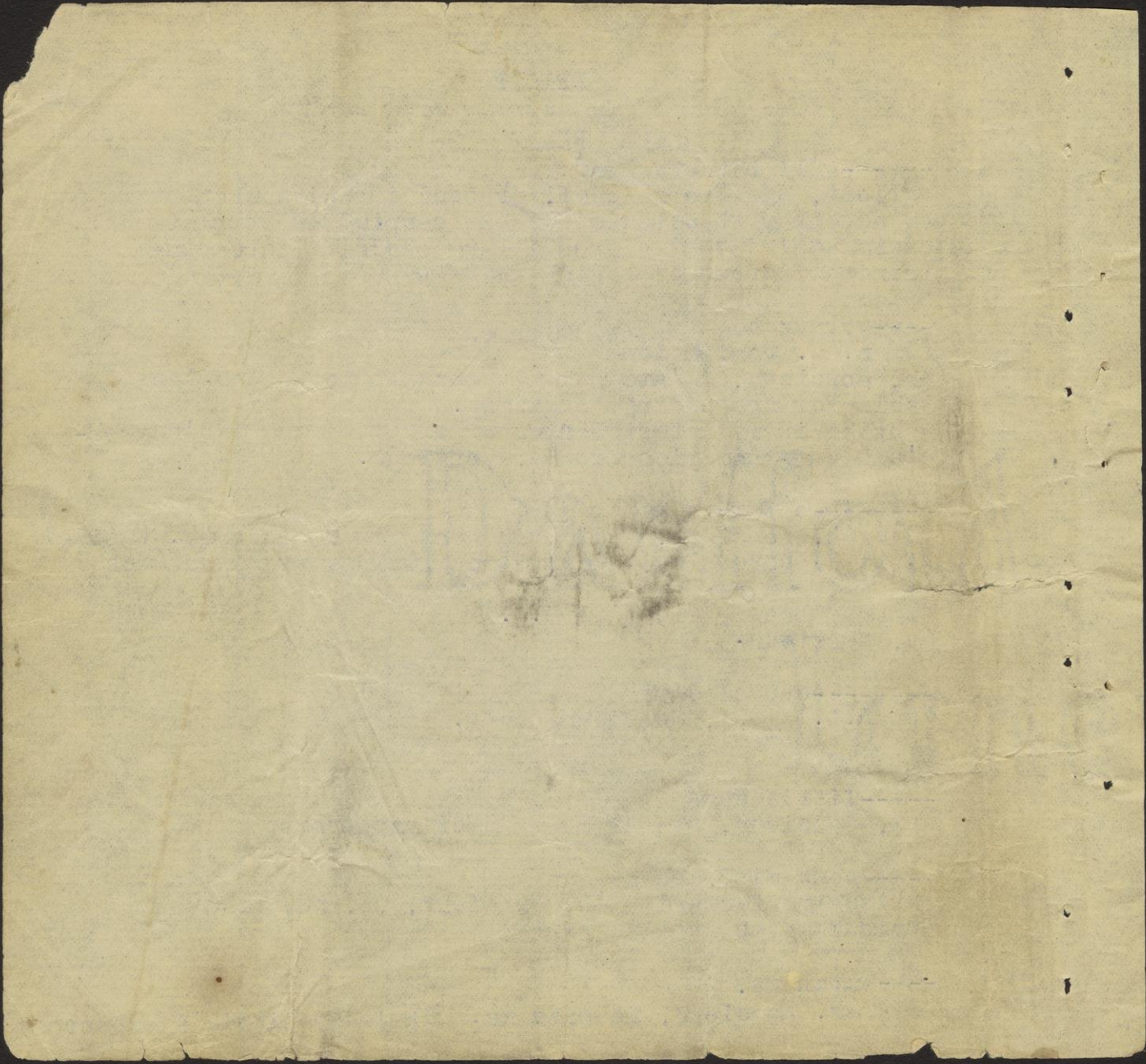
Oui, Monsieur, se ear is made of peppermint

~~-----wont mind, eh?~~

(Pushing forward) Ah, Monsieur, no, no, no.
(Fricot makes grab at Harry)

~~-----watch me.~~

(R) Ah, Monsieur, forgive me. It is my little daughter



SCENE 11.

Stage left

-2-

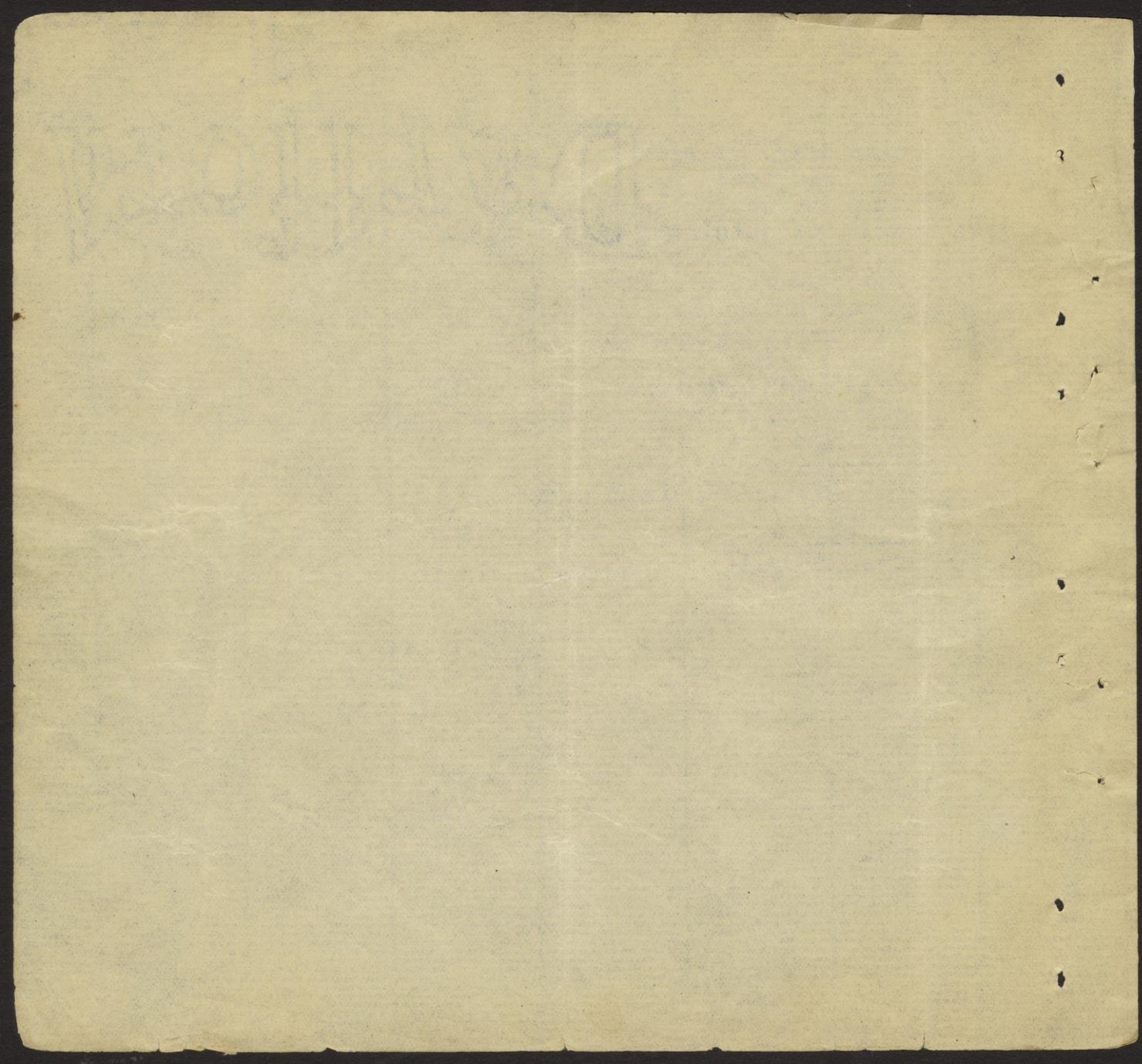
Mon Dieu. I work all night for nossing. I prepare ze beautiful aspice jelly for nossing and ze beautiful ris de veau, a sauce tomato for nossing. Ah, I shall committ suisicide wiz ze bread knife.

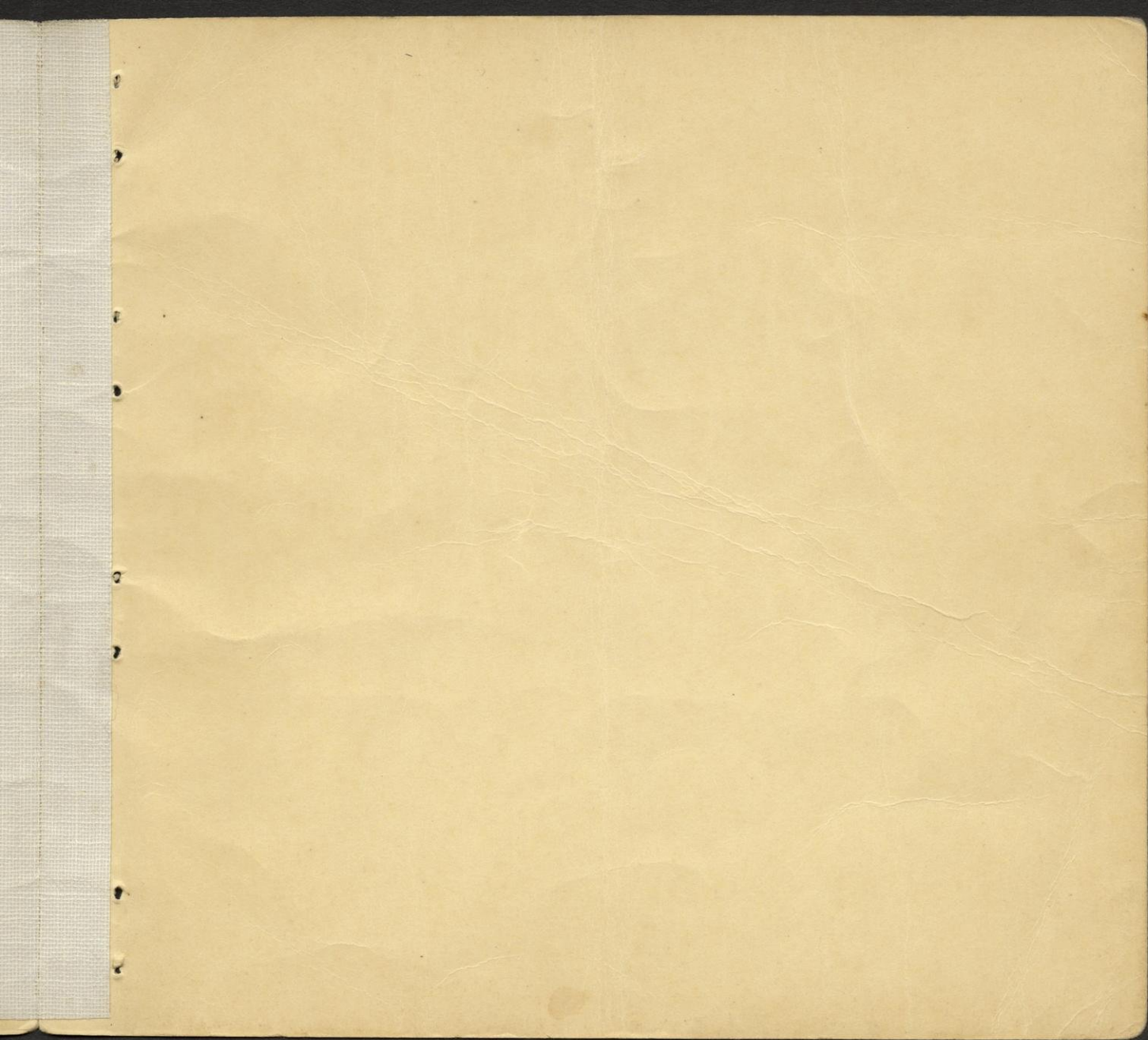
-----what a shame
Monsieur Bronson have stole my little daughter, Fifi,
Ah, he is un mauvaie Carcon.

----those premisses?
(C) Oui, this is ze 'ouse of Monsieur Bronson

-----to Kill him
Mon Dieu, *what is siz you say?*

-----he's crazy
Crazy? He's a lunatic. Siz is one day terrible,





attention of me

a. More beautiful
daniel you are the
API kwik, di addor
wan (iz na-θIV)