

JEROME

P-40's.

Oh, that's right. They're all moving out, you see, because, well ... there's been a big change. They won't be around here much any more, just off and on, a few of us. Did you understand anything I said? Vous ne comprenez pas?

NELLIE

NGANA

Oui, oui, nous comprenons.

*(JEROME nods his head.)*

JEROME

Oui.

NELLIE

Now, while I'm down at the hospital, you've got to promise me to manger everything—everything that's put before you on the table—sur le tobler. Sur la tobler?

NGANA

*(Smiling patiently.)*

Sur la table.

NELLIE

*(She smiles, congratulating herself.)*

Now come back here, Jerome, and sit down.

*(She starts to place the CHILDREN at the table, on which a tureen of soup and some bowls have been set. At this point BUZZ ADAMS appears upstage—a weary figure. Behind him comes EMILE in a dirt-stained uniform, helmet, paratroop boots, and musette bag. ADAMS calls his attention to the planes droning above. Neither sees NELLIE nor the CHILDREN. NELLIE pushes the CHILDREN down on the bench as they playfully balk at being seated.)*

Ass-say-yay-voo.

### **MUSIC 48: FINALE ULTIMO**

*(They sit. EMILE turns sharply at the sound of her voice.)*

Now you have to learn to mind me when I talk to you and be nice to me too. Because I love you very much. Now, mangez.

*(EMILE's face light up with grateful happiness. ADAMS knows it's time for him to shove off, and he does. NELLIE proceeds to ladle soup from the large tureen into three small bowls.)*

JEROME

*(His eyes twinkling mischievously.)*

Chantez, Nellie.

NELLIE

I will not sing that song. You just want to laugh at my French accent.

*(The CHILDREN put their spoons down—on strike.)*

All right, but you've got to help me.