

Saddle My Ass

Dame Pluche

YOU SHALL SADDLE MY ASS

Master Blazius

WHOA, MADAM! NOT SO FAST
I'VE NOT SADDLED ANYTHING IN YEARS!

Dame Pluche

SO THEN, YOU REFUSE?

Master Blazius

NO, MA'AM, YOU'RE CONFUSED
I DECLINE
FOR I MUST HAVE ANOTHER BOTTLE OF WINE

Dame Pluche

I CAN REMAIN NO MORE
EVERYTHING'S IN DISARRAY
ALL NEGLECTED AND IMMORAL
I REFUSE TO STAY ANOTHER DAY!

Pluche

MY ASS IS NOT YET SADDLED!

Blazius

(Blazius looks her over. Takes another sip.)

THAT'S A THING NOT EASILY STRADDLED
A FEAT OF EPIC MAGNITUDE

Pluche

THE MASTERS HAVE ALL PROVED TO BE LIARS
EVEN LIVESTOCK SEEM TO CONSPIRE

Blazius

SO THIS IS WHAT'S COME TO PASS
YOU CAN'T EVEN TRUST YOUR OWN ASS!

Pluche

GOD, WHY DID YOU SEND ME HERE?
AMONG THE LEWD AND THE DECEITFUL?
WHERE TUTORS DRINK AND SCHOLARS CHEAT

Blazius

AND YET WE CAN BE QUITE DISCREET
AMONG THE SO-CALLED ELITE!

Pluche

SERVANTS VANISH, NOBELS QUARREL
ENGAGED IN EVERYTHING IMMORAL
COMING HERE WAS QUITE A GRAVE MISTAKE!
MUST I SADDLE MY OWN ASS?

Blazius

I'M AFRAID THAT I MUST PASS
THAT'S A TASK
NO MORTAL MAN SHOULD EVER UNDERTAKE.
(Camille enters, upset)

Pluche

AH, CAMILLE, ALL IS NOW READY
WE ARE LEAVING AT LAST

Camille

NO, WE SHALL NOT START TODAY

Pluche

I INSIST, WE MUST BE ON OUR WAY!

Camille

(snaps)

Go to the devil—you and your ass, too.

(She exits. Blazius watches, then quietly:)

Blazius

(murmuring)

Where one goes...the other inevitably follows.

(Then, a beat. Louder:)

Well.

(He studies Pluche.)

Dame Pluche is pale with rage...her wig sits askew...her fingers tremble...her chest—ah—

(leans in)

...convulses with moral indignation.

(beat)

An exceedingly rare condition.

Dame Pluche

Lord God of heaven—Camille... swore!

(to Blazius)

Dame Pluche *(cont)*

Saddle it! Saddle the beast at once! I will not remain among savages!
(She storms off.)

Blazius

(Blazius raises his glass.)

And just like that... the village is exponentially enhanced.