

# MADAME BUTTERFLY

## A TRAGEDY OF JAPAN

BY DAVID BELASCO

(Founded on John Luther Long's Story)

### CAST

CHO-CHO-SAN ( <i>Madame Butterfly</i> )	Blanche Bates
SUZUKI, <i>her servant</i>	Marie Bates
MR. SHARPLESS, <i>the American Consul</i>	Claude Gillingwater
LIEUTENANT B. F. PINKERTON, <i>of the warship "Connecticut"</i>	Frank Worthing
YAMADORI, <i>a citizen of New York</i>	Albert Bruning
NAKODO, <i>a marriage broker</i>	E. P. Wilks
KATE, <i>Pinkerton's wife</i>	Katherine Black
TROUBLE	Little Kittie
ATTENDANT	William Lamp
ATTENDANT	Westropp Saunders

*The play takes place in Japan in Madame Butterfly's little house at the foot of Higashi Hill, facing the harbor.*

NOTE. During the scene in which Madame Butterfly waits at the shoji for her lover, a night is supposed to pass and the story is picked up on the morning of the following day.

# MADAME BUTTERFLY

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE, LONDON

### CAST

CHO-CHO-SAN ( <i>Madame Butterfly</i> )	Evelyn Millard
MR. SHARPLESS	Claude Gillingwater
LIEUTENANT B. F. PINKERTON	Allan Aynesworth
YAMADORI	William H. Day
NAKODO	J. C. Buckstone
SUZUKI	Susie Vaughan
KATE ( <i>Mrs. Pinkerton</i> )	Janet Evelyn Sothorn

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## MADAME BUTTERFLY

*The play takes place in Japan in Madame Butterfly's little house at the foot of Higashi Hill, facing the harbor. Everything in the room is Japanese save the American locks and bolts on the doors and windows and an American flag fastened to a tobacco jar. Cherry blossoms are abloom outside, and inside. A sword rack, a shrine on which lie a sword and a pair of men's slippers, a chest of drawers on top of which is a tray containing two red poppies, rouge, powder and hair ornaments, a stand for the tobacco jar and tea, are the only pieces of furniture in the room. As the curtain rises, Madame Butterfly is spraying the growing flowers with a small watering pot. She snips off two little bunches, lays them on a plate of rice which she sets reverently on the shrine, then kneels, putting her hands on the floor, her forehead on them.*

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Oh, Shaka! Hail! Hail! Also perceive! Look down! I have brought a sacrifice of flowers and new rice. Also, I am quite clean. I am shivering with cleanness. Therefore grant that Lef-ten-ant B. F. Pik-ker-ton may come back soon.

*(She rises, claps her hands, comes down to a floor cushion, and sits, fanning herself.)*

SUZUKI *(Entering with a low bow)*. Madame Butterfly's wish?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Suzuki, inform me, if it please you, how much more nearer beggary we are to-day than yesterday?

SUZUKI. Aye. *(She takes some coins from a small box in her sleeve, and lays them in three piles on her palm, touching them as she speaks.)* Rin, yen, sen. . . .

MADAME BUTTERFLY *(Reprovingly)*. Suzuki, how many time I tellin' you — no one shall speak anythin' but those Unite' State' languages in these Lef-ten-ant Pik-ker-ton's house? *(She pronounces his name with much difficulty.)* Once more

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Published October, 1928

— an' I put you outside shoji! . . . That's one thin' aeverbody got recomlec' account it's 'Merican house — his wife, his maid.

SUZUKI (*Mouthing to herself, making no sound, counting on her fingers*). Two dollar.

(*She drops the money into the box, giving it to Madame Butterfly.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY. O, how we waste my husban's be-autiful moaneys! Tha's shame! Mos' gone.

SUZUKI. This moaney hav' kep' us two year. . . . Wha's happen to us now, if he don' come back?

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Scoffing, putting the money in her sleeve*).

O, if he don' come back! . . . Course he come back! He's gone so long accoun' he's got business in those his large country. If he's not come back to his house, why he sign Japanese lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine year for me to live? Why he put 'Merican lock to bolt it door, to shut it window? Answer me those question.

SUZUKI (*Doubtfully*). I dunno.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Of course you dunno! You don' know whichaever. Wael I goin' tell you: to keep out those which are out, and in, those which are in. Tha's me.

(*She rises, goes to the window and looks out.*)

SUZUKI. But he don't writin' no ledder.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. 'Merican men don' naever write ledder — no time.

SUZUKI (*Cynically*). Aye . . . I don' naever know 'Merica navy man with Japanese wive come back.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Impassively, her eyes narrowing*). Speak concerning marriage once more, you die! (*She fans herself. Suzuki salaams and backs quickly toward the door. Madame Butterfly claps her hands and Suzuki pauses.*) Don' come back! Lef-ten-ant B. F. Pik-ker-ton don' come back! Ha! Me! I know w'en he comes back — he told me. W'en he goin' 'way, he say in tha's doors: "Madame Butterfly, I have had ver' nice times with my Japanese sweets heart, so now I goin' back to my own country and here's moaney — an' don' worry 'bout me — I come back w'en 'Robins nes'

again!" Ha-ha! Tha's w'en he come back — w'en robins nes' again.

(*She sways her head triumphantly from side to side, fanning herself.*)

SUZUKI (*Not impressed*). Yaes, I didn't like ways he said it — like those . . .

(*She imitates a flippant gesture of farewell.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Laughing*). Aha, that's 'Merican way sayin' good-bye to girl. Yaes, he come back w'en robins nes' again. Shu'h! Shu'h! (*She claps her hands with delight. Suzuki, with a look of unbelief, starts to go.*) Sa-ey!

Why no "shu'h" on you face for? Such a fools! (*Looking towards the window.*) O look! Suzuki — a robins. The firs' these Spring! Go, see if he's stay for nes'.

SUZUKI (*Looking*). It is a robins, O Cho-Cho-San!

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Running to the window*). O! O!

SUZUKI. But he's fly away.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. O! How they are slow this year! Sa-ey, see if you don' fin' one tha's more in-dus-trial an' domestics.

SUZUKI (*Looking out*). There are none yet.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. But soon they nes' now. Suzuki, w'en we see that ship comin' in — sa-ey — then we goin' put flowers aevery where, an' if it's night, we goin' hang up mos' one thousan' lanterns — eh-ha?

SUZUKI. No got moaney for thousan'.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Wael, twenty, mebbly; an' sa-ey, w'en we see him comin' quick up path — (*imitates*) so — so — so — (*lifts her kimono and strides in a masculine fashion*) to look for liddle wive — me — me jus' goin' hide behind shoji (*making two holes with her wet finger in the low paper shoji and peering through*) an' watch an' make believe me gone 'way; leave liddle note — sayin': "Goon-bye, sayonara, Butterfly." . . . Now he come in. . . . (*Hides.*) Ah! An' then he get angry! An' he say all kinds of 'Merican languages — debbils — hells! But before he get too angry, me run out an' flew aroun' his neck! (*She illustrates with Suzuki, who is carried*

away and embraces her with fervor.) Sa-ey! You no flew roun' his neck — jus' me. (They laugh in each other's arms.) Then he'll sit down an' sing tha's liddle 'Merican song — O, how he'll laugh. . . . (She sings as though not understanding a word of it.)

"I call her the belle of Japan — of Japan,  
Her name it is O Cho-Cho-San, Cho-Cho-San!  
Such tenderness lies in her soft almond eyes,  
I tell you, she's just 'ichi ban.'"

(Laughs.) Then I'll dance like w'en I was Geisha girl.  
(She dances as Sharpless, the American consul, appears in the doorway, followed by the Nakodo.)

NAKODO. This is the house, your Excellency.

SHARPLESS (Removing his clogs outside). You may wait.

(Nakodo bows and Sharpless enters.)

I beg pardon. . . .

(Madame Butterfly, still dancing, begins the song again. Sharpless goes to the door and knocks to attract her attention.)

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Ah!

(Suzuki, bowing low, leaves the room.)

SHARPLESS. This is Madame Cho-Cho-San?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. No, I am Mrs. Lef-ten-ant B. F. Pinkerton.

SHARPLESS. I see. . . . Pardon my interruption. . . . I am Mr. Sharpless, the American consul.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (Once more salaaming to the ground, drawing in her breath between her teeth to express pleasure). O, your honorable excellency, goon night — no, not night yaet: aexcuse me, I'm liddle raddle', — /I mean goon mornin', goon evenin'. Welcome to 'Merican house, mos' welcome to 'Merican girl! (Pointing to herself. They both bow.) Be seat. (Sharpless sits on a cushion on the floor, and Madame Butterfly sits at a little distance. There is a slight pause.) How are those health? You sleepin' good? How are that honorable ancestors — are they well? And those parens'? That grandmother — how are she?

SHARPLESS. Thanks. They're all doing well, I hope.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (She claps her hands; Suzuki enters and puts the little stand between them and leaves the room). Accep' pipe, your Excellency. O, I forgettin' — I have still of those large American cigarette.

(Madame Butterfly gestures towards Pinkerton's tobacco jar decorated with the flag of his country.)

SHARPLESS (Accepting a cigarette while she fills her pipe). Thanks. I'm on a little visit of inquiry, Madame Butterfly, — your name, I believe, in our language. Lieutenant Pinkerton wrote to me to find out —

MADAME BUTTERFLY (Almost breathless). Ah, you have hear from him? He is well?

SHARPLESS. O, he's all right.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (Relieved). Ah! Tha's mak' me mos' bes' happy female woman in Japan — mebbly in that whole worl' — w'at you thing?

SHARPLESS. Ha — ha! (Puffing at the cigarette.) Sawdust. Pinkerton must have left these!

MADAME BUTTERFLY. O! I so glad you came. . . . I goin' as' you a liddle question.

SHARPLESS. Well?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. You know 'bout birds in those your country?

SHARPLESS. Something.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Tha's what I thing — you know aeverything. Tha's why your country sen' you here.

SHARPLESS. You flatter me.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. O, no, you got big head.

SHARPLESS. Pinkerton again — I can hear him!

MADAME BUTTERFLY. O, aexcuse me: I forgettin' my manners. I got liddle more raddle. (She offers him her pipe which he gravely touches, returning it. She touches it again, then puts it down.) Now, what you know 'bout jus' robins?

SHARPLESS. What?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. 'Bout when do they nes' again? Me, I thing it mus' be mor' early in Japan as in America, accoun' they nestin' here now.

SHARPLESS. O, at the same time, I fancy.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Disappointed*). Yaes? . . . then they's nestin' there. (*Then taking hope again.*) Sa-ey, I tell you — perhaps some time sooner, some time later, jus' how they feel like.

SHARPLESS. Possibly. Why do you ask?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Because Lef-ten-ant B. F. Pik-ker-ton say he will come back to me w'en the robins nes' again.

SHARPLESS (*To himself*). Poor devil! One of his infernal jokes.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Clapping her hands*). Me, I thing it's time. . . . I've wait so long.

(*Suzuki enters with a tea-pot. Madame Butterfly gives Sharpless a cup of tea.*)

NAKODO (*Appearing at the door*). Tea, most illustrious?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Ah! Enter, Nakodo. Your presence lights up my entire house. (*She gives him a cup. Accepting it, he goes up to a cushion and sits.*) Tha's bad man! W'en my husban's gone 'way, he try for get me marry again.

NAKODO. The rich Yamadori. Madame Cho-Cho-San is very poor.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Bowing politely*). O, liddle ol' frien'; those are my business.

NAKODO. Rejected advice makes the heart sad.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. We-el, if those heart hurt you so much, you better not arrive here no more.

SHARPLESS. Madame Butterfly; may I ask — er — where are your people?

NAKODO. They have outcasted her!

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Sa-ey, tha's foanny! My people make me marry when I don' want; now I am marry, they don' want. Before I marry Lef-ten-ant B. F. Pik-ker-ton, my honorable Father — (*she bows low — Nakodo bows — Sharpless bows*) die — he's officer. These are his sword . . . (*pointing to an inscription*) 'tis written. . . .

(*She holds out the sword that the inscription may be read.*)

NAKODO (*Reading*). "To die with honor, when one can no longer live with honor."

(*He bows, then turns and bows towards the shrine and goes back to his cushion where he sits.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY. He's kill' himself accoun' he soldier of Emporer an' defeat in battle. Then we get — O — ver' poor. Me? I go dance liddle. Also I thing if some rich man wish me, I gettin' marry for while, accoun' my grandmother, (*she bows respectfully — Nakodo bows — Sharpless politely nods*) don' got no food, no obi. Then ol' Nakodo, he say a (*Nakodo picks up his cushion and moves down to join in the conversation*) man's jus' as' him for nice wive for three monse. Nakodo tell him he don' know none more nizer as me.

NAKODO (*Salaaming*). Nizer as you.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Salaaming*). Nizer as me.

SHARPLESS (*Looking from one to the other*). Couldn't be nicer! . . .

(*He salaams profoundly — then all salaam.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Then Nakodo say —

NAKODO. I say — I don' lig him account he 'Merica — jin.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. He also remark with me that he is barbarian an' beas'. But aeveryone say: "Yaes, take him — take him beas' — he's got moaneys." So I say for jus' liddle while, perhaps I can stan'. So Nakodo bring him. . . .

NAKODO. . . . For look-at meeting.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Laughing*). Me? Well, I thing that day Lef-ten-ant B. F. Pik-ker-ton is jus' a god! Gold button — lace on his unicorn. At firs', I frightened — he hol' my hans' so close — like — (*she illustrates by giving both hands to Sharpless*) and kizz. Japanese girl no lig' kizz; but when Lef-ten-ant B. F. Pik-ker-ton kizz me, I like ver' much. . . . What's use lie? It's not inside of me. (*Noticing that her hands are still in Sharpless'.*) O, I beg your honorable pardon. (*She tucks her hands in her sleeves.*) So we's gettin' marry and then his ship order away an' me — I am jus' waitin' — sometimes cryin', sometimes watchin', but always waitin'.

NAKODO (*In the doorway — bowing with servility*). My client, the prosperous Yamadori, approaches for the third time to-day.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Now I have my liddle joke again. You watch, he comes all time to make smash with me.

SHARPLESS. Pinkerton's slang.

*(Yamadori enters, attended by two servants. Sharpless rises and bows ceremoniously. Madame Butterfly does not rise, but bends her head and fans herself coquettishly. The two servants squat.)*

YAMADORI. Mr. Sharpless: always a pleasure to meet you here or in New York.

SHARPLESS. Thanks, Mr. Yamadori.

MADAME BUTTERFLY *(Coquettishly)*. You have somethin' nize say to me again to-day?

YAMADORI. Perseverance shall be the religion of my life until the capricious Butterfly deigns to believe me.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. You goin' tell me 'gain you kill yourself I don' make kizz with you?

YAMADORI *(Very much embarrassed — looking at consul)*. O!

MADAME BUTTERFLY. You can speak — consul know — I been tellin' him 'bout your liddle foolishness.

YAMADORI. Such treatment, Mr. Sharpless, is one of the penalties we incur when madly in love with a charming woman.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Tha's ver' nize. Ha-ha!

*(Winks behind her fan at Sharpless.)*

SHARPLESS. Heavens! Pinkerton's very wink.

*(Madame Butterfly gives a cup of tea to Yamadori who drinks it and rolls a cigarette.)*

YAMADORI *(To Sharpless)*. I am in Japan for two months — a pleasure trip. Do you blame me?

*(Pointing to Madame Butterfly.)*

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Aevery time he come home, get 'nother woman: must have mor'en eight now.

YAMADORI. But I married them all. . . .

MADAME BUTTERFLY. O *he!* He jus' marry whenaever he thing 'bout it.

YAMADORI. You shall be different. I will bury you with my ancestors. *(To Sharpless.)* I offered her a thousand servants.

NAKODO *(Stunned)*. Thousan'!

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Ha! *(Fans.)*

YAMADORI. And a palace to live in.

*(The Nakodo is overcome by such generosity.)*

MADAME BUTTERFLY. He!

YAMADORI. Everything her heart can wish.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Ha! Ha!

YAMADORI. Is that not enough? *(She shakes her head.)* Then in the presence of this statesman of integrity, I will give you a solemn writing. *(Sharpless gives him a quizzical glance.)* Is that enough?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Wha's good of that to married womans? *(Pointing to herself.)*

YAMADORI. According to the laws of Japan, when a woman is deserted, she is divorced. *(Madame Butterfly stops fanning and listens.)* Though I have travelled much abroad, I know the laws of my own country.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. An' I know laws of my *husban's* country.

YAMADORI *(To Sharpless)*. She still fancies herself married to the young officer. If your Excellency would explain. . . .

MADAME BUTTERFLY *(To Sharpless)*. Sa-ey, when some one gettin' married in America, don' he stay marry?

SHARPLESS. Usually — yes.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Well, tha's all right. I'm marry to Lef-ten-ant B. F. Pik-ker-ton.

YAMADORI. Yes, but a Japanese marriage!

SHARPLESS. Matrimony is a serious thing in America, not a temporary affair as it often is here.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Yaes, an' you can't like 'Merican mans. Japanese got too many wive, eh?

SHARPLESS *(Laughing)*. We are not allowed more than one at a time.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Yaes, an' you can't divorce wive like here, by sayin': "walk it back to parent" — eh?

SHARPLESS. O, no.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Tha's right, aexactly. When I as' Lef-ten-ant B. F. Pik-ker-ton, he explain those law to me of gettin' divorce in those Unite' State'. He say no one can



get aexcept he stan' up before Judge 2 — 3 — 4 — 7 — year. Ver' tiresome. Firs' the man he got tell those Judge all he know 'bout womans; then womans, she got tell; then some lawyer quarrel with those Judge; the Judge get jury an' as' wha' they thing — an' if they don' know, they'll all get put in jails. Tha's all right! (*Folds hands.*)

YAMADORI. Your friend has told her everything she wanted him to tell her.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Who has paid no attention*). Tha's ver' nize, too, that 'Merican God.

SHARPLESS. I beg your pardon?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Once times, Lef-ten-ant B. F. Piker-ton —

YAMADORI (*Aside to Sharpless*). Pinkerton again!

MADAME BUTTERFLY. He's in great troubles, an' he said "God he'p me"; an' sunshine *came right out* — and God he did! Tha's ver' quick — Japanese gods take more time. Aeverything quick in America. Ha — me — sometime I thing I pray large American God to get him back soon; but no use, — he don' know me where *I* live. (*Attracted by a sound.*) Wha's that? . . . You hear?

SHARPLESS. No. (*Madame Butterfly runs to the window and listens; then takes up the glasses while Sharpless speaks in a low voice to Yamadori.*) Lieutenant Pinkerton's ship was due yesterday. His young wife from America is waiting here to meet him. (*At the word "wife," Yamadori smiles — takes his fan from his sleeve and fans himself. The Nakodo, who is listening, is struck by an idea and departs in such haste that he tumbles over one of Yamadori's attendants who jabbars at him.*) I'm devilish sorry for that girl.

YAMADORI. Then tell her the truth.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Aexcuse me; but I always hearjn' soun' like ship gun — ha — ha — tha's naturels.

YAMADORI (*Preparing to go*). Good morning, Mr. Sharpless. (*Shaking hands. Turning to Madame Butterfly.*) I leave you to-day. To-morrow the gods may prompt you to listen to me! (*He bows.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Bowing*). Mebby. (*Yamadori and attendants go off, bowing. She turns to Sharpless.*) Mebby not. Sa-ey, somehow couldn't you let that Lef-ten-ant B. F. Piker-ton know they's other all crazy 'bout me?

SHARPLESS. Madame Butterfly, sit down. (*While she, struck by his solemn manner, looks at him and obeys, he removes the tea-pot and sits on the stand, to the astonishment of Madame Butterfly.*) I am going to read you part of a letter I have received from Pinkerton.

(*He takes a letter from his pocket.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY. O, jus' let me look at those ledder! (*She slips it under her kimono on her heart and with an indrawn breath, hands it back.*) Now read quick, you mos' bes' nize man in all the whole worl'.

SHARPLESS (*Reads*). "Find out about that little Jap girl. What has become of her? It might be awkward now. If little Butterfly still remembers me, perhaps you can help me out and make her understand. Let her down gently. You won't believe it, but for two weeks after I sailed, I was dotty in love with her."

(*Sharpless is amazed to see Madame Butterfly convulsed with silent joy.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Oh, all the gods how it was sweet!

SHARPLESS. Why really —

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Tha's what I'm afraid: that he loave' me so much he's goin' desert his country an' get in trouble with American eagle — what you thing? Oh, it's more bedder I wait than those!

SHARPLESS (*Folding the letter*). No use — you can't understand. Madame Butterfly, suppose this waiting should never end; what would become of you?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Me? I could dance, mebby, or — die?

SHARPLESS. Don't be foolish. I advise you to consider the rich Yamadori's offer.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Astonished*). You say those? You, 'Merican consul? — when you know that me, I am marry?

SHARPLESS. You heard Yamadori: it is not binding.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Yamadori lies!

SHARPLESS. His offer is an unusual opportunity for a girl who — for any Japanese girl in your circumstances.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Enraged — she claps her hands*). Suzuki! The excellent gentleman — (*bowing sarcastically*) who have done us the honor to call — he wish to go hurriedly. His shoes — hasten them!

(*Suzuki, who has entered carrying a jar, gets Sharpless' clogs and gives them to him — then passes off with her jar.*)

SHARPLESS (*Holding the clogs awkwardly*). I'm really very sorry.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. No, no, don' be angry. But jus' now you tol' me — O, gods! You mean — (*Looks at him pitifully.*) I not Lef-ten-ant B. F. Pik-ker-ton's wife — Me?

SHARPLESS. Hardly.

MADAME BUTTERFLY O, I — (*She sways slightly. Sharpless goes to her assistance, but she recovers and fans herself.*) Tha's all right. I got liddle heart illness. I can't . . . I can't someways give up thingin' he'll come back to me. You thing tha's all over? All finish? (*Dropping her fan. Sharpless nods assent.*) Oh, no! Loave don' forget some thin's or wha's use of loave? (*She claps her hands — beck'ning off.*) Loave's got remember . . . (*pointing*) some thin's!

(*A child enters.*)

SHARPLESS. A child. . . . Pinkerton's? . . .

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Showing a picture of Pinkerton's*). Look! Look! (*Holding it up beside the child's face.*) Tha's jus' his face, same hair, same blue eye. . . .

SHARPLESS. Does Lieutenant Pinkerton know?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. No, he come after he goe. (*Looking at the child with pride.*) You thing fath-er naever comes back — tha's what you thing? He do! You write him ledder; tell him 'bout one bes' mos' nize bebbly aever seen. . . . Ha — ha! I bed all moaneys he goin' come mos' one million mile for see those chil'. Surely this is tie — bebbly. Sa-ey, you didn' mean what you said 'bout me not bein' marry? You make liddle joke? (*Moved, Sharpless nods his head in assent,*

to the great relief of Madame Butterfly.) Ha! (*She lays the baby's hand in Sharpless'.*) Shake hand consul 'Merican way.

SHARPLESS (*Shaking hands with the child.*) Hm . . . hm . . . what's your name?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Trouble. Japanese bebbly always change it name. I was thinkin' some day w'en he come back, change it to Joy.

SHARPLESS. Yes . . . yes . . . I'll let him know.

(*Glad to escape, he takes an abrupt departure.*)

SUZUKI (*In the distance, wailing*). Ay . . . ay . . . ay . . .

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Tha's wail . . .

SUZUKI (*Nearer*). O, Cho-Cho-San! (*Madame Butterfly goes to the door to meet Suzuki.*) Cho-Cho-San!

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Speak!

SUZUKI. We are shamed through the town. The Nakodo — NAKODO (*Appearing*). I but said the child — (*he points to the baby, whom Madame Butterfly instinctively shelters in her arms*) was a badge of shame to his father. In his country, there are homes for such unfortunates and they never rise above the stigma of their class. They are shunned and cursed from birth.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Who has listened stolidly — now with a savage cry, pushing him away from her until he loses his balance and falls to the floor.*) You lie!

NAKODO (*On the floor*). But Yamadori —

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Touching her father's sword*). Lies! Lies! Lies! Say again, I kill! Go . . . (*The Nakodo goes quickly.*) Bebbly, he lies . . . Yaes, it's lie. . . . When your fath-er knows how they speak, he will take us 'way from bad people to his own country. I am finish here. (*Taking the American flag from the tobacco jar and giving it to the child.*) Tha's your country — your flag. Now wave like fath-er say w'en excite — wave like "hell!" (*Waves the child's hand.*) Ha'rh! Ha'rh! (*A ship's gun is heard.*) Ah! (*Madame Butterfly and Suzuki start for the balcony. Madame Butterfly runs back for the child as the gun is heard again; then returning*



*to the shoji, looks through the glasses.)* Look! Look! War-ship! Wait . . . can't see name. . . .

SUZUKI. Let me —

MADAME BUTTERFLY. 'No! Ah! Name is "Con-nec-ti-cut"! His ship! He's come back! He's come back! (*Laughing, she embraces Suzuki — then sinks to the floor.*) He's come back! Those robins nes' again an' we didn' know! O, bebbly, bebbly — your fath-er come back! Your fath-er's come back! O! O! (*Shaking a bough of cherry blossoms, which fall on them both.*) This is the bes' nize momen' since you was borned. Now your name's Joy! Suzuki: the Moon Goddess sent that bebbly straight from Bridge of Heaven to make me courage to wait so long.

SUZUKI. Ah, ship's in. . . .

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Rising in great excitement*). Hoarry, Suzuki, his room. (*Suzuki pulls out a screen to form a little room.*) We mus' hoarry — (*picking flowers from the pots and decorating the room*) like we got eagle's wings an' thousan' feet. His cigarettes. (*Setting the jar in the room.*) His slipper. (*Suzuki gets them from the shrine.*) His chair, Suzuki — hustle! (*Suzuki hastens off. Madame Butterfly shakes a cushion and drops it on the floor.*) His bed. (*Suzuki enters with a steamer chair, which she places upside down.*) Now his room fixed! (*Suzuki closes the shoji. Madame Butterfly adjusts the chair and sets the lanterns about the room.*) Bring me my wides' obi, kanzashi for my hair, poppies — mus' look ver' pretty!

SUZUKI. Rest is bes' beauty. He not come yet. Sleep liddle firs'. . . .

MADAME BUTTERFLY. No, no time (*Taking up a small mirror and looking critically at herself*). He mus' see me look mos' pretty ever. You thing I change since he went away — not so beauty? (*Suzuki is silent.*) W'at? . . . I am! (*Brandishing the mirror.*) Say so!

SUZUKI. Perhaps you rest liddle, once more you get so pretty again.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. *Again?* . . .

SUZUKI. Trouble, tha's make change. . . .

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Moach change. (*Still looking in the glass.*) No, I am no more pretty — an' he come soon. (*On her knees in front of Suzuki — resting her forehead on the maid's feet.*) Ah, Suzuki, be kin' with me — make me pretty . . . don' say you can't — you moas'. An' to-morrow, the gods will. Ah, yes! You can — you can — you got to! Bring powder, comb, rouge, henna, fix it hair like on wedding day. (*Suzuki brings the toilet articles and they sit on the floor. Suzuki puts the poppies and pins in Madame Butterfly's hair, and she, in turn, dresses the baby, enveloping him in an obi, so wide that it almost covers the child.*) Now, bebbly, when you cry, he'll sing you those liddle 'Merican song he sing me when I cry — song all 'Merican sing for bebbly. (*Sitting with the baby in front of her, swaying it by the arms, she sings.*)

"Rog' — a — bye, bebbly,  
Off in Japan,  
You jus' a picture,  
Off of a fan."

(*Suzuki has found it very difficult to finish the toilet, but at last she accomplishes it. Madame Butterfly lifts the baby up, gives it a doll, then touches it with rouge and adds a final dash of rouge to her own face.*) Now for watch for pa-pa!  
(*Putting the flag in the child's hand, she takes it up to the window and makes three holes in the shoji, one low down for the baby. As the three look through the shoji, they form the picture she has already described.*)

(*During the vigil, the night comes on. Suzuki lights the floor lamps, the stars come out, the dawn breaks, the floor lights flicker out one by one, the birds begin to sing, and the day discovers Suzuki and the baby fast asleep on the floor; but Madame Butterfly is awake, still watching, her face white and strained. She reaches out her hands and rouses Suzuki.*)

SUZUKI (*Starting to her feet, surprised and looking about the room*). He no come?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. No. . . .

SUZUKI (*Pityingly*). Oh! . . .

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*With an imperious gesture*). No "Oh"! He will come. . . . Bring fresh flowers. (*She collects the lanterns as Suzuki brings in fresh flowers. Madame Butterfly tears up the roses and throws their leaves in Pinkerton's room. Then pointing to the upper part of the house.*) Now I watch from liddle look out place. (*She picks up the child whose doll drops from its hand.*) Have mos' bes' nize breakfas' ready w'en he come.

(*She leaves the room and Suzuki goes to prepare the breakfast. The stage is empty. Very faintly a strain of "I call her the Belle of Japan" is heard. Madame Butterfly is singing that she may not weep. A pause. Some one knocks on the door. Lieutenant Pinkerton's voice calls outside the shoji.*)

LIEUTENANT PINKERTON. Madame Butterfly? Madame

Butterfly? (*Coming into the room, he looks about.*) Butterfly?

SHARPLESS (*Following him*). They've seen the ship — these decorations were not here when I called.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Singing to hush the baby*).

"Rog' — a — bye, bebbby,  
Off in Japan,"

(*Lieutenant Pinkerton listens to the song coming from above.*)

"You jus' a picture,  
Off of a fan."

LIEUTENANT PINKERTON. She is watching the ship. (*Noticing the screened-off part of the room.*) My room . . . just as it used to look . . . my chair. (*Picking up the doll which the child has dropped.*) Poor kid! Poor little devil! . . . Sharpless, I thought when I left this house, the few tears, sobs, little polite regrets, would be over as I crossed the threshold. I started to come back for a minute, but I said to myself: "Don't do it; by this time she's ringing your gold pieces to make sure they're good." You know that class of Japanese girl and —

SHARPLESS (*Seeing Nakodo who is at the shoji*). Look here: I have something to settle with you! (*Nakodo comes in cautiously.*) Why did you seek out my friend's wife at the pier?

LIEUTENANT PINKERTON. Why did you tell her that story — the child and all? Answer me?

NAKODO (*To Sharpless*). Your Excellency, I but thought if trouble came between the two women, he would surely break with Cho-Cho-San, and then she would be glad to marry the rich Yamadori and I get big fee. (*Exit.*)

SHARPLESS. You'll never get it. (*To Pinkerton.*) She'll starve first.

LIEUTENANT PINKERTON. Sharpless, thank God, that's one thing I can do — money.

(*He takes out an envelope containing some money.*)

SHARPLESS. What did your wife say, Pinkerton?

LIEUTENANT PINKERTON. Well, it was rather rough on her, — only married four months. Sharpless, my Kate's an angel, — she offered to take the child . . . made me promise I'd speak of it to Butterfly.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Calling from above*). Suzuki?

SHARPLESS. She's coming.

(*Pinkerton instinctively draws behind the screen.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Coming down the stairs with the sleeping baby on her back, calling*). Suzuki? Come for bebbby. (*Kissing the child.*) Nize liddle eye, pick out of blue sky, all shut up.

LIEUTENANT PINKERTON (*Aside to Sharpless, his eyes fixed on the mother and child*). I can't face it! I'm going. Give her the money.

SUZUKI (*Entering, and seeing Pinkerton as he passes out of the door*). Ah!

(*Sharpless gives her a warning gesture.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Seeing Suzuki's astonished face*). Wha'—? (*She puts the baby in Suzuki's arms. Suzuki goes out quickly. Madame Butterfly sees the Consul.*) You! Oh! (*Joyously.*) You seen him?

SHARPLESS. Yes.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. An' you tole him?

SHARPLESS. Well . . .

MADAME BUTTERFLY. But you tole him . . . of bebbby?

SHARPLESS. Yes.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Wiping her dry lips*). Yaes . . . tha's right. Tha's what I — as' you do . . . an' — an' what he say?

SHARPLESS. Well . . . (*Taking out the envelope, and giving her the money which she takes without looking at it.*) He said — er — he was crazy to see you and — (*aside*) What the devil can I say! (*To her.*) You know he can't leave the ship just yet. (*Pointing to the package in her hand.*) That is in remembrance of the past. He wishes you to be always happy, to have the best of luck; he hopes to see you soon — and — (*The lies die out on his lips.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Bending and kissing his hand*). All — all the gods in the heavens bless you!  
(*Overcome, she staggers. Sharpless catches her, puts her into the chair — she leans against him — her face upraised, her eyes closed.*)

(*Kate, entering hurriedly.*)

KATE. Has Lieutenant Pinkerton gone? Has my husband been here?

(*Madame Butterfly hears and opens her eyes.*)

SHARPLESS. For God's sake — (*He looks at Madame Butterfly whose eyes are fixed on his with a look of despair.*) Come, we can overtake him.

KATE (*In a lower voice*). Did he speak to her of the —

SHARPLESS. No.

KATE. Then I will ask. (*For the first time seeing Madame Butterfly.*) Is this — (*Sharpless nods and goes. There is a short pause, while the two women look at each other; then Madame Butterfly, still seated, slowly bows her head.*) Why, you poor little thing . . . who in the world could blame you or . . . call you responsible . . . you pretty little plaything.

(*Takes Madame Butterfly in her arms.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Softly*). No — playthin' . . . I am Mrs. Lef-ten-ant B. F. — No — no — now I am, only — Cho-Cho-San, but no playthin'. . . (*She rises, then impassively.*) How long you been marry?

KATE. Four months. . . .

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Counting on her fingers*). Oh . . . four.

KATE. Won't you let me do something for the child? Where is he? (*Madame Butterfly gestures toward the next room. Kate, seeing the child.*) Ah! The dear little thing! May I —

MADAME BUTTERFLY. No! Can look . . . no can touch. . . .

KATE. Let us think first of the child. For his own good . . . let me take him home to my country. . . . I will do all I would do for my own.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Showing no emotion*). He not know then — me — his mother?

KATE. It's hard, very hard, I know; but would it not be better?

MADAME BUTTERFLY (*Taking the money-box from her sleeve, and giving the coins to Kate.*) Tha's his . . . two dollar. All tha's lef' of his moaneys. . . . I shall need no more. . . . (*She hands Kate the envelope which Sharpless has just given.*) I lig if you also say I sawry — no — no — no — glad — glad! I wish him that same happiness lig he wish for me . . . an' tell him . . . I shall be happy . . . mebbly. Thang him . . . Mister B. F. Pik-ker-ton for also that kindness he have been unto me . . . an' permit me to thang you, augustness, for that same. . . . You — you mos' bes' lucky girl in these whole worl'. . . . Goon-night —

(*She stands stolidly with her eyes closed.*)

KATE (*Wiping her eyes*). But the child?

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Come back fifteen minute. . . . (*With closed eyes, she bows politely.*) Sayonara. (*Kate reluctantly goes.*) God he'p me, but no sun kin shine. (*Suzuki, who has listened, sinks at Madame Butterfly's feet.*) Don' cry, Suzuki, liddle maiden . . . accoun' I dizappoint, a liddle dizappoint' — don' cry. . . . (*Running her hand over Suzuki's head — as she kneels.*) Tha's short while ago you as' me res' — sleep. . . . (*Wearily.*) Well — go way an' I will res' now. . . . I wish res' — sleep . . . long sleep . . . an' when you see me again, I pray you look whether I be not beautiful again . . . as a bride.

SUZUKI (*Understandingly, sobbing*). No — no — no.

MADAME BUTTERFLY. So that I suffer no more — goon bye, liddle maiden. (*Suzuki does not go. Madame Butterfly claps her hands, and sobbing, Suzuki leaves the room. Madame Butterfly bolts the shoji and the door, lights fresh incense before the shrine, takes down her father's sword and reads the inscription:*) "To die with honor . . . when one can no longer live with honor." . . .

(*She draws her finger across the blade, to test the sharpness of the sword, then picks up the hand glass, puts on more rouge, rearranges the poppies in her hair, bows to the shrine, and is about to press the blade of the sword against her neck, when the door is opened and the child is pushed into the room by Suzuki, who keeps out of sight. Madame Butterfly drops the sword and takes the baby in her arms. A knocking is heard but she pays no heed. She sets the child on a mat, puts the American flag in its hand, and, picking up the sword, goes behind the screen that the child may not see what she is about to do. A short pause — the sword is heard to drop. Madame Butterfly reappears, her face deathly — a scarf about her neck to conceal the wound. Suzuki opens the door, sees the face of her mistress — backs out of the room in horror. Madame Butterfly drops to her knees as she reaches the child, and clasps it to her. A hand is thrust through the shoji and the bolt is drawn.*)

(*Kate enters quickly, urging the reluctant Pinkerton to follow her.*)

LIEUTENANT PINKERTON (*Discerning what she has done*). Oh! Cho-Cho-San!

(*He draws her to him with the baby pressed to her heart. She waves the child's hand which holds the flag — saying faintly:*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Too bad those robins didn' nes' again. (*She dies.*)