

Opening

Narrator: The night will come when the Academy of Science itself will not disdain to cast its gaze on the sewers of the world. The night will come when, covered with all their jewels, the secondary skeletons that one calls scientists will ask themselves this question:

The father:



What do little girls dream of who want to take the veil?



go a-head and count on me!

Narrator: On that night a violent storm will break against the doors of the Academy of Science and the water will roar in the pipes.

Marceline-Marie: my costume seems indecent, Papa, in the presence of Father Dulac. It's a delicate situation for a child of Mary.

Narrator: The water will remember the shameful year 1930, the year it would have like to see

The father:



all the ca-the-dralsof the u - ni - verse.

Narrator: parade in far too short dresses.