

ACT TWO

Scene One

Two hours later. CHARLES, DOROTHY and PIERRE are sitting, CHARLES snoring softly. MARGARET is agitated, pacing back and forth by the window.

MARGARET This is absolutely absurd. What is the point of keeping us cooped up here!

PIERRE I expect the Inspector will 'ave more questions for us on 'is return.

MARGARET Questions! That idiot wouldn't know a sensible question if one fell out of the sky and landed in his mouth!

PIERRE With that I 'ave to agree.

MARGARET Why don't you do something, Charles?

MARGARET glances at CHARLES and notices that he is asleep. She moves behind him.)

(hissing) Charles!

(CHARLES merely grunts and continues to snore.)

(shouting) Charles!

(CHARLES awakes with a start.)

CHARLES *(half asleep)* What! . . . Form line . . . prepare to fire. *(Waking fully.)* What's happened?

MARGARET Nothing has happened . . . that's the whole point.

CHARLES *(mopping his forehead)* Must have nodded off. Darned tricky moment there . . . surrounded . . . Regiment of French butlers. Very odd.

- MARGARET (resuming her pacing) Why don't you do something about it?
- CHARLES Nothing much I could do . . . hopeless situation. Defenceless . . .
- MARGARET To get us out of here! Two hours we've been waiting and nothing!
- CHARLES Expect somebody will turn up eventually. Due process and all that.
- MARGARET (staring at DOROTHY) It's not as if we don't know who did it.
- DOROTHY (miserable) I didn't. Why won't anybody believe me.
- MARGARET Come along, Charles, you're going to make a phone call.
- CHARLES Am I? Who to?
- MARGARET The police . . . someone in authority. They can't hold us here like this.
- CHARLES Think they probably can, actually.
- MARGARET Charles, I'm not arguing! We'll use the phone upstairs . . . in private.
- (MARGARET moves to the hall door. CHARLES does not move.)
- Charles!
- CHARLES Alright, coming, old girl.
- (CHARLES rises.)
- MARGARET And stop calling me old girl!
- CHARLES Oh, right . . . sorry, old girl.