

and my other waitress Mimi...there is much going on for a businessman such as myself.

*(YVETTE blows RENÉ a kiss as she leaves through the back door.)*

Luckily, I am prepared to put in the overtime.

*(RENÉ makes to follow YVETTE offstage but is interrupted by the two peasant 'females' pushing their chairs back and standing up in indignation. The two males then stand up and make suggestive actions, and the 'females' both slap the male peasants who leave through the main door.)*

What is going on here?

*(The two females turn to reveal they are in fact the **BRITISH AIRMEN, FAIRFAX** and **CARSTAIRS** in disguise.)*

**FAIRFAX.** I'm not sure what they were suggesting but I certainly haven't done anything like that since Harrow!

**CARSTAIRS.** Didn't sound like cricket at all, old boy.

**RENÉ.** *(Unable to understand any of this.)* What are you two idiots doing out here? You're supposed to be hiding in the pantry! What if the Germans were to walk in?

**FAIRFAX.** What's he saying?

**CARSTAIRS.** Haven't a clue old boy!

*(MICHELLE enters with CRABTREE through the main door. RENÉ jumps at the ringing of the bell.)*

**CRABTREE.** Good moaning.

**RENÉ.** Oh my God! I thought that we'd had it then!

**FAIRFAX.** Carstairs! It's those resistance chappies!

**CARSTAIRS.** Thank heavens. I thought we'd be hiding in those cheeses forever.

**RENÉ.** What are you doing here Michelle? And why have you brought this foolish British agent who thinks he can speak French?

**CRABTREE.** (*To RENÉ.*) Are we a loon? We need to tick with you.

**RENÉ.** I am as a loon as I can be. What do you want? I have a business to run.

**MICHELLE.** Listen very carefully, I will say this only once... (*To the BRITISH AIRMEN, in British accent.*) Hello, chaps. Sorry about the delay, but good news! We've got a plan to get you back to Blighty!

**RENÉ.** Don't just stand there talking English in the middle of wartime France. Go out the back to do your plotting. It's not like I can understand a word you are saying.

*(MICHELLE bundles the two BRITISH AIRMEN offstage through the back door, leaving RENÉ and CRABTREE alone.)*

**CRABTREE.** We have a plin to sand away the earman.

**RENÉ.** Oh, well I understand that much better. (*To audience.*) He has a plan to send away the airmen.

**CRABTREE.** They will floo back home in a hat ear balloon.

**RENÉ.** A hot air balloon? Wherever did you get such a thing?

**CRABTREE.** We mode win ourselves. We have the biscuit already.

**RENÉ.** You 'ave the basket – but what about the balloon?

**CRABTREE.** We nood some thongs first. We will be in torch shitly.