

RENÉ. Oh for the love of...and what is this message that you have from Michelle?

LECLERC. It is this. Michelle is on her way here with a message for you.

RENÉ. Then why on earth have you come in here? Oh, never mind. It makes as much sense as anything else that happens with the Resistance.

LECLERC. I will tell her the coast is clear.

RENÉ. Tell her what you like, I'm going for a lie-down.

(LECLERC exits, RENÉ starts to untie his apron and head off for a rest. As he turns with his back to the café patrons, GRUBER comes to the bar.)

(Muttering to himself.) What a predicament! What I wouldn't do for money right now.

(GRUBER gives a polite cough and RENÉ turns and sees him.)

Although maybe not that. Can I help you, Lieutenant?

GRUBER. I am sorry that the Colonel is taking such a tough line with you, René. It has left quite a bad taste in my mouth.

RENÉ. Perhaps a cognac, then? *(He pours a glass of cognac from a bottle.)*

GRUBER. Thank you. As you know René, I have come to consider us very good friends. I would hate to see you lying on the ground riddled with bullets.

RENÉ. I can't say I'd enjoy it very much either. But I appreciate your words of kindness.

GRUBER. If there is anything I can do to help, René? I relish these little chats. I often recall them fondly.

RENÉ. *(Quickly.)* We have never fondled, Lieutenant.

GRUBER. Do you have any of those good cigars, René? I recall some finer ones kept under the counter for your better customers.

RENÉ. Sadly, they are all gone, Lieutenant. Although I am expecting a delivery fairly soon. Please excuse me, I am suddenly very tired and need a rest. If the delivery comes along later, and I have the energy, I will slip you one.

GRUBER. (*With keen interest.*) I'll see you later then!

(**GRUBER** returns to the **COLONEL's** table. **RENÉ** exits up the stairs. **EDITH** is approached by **YVETTE** and **MIMI**.)

YVETTE. René has left looking quite distressed. Is everything alright?

EDITH. He has a lot to think about. The Germans will drop him right in it unless he can pay them fifty thousand francs.

MIMI. Fifty thousand francs! How will he find such a sum?

EDITH. I fear you girls might have to take your evening activities up a notch and put in a little overtime.

YVETTE. Mon Dieu! I am working flat out as it is!

MIMI. I will do what it takes, Madam Edith. I am renowned for refreshing the parts that other women miss.

YVETTE. You? You cannot even reach those parts!

MIMI. What? Why you stuck-up strumpet...

(**YVETTE** and **MIMI** begin to tussle. **EDITH** breaks them up.)

EDITH. Girls! Girls! This is not the time to fight. There is a war on. We must think of a plan to help René.