

(**LECLERC** enters, in no disguise this time!
RENÉ spots him and needs to get across to
him.)

Oh my God. Excuse me, Colonel, I must set plans in motion.

COLONEL. Saturday night, René. Or I'm afraid it's the firing squad for you.

(**RENÉ** hot foots it across to the bar, to speak with **LECLERC**.)

RENÉ. And what do you want?

LECLERC. (*Raising his glasses.*) It is I, Leclerc!

RENÉ. I know! You're not even in disguise!

LECLERC. I am dressed as a sad, confused elderly man.

RENÉ. Need I say more? What can I do for you?

LECLERC. I bring a message from Michelle of the Resistance.

RENÉ. Be quiet you old goat! People will hear and I will be shot!

LECLERC. (*Whispering.*) I bring a message from Michelle of the Resistance.

RENÉ. And now I can't hear a word. Can you not strike a happy medium?

LECLERC. I would never hit a cheerful Gypsy! The curse would be...

RENÉ. I mean talk at a normal volume. What is this message?

LECLERC. The message?

RENÉ. The one from Michelle.

LECLERC. You have a message from Michelle? So do I!

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.