

*Daphne enters, dabbing her lips with a napkin*

*Daphne (to Régine)* Get off. *(Into the wings)* Come on!

*Régine exits. O'Reilly enters L, minus trenchcoat, also dabbing his lips with a napkin*

O'Reilly What a positively delightful meal, Thelma ... Daphne.

*Daphne* It was nothing.

O'Reilly But what about that delicious lemon soufflé, which added a touch of sheer luxury to the bill of fare?

*Daphne* Well, it may have seemed ultra-sophisticated, but in fact it's so quick and easy to prepare.

O'Reilly I must make a note of the recipe.

*Daphne* Let me see if I can remember it. Ah, yes. To serve six to eight people put the yolks of four eggs, five ounces of sugar, half a pint of water, half an ounce of gelatine, and the grated rind of two lemons into a large basin.

O'Reilly Will a wash-basin do?

*Daphne* Certainly not. Then put the basin over a saucepan of hot water and whisk the mixture until it's light and creamy. Remove from the heat and add the juice of two lemons and continue to whisk until thick. Add half a pint of double cream and the whisked egg whites. Turn this into a soufflé dish and leave to set. Decorate with whipped cream and nuts.

O'Reilly Mmmmm, thanks, *Daphne*. I'm sure the boys at the station will want to give this to their wives tonight.

*Daphne* And what about you, Inspector? Will you be giving it to your wife tonight?

O'Reilly I would if I had one. But, truth to tell, I'm fancy free. What about you?

*Daphne* As free as air, although ...

O'Reilly What?

*Daphne* It doesn't matter.

O'Reilly Tell me.

*Daphne* No.

O'Reilly Why?

*Daphne* It still hurts.

O'Reilly What does?

*Daphne* The pain.

O'Reilly Of losing?

*Daphne* Yes.

O'Reilly Who?

*Daphne* Randolph.

O'Reilly Were you ... ?

*Daphne* Yes.

O'Reilly What happened?

*Daphne* It doesn't matter.

O'Reilly Tell me.

*Daphne* No.

O'Reilly Why?

## Act I

*Daphne* It still hurts.

*Pause*

O'Reilly The pain.

*Daphne* Yes. Of losing.

O'Reilly Randolph.

*Daphne* Yes.

O'Reilly And you were ... ?

*Daphne* Yes.

O'Reilly What happened?

*Daphne* It doesn't matter.

O'Reilly Tell me.

*Daphne* No.

O'Reilly Why?

*Long pause*

*Daphne* It still hurts.

*Longer pause*

O'Reilly I see. The pain still hurts.

*Daphne* Yes. Of losing Randolph.

O'Reilly And you were ... ?

*Daphne* Yes! We were!

O'Reilly *(desperately)* What happened?

*Daphne* *(desperately)* It doesn't matter.

O'Reilly Tell me.

*Daphne* No.

O'Reilly Why?

*Panic-stricken pause*

*Daphne* It still hurts.

O'Reilly So the pain of losing Randolph still—

*Daphne* No, Inspector. Tell me something about yourself.

O'Reilly *(horrified, finally)* I'm fancy free although ...

*Daphne* What?

O'Reilly It doesn't matter.

*Daphne* Tell me.

O'Reilly No.

*Daphne* Why?

O'Reilly *(through laughter)* It still hurts.

*Régine enters R with a feather duster*

*Régine* Excuse-moi, monsieur. I've made up a spare room for you in ze bed.

O'Reilly Thank you, Régine. *Daphne*—I'm glad you told me everything.

*Daphne* So am I, Inspector. Good-night.

*Daphne skips off R*