

RICHARD. Transfer the body. To your suite. We'll arrange him on your window ledge and then—when I'm safely back in the House of Commons and Miss Worthington is in Lewisham—you will open your curtains, discover the poor unfortunate chap and report it immediately to the Manager.

GEORGE. Just like that! Move the body to my suite. Lay him out on my window ledge. You and Miss Worthington—(HE mimes "leaving.") Poor George Pigden—(HE mimes cutting his throat.)

RICHARD. George, if you won't do it for me think of Miss Worthington! The poor girl's career will be ruined. She's Neil Kinnock's secretary for God's sake.

GEORGE. I've told you a hundred times where your libido would lead you.

RICHARD. (Suddenly very moved.) You'd also be doing it for our Prime Minister, Maggie. She'd be devastated. She'd have to ask me to resign. That'll be three in the last twelve months. George, the Government would never win the next election.

GEORGE. (Hesitates.) It's in the cupboard, is it?

RICHARD. Hanging on a hook.

(GEORGE grimaces. HE hesitates a moment and then moves to the cupboard door. HE stops and looks at RICHARD.)

RICHARD. You'll get a shock, George!

(GEORGE, averting his eyes, opens the cupboard door. The BODY is still hanging on the inside of the door. Slowly GEORGE turns to look inside the cupboard. The cupboard is empty. GEORGE starts to chuckle, believing that RICHARD has been playing a joke on him. Still laughing, GEORGE sees the dead body

hanging on the inside of the door. For a moment GEORGE continues laughing but then suddenly stops and screams. The MANAGER enters from hall [Without seeing GEORGE]. The MANAGER is removing his pass key from the lock.)

MANAGER. (As HE enters.) Good news, Mr. Willey! GEORGE. Ahhh!

(At the sound of the MANAGER's voice GEORGE steps into the cupboard and closes the door in one deft movement. RICHARD drops to his knees. The MANAGER surveys RICHARD on the floor.)

RICHARD. (As HE rises.) That's a very good quality carpet you have there.

MANAGER. (Decides to ignore this.) I've found Mr. Pigden a suite which is—oh, where's Mr. Pigden?

RICHARD. He's in the loo. (RICHARD leads the MANAGER away from the cupboard. Shouts across to bedroom, for JANE's benefit.) I've told the Manager you're in the "loo"! (RICHARD smiles at the surprised MANAGER.)

MANAGER. I've managed to get him suite 650.

RICHARD. (Shouting.) The Manager says it's suite 650.

MANAGER. (Getting perplexed.) Right opposite.

RICHARD. (Shouting.) The Manager says it's right opposite!

JANE. (Comes out of the bedroom still in her bra and pants.) O.K., you don't have to shout as loud—oh!

(SHE stops on seeing the MANAGER. The MANAGER steps back a pace. There is a pause as RICHARD and the surprised MANAGER take in the situation.)

RICHARD. This is Mrs. Pigden.

MANAGER. Mrs. Pigden?!

RICHARD. Didn't I tell you?

MANAGER. No!

RICHARD. Yes, his wife's staying up with him tonight. (To JANE.) Aren't you, Mrs. Pigden? JANE. Am I?

RICHARD. Oh, yes, the Manager's fixed it. Suite 650. Just across the corridor. (To MANAGER.) That was so kind.

MANAGER. I thought Mr. Pigden was staying up to assist you with your work.

RICHARD. That's right but who am I to deny him a little pleasure with his business? (Referring to JANE.) Can you blame him? (Chuckling.) A delectable wife. A suite at the Westminister. All paid for by the government. George telephoned her and she was round here like a shot. Dropped everything.

MANAGER. (Pointedly looking at JANE.) Yes.

RICHARD. Now you're probably wondering why Mrs. Pigden is wearing—er. (HE indicates her state of undress.)

(The MANAGER says nothing.)

RICHARD. Yes. She was in the shower. Mr. Pigden's in the loo. All nice and intimate. There you have it. (To JANE.) I think that sums it up, doesn't it?

JANE. I think so.

RICHARD. (To MANAGER.) Yes, that's about the size of it.

(The MAID KNOCKS on the open door and enters.)

MAID. 'Scusa, signor.

RICHARD. What is it?

MAID. (Carefully.) Make-bed-up.

RICHARD. (Indicating JANE.) No, we'll do it.

(Quickly.) I will do it.

MAID. Oh, si. (Sees JANE.) Oh, Si! (SHE giggles.)

RICHARD. We're busy!

MAID. (Not understanding.) Non capisco.

RICHARD. Go. 'Bye, 'bye.

MAID. Oh, go bye-bye. Si! (SHE indicates JANE and giggles.)

MANAGER. Thank you, Maria.

MAID. Si. (The MAID curtseys and exits.)

RICHARD. (To MANAGER.) And thank you so much.

MANAGER. Yes. (To JANE.) Well, I'll have the key to 650 sent up. You can move in immediately, Mrs. Pigden.

RICHARD. Splendid.

MANAGER. (To JANE.) Or when you've completed your ablutions, that is. And then will either you or Mr. Pigden be good enough to come down to Reception and check-in right away.

RICHARD. No problem. (RICHARD leads the MANAGER towards the door.)

MANAGER. And I thought you were in a hurry to get back to the House of Commons, Mr. Willey.

RICHARD. Yes, I'm on my way right now. I'm just waiting for the "loo."

(The MANAGER gives RICHARD a blank look and moves to go. Behind them the cupboard door opens and, with one deft movement, RICHARD BANGS it closed.)

GEORGE. (Off. Yells.) Oh!

(The MANAGER looks at RICHARD.)

RICHARD. Oh!

(RICHARD crosses his legs and holds his stomach as though anxious to spend a penny. The MANAGER looks at RICHARD and exits.)

JANE. Mr. Willey, what have you done?

RICHARD. I thought I did very well, actually. (RICHARD opens the cupboard door.) George!

(GEORGE steps out of the cupboard. HE realises HE is inadvertently holding the BODY's hand.)

GEORGE. Ahh! Oh, that was terrible.

(There is a KNOCK at the corridor door.)

GEORGE. Ahh!

(GEORGE goes to step back into the cupboard but RICHARD stops him and closes the cupboard door.)

RICHARD. Who is it?

WAITER. (Off) Room Service.

RICHARD. Great. (To JANE.) Your dress. (RICHARD opens door.) Quick!

(The WAITER steps in and gives RICHARD a sheet of notepaper. RICHARD looks at it blankly.)

RICHARD. (To WAITER.) What the hell's this?

WAITER. You asked for my address.

(RICHARD throws his hands in the air and walks away in disbelief.)

GEORGE. Mr. Willey wanted a dress.

WAITER. (Looks at RICHARD surprised.) Did he?

JANE. It's dark blue with little flowers.

WAITER. (Smiles at RICHARD.) Sounds nice.

RICHARD. You took it!

WAITER. (Remembering.) Oh, a dress.

RICHARD. Yes!

WAITER. I wondered how I came by that. You're right, I am a silly old bat.

JANE. Will you go and get it, please.

RICHARD. And hurry!

WAITER. No sooner said—Oh—the Manager said somebody here was checking-in to suite 650.

RICHARD. That's correct. Mr. and Mrs. Pigden.

(GEORGE looks around for "Mrs. Pigden.")

WAITER. Mr. and Mrs. Pigden.

RICHARD. Yes. Mr. Pigden here. And Mrs. Pigden there.

(GEORGE looks again for "Mrs. Pigden.")

JANE. Darling.

(JANE puts her arm through George's and squeezes him lovingly. GEORGE looks at her and then can only nod.)

WAITER. (Producing key.) One key.

(*RICHARD takes the key.*)

*RICHARD.* (*Handing key to GEORGE.*) There we are, George.

*WAITER* Do you have any bags, Mr. Pigden?

*GEORGE.* (*Rubbing his eyes.*) Not yet, no.

*RICHARD.* No. No bags, no cases. Nothing like that. They're on their honeymoon.

*GEORGE.* (*Faintly.*) Oh, my God! (*GEORGE sits in the chair R.*)

*RICHARD.* Yes. Married this morning. In Lewisham. Yes. Well, the hotel's my wedding present, George. (*Laughing gaily.*) When I say "the hotel's my wedding present"—I mean, the suite, of course. Nice way to spend a honeymoon.

*WAITER.* (*To GEORGE.*) You're sure you want me to bother fetching your wife's dress?

*GEORGE.* Yes, please!

*RICHARD.* (*To WAITER.*) And we'd like it quickly.

(*WAITER hesitates, holds out his hand and emits his cough. RICHARD gives him £5.*)

*WAITER.* Most kind. (*Referring to trolley.*) Oh, you haven't touched your supper.

*RICHARD.* We don't want it, thank you.

*WAITER.* But you've paid for it.

*RICHARD.* Just take it away.

*WAITER* (*Takes the trolley.*) Right. I'll sell it to one of the other guests. (*The WAITER exits.*)

*GEORGE.* Mr. Willey, I wish to register my strong objection to all of this.

*RICHARD.* Right, George, it's registered. Jane—wait in the bedroom. As soon as your dress arrives, go. (*RICHARD opens bedroom door.*)

*JANE.* I'm so sorry about tonight, Mr. Pigden.  
*RICHARD.* He's having a ball.

(*HE pushes JANE into bedroom.*)

*RICHARD.* O.K., George. Get yourself into suite 650.

*GEORGE.* Wait a minute! I've got to call Nurse Foster. (*GEORGE lifts receiver and dials.*)

*RICHARD.* Nurse Foster?

*GEORGE.* To tell her I'm going to be late.

*RICHARD.* Well hurry up for heaven's sake.

*GEORGE.* The world doesn't totally revolve around you, Mr. Willey.

*RICHARD.* Never mind the sermon, George, just be quick about it.

(*RICHARD opens the cupboard door and the BODY is revealed once more.*)

*GEORGE.* (*On phone.*) Hello, is that Miss Foster?... Good evening, it's Mr. Pigden here ... I'm fine, thank you ... Yes, I'm keeping very fit, thank you.

(*RICHARD, who has turned from the cupboard, advances on GEORGE.*)

*RICHARD.* She doesn't need a medical report, George!

*GEORGE.* (*On phone.*) How's mother been today?

*RICHARD.* God!

*GEORGE.* (*On phone.*) Oh, dear ... oh dear, oh dear.

(*To RICHARD.*) Mother's been a wee bit restless.

*RICHARD.* We're all restless, George! Tell the Nurse you're going to be late.