

RICHARD. Quick!

(RICHARD opens the cupboard door. The BODY is still hanging on the inside of the door.)

RICHARD. Both of you. Get in there.

GEORGE. Do we have to?

RICHARD. You can either come face to face with the body or face to face with Ronnie.

RONNIE. (Off.) Hey!

(There is more KNOCKING from RONNIE.)

GEORGE and JANE. (Together.) The body.

(GEORGE pulls JANE across him into the cupboard. RICHARD picks up the clothes brought in by the waiter.)

RICHARD. And while you're in there, put him in Cromwell's wedding suit.

GEORGE. (Horrified.) Is that really necessary?

RICHARD. Yes. It will delay identification. And hurry up!

GEORGE. God, you could teach Jeffrey Archer a thing or two.

(GEORGE takes the clothes and RICHARD shuts the cupboard door. There is more knocking at the door. RICHARD opens it.)

RICHARD. (Opening door.) No need to get impatient.

(RONNIE marches in. He is shattered. In the corridor the door of 650 opposite has one of its panels shattered.)

RONNIE. You were bloody right! Mr. and Mrs. Pigden. Suite 650. (Disbelievingly.) They're opposite.

RICHARD. No!

RONNIE. I banged on the door but there was no reply.

RICHARD. Wasn't there?

RONNIE. So I kicked the bloody door in!

RICHARD. (Glances through the open corridor door.)

Bloody hell!

RONNIE. They're not in there though.

RICHARD. Aren't they?

RONNIE. Oh, my God!

(RONNIE suddenly breaks down. The pent up emotion is too much for him and HE falls to his knees, sobbing. RICHARD looks totally bewildered as the young man wails and clutches Richard's legs.)

RICHARD. Get a grip on yourself, Ronnie.

RONNIE. It's all my fault!

RICHARD. I'm sure it isn't.

RONNIE. Yes, that's why she's gone off with this bloke Pigden. He's better at it than I am.

RICHARD. No!

(RONNIE wails more as the MANAGER comes in angrily from the corridor and is about to knock on the open door when he is confronted by the scene in front of him. The MANAGER, leaving the door wide open, moves down, aghast.)

RICHARD. I'm sure you're very good at it.

(RICHARD pats Ronnie's head. The MANAGER is appalled.)

RONNIE. No, that's what the trouble is.

RICHARD. What, Ronnie?

RONNIE. (*Wailing.*) I'm no good in bed, Mr. Willey!

(*RICHARD looks embarrassed. Behind them the MANAGER looks amazed.*)

RICHARD. I'm sure you're adequate.

RONNIE. No. (*Sobbing.*) I just can't keep it going.

(*The MANAGER is incensed.*)

RICHARD. Don't. You'll only make it harder for yourself.

MANAGER. Mr. Willey!

RICHARD. (*Jumping.*) Oh, my—! I—er was just explaining—

MANAGER. I'd rather not know what you were explaining.

RICHARD. You can leave him to me. He's got a bit of a problem.

MANAGER. So I heard.

(*During the above RONNIE has done his best to pull himself together and sits in the chair R.*)

RONNIE. I don't usually behave like that in public.

MANAGER. I'm pleased to hear it.

RICHARD. (*To MANAGER.*) I'll sort it out.

MANAGER. (*Angrily.*) Well, perhaps you can also sort out Mr. Pigden next door.

RONNIE. (*Rising.*) Pigden?

RICHARD. It's all right, Ronnie.

MANAGER. No, it's not all right! The door's been kicked in and the furniture thrown all over the place.

RICHARD. Mr. Pigden will pay for any damage.

MANAGER. It's not a question of payment! I can't have this kind of thing going on at the Westminster Hotel.

RICHARD. I understand.

MANAGER. I'm all for couples consummating their honeymoon but this is appalling.

RONNIE. Honeymoon?!

(*RONNIE falls to his knees, crying and clasps Richard's legs. RICHARD sits him in chair.*)

RICHARD. Try and pull yourself together, Ronnie.

MANAGER. And neither Mr. nor Mrs. Pigden are anywhere to be seen.

RICHARD. They're probably dining in the restaurant.

Why don't you pop down and have a look.

(*RICHARD starts to move the MANAGER but the WAITER comes through the open door with the wheelchair.*)

WAITER. Here we are!

(*The MANAGER surveys the WAITER and the wheelchair.*)

MANAGER. What on earth are you doing, Cromwell?

WAITER. Answering the call.

MANAGER. (*Refers to wheelchair.*) Who is that for?

WAITER. Who is it for, Mr. Willey?

RICHARD. My young friend there.

WAITER. (*To RONNIE.*) You're new around here, aren't you?

(*The MANAGER is momentarily at a loss.*)

MANAGER. (*To WAITER.*) You can go.

(*The MANAGER assists RONNIE to his feet.*)

WAITER. Oh. Well—er

(*The WAITER looks at RICHARD. HE then points to RICHARD, points to himself, holds up ten fingers and exits. During this the MANAGER lifts RONNIE to his feet.*)

MANAGER. I don't know who you are young man or what you're doing in Mr. Willey's suite at this time of night, but I must ask you to vacate the Westminster Hotel as soon as you've got a grip on yourself. (*To RICHARD.*) In future, Mr. Willey, I think it would be wiser if you were accompanied on these overnight stays by your wife.

(*The MANAGER exits into corridor.*)

RONNIE. Bloody hell, I feel lousy.

RICHARD. Go home, you'll feel better.

RONNIE. I'm not going home until I've found that bloke, Pigden.

RICHARD. Like I said he's probably downstairs in the restaurant.

RONNIE. Right! And when I find him the first thing I'll do is kick him right in the crotch. (*RONNIE exits into corridor.*)

RICHARD. (*Opens the cupboard door.*) Did you hear any of that?

GEORGE. Yes, but it was the last bit that brought tears to my eyes. (*GEORGE steps out holding his groin.*)

JANE. (*Comes out.*) Wasn't Ronnie magnificent?

RICHARD. Magnificent?

JANE. The way he declared his love for me. I've never heard him talk like that before.

RICHARD. (*Wearily.*) Oh, God!

JANE. And now he's had the guts to bring his little deficiencies into the open—

RICHARD. Jane, discuss it with your family doctor next week! (*To GEORGE.*) Did you change his clothes?

GEORGE. Well, it wasn't easy. (*GEORGE brings out*

*the BODY who is now dressed, very badly, in the Waiter's old wedding suit and wearing the bowler hat. HE is still wearing the sunglasses.*)

RICHARD. For heaven's sake!

GEORGE. It was dark in there.

RICHARD. Stick him in that.

(*RICHARD brings the wheelchair forward and GEORGE plonks the BODY on the seat. RICHARD surveys him.*)

RICHARD. Well, I suppose we should be grateful it's not November the 5th. (*To JANE.*) Right. You go down the fire-escape and get home to Lewisham as fast as you can. (*RICHARD opens the window.*)

JANE. What am I going to say to Ronnie when he gets back?

RICHARD. Tell him Pigden dragged you here by force.

GEORGE. Thank you!

JANE. God, I don't think I can face Ronnie just yet.

RICHARD. Then go back to the House of Commons.

JANE. I can't sleep there!