

(Still limping, HE gives the WAITER a £5 note. While burbling on HE thrusts several more onto the surprised WAITER. PAMELA steps in fascinated.)

GEORGE. You've been really helpful. I couldn't have managed without you. It's so much better. I feel fitter than I have for years. Thank you.

(By now GEORGE has put the WAITER into the wheelchair and shoves him out through the open door. There is the sound of a LOUD CRASH from down the corridor.)

WAITER. (Off) Ahhhh!

(GEORGE closes the door and looks innocent.)

GEORGE. Now where were we, Mrs. Willey?  
PAMELA. Have you had a fall or something, George?  
GEORGE. Er, yes. (HE limps around.) I fell off one of the back benches.

(PAMELA looks surprised.)

GEORGE. (Quickly changing the subject.) Mrs. Willey, I thought you were in the country.

PAMELA. (Takes off her hat and puts it on chair.) I was but I decided to drive up and give Richard a little surprise.

GEORGE. I think it'll be a big one, actually.

PAMELA. Lovely.

(PAMELA picks up her overnight case. GEORGE picks up her hat and offers it to her as he speaks.)

GEORGE. (Brightly.) So you just want to see Mr. Willey, say a quick "hello" and then drive back to the country, yes?

PAMELA. (Laughing.) Don't be silly, George. I'm staying the night.

GEORGE. The night?!

PAMELA. Yes.

GEORGE. No! I mean, Mr. Willey's got an all-night-nitting—an all-night sitting.

PAMELA. I know. I decided I wanted to hear him speak tonight. How's the Government getting on by the way?

GEORGE. What government?

PAMELA. In the debate?

GEORGE. Oh, that Government. Fine. Fine. Limping nicely.

PAMELA. (Moves to the bedroom door.) Well, I can either go over to the Commons and watch Richard from the Visitors' Gallery. (PAMELA goes into the bedroom.)

GEORGE. (Mortified.) No, you can't do that!

PAMELA. (Returns minus her case.)—or sit here with some sandwiches and a glass of wine and watch the debate on T.V.

GEORGE. No, you can't do that either!

PAMELA. Why on earth not?

GEORGE. Because—it's much quieter next door.

PAMELA. (Surprised.) Next door?

GEORGE. The suite next door. It's mine.

PAMELA. Yours?

GEORGE. Yes. Mine. Next door. (GEORGE rushes into the bedroom.)

PAMELA. Are you staying at the hotel as well?

GEORGE. (Rushes back with her case.) It's a treat from Mr. Willey. Come on! (HE thrusts the hat on her head.)

PAMELA. What do you mean, "come on."

GEORGE. Next door. Come on. The two of us!

*(HE pushes her but SHE stops.)*

PAMELA. What are you talking about?

GEORGE. *(Hysteria creeping in.)* The two of us. We might never get another chance like this!

*(PAMELA is totally befuddled as SHE surveys GEORGE who is in a state of frenzy.)*

PAMELA. Chance for what for heaven's sake?

GEORGE. To make mad passionate love!

PAMELA. *(Amazed.)* Mad, passionate—

GEORGE. Love, Mrs. Willey!

*(HE drops the case, grabs her and kisses her wildly. While*

*PAMELA struggles.)*

*GEORGE runs his hand up and down her leg to indicate wild passion. HE finally releases HER.)*

PAMELA. *(Incredulously.)* George!

GEORGE. You've driven me wild for years, Mrs. Willey. *(HE kisses her again.)*

PAMELA. I can't believe this is happening.

GEORGE. I know exactly how you feel.

*(HE kisses her again. SHE stands there breathless.)*

PAMELA. George—!

GEORGE. God, you're lovely. *(HE kisses her again.)*

Don't fight it, Mrs. Willey.

PAMELA. Who's fighting it, George?!

*(SHE grabs him and kisses him. Finally SHE releases the struggling GEORGE.)*

PAMELA. Is this why you've been behaving so strangely, George?

GEORGE. You've noticed, have you?

PAMELA. And all these years you've been—

GEORGE. Holding it in, yes.

PAMELA. Come on!

*(SHE grabs his hand and takes him to the hall door.)*

GEORGE. No! Safer to use the window.

PAMELA. The window?

GEORGE. We don't want to bump into anyone, do we?

*(GEORGE opens window.)*

PAMELA. *(Clambering out.)* Good thinking, George.

GEORGE. Quickly!

PAMELA. *(Stops and leans back in.)* Oh, George. My nightie and things.

GEORGE. *(Forcefully.)* You don't need a nightie with me!

*(GEORGE starts to clamber out but SHE stops him.)*

PAMELA. Of course I do.

GEORGE. All right but we're wasting valuable time.

*(GEORGE gets Pamela's case and handbag.)* Quickly, Mrs.

Willey. *(GEORGE joins her on the balcony.)*

PAMELA. George, do you think this is utter madness?!

GEORGE. I bloody well do!

*(THEY exit along the balcony U.L. There is silence for a moment. RICHARD hurries in from the hall closing the door behind him.)*