Who's Under Where?

by Marcia Kash
&
Doug Hughes

A Samuel French Acting Edition



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Who's Under Where? was first performed at The Muskoka Festival, Gravenhurst, Ontario, Canada, on July 27th 1992, with the following cast of characters:

Jane Pritchard.....Jane Moffat
Sybil Brunt.....Mary Long
Paul Pritchard.....Michael Lamport
George Brunt.....Ian D. Clark
Sebastian.....Michael Cram
Roger Hodge.....Colin Miller
Bruno Fruferelli.....Richard Farrell

Directed by.....Ronald R. Ulrich
Set Design.....Joelle Davis
Lighting Design.....Brad Trenaman
Costume Design.....Kathryn Immonen
Stage Manager.....Theresa Malek

CHARACTERS
(in order of appearance)

Jane Pritchard —	Early-to-mid-thirties. Attractive, lively. Designer and co-owner of Passion Fashion Wear.
Sybil Brunt:	Mid-to-late-thirties, attractive, organized. Marketing director, co-owner and the driving force behind Passion Fashion Wear.
Paul Pritchard:	Early forties, divorce lawyer. Smart, attractive. Married to Jane.
George Brunt:	Mid-forties, college professor. Trusting, amiable, a little out of shape. Married to Sybil.
Sebastian:	Early twenties. Tall, gorgeous, built. Very butch. Typical male model.
Roger Hodge:	British, fifties. Career security officer. Upright, by-the-book type.
Bruno Fruferelli:	Italian, early fifties. Roly-poly, attractive. VERY charming. Accomplished businessman. Very wealthy.

TIME & PLACE

The action of the play takes place in a luxurious hotel suite. The time is the present.

The scene opens onto a luxurious, fifth-floor hotel suite. UC are a couple of steps leading to a pair of French windows which open onto a balcony upon which are at least two large potted plants. Visibility through the windows must be as close to perfect as possible. SR is the main entrance. A large, sturdy Chinese screen is US of the door, with easy accessibility from both sides. There is also a small table with a full-length tablecloth and a telephone on one side of the screen. DSL is the bathroom exit. USL is a door leading to the bedroom. Other appropriate furniture as space permits. DSR is a love seat and armchair with a small coffee table. There are a number of boxes scattered around the room, and piles of lingerie on various surfaces. There is also a rolling rack with a selection of outfits hanging on it.

JANE is discovered leaning on the vanity, talking on the phone with Lorraine, the seamstress. SHE lifts a pile of lingerie from the vanity and discovers an assortment of 8x10's of male models underneath. SHE becomes engrossed with the photos, sorting through them one by one, oblivious to her task.

JANE. (*Excited.*) Lorraine, you're a lifesaver. We can't thank you enough .... Yes, it's all here. ... I told you, the courier's just arrived with the samples .... You must have been sewing in your sleep to get all this finished. I just hope Sybil and I can get everything else ready before Fruferelli arrives. I still can't believe he's coming here specially to see us. I'm so excited I can't think straight—

(*Holding up one of the photos.*) OH MY GOD! ... No, it's nothing, I've just seen another of these gorgeous models Sybil left me in charge of picking one of them for this afternoon and I'm having the hardest time. Actually, I'm having the time of my life! This one's called "Forrest." He's leaning on a surfboard or something. He's wearing this sexy string bikini thing and he has a body ... no, Lorraine, he's not here in person, it's just a picture . you know, an 8x10 shot ... inches ... Lorraine, you have a filthy mind .... They're models the agency submitted for the showing with Fruferelli this afternoon. I've hired three so far ... yes, I know, she'll kill me when she finds out, but what's a girl to do? You should see these guys! They're like potato chips. How can you have just one?

(SYBIL enters carrying a large box of lingerie samples.)

JANE. Oh, Sybil's back, Lorraine, and she's got the goodies. I'd better go. Thanks again! You're an angel. I'll call you back when we're all millionaires Millionaire-esses. Bye! (*Hangs up the phone.*)

SYBIL. (*Setting the box on the coffee table and opening it.*) That woman is a saint. I don't know how she does it. Yesterday, these were a few drawings on a sketch pad And today, VOILA! (*SHE pulls something slinky out of the box.*)

JANE. (*Races over with Forrest's 8x10*) Oooooh, let me see those. (*SHE looks at the photo then at the briefs then back at the photo.*) MMmmm.

SYBIL. What in Heaven's name are you doing?

JANE. Just a little creative visualization. It's healthy. You should try it sometime.

SYBIL. Oh I do, darling. I just visualize different things.

JANE. Like the five million bucks we stand to make if we pull this deal off.

(SYBIL knocks on the coffee table.)

JANE. (*Looking toward door.*) Who is it?

SYBIL. It's me.

JANE. Will you stop doing that? You sound like a woodpecker in heat!

SYBIL I can't help it. You make me nervous when you say things like that. I'm terrified you're going to jinx us. I know it seems silly, but I don't want to tempt Fate. I'm having a hard enough time believing all this as it is.

JANE. I know what you mean. It doesn't seem possible, does it? A couple of months ago Passion Fashion Wear was a modestly successful lingerie business and then—

SYBIL. And then we met Signor Fruferelli and now we're on our way to making a fortune.

SYBIL. Come on, let's get to work.

(JANE starts sorting new stuff on racks. Throughout the rest of the scene THEY are both busy arranging the outfits, tidying the room, etc.)

SYBIL. (*Examining female lingerie on rack.*) How far have you got with these?

JANE. Well, I've got the Wet Dreams on the rack, together with the Honeymoon Hots and the Quickies.

SYBIL. I've told you before, they are not the "Wet Dreams," they are the "Teenage Fantasies." And we don't

call them the "Quickies" either; they are the Forbidden Passion line.

JANE. (*Shaking out a sporty pair of men's boxers.*) I know, I know, and our new Just for the Gym line isn't called "Jumping Jocks."

SYBIL. Oh, by the way, which one of those models have you chosen?

JANE. (*Evasively.*) Models? Oh, models! Yes. Speaking of models, I almost forgot. Suzanne phoned. She's running a little late. She said she'd probably be here by three.

SYBIL. Damn. Well never mind about Suzanne, Fruferelli saw most of the female stuff at the trade show. I'm more concerned about the male model. (*Going through photos.*) Which one did you pick?

JANE. Gee, I'd forgotten how much of this stuff there was! This is going to take me forever to sort out.

SYBIL. I hope he's not too short, whoever he is. Suzanne's a giant. We don't want her towering over him.

JANE. (*Still sorting.*) Oh don't worry, they're all over six feet.

SYBIL. All?

JANE. Yes. Well all the ones I picked are.

SYBIL. ALL?

(JANE giggles, gives a shrug.)

SYBIL. Jane. Darling. Fruferelli is going to be here within the hour and we haven't even finished unpacking yet! We've barely managed to finish the samples. We've lied to our husbands, blown our savings, and put our business on the line for this one shot at the big time We

don't have time for guessing games. So tell me, which one have you picked?

JANE. Sybil, relax! I've narrowed it down to three.

SYBIL. THREE? What do we need three of them for?

JANE. Well what self-respecting lingerie designer does a show with only one model?

SYBIL. I noticed you haven't booked any more female models.

JANE. He saw our female line at the trade show! And he was sufficiently impressed with it to want to see the male line. He's flying into town today especially to see these (*Holds up male samples.*) on bodies. And you can't do that with just one model can you? It's like hiring a fiddler to play a string quartet!

SYBIL. You're right. I shouldn't have doubted your judgement.

JANE. Besides, Fruferelli said "I wanta to see these ina da flesh." Well we're going to give him all the flesh he can handle.

SYBIL. All the flesh you can handle, you mean.

JANE. Come on, Sybil, if we're going to invest our life's savings in this little venture, we might as well have a few perks along the way.

SYBIL. (*Indicating photos.*) Perks? Don't you mean "pecs"?

JANE. Well, why not?

SYBIL. What about Paul?

JANE. What Paul doesn't know won't hurt me!

SYBIL. When I suggested that we keep this from the guys I did it for noble and humble reasons.

JANE. You did not. You did it to save face in case it doesn't work out.

SYBIL. It's not as simple as that. You remember the campaign that ended my advertising career—the Barton Gimble account?

JANE. The smelly feet people?

SYBIL. The foot powder people. Nodorex.

JANE. Oh yeah. The ad with the kick line of sweaty socks. I thought it was a great idea.

SYBIL. So did the folks at Barton Gimble. In fact, they were so enthusiastic, I was sure it was a done deal.

JANE. I know, I know, and you went home and told George, and he snuck out and bought you that brand-new BMW to celebrate—

SYBIL. And the next day, I walk into the office, and find that the Nodorex account has become the ex-Nodorex account.

JANE. Well, look at the bright side. You got a BMW out of the deal.

SYBIL. George was such a sweetheart about the whole thing. He put up with so much—my resignation, my depression, my guilt—

JANE. Your car payments ...

SYBIL. Precisely.

JANE. It's a good thing he has tenure.

SYBIL. You're not kidding ... and if he knew what was at stake here today, he'd probably go out and buy me a football stadium. And that's why I haven't told him.

JANE. That and the fact that you're superstitious as hell.

SYBIL. I don't recall you making any objections when I asked you to keep this a secret.

JANE. I have my own reasons for keeping my mouth shut—even if they aren't as noble and humble as yours.

SYBIL Uh-huh.

JANE There is only one thing in the world that will give me more satisfaction than closing this deal—and that is seeing the look on Paul's face when I show him the contract. He'll probably think I'm putting him on—the idea that someone could make that kind of money selling underwear—

SYBIL. Lingerie—

JANE. —is beyond his comprehension.

SYBIL He's never taken our work very seriously, has he?

JANE. He just doesn't get it. His philosophy seems to be that if you're wearing something to bed, you need it to keep warm.

SYBIL. How ironic. He's married to one of the most talented lingerie designers on the planet, and he likes to sleep in the nude.

JANE. Philistine.

SYBIL. By the way, how did he react when you told him we'd be visiting my mother again today?

JANE. He didn't bat an eyelash.

SYBIL. You're kidding.

JANE. No—I couldn't believe he fell for that line again. In fact, he didn't just fall for it, he was actually encouraging me to go.

SYBIL That's funny. I had the same experience with George. And you know how George feels about my mother.

JANE I guess they were too preoccupied with their fishing trip. Paul was all hot to trot about it this morning You should have seen him at breakfast—he was done up in

that silly fishing outfit of his—he couldn't wait to get started. He was out the door before I was.

SYBIL. (*Picking up the photos.*) How did you decide which of these guys to settle on? They all look the same. Well almost. My God, this one isn't wearing anything at all. Oh wait, now I see it. Just.

JANE. Well, it was tough, but I've narrowed it down to these ... (*Holds up three photos and crossing to Sybil to show her.*) Number one—Peter.

SYBIL. How appropriate.

JANE. Look, it even has Peter's measurements listed here.

SYBIL. Those aren't his measurements, it's his height in inches and centimeters.

JANE. Sounds impressive whatever they are! Anyway, here's number two—Cliff.

SYBIL. What's he doing with that goat?

JANE. I don't know, it's one of those outdoorsy-type photos. They all pose with wildlife.

SYBIL. Are you sure we phoned the right number?

JANE. (*Admiring photo.*) I thought he'd look great in our "Lumber Slumber" line.

SYBIL. Who, Cliff or the goat?

JANE. Don't be perverse. And here's ba-aa-aa-chelor number three—Sebastian.

SYBIL. Ooh, look, he's dropped his ball.

JANE. No he hasn't, he's dribbling.

SYBIL Now who's being perverse?

JANE. No, not dribbling (*Indicates mouth.*)—*Dribbling (Miming dribbling a basketball.*).

SYBIL. Dribbling. Hmm. Well, they all look fine to me. What time are they arriving?

JANE. They'll call from downstairs when they arrive. I told them to be here for three.

SYBIL. Fine. Now, champagne.

JANE. Isn't it a little early to be celebrating?

SYBIL. It's not for us you nitwit, it's for Fru-Fru.

JANE So that's the plan, is it? Get him up to our fancy hotel room and get him drunk? Well, I suppose it's one way of making the deal.

SYBIL. I have no intention of getting him drunk—just happy. The more we give him what he likes, the more he likes what we give him, know what I mean?

JANE. Fine. But why champagne?

SYBIL. It's the only thing he drinks

JANE. I think I could get used to that.

(SYBIL goes to phone and dials. JANE proceeds to tidy up the empty boxes.)

SYBIL. Hello, room service? ... This is Sybil Brunt in room 504. Could you send up a couple of bottles—make that three bottles of your best champagne ... Thank you.

JANE Three? He won't be happy, he'll be dead.

SYBIL. We don't want to be caught short.

JANE. Err on the side of caution, I always say. I've finished with these boxes.

SYBIL. Great. Let's put them in the bedroom. (*As SHE bends to picks up a box SHE lets out a squeal.*) Oh no!

JANE. What ?

SYBIL. Look at the size of this run. (*SHE indicates a large run in her nylons.*)

JANE. That's not a run, it's a marathon.

SYBIL. I don't have time for this.

JANE. Not to worry—I just happen to have a spare pair in the bedroom. Follow me. (*SHE picks up a couple of boxes and heads for the bedroom.*)

SYBIL. You are a darling. (*SYBIL follows her in and closes the door.*)

(We hear SCRABBLING and SCRATCHING from behind the main door, accompanied by a lot of GRUNTING and GROANING. Suddenly, an American Express card comes shooting through the crack in the door.)

PAUL . (*Offstage.*) Shit!

(There is a muffled conversation on the other side of the door. More SCRABBLING and SCRATCHING. Finally, the door opens. Paul and GEORGE peer in briefly and disappear. THEY appear again, checking the room, and disappear once more. PAUL rushes in and hides behind the sofa. HE beckons to George, who follows. BOTH are dressed in fishing gear of some kind. GEORGE is carrying a portable video camera in one hand and something resembling a credit card in the other. Their heads pop up above the sofa. THEY look in either direction and pop down again. Their heads appear again, looking in different directions, then to each other. THEY scream and disappear. They then pop up again. PAUL crosses to the Amex card and picks it up.)

PAUL. I guess they don't take American Express here. What did you use, anyway?

GEORGE. (*Holding card up.*) My trusty Blood Donor card—don't leave home without it.

PAUL. You'd better wipe that card, George.

GEORGE What for?

PAUL. For prints.

GEORGE But it's my own card—it's got my blood type on it, for God's sake!

PAUL. Yes, you're right. We'd better destroy it.

GEORGE. What?

PAUL. It's evidence. We've just committed a crime here, my friend.

GEORGE. Well, I won't tell anybody if you won't.

PAUL. (*Getting up.*) It's not you I'm worried about. It's the hotel security. If they catch us in here, we're dead.

GEORGE. Well then—maybe we'd better close the door

PAUL. Why did you leave it open?

GEORGE. You didn't tell me to close it.

PAUL. Do I have to tell you everything?

GEORGE. (*As HE crosses and closes the door.*) You're the expert. If I were in charge, we'd be on the lake by now.

PAUL. (*Wandering around the room.*) I wonder what this room is costing them. (*HE steps out onto the balcony.*) What a view! George, come and look at this.

(GEORGE follows him out and shuts the door. THEY both admire the view. The bedroom door opens and the WOMEN enter talking.)

SYBIL. What a relief. Now where were we?

JANE. Running out of time, as I recall.

SYBIL. (*Checking her watch.*) Right. We'd better go down and get the other boxes from the car. When we get back we can figure out what to put our male models into.

JANE. I'm not going to touch that one.

SYBIL. I'd rather you didn't touch any-one!

JANE. Spoilsport!

(THEY exit through main door.
PAUL and GEORGE re-enter. GEORGE is fiddling with the camera. PAUL goes to examine the lingerie.)

GEORGE. This zoom is great. I think I can see my house from here.

PAUL. Will you stop wasting valuable film? (*HE picks up a handful of lingerie.)* Good God, look at all this stuff!

GEORGE. (*Indicating camera.)* Paul, do you think this is really necessary?

PAUL. (*Examining lingerie.*) Doesn't do anything for me.

GEORGE. No, no, no, I mean the camera.

PAUL. Oh. Absolutely. (*Takes the camera from him.)* We need some evidence. Catching them red-handed isn't enough. It's still their word against ours.

GEORGE. I'm not so sure I want to catch them red-handed. I don't think I want to catch them red-anythinged I'd rather just confront them

PAUL. (*Shooting the room, the lingerie, etc.*) If we confront them, they'll only one, pretend nothing is wrong, two, deny everything, and three, attack us. We have to have proof. Red hot proof.

GEORGE. (*Holding a pair of flaming red bikini briefs up to the camera.)* I think we've got that.

PAUL. (*Putting the camera down.)* I'll take those, thank you very much. (*PAUL takes the briefs from George,*

gets a glassene bag out of his tackle box, puts the briefs in it, and returns the bag to the tackle box.)

GEORGE. You're the lawyer, so correct me if I'm wrong, but aren't people supposed to be presumed innocent until proven guilty?

PAUL. They've proven themselves guilty.

GEORGE. How?

PAUL. They've lied to us. Take today for example—they told us they were spending the day with Sybil's mother.

GEORGE. Yes, and we told them we were going fishing.

PAUL. That's different!

GEORGE. Why?

PAUL. Well, because ... because they started it!

GEORGE. Oh, very good. Do you win many cases with logic like that?

PAUL. The point is, they're deceiving us. They've been deceiving us for God knows how long! And if catching them out means telling the odd fib, well, that's perfectly justified as far as I'm concerned (*PAUL looks around some more and discovers the bedroom.*)

GEORGE. I'm still not convinced that they have been deceiving us. I mean, they are in this line of work, after all They're bound to carry lots of samples around with them This is probably just some kind of business meeting.

PAUL. (*Pointing through the open door.*) You're so gullible, George If it's a business meeting, why do they need a King size waterbed?

(GEORGE goes into the bedroom.)

PAUL. And why didn't they tell us what they were doing? Why all the secrecy? They obviously have something to hide—George, will you get up? This is no time for a siesta!

GEORGE. (*Coming out and closing the door.*) I'd get seasick sleeping on that thing.

PAUL Will you stop fooling around! They've been behaving very suspiciously for weeks.

GEORGE. So they've come home from work late once in a while—

PAUL. George, I've seen it a hundred times. The signs are always the same For example—when was the last time Sybil was home for dinner?

GEORGE. Well, we went out for Chinese last Thursday—

PAUL. Doesn't count. When was the last time you had dinner together at home?

GEORGE. ... I can't remember.

PAUL. Right Now, have you had any strange phone calls lately? Say, people hanging up on you, or strange men calling and asking to speak to Sybil?

GEORGE. The odd one, I suppose ...

PAUL. And when you question her about these calls, does she get uncomfortable, or evasive or vague?

GEORGE. (*Uncertain.*) A little, I guess.

PAUL. And when was the last time you and Sybil had sex?

GEORGE What does that have to do with anything?

PAUL. When was the last time you and Sybil had sex?

GEORGE. Uh—

PAUL. Bingo. Haven't you noticed how every weekend for the past couple of months, they've had some excuse to

vanish—some alibi to account for their time away from home?

GEORGE. Yes, but—

PAUL. That's why I suggested we play along with them today. And as you can see, instead of finding them visiting with Sybil's mother, we find them in a ritzy hotel room full of sexy underwear. Doesn't that seem a trifle suspicious to you?

GEORGE. Perhaps ...

PAUL. I'm telling you George, I've seen this too many times to just dismiss it.

GEORGE. You've prosecuted too many divorce cases. In your own jargon, this is all circumstantial.

PAUL. Correct. That's why we're here. We need something we can take to court.

GEORGE. We're not talking about a couple of bank robbers here, we're talking about our wives! (*Hovers above the coffee table.*) I mean, who are we to spy on them like this? Who are we to pass judgement on them? Who are we to accuse them of deceit? (*Sees one of the photos and picks it up.*) Who the hell is this?

PAUL. (*Crossing to look at the picture.*) Good God! (*HE flips through the rest of the pictures.*) Looks like they've got a busy day planned. I wonder if they're going to have them all at once or one at a time.

GEORGE. What are you talking about?

PAUL. (*Grabbing the photos.*) No wonder they're out late all the time. No wonder they're distracted. No wonder they're not interested in us anymore. They've discovered the excitement of illicit sex. I know all about it.

GEORGE. (*Curiously.*) Really?

PAUL. I make my living dealing with this. The agencies, the photographs, the coded phone conversations. I just can't believe Jane is capable of going this far.

GEORGE. (*Indicating photos.*) Did you see the one with the goat?

PAUL. George, for God's sake! Don't you realize the seriousness of all this? Don't you know how bad this is?

GEORGE. How bad is it?

PAUL. How bad is it? How bad is it? George. Sybil and Jane have taken to buying sex from young, handsome, virile gigolos. Bad enough for you?

GEORGE. How can you be so sure? I mean, this could all be perfectly innocent.

PAUL. Yeah, sure, explain it to me. Add up all the clues and convince me it's innocent.

GEORGE. Well, I'm not sure about the rest of it but these photos here, they could just be a—I don't know, a collection, like some men have, of *Playboy* centerfolds.

PAUL. (*Indicating their surroundings.*) Who goes to this kind of trouble and expense just to look at a few pictures?

GEORGE. I don't know. It all seems so ludicrous. I just can't accept that Sybil would do this.

PAUL. What's the alternative?

GEORGE. (*Thinks for a second.*) Perhaps they aren't buying sex at all. Perhaps they're selling it!

PAUL Thank you very much. I feel better already.

GEORGE. There has to be some other explanation.

PAUL. I'm telling you the proof is mounting.

GEORGE. There's an unfortunate choice of words.

(The TELEPHONE rings. The MEN jump out of their skins. Finally PAUL picks it up.)

PAUL. (*Funny accent.*) Yes ... er, yes this is 504 .. . No, she isn't here right now ... yes ... right ... thank you. (*HE hangs up.*) That was room service They are having some trouble locating the keys to the wine cellar so the champagne we ordered will be a bit delayed.

GEORGE. Right. (*Pause*) What champagne?

PAUL. Going all out, aren't they? Champagne eh? Still don't believe that they're up to no good?

GEORGE. I didn't say they weren't up to no good. I just hope to God they're not paying for it.

PAUL. What bloody difference does that make?

GEORGE. Look, they're only photographs. If they materialize into *men* I may subscribe to your theory. But for now, I'm giving Sybil the benefit of the doubt.

(The PHONE rings. THEY take to the phone. PAUL marches over and picks it up.)

PAUL. (*Chinese accent.*) Hello .. yes this is 504 ... No, she isn't here at the moment. Who are you? . . Who? ... (*Own voice.*) Early for what? ... (*Pleasantly, in his own voice.*) Oh really? Well, I'm afraid there's been a change of plan. Your appointment has been cancelled. Sorry .... Look buddy, you can just forget it ... I don't care what other "gigs" you've given up to come here, you show up at this room and you'll be doing your next gig in Intensive Care! Need me to spell that out for you? ... How much? ... HOW MUCH?... Fine . . you get your "agent" to sort out the money ... fine. (*HE hangs up.*)

GEORGE. Who was that?

PAUL. That was Peter. He was the three o'clock appointment, here a little early. (*HE looks at his watch.*) I'll say. Eager little fellow. Wants to be "paid for his time" even though he didn't "do anything."

GEORGE. Oh, my God.

PAUL. And when I threatened him, he said his "agent" would sort out the money with Mrs. Brunt. Can you believe the gall of that man? Three hundred bucks an hour he wants! I mean, he still expects to be paid, and he hasn't even done the job!

GEORGE Personally, I'd prefer it that way.

PAUL. And on top of that, he wants money for parking!

GEORGE. Parking what?

PAUL. (*Shoots George a look.*) Oh, shut up.

GEORGE. Anyway, I don't think you should have done that.

PAUL. Done what?

GEORGE. Scared him off. You're the one who keeps going on about proof, about catching them with their knickers down, if you'll pardon the expression

PAUL. Well, what did you expect me to do? Invite him up for tea?

GEORGE. Wasn't that the point? To catch him with his hands in the cookie jar?

PAUL. The last thing I want to see is someone else's hands all over my wife's cookies.

GEORGE. You should have let him come up—let them get on with it. Get it all on tape, get the hard evidence.

PAUL. (*Looking at one of the photos.*) I don't think I could face that.

GEORGE. (*Looking around the room at the bewildering array of lingerie.*) What do you think they were planning with this guy? A menage à trois?

PAUL. Looks to me like a menage à twelve.

(We hear the wives' voices outside the door.)

PAUL. They're back!

(The MEN run around the room in a panic.)

GEORGE. (*From the balcony door.*) Here! Here! Let's admire the view!

(GEORGE and PAUL run out onto the balcony.)

GEORGE. Camera!

(PAUL dives back into the room, grabs the camera, throws it to GEORGE, takes the tackle box and hurtles out the balcony door. HE closes it just as the WOMEN enter carrying boxes of lingerie. For the rest of the scene the TWO MEN are attempting to watch the events taking place in the room without being seen. N.B. They are unable to hear anything Neither can they be heard.)

SYBIL. Well, that's everything.

JANE. How are we going to work this?

SYBIL. Easy—we already know which of the male outfits we want modelled so you figure out which guy should wear what. I'll pull the companion pieces for Suzanne.

(JANE crosses to the table and picks up the photos of the three models.)

SYBIL. I've picked out some of the simpler lines for her—I want the focus to be on the men.

JANE. I can deal with that.

SYBIL. Come on, you'd better get these fellows dressed.

JANE. It's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it.

(JANE marches over to the couch. As she does so, the HUSBANDS' heads appear from behind cover out on the balcony.)

JANE. *(Holding the pictures in front of herself, one in each hand, and one under her chin.)* OK Syb—who's your favorite?

SYBIL. *(Carefully scrutinizing the photos.)* That one—*(SHE points.)* Sebastian, is it? The one who's drooling.

JANE. Dribbling.

SYBIL. Whatever.

JANE. Alright, Sebastian goes first, Cliff goes second, and Peter goes third. Great. Now what are we going to put you into, Sebastian my love?

(JANE plants a kiss on Sebastian's photo. The HUSBANDS react to this. JANE then turns to pick up the men's lingerie. As she turns, the HUSBANDS dive for cover.)

SYBIL. Let's put him in the Turquoise Temptation.

(JANE rummages through men's outfits on couch. The HUSBANDS stick their heads out from behind the potted plants and watch this.)

JANE. Which one's that? (*SHE holds up a pair of turquoise briefs.*) Oh, yes. One of my favorites. "Aqua Scrotum."

SYBIL. Could you hold those up for me? (*JANE drapes outfit in front of herself.*) Yes, that will do fine.

(SYBIL crosses to her notepad. The MEN reappear on the balcony.)

JANE. (*Caressing the briefs.*) Just feel this. It's like butter. (*Strokes her cheek with it.*) Mmmm. I must get a pair of these for Paul.

(PAUL and GEORGE react to this.)

SYBIL. (*Writing it down.*) Super. That's combination number one.

JANE. Fine. Where should I put them?

SYBIL. Um ...we can't use the bedroom, it's a disaster area in there. I think we'll give the men the bathroom to change in. They'll need more room, what with there being *three* of them. Suzanne can use the screen.

JANE. Sounds good to me.

(SHE sets Sebastian's outfit back on the couch. SYBIL turns to cross to the screen. The MEN scramble for cover.)

SYBIL. (*Hanging the negligee on the back of the screen*) Right. Number 2.

JANE. (*Holding up photo*) Cliff. The guy with the goat.

SYBIL. Let's put him in the Midnight Matador number.

JANE. No, not that number. The Lumber Slumber, remumber? (*SIC.*)

SYBIL. (*Rolls her eyes.*) Oh, alright. (*JANE pulls a matching flannel robe and boxers in a Lumberjack pattern and holds it in front of herself.*) In that case, let's put Suzanne in this (*Holds up a short, 2-piece peignoir.*)

JANE. What did we call that one? Oh, yes. "Hot To Trot"?

SYBIL. It's called "Anticipation." Lord, you have a one-track mind.

(We see the potted PLANTS behind which George and Paul are hiding move toward the French doors.)

SYBIL. We must remember to tell Suzanne and Rock—

JANE. Cliff.

SYBIL. Cliff—to take their robes off.

JANE. (*Crossing to couch to get Peter's photo and third outfit.*) Oh, don't worry, darling. I'll make sure Cliff gets that message.

SYBIL. Just make sure he knows enough to let Fru Fru see the shorts. Right—that's Combo Number 2.

(The PHONE rings.)

SYBIL. (*Picking up phone.*) Hello? ... Sebastian! ... You're here already? That's great. Come on up. We're in

room 504 ... Fine. 'Bye (*Hangs up.*) What are we going to do with him? There's still so much to be done.

JANE. Don't worry—this is perfect We can get him to try on some of the things we're still working on before Fruferelli gets here.

SYBIL That's a terrific idea.

JANE. (*Pulling a pair of plaid boxers with a sporan on the front out of a box.*) Like the McUndies.

SYBIL. The Tartan Titans? Yes. And I want to see if the novelty items work. Did we bring the Christmas stuff?

(The MEN have a conversation behind the leaves. The PLANTS shake.)

JANE. The Mooning Santas? Are you kidding? Even I know better than that. (*Holding up a pair of briefs with a cotton tail on the back and bunny ears on the front.*) We did bring the Bugs Bunnies, though.

(PAUL and GEORGE exchange puzzled looks.)

SYBIL. (*Giggling.*) Peter Cottontail? Oh no, please, you can't be serious.

JANE Come on Syb, be a sport. I'm dying to see what they look like on

SYBIL. If you're so anxious to see them on, why don't you get Paul to model them for you?

JANE. Don't laugh—he's getting a pair for his birthday.

(There is a KNOCK on the door. SYBIL crosses to open it.)

SYBIL. Sebastian, I presume. I'm Sybil Brunt. Please come in.

(SEBASTIAN enters. HE's a young, handsome, well-built, typical square-jawed model.)

SEBASTIAN. Thank you.

JANE. *(Crossing to Sebastian.)* Hello, I'm Jane Pritchard. *(JANE offers her hand. It is still holding the Peter Cottontails. SHE tosses them onto a chair.)*

SEBASTIAN. Pleased to meet you. I hope you don't mind me being a little early.

SYBIL. Not at all. We're just selecting your outfits, as it happens. But listen, as long as you're here, we have a few items we've never seen modelled. Would you mind trying them on for us? They won't be in the show.

SEBASTIAN. Sure.

(JANE and SYBIL turn away and start rummaging through the stock. SEBASTIAN immediately starts to remove his clothes. Meanwhile, back on the balcony, PAUL and GEORGE are flabbergasted. THEY grab the camera and start filming. GEORGE is shooting while PAUL is playing director, pointing and motioning frantically JANE turns, sees Sebastian shirtless and removing his pants, and gasps audibly.)

SYBIL. *(Turning.)* AAAAGHH! Ah. Um, Sebastian, would you mind doing that in the bathroom?

SEBASTIAN. *(Shrugs.)* Sure What do you want me to change into?

JANE. Oh yes, of course. Forgot about that, didn't we? How about these, for a start? (*SHE hands him the Tartan Titans.*)

SEBASTIAN. Which door?

JANE. (*Pointing.*) That one.

SEBASTIAN. No problem.

(HE picks up his clothes and exits into the bathroom. The WOMEN watch him go. Meanwhile, PAUL and GEORGE have encountered a problem with the camera, and do not see Sebastian exit. Throughout the following, THEY fiddle with the camera.)

SYBIL. God, look at the time.

JANE. (*Looking toward bathroom door.*) What?

SYBIL. I said, "Look at the time." We've got to get a move on.

JANE. Right. Where were we?

SYBIL. Combination number 3.

(Meanwhile, PAUL has opened the camera. HE is trying to deal with all the tape spewing out of it. In his frustration HE hurls the camera over the balcony. GEORGE tries to strangle Paul. THEY fall to the floor, and throughout the following we see their legs kicking as they fight.)

JANE. Oh, yes. Not to worry—I've got Peter's PJs all picked out. (*Holds up a pair of very slinky-looking silk black-and-red pyjamas with little epaulets.*) Midnight Matador.

SYBIL. (*Pulls a frilly, red, vaguely Spanish-looking short nightie off the rack.*) And in keeping with the bullfighting theme, Suzanne gets to wear this.

JANE. Oh, yes. The naughty Spanish thing.

SYBIL. (*Crossing and hanging the nightie on the back of the screen and scribbling in her notepad.*) The Scarlet Senorita. Wonderful.

(The bathroom door opens, and SEBASTIAN enters wearing only the Tartan boxers.)

SEBASTIAN. Here I am.

(The WOMEN turn. HE does a brief walk up and down.)

JANE. Oh, God!

SYBIL. Jane, settle down.

JANE. No, it's not that—look at them! They're way too long! I've got to put a hem on them. Give me some pins.

(SYBIL hands her a pin-holder. The MEN reappear just in time to see JANE kneeling down in front of Sebastian. NB—Jane and Sebastian should be positioned so that he has his back to the French doors.)

JANE. (*With her mouth full of pins.*) Now, hold still.

(SHE takes a pin and starts to hem the boxers. SYBIL continues to straighten up the room.)

JANE. Sybil, could you find me a needle and thread so I can tack these up, please?

SYBIL. Certainly (*Leaning on Sebastian's shoulder, seductively*) Boy, I'm glad you came early.

(At this point, JANE accidentally jabs Sebastian with a pin. SEBASTIAN screams and tries to back away JANE grabs him, inadvertently holding him by the buns, to keep him in place. SEBASTIAN stands still, his arms thrust out sideways. PAUL and GEORGE look on in horror. PAUL is apoplectic. GEORGE is trying to reason with him.)

JANE. I'm sorry. I guess I'm a little nervous. Hold still—I'm nearly done—there. (*SHE stands, backs up and admires her handiwork.*)

JANE. That's perfect What do you think, Sybil?

SYBIL. (*Handing Jane a needle and thread.*) Oh, yes. Splendid.

JANE. Now I've got to see these on. (*SHE hands him the Peter Cottontails.*)

SYBIL Jane!

JANE. Oh, relax Syb, it will only take a minute. Sebastian, would you mind taking the boxers off?

(SEBASTIAN immediately starts to remove the boxers. PAUL sees this and heads for the French door. GEORGE grabs him to stop him. THEY struggle.)

JANE. NOT HERE!! I mean, would you mind changing in the bathroom?

(JANE shows SEBASTIAN into the bathroom and closes the door. PAUL breaks away from George, reaches the

French door and opens it. GEORGE grabs him and pulls him away from the door, and slams it shut. BOTH of them immediately hide. Just as the WOMEN turn to see what caused the noise, the PHONE rings. SYBIL crosses to answer the phone while JANE collects the three men's outfits together.)

SYBIL. (*Answering phone.*) Hello? ... yes Suzanne ... What? ... You're kidding. (*Looks at her watch.*) How did it happen? .... Oh, no. What an idiot. I hope they find him, whoever he is ... Oh, poor you. Poor us! Right, well, thanks for phoning. We'll be in touch ... No, we'll figure something out. Not to worry. Hope you dry out soon . . yes. 'Bye. (*Hangs up.*) Oh, GOD! Catastrophe!

JANE. What?

SYBIL. That was Suzanne, calling from downstairs. Some clown threw a camera off his balcony just as she was coming in to the hotel and it knocked her into the swimming pool!

JANE. Oh, poor thing. Is she coming up?

SYBIL. No, she's a mess. She's going home to recover.

JANE. Oh no! What are we going to do?

SYBIL. I'm thinking, I'm thinking. Blast! We're running out of time!

JANE. Maybe we should call another agency.

SYBIL. We'd never be able to get someone this late in the day.

JANE. There must be someone we can call.

SYBIL. Who else do you know that has her measurements?

(SEBASTIAN enters from the bathroom, wearing the Peter Cottontails.)

SEBASTIAN. How do I look?

SYBIL. You've got them on backwards.

SEBASTIAN. Oops. Sorry. (*HE exits into the bathroom.)*

JANE. There has to be someone we can call.

SYBIL. No, it's too late.

JANE. What are we going to do then?

SYBIL. We'll have to model the women's line ourselves.

JANE. Are you nuts?

SYBIL. Do you have a better idea?

JANE. (*Picks a really skimpy pair of string bikini briefs out of a box.)* Do you seriously expect me to wear this in front of Fru Fru? It's too humiliating. I'm not going to do it. Forget it.

SYBIL. (*Tersely.*) Fine. I'll do it.

JANE. You? What are you talking about? You've never modelled in your life.

SYBIL. Jane, we're talking about modelling, not brain surgery.

JANE. Syb, you know what I mean. Models know how to wear this sort of thing.

SYBIL. And I don't?

JANE. No, it's just that—it's not as easy as it looks.

SYBIL. How hard can it be?

(SYBIL selects a teddy from the rack, begins to prance across the room, holding it in front of her, in bad imitation of a model. On the balcony, GEORGE's head

suddenly pops out from the edge of the French doors, followed by PAUL's head below his The TWO HUSBANDS watch the following scene, goggle-eyed)

SYBIL. (*Holding Teddy against herself.*) What do you think? Is this too much?

JANE. No, it's perfect—if you're planning to appear on America's Funniest Home Videos.

(JANE turns toward the French doors. GEORGE drags PAUL behind cover.)

SYBIL Thanks a bunch. At least I was willing to try

JANE. Sorry Syb, but how can we expect Fru Fru to take us seriously if you're negotiating contracts in your knickers?

SYBIL. Well, it's too late to get a professional.

JANE. We can't parade around the room in our underwear. We need someone who gets *paid* to parade around the room in their underwear.

SYBIL. I guess we'll just have to display the women's line on the rack.

JANE. That won't do. We want to show Fru Fru how the male and female lines complement each other, (*Holding up a female undergarment.*) and in order to do that, we have to hang these on a body.

SYBIL. (*After a beat.*) Does it have to be a live body?

JANE. (*Suspiciously.*) What's the alternative?

SYBIL. Mannequins!

JANE. (*Relieved.*) Mannequins, of course! (*Pause.*) Where are we going to find mannequins?

SYBIL. Downstairs. There have to be at least three clothing stores on the concourse level and they all have mannequins in the window. I'm sure that with my powers of persuasion, I can sweet-talk one of those store owners into lending us a couple for the afternoon.

JANE. (*Beat.*) Better take some cash.

SYBIL. Thank you. How much have you got?

(The HUSBANDS reappear at the French doors and watch as the WOMEN rummage around in their purses. THEY each produce a wad of bills. The HUSBANDS exchange looks.)

JANE. Here. Take it all.

SYBIL. (*Takes the money, kisses it.*) Please, God, let this work out. Come along, Jane Let's go dig up a couple of bodies.

(SYBIL and JANE exit. PAUL and GEORGE enter from the balcony.)

GEORGE. (*Examining the sleeve of his jacket.*) Damn pigeons!

PAUL. (*Pacing.*) Why did you stop me? We had them dead to rights! I was all set to come in here and put an end to this!

GEORGE. Put an end to what?

PAUL. To what's going on in here!

GEORGE. Paul, I know it all looks very suspicious, but I'm not convinced it's what you think it is.

PAUL. What would it take to convince you? A pair of horns growing out of your head?

GEORGE I know my wife. She simply would not do anything like this. Besides, as yet we haven't actually seen them do anything.

PAUL. Haven't seen them do anything? Are you blind? What about this? (*Imitating Jane's rubbing the briefs on her face.*) And this! (*Imitates Sybil's model walk.*) And THIS! (*Crosses to George, gets down on his knees, and grabs him by the buns.*)

(At this very moment, the bathroom door opens, and SEBASTIAN walks in wearing the Peter Cottontails. HE takes to Paul and George.)

SEBASTIAN. Excuse me.

(PAUL and GEORGE shriek and leap away from each other as if electrocuted.)

GEORGE. Where did you come from?

SEBASTIAN. The bathroom. I'll just be in here if you need me—

(HE turns to go into the bathroom. GEORGE and PAUL chase him around the room.)

PAUL and GEORGE. OH, NO YOU DON'T!

(SEBASTIAN tries to get back to the bathroom. GEORGE gets there first and blocks the door. HE turns to escape, and runs into Paul. PAUL and GEORGE back him up and march him around the room.)

PAUL. You're not going anywhere. We want to talk to you.

SEBASTIAN. Please, guys, this isn't my thing.

PAUL. (*Looking down at the Peter Cottontails*) You mean it's a prosthesis?

SEBASTIAN. No, no, I mean, I'm just not into it.

PAUL. Don't give me that. We know what you're into.

SEBASTIAN. (*Gulps.*) You do?

PAUL. What I want to know is, how much do you charge?

SEBASTIAN. Believe me, you couldn't pay me enough

PAUL You can't be more than the other one. He didn't even do anything, and he wanted three hundred bucks an hour

GEORGE. Plus parking.

SEBASTIAN I'm sorry, I really am. I'm sure you're very nice guys. I don't know who you are, or what you're doing here—well I mean, I *do* know what you're doing here—

PAUL. You don't understand—we need you.

SEBASTIAN. No, you don't. Believe me. What you need is—listen, I've got a friend. He won't charge you anything at all! He does it for fun! Tell you what—I'll just go and get him for you. (*HE bolts for the door and exits.*)

GEORGE. Gee, he even runs like a rabbit.

PAUL. He'll be rabbit stew if he shows that tail of his in here again. So, are you convinced yet?

GEORGE. I must admit, it doesn't look good ...

PAUL. George, you've just seen a guy running around your wife's hotel room wearing nothing but a pair of bunny ears! What more do you need?

GEORGE. I don't know—maybe we'll find out when the next guy shows up.

(The PHONE rings. GEORGE goes over and picks up the receiver.)

GEORGE. (*Very reasonable.*) Hello. . . No, she's not .. Who am I? George Brunt. Who are you? ... Cliff Strang.

PAUL. (*Holds up Cliff's photo and points to it.*) Cliff

GEORGE. (*To Paul.*) SSh!! ... And you're here for your 3 o'clock "session"?

PAUL. (*Grinding his hips, obscenely.*) *Session*

GEORGE. (*To Paul.*) Huh? ... (*Into the phone, still reasonable.*) Oh, sorry. What was that? . (*HE turns to Paul.*) He says he's so excited about this he can hardly contain himself ... (*Into phone.*) Yes, I see ... (*To Paul*) He says, this is virgin territory, and he can't wait to get started ... *because he's never done it in a hotel room before!*

(PAUL smiles in triumph and shrugs.)

GEORGE. (*Gathering steam.*) Well I've got some bad news for you, "Cliff," there isn't going to be any 3 o'clock "session" ... That's right. It's been postponed. Permanently ... That's right—no session. And no session fee, either ... I wouldn't come up here if I were you, Cliff—it might not be good for your health. No, I think you'd better just saddle up that goat of yours and ride on out of town. (*To Paul.*) He hung up.

PAUL. Now who's scaring them off?

GEORGE. What are you talking about?

PAUL. (*Mimicking George.*) You should have let him come up—let them get on with it. Get it all on tape—

GEORGE. Little tricky now that the camera's decorating the parking lot. Besides I've seen all I need to see.

PAUL. Seeing isn't enough, I'm afraid. You said it yourself—we need some hard evidence.

GEORGE. (*Indicating the door.*) Bugs Bunny there was all the hard evidence we needed, and you let him hop out the door.

PAUL. Me? I was trying to interrogate him! What the hell were you doing?

GEORGE. Look, there's no point in crying over runaway rabbits. What's done is done.

PAUL. So what are we going to do now?

GEORGE. (*Crossing to the bedroom.*) I'll tell you what *I'm* going to do. I'm going to spoil their fun and games. I'm going to take their toys (*HE returns with several empty boxes and starts flinging stuff into them.*) and I'm going home. You're welcome to join me if you want.

PAUL. My God, what a little conviction does to a man! Maybe you're right. I don't think I'm cut out to be a voyeur.

GEORGE. Well then, don't just stand there—give me a hand.

PAUL. Right. (*HE grabs an empty box and begins to collect lingerie from the rack.*) I always wondered what their fascination was with the underwear business.

GEORGE. I'm more concerned about their fascination with the monkey business.

PAUL. It's so humiliating—to think that for three years we've been fooled into believing this was a legitimate enterprise, when all this time it was just a front for them to indulge their fantasies.

GEORGE. I had no idea Sybil's fantasies included goats. (*HE inspects a rather large-cup bra and puts it in his pocket.*)

PAUL And to think they have to pay for the privilege! It's so degrading!! Three hundred bucks an hour!

GEORGE. Plus parking.

PAUL. (*Looks around the room. THEY have cleaned out most of the hanging garments.*) Let's get this stuff down to the car. We'll have to come back for the rest (*THEY lift a box each.*)

GEORGE. What if security sees us with all this? Aren't we going to look somewhat suspicious?

PAUL. Good point. There's a fire exit at the other end of the hall. Let's take the stairs.

(HE exits, carrying one of the boxes. GEORGE looks around the room and follows him.)

GEORGE. (*From off.*) I'm leaving the door open—(*His voice fades.*) I don't want to wear out my blood donor card—

(The tiniest of beats.)

JANE. (*Off.*) Ow!

SYBIL. (*Off.*) What happened?

JANE. (*Off.*) The elevator tried to eat my foot!

(JANE and SYBIL enter the main door from the right, huffing and puffing, carrying a mannequin each.)

JANE. How could anything this thin weigh this much?
SYBIL. (*Putting down mannequin.*) Phew!
JANE. Did you leave the door open?
SYBIL. No. I thought you did.

(SHE looks around the room, looks back to mannequin, double-takes to missing lingerie, races into the bedroom to look, comes back in and SCREAMS. At the sound of Sybil's scream, JANE's head snaps up and collides with the mannequin SHE's attempting to put down DS.)

JANE. Ow!! What is it?
SYBIL. We've been robbed!!!
JANE. We've been robbed? (*Looks around the room, screams, looks at mannequin.*) WE'VE BEEN ROBBED!!

(JANE and SYBIL run around the room, panicking.)

JANE. What are we gonna do? What are we gonna do?
SYBIL. (*Running around the room, checking in empty boxes, behind cushions, under the couch, etc.)* I can't believe it! How could this happen? We've only been gone five minutes!
JANE. (*Running around in little circles, pacing back and forth.*) What are we gonna do? What are we gonna do?
SYBIL. (*Continuing her search.*) Who would want to steal a bunch of lingerie? (*SHE holds up a small pair of bikini briefs.)* Must be an anorexic theft ring or something.

JANE (*Running up to Sybil and grabbing her by the shoulders.*) What are we gonna do? What are we gonna do?

SYBIL. What are we gonna do? Fruferelli's going to be here any minute. I'll tell you what we're gonna do—we're gonna ... we're gonna ... we're gonna jump off the balcony, that's what we're gonna do!!

JANE. Good idea. (*Takes a step toward the balcony.*)

SYBIL (*Yanking Jane back.*) Bad idea. Now, come on We're adults. We're intelligent. We're capable. We can figure a way out of this. Think!

JANE. But we're going to lose out on our five million bucks!!

SYBIL. THINK!!

(THEY pace in step, JANE following SYBIL.)

JANE. (*Thinks hard for a few seconds.*) I still like the balcony idea.

SYBIL. (*Ignoring her.*) I've got it! We'll call security!!

(THEY both march to the phone, in step, and reach for the receiver.)

SYBIL. Wait a moment—they're going to want details. Let's figure out what's missing.

(THEY both head for the nearest empty box and peer into it in unison.)

SYBIL (*Looks at Jane.*) You know, there's a better way of doing this. You figure out what's missing, I'll call security

JANE. Right

(SYBIL dashes to the phone, JANE grabs Sybil's checklist and pen and starts making notes.)

SYBIL. (*Into phone.*) Could you put me through to Security please? ... Hello, Security? This is room 504. I'd like to report a robbery ... Lingerie ... LINGERIE .. (*Sighs.*) L, I, N— (*Through gritted teeth.*) underwear ... That's right ... Oh, I don't know exactly, several dozen pieces, anyway ... Yes, it all belongs to me. Us. ... My friend. My business partner ... No, not that kind of business, the LINGERIE business! ... L, I, N—look, never mind, could you just send someone up here? Thank you. (*Hangs up phone.*) They're on their way.

JANE. Good. (*Looking in boxes.*) It doesn't look as if they've taken any of the men's stuff—just what we need—transvestite burglars.

SYBIL. Sebastian!

JANE. What about him?

SYBIL. (*Heading for the bathroom.*) We left him in the bathroom.

JANE. (*Following her.*) Oh my God—do you think he did it?

(As SYBIL and JANE disappear into the bathroom, PAUL enters through the main door wearing a huge sombrero tied with a string under his chin. GEORGE follows on his heels wearing a balaclava.)

GEORGE. A little late for disguises, isn't it?

PAUL. You never know who you're going to run into.

(THEY begin throwing the rest of the lingerie in boxes.)

GEORGE. Couldn't we have picked something a little less conspicuous?

PAUL. That's all I had in the trunk.

GEORGE. Whatever you say, Sancho!

PAUL. Well, it looks like we've got most of it—*(Sees the bathroom door.)* what's in here?

(PAUL opens the bathroom door. HE and GEORGE disappear inside, closing the door behind themselves Brief pause, immediately followed by a loud SCREAM from EVERYONE in the bathroom. The door flies open, and GEORGE comes out with his hands up, followed by SYBIL, with a blow-dryer stuck pistol-fashion between his shoulder blades.)

GEORGE. Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

SYBIL. Hold it right there!

(GEORGE and SYBIL are immediately followed by JANE, dragging PAUL out of the room by the handle of a plunger which has been stuck to his face. Paul's sombrero is gone. JANE follows GEORGE and SYBIL to centre, swings PAUL around by the handle, and stops him centre stage. SHE plants a foot on his middle and pulls. The plunger comes off, revealing a large

black ring on Paul's face. At the same time, SYBIL grabs George's balaclava and pulls it off.)

JANE. Paul!

SYBIL. George! What are you doing here? We thought you were burglars!

GEORGE. (*To Sybil, looking at the blow dryer.*) Is that thing loaded?

SYBIL. What? (*Looks down at dryer.*) Oh. Sorry. (*Tosses it away.*) Anyway, you haven't answered my question. What are you two doing here?

GEORGE. (*Smouldering.*) The same could be asked of you.

SYBIL. What do you mean, darling?

GEORGE. Don't you "darling" me—

PAUL. (*Interrupting him.*) That's right, don't you darling him—(*To George.*) what did I tell you? Number one—pretend nothing is wrong. (*To Jane.*) We know exactly what you're up to.

JANE. (*Confused.*) You do?

PAUL. Do I look like an idiot?

JANE. (*Looking at the black plunger ring on his face.*) Well—

PAUL. Don't answer that. What I mean is, we'd have to be idiots not to know what's going on here.

JANE. I have no idea what you're talking about.

PAUL (*To George.*) There we are—number two. Denial.

JANE. Denial of what?

PAUL. Oh come on, Jane, the clues are all around you—the hotel suite, (*Waves at photos*) the entertainment,

(*Indicates the boxes.*) and all these other "frills"—pulling out all the stops for Sybil's mum, aren't you?

JANE (*To Sybil.*) I told you that excuse was getting a little thin.

SYBIL (*To Jane.*) Be quiet. (*To George.*) How did you know where to find us?

GEORGE. Easy. We followed you.

SYBIL. You what?

JANE. (*To Paul.*) And you went along with this?

GEORGE. It was his idea ...

PAUL. Shut up.

GEORGE. ... even brought a video camera with him

PAUL. SHUT UP!!

SYBIL. You mean you broke in here?

GEORGE. Well, we didn't exactly "break" in. We slipped the lock with a blood donor card.

JANE. Ask a silly question!

PAUL. I'm calling my lawyer.

SYBIL. (*Outraged.*) You just might need him. (*To George.*) I don't know why you've done this, but you are about to screw up the most exciting afternoon of our lives—

GEORGE. Woman, have you no shame?

SYBIL. —and we have far too much to do without having to worry about the pair of you. But take my word for it, George Brunt, when I get you alone you're not going to know what hit you.

PAUL. Number Three. The attack.

SYBIL. (*Rounding on Paul.*) And don't think I don't know who started all this! When I'm finished with him I'm coming after you!

PAUL. She's bloody insatiable, George!

SYBIL. (*Pushing George.*) Now get out of my way. As if your arrival isn't catastrophic enough, we also have to deal with a robbery. Some pervert has ripped off most of our lingerie.

GEORGE. Must have been Harvey.

JANE. Who?

GEORGE. That six-foot rabbit you were keeping in the bathroom. We chased him out of here.

JANE. (*To Sybil.*) So it was Sebastian, after all.

GEORGE. (*Singing.*) "There goes Peter Cottontail, hoppin' down the bunny trail ..."

SYBIL. George! This is a crisis! You could at least show us a little support!

GEORGE. (*Pulls the bra from his pocket.*) Looks to me as if you've got all the support you need.

SYBIL. Where did you get that?

PAUL. Where do you think he got it? (*Indicating boxes.*) Out of one of those bins of iniquity. Right after you finished your Gypsy Rose Lee routine. (*HE imitates her earlier "model walk."*)

SYBIL. What are you doing?

GEORGE. Looks like the Funky Chicken to me

JANE. You took the stuff? You mean you broke in here and stole our lingerie? What gall, what unmitigated gall, Paul! How could you do something so stupid?

PAUL. I think we were very brave.

GEORGE. And I think we were totally justified.

JANE. And I think we'll have you both arrested! Do you realize what you've done?

PAUL. I think we have a pretty good idea

SYBIL. You don't have a clue. You idiots! You may have cost us our future. We stood to make a lot of money here today.

GEORGE. Stood? And how much do you expect to make lying down?

SYBIL. George, what on earth has got into you?

GEORGE. The question is, what has got into YOU?

SYBIL. The thrill of private enterprise.

GEORGE. (*Pole-axed.*) Oh my God.

SYBIL. Look, we don't have time to stand around and argue. So you two can just go and retrieve the things you stole and bring them back here on the double.

PAUL. We'll do nothing of the kind. If you think we're going to be party to this "private enterprise" of yours, you're sadly mistaken. (*PAUL crosses his arms.*)

JANE. Fine. Where did you put them? We'll get them ourselves.

(GEORGE imitates Paul's stance. THEY look at one another, then back to the women and shrug.)

JANE. You listen to me, Paul. If you don't return our property immediately, we're calling the police.

GEORGE. You wouldn't dare.

SYBIL and JANE. Try us.

GEORGE. Come on, Paul, let's get the rest of these scanties out of here.

(HE scoops up an armload. PAUL does likewise.)

SYBIL. (*Running to the door and barring the way.*) Call the police, Jane, call the police.