

Scene Two

The lights come up on the larder set.

MIMI, *who is very petite, is there with a fly swatter, trying to swat a fly. She swats one on to a ham.*

RENÉ *opens the door and enters.*

RENÉ Mimi. How many times must I tell you, you must not swat flies on the ham, swat them on the currant cake, they do not show up.

MIMI Oh René.

RENÉ Do not start until you have got on the stool.

She climbs on a one foot high stool.

Now.

MIMI Oh René.

RENÉ Oh Mimi. To feel your firm, young vibrant body through your thin blouse against my stiff apron.

MIMI Oh René. My cucumber. My carrot. My button mushroom...

RENÉ It must be colder in the larder than I thought.

MIMI René, does it upset you that men pay me for my favours?

RENÉ It is war, Mimi, and you must have quite a bit put aside by now.

MIMI I put the money in my stocking under the bed. It is nearly full.

RENÉ If you had longer legs, think how rich we would be. You have a special booking tonight with the Colonel.

MIMI Not the flying helmet.

RENÉ I am afraid so.

MIMI And the wet celery.