

the big boobies from the cellar to a safe place known only to me. After the war, we can sell it.

RENÉ What if the Colonel and the Captain want it back?

EDITH They cannot have it.

RENÉ What if they torture me?

EDITH You do not know where it is, so you cannot tell them.

RENÉ What if they torture you?

EDITH I will tell them that you know.

RENÉ And this is supposed to put my mind at rest. And what about the forged painting in the sausage in the kitchen?

EDITH We cannot be shot for having a forged painting. You just leave the worrying to me, René, and maybe tonight, when we are lying in bed, a thought will come into your mind.

RENÉ If it does, it will be about the Fallen Madonna with the big boobies.

EDITH The rest of these tables must be prepared. *(She calls)* Yvette, you are neglecting your duties. Attend to the tables.

*There is more banging from upstairs.*

Coming, Mama.

EDITH *goes.*

RENÉ *(to the audience)* As you see, just an everyday story of war-torn France. Well, there is only one way that a Frenchman can get rid of his worries. *(He goes to the kitchen door and raps on it)* The coast is clear.

YVETTE *enters.*

YVETTE René.

RENÉ Yvette.

*They embrace.*