

## HEAT & LOVE

Imagine New Orleans transported to North London's Crouch End. Kate Holmwood, a winsome secretary and her awful boss Maitre Bjourke work in a Legal Consultancy where the weather is either tropical (AKA Streetcar Named Desire) or freezing (AKA Fulham High Street in March). The plot hinges around the legal goings-on and involve the local Belgian mafia, the now privatised Russian Secret Service, MI5 (who have taken it over) and the wild affair between Kate and the Russian Colonel who is also known as a Russian Countess....

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Frank Lauder

ACT: 1 2-23

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*Characters.*

Kate Holmwood            A receptionist of 23

Mike <sup>^</sup>*drunk, later brilliant* ^ boxer

Mr Bloggs                A Lawyer

Bjourkes                A Belgian Lawyer

Henriette Rosenberg    An ageing receptionist

Countess Polinskaya    A Russian Countess

*a.k.a. Colonel Viktor Koromovorosky*

Mr Smith                An MI5 Agent

*(Smith uses a hearing aid)*

A Reporter              of either sex

\* ^ adjustable, see pp 10, 36 /*pushin*' 24

Bloggs-Bjourkes, and Polinskaya-Koromovorosky are dual roles

BLOGGS

ACT 1

SCENE 1: *We are in the reception area of a very expensive Lawyers office, it is high summer in Crouch End, everyone is wreathed in sweat: the large circular fan on the ceiling never ceases to turn, even though it changes pace as scenes hot up or go down: Kate is wearing a revealing and diaphanous low-cut dress, the lawyer wears a city suit and wipes his brow, collar etc., from time to time with a handkerchief: the radio, with easy listening music, some of it from France Musique or Radio Monte Carlo, plays in the b/g: Throughout all relevant scenes and especially in the lawyers office, a constant babble of different languages is heard as a b/g sound.*

KATE

Oh no! How can I spend another summer in fashionably chic London town when all around me is a-sizzling: oh *(makes gesture)* this terrible heat... this terrible heat threatens to burst my very body asunder...!

MIKE *(sparring)*

... then this fight breaks out... What can you do when a damn fight breaks out!... what d'you do ? You react., that's what you do.. ! so I reacted, that's what...!

KATE

Yes... except., simple really except that Crouch End, as everybody knows, is the very centre of European respectability, the very soul of refined control and deportment, the....

*a wail of horror from KATE as chair smashes..*

...very centre of all that is respectable and *Victorian* in good ole sunny London town!

*Lawyer Mr BLOGGS enters:*

BLOGGS

..I heard that... it's true, but you can't keep wearing those filmy summer things around a lawyers office .... Miss Kate. It's just not..... legal..

KATE

..and why not, pray, Mister Bloggs... why not, pray... after all a womans body gets hot... hot... in all this (*Gestures'*) in all this... *foreign* ...heat

BLOGGS

Ahem ... though this is a European legal consultancy in Crouch End Miss Holmwood.... a certain dress code should be followed ...!

KATE

..do you always have to reduce me to a number... just an anonymous name ?... my name's KATE... don't you forget that.. *Jeremy Bloggs*...!

BLOGGS

..yes, no, I mean., just a minute., but I...

KATE

...it's not for you to say., you're just a man, Mister Bloggs... just a lawyer... but me... looky here, I'm a woman... look at this flesh... oh! God! This summer's a sizzling and a gnawing at my very bones...! (*she makes as if to expose her chest*) you see, lawyer Bloggs, you see, don't you..!

*(an emotional moment)*

BLOGGS

No.. I mean my name is *Bertrand*., not...

HENRIETTE

(radio personality) said it's going to be 93 degrees today... oh dear, my ice-cream's melting..!

*second lawyer Mr BJOURKES enters:*

BJOURKES

Good morning..! Good Morning! Nice day for hard work...  
isn't it..!

HENRIETTE

Oh, it's you !

KATE

These darn Belgians! Why Oh Why are they always  
beavering away round here eh! I mean, what's so attractive  
about sleepy Crouch End., it's jus' another seethin'  
honeypot like all the others !

BJOURKES

Well, life and money are all the same, aren't they!  
Indivisible, aren't they ?

KATE

Life... money! Who care's about lousy money... it's the  
damn heat that's a driving me crazy !

HENRIETTE

Hear, Hear !

BJOURKES

Rubbish ! Work is good for the soul! Hard, unending work...

*DEAD SILENCE They stare daggers at BJOURKES*

BJOURKES

Busy day, is it ? HaHa! Come on, get moving., money to be made!

BJOURKES exits to office:

KATE

..'scuse me, Mister Bloggs, but (*overhearing (radio personality) prog on Radio 2:to HENRIETTE*) damn James Young(name)... may he rot in hell..!

HENRIETTA

..leave Jimmy Young(name) out of this, Kate  
Holmwood.. what's he ever done to you...!

SMITH

*(Mops brow)* Well, what can I say....

KATE

..It's not what he's a doin to me... not what he's a  
doin' to the Whole World .. it's this damn heat..! The  
Crouch End is a'burnin' up, I swear it... I swear it..!

BLOGGS

Now Kate... take yourself in hand.... I'm worried about  
you, my girl....

KATE

..no Bloggs... you're a kind man, I know... but  
this malaise that's a gnawin' away at my bones  
is not of your a makin'

*Blackout as the lights fuse: DARKNESS:*

MIKE

..dammit, if the lights haven't fused..!

KATE

...blast this heat... and I had so much to say., so much livin' to do., and yet snuffed out at the last moment by a damn fuse... oh, this heat's making my very body burst with the frustration, the obsession... I'm gonna be relegated to nowhere and at my age I'm already feeling the savage pull of nature... oh all these forces., these forces greater than myself... and at such an age... such a damn age... and this feeling in my belly I

HENRIETTA

...I'll call the electricians..

*We hear fumbling in the dark; FX: SLAP*

BLOGGS

Oww ! Sorry my eh... Dear !

KATE

..now keep your hands to yourself Mr Bloggs...

BLOGGS

..Oh.. I was just looking for the fuse wire Miss Kate..

HENRIETTA

...(dials phone)... is that the elect... no, not the plumber... yes... no... oh., dammit! Where's the matches/torch

KATE

..Oh., can no-one save us from this urban blight...?! *The*

*lights suddenly come on:*

BLOGGS

Divine Intervention! That's what I call it...!

MIKE

Divine Intervention... as if the Lord above were trying to say something to us all... (*he looks up at heaven.*) Is this a message: was that a sign !

KATE

...Oh... the very Lord above., he who seals our fates....! the very Lord.... the savage pull of nature...!, after all I'm only a receptionist...

\*\* merely a 23 year old receptionist in the throes of life and yet ....

*BLACKOUT*

End of Scene 1

SCENE 2: The same place, ten minutes later. *All the staff  
are busy, clients enter and exit:*

*BLOGGS appears at inner door:*

BLOGGS

Miss Holmwood... !

KATE

You called, Mister Bloggs....

BLOGGS

I certainly did, Miss Kate .....

KATE

..comin' Mr Bloggs..

*She leaves: HENRIETTE heaves a sigh of relief:*

HENRIETTA

Well thank God for that.... she's beginning to drive me  
crazy....!

MIKE

She's a sweet girl... a real sweet girl!

HENRIETTE

She's as crazy as Lawyer Mijnheer Bjourkes... the wierd mean, slimy, so and so .....

MIKE

Don't say that about my sweet Kate... she's a little overstressed, that's all..!

HENRIETTE

You don't have to share the Ladies Powder room with her makeup bags!

MIKE

But that's to help her look beautiful, that's all... be serious Miss Rosenberg... she's not clever like you... she's just ...our little Kate... the little girl with a big appetite for life...!

HENRIETTE

One day she'll bite off more than she can chew!

MIKE (*sparring*)

After I've won my next fight, I..I'll make sure you're all happy...! anyway, Henriette... she says it's the heat., the damn...

No... it's Crouch End... seething with foreigners with strange accents, smoking smelly cigarettes illegally ... I wonder, did they bring this heat wave with them ? My God, it's hot! Well at least she's removed her steaming body from behind this desk...!

MIKE

..she's got a lovely body... a beautiful body.. I mean the things....

At this moment the COUNTESS POLINSKAYA walks into the office: she has great presence and a Russian accent.

COUNTESS POLINSKAYA

... I wish to speak with a lawyer... a good lawyer., the very best you have...

HENRIETTE (*Grovels*)

Countess Polinskaya ... simply amazing to see you...  
Countess Polinskaya ... simply didn't expect to see you

COUNTESS POLINSKAYA

Well... what are you waiting for?... get me a lawyer...  
simply the best .....

HENRIETTE (*grits teeth*)

...the best we have...

MIKE

Hullo, Countess P..Poli.. would you like to sit down.... ?

COUNTESS POLINSKAYA

(*averts nose; slowly*)

...just..get...me...a..lawyer ...FAST!

HENRIETTA

(*clicks intercom*) .... are you free, Mr Bjourkes?

MIKE

...Oh, yeah, Countess Polinskaya ... it's wonderful to see you... that's all!

BJOURKES

*(peeks round door)*

Here I am, Countess., here I am.. My God it's hot!.. *(wipes brow)*

COUNTESS POLINSKAYA

Ah, Mister Bjourkes.. or should I say Mijnheer, or perhaps Monsieur... anyway., how lovely to see you...!

I find you Belgians all so captivating ! And there are so many of you here in Crouch End !

HENRIETTE

*(to intercom)*...anything you like, just get on with it..!

BJOURKES

Do what... what was zat?

HENRIETTE

Just a joke... can't you take a joke...?! Oh., it must be the heat!

BJOURKES

Just watch your step... at your age receptionists jobs are hard to find!

*BJOURKES ushers the Countess Polinskaya through:*

*HENRIETTE gets tearful:*

MIKE

Eh.... *(to break mood)*...who is Countess Polinskaya, Henriette...?

She's a very important client *(sob)* Mike... a very important client... indeed... we do so much work for her that we'd be a poor lawyers office if she wasn't around., and, you know the fact is if the rich weren't rich.... why, the poor would be even poorer!..

MIKE

Is that because they'd have to join us in working, Henrietta, thus takin' our jobs...?

HENRIETTE

Yes, that's what they say Mike ... that's the way.....

MIKE

... it goes..!

*(thinks a beat)* ...yes, but why is she always here, Henriette.... after all when I'm delivering stuff around the place... even in this heat-*(mops brow)*... I deliver stuff around to her huge house, just around the corner from the swimming pool...! I mean... what does she do...?!

#### HENRIETTA

I guess she's Foreign... rich, yes, they say it's tough, being rich ..... you should know better than to ask about the business of our clients, Mike... after all you're the messenger, not... rich... like - her !

#### MIKE

...yes I know... I...I'm just a broken-down boxer but... I can still pack a mean punch..! *(he sparrs around the reception area)*....

#### HENRIETTE

Just sparring is not enough Mike... you know it's the next fight which is the big one...! Specially round here... after all Crouch End is now the richest place in England .. ! Odd, that? I read that in the Grauniad today....

#### MIKE *(downcast)*

...yes., you're right.. I'm just a broken down...

*BJOURKES enters:*

BJOURKES

..run this over to Countess Polinskaya's doctor, will you  
Mike... and make it snappy ...

HENRIETTE

Oh! .....can't you see how he's suffering... and this  
heat don't help... can't you see...!

BJOURKES

Huh ...! (*mutters something in Flemish*)

*BJOURKES exits:*

*HENRIETTE and MIKE look at each other:*

MIKE

What's wrong with her ? the Countess... I mean.. what's  
gone wrong... is she ill?... I...

BJOURKES'S (*Voice, mutter*)

... for goodness sake shutup and deliver that  
package... or else!.... you punch-drunk creep...!

MIKE

I understand.. Mister Bjourkes... no it's alright...  
I'll....

*He leaves, crushed, clutching package;*

*KATE enters:*

KATE

... oh dear... Mister Bloggs can be so... so.. indiscriminate....  
sometimes... *(she straightens her décolleté)*.... I'm always  
telling him... be more gentle Mister Bloggs... but... Oh, and  
my makeup's all upset... Oh... this damn heat... I'll just have  
to straighten myself up a mo'!

*Kate exits to straighten makeup:*

*HENRIETTE*

This is awful... awful... the damn heat and that swine  
Bjourkes and Jeremy..Bloggs and....

Voice of -(name)—

*(on Radio, bright & breezy)*

... yes., so they say it'll top 97 degrees today, that's 38  
degrees for our Foreign listeners, so make sure there's  
plenty of ice in your lemonade... blimey it's hot!

HENRIETTE

...blast you... James (name)- ! (*smashes radio*)

*BLOGGS enters, straightening suit:*

BLOGGS

Hey, that was a perfectly good radio .....

HENRIETTE

...is that all you can think of... all you can think of., what about this damn heat!

BLOGGS

..as you know Miss Rosenberg, we are here to make money., whatever the weather... and whatever the clientele... be serious ... Henriette...

HENRIETTE

..you didn't say that in the winter when you had chilblains... I had to call-off a high court case.. I had to tell the judge that you had fallen over in the bath and hurt your.....

## BLOGGS

...now that's enough of that Miss Rosenberg... by the way, I hope you've been doing your language lessons, they're becoming more important every day, here in Crouch End, what with the Russians, Italians, Japanese, the other 46 local languages, and the Belgians of course..!

## HENRIETTE

Of course I have... if it wasn't for this unseasonal heat I would have finished my study segment 37A in Japanese and Physics for the OU yesterday ! But I just can't concentrate any more... it's not only the constant smattering of languages and the different exchange rates they offer at Budgens, the butcher's shop and the greengrocers, which strains my arithmetic to it's limit, but it's the stress... the constant ...

## BLOGGS

Oh, don't worry, we're well-in with the Belgian clique and the Russian bloc, Miss Rosenberg, so your future's assured..!

## HENRIETTE

...and it wasn't *Miss Rosenberg* a couple of years ago., it was *Henrietta... Darling Henrietta...* do you remember *Mister Bloggs.... Bertrand... Darling....*  
Oh ....(*sobs*).... I've been used... used...! (*Stops suddenly*)...by the way ... isn't Bertrand actually *Bertrande* ...isn't it French., or *Belgian* or something ...!

BLOGGS

..now pull yourself together Miss... eh... Henriette ...eh.  
Oh, look, here comes Mr Smith.

*SMITH enters:*

SMITH

.... something important to discuss with you ....Bloggs ...  
but must speak in private...

BLOGGS

*(relieved)*... well yes.. Mr Smith., please come this  
way.....

*They exit (to next scene):*

HENRIETTE

So that's how you treat your lovers... *(Sobs)*....oh, what can  
an ageing receptionist do...! Damn you James --- ! *(picks  
up the remains of the radio and hurtles it through the  
entrance door. As she does so it bursts back into EASY  
LISTENING. And what is the Belgian Connexion..!*

BLACKOUT End of Act 1

ACT 2

Scene: *we are in BLOGGS's office, it is piled high  
with papers: KATE, BLOGGS and SMITH:*

BLOGGS

Yes, thank you Kate (*he pats her bum*)... you can go now  
dear... why not straighten-up your makeup !

KATE

Oohh! Sure, Mister Bloggs...!

*KATE exits:*

BLOGGS (*to Smith*)

Nice girl, Kate

SMITH

Lovely..!

BLOGGS (*Absent mindedly*)

I always like to surround myself with lovely things....! But it's getting too hot around here, now...

SMITH

Do what?

BLOGGS

Oh, too hot for lovely... plants and things... you know... global warming and all that stuff...

SMITH

Lovely things.....yes.. I have to talk to you in confidence...

BLOGGS

...well..now... we really should get on with the paternity suit with....

SMITH

No, No, No ....! It's more important than any footling paternity suit-

BLOGGS

Oh, you mean ...the divorce... (*turns over papers*) eh... your Brazilian wife.. Mrs. Eh... Eh... no., your Romanian... no eh...eh... *Wow!* Gosh! Did you know that it's illegal to.. !

SMITH

No... no ... it's altogether a more delicate matter... to do with a client of *yours*...

BLOGGS (*sifts files*)

My word... you have been around, haven't you, man of the world, Mister Smith., (*shifts pile of paper, we see there are many files for Smith*)...well I'll have to think for a moment..

SMITH

... no... don't think.., don't think.., I have something here... oh, where is it? ..No, you won't., let me show you something.. (*fumbles in trousers and takes out PASS I-D*)

BLOGGS

London Transport ?

SMITH

Sorry, that's the wrong *one*...(fumbles) .. here it is..

BLOGGS

...S..I..W... what on earth is that.....

SMITH

no... no... (*reverses Pass*) ... here...

BLOGGS

oh... M.I.5.... Oh!... well I didn't think they'd be interested in us...! Why for heaven's sake! I mean this is Crouch End ..I...

SMITH

Precisely!... Interested..in you! I say, relax Old Boy-I'll be darned..!

BLOGGS

...WS<sup>0</sup>1 ell it is true that... Miss... I mean Henriette and me..I .. I mean that was years ago.. Kate? .....look, I'll do anything you ask... just don't let my wife know

BLOGGS  
...! (*Breaks down*) after all, she owns the bloody lot...  
these damned Belgians !

SMITH  
No, no it's not that... it's just not that... !

BLOGGS  
..Oh damn., it's not my fault... not a court in... bloody  
Brazil... would find me guilty., after all I only did it  
because she forced me to ! No ... it's the heat., it's just  
the heat...!

SMITH (*adjusts hearing aid*)  
.... Nothing to do with the heating Mr Bloggs.....  
listen to me Mr Bloggs, just a moment... just listen to me  
for goodness sake ! (*he fiddles with his hearing aid  
again - he's always doing this*) Damn thing has gone on  
the blink... darn government surplus stuff...!

*BLOGGS has broken down and is crying:*

SMITH  
.... Let me get a receptionist... (*opens door, calls out*)  
Miss... er... Miss... er!

*KATE enters:*

KATE (*sweetly*)

Mr Smith... how are you.!...

SMITH

Wonderful thank you Miss., er

KATE

Just call me Kate! Hot day, isn't it !

SMITH

*(fiddles with hearing aid)*

Half pay ? Well, why not! ..Ouch., yes .. Kate

KATE

*(Registers')*

Oh, Poor Mr Bloggs...

SMITH

We need some water...heatstroke..or something..

KATE

Oh., water... well don't we all, Mr Smith... after all., the heat., the damn heat!

SMITH

Yes, it is rather., eh... warm... anyway, a carafe would do nicely....

KATE

Just a moment, Mr Smith..

*she leaves to fetch water. SMITH shakes BLOGGS:*

SMITH

Listen Bloggs... it's important... confidential..!

BLOGGS

*(sits up suddenly)*

...yes Smith... what is it?

SMITH

I have to ask you about one of your clients.... the Countess Polinskaya...

BLOGGS

The Countess Polinsk...? Why, Smith... what is it..?

SMITH

..it's just that she's a K.G.B. Colonel... actually her name is Viktor Koromovorosky, but for all intents and purposes...

BLOGGS

D'you meant to tell me that the Countess Polinskaya is a...

SMITH

Colonel Koromovorosky...!

BLOGGS

My God!... and I can't even pronounce it... mind you, I can't pronounce half the bloody names in Crouch End..!

SMITH

Oh, I don't know... it isn't that difficult., gosh, it is rather warm, isn't it! Global Warming, or something, isn't it..!

KATE

*(comes back in, with a carafe of water and a glass)*

*sweetly:*

Well, here it is, then... shall I call a doctor!

BLOGGS

*(shouts)*

Oh... go away, silly girl., can't you see we're talking...!

*KATE leaves, upset.*

SMITH

I say., with all due respect, Bloggs, there's no point in shouting at your receptionist..., after all she's a... nice sort of girl..

BLOGGS

Is she?... is she?...In her place, Smith... in her bloody place...!

SMITH

..In her place eh!... oh, yes, well... to get back to business... we, we at the office, have a suspicion about Viktor... I mean the Countess... you see she, he, was seen in a discotheque in Bayswater last Wednesday...

BLOGGS

My God! The Countess Polinskaya.. at a discotheque..! ... I mean it's hot enough already., isn't it., this damn heat..!

SMITH

No, well, it was air-conditioned, I believe ..no...  
Viktor Koromovorosky... actually he cuts quite a dash in  
jeans... so they say... fast car ... only fiftyish.. leather  
jacket, looks a bit like Brando sometimes., good figure.,  
you know... bit of a wow with the girls.... you know... I  
say, yes, yes, it is a bit warm, isn't it!

BLOGGS

... at her age... I think the whole thing is., well..

SMITH

...yes, but to come back to the nub of the thing... he's  
been hobnobbing with a few legal eagles... you  
know... girl eagles, from down Greys Inn... which they  
tell me is pretty unleashed after hours...!

BLOGGS

... I know... creeping decadence you know... never  
would let a woman into these offices... oh no ! Well ?

SMITH

... Obviously getting stuck into the legal establishment...  
don't cha know... but what we want to know is .. but  
what's he do here..?, he must be here for some reason or  
other. That's what I have to find out..!

## BLOGGS

... I... I don't know whether I'm at liberty to tell you...

## SMITH

... But we must know his movements... we have grave doubts as to the function which he fulfills within the Soviet Military Machine... who knows, perhaps he's here to assassinate someone... or buy Harrods and destroy it as a British Institution., (*shivers*), undermine our very way of life... oh, you must help me... no for the greater good, us... Bloggs.... (*archly*) ... and theres a gong in it for you Bloggs ! *Bertrande* Bloggs! Drop of ink somewhere in the reservoir eh ? Never mind though., soon forgotten...!... you help us and we'll help you... we must hold hands in this Bloggs.. you can't let your country be sold as a collective farm, can you, Bloggs... can you ? Can you imagine that this country will be sold as a lefty one-party government co-op... I mean... can you Bloggs... can you..?

(*Collapses in tears*).... My God! What am I saying.... hormonal imbalance... middle-age creeping on... what? Oh No! Oh, No, it must be the heat!... it must be the....

*the door flies open and KATE enters:*

## KATE

...Mister Bloggs... Mister Bloggs ... I must talk to you... this heat., the terrible heat...

BLOGGS

...yes... well can't it wait a minute Kate.. Miss  
Holmw...

KATE

...no Mister Bloggs... ah... ah... ah reely mus' talk with  
yeh... and now!  
..Oh... very well... very well., will you excuse me a  
moment Mr Smith....

SMITH

..I wonder... do you have some cold water, Miss...  
Kate...

KATE

\*\* ..listen., ah may be pushin' 24 but Ah'm not goin thru  
that again, Mr Smith!

SMITH

..well., a small gin and tonic.. Miss..K.,

*the door slams and the two vanish. SMITH is left alone:  
we leave him to start searching for clues; then: the door  
flies open again and BLOGGS enters:*

BLOGGS

... the cheek of the girl... why, she was asking me for a  
rise... to think that I only gave her one two years ago.,  
what does she expect... language lessons as well!

*Suddenly the door flies open and KATE puts a beaker of water on  
the desk, then exits in a huff:*

KATE

... Damn heat., it's this damn heat...! How'd you say that in  
French ?

BLACKOUT END of ACT 2

### ACT 3

Scene: An intimate Lithuanian restaurant in Bayswater,  
COLONEL KOROMAROVSKY sits tete-a-tete with KATE. They  
are apparently in love.

COLONEL

... Had I known the pleasures of the capitalist system I  
would have joined the grenadier guards... but as it was  
I ended up with the pioneer corps in the Crimea..! But  
of course that led me eventually to a certain European  
Discotheque in Bayswater... and there...

KATE

.... Well, you see Viktor... perhaps it wouldn't have  
worked out this way if you hadn't... and if the heat  
wasn't so ... hot and the Warming Global...after all, a  
Colonel is not just anyone... like a receptionist... ah  
mean.. I've been used... abused... jus' treated like a  
tuppenny ha'penny ... receptionist., *Bonjour* I say  
*Fegafé* they say...!

COLONEL

Ah yes., but still., little Babushka., it could have  
worked out worse... it could have been snowing ....

KATE

Worse!... worse?... Here Colonel... see this fire in mah belly  
(*gestures*) .. it ain't thayer jus' 'cos ah'm nobody... no... ah'm  
somebody, that's what... really somebody... only....

COLONEL

(*moved*)

..Oh my little Babushka... and you have such lovely... such a nice  
little... you're so..er.. I like your... eh ..mind... that's what...

KATE

It's awl parrt uv this nitemayerr... know what I mean Viktor?...  
when ah'm with yew ah jus' don't feel abused no more...

COLONEL

... And your accent.. I just don't know how to describe it... it...  
it's..

KATE

Ah'm diff'rent that's whut... an' it's diff'rent... that's whut.. sort  
of Southern American verging on French !

COLONEL

...Definitely ... different...!

KATE

... Only... what I wuz tryin't' say wuz....

COLONEL

Well, go on, go on ....

KATE

Well, it's lahk thus Colonel.....

COLONEL

Could you say that again ?... I didn't get that...

KATE

Blast! I put it down to the damn heat..... ! Oh *je n'cest quoi!*

COLONEL Yes., the

heat, the heat....!

*Suddenly a potted palm (or something) collapses and SMITH is behind it*

KATE

...Mr Smith... amazing to see you here. In Bayswater too...!.. I never imagined that you'd like Lithuanian cooking!

SMITH

(thumps hearing-aid)

*...eh... do what?*

KATE

I said... I said....

SMITH

..Yes... yes... it's working now...

KATE

*(loudly)*

..Do what... do what...