

SIDE 5

HAYLEY, MAJOR, BRIAN, HOPKINS & ABDUL

HAYLEY. (*Drops her case by the counter near the front entrance.*) Major Ponsenby!

MAJOR. Miss Harrington!

HAYLEY. (*Advancing on him.*) I remember you.

MAJOR. (*Backing away.*) And I remember you.

HAYLEY. (*Stops and looks at him.*) Aren't you pleased to see little old Hayley back again?

MAJOR. Yes — yes. Of course.

HAYLEY. (*Advancing again.*) I won't bite you know. How about you and I getting together later?

MAJOR. Well — er — I'm rather tied up tonight.

HAYLEY. Oh goody. A bondage party!

MAJOR. Oh my God —

HAYLEY. I'm just teasing.

MAJOR. (*Circling to keep the chairs between them.*) Quite right old girl. Did I ever tell you about the time I was in Sidi-Berani —

(*HAYLEY has now reached him. She flings her arms around his neck*

HAYLEY. Oh Major! It's just like old times. It really is nice to see you again. How about seeing me safely to my room?

MAJOR. You haven't got a room.

HAYLEY. (*Goes behind the counter and takes a key off the board.*) I do now.

MAJOR. But how do you know which one is yours?

HAYLEY. That's easy. I always have the same room every year. I book it a year in advance. I always stay in number seven.

MAJOR. Number seven?

HAYLEY. Yes, I call it my rumpus room!

MAJOR. Yes, but don't you think you ought to check with —

HAYLEY. Just give me a minute or two. Why don't you bring my bag? You big strong soldier boy.

MAJOR EXITS & BRIAN ENTERS

HAYLEY. Mr. Cody, how nice to see you again.

BRIAN. (*Hurriedly getting back behind the counter.*) Miss Harrington. Welcome back. What can I do for you? (*HAYLEY stops dead in her tracks, looks at BRIAN, raises her eyebrows to the audience.*) Don't answer that. I mean, how can I be of service? (*HAYLEY looks at the audience again.*) I mean, what do you want?

HAYLEY. In answer to your three questions: One, I can think of lots of things you can do for me. Two, how you can be of service is an interesting question, but I'll leave that to you, and three, you should know by now what I want!

BRIAN. Oh my God!

HAYLEY. Oh relax. I'm just kidding. I don't think you're on my list this year. (*She drapes the clothes across the counter and drops the suitcase behind it.*) However, someone left a bunch of clothes in my room. Really Brian, you're slipping. You really will have to talk to the maid.

BRIAN. (*Confused.*) What? O.K. I'll do that. I'll find Mrs. Cody right away, she always deals with the staff.

(*He shuffles sideways to get past HAYLEY and escape up the stairs.*)

BRIAN EXITS & HOPKINS ENTERS

HAYLEY. Well, well. A clergyman. Are you a Reverend?

HOPKINS. Oh yes. Very reverend.

HAYLEY. This is one of my fantasies.

HOPKINS. Really?

HAYLEY (*Looks him up and down and then has a terrible thought.*) You're not Catholic are you?

HOPKINS. I'm Episcopoleon, I mean Apascapilion, I mean Opiscapoolian. (*He pauses.*) I'm reformed.

HAYLEY. (*Advancing on him.*) Well I'm not! (*Runs her finger round his collar.*) How would you like to hold services with me a little later?

HOPKINS. Me?

HAYLEY. You know I've always had this thing for clergyman.

HOPKINS. How nice. What thing?

HAYLEY. Come now Reverend. You know what I mean. You and I should definitely have an organ recital together.

HOPKINS. You're putting me on.

HAYLEY. That can be arranged too. Why don't we say my room. Number seven in about fifteen minutes?

HOPKINS. Right. Fifteen minutes. I think I'll just take a little walk outside to cool off. I seem to be a little hot under the collar.

HOPKINS EXITS & ABDUL ENTERS

ABDUL. Good afternoon madam. May I introduce myself. I am Abdul El Hajj, The Lion of the Desert, at your service.

HAYLEY. (*Takes his proffered hand.*) You look just like —

ABDUL. And you madam, look just like the desert rose in the first blush of full bloom.

HAYLEY. Oh my! I'm Hayley.

ABDUL. Hayley — Hayley — Such a beautiful name. You know there's an Arabic word pronounced much the same as Hayley.

HAYLEY. Really. What does it mean?

ABDUL. Well, loosely translated — "The gentle parting of ruby red lips beneath the dark cloudless sky of the new moon."

HAYLEY. Oh my!

ABDUL. Would you permit me to accompany you on a stroll down to the beach?

HAYLEY. (*Looking at her watch.*) Well I had arranged to — oh what the hell — why not. But I have to be back in ten minutes.