

CASIMIR. Achtung.

(Steady.)

HALINA. Tut mir leid, ich bin so ungeschickt. Was ist denn da?

(Sorry, I'm so clumsy. What's in here?)

(She goes to the trunk and tries to open it but can't.)

CASIMIR. Kostume, wahrscheinlich. Und Zubehör.

(Costumes probably. Personal props.)

HALINA. Du kennst Dich aber gut aus.

(You know everything.)

CASIMIR. Und du duftest nach Erdbeeren.

(And you smell of strawberries.)

(He goes to kiss her again. A loud thud outside the door makes CASIMIR and HALINA jump. They freeze.)

(The door swings open and TERENCE, wearing a hat, English, 50s, enters with a vanity case, a biscuit tin under his arm, dragging a large, heavy suitcase.)

(HALINA and CASIMIR freeze. TERENCE does not see them.)

TERENCE. For goodness sake...

(He stumbles into the room lugging the case. He removes his wet coat and hangs it up.)

The red or the brocade is not a hard decision. But give a king a choice... my own bloody fault.

(As his eyes adjust, he looks at the dressing table.)

And if it's Lear who brings the clock? O for a muse of logic. My back for twice my age.

(He puts the vanity case and biscuit tin down and finds the lock. He opens the vanity case and brings out two birthday cards and a box of matches. He lights the lamp. CASIMIR edges silently to the door and motions to HALINA who ignores him. TERENCE sees them.)

HALINA. Oh my giddy...!

You frightened the life out of me... What on earth are you doing in here?

CASIMIR. Verzeihung, mein Herr... Wir haben uns verirrt. Verzeihung, bitte. Wir gehen schon.
(So sorry sir... We got lost I'm so sorry...we're going now.)

TERENCE. Who gave you permission to...?

HALINA. Good evening... I'm from The Lodz Times...

TERENCE. I beg your pardon?

CASIMIR. Was hast Du gerade gesagt?

(What are you saying?)

HALINA. I'm from top Polish paper, Lodz...

TERENCE. I'm sorry how did you get in here?

HALINA. Casimir was giving me tour...

TERENCE. A tour...?

CASIMIR. Du sprichst Englisch?

(You speak English?)

HALINA. Mr Aldridge is here?

TERENCE. These are private rooms. Now if you don't mind...

(TERENCE marches to the door and opens it for them to leave. CASIMIR moves, HALINA does not.)

HALINA. I wrote an appointment. So I am here.

TERENCE. All interviews were cancelled...

CASIMIR. Ich verstehe nicht, was sie sagt, aber ich...

(I don't understand what she's saying but I'm...)

TERENCE. This is absolutely unacceptable...

HALINA. Mr Aldridge...is...is being ill?

TERENCE. Who told you that?

CASIMIR. Was sagst Du jetzt?

(What are you talking about?)

HALINA. He's been in Lodz ten days...

CASIMIR. Er scheint mir recht zornig.

(He's looking really annoyed.)

TERENCE. A chest cold, nothing more... Show her out. Get her out.

(CASIMIR takes her arm, she shrugs him off. TERENCE lays the suitcase down and starts to open it.)

CASIMIR. Wir sollten gehen.

(We have to go.)

HALINA. A few questions, no problem.

TERENCE. ... Show her out the same way you showed her in.

CASIMIR. Das war nicht meine Absicht. Ich hatte keine Ahnung, dass sie... Verzeihung, mein Herr...

(I didn't mean to... I had no idea that she... I'm so sorry sir I...)

IRA. (O.S.)

Terence! Terence!

TERENCE. For pity's sake!... Get out now!

(TERENCE motions them out. HALINA does not move.)

TERENCE. You've no idea, no idea...

IRA. (O.S.)

Why is there no one to meet me! Where the devil...!

TERENCE. God help me!

(TERENCE rushes out.)

IRA. (O.S.)

Get this thing off me, I'm drowning.

CASIMIR. Was in Gottes Namen?

(What the hell was that?)

HALINA. Tut mir leid...

(I'm sorry...)

CASIMIR. Entschuldigung? Entschuldigung? Was machst Du bloss? Was hast Du gesagt?

(Sorry? Sorry? What are you doing?)

HALINA. Ich muss mit ihm reden.

(I have to speak to him...)

(He grabs her arm roughly and pulls her towards the door.)

HALINA. Nein, nein. Lass mich los...

(No, no, get off me...)

CASIMIR. Ich verliere hier meine Stellung.

(I'll lose my job.)

HALINA. Bestimmt nicht.

(You won't.)

CASIMIR. Du hast mich ausgenutzt.

(You used me.)

HALINA. Ja, so ist es.

(That's how things work.)

(HALINA struggles hard.)

TERENCE. (O.S.)

You have to keep wrapped up sir.

IRA. (O.S.)

Tryin' to kill me... I felt buried. I'm soaked. Like a gigantic sponge...

CASIMIR. Wir muessen weg hier.

(We have to go now.)

HALINA. Ich kann nicht.

(I can't.)

TERENCE. (O.S.)

I did suggest a cab sir. Before you go in...

(IRA ALDRIDGE, black, American, 60 enters. He is well dressed, well fed and imposing. TERENCE follows carrying a long, heavy coat.)

IRA. I am perfectly capable of...

(IRA sees HALINA and CASIMIR. Their struggle stops and no one dares speak.)

IRA. These are my rooms?

TERENCE. Yes sir.

IRA. That is my name on the door?

TERENCE. Yes sir.

IRA. Then who the hell are the reception committee?