

FALLEN ANGELS

JANE (*weakly*): It's all right now. I'm better. (*She rises and grabs her bag, then proceeds to powder her nose frantically.*)

[*Re-enter SAUNDERS.*]

SAUNDERS: It's a foreign gentleman, ma'am.

JANE: There, now!

JULIA: Why didn't you show him in?

SAUNDERS: He says he won't come in. He only wants to know if there's a Madame Gambelitti living here.

JANE: What's he like?

SAUNDERS: Quite respectable, ma'am, but with a long moustache.

JULIA: Come on, Jane, we'll peep.

[*They go to the door and peep round it into the hall —then return to the table crestfallen.*]

JULIA: Why didn't you tell him there was no Madame What's-her-name here, and get rid of him?

SAUNDERS: You said you were expecting a foreign gentleman, ma'am, and I thought I'd better keep him in case.

JULIA: Well, get rid of him now.

SAUNDERS: Very good, ma'am.

[*Exit SAUNDERS.*]

JANE (*almost in tears*): It's downright cruel, that's what it is.

JULIA: It's the first time that anybody not aggressively English has rung that bell since we've been here.