

DADDY

A pair of very white bare legs enter, left. This is DADDY clothed from mid-thigh upwards and wearing a gas mask and carrying an air gun with a knife on the end in lieu of a bayonet. He stops and slams to attention.

HYACINTH panics.

HYACINTH:(Into phone) Forget somewhere. He's here.

EMMET is pacing and shaking his head.

EMMET: Can we clear this stage? (Points to DADDY) That does not belong in a nineteen thirties drawing room.

As HYACINTH puts her phone away, DADDY slopes arm.

EMMET: Why is he naked?

LIZ: Not entirely.

EMMET: Close enough.

HYACINTH:He has fond memories of Egypt. Both he and General Montgomery used proudly to show their British legs in shorts.

ONSLOW: Not that short. You could almost see the pyramids.

HYACINTH:Daisy take Daddy somewhere quiet where he can defend something.

DAISY: I thought Violet was looking after him.

HYACINTH:She's busy getting Bruce down from his tree.

EMMET groans. HYACINTH notes this.

HYACINTH:(To EMMET) Of course it's their own tree. They have a huge garden with paddock adjoining. Daisy, don't let that war hero stand in a draught like that. Get him something on.

DAISY: What have I got he can wear?

HYACINTH:Onslow, you're in costume. You must lend Daddy the trousers you left in your dressing room.

ONSLOW: Oh nice! Have you seen the kind of stuff he puts in his pockets? He keeps food in his pockets.

HYACINTH:When you've known hunger like Daddy.

Through his gas mask and with odd sounds coming from it, DADDY is regarding EMMET with suspicion and getting closer with his bayonet as EMMET backs away.

EMMET: What is he doing now?

HYACINTH:Try a smile Emmet. Do not show fear. We find it's best to not show fear.

EMMET: Will someone please restrain him?

LIZ: Smile. Big smile.

EMMET makes a feeble attempt.

LIZ: That's not terribly convincing.

EMMET: Thank you, Liz, for your critical opinion. It's hardly the time to have my performance reviewed. He's prodding me with his bayonet.

HYACINTH: No, Daddy, you must not take Emmet prisoner. Raise your hands Emmet, that usually defuses the situation.

EMMET's hands shoot up.

HYACINTH: Look him fearlessly in the eye, he respects that.

EMMET: I can't see his damned eyes.

HYACINTH: I think he wants the password.

EMMET: What the hell is the password?

HYACINTH: Onslow, what was it yesterday?

ONSLOW: He tends to keep it to himself. You have to have security clearance.

EMMET: That's hardly fair.

DAISY: Offering him a biscuit usually works.

EMMET: That's a relief except I don't happen to be carrying any biscuits.

HYACINTH: Have you tried saying 'kamerad'?

EMMET: Kamerad.

HYACINTH: Louder.

EMMET: Kamerad.

DADDY relaxes and pats EMMET on the shoulder.

HYACINTH: There you are, you see. Daddy always works within the Geneva Convention.

EMMET lowers his arms as DADDY takes hold of a wrist.

EMMET: What's he want now?

ONSLOW: Your watch. Give him your watch. I'll get it back for you later.

DADDY goes off happily with the watch.

HYACINTH: He needs Onslow's trousers. Daddy, go with Daisy and Onslow.

DADDY speaks but it comes out as very odd snorts through the respirator. At the approach of HYACINTH, DADDY wards her off with the bayonet.

HYACINTH: It's me, Daddy. (To EMMET) Or should that be I? Never mind. It's Hyacinth, Daddy. Lower your bayonet, dear.

She backs away as he threatens to prod her with his bayonet.

HYACINTH:Daddy. Put the bayonet down. It's me. It's Hyacinth. Now give me your rifle and Emmet, Liz and I will watch for the Hun.

EMMET groans.

HYACINTH:While you conceal yourself in Onslow's trousers. Sound like a plan, Daddy? They'll never spot you in Onslow's trousers.

She again reaches for the 'rifle' but has to back off as he jabs threateningly.

HYACINTH:Daddy it's Hyacinth. Why would anyone wish to bayonet me?

Behind her, EMMET gives DADDY a thumbs up.

HYACINTH:This is not like Daddy at all. He obviously doesn't recognize me. I expect his goggles are steamed up. Wipe your goggles, dear. I'll hold your rifle.

Again, she's driven back a pace.

HYACINTH:Daddy, do be careful. Are you sure that knife is clean? Is it one of yours, Daisy?

DAISY: Could be. I never get much further than the tin opener.

DADDY takes another threatening step towards HYACINTH. She takes a step back. She turns and runs on her clomping feet as DADDY chases her, prodding at her rear. He is making unintelligible sounds in the mask.

HYACINTH:I am not Herman Goering. I resent you even thinking I'm Herman Goering. Although of course he was well-connected socially.

As DAISY & ONSLOW close in on DADDY he turns and escapes via the exit, left. They follow.