

EDITH

- Edith That is my mother. It is time for her supper.
- Rene Your mother, she eats more than the chickens. **Calling upstairs** Shut up, you old bat!
- Edith Do not talk to my mother like that. One day, you and I will be old and up in the bedroom banging.
- Rene Not if you are wearing those bread rolls.
- Edith Rene, why can it not be between us like it used to be between us? When we first met, you were so in love with me. You said that you could not even think straight. You were not able to take your eyes off me.
- Rene Nothing has changed.
- Edith Tonight I will do my cabaret for you and I will sing like never before.
- Rene What, in tune?
- Edith Rene, there is a coldness between us. I lie awake at night thinking you might touch me.
- Rene I too lie awake at night- thinking the same thing.
- Edith And Rene, why do you have all those headaches?
- Rene It is the worry my love. Hiding the airmen for the Resistance and the paintings for the Germans, it preys on my mind. I am not like you Edith. I look at you, your firm face, framed with bread rolls, and I realize that I am not half the man that you are. I am a coward. If I am tortured, I will crack.
- Edith I know this, my poor husband, but I have the answer. So that you have one less worry on your frail, drooping shoulders, I have moved the real painting of the Fallen Madonna with the big boobies from the cellar to a safe place in the café, known only by me, and replaced it with a forgery. After the war we can sell the real painting. **she removes the rolls and puts them in a basket on the bar**
- Rene What if the Colonel and the Captain want it back?
- Edith They cannot have it.
- Rene What if they torture me?
- Edith You do not know where it is so you cannot tell them.
- Rene What if they torture you?

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I will tell them that you know