

S C E N E     T H R E E

Francoise:

That awful woman was here!

Jeff:

The old bitch?

Francoise:

She knows all about my family, she knows that I am a Jew.

Jeff:

I doubt it, she was bluffing as usual.

Francoise:

She knows that my family comes from Holland.

Jeff:

She is a Jew herself, in some ways, the Katz from Nivelles.

Francoise:

She told me.

Jeff:

Then what is the matter?

Francoise:

She blackmailed me and took supplies from the fridge.

Jeff:

She will pay me, for that!

Francoise:

I think I had better move out.

Jeff:

I need you more than you can imagine.

Francoise:

I am a coward.

Jeff:

You a coward? Not in action, not under command. What happened to you tonight, I do not understand. Where was your presence of mind?

Francoise:

I need your protection Jeff, I feel secure in your presence. When you order something to be done, I know it is to fight our common enemies. I feel useful, and secure.

Jeff:

Okay, okay, I know you better than you do yourself. Now, did Michel phone?

Francoise:

I was nervous that he would phone when this woman was here. No, he did not phone.

Jeff:

Hm! He should have, at least an hour ago.

Francoise:

Do you want me to inquire? Phone to the warehouse?