

FREDDY

...Y'know, I think I'm gonna check out this Isla place.

LAWRENCE

Ah, well. Bertha will be disappointed, but perhaps it's for the best.

FREDDY

Yeah. Hey, listen, thanks for the tip.

LAWRENCE

Freddy, believe me, it was my pleasure. Bon voyage, my friend.

(He kisses him on both cheeks. Across the car, MURIEL enters, unseen by LAWRENCE, and witnesses this.)

FREDDY

Okay, settle down.

(LAWRENCE pats him on the back and exits. The WAITER brings FREDDY his lunch.)

Ah, great.

(FREDDY starts to dig in. MURIEL moves to the chair behind him, so they sit back to back. As he lifts the food to his mouth:)

MURIEL

Psst.

(FREDDY pauses, looks around, goes back to his food.)

Psst.

(FREDDY pauses again, looks behind him, notices her.)

I see you're a comrade of the Prance.

FREDDY

The Prance?

MURIEL

The man you were just kissing.

FREDDY

Hey, he was kissing me. I didn't even enjoy it.

MURIEL

Viva la Resistance!

FREDDY

Thanks, you too.

MURIEL

My poor brave soldier. I can't tell you how selfish I felt doing nothing, just lying on my back while he tended to the front.

FREDDY

Listen, lady, I think you may be a little off here. That guy's name was Lawrence Jameson.

MURIEL

His nom de guerre! It's all right; he swore me to secrecy, too. We met at the casino in Beaumont sur Mer.

FREDDY

(suddenly paying attention)

Beaumont sur Mer?

MURIEL

In fact, it's my money that's financing his mission.

FREDDY

(as it clicks in)

Is that so?

MURIEL

Perhaps he mentioned me. Did he mention me? I'm sure he mentioned me. Muriel Eubanks of Omaha, Nebraska? Lady Muriel by moonlight.

(a proud confidence)

He made me a dame.

FREDDY

I'll just bet he did.

MURIEL

I can't tell you how proud I am to have the Eubanks fortune support such a worthy cause.

(removing scarf)

Please. For His Highness to wear into battle. You'll be sure to give it to him, won't you?

FREDDY

Oh, I'll be giving it to him all right.

(MURIEL steps down to the footlights, as FREDDY and the train move off:)