

Side 3 -
Electrician
and Stagg

*forecast for
Eisenhower.*
The ELEC
He
Cs has driven they'd like to
for me, mate.
I'm sorry,
ELECTRIC
FOR
METR
to STAGG).
things, sir.
Thank you
While the
DREW sets
up the
and the NAVAL
leaves again.

ELECTRICIAN. They phoned me a week ago, I live in Portsmouth, they said could I come up to Southwick House and put in some extra telephone lines.

STAGG (*not interested, he concentrates on writing his forecast*). Really?

ELECTRICIAN. I said yeah if you want, I've given it all up really, but I'll do it if you pay me. They told me the hourly rate, I thought blimey I've never been paid that before, so I said yes. I couldn't work out why they picked me. I know now of course. Anyway I come up here and I put the extra lines in, in an office just down the corridor from here as it happens, and on the wall there's a huge, coloured map of Normandy, you know with tiny wooden boats crossing the Channel to these beaches, and all the beaches are labelled:

Juno, Sword, is it? I can't remember the other names, but... anyway I thought: aaah, so that's where it's going to be. It's Normandy, not Calais at all.

STAGG. Really.

ELECTRICIAN. So I finish putting in the lines, pack up my stuff, go to the door, open it and there's two 'Snowballs'^{ph} waiting for me, and they say: sorry, you can't go home, apologies for the inconvenience but you know too much, you're officially detained here till after the invasion. I said when's that? They said: none of your business.

STAGG (*not listening*). Really?

ELECTRICIAN. I bumped into the lads who put up the map of Normandy actually, they're here! Chad Valley the toy manufacturers made the map and sent these two chippies in to put it up and they were detained too! They've been here longer than me. I wish they'd hurry up and invade, I wanna go home. I know why they picked me of course, I'm sixty, retired, no wife, no kids, no one'd know I'm missing. They had it all worked out. There you are, mate, all done.

He lifts the receivers on both phones and listens for the dialling tone.

All working. Internal calls only, of course, till after the invasion. What's your job?

STAGG *says nothing*.

All right, fair enough.

At this moment, KAY walks in, carrying a typewriter.

Let me know if there's any problems.

The ELECTRICIAN picks up his tools.

(*To KAY.*) All right, love?

Thanks

