

**Garry** (*embraces her*) Don't worry, love. It's only the technical.

**Lloyd** It's the dress, Garry, honey. It's the dress rehearsal.

**Garry** So when was the technical?

**Lloyd** So when's the dress? We open tomorrow!

**Garry** Well, we're all thinking of it as the technical. (*To Dotty.*) Aren't we, love?

**Dotty** It's all those words, my sweetheart.

**Garry** Don't worry about the words, Dotty, my pet.

**Dotty** Coming up like oranges and lemons.

**Garry** Listen, Dotty, your words are fine, your words are better than the, do you know what I mean? (*To Brooke.*) Isn't that right?

**Brooke** (*her thoughts elsewhere*) Sorry?

**Garry** (*to Dotty*) I mean, OK, so he's the, you know. Fine. But, Dotty, love, you've been playing this kind of part for, well, you know what I mean.

**Lloyd** All right? So Garry and Brooke are off, Dotty's holding the receiver . . .

**Garry** No, but here we are, we're all thinking, my God, we open tomorrow, we've only had a fortnight to rehearse, we don't know where we are, but my God, here we are!

**Dotty** That's right, my sweet. Isn't that right, Lloyd?

**Lloyd** Beautifully put, Garry.

**Garry** No, but we've got to play Weston-super-Mare all the rest of this week, then Yeovil, then God knows where, then God knows where else, and so on for God knows how long, and we're all of us feeling pretty much, you know . . . (*To Brooke.*) I mean, aren't *you*?

**Brooke** Sorry?

Scene #8  
GARRY  
LLOYD

12 Noises Off

**Lloyd** Anyway, you're off, Dotty's holding the receiver . . .

**Garry** Sorry, Lloyd. But sometimes you just have to come right out with it. You know?

**Lloyd** I know.

**Garry** Thanks, Lloyd.

**Lloyd** OK, Garry. So you're off . . .

**Garry** Lloyd, let me just say one thing. Since we've stopped. I've worked with a lot of directors, Lloyd. Some of them were geniuses. Some of them were bastards. But I've never met one who was so totally and absolutely . . . I don't know . . .

**Lloyd** Thank you, Garry. I'm very touched. Now will you get off the fucking stage?

END

*Exit Garry through the front door.*

**Lloyd** And, Brooke . . .

**Brooke** Yes?

**Lloyd** Are you in?

**Brooke** In?

**Lloyd** Are you there?

**Brooke** What?

**Lloyd** You're out. OK. I'll call again. And on we go.

*Exit Brooke through the front door.*

**Lloyd** So there you are, holding the receiver.

**Dotty** So there I am, holding the receiver. I put the receiver back and I leave the sardines.

**Mrs Clackett** Always the same story, isn't it . . .

**Lloyd** And you take the newspaper.

*She comes back, and picks up the newspaper and the receiver.*