

She turns and starts to exit haughtily. As she goes:

By this afternoon if you please!

Roy Faulkland *enters in Sidcot flying suit and Mae West life jacket. He is bleeding from the forehead.*

Coventry Welcome back, Roy. How was it up there?

Faulkland Has Julia arrived?

Coventry What?

Faulkland My fiancée. Is she here?

Coventry Roy, can we do the war-y bit first and worry about girlfriends later?

Faulkland She said she was coming here today!

Coventry Roy, you're bleeding.

Faulkland I've got shrapnel in my head. Have you really not seen Julia?

Coventry It's an operational area, girls aren't allowed –

Faulkland She's met someone else. War? I hate it, there's men everywhere.

Coventry Roy! Intelligence. What kind of aircraft? Heinkels, Junkers, Dorniers?

Faulkland No idea. Had my eyes shut most of the time. Tea?

Coventry In the pot.

Enter Bob Acres in full flight gear.

Acres Cor! That was a filthy bit of hard yakka to start the day, mate.

Coventry Dickey do, eh?

Faulkland Tea, Bob?

Acres You beauty! My throat's as dry as a nun's sandwich!

Coventry Bob, anything to report?

Acres Mate, you're bleeding!

Faulkland Shrapnel.

Acres It's a beaut!

Coventry Bob? I need numbers.

Acres Heinkels, maybe forty, and a swarm of 109s looking after their arses.

Faulkland Tea.

He gives Acres his tea. He takes it and holds it.

Acres Is this mine?

Faulkland Yes.

Acres This won't even touch the sides!

Acres raises the steaming tea and then necks it in one.

Faulkland/Coventry *(alarmed)* No!/Bob!

Acres is clearly burned and in pain, but pretends he loves it.

Acres Cor. That was hot!

Coventry Did you get any, Bob?

Acres Bagged my first 109. A proper little yellow-nosed bastard.

Coventry A 109 was downed over Detling.

Acres That's mine, mate!

Coventry Bob, why did you shoot down a Messerschmidt?

Acres They're German, aren't they? Oh bugger. Are they neutral?

Coventry Messerschmidt 109s are German, yes, but they're not bombers.

Acres They're still tryna kill me!