

(MITZI turns to him.)

MITZI. It will happen. In this very house. If I stay! *Tonight!* (She waves the newspaper under his nose.) It is here – in this newspaper. They come to get me. At six-thirty tonight! You see – they care nothing for the law. They tell everyone they are coming to *murder* me... (She goes into Hungarian.) *Örület örület nire Kepesek...*

(MITZI turns to leave, but MISS BLACKLOCK stops her.)

MISS BLACKLOCK. No one's going to murder you. It's a joke.

MITZI. I not laugh. I go!

MISS BLACKLOCK. Nevertheless, I don't think it has anything to do with you.

MITZI. You don't know. Once you have escaped – they never let you get away...

BUNNY. But I thought you did get away...

MITZI. They hound me. Day and night. Night and day. The telephone calls. You wonder what they are – who they are from...

JULIA. What telephone calls?

MITZI. Agents. From my country. Why? Why do you think they keep phoning me?

BUNNY. I expect they want to know how you're getting on over here, Millie.

MISS BLACKLOCK. But, Mitzi, I've never heard you get a telephone call.

MITZI. They do it in secret. They never leave me alone. They don't like it that I escape from them. Oh! You have no idea what it is like. They interrogate me. For days – weeks – months. The light shining in my eyes. My family – they send them to Siberia. (She continues in Hungarian.) *De én nem török meg! Nem mondom meg amit tudok. Tuljárom az eszükön es elszököm a szabad földre. Most jönnek utánam de en megyek!*

MISS BLACKLOCK. Mitzi! Do be sensible about this. Nothing is going to happen to you. No one is going to come after you. No spy. No agent. So calm yourself down – we'll all look after you. Now. This is what I suggest you do. You get that beef out of the pantry and make that special goulash of yours for lunch.

(There is a sudden and dramatic change in MITZI's attitude.)

MITZI. Oh! You like my goulash – eh?

MISS BLACKLOCK. It's simply delicious.

MITZI. I make it even more special for you today. I put in some wine – some rich, red wine from Hungary... (She kisses her fingers to express her feelings about the goulash.) It makes my mouth water just to think of it!

MISS BLACKLOCK. Good. You do that. Incidentally, I expect someone or other might be dropping in around six-thirty this evening.

(But, even as she says this, MISS BLACKLOCK regrets it.

MITZI immediately reacts.)

MITZI. To murder me!

MISS BLACKLOCK. (irritatedly) No, no, no!

MITZI. Why they come?

(MISS BLACKLOCK places a reassuring hand on MITZI's shoulder.)

MISS BLACKLOCK. For a drink – and a sandwich perhaps. And you make such good sandwiches.

MITZI. (still suspicious) It will be all right?

MISS BLACKLOCK. There's nothing to worry about...

(A moment, as MITZI considers.)

MITZI. You are right. I am a good cook, no? I make a dip, too.

MISS BLACKLOCK. Well – yes. But not too much garlic, please.

MITZI. You not like garlic?

MISS BLACKLOCK. Well, yes – in moderation. But, after the last dip you made we were totally isolated in Church on Sunday – and that was two days after we'd eaten it!

MITZI. I tell you then. I use only two cloves of garlic this time – instead of my usual seven. But it not be nearly so good. I go now. Too long you have kept me gas-bagging.

(With this MITZI turns and exits quickly.)

(PATRICK claps his hands, applauding.)

PATRICK. Well done, Aunt Letty.

JULIA. Yes, beautifully handled.

MISS BLACKLOCK. How nice to have you two in agreement for once.

BUNNY. Letty was always very good with people. She could have gone a long way. Yes, a long way indeed – if only –

(MISS BLACKLOCK cuts across her quickly and we might spot just a slight meaningful glance.)

MISS BLACKLOCK. Now, now, Bunny dear. We mustn't keep reminiscing. Young people aren't interested in the past these days.

(BUNNY gets the message.)

BUNNY. *(flustered)* Dear me – I am so silly. I get so muddled lately. I am sorry, Letty. Really and truly sorry.

MISS BLACKLOCK. Bunny – I wasn't angry with you.

BUNNY. But, you're so right – everything's mixed up – I must be more careful – and think before I say something...

MISS BLACKLOCK. No one minds – we all understand. Read your paper, dear – you know how much you enjoy it.

BUNNY. Yes. That's what I'll do. But, I won't read that advertisement again, Letty.

MISS BLACKLOCK. *(a little despairingly)* No, dear – don't do that.