BAPTISTE. Next door, on the chest.
POCHE. Next door, on the chest... (Poche goes upstage into that room as Tournel comes out of the bathroom and grabs his hat.)
BAPTISTE. Hello. (Tournel goes out into the hall and looks around.)
TOURNEL. Still nobody. So where did she get it? (He heads for the stairway. Just at that moment, Raymonde and Rugby come out of Rugby's room, with her struggling to get out of his embrace.)
RUGBY. (Together) Darling, darling, don't go, stay right here with me!
RAYMONDE. (Together) Will you let me go? Let me go, you goat!
TOURNEL. There she is! (Tournel goes to her. At that moment, not seeing Tournel, Raymonde pushes Rugby away, swings her arm, and Tournel arrives just in time to catch the blow.) O!W! Not again!
RUGBY. Cheers, mate!
TOURNEL. (Pushing Raymonde back toward Number 5.) Good day to you, sir. (Rugby goes back into his own room. Tournel locks the door again.) Ah, Raymonde, Raymonde! (He falls on her, kissing her neck.)
RAYMONDE. Oh my friend, it's too much. My husband...
TOURNEL. (Still kissing.) Yes.
RAYMONDE. My husband is here!
TOURNEL. (Still kissing.) Yes. (Realizing what she said.) What?!
RAYMONDE. Chandebise?
RAYMONDE. Chandebise! But disguised as a servant.
TOURNEL. A servant? But why?
RAYMONDE. I don't know. It must be a ploy to catch us.
TOURNEL. It can't be a ploy, he doesn't know you're here.
BAPTISTE. Oh, my bone—
RAYMONDE. (Screams, seeing Baptiste.) What is that?
TOURNEL. I don't know. Some invalid. He popped up out of nowhere. (To the moaning Baptiste:) You! Hey! What are you doing here?
BAPTISTE. You should know, you brought me here.
TOURNEL. If...
RAYMONDE. Make him go away, Tournel, make him go away.
TOURNEL. Absolutely. (To Baptiste:) Go on, now! Leave! Go!
BAPTISTE. If I'm bothering you, just push that button and I'll go back where I came from.
TOURNEL. Oh, certainly. There's a likely story. (Pushing the button, turning to Raymonde,) Do you believe this?
RAYMONDE. (While the bed turns.) So you're bringing in spectators now? Very nice indeed.

TOURNEL. But chérie, this wasn't my fault, I swear. I had no idea... (During this exchange, the other bed has returned, bringing with it Poche, who is sitting against the pillow with a brandy bottle in hand, elbow raised high as if he's about to drink.)
POCHE. Hey, what's going on here?
TOURNEL. My God!
RAYMONDE. My husband!
TOURNEL. Chandebise... (Kneeling.) My friend, my dear old friend.
RAYMONDE. (Kneeling, too,) Be gracious, please be gracious.
TOURNEL. Don't believe what you see.
RAYMONDE. Don't condemn me till you've heard me out.
TOURNEL. I swear we are guilty of nothing.
RAYMONDE. Neither one of us wanted to meet here.
TOURNEL. It's all your fault!
RAYMONDE. It's all my fault.
TOURNEL. It's not our fault.
RAYMONDE. It was pure chance!
TOURNEL. And that's the whole truth!
RAYMONDE. Will you ever forgive me? I thought you were deceiving me!
POCHE. Who, me?
RAYMONDE. Yes— you, you! Tell me, please, that you don't doubt my word!
POCHE. (Picks up garter belt.) Is this yours?
RAYMONDE. (To Tournel.) Yes!
TOURNEL. No!
RAYMONDE. No, it is not.
POCHE. (To Tournel.) Well, I didn't think it was yours.
RAYMONDE. Yes, it's mine and I can explain.
POCHE. Well, it's either yours or it's not.
RAYMONDE. Monsieur Tournel and I were having a heated discussion and I popped my suspenders. You know how I am.
POCHE. You pop your suspenders?
RAYMONDE. You know I do! Oh, tell me you believe me, for God's sake!
POCHE. Okay. I believe you. (He doubles up with idiot laughter.)
RAYMONDE. Oh, don't laugh, Victor. Please. It's too cruel.
TOURNEL. My God, what can we do to convince you?
POCHE. Listen, I'm sorry to interrupt, but I got to carry this brandy to Number 4. (Poche starts out, the stop s him.)
RAYMONDE. Victor, speak to me! What are you thinking?
POCHE. Me?
TOURNEL. (Pivoting Poche toward himself.) I'm begging you, my friend! In a crisis like this, to talk about brandy ... 
POCHE. But Number 4's waiting for it. See, here's the bottle ... 
RAYMONDE. (Pivoting Poche back to her.) Enough! Enough of this ridiculous act and this noble reserve! Strike me, if you want. Beat me. Slap me, I don't care. Anything but this horrible silence.
TOURNEL. Hit me, too. Yes, slap me. Slap me.
TOURNEL and RAYMONDE. No, no. Me. Me. Hit me. Hit me.
POCHE. Well, this is different. I'm telling you, madame —
RAYMONDE. You hear that? He calls me madame. Don't do that, please. Please! Have you forgotten your dear, loving Raymonde?
POCHE. Who?
RAYMONDE. Oh, say it. Say, Raymonde to me.
POCHE. I'm telling you, madame —
TOURNEL. Not "madame" again! Call her Raymonde. Say it. "Raymonde."
POCHE. Okay. I'm telling you, "Raymonde" ... 
RAYMONDE. He said it! Now tell me that you believe me.
POCHE. Sure, I believe you ... 
TOURNEL. Oh, thank God! Thank God!
RAYMONDE. Now kiss me, darling! Kiss me!
POCHE. Who, me?
RAYMONDE. Kiss me. Prove that you still want to.
POCHE. Me? I'd love to ... (Still kneeling, he wipes his mouth on the back of his hand, then drapes his arms around her neck — still holding the bottle — and kisses her on the cheeks.)
RAYMONDE. (Radiant.) Yes. Yes.
TOURNEL. That's the way. That's the way.
RAYMONDE. (Kissing Poche's hands.) Thank you! Thank you!
POCHE. (Smacking his lips.) You are tasty.
TOURNEL. Now me! Kiss me!
POCHE. What, you too?
TOURNEL. Yes! To prove once and for all that you don't doubt me.
POCHE. Okay. Hey, you're a big one, aren't you.
TOURNEL. (As Poche kisses him.) Oh, that feels good. Oh, that feels good.
POCHE. The lady's taster.
RAYMONDE. "The lady"? I'm your Raymonde, remember?
POCHE. Right. Well, "Raymonde," I have to take this brandy to