

Noises Off Side #2: Lloyd, Belinda, Garry, Dotty, Frederick, and Poppy
(no lines)

(The Nothing's On technical rehearsal has stopped... again. All the actors have dropped their characters and are their usual selves. The director Lloyd is extremely frustrated and calls to the stage manager Poppy for help. She does her best.)

Lloyd: And God said, Hold it. And they held it. And God saw that it was terrible.

Garry: Sorry, loves, the door won't open.

Belinda: Sorry, love, this door won't close.

Lloyd: And God said, Poppy!

Frederick: Sorry, everyone. Am I doing something wrong? You know how stupid I am about doors.

Belinda: Freddie, my sweet, you're doing it perfectly.

Frederick: As long as it's not that's broken it.

(Enter Poppy from the wings.)

Lloyd: An there was Poppy. And God said be fruitful and multiply, and fetch Tim to fix the doors.

(Exit Poppy to the wings.)

Belinda: Oh, I love technicals!

Garry: She loves technicals! ***(fondly)*** Isn't she just, I mean, Christ, she loves technicals! Dotty! Where's Dotty?

Belinda: Everyone's always so nice to everyone.

Garry: Oh! Isn't she just, I mean, she really is, isn't she. **(Enter Dotty from the service quarters. To Dotty:)** Belinda's being all, you know.

Belinda: **(holding out an arm to Frederick)** But Freddie, my precious, don't you like a nice all-night technical?

Frederick: The only thing I like about technicals is that you get to sit on the furniture.

Belinda: Oh, Freddie, my precious! It's lovely to see you cheering up and making jokes. **(She sits beside Freddie and embraces him.)**

Frederick: Oh, was that a joke?

Belinda: This is such a lovely company to work with. It's such a happy company.

Dotty: Wait until we get to Stockton-on-Tees is twelve weeks' time.

Belinda: **(sits)** Are you all right, Lloyd, my precious?

Lloyd: I'm starting to know what God felt like when He sat out there in the darkness creating the world **(takes a pill)**

Belinda: What did he feel like, Lloyd, my love?

Lloyd: Very pleased he'd taken his Valium.

Belinda: He had six days, of course. We only have six hours.

Lloyd: And God said, Where the hell is Tim?

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