

Comic Man #2

Poppy! Bring the book! Is that the line, Poppy? “I don’t understand why the Sheikh looks like Philip?” Can we consult the author’s text, and make absolutely sure? (Finds the line.) “What’s that, Dad?” Right. That’s the line, Brooke, love. We all know you’ve worked in very classy places up in London where they let you make the play up as you go along, but we don’t want that kind of thing here, do we. Not when the author has provided us with such a considered and polished line of his own. Not at one o’clock in the morning. Not two lines away from the end of Act One. Not when we’re just about to get a tea break before we all drop dead of exhaustion. We merely want to hear the line. (Suddenly puts his mouth next to her ear and shouts) “What’s that, Dad?” (All patience and politeness again.) That’s all. Nothing else. I’m not being unreasonable, am I? Exit? Does it say “exit”? Oh dear, now she’s going to wash her lenses away.

Frayn, Michael. *Noises Off*. Samuel French, 2004. pp 64-65.