

Hornet Flight

Kelvin Guy

Hornet Flight by Ken Follett

Chapter Two pages 38-41

INT.CANTEEN

Hermia is looking down at her lunch

HERMIA (V.O.)
(frowning)

Poking at her lunch and pushing it around the plate.

What on earth is this mess? It's
nothing like we had at home!
(sighing)

She puts a fork full of cabbage in her mouth and chews.

Ah herring, pickles warm bread, all
washed down with a large beer! Those
were the days.

She looks up from her lunch and looks around.

(smiling)
Those were the days. I do miss you
Arne, so much. I wish you could be
here right now. Then maybe this sad
excuse for a lunch wouldn't seem so
bad.

she looks to her side and sees a paper, she picks it up and
starts to read it.

(smiling)
Maybe this will take my mind off this
awful lunch.

She reads.

'UP AGAINST IT BUT WE FIGHT ON'
(muttering to herself)
Well that didn't work!

She looks up from the paper and notices a man walking towards
her.

DIGBY
(smiling)

He approaches the table.

May I join you?

He sits down opposite Hermia.

INT.CANTEEN

HERMIA

She looks him up and down.

(through greeted teeth)
Make yourself at home why don't you!

DIGBY
(nervously)
Thanks

HERMIA

Looking Digby in the eye.

You look, very familiar!
(pausing)
What department are you with?

DIGBY
(nervously)
I work in London actually, yes London.

HERMIA

She looks at her plate and pushes it aside.

DIGBY
(slightly smiling)
You don't like the food?

HERMIA

Looks him up and down.

Do you?

DIGBY

He looks down and then back at Hermia

Let me tell you something. I've
debriefed pilots who have been shot
down over France and made their way
home.

HERMIA

She looks away then back at Digby.

DIGBY

(passionately)

We think we're experiencing austerity,
but we don't know the meaning of the
word. The Frogs are starving to death.
After hearing those stories,
everything tastes good to me.

HERMIA

she looks straight at him.

(expressionless)

Austerity is no excuse for vile
cooking. Is it sir, is it?

DIGBY

(smiling)

They did warn me that you were, quite
straight and to the point.

HERMIA

(sharply)

So, what else did they say?

DIGBY

That you're bilingual in English and
Danish which is why you're head of the
Denmark desk, I presume.

HERMIA

She looks left to right and then back at Digby.

(sarcastically)

No. The war is the reason for that.
Before, no woman had ever rose above
the level of secretary assistant in
MI6

DIGBY

Looks down at his cup of tea and then
back at Hermia.

HERMIA

She pulls her chair in closer to the table.

(sarcastically)

You see, we didn't have analytical
minds did we before the war!

DIGBY
(smiling nervously)

He pushes back his chair away from the table.

HERMIA
We were more suited to homemaking and having children. But since war broke out well, women's brains have undergone a remarkable change haven't they? All of a sudden we have become capable of work that previously could only be accomplished by the masculine mentality.

DIGBY
Pulls his chair in closer to the table.

(smiling)
Look Hermia I agree.

HERMIA
She looks at him and shakes her head.

DIGBY
Moves closer to her.

I have noticed these changes in attitude believe me, I have. And I'm not the only one!

HERMIA
(frowning)
So why have you been checking up on me?
(pausing)
Why the interest?

DIGBY

Sits back in his chair.

(slightly embarrassed)
There are two reasons, first you're
the most beautiful woman I've ever
seen.

HERMIA

Looks away the back at Digby.

(surprised, shocked)
I've never been told anything like
that before, and certainly not from a
complete stranger

Looking down at her unfinished lunch.

(embarrassed)
Ok, ok. What was the other reason?

DIGBY

Looking around.

(whispering)
I'll tell you now.

HERMIA
(impatiently)
What, what is it?

DIGBY

Looking straight at her

Would you like to go out on the tiles?

HERMIA
(surprised)
What?

DIGBY
I said would you like to go out to me?

HERMIA
(sharply)
Certainly not!

