**PEGGY** Right, so no-one has seen Johnny? He’s not snuck into his office and I’ve missed him?

***A CHORUS OF “No”, “Sorry”, etc***

**SIDNEY** What’s the problem? He was perfectly fine when I left him last night.

**PETER** And where did you leave him?

**SIDNEY** At a rear table of Bar Italia on Frith Street, as it happens. We were doing great things, putting the world to rights over a delicious bottle of 1954 Chateau Lafile Rothschild, a smashing little Bordeaux. It was Johnny’s emphatic urging for a brandy nightcap that may have left me in this rather delicate state this morning.

**MIRIAM** Why the fuss, Peggy? He’s not normally here this early for a recording.

**PEGGY** It’s not a regular recording though, is it? They’re all a bit panicked up there. And by they, I mean Tristan. And by up there, I mean the Gallery, the Green Room, the corridor outside the Green Room, and anywhere else Tristan can pace, offering helpful tips and suggestions. They’re not going down well. Especially to the engineering crew. Oh, and we’ve got a guest.

**MIRIAM** A guest?

**PEGGY** One of Sir Brian’s cousin’s cousin once removed or something

**MIRIAM** Not his strapping nephew from the Navy?

**PETER** He’s not an actor, is he? Because there’s only one spot on this show for someone to do the alien voices, and…

**PEGGY** Don’t panic, Peter. They’re not an actor. In fact, *she* wants to work down here on the sound effects. Which is why I wanted her to meet up with Johnny before we get too close to broadcast.

***ABIGAIL BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR FRAME, OUT OF BREATH HAVING RUN UP THE STARS***

**ABIGAIL** We’re not too close to broadcast, are we? I knew we were going live, but I didn’t think we were going early! Oh, I shouldn’t have moved so fast…

**PEGGY** No, just trying to find Johnny. Have you…?

**ABIGAIL** No, not seen anyone. Well, except the cabbie. And Lordie on Security. And Bert the cleaner. But no, no Johnny.

**PEGGY** Thanks. (***Peggy Leaves***)