

Edith's office.

"Ah, come in John. .... I've just had a telephone call from Caroline - they got married yesterday and she asked if she could have a fortnight of her holiday for the honeymoon and I said 'yes' and wished them well.

"Apparently the law provides for such situations and they decided to get it done."

"A hospital bedside marriage."

"Well possibly, she didn't say - maybe, but maybe his parents spruced him up and he was taken on a trolley or in a wheelchair to the hospital chapel - I don't know.

"Though it appears that after he was hospitalised that his parents invited her to stay with them so that she could be near to him and she has lived there ever since - since before she applied to work here."

"So if she has asked for holiday then it seems that she intends to continue working here."

"Indeed."

"That's good."

"Indeed."

"I wonder what she means by honeymoon in the circumstances."

"She didn't say, .... knowing Caroline she has probably put together some simulation of a barge holiday on a French river or something."

John smiles.

"While you're here .... something a bit peculiar .... The Managing Director of Gigantic Business rang .... would I and a guest of my choice like to join him and his wife for lunch on the first day of the conference."

"That's nice of them."

"Yes, but here's the peculiar bit, on the Monday!"

"But the conference starts on the Tuesday?"

"Well, our invitation says Tuesday, .... I think the lunch invitation might be his way of tipping us off that Jim is up to his tricks again - we arrive to be told of decisions made the day before."

"So what to do?"

"Well we were going to go to the Château de Chenonceau on the Monday, so we can turn up at the conference venue instead - we can try to go to the château later in the week. .... But please don't mention this to anyone else yet, just keep it to the two of us at present."

"Fine."