



Plan of Campaign
(same as)
A man called Apollo



A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

A Play

by

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CHARACTERS IN THE ORDER
OF THEIR APPEARANCE

HARRY BEINUM, Personnel Consultant.

JACK MEADOWS, Engineer.

NELL RAYNER, BEINUM's Secretary.

JULIA, wife of JACK MEADOWS.

THE ACTION IS AT PRESENT.

S C E N E

A room designed for consultations. Doors to left and right, and the large window facing us looks out on to a brick wall only a few yards away; the wall of a factory, and quite blank. Nothing else can be seen through the window, only brick wall. No sky and no roof.

On the right there is a long desk with telephones, adjustable lamp and files. Under the window there is a kind of operating table, or perhaps couch designed for the restless. On the walls there are graphs with steadily undulating lines in red ink, production charts. Recording apparatus on or near the desk, and an armchair facing the desk.

ACT ONE.

As the curtain rises we hear a man's voice shouting from a loudspeaker (the recording apparatus). The voice is distraught and uneven, and there are long pauses between each outburst.

HARRY BEINUM and JACK MEADOWS are listening to this. BEINUM is watching the other man closely. He is tall, heavy in appearance, ungainly in his step. He is carefully though not very formally dressed.

JACK MEADOWS is a younger man, and slighter; he is dressed in overalls. He avoids BEINUM's gaze and stares down at the floor, frowning and shifting about in his seat (the armchair).

THE VOICE: Oh, yes, I've heard all about Carson's job, and that Godfrey! They always make trouble for me, you can see them all talking about me, everybody from Godfrey down! I want to go. I want to get away from all that noise, and those eyes just as if they was inside the noise! It isn't right! I don't get the sleep, you see, and nobody here has any pity... They'd put a dog out of its misery. Listen, Mr Beinum---

BEINUM goes to the recording apparatus and switches it off. He stands over MEADOWS, who still has his head bowed.

BEINUM: Now is that the way to behave?

MEADOWS: You forced me.

BEINUM: Did I really force you?

MEADOWS: I'm ashamed of myself.

BEINUM: But I'm not trying to make you feel ashamed. No, look at me. Look up. (MEADOWS does so) I don't

want you to feel any shame. But it sometimes does us good to hear ourselves.

MEADOWS: That voice isn't me. When I suffer, I suffer quietly.

BEINUM: Carson's face is in plaster. There was nothing quiet about that.

MEADOWS: Where is the microphone?

BEINUM: Close to your chair.

MEADOWS: Where is it?

BEINUM: I shan't use it again.

MEADOWS: To think that was my voice...

BEINUM walks across to the armchair where MEADOWS is sitting and puts his hand under the ledge.

BEINUM: There. You can feel it. (Returns to the machine) Come over here. Aren't you interested?

MEADOWS goes towards BEINUM, walking wearily.

BEINUM: This is the switch. Whenever you come here I want you to have a look at this switch.

MEADOWS: It doesn't help, that sort of thing.

BEINUM: Yesterday, Meadows, I called you hysterical, and today I'm giving you the proof. Why did you hit Carson?

Meadows: He was tormenting me.

BEINUM: Listen, I'm not a doctor. My job is to keep you working hard. You're one of our best engineers. No one else in this place could hit a foreman in the jaw and get away with it.

MEADOWS (yawning) I'm so tired these days. My fingers tremble at the instruments. (Turning to him) Don't you ever feel uncomfortable, watching people like this?

BEINUM: Why should I?

MEADOWS: We're all alone. We're all children in one way or another. I mean, don't you ever shout at people?

BEINUM: I think a man should never give way, Meadows.

MEADOWS: Am I weak in your eyes?

BEINUM: Not weak.

MEADOWS: I don't mind a fight, you see, if---

BEINUM: Your job is engineering. Mine is to see that there aren't any fights.

MEADOWS: All right, it won't happen again.

BEINUM: And suppose the blood rushes to your head the moment you get downstairs?

MEADOWS: Fire me.

BEINUM: That isn't my job. My job is to keep you, because your work is good. (Going to the desk) Listen, this is written under your name. (Opening a file) John Frederick Meadows. Aged 34. Married. No criminal record. Health, good. A loyal and energetic worker.' Mr Godfrey has added in red ink, 'Keep this man.' (Staring at him) Mr Godfrey... What do you think of him?

MEADOWS: Oh, come off the pedestal.

BEINUM: No, tell me. I really want to know: between ourselves.

MEADOWS: Why ask?

BEINUM: Oh, people talk.

There is silence.

MEADOWS: I'm here because I hit Carson in the face.

BEINUM: That was just a burst of anger. You're an unhappy man: why?

MEADOWS: We're all unhappy.

BEINUM: Oh, come, Meadows. This talk is all very well, but you work here and you live here, and there comes a time when your problems are our problems.

MEADOWS: How do people talk?

BEINUM: Like this: Jack Meadows's wife sleeps with Godfrey. That's how it runs. That's the tune we hear every day.

BEINUM goes to the desk and pours a brandy. He brings it to MEADOWS.

MEADOWS: No.

BEINUM: You don't mind a fight. Well, come out and fight with me. Don't be proud. Get drunk if you like. The doors are locked.

MEADOWS takes the drink and sips it.

MEADOWS: This place is a prison. And we're all here because of money.

BEINUM: You could get another job, couldn't you?
(MEADOWS does not reply) It has nothing to do with money. You're here because your wife refuses to leave.

MEADOWS: No. She doesn't refuse. But she might, so I daren't ask her.

BEINUM: Why can't you hold her?

MEADOWS: Then you believe what people say.

BEINUM: Ah, but, Meadows, I thought you were accepting the story. No, all I have is people's talk. No proof.

MEADOWS: I'm suspicious, then I blame myself for thinking badly about her. I'm absolutely tormented. She denies it.

BEINUM: You accused her, then.

MEADOWS: We quarrel. I tear at her dress. I smashed her dressing table. What do you think of that, you who like to keep so calm?

BEINUM: I've never had the experience.

MEADOWS: No, well, you can pray. (DRINKS) She isn't a whore. She's clean and dignified. I think of her as a courtesan. But then, sometimes, I stop and think, Suppose all this is untrue? Suppose I'm wearing her down, wearing down her beauty, you see. Because she cries,---oh, my God, how she cries! Evening after evening, bitterly and hopelessly, like a child, until I know she was never unfaithful, and then I want to console her, and that feeling of tears on my shoulder where she put her head is so familiar to me now.

BEINUM: Does Godfrey come to your house?

MEADOWS: No.

BEINUM: Where does she type his reports, then?

MEADOWS: At his house. But of course! Isn't it obvious? She goes there dressed as she never dresses for me. How could they spend two hours together in a silent room every day, without him putting his hand on her arm and bending down perhaps, and moving towards her, and she leaning back her head, and---

BEINUM: Poor creature, you torment yourself. But that's what happens when you don't love calm! That's what happens when you give way to the ghosts and

the nightmares! All the lechery in the world, all the horror and pain, rise up in front of you and draw you on. And the further you go, the more you're lost. Is she true to me? Yes! No! Yes! Which is it to be? You will never know, my friend. Only a calm man would know.

MEADOWS: Of course Godfrey wants to keep me. He wants to keep his lover.

BEINUM: And suppose your suspicions are wrong?

MEADOWS: Yes. Suppose! You say you're not a doctor. But here's an operating table. And this lamp...

BEINUM: I need them sometimes.

MEADOWS: Why?

BEINUM: People get hysterical. They faint. The machines makes them nervous.

MEADOWS: Hysterical like me?

BEINUM: No.

MEADOWS: I'm different, then?

BEINUM: Yes.

MEADOWS: Who comes here? We never hear about this downstairs.

BEINUM: I can't tell you.

MEADOWS: But how many a day?

BEINUM: Five or six perhaps.

MEADOWS: Engineers and operatives.

BEINUM: Engineers and operatives. Mostly operatives.

MEADOWS: And the engineers are more sophisticated, are they?

BEINUM: Well, they're better educated, of course.

MEADOWS: And more difficult... They come and tell you their secrets, I suppose?

BEINUM: Sometimes.

MEADOWS: People like Barnes and Turner, Jock Murphy and Burbidge?

BEINUM: People like that.

MEADOWS: What are their secrets?

BEINUM: A grudge. Or they complain about something---

the food, the loudspeakers in the assembly room, or the foremen.

MEADOWS: But secrets?

BEINUM: Can't you imagine for yourself?

MEADOWS: Secrets like mine, I mean: are their wives unfaithful?

BEINUM: Perhaps most wives are unfaithful, Meadows. Why can't you be sophisticated about these things?

MEADOWS: Calm, you mean?

BEINUM: Calm, if you like. Your wife takes another man, why can't you take another woman?

MEADOWS: But another woman wouldn't be my Julia.

MEADOWS walks over to the recording machine and looks at the switch. He touches it, making sure that it is turned off.

MEADOWS: Have you used this on other people?

BEINUM: Once or twice.

MEADOWS: Are the secrets about love?

BEINUM: Yes.

MEADOWS: Love's the only problem.

BEINUM: For people without work!

MEADOWS: No, it cuts in on the work!

BEINUM: Yes, it attacks like a fever, Meadows.

MEADOWS (looking straight at him) What's your wife's name?

BEINUM (hesitantly) Nell.

MEADOWS: Suppose Nell---(he pauses, watching BEINUM)--- went with another man and didn't love him?

BEINUM (smiling) I've let you go far enough.

MEADOWS: No. I just wanted to try and break that calm.

BEINUM: Scream the word Nell at me all day. Suggest the vilest lecheries in her name, if you like.

MEADOWS: I feel horrible, telling you my secrets.

BEINUM: Look at all this paraphernalia: an operating table, brandy for the weak, smelling salts, soft

lights. I'm your nurse, man. A hundred years ago you would have beaten your wife black and blue, or you wouldn't have cared. But in either case you wouldn't have whined.

MEADOWS: Have I whined?

BEINUM: But, Christ, I've never heard so much whining. How long have you been married?

MEADOWS: Six years.

BEINUM: You can't love a person for six years.

MEADOWS: I love Julia.

BEINUM: You love her in Godfrey's arms, Meadows. You must break that idea. Look, we need new people to flatter us. A new lover is like a mirror held up to our faces. We grow big in flattery. We see ourselves new again. But six years... Eyes grow old after six years.

MEADOWS: It feels like a tomb here.

BEINUM: Yes, Meadows (going to his desk), we baptise a place with our wounds. For a lot of people this room is like a tomb.

He opens a file and unclips a card. This he takes across to MEADOWS and throws it down before him.

BEINUM: There's your card.

MEADOWS begins to rise but BEINUM stops him.

BEINUM: You know Burbidge of course?

MEADOWS: Yes.

BEINUM: Do you know anything about his domestic life?

MEADOWS: No?

BEINUM: Well, I'm going to tell you one of those secrets you wanted to hear.

MEADOWS: You give yourself these calm airs. But you're in it, like everybody else. You're working for Godfrey, working to keep him in women. Is that a man's work?

BEINUM: My idea, Meadows, is to make those lines (indicating the production charts) go up instead of down. So I have to choose between the heart and a good production rate.

MEADOWS: And you work for Godfrey's heart.

BEINUM: I'm trying to get you at work again. Nothing else.

MEADOWS: He could get a dozen better engineers than me. What use am I here? I hit Carson in the face. I'm lazy. I'm rude to people. I've been absent five times in a week.

BEINUM: I'm not in love with Godfrey, you know. But like you I have to keep body and soul together. He's my boss as well as yours.

MEADOWS: So tell me about Burbidge.

BEINUM: If I listened to the heart all the time we should be bankrupt in a week and people like you would be without a job. I want you to realise that before I say anything about Burbidge. I'm on your side, Meadows.

MEADOWS: Yes, go on: Burbidge is enslaved to a woman, and this is what he did...

BEINUM: No. The very reverse.

MEADOWS: A woman can enslave me just by turning her head. So it seems.

BEINUM: Burbidge and his wife are virtually separated. He has a lover, outside the grounds. Have you seen his wife?

MEADOWS: I've spoken to her.

BEINUM: She has no lover, Meadows. She's living with a man she detests. (There is a silence during which they watch each other) Treat it like a problem in engineering. I can give you some help.

MEADOWS: She comes here too?

BEINUM: She has her troubles, yes.

MEADOWS: And downstairs one has no idea, no idea at all. There are machines which work, everything has its place, the workshops are bright and airy.

BEINUM: I'm only showing you how to be wise. But if you want to go on tormenting yourself...

MEADOWS: Do you never feel jealousy, then?

BEINUM: No.

MEADOWS: Never.

BEINUM: I want to be free, Meadows. Perhaps freedom is a higher value for me than love.

MEADOWS: But if you found her with another man, lying in a bed at dawn, smiling into his eyes, her face, still sleepy, pale with the morning...

BEINUM: No. How astonishing, that two bodies rubbing together should cause so much agony in a man.

MEADOWS: But if one of those bodies happens to be the place where you worship, your only temple---

BEINUM: Then you destroy that temple.

MEADOWS: And betray Burbidge.

BEINUM: Betray man? What kind of word is that? It's too big for the petty incidents of every day.

MEADOWS rises.

MEADOWS: Is it too big for what I go through? too big for sleepless nights, and a pain at the pit of the stomach, and one name in your head from one end of the day to the other? No.

BEINUM goes to the door leading out left and unlocks it.

BEINUM: I don't deny you suffer, Meadows. That's why you come here.

MEADOWS: I come here because I'm weak.

BEINUM: What shall I tell Godfrey, then? That you'll go back to work?

MEADOWS: Oh, I'll behave. It's no use, all this shouting.

They stand at the door.

BEINUM: Then I was wise to play that tape over.

MEADOWS (with a shrug) You can afford to be wise.

BEINUM: Good bye, Meadows, and good luck.

They shake hands and MEADOWS goes out.

BEINUM closes the door after him and walks across to the other door leading to his own quarters and unlocks it. He puts a handkerchief up to his brow and sighs. He presses an electric bell at his desk and waits, staring down at one of the files.

The door on the right opens and NELL RAYNER enters. She is a well-built, erect young woman. But we notice something nervous about her.

NELL: Did you call?

BEINUM: Yes. Come and talk to me. I'm exhausted.

NELL: Who was it?

BEINUM: Meadows.

NELL: Have I seen him?

BEINUM: I don't think so.

NELL: You work too hard. You're so pale.

BEINUM: What have you been doing?

NELL: Reading. Let me see the file. (He shows her)
Ah, this is Meadows. The man who hit Carson.

BEINUM: He overstayed his welcome, as usual, babbling and babbling. If only he were a fool! But he's clever, decent and quite brave really. (He picks up the telephone) Hello, get me Mr Carson. (To Nell) What do you say to some coffee? (She nods and starts to go but he catches her arm and draws her back) No, stay and talk to me. I need your talk. (At the phone) Hello, Carson. This is Beinum here. I've just sent Meadows downstairs. He should be all right now. Listen, I want you to put Burbidge on another belt... Burbidge... He works opposite Meadows. Do that today... Oh, tell him production rates, anything you like. Good bye.

He puts the receiver down and goes to the recorsing apparatus. He glances at his watch, then runs the recording tape back a little.

BEINUM: This is what I've had to listen to. I feel so tired, Nell, so absolutely done up.

He plays over the tape again.

THE VOICE: Oh, yes, I've heard all about Carson's job, and that Godfrey! They always make trouble for me, you can see them all talking about me, everybody from Godfrey down! I want to go. I want to get away from all that noise, and those eyes just as if they was inside the noise. It isn't right! I don't get---

He cuts the machine off.

NELL: What poor creatures they all are.

BEINUM: And he's the worst of them.

NELL: It's funny. I think I'm more like all those

creatures downstairs. I'm soft, like them. I could lose my head just like this Meadows. I'm not like you. All your life seems so well planned, Harry. And the rest of us are so untidy.

BEINUM: But when you're ill or worried, who do you come to--- me or one of those other creatures?

NELL: To you.

BEINUM: And do I make you feel more secure?

NELL: Yes.

BEINUM: For the last hour he has been dragging me further and further into his petty orbit. With the others it's so easy. They have no wills, no thoughts, and no feelings to speak of. I simply put their faces together again and send them back to work. But this fellow's different. What he says is absolutely true: I've no right to give him advice, because we're equals. So we have a struggle. I feel I'm being sucked down. I don't know where I'm going. I want the light and the air, not all these dark feelings, which proliferate and writhe and mix together like dreadful tumours!

He mixes himself a drink.

NELL: That's unusual for you.

BEINUM: He says, 'This place is like a tomb.' And it's quite true, Nell. It has lost that clinical air, the air of belonging nowhere. He turned it into a tomb.

NELL: Perhaps you both did.

BEINUM: But I'll win. The hysterical one always loses... How do you feel this morning?

NELL: The same.

BEINUM: Have you been sick?

NELL: A little, yes.

BEINUM: It's simply no good worrying. Why do you look at me like that?

NELL: Do you ever feel you're tired of me?

BEINUM: Tired?

NELL: Tired of my voice, the way I walk, the way I pick up things, the way I look at you, (almost in tears) the way I sit reading, waiting for you to talk to me.

BEINUM: My poor---

A bell rings. BEINUM glances at the (visitors') door, then at Nell. She hurries away towards the living quarters.

NELL: Of course you don't want someone else like me!

BEINUM walks after her but doesn't stop her leaving, and locks the door after her. He then goes to the other door and opens it.

JULIA MEADOWS enters. Our first impression is of the utmost gentleness.

JULIA: Am I late?

BEINUM: Not at all, Mrs Meadows..

She stands looking about the room as he closes and locks the door.

JULIA: I never knew these rooms were here. Are you a doctor?

BEINUM: No. Will you sit down?

She sits at the armchair.

JULIA: Did we meet once?

BEINUM: Yes, at the jubilee celebrations. (Watching her)
I was with Godfrey.

JULIA: Ah, yes.

BEINUM: You know your husband hit Carson in the face?

JULIA: Yes.

BEINUM: I wanted to talk to you about that.

JULIA: His behaviour is strange.

BEINUM: Do you mind talking about him?

JULIA: No.

BEINUM: He was here just now. He's very unhappy, as you know.

JULIA: What did he tell you?

BEINUM: Nothing real, nothing real at all.

JULIA: But why did he set on Carson?

BEINUM: Oh, he has nothing against Carson. (He takes up his drink again) I'm sorry. Will you drink?

JULIA: Thank you.

BEINUM: Brandy?

JULIA: Yes. It seems strange in the morning.

BEINUM (getting the drink) Drinking?

JULIA: Yes.

BEINUM: It isn't usual for me. But your husband gave me a bad time.

JULIA: Then you know what I suffer.

BEINUM: Do you suffer?

JULIA: The real suffering's on his side. But it wears me out.

BEINUM: Just for an hour, even---yes. The sufferers draw us into their agony. And we have to fight them, which is unpleasant. It seems cowardly.

He gives her the drink.

JULIA: Why is it so dark here?

BEINUM (indicating the window) It's the wall. We're only eight feet away from it.

JULIA: Do you live up here?

BEINUM: Yes.

JULIA: There are other rooms through there, I suppose.

BEINUM: Yes, there are three other rooms.

JULIA: Is your wife there now?

BEINUM (again hesitantly) Yes. Then you knew I was married.

JULIA: I assumed it. One can tell sometimes. What does she do while you're here?

BEINUM: She reads a lot. And she's my secretary. She rarely goes out, you know.

JULIA: Does she like it here?

BEINUM: She feels cut off, perhaps.

JULIA: No one talks about this room downstairs. Your name is never heard.

BEINUM: Well, it means that people have nothing to lose when they tell me their secrets, I suppose.

JULIA: Did he mention me?

BEINUM: Yes.

JULIA: What did he say?

BEINUM: What people often say about their wives---nothing substantial.

JULIA: No, tell me.

BEINUM: People come here with their secrets. I can't betray them.

JULIA: Did he tell you whether he quarrelled with me?

BEINUM: Yes.

JULIA: And why he quarrelled with me?

BEINUM: Look, Mrs Meadows. We ought to be honest with each other. You know very well what people say here.

JULIA: What do they say?

BEINUM: That you and Godfrey are lovers. (A pause)
I don't care whether that's true or not. I'm not interested.

JULIA: Why not?

BEINUM: I don't want your secrets, Mrs Meadows. The point is that your husband has suspicions about you, and I've got to cure him of those suspicions.

JULIA: But I'm going to tell you the truth.

BEINUM: Then you do so freely.

JULIA: As you say, one has nothing to lose here. In any case, you know the truth. You know quite well that I sleep with Godfrey... Don't you? (BEINUM does not reply) We agreed to be honest.

BEINUM: I do know, yes.

JULIA: Who told you?

BEINUM: Godfrey himself.

JULIA: I don't respect him at all, you know.

BEINUM: But you have to see him.

JULIA: Yes.

BEINUM: Why?

JULIA: Because I feel stifled with my husband.

BEINUM: And you need flattery now.

JULIA: Before, we were like one person. I became heavy and dull. We were cut off from the world, the two of us in our house near the generator. Do you know what I mean? We seemed to see with the same eyes, think with the same mind.

BEINUM: And now Godfrey has renewed you. I can understand all that.

JULIA: Not Godfrey. Anyone could have done it.

BEINUM (staring at her for a moment) Anyone?

JULIA: I only needed to touch another human being.

BEINUM: But when I saw you at the celebrations---you remember when we shook hands? You seemed so very happy to be with Godfrey then---I can't describe it, but I envied him, you know. I wondered---such a beautiful woman...

JULIA: I was happy. I was so excited at those celebrations, knowing that there were other eyes in the world beside my husband's, eyes which could admire me, I mean.

BEINUM: So you don't love Godfrey?

JULIA: No. Do you tell him all our secrets? Poor fishes we are, coming here with our secrets.

BEINUM: I tell Godfrey nothing. I had to explain to your husband---I'm not exactly in love with the man. But he's my boss.

JULIA: You seem to know all about us before we come here.

BEINUM: Do I seem to know about you?

JULIA: Yes.

BEINUM: Why, do you think? Because there's no one like you in this camp. I hear you spoken about by so many people; Godfrey, sometimes an engineer you may never ~~may~~ have seen, but who saw you, passing the assembly hall, perhaps... Even when your husband shouts about you, he never breaks that single image of your strange---I don't know, a kind of wise gentleness you have, you see what I mean, wise isn't the right word, but you seem so very gracious, and therefore quite different from every other woman in the camp. Every day I hear something new about you, and it's always said in that awed way, and sometimes, you know, they nearly use the same words.

JULIA: We say things here we would never say downstairs. So you must see right into us.

BEINUM: Do you know, Mrs Meadows, that in all my work I've never seen an unhappier man than your husband?

He's going to kill you, or Godfrey, or himself, if you don't behave a little more cautiously.

JULIA: What can I do?

BEINUM: Listen to me, Mrs Meadows: I want you to give up working for Godfrey.

JULIA: I don't work for him.

BEINUM: What do you mean?

JULIA: I go there to see him. The work was only a cover.

BEINUM: But he pays you?

JULIA: He gives me money to show my husband, yes.

BEINUM: Where did you see him first?

JULIA: At one of the dances. He called my husband over and told him how much he liked his work. Then we spoke to each other. Then he danced with me.

BEINUM: When did you make this arrangement about work?

JULIA: A week later.

BEINUM: But everyone in the camp knows about it! What made you so careless?

JULIA: I don't know, I seem to have been asleep during those five years. I was so happy to be awake again, I didn't think of anything else.

BEINUM: That was cruel for your husband. You can see how he suffers.

JULIA: Godfrey was as careless.

BEINUM: Godfrey doesn't care. He leaves all the caring to me. That's what he pays me for. But to go and work for him, to go there every day dressed up as you never dress for your husband---how did you think anybody here could fail to see what you were up to? And your husband...

JULIA: Yes, I'm wretched, it's wrong, I know.

BEINUM (stopping) Wrong? I'm not here to decide between right and wrong. You can talk that out downstairs. Here we deal only in plans of campaign, Mrs Meadows. And you were too excited with your Godfrey to think of a plan of campaign, weren't you? So tears and scandal everywhere...

JULIA: If I stay in that house all alone again, just waiting for Jack, I shall lose my looks, I shall die, you see.

- BEINUM: You shall have all your pleasures, Mrs Meadows, if only you're patient. Why were you so surprised to find you needed a lover? Did you really expect to be able to live with the same man for six years without getting dull? Did you really expect that?
- JULIA: I think so. Well, I accepted it.
- BEINUM: You thought you could be loyal to your husband for ever and ever. And when you found it was only possible at the expense of your beauty, indeed, your whole life---when in other words you found that we are not gods, you were surprised. So you gave way to Godfrey like a prisoner the moment he made his first advance. Prisoners come up here every day, prisoners who build their own prison walls. Life caught you napping. You fell in its clutches (making a sudden clutching movement)---like that! No time for a plan of campaign. So you gave way to a man for whom you have no respect, much less any love, a man for whose body you have even a little disgust.
- JULIA: Perhaps.
- BEINUM: You're the most distinctive woman in the camp, Mrs Meadows. And what's Godfrey? He's rich, he has a fast car, he knows one wine from another, but there's something unpleasant about the grip of his hand, isn't there? He's a little too well-kept. They say the women find him irresistible, but just tell me, as your friend now, Mrs Meadows, not as your husband's male nurse, whether going to him wasn't just a frantic act of rebellion from your husband?
- JULIA: I don't love him. I told you that.
- BEINUM: But isn't it better to be prepared for life? to wait for these attacking fevers with a certain plan of campaign? Suppose you had never felt that surprise: then you could have chosen a lover quite calmly, a lover specially situated, Mrs Meadows, one who would cause your husband no suspicions, and above all a lover worthy of your intelligence, a lover who when he walked at your side wouldn't look as damned poodle. You would ~~never~~ have been loved by two men, and neither of them would have been suffering as your husband is suffering. That's the value of a plan of campaign.
- JULIA: It's too late now.
- BEINUM: Oh, I can teach people, slowly. Can you spare me some time each week?
- JULIA: I think so.
- BEINUM: Come whenever you like at first---I mean, just give me an hour's warning. You'll find it a rest from

downstairs.

JULIA: How many people come here?

BEINUM: Well, in the last two years about eighty-nine percent of the personnel.

JULIA: Yet we never hear your name...

BEINUM: Are you likely to go downstairs now and tell Murphy's wife or Carson's wife about your visit here? They've all been here, you see, and they've all come with a terrible secret, Mrs Meadows. Look---(going to the window)---come over here. (She rises and goes to his side) Look at them. Calm enough, from here. And you've no idea what horror comes to them in the night, what cruelties they heap on each other, you've no idea what very dreamy substances their lives really are.

JULIA: Isn't it terrible, knowing so much?

BEINUM: Look at that heavily-built chap. The one in overalls. There. Have you seen him before?

JULIA: No.

BEINUM: Well, I'm choosing one of all that crowd down there. He's irritable and fussy like an old woman--- nothing picturesque, you see, but thinkg what his goes through, evening after evening. Yet that's a strong face. Look, much the same as all the others. It's got the same muteness, d'you see, the same nervous anxiety round here (pointing to his own brow).

JULIA: Jack hasn't got that look.

BEINUM: Ah, that's why we fight each other!...And those people down there are mothers and fathers, Mrs Meadows. It's a dirty world, down there. When they come up here they can shake off a little of that dirt. I wish you could see the way they sit in that armchair, the way they stretch out their legs, with their heads back, and talk as if they were half asleep.

JULIA: I feel like that.

BEINUM: Look at those faces down there---who are they? They're operatives and engineers going from the assembly hall to the welding furnaces. But for me they're men with the same broken, weeping souls.

JULIA: Aren't they afraid of you?

BEINUM: You might call it fear. They answer my questions in hushed voices.

JULIA: But you can't have been here long. Not even Godfrey talks about you.

BEINUM: I've been here two years. I came with Godfrey, you know.

JULIA: When this new wing was built?

BEINUM: Yes. We planned it together. Oh, Godfrey knows quite well that my name must never be mentioned downstairs, just as my face must never be seen.

JULIA: When you came to the jubilee celebrations, who did they think you were---an engineer?

BEINUM: I came as an outsider---really as Godfrey's friend. That's how I met you. I thought to myself when I saw you, 'She'll never need to visit me.'

JULIA: Why?

BEINUM: You hadn't quite that helpless look of the others. But Godfrey wasn't careful, so here you are.

JULIA: Does he know I'm here?

BEINUM: No. You need never be afraid---whatever you say here goes back into the silence. (Jocularly) Unless I record it. Then I scrap it after a week. You notice how silent it is, of course?

JULIA: Yes---all muffled.

BEINUM: You see, what I did was to plan every detail of this new wing. I sound-proofed this room. I put it on the third floor, out of the way. And through there (pointing to the door leading to the living quarters) I put another staircase. I'll show you.

He strides across to the door and opens it. She stares through, fascinated.

BEINUM: There. Can you see that swing-door? Behind it there's a sort of fire-escape. That leads straight out into the town. I can be right away from this camp in two minutes. I need never go across that quadrangle, you see. Now when I planned this wing with Godfrey I made sure that not one single window overlooked the fire escape, just to shield myself from the eyes of suffering men and women.

JULIA: Are those your private rooms, to the left?

BEINUM: Yes. (Closing the door again and going to the window) Now this window. I can see nearly the whole of the quadrangle from here. Yet coming

from the welding furnaces you hardly see this room. That's because of the wall, you see. It means less light, but there...

JULIA: One feels quite different up here.

BEINUM: I have to make a place which nobody can connect with the machines downstairs, with the---love downstairs, the mess. Oh, my God, you've no idea, but I've been up here so long now I fear downstairs: I think of it as a weird and groaning place where men are wounded as they pass their hands across their brows. So I never walk downstairs, even at night, when they lay their sufferings to sleep.

JULIA: Do you ever tell the others about how you planned these rooms?

BEINUM: The other patients, you mean?

JULIA: Yes.

BEINUM: No. The others don't even realise I've sound-proofed these walls. For them, I suppose, I'm surrounded by a silence like a god.

JULIA: And why am I the first to know all this?

He looks at her for a moment.

BEINUM: I don't think I could deceive you, Mrs Meadows. You aren't like the other fools.

ACT TWO.

The same, a few days later. This time the sun is shining into the room.

JACK MEADOWS is strolling about the room. He passes the door leading into the living quarters, stops and looks back at it: tries the handle. But it is locked. He continues his strolling.

The doorbell rings. At first he does nothing. Then he goes to the visitors' door and opens it.

JULIA, his wife, is standing there. He is surprised to see her and stares. Neither has she expected to see him. She enters.

MEADOWS: Did he want to see you, then?

JULIA: Won't you even say hullo first?

MEADOWS: I was amazed---

JULIA: You said you were going to work. What happened?

MEADOWS: Oh, he called me. He does that. He suddenly sends a message down.

She puts her handbag on BEINUM's desk.

JULIA: It's so noisy downstairs today. The new generators are being connected. About fifty new hands have signed on, and the canteen's been crowded all morning. They asked me to help with the tea. (Looking at him) Do you know anything about these things? Did you even see them working at the generators?

MEADOWS: No.

JULIA: You're in a dream. You're young, good-looking, you're strong---and yet you won't come out into the world.

MEADOWS: You've been here before...

JULIA: Yes.

MEADOWS: How many times?

JULIA: Three or four. More, perhaps.

MEADOWS (in a sudden burst of anger) But you didn't tell me!

JULIA (quietly) Ah, you're going to shout.

MEADOWS (coming close to her, trembling with rage) Ah, you're going to shout. You're going to feel something. Why can't you be calm like me? (She hides her face) We're so calm, we superior people.

JULIA: I shan't listen!

MEADOWS (turning away) They're like rock. You can't look into their eyes any more. There are only children left.

JULIA: Well, I'll go.

MEADOWS turns abruptly when she says this; she takes her bag from the desk.

MEADOWS: Put that down.

She slowly and deliberately lifts the bag away from the desk, opens it, leans back on the desk and takes out her powder compact. She begins powdering her face.

MEADOWS (hardly able to bear the sight of this) All right. You can go.

JULIA: I wanted to stay, but you shout so. You sneer. Other people are so nice with me.

MEADOWS: When a child comes out of your womb you don't expect it to shake hands with you. It's just you. It feels funny here without him. The whole room seems to be waiting. Why did you come here---of your own accord, I mean?

JULIA: It's so quiet here..

MEADOWS: Quiet? It's dumb. I think that's what he wants to do to people---he wants to strike them dumb.

JULIA: He really makes Godfrey seem grotesque.

MEADOWS (staring at her) Beinum does that?

JULIA: By talking to me here, where it feels so safe.

MEADOWS: He makes all of us look grotesque.

JULIA: Yes, you as well, in a way.

MEADOWS: Are you still seeing Godfrey?

JULIA: I saw him this morning.

MEADOWS: But why?

JULIA: Because he's in love with me and I don't like to see him suffer, because he isn't the pink-faced ninny you think he is.

MEADOWS: And my suffering?

JULIA: Our children suffer in us---just as you said.

MEADOWS (nodding, with sudden sympathy) Yes. I suffer in you.

JULIA: Where's Beinum now?

MEADOWS: He went away with the doctor.

JULIA: Why?

MEADOWS: God alone knows. He just said to me, 'I've been called away, stay here.' He said he'd phone just before he came back. (Walks to the operating table, picks up a blanket that lies crumpled on it) See this? Can you smell the ether?

JULIA: Ether? No.

MEADOWS: When I came in there was a strong smell of ether.

JULIA: What do you think happened, then?

MEADOWS: Oh, another secret. This furniture won't tell us. It's on his side. (Pointing at the window) That sun doesn't belong to this room. It's just a ball of flame. Hanging up there without a name. Only downstairs is the sun shining.

JULIA: I don't understand your talk.

MEADOWS: You like coming up here?

JULIA: Well--- Are you going to understand what I say, or do you want to start shouting again?

MEADOWS: No. I really want to know.

JULIA: Well, downstairs I'm just a woman, just a woman.

MEADOWS: Isn't that enough?

JULIA: I'm always in a mess downstairs, healing other people's wounds, yours or Godfrey's. I want a

rest sometimes. There's no danger of love up here.

MEADOWS (looking at her with admiration) You come here to be clean again.

JULIA; Look (running her finger along the files on the desk). All our lives are in those boxes. He knows all about me. But he doesn't come near us. He doesn't touch us.

MEADOWS: He touches me. I go near him. I won't be treated as a patient. . We're all alone.

JULIA: What do you mean?

MEADOWS: Oh, I can't explain. Sometimes I think you're a complete bloody fool. Yet you're the wisest woman in the world. (Pointing at the files) There are just brief reports in there---age, health, all that.

JULIA: No. There are pages and pages about all of us. He lives in us. He sits over these reports for days on end. And for himself he asks absolutely nothing.

MEADOWS: He wants to be God. .

JULIA: You mean that's wrong?

MEADOWS: Impossible.

JULIA: So it's better to be Godfrey. He's terrified if he's alone for an hour. He needs brandy all the time. You prefer men to grovel.

MEADOWS: No.

JULIA: Let Beinum try to be God. Yes, like God, you see, he's in us all the time, and he blames us for nothing. You can see by the way he walks. Those long strides, with the head down. Taller than all the others. Quite alone. Like a great thinking rock. Really, like a visitor on the earth. He comes to us like a visitor, and we stare at him.

MEADOWS: Yet he has the look of a monster, sometimes.

JULIA: If God walked on the earth, he'd look like a monster. This room feels like a temple.

MEADOWS: Puh! (Turns away, scoffing)

JULIA: You said it felt dumb. It's secluded and silent, because it belongs to God, not to any men. But our room, you can feel our quarrels sticking to the walls and armchairs, it's all hot and noisy---!

MEADOWS: No---keep quiet.

JULIA: It's true.

MEADOWS: I love our room.

JULIA:: But---

MEADOWS (shrieking) Shut your mouth! I love our room. You keep your temple, and I'll keep mine. My temple is where I've loved somebody. And yours... A place where you can keep your hands clean. (He runs his hands over the glass of the window) Can't you open this thing?

JULIA: No. There are special ventilators.

MEADOWS: Special ventilators, the doors locked---how can you bear it? (Looking through the window) They all look like ghosts down there, not the people we know. He can never hear the church bells! He's deaf. And he's blind too. He just staggers about inside his own thoughts.

JULIA: You say he staggers? My God!

MEADOWS: He can talk, though.

JULIA: And you really stagger. You shout and hit people in the face. Is a woman supposed to admire that?

MEADOWS: I want to go away from here.

JULIA: Where to?

MEADOWS: You wouldn't come. (He pauses, watching her) Would you?

JULIA: No.

MEADOWS: Why not?

JULIA: I'm just learning how to run my life.

MEADOWS: Who's the teacher?

JULIA: Beinum.

MEADOWS: Stay, then. Have you noticed how much calmer I am these days, downstairs, I mean?

JULIA: Yes.

MEADOWS: I looked at you last night and I thought to myself, 'Her body is only a landscape of memories for me now.' Memories of what I used to feel, you see. But I really don't care any longer. Habit, I suppose: habit makes me want you to come away

with me, instead of going away by myself.
Habit makes me shout at you.

She looks at him for some time.

JULIA: Will the feelings come back?

MEADOWS: Perhaps. Two weeks ago you could have turned my stomach over just by mentioning the name Godfrey. But now I don't care.

JULIA: Why the change?

MEADOWS (with a smile) Beinum.

JULIA: So you should stay here too.

MEADOWS: I want my feelings back. So I want to get away.

JULIA: I can't---

MEADOWS: I know, I know. I was only telling you what I wanted.

JULIA (looking about her) The minute I walk into this room I feel frightened. Yet I know this is the safest place for me.

MEADOWS: I understand him too well to feel that.

JULIA (without malice) Yes, you come here like the devil, getting right inside him, spoiling his work.

MEADOWS: Who told you that? (She doesn't answer) He did.

JULIA: Yes.

MEADOWS (with pride) So he told you that. And who knows, I may bring him down. Or shall I leave it to time? Time has a slow kind of justice.

The telephone rings.

JULIA: That may be him.

MEADOWS answers it. She watches him as he says 'Hullo' and goes nearer the desk, waiting to hear the voice at the other end.

MEADOWS: Yes, it's Meadows... You---

JULIA: It's him!

MEADOWS: You'll be here when?... Ah... I'll wait. (Puts the receiver down) He's coming in a few minutes.

JULIA: I'll go, then. Did you tell him I was here?

MEADOWS (with a laugh) You heard what I said to him. You had your ear glued to the phone. Look at you! All of a shiver! That dignity you're so famous for---it's all gone now. (He takes her hands) Come away with me!

JULIA (seeming dazed) What?

MEADOWS: Let's go away together.

JULIA: Yes, but later.

MEADOWS: Decide when.

JULIA: How can---?

MEADOWS: I know we've got to get away. This sunlight reminded me of---! And when I talked to you about those church bells... We could get back to all that, you see! We used to walk in the country.

JULIA: Yes.

MEADOWS: Well, we did, didn't we? What's the matter?

JULIA: I don't know.

MEADOWS: Weren't we happy, then?

JULIA: Yes... I can't remember.

MEADOWS: It's this place. I can't remember either. I forced myself to talk about it. But this room is so powerful. All right. You'd better go.

She turns to go but he speaks to her again.

MEADOWS: Let's leave. I'm sorry.

JULIA: We'll talk about it tonight.

MEADOWS: When we won't. Beinum has a hold over you.

JULIA: That's better than Godfrey, isn't it?

MEADOWS: Is it?

She opens the door and leaves without looking at him again. He gazes after her.

He goes to the recording machine and looks at it. He puts his hand under the arm of the easy chair and feels the microphone there. Then he switches the apparatus on. He bends down and speaks quietly in to the

microphone.

He returns to the machine and plays back the tape. We hear his voice say, 'BEINUM IS GOD.' He seems to wait for something to happen, a little frightened. Then, switching up the volume, he plays the tape again: 'BEINUM IS GOD'

We hear the lock turn in the door leading to the living quarters. MEADOWS switches off the machine quickly.

BEINUM enters. He is haggard and bowed. He stands in the doorway for a moment, looking about him without interest.

MEADOWS: Are you ill?

BEINUM: Ill? No. (Peers at MEADOWS) You're not going to shout?

MEADOWS: No.

BEINUM: Don't wear me out. (Walks to the desk and absently picks up several papers) Why are you here?

MEADOWS: You asked me to come.

BEINUM: Yes but what was the trouble?

MEADOWS: The trouble...

BEINUM: You've not been absent these days, the reports are good. Don't stand there watching me like that.

MEADOWS: I was waiting.

BEINUM: Yes, always waiting.

MEADOWS: You asked me---!

BEINUM: Yes, yes. Sit down. (MEADOWS stays where he is) Won't you sit down? (He does so)

MEADOWS: I could come another time.

BEINUM: Who else was here?

MEADOWS: When?

BEINUM: Just now.

MEADOWS: My wife.

BEINUM: Why?

MEADOWS: How did you know she was here?

BEINUM: By your voice on the phone, perhaps.

MEADOWS: Ah, clairvoyant...

BEINUM: I don't claim any powers---only with fools, not with you, in all your intelligence.

MEADOWS: Thank you.

BEINUM: But it's a lackey's intelligence. Something sly about it.

MEADOWS: Did---

BEINUM: We won't quarrel. Why was she here?

MEADOWS: She wanted to see you.

BEINUM: We had no appointment.

MEADOWS: But she wanted to see you. To see you.

BEINUM (looking at him shrewdly) Aren't you jealous?

MEADOWS: No.

BEINUM: Good. I'm glad you realise what sort of man you're dealing with.

MEADOWS: Not quite a man, you mean?

BEINUM: If you like. But out of the running, Meadows.

MEADOWS: You've had a shock of some kind.

BEINUM: I have a shock every day. Do you think they bring me their wounds and leave no mark at all? They leave a fresh mark every day, and there's no time for healing. The stigmata, you know: they never leave a man.

MEADOWS: You suffer too, then---like the others.

BEINUM: Not like the others.

MEADOWS: Why not?

BEINUM: I put up a fight. And I win.

MEADOWS: You can't predict anything. You're blind and dumb like the rest of us. You're plodding through the dark. You fall in love; nobody warned you. You suffer. Nobody can heal you. You can't explain us, you can't explain the silence of that sky, you know damn-all, absolutely damn-all.

BEINUM: I try to learn. I won't give up like you. That's the difference between you and me. I don't give up.

MEADOWS: We're frightened by the sky. We're as helpless as children. But still, we belong. And where we belong is God.

BEINUM (after looking at him for some time) Do you think about such things? This word God...

MEADOWS: If you have nights when you don't sleep you think about him. He sort of draws quietly to your side. The silence brings him.

BEINUM: Draws quietly to your side, man (with a smile)?

MEADOWS: They're only words---noises. I can't explain.

BEINUM: Here I've eliminated God. Amusing?

MEADOWS: Mm.

BEINUM: You've got a religious face, Meadows. Flushed, excitable, you see. And those eyes, so fallible, and young. Eh? (MEADOWS makes no response) You're right about the sky. It never gives us any answers back. Just watches us, with that terrible silence. (Now drawn into the discussion) Look---we're all here for the first time. Do you get the importance of that? And we come only once. We're born, our eyes suddenly open on this strange world---we had no hand in our coming. Then we're snatched away---puff!---finished. No appeal, no explanation. The sky, this desk, the window, the sunnoutside---they don't speak to us. We're orphans. We're exiles from the world that gave birth to us. You accept all that? You just resign yourself to it?

MEADOWS: Yes.

BEINUM: I don't. No. We've got to drown that silence, Meadows, fill the air with our voices, pinch ourselves awake, make the universe seem crowded with ourselves, so that we no longer belong to it, but it belongs to us. And how to do it? How to possess our world?

MEADOWS: It can't be done.

BEINUM: Oh, it can be done. It can be done by refusing the night, by keeping that God you talk of away in the sleepless hours, by turning our backs on the sky, by behaving as if we were the whole world and more. Listen---we must never do things which plug us in to the empty night, to that huge brooding monster which doesn't use our language or understand our signs, and into whose dreadful

arms we fall so easily if once we give way, as you and all the others downstairs give way every minute. And there is one irresistible siren drawing us over to the fatal islands where that monster lives. Do you know what that one irresistible siren is?

MEADOWS: No.

BEINUM: That siren is love. It's love, the act of the dark, the act of whispers, the act of sighs, the act of gazes which go deeper than the world, the act of touch and brooding silence, the tender act in which two people are gripped in the claws of that monster on the rocky island, Meadows. Because when we love we're powerless, when we love we're surprised by life, we're creatures of the silence, we're small, we look ridiculous, we suffer the world instead of having it by the throat. We belong but we don't possess. Without her we're lonely. We yearn and dream. The ravages of love are marvellous, the claws bite deeper and deeper until we bleed and cry out and---!

MEADOWS: Have you suffered all that yourself?

BEINUM: The dawn used to be a blessed time for me, certain places where I walked were enchanted... I remember her shy half-smile, I remember her back always so erect as she sat by one of my windows. She went away. And the end of that was agony---tears in a room empty all and every day---walking through the streets seeing nothing, wanting her, wanting her, for days and days, this darkness, this weeping like a child, with the head buried in the pillow, in a kind of helpless whining voice (imitating the voice in a passionate effort to convey his meaning to MEADOWS), and that poring over letters she'd written months before, and then, most terrible of all, that walking across the room and by chance coming on a flower with the same kind of smell as her hair---touching it with my fingers---!

MEADOWS: And you refuse all that again. Why?

BEINUM: Because it dwindles us, Meadows. It brings the sky to our doorstep. I want to be the pilot. I want to stand on the earth as if I were one of the engineers. I want to be great in some way. And I refuse that siren of love. I don't want to be one of your puny lovers. Listen, Godfrey is supposed to be my boss but actually I'm his. Do you think I'm here to put up his production rates? Do you think I'm here for a job of work, as your male nurse or something? I'm here to make a race of masters, men who know that because they're spewed into life from that silence out there and then swallowed up again when they die, the lives

they live are an heroic choice. Oh, there can be affection between men and women, they can delight each other, they can even prefer each other above all other people in the world, but no more of this slow brooding worship, this helplessness like beasts. And perhaps in the end my touch will be recognised, first throughout the land, then throughout the world, and then from generation to generation until a great race of men, following my example, will---. There, I'm giving you my dreams. They should be said to the stars, not men. What I shall do here, Meadows, is to turn the act of darkness into the act of light. Then there could be a kind of paradise. (He watches MEADOWS for some time) You saw Burbidge's wife, I understand. (MEADOWS makes no reply) One day you'll learn my strength.

MEADOWS: I want to leave the camp. I want to exist again. I asked her to come away with me.

BEINUM: Your wife? (MEADOWS nods) Did she agree?

MEADOWS: No.

BEINUM: Why not?

MEADOWS: You have a guess. . . .

BEINUM (after a pause) She still needs Godfrey, perhaps.

MEADOWS: I told you at the beginning. She needs you.

BEINUM (in a quieter voice) You mean she needs consultations.

MEADOWS (rising) So I'm a prisoner to you, whichever way I turn.

BEINUM (as he hands MEADOWS his card) Well, fight your way out.

MEADOWS: Perhaps I shall, you know. .

MEADOWS opens the visitors' door and is about to walk out when he stops. He speaks to someone outside.

MEADOWS: Were you there all the time?

JULIA (entering) I thought I'd wait.

BEINUM: Good mbrning, Mrs Meadows.

JULIA: Good morning.

They stand uneasily together.

JULIA: Did I interrupt? You both seem...

BEINUM: No. You must come whenever you feel like it. (To MEADOWS) Will you come again?

MEADOWS: No. You cured me. Goodbye.

BEINUM shrugs as MEADOWS goes out.
Locks the door after him.

BEINUM: Your husband wants to leave the camp. I think he asked you about it.

JULIA: Yes.

BEINUM: Don't you think it might be best to get away?

JULIA: I can't go.

BEINUM: So Godfrey is still a power over your life.

JULIA: No.

BEINUM: Why, then?

JULIA: I need this room.

BEINUM: This room?

JULIA: To find myself again. I need time. That's reason enough to stay.

He stares at her, while she remains quite still.

BEINUM: You know I'm such a busy person...

JULIA: I'll try not to come every day.

BEINUM: No. No, there's no need to try. You must come and solve your problems, in your own time. Take your time.

Silence between them.

ACT THREE.

The same about a month later.
Afternoon. BEINUM is pacing the
room restlessly.

The telephone bell rings and he
answers it at once.

BEINUM: Hullo... Who?... Ah, yes... No, she's all
right... She isn't happy, no, but then one
doesn't expect her to be yet, does one?... When
will you call, then?... Good... Very well...
Good bye.

The door leading to the living
quarters opens as he puts the
receiver down and NELL RAYNER
appears in a dressing gown,
looking pale.

NELL: Who was that?

BEINUM: The doctor.

NELL: Did he mention the blood?

BEINUM: No. I tell you, there's nothing to worry about.
Nell, every time the phone rings you come into
this room.

NELL: Haven't I a right?

BEINUM: Right... You remember what he told you?
It's absolutely no good unless you stay in
bed. You wander round all the time. You
make things twice as difficult.

NELL: You ought to stay with me more.

BEINUM: With those crooked souls downstairs knocking
on my door from one end of the day to the other?

Every evening I stay with you. For God's sake, Nell, don't wear out my respect.

NELL: I feel too alone up here. It's so silent. There isn't enough light.

BEINUM: But downstairs there are people and light and noise enough.

NELL: I know hardly anybody in the camp, Harry.

BEINUM: Well, when you're better you can start. You can go downstairs. Mix with people. Have I ever stopped you?

NELL: No.

BEINUM: Well, then.

NELL: The other wives go with their husbands. But you're always separate, always walking alone. I haven't your brains, Harry, I need other people.

BEINUM: Look, Nell---but first we'll make you comfortable. (Going to her) Sleep here, if you like. Get a screen and put a bed behind it---over there--- then you can stay during my interviews. (With a smile) It's a bit mad, isn't it, this obsession with me?

He lifts her legs on to the table-cum-couch and settles a cushion gently under her head.

NELL: I've never worried you before.

BEINUM: How do you mean---worried?

NELL: Well, clung to you like this. It's only this operation. I---

BEINUM: The point is you think I'm tired of you, don't you?

NELL: I think it's true---you are.

BEINUM: If we come too close, Nell, we tend to feel suffocated by the other person. We even tend to feel disgust.

NELL: Do I disgust you?

BEINUM: That's what I'm trying to prevent. 'No, look up at me, look me in the eyes.' I'm not saying anything out of malice, Nell, or out of anger. I just want to keep the air between us clear.

NELL: But it's true---

BEINUM: If you weren't here in these rooms, there would

be no rooms, there would be no work. You've done everything for me. I acknowledge that.

- NELL: You didn't want my child. You don't even want to marry me.
- BEINUM: Which means I want us to remain new for each other.
- NELL: In effect we're married. We use the same name. We lie to everybody.
- BEINUM: But we're together because we want to be, Nell, not because a certificate says so. That marriage certificate is the source of more horror than any other document I know. No, you and I are going to tread a cleaner path than that, my dear.
- NELL: And when we're fifty? We shall be so lonely...
- BEINUM: Without children, you mean?
- NELL: Without children, without a proper marriage.
- BEINUM: What we need is freedom now. And where would there have been room for a child?
- NELL: There are four rooms. That would have been enough.
- BEINUM: But we went into all this long ago, Nell. We haven't a servant. You would have been tied to these rooms all day and all night. I've got plans for the future, Nell, for travel and bigger work than this, work in camps twice or three times the size, with a mixed personnel, more difficult and more interesting, with a real output. And there's no place here for a child. I don't want you as a mother yet. You'll live to bless me for this, for prolonging your freedom.
- NELL: I feel lonely, so lonely, just since the operation.
- BEINUM: But you agreed to have it. You agreed that we hadn't the money or the room for a child. A child, Nell, it turns people into the servants of life, not the chiefs and pilots.
- NELL: I never realised. It seems all silent inside me now. I don't know.
- BEINUM: All silent? But the child wasn't a child at all. It was the slightest of embryos, hardly more than a month old. And you want to tell me you can feel its absence? I don't believe you.
- NELL: It's just an idea perhaps---
- BEINUM: Of course it's just an idea. How can your inside feel silent?
- NELL: I can't get rid of the idea.

BEINUM: Nell---a child begins to exist when it's born. If you say you had any feelings towards the unborn embryo, well, that's just sentiment.

NELL: How ugly you are when you talk like that.

BEINUM: You've had an operation. You lost blood. So I should be kind to you---yes. But by hook or by crook, Nell, I want to drive these dark, punishing phantoms away from your mind. I want you to be free, with clear eyes again.

NELL: You murdered my child!

BEINUM: Well!

NELL: And you leave me alone with all the guilt!

BEINUM: But you agreed!

NELL: I agreed. You think for me. You live for me. I never meet other people. Sometimes I feel I hardly know who I am. So I agreed. Yes, I agreed to everything you and the doctor said. I'm nothing! I don't know who you are! Your eyes frighten me, boring and boring into me!

He gets her brandy.

BEINUM: Lift your head, darling. (She sips) It's the tablets he gave you. You'll be out of it tomorrow.

He kisses her on the brow and smiles at her.

NELL: Where did he do it?

BEINUM (indicating the operating table on which she is lying) Here. Would you like me to send you away for a time? This room reminds you...

NELL: Come away with me, Harry. Ask Godfrey for your leave.

BEINUM: Yet I'm a murderer...

NELL: I've no other life outside you, have I? Where would I go?

BEINUM: I can't get leave. I've at least two dozen cases on my hands.

NELL: When you're in another room, with the door locked, I'm troubled, I can't rest.

BEINUM: What do you imagine?

NELL: I don't know. You seem to be going further and

further away from me.

- BEINUM: They bring their agony into this room, and slowly they all make me responsible for that agony... Even my wife. You wanted your child---well, why didn't you keep it? And if you feel lonely up here, why don't you go downstairs? No. You wait for me to take you. That day will never come.
- NELL: I never expected it to.
- BEINUM: But just tell me, Nell, why do you never invite people up here?
- NELL: You seem to take all the will out of me.
- BEINUM: Otherwives in the camp invite each other to tea. Have you ever done that? Not once. Yet I'm to blame.
- NELL: And what do they talk about, these other precious, stupid, greedy, ugly, cruelmwives of yours?
- BEINUM: God alone knows. What do women talk about at their tea-parties?
- NELL: They talk about clothes and other people's love affairs. I hate all that sort of thing.
- BEINUM: Will you cut yourself off from all mankind, then?
- NELL: I'm already cut off---by you.
- BEINUM: These women are certainly stupid and certainly greedy. But they might be a passport to something else.
- NELL: To what?
- BEINUM: Well, you need to see more men than you do, for one thing.
- NELL: But I know what I'm talking about, Harry. I can't have other women in these rooms. This is where people come with their sickness. The rooms are full of their sickness, full of mine, full of my sadness. I know: they'd look at me strangely. They'd be thinking about this room. They'd be afraid of you. You seem so haughty, so... just as if you had no sorrows of your own. I've seen people flinch away from your glance.
- BEINUM: If I had all the sorrows of the world heaped in my tiny brain, Nell, I'd still have to hide them. Won't anyone realise that I also need pity---less, perhaps, but the need is just the same.
- NELL: It's this terrible work.

BEINUM: Then it's my terrible life. My work is my life. One day I shall make something superb out of all these crooked souls, and people are going to gasp. It's true: you have to suffer for my work... You're cut off. I cut you off. You're lonely. I'm your loneliness. Yes, all that is absolutely true.

NELL: I accept it really.

BEINUM: Downstairs they go about in awe of me, Nell. And I can't afford to throw away that awe by having a child. A child would make me seem fallible, too human, like all the other fathers in this camp, the tugging servants of life.

NELL: But stay with me a lot, just until I've recovered. In a week I shall be all right. Be my nurse just for that time.

BEINUM (going on with his own thoughts) You see, Nell, I want you to avoid all the obscenity of being a woman. Look how a woman gets when she's having a child. She grows like something in the earth, she's just nature. That is to say, she loses her freedom. Now most women are better off without freedom. But you have a mind, you can talk, you read books, you know what I'm up to in my work. You may call me a murderer, but I wanted to save you from being murdered. I don't want you as a kind of gross housewife, a thing I come back to in my bed, a heavy, voluptuous, unthinking body for the satisfactions of my needs. I want to respect you. I want to keep at a distance from you. I want to see you as a young woman I like, with her wit still lively, her smile clean of this---this homely sort of intimate knowingness, you've seen the vile way a wife smiles at a husband she knows too well. I don't want to see you as a body I desire. That way lies disgust. I want to save you from your womanhood, Nell. Womanhood left to itself is obscene. You're too good for that.

NELL: But we have wombs. We need children.

BEINUM: I have an appendix, Nell, but I don't need it. (Seeing her movement) Yes, that's what it comes to. Women who want to be free as men are free must reject their own wombs. They have to reject their own womanhood.

NELL: Can it be done?

BEINUM: Can my work be done? It must be done. That's all I know.

NELL: But what's the use, for a woman?

BEINUM: Well, let's take an example. Look at the way you come into this room. Look at your hair, all over

the place, hanging round your ears like that. You come here with your dressing gown all creased up, and those filthy bedroom slippers on; you walk like a ghost, and you expect me to look you in the eyes and say, 'This is the woman I freely choose to love.' No. I refuse to let you throw away my respect. Every married woman does the same---yes, but you're worth something better. I'm going to be absolutely honest with you, Nell: you need a lover. Not--- (The telephone rings and he answers it) Beinum... Ah, Mr Godfrey... No... I saw her three days ago... About her husband... Look, let me ask her, let me do it right away... Not at all--- why should I?... What?... What possible interest can I have in the matter? If you really wish it, then... By all means. But let me ask her a question or two first... This morning, now... Quite. Good bye.

He puts the telephone down thoughtfully.

BEINUM: Do you see what I mean? I want people to invite you out. I want to see you talking to people with composure. I'd like to see you beautifully dressed every day, and each of your days full, too, with invitations and visits. Then all those wilful lines (tracing the lines round her mouth and brow with his finger) will go. Do you know what those lines come from? From being on guard all the time. On guard against a little sin. (Putting his hand on the telephone, preparatory to picking it up) Do you agree with me?

NELL: I suppose so. I don't feel alive any longer. I can't choose, between agreeing or not agreeing... I can't think.

BEINUM (picking up the telephone) Hullo, I want you to get me Mrs Meadows... Division 3, I think, Block 6, behind the new generators... Thank you... Mrs Meadows... Beinum here... Harry Beinum... Could you come and see me straight away?... No, straight away... I've news about your husband... Thank you.

He puts the receiver down. NELL has been watching him and their eyes meet.

NELL: Is she coming now?

BEINUM: Yes.

NELL: May I stay?

BEINUM: Yes. Naturally you may stay.

NELL: No. It hinders you. I'll go.

She rises.

BEINUM (arranging the files on his desk) If you want to stay, you can. Do you?

NELL: Yes. (Sitting) I want to meet her, you see.

BEINUM: Why?

NELL: She's a wife here, like me. . . She's from downstairs. You said I ought to meet people from downstairs.

BEINUM: But looking like that, Nell.

NELL: Let me open the door to her. . . And you wait in the other room. I'll come and call you.

BEINUM: But why, why?

NELL: I want to look at her, I don't know why. Let me see her alone.

BEINUM: But why alone, Nell?

NELL: Then I shall go. I shan't interrupt you again.

BEINUM (quietly) Tell me why you want to see her alone.

NELL (watching him) Because it makes me feel nervous to meet people when you're here.

BEINUM: But why now, and this particular woman, I can't understand.

NELL: It was your idea that I should meet people from downstairs. . . But I'll go.

BEINUM: No. You shall meet her. But don't keep her long.

He goes to the door leading to the living quarters, then stops and turns to her again.

BEINUM: You don't bear me any resentment, I mean. . .

NELL: Why?

BEINUM: You called me a murderer.

NELL: I'm sick. I don't want to think.

BEINUM: I'll leave you, then. You're going to call me?

NELL: Yes.

BEINUM: You can be very strange sometimes.

He leaves. She rises slowly and goes to the window, leaning wearily

against the great pane.

The doorbell rings. She goes to the door but so slowly that the bell rings a second time.

She opens the door and JULIA MEADOWS appears. She has come without overcoat or hat.

JULIA: Are you Mrs Beinum?

NELL: Yes.

JULIA: Your husband asked to see me.

NELL: Come in. I'll call him.

NELL watches the other woman.
JULIA waits.

JULIA: We haven't met before.

NELL: No.

JULIA: I'm Julia Meadows.

NELL: Yes. I heard my husband call you. He won't be long. You've been here before, of course.

JULIA: Yes.

NELL: For consultations?

JULIA: Well, about my husband.

NELL: Is he quieter now?

JULIA: Yes. He's never absent from work now.

NELL: Do you have to come here often?

JULIA: There's been a lot of trouble, yes.

NELL: But you come here every day?

JULIA: Every two or three days.

NELL: What are these consultations like? Of course, I can never be here when they're going on.

JULIA: He asks questions, that's all.

NELL: What questions?

JULIA: About my husband, in my case.

NELL: You know he uses that machine (pointing at the

recording apparatus).

JULIA: Yes.

NELL: And these walls are sound-proofed. Did you know that?

JULIA: Yes, he told me the first time I came... Why do we never see you downstairs, Mrs. Beinum?

NELL (looking at her reflectively for a moment) Oh, it gets a habit up here, staying in one room, until I'm afraid to go out.

JULIA: There are parties almost every day, you know.

NELL: Do you like parties?

JULIA: Yes. I always look forward to them.

NELL: They make me nervous. I like being alone with one person. I like looking after someone---not being in a great crowd, I mean.

JULIA: If I never went to a party I should lose my self-respect.

NELL: Would you really? All I want is to be quiet, with a few friends, and children, later.

JULIA: Parties make me feel light. Imagine standing in a kitchen all day getting chapped hands.

NELL: You don't work in the house, then?

JULIA: We have a girl in for an hour a day. We can afford it, so why not?

NELL: But I like the idea of doing things for my husband.

JULIA: Then we're very different people. (Takes mirror and straightens her hair) Yes, I like the idea too, but not all the time. I don't like to feel obliged to do it. I like to feel free.

NELL: You look after yourself. Your skin is so nice, and you dress well. I don't take any trouble, none at all.

JULIA: Well, what's the use if you never go downstairs?

NELL: And my husband's always in this room working.

JULIA: How long have you been married?

NELL (with hesitation) Five years.

JULIA: You should make yourself go downstairs. You don't want to lose your looks.

NELL: No. I seem a weak sort of person to you, don't I?

JULIA: You just seem tired, not very happy.

NELL: I've always preferred a quiet kind of life, but in a strong way, you see, not out of fear. I feel afraid all the time.

JULIA: What of?

NELL: I even feel afraid of my husband. Yet I want to be with him. He's all my world, and I'm afraid of that world.

JULIA: But why?

NELL: He behaves like a stranger.

JULIA: That's his work, perhaps.

NELL: How does he seem to you, when you come here?

JULIA: Like a doctor.

NELL: Formal?

JULIA: Yes.

NELL: I mean his questions are formal, because he asks many questions?

JULIA: Well, as I say, like a doctor.

NELL goes to operating table, stands there touching it, looking out of the window.

NELL: You always answer his questions, I suppose. (Almost in tears) You never refuse to answer them.

JULIA: I'm not proud. One loses pride up here. And he knows too much about us for that. You mustn't worry if he asks very private questions.

NELL: They are very private, then?

JULIA: But you mustn't worry. He's like a doctor. He only lives for his work.

NELL: He puts people here---(indicating the operating table)---and he tells them to close their eyes and lie there easily. And he talks to them easily, with the lights dimmed---

JULIA: Not that I know of.

NELL: I can't bear it up here!

JULIA: You don't believe what I say, then, that he lives for his work?

NELL: Did you ever lie here? No, tell me! (Bursting into tears) Please be kind to me!

JULIA goes to try and soothe her. The door to the living quarters open and BEINUM enters. He walks swiftly across to NELL.

BEINUM: What has she been saying? Nell! Nell!

She clings to the table.

BEINUM: It's the tablets. I'll put her to bed. Sit down (to JULIA). No, do sit down. She's all right.

He manages to grip NELL and carries her out in his arms like a child. She tries to kick herself free but is too weak.

In a few moments he returns.

BEINUM: What did she say?

JULIA: Oh, she's upset, poor creature.

BEINUM: But what did she say?

JULIA: She wanted to know what you ask your patients.

BEINUM: It really is no good, this moping about of hers. I tell you, it's quite unbelievable. She hardly knows she's a person any more. Well, she never speaks to anyone.

JULIA: She has lovely eyes. How old is she?

BEINUM: Thirty-four.

JULIA: She's so young in the way she behaves.

BEINUM: Well, a little sin helps to mature us. And she doesn't know what the word means. (With a glance at his watch) You know what Godfrey said this morning?

JULIA: No.

BEINUM: He wants to get rid of your husband.

JULIA: Why?

BEINUM (with sudden anger) Julia, can you really sit there and ask me why? You know why.

JULIA: I---.

BEINUM: Oh, for God's sake! People come here with lying faces twenty times a day. Do you think I can't tell them at a glance? Coming here with those furtive eyes, the eyebrows drawn down just so--- look at you! As if I was born yesterday! Women make me sick!

JULIA: It's the first time I've seen you lose your temper... What have I done?

BEINUM: You haven't seen Godfrey for a month. Very well, what reason has he got for keeping your husband? You were the reason. And you haven't seen him for a month.

JULIA (astonished) I should go back to Godfrey, you mean?

BEINUM: My dear young woman, we agreed at the very beginning on a plan of campaign. Well, we decided you must go and see him now and then, that you must telephone him and make excuses, until I found someone else. The man is a dog. You know that better than I do. And dog is sickly without a bitch.

JULIA: He isn't a dog. He's in love with me. All right, let him get rid of Jack, then.

BEINUM (stopping) You don't mind?

JULIA: He can find a job somewhere else. We might be happier.

BEINUM: We?

JULIA: Yes.

BEINUM: You'd go with him?

JULIA: Of course I'd go with him: the same faces every day, the same gossip, I get so tired of it.

BEINUM: Haven't you one reason for staying here?

JULIA: I don't look forward to the days any more.

BEINUM: When did this feeling start?

JULIA: When my husband changed.

BEINUM: How did he change?

JULIA: He went quiet. He never raises his voice. He's polite to me, even kind, but never more than polite or kind, nothing warmer at all. It was better when he was beating me and calling me a whore.

BEINUM: You have a little love for him, then.

JULIA: I always had.

BEINUM: His silence accuses you.

JULIA: Yes.

BEINUM: Yet you come here.

JULIA: Oh, I don't know why I come here.

BEINUM: For nothing! You come here three times a week for nothing! I give you nothing. Is that what our sighs amount to?

JULIA (with a bitter smile) Our sighs.

BEINUM: Too grand a word?

JULIA: No, not if beasts in the field sigh. Does a woman sigh for her doctor?

BEINUM: She may need him, though.

JULIA: Yes. She needs him. But that's all.

BEINUM: No more than a need. She needs her tonic. So she visits her doctor.

JULIA: Yes.

BEINUM: And you don't feel you're insulting me?

JULIA: That was our understanding at the beginning, wasn't it: no sighs? You had your eyes open.

BEINUM: Are my eyes still open?

JULIA: You can't change. Your eyes are fixed on all of us in this camp. How do you think we can sigh for you? You're behind everything terrible that happens in this camp. You're behind my husband's silence.

BEINUM: What did I do to him?

JULIA: I don't know. All your ways are secret.

Beinum; Look what I do to that poor woman next door--- you see, I can't give her any love. I send my patients out an hour before you come. I make sure I speak to no one, so that I hear your voice absolutely new in the silence. Is that like a doctor?

JULIA: I don't come here for love.

BEINUM: Why, then?

JULIA: To be defiled, much more.

BEINUM: It makes you look lovely, this defilement, in my arms... You've never yearned to hear my voice, never felt tender?

JULIA: Nothing of that kind.

BEINUM: Then what have I done to people?

JULIA: I'm not blaming you.

BEINUM: Tell me what you felt when you came here first of all---as a lover, I mean.

JULIA: Do you want me to be honest?

BEINUM: Listen, you must be honest with me, always.

JULIA: Your eyes used to frighten me. I wanted to shudder when you came near me. When your hand touched me it was like being crushed, like going down under a drug.

BEINUM: More.

JULIA: Do you want to torment yourself?

BEINUM: Tell me.

JULIA: I used to be so nervous when I came here. It was a kind of nervous excitement, so terrible when I climbed those stairs outside. When I saw you open the door to me you seemed to be coming out of another kingdom, so strange, like a great animal---how could I love you?

BEINUM: But you did sigh.

JULIA: It was such a rest from downstairs, from Godfrey's phoning me every day and my husband walking round the house like a murderer, and everybody looking at me when I walked through the grounds. It was a rest from love.

BEINUM: A rest...

JULIA: Such a dark kingdom, with dreadful foliage---and silent. You were so certain in everything you did, unlike those other men, so that when you took hold of me I lost all my will, I felt that shudder and gave way.

BEINUM: And when I touch you now?

JULIA: The same.

BEINUM: You're afraid of my eyes now, you shudder when---?

JULIA: I can't help it.

BEINUM: You've never even called me by my Christian name.

- I'm Beinum. Even to my wife I'm really Beinum. But you know me better now! How can you still shudder?
- JULIA: I know nothing about you, really. When I'm downstairs I can't remember your face or the way talk.
- BEINUM: I'd like to go about with you, be seen with you---
- JULIA: But you can't even walk in the grounds! You aren't like other people. I can't imagine you downstairs.
- BEINUM: I could try. Night after night I've walked the streets for you, come in late when I knew she was asleep, given her sleeping pills to keep her mind inactive.
- JULIA: You remind me of Jack, the way he used to look, when he woke me up in the middle of the night sometimes, with that stare.
- BEINUM: What I mean is, it's gone beyond work now, Julia--- if you said yes I'd marry you now, give you children, I'd go away with you, never see this place again!
- JULIA: What?
- BEINUM: I could leave her lying next door, this minute, never come back again.
- JULIA: Then you could leave anyone like that---me, later.
- BEINUM: I've changed for you---I thought you were frightened of me, I wasn't sure but I felt your hands tremble once. You wouldn't ever open your eyes---I noticed that---I couldn't get you to look at me.
- JULIA: It was part of the pleasure. An ache. I came here and satisfied it, and then I wasn't interested--- for another day. Like a revenge, almost. I don't know on who. Revenge for having been faithful to some one or other, to two men.
- BEINUM: I used to sit dreaming about you the minute you'd gone. That shy half-smile of yours, and the way you sat by the window, so erect.
- JULIA: You told me that once. And I thought you meant your wife, how you'd suffered for her at the beginning, as if you were telling me how wrong it was.
- BEINUM: I'd find a flower and it might remind me of your hair, the same smell.
- JULIA: That, too.
- BEINUM: How I hated that man Godfrey, more and more, without realising why.

JULIA: Yet he looks up to you so much. He thinks you're the new age, whatever that is.

BEINUM: Will you have me?

JULIA(after gazing at him) No.

BEINUM: Julia...

JULIA: You see, I could get all that from Jack. The children. I shall, I suppose. You found him someone else, didn't you?

BEINUM: Yes.

JULIA: You aren't even a swine, just a child.

She rises to go.

BEINUM: You're looking at me, actually looking into my eyes, darling. (Going to her) I'll give you everything---parties---other men if you like--- I'll suffer jealousy night and day---you see how serious I am? (Taking her hands)

JULIA: Let me go.

BEINUM: You see, you aren't frightened.

JULIA: No.

BEINUM: Julia---take pity on this poor devil---oh, God! (Burying his head in her shoulders) I've gone through such a ghastly month--- wondering if you had a heart!

JULIA (allowing her arms to comfort him) Wondering if I had a heart.

BEINUM: Please stay with me.

JULIA: I can't.

BEINUM: Why not?

JULIA: I wasn't looking for love, I suppose. Nor were you. That's what you taught me. You don't know how persuasive you are.

BEINUM: I can persuade you the other way, then.

JULIA: But I don't want love, not from you, I mean.

BEINUM: What, then?

JULIA: I don't know. Some revenge. I can't explain it. But it's finished now.

BEINUM: I'm finished? (She doesn't reply) Your marriage?

JULIA: Let me go.

She waits for him to remove himself, which he finally does.

BEINUM: Tonight? He's with Burbidge's wife---I can see you outside---!

She prepares to leave.

JULIA: I do pity you. I've got a heart, you know.

BEINUM: Julia, Julia...

She leaves. He watches the door close with horror.

After a time he recollects himself and suddenly dashes to the switch of the recording apparatus, to see if it has been switched on the whole of this time. To his infinite relief it isn't.

He goes to the desk idly and switches the tape on. He is astonished to hear a husky voice say 'BEINUM IS GOD.'

ACT FOUR

The same a few weeks later.
Early evening. Flames, rising and flashing, are reflected on the wall outside the window. We have the impression of a fire burning fiercely in another part of the factory.

BEINUM is standing by the window watching. As the room is soundproofed we hear nothing.

Suddenly the door used by visitors is forced open by blast: something must have blown up near by. Gust of wind and smoke comes in. We now hear the noise of crackling fire, shouts, engines, screams.

BEINUM runs to the door and slams it closed again, locks it. Once more we hear nothing.

A few moments pass and the doorbell rings, urgently. At first BEINUM takes no notice, watching the fire below.

BEINUM (losing his patience) Who is it? (No reply, naturally)
Who the hell is it?

He unlocks the door again.

MEADOWS is there. He comes into the room quickly, choking with the smoke. We again hear sounds from outside.

MEADOWS (necessarily raising his voice) Has it got up here yet?

BEINUM: No.

MEADOWS (pointing to the other door) But through there.

BEINUM: No. They've stopped it at the second floor. I've been watching them. Where's Godfrey?

MEADOWS: With the police.

BEINUM: Nell?

MEADOWS: She's with him, I think.

BEINUM: With Godfrey?

MEADOWS: Yes.

BEINUM (looking into the corridor before he closes the door)
What are all these police doing?

MEADOWS: They took Burbidge away.

BEINUM: Are they looking for me?

MEADOWS: No. But Godfrey knows the whole story.

BEINUM (staring at him) What does that mean?

MEADOWS: ~~From~~ The whole story.

BEINUM: From you?

MEADOWS: No.

BEINUM: You liar, you---!

MEADOWS: Burbidge told him.

BEINUM: And how did Burbidge know?

MEADOWS: My wife told him.

BEINUM: Julia!

MEADOWS: She told him you fixed me up with a woman, and his wife was the woman.

BEINUM: And how did she know? It was your indiscretion, you damned fool! (To himself) The idiots! Look at them all down there! And I have to pay the price.

MEADOWS: You?

BEINUM: Oh, they'll patch up their little problems in time. But as for me... (Looking MEADOWS in the face suddenly) Why did you come here?

MEADOWS: I wanted to see you.

BEINUM: Why? Ah, you wanted to be in at the kill. You're so calm now, aren't you? Carson has nothing but praise for you nowadays. Look at you, clean, well dressed, so firm looking now. And how do I seem to you? Broken?

BEINUM: You came to me broken. . And I put you together again like a doll. I fitted the arm back, screwed the head on tight. I found another doll to match. She's been coming to me a lot, by the way.

MEADOWS: Who?

BEINUM: Your doll. Burbidge's wife.

MEADOWS: What for?

BEINUM: To complain about her husband of course. My dear man, I was putting her in your arms. You don't imagine she had any feeling for you at all when you called on her first, do you? I made that feeling. I made it grow like a flower.

MEADOWS: You may have thought so.

BEINUM: I know, Meadows. She came here every day. She sat there. She only grew to like you, Meadows. When she put her arms round your neck and gave you a real kiss for the first time it was me she was obeying, not you. She was making love to you through me.

MEADOWS: I did what I meant to do.

BEINUM: But you were surprised when she grew softer. You thought it was your own doing. You were flattered.

MEADOWS: Why tell me this?

BEINUM: Because I want you to realise your calm is counterfeit, that you learned it all from me, that you owe everything to me, and that if I go down I shall still be a hundred times stronger than you.

MEADOWS: I suppose you know what Burbidge was trying to do when he set fire to the belt?

BEINUM: Yes. He was trying to burn down my rooms. He was trying to bring me down in flames. Godfrey told me.

MEADOWS: Did you plan that too?

BEINUM: That fire?

MEADOWS: Yes.

BEINUM: Look at their faces. They're waiting for the fire to stop. They're always waiting for something. They never do anything for themselves. But I never wait, Meadows. That's the difference between me and all those others down there. Oh, of course you're a little more intelligent than the others, you've a magnificent wife, but life surprises you all the time. I take life by surprise---(making a quick grabbing movement) from behind---grrr!---like that.

MEADOWS: Did you plan this fire?

BEINUM: The fools are going to win. I told you that. And you've come up here to be in at the kill. But haven't you died, Meadows? You know what I mean, don't you?

MEADOWS: In a way. But if I have it was you killed me. I hardly have any feelings for Julia now. You did that.

BEINUM: Who went to bed with Burbidge's wife?

MEADOWS: It was your doing---you said so just now.

BEINUM: Did I do the kissing? Did I enjoy the woman's nakedness? I simply made suggestions, Meadows, and you followed them, like all those people down there, waiting for other men to show them the way.

MEADOWS: I should never have gone to see her, perhaps...

BEINUM: But that's what I'm saying. You're weak. I'm strong. Even now, when there's a fire burning just outside my door and I'm about to lose my job, lose my wife perhaps, be put in prison---who knows?---even now I'm examining you, I'm still the doctor, and while I've got a tongue in my mouth I'll always be the same. Shall I tell you why? Because once I suffered like you, I shouted like you, I wept---do you remember how you wept in that chair once?---but I refused to ask another man for help. I remained alone, Meadows. You thought I had a special gift. But all I have is a will.

MEADOWS: And people are murdered in your name.

BEINUM (stopping and looking at him) What do you mean---murdered?

MEADOWS: Ruined, I mean, like Burbidge---

BEINUM: He'll be in prison for a few months. It'll help him reflect on his own nature, which he's never done before.

MEADOWS: Did he ever come here?

BEINUM: Almost every day, like his wife.

MEADOWS: Then you failed with him.

BEINUM (after a silence) Yes, I failed.

MEADOWS: Why?

BEINUM: Because when he began to suspect his wife of

infidelity he fell in love with her---for the first time. Very well, I hadn't bargained for that.

MEADOWS: You've played with people's feelings too long.

BEINUM: If Burbidge goes to prison that's due to you, not me.

MEADOWS: Why?

BEINUM: Because you let him see you with his wife. That fire outside was caused by your folly. If I lose everything here I shall put it down to you.

MEADOWS: Have I got to be sorry for you, then?

BEINUM: No, because you ruined yourself, not just me. You could imitate my calm but you couldn't go the whole hog. You never adopted a plan of campaign. In your position I would have prepared everything until, in the end, if someone had suggested to Burbidge that I was sleeping with his wife, he would have said, 'Impossible.'

MEADOWS: I'm glad, then, to have brought you down. You degraded me once. I remember that voice--- (indicating the recording apparatus).

BEINUM: You no longer love your wife. You don't even love Burbidge's wife. You're bored, bored, my friend.

MEADOWS: I don't care about myself.

BEINUM (looking out of the window) They've nearly put it out. Shall I tell you how you ruined me? With you I couldn't keep my distance. You were subtle. All intelligence is devilish. You were too intelligent: not strong, because you're a passive kind of person, but intelligent in a watchful, divining kind of way, rather like a woman. And once you had dragged me down, I went deeper and deeper into the pit.

MEADOWS: We've all got wills. That was your mistake, to think we hadn't. Your wife had one as well, it seems.

BEINUM: She has impulses, like the rest of them.

MEADOWS: Did you mean her to leave you, then?

BEINUM: I took the risk.

MEADOWS: Did you mean everybody to know about her?

BEINUM: What does everybody know?

MEADOWS: That she hasn't slept here for a week. That she stays with Godfrey. That your light has been burning here all night. That you walk round the grounds when the lamps are out, round and round, for hours on end, and some people say they can hear you talking to yourself, as you walk by, murmuring and whispering. And when people look out of their windows, they say you look strange in the dark, all bowed and heavy, as if you had no hope at all.

BEINUM: I have no hope at all.

MEADOWS: And what they once said about Julia, they now say about Nell. Godfrey never keeps his private life secret.

BEINUM: That's what I say---you're intelligent. You see right into me. None of the others can.

MEADOWS: They talk about you all day downstairs. Before, you were so cut off up here, a ghost, you belonged to the night. That's whay I came up here just now: to see the ghost in all his humanity.

BEINUM: No. You're going to be denied that spectacle. I willed my own end, you see. I sent my own wife out to meet people. I saw her harden: I saw all the traces of childhood slowly leave her face; I saw her deceive me; I saw her being clever, adopting a plan of campaign just as I told her to, and I made her believe that I was her dupe.

MEADOWS: Then why stride about the grounds all night? Why look pale and tired, as if you never slept?

BEINUM: Should I be happy at my own ruin, then?

MEADOWS: But why? why? What happened to make you do it?

BEINUM: I don't know, I don't know.

MEADOWS: It happened afterwards, that's why. You fell in love with her afterwards, as I fell in love with Julia and Burbidge fell in love with his own wife. That was something you never planned. I'm right, aren't I? Tell me...

BEINUM: Yes. It's true I fell in love.

MEADOWS: A man can never plan his own feelings.

BEINUM: I did fall in love.

MEADOWS: So you became just like all the others.

BEINUM: To think I'd been living with her all that time--- without seeing her.

They gaze at each other in silence.

MEADOWS: Burbidge was looking for you all night, like a madman.

BEINUM: He could have killed me. I wouldn't have stopped him.

MEADOWS: Do you feel it's all finished here?

BEINUM: Yes.

MEADOWS: Where will you go?

BEINUM: There's nowhere to go.

The telephone rings. BEINUM disregards it. Rings again, and again he disregards it. The third time MEADOWS goes towards it.

BEINUM: Don't. They've been ringing all evening. Keep them away from me.

MEADOWS leaves it alone. A pause during which the fire seems to abate. MEADOWS gazes at it out of the window. Suddenly the bell rings again and this time, BEINUM, as if taken by surprise, seizes hold of the receiver.

BEINUM: Oh... A tribunal of three... But women haven't got much idea of justice, Godfrey... No. That's absolutely flat. I'll be gone by tom orrow morning. Tell her, if you like... No, Nell, I mean.

He puts the receiver down.

MEADOWS: Where is he?

BEINUM: In the chairman's office.

MEADOWS: Is Julia with him?

BEINUM: Nell and Julia are there. I told him, did he think I was going to face that tribunal of three?

MEADOWS: What does he want to know?

BEINUM: Nothing. He wants me to stay. He hustled the police away an hour ago. He's hushing everything up.

MEADOWS: You sent production up by a third. So he owes you a lot. He owed Julia to you, after all... Then Nell.

BEINUM: Oh, another judge?

MEADOWS: You procured for him.

BEINUM: Procured bedamned, man! I did my job.

MEADOWS: Will you stay, then?

BEINUM: How can I? I'm a man for them now, for everybody in the camp.

MEADOWS: What about your wife? Does she want you to stay?

BEINUM: Yes---Godfrey offered her as kind of bribe---I could have her back! That'd be pretty, wouldn't it? Have you seen Julia today?

MEADOWS: No.

BEINUM: Will she stay with you, after all this?

MEADOWS: I did no more than she'd done before me.

BEINUM (shaking his head) Women are never just, Meadows.

MEADOWS: Yes, it's my ruin too.

BEINUM: You care what she does, then? (MEADOWS nods silently) So you care...

The phone rings again. At first they disregard it. But then MEADOWS goes to it.

MEADOWS: It might be Julia. (Answers the phone) Who?... Wait a moment. (To BEINUM) It's Godfrey again. He must speak to you.

BEINUM (taking the receiver) Yes?... By dawn tomorrow--- oh, for God's sake, man, leave me alone!... No!... When?... Oh, all right... (Helplessly) All right.

He puts the receiver down.

MEADOWS: Nell?

BEINUM: Yes. She's coming here---at once. She'll get me to stay.

MEADOWS (at the window) The crowd's gone.. You'd like me to leave you alone, I expect. I'll try and find Julia.

BEINUM: This is the real kill---coming now.

MEADOWS goes towards the door used by visitors but BEINUM stops him.

MEADOWS: Why?

BEINUM: Take the fire escape (pointing to the other door) Keep away from the factory. You don't want fights starting.

He opens the other door for MEADOWS.

MEADOWS: Would they fight over me?

BEINUM: They could lose their heads.

MEADOWS: No. They realise I was only your instrument.

BEINUM: Then keep away from me, Meadows.

MEADOWS (with a shrug and a half smile) We're in the same boat.

BEINUM (pointing beyond the door) That swing-door. Push it open and you'll see the fire escape.

He closes the door after MEADOWS and locks it carefully. He then looks out of the window, searching from left to right. He walks about restlessly, listens.

He goes to the visitors' door and looks out: leaves it wide open and paces the room again.

We hear a step echo in the vestibule outside. Someone begins climbing the stairs. BEINUM can hardly bear these moments of waiting. At last the top of the staircase is reached and JULIA MEADOWS appears.

She stops for a moment and they stare at each other.

BEINUM: You said you'd never come back. I waited and waited. Julia, I looked for you every night. My God, you can't imagine---! You were so soft, your body... Let me kiss you.

JULIA: Take your hand away.

BEINUM: He offered you to me like a bribe. Godfrey did, just now. Kiss me on the cheek---do it without any feeling. You can pity me, at least. All these weeks I've been so cold, I've not slept--- I know you can pity.

JULIA: Take your hand away. Then we can talk.

He follows her into the room
miserably.

JULIA: Close the door. (He doesn't move) Do you want
a scene? With Burbidge's wife, for instance?

BEINUM: Is she coming, then?

JULIA: Her husband's been taken away. She blames you
for that, I dare say. You look quite helpless.
I never thought I should see you like that.
No, she isn't coming. I meant close the door.
Lock it. (He does so) There'll be no more
consultations here.

BEINUM: Julia, please...

JULIA (after abstractedly kissing him on the cheek) There,
you look quite weak. Have you seen the mess
outside? (He shakes his head silently.) Ah,
you can't see that far from here. Well, all this
wall is black. Two of the generators are
wrecked---not the new ones. All the windows
are smashed in this wing. Everything's dripping
with water, the whole camp's covered in soot.
They can't get the heating through to the kitchens.
And people say, That's all due to Beinum. They
say you've been standing at this window all night;
you've been prowling the grounds. Were you look-
ing for me? (He nods) You never found me.
You never touched me, even when you thought you
did. Only Jack was ever near me. And you
stopped that, didn't you?

BEINUM: You did! You went with Godfrey---women aren't
just!

JULIA: Your wife conceived a child, and you stopped that.

BEINUM: She isn't my wife...

JULIA: All the camp knows you called in Godfrey's doctor.
She pleaded with you. She was screaming dreadfully,
she was kicking about in your arms, she was trying
to kiss you to wake up your sympathy, and let her
have her child.

BEINUM: No.

JULIA: And you put her under the gas like that. You put
your love under the gas. You stifled the love in
that girl's body. You made her hard. You made
her ten years older.

BEINUM: You're wrong---she never struggled. She agreed
to it. There was no screaming.

JULIA: She says there was. She told Godfrey---everybody.

BEINUM: She's a liar.

JULIA: Didn't you carry her across the room? From that room?

BEINUM: No, she came herself. Walked, from her bedroom, to there. She walked, of her own accord.

JULIA: And you touched me in that same place...

BEINUM: I'd never hurt her.

JULIA: It didn't hurt her, taking it out. But the child belonged to her.

BEINUM: She agreed, Julia.

JULIA: And now you've lost her.

BEINUM: No.

JULIA: You haven't lost her?

BEINUM: She loved me in my---when I was weak, I mean, as a man, not like with you...

JULIA: And you knifed her like a man, didn't you? But you look quite like a child, Harry: no one ever cut you out. And once I swore you never had a mother.

BEINUM: You mustn't believe---

JULIA: Shall I tell you when I really ceased to need you? Would you like to know? (He nods) It was when my husband ceased to love me. Can you understand that?

BEINUM: I'm all a blank---I---

JULIA: But you used to be so good with your brain, so quick and astute. I used to come here for you to defile---it sounds silly using that word but it's true. There was this terrific hunger I had. Well, I stopped having it when there was no more purity to defile, nothing clean. Jack was my purity, do you see what I mean? Yet I don't mean clean or pure either. It was just when he looked at me like that, as if I was somebody else, all the desire froze out of my body. You've got to be faithful, I suppose, if you want to enjoy infidelity.

BEINUM: I'll leave. You needn't think of me again.

JULIA: Will you find it so easy? Oh, leave the camp, yes, but what about when you can't feel me near you any more, in the same camp, and can't catch a glimpse of me when I go into the canteen and

you're spying on the corner?

BEINUM: Away from you I'll be strong again. They sent you here to weaken me!

JULIA: No, to persuade you.

BEINUM: I can't stay---I won't!

JULIA: But where will you go?

BEINUM: I don't know.

JULIA: We always thought you were such a practical person. We all said so downstairs. Look at those production charts.

BEINUM: Julia---!

JULIA: But tell me how you're going to live---without Nell, or a job, or even a reference from Godfrey?

BEINUM: Do I deserve a life in your eyes, Julia?

JULIA: Oh, people forget...

BEINUM: Do you want me to stay---you yourself?

JULIA: I can tell you what Godfrey wants. He wants you to get Burbidge registered for mental treatment, you can easily do it with your contacts. Then they'll ~~xxx~~ release him.

BEINUM: No, I mean you---not Godfrey.

JULIA: But I agree with Godfrey.

BEINUM: (after staring at her for some time) What does he want?

JULIA: Then when Burbidge gets out he wants you to fix him up with something---to keep his mind occupied---something like you gave my own husband--- (She stops)

BEINUM: I can't! I can't go back to that---procuring!

JULIA: But it's what I want!

BEINUM (quite confused) You?

JULIA: I mean, you've got to go on with your work.

BEINUM: But it's in ruins. I can't judge other people any more, I've fallen into my own trap, Julia. I sprang the trap for other people, because I believed in them and was working for them, I worked night and day for you all, I was working for Nell when I brought off her child, I was

thinking of her happiness and freedom, I know I didn't love her but I still thought of her interests. But that's all finished, thinking of other people---you see how it is when we fall in love---I know it's all my fault, for falling in love with you---everything would have gone all right if you'd stayed with Godfrey and your husband had stayed with Burbidge's wife, but Burbidge fell in love with her, and I fell in love, and between the two of us, Burbidge and me, this fire was made, because he wanted revenge on me and I wanted revenge on your husband, for being your husband. So because we two people lost our heads, unlike you and Godfrey and your husband and even Nell, this fire was made, shamefully. Funny I should have had a fire escape built outside that door... I've always said it---the moment this kind of love enters in, because it's only a kind of love, things go wrong. You see, I've studied it: so much more than you have, I assure you. Try to believe in me. I've traced it back to its origins in chivalry, it's a development of Christianity, six hundred years ago---more---in Provençal, the troubadours, making love a sort of hysteria, and then Christ himself, so naked---look at the mess from his love---those ghastly crusades and the religious wars lasting half a century, and the squalid martyrdoms, one chap standing on one leg on a pillar for God knows how many years, until he got worms in his leg---all because of a simple act, done by men and women---thrilling, compact, so uncomplicated, Julia---I wanted things safe from all that other blind surrender, I think they will be one day, but it won't be me to do it, I'm so deep in it, I'm too weak, all I think about is you, I don't want to hear another name, try to believe in me.

- JULIA: I hardly know what you're talking about.
- BEINUM: I'll stay just to be near you. Godfrey was right---he knew he could bribe me with you. For his damned production.
- JULIA:: It isn't that. He's got Nell as well now.
- BEINUM: He can take her a thousand miles away.
- JULIA: I hardly know who you are. I'm telling you for your own good---they won't let you stop. They like you.
- BEINUM: Who's they?
- JULIA: Everybody. You've done them good.
- BEINUM: Good? I thought I was the devil incarnate!
- JULIA: What? Only Burbidge thought that---and perhaps

my own husband, for a joke. They all think Burbidge is mad---they laugh about it downstairs. Nobody believes you fixed people up with fresh wives---they don't see it like that---they just see that it happens, people having affairs. They don't believe in little gods. You're the nice consultant upstairs. You mustn't believe what Jack says. He always weaves sort of funny spooky tales round people, he did round me, which was why I went to Godfrey, partly. Jack follows the stars. He's got maps, and he studies the constellation every day. He said he could prophesy you'd fall in love with Nell again---(laughing) the fool! (After BEINUM has sat in silence, turning over this new approach in his mind) Yes, I agree you're nice.

BEINUM: Julia!

JULIA: I weaved tales round you too, until I shuddered when I got near you. But they're right really--- you're nice. They feel you've helped every body, listened to them. People love those who listen to them.

BEINUM: I'd noticed that.

JULIA: I suppose you've even helped me. You showed me what I was. The same with the others, I suppose. You see, they don't want this hysteria either--- that kind of love you talk about. They don't believe in it either.

BEINUM: What about you?

JULIA: Oh, I'm beyond it, I suppose. Anyway, they all need you.

BEINUM: They don't blame me for the fire?

JULIA: Whoever put that idea into your head?

BEINUM: Your husband!

JULIA (laughing again) I told you he weaved little tales! It gives him a kick, I think.

He sits thinking about all this,
relieved, suspicious, intrigued:

BEINUM: You talked it over, the three of you. And you came to persuade me.

JULIA: We did talk it over, yes. But if it's true what does that matter?

He considers it again.

BEINUM: I'll stay if you always let me see you.
 (She makes no reply) Can you go back on your own word, darling, love me again, forget the world---I'll go on with the same life, I'll even marry Nell for form, if you like, can you make yourself as blind as me---we could have marvellous times, darling---we could go into the darkness together, love each other like children---to hell with the rest of the world, I'd just go through my work mechanically, I can do that. If you wanted children by your own husband that would be all right, Nell could have children, but there would be this secret world of ours which would be everything, we'd be lost all the time, can you do that, Julia, just lose yourself to the world, give yourself up and say good bye to everything and not give a damn, and never think what's going to happen to you but just let yourself fall lower and lower into the darkness---all right, don't call it darkness, call it glory or something---all I know is I love you and all I want in the world is to be with you and think of you and I never want another life, could you feel like that too, could you let yourself go from all those other people even while you were with them---darling, do I evoke any feeling in you at all? (He stops) Any feeling? (She shrugs helplessly) Then I'm as good as dead.

JULIA: I've got to be honest. I'm going away. They told me not to tell you. But I can't be dishonest.

BEINUM: Julia!

JULIA: Yes---I'm going.

BEINUM: Without him---your husband?

JULIA: Yes. Oh, he can follow if he likes.

BEINUM: But where, for God's sake? We can't let you do it! Where? Julia! Julia!

JULIA: Just away. So I never hear their names any more--- Godfrey, Nell, Burbidge---

BEINUM: And mine?

JULIA: Ann Burbidge took him away from me--- you did that, you swine, you swine!

BEINUM: Julia!

JULIA: Don't touch me!

She runs to door.

BEINUM: My name as well! You don't want to hear that again---? For God's sake, Julia, tell me---! Do you mean my name as well---?

She grapples with the door to get it open, in her tearful rush.

JULIA: Yes, I want to forget you too! I never want to hear your name!

BEINUM (rushing after her) Julia! Julia!

She gets the door open and leaves, tearing herself away. Her running footsteps echo down the staircase, then in the vestibule downstairs, then they are gone.

He stands, bowed.

A long time passes. Then we hear other footsteps, slower than JULIA's, coming upstairs.

BEINUM shows no interest. NELL appears but even now he doesn't look up. He seems to know who it is already.

NELL (after looking at him for some time) She's gone.

BEINUM: I can't face it---Nell!

NELL: Godfrey told her not to say anything---to let you settle back to work first.

BEINUM: She'll come back, won't she? I know she wasn't serious.

NELL: : Probably not.

BEINUM: She said I defiled her too.

NELL: : Oh, she meant she defiled herself.

BEINUM: I'll marry you, anything---for God's sake get her back, Nell!

NELL: The fire's died down. Go and look after Burbidge. He's at the police station.

BEINUM: He wants to kill me.

NELL: No, he doesn't.

BEINUM: I'm finished. I'll give you children---anything---!


There are more footsteps. They listen.

MEADOWS appears.


MEADOWS: Did my wife leave just now? (They don't answer)
I saw her running. The fire's over.

BEINUM: Yes.

MEADOWS: You're lucky---your wife's back. (He looks from
one to the other) Was that Julia? Has Julia
gone away?



Man called
Apollo
Later version



NOTE

APOLLO should read JACK throughout.

JACK isn't a Greek God (or statue) come back to the earth, but an ordinary worker at MR CALMER'S Electrical works who thinks he's a god (or statue): he simply has these memories and can't do anything about them.

He doesn't look like the Apollo of Veil. In the first scene (Page 3) he stands in a veil, with bare feet—but he's a worker in a veil, with bare feet, feeling a certain embarrassment at himself.

Thus, calling him APOLLO in the script might give a misleading impression, though the action is the same.

A MAN CALLED APOLLO.

A Comedy

by

Maurice Rowdon.

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WASHINGTON No.....

CHARACTERS

Apelle.

Jebb.

Patterson.

Stiff.

Clifford.

Calmer.

Lucy Patterson.

1.

APOLLO, alone.
Enter JEBB and PATTERSON.

JEBB: Hey, look at this one! What do you make of that?

PATTERSON: Well, strike a light!

JEBB: Just look! (He whistles) And the way he walks!

Enter STIFF.

JEBB (stepping him) Stiff!

STIFF: Eh?

JEBB: Look at this one!

STIFF: I'm on my way home. (Raising his voice) That bastard Clifford's been after me again! I'll make his backside tingle---

JEBB: Look! What do you make of that one?

STIFF: Eh? (Seeing APOLLO) Stone the crows! Is he after a job?

PATTERSON: That's what I thought.

STIFF: Better tell Clifford. Shall I go---

JEBB: Don't be silly! Just wait and see.

STIFF: It doesn't seem right, not here...

JEBB (calling out to APOLLO) Jack! (More loudly) Jack!

After a time APOLLO turns round.

APOLLO: How did you know my name was Jack?

The other three approach him quickly, full of questions.

JEBB: You after a job?

STIFF: I can go up and see Mr Clifford, he'll give you a suit of clothes!

PATTERSON: What stuff is it made of? (touching APOLLO's veil)

APOLLO (to PATTERSON) I had it made up.

STIFF: And his feet are bare! (drawing back the veil a little to see APOLLO'S feet)

JEBB: Are you after a job?

APOLLO: I might be, yes.

JEBB: We're on short time. They laid off 200 on the welding side last week. But Checks and Tests are always looking for fellows with good eyes. I'm shop steward in Gauges. How do you do?

They shake hands.

APOLLO: How do you do?

STIFF: I can't get over the bare feet!

PATTERSON: My wife'd like to see you. She's interested in things like that.

JEBB: What's your second name?

APOLLO: Apelle.

A pause.

JEBB: What?

APOLLO: Apelle.

JEBB: That's not a name. It's----classical.

PATTERSON: It might be French. Are you French?

APOLLO: No.

JEBB: I followed the classics once. I learned about Greece. The 'Parthenon'---is that it?

APOLLO: Yes.

JEBB (to PATTERSON) A building with columns.

PATTERSON: Oh, yes?

JEBB: That was in evening classes. Old Mr Gibbs used to take the classics. Very interesting, too.

PATTERSON (to APOLLO) A bomb went through that lot. We used to have carpentry and all sorts. Dance and Social on Saturdays.

JEBB: Nobody was hurt, though. It happened at night.

5

STIFF:(lifting the veil) Look, he's bare underneath, too!

APOLLO (to STIFF, quietly) That's how I was found.

STIFF: Oh!

PATTERSON: Can't you remember your real name?

APOLLO: My name's Apollo.

PATTERSON: But your real name?

APOLLO: That's it. Apollo.

PATTERSON: Are your eyes good?

APOLLO: Yes. Why?

PATTERSON: I meant---for a job in Checks and Tests...

JEBB: I don't think it's the job for you.

APOLLO: Why not?

JEBB: Because... I don't know. You're funny. Mr Clifford doesn't like funny people.

STIFF (to APOLLO) Are you cold under there?

APOLLO: My feet get cold.

STIFF: That's what I thought! Jebb---that's just what I thought!

JEBB: And how do you know your name's Apollo?

APOLLO: Because it's always been my name.

JEBB: But nobody's called Apollo!

APOLLO: I am.

A pause.

JEBB (to PATTERSON) Can you make him out?

PATTERSON: No. He looks all right. He looks like Mr Calmer's eldest boy!

JEBB: Where have you come from?

APOLLO: From across the way, from Powers's the construction-plant.

JEBB: Oh, you were over at Powers's?

APOLLO: Yes.

JEBB: Did you know Will Jebb, that's my brother, in the faults division?

APOLLO: No.

JEBB: What was your trade?

APOLLO: Just odds and ends.

JEBB: Odds and ends?

APOLLO: I did what I could, you see.

JEBB: Oh! And why are you here?

APOLLO: I was laid off.

JEBB: Oh, I see!

PATTERSON: They're always laying off people over there. Mr Calmer says they were redundant before they started!

JEBB (to APOLLO) What for?

APOLLO (after a pause) For interfering with the boss's wife.

JEBB: Blimey!

STIFF (excited) Now come on!

PATTERSON: The truth will out, as they say!

JEBB: You what? (Digging APOLLO with his elbow, smiling)
You did what?

APOLLO: That's what they called it.

STIFF (trembling) Oh, mother---!

PATTERSON (kindly) Calm down, Stiff! Calm down.

JEBB: But what did you do? (Drawing him a little aside) What did you do?

APOLLO whispers in his ear.

JEBB: What, all---? (APOLLO nods) No?

APOLLO: Yes!

JEBB: Blimey! Not the---?

APOLLO: Yes.

JEBB: Well, stone the crows!

STIFF: Let me in, let me in, boys---!

PATTERSON: No, Stiff (pulling him away), we don't want you getting

excited.

JEBB (to APOLLO) And do you expect to come here and do the same thing?

APOLLO: Yes.

JEBB: You're real strange, you know...

PATTERSON: Why?

JEBB (to PATTERSON) It's nothing!

STIFF: Jebb, boy---let me in!

JEBB (to APOLLO) Well, you wan't, you know! Not while Mr Clifford's in charge!

PATTERSON: Quick, there's Calmer! Let's hide 'im!

They quickly stand in front of APOLLO while CALMER passes briskly by.

JEBB: Morning, sir!

PATTERSON: Morning, sir!

CALMER: Morning, morning!

STIFF: Morning, sir!

CALMER: Morning!

Exit CALMER. They separate.

APOLLO: Is that the boss?

JEBB: That's him! It's funny---when we were standing close, I had a funny feeling---

PATTERSON: What?

JEBB: It's just what I said to the wife this morning when I was drinking my tea, I said, today's not like other days... (Faking out his cigarettes) Smoke?

APOLLO: No, thanks.

JEBB (while offering them to the others) Never?

APOLLO: I used to. But I gave it up. It reminded me---! (He stops)

JEBB: What? (They light up) What?

APOLLO: I don't know---

JEBB: What did it remind you of?

APOLLO: The sacrifice! Listen (with sudden extraordinary energy)--- there was a platform of tufo stone this big (leaping about to show dimensions, about two square metres) with a hole like that (spreading out his arms) for the fire---and stone gutters running here (running to show direction of gutter from platform) here (running) here (running) and here! And nobody could move! I can smell the burning creatures now! And pilgrims used to come from miles around and dip themselves in the pool, for the healing Cremera waters!

He stands panting and silent. They gaze at him in astonishment.

PATTERSON (quietly) Are you all right, mate?

JEBB (after a pause) He's all right.

STIFF: What does he say?

JEBB: They used to burn animals, didn't they?

APOLLO: Yes!

JEBB: When they prayed and that kind of thing?

APOLLO: That's right!

JEBB (to the others) The Greeks used to burn animals when they prayed.

APOLLO: Not the Greeks!

JEBB: They did, you know! You go and tell old Mr Gibbs that they didn't burn animals---!

APOLLO: No, I mean, I wasn't describing the Greeks.

JEBB: Oh, I see. (Apologetically) I'm sorry. Care for a cup of tea, down at the canteen?

APOLLO: No, thanks.

STIFF (to PATTERSON, in an undertone) All that bloody running about--- scared the kidneys out of me!

PATTERSON: We used to smell the burning skins from the soap factory along the Rise when we was kids, and I know, it gets on your nerves. You don't forget it in a hurry.

JEBB (to APOLLO) Did you see the burning, then?

APOLLO: Well, I had my back turned. I was on the roof, you see.

JEBB (screwing up his face) On the roof? What do you mean?

APOLLO: I was standing on the roof.

JEBB: Where?

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APOLLO: At Veii.

JEBB: Where?

APOLLO: Veii.

PATTERSON: It sounds like an unfinished word.

JEBB: How do you spell it?

APOLLO: V, e, double i.

PATTERSON: What does it mean?

APOLLO: It's a place. You see, I was a statue.

A pause.

JEBB: A statue?

APOLLO: Yes.

JEBB: Say it again.

APOLLO: I was a statue. I am a statue.

JEBB: How can you be a statue?

APOLLO: Why not?

JEBB: Well, how can anybody be?

APOLLO: Why not?

JEBB (to PATTERSON) Give him a reason.

PATTERSON: How would you move? A statue can't move.

APOLLO: Inside, I'm a statue.

JEBB: Inside?

APOLLO: Yes.

JEBB: Inside what?

APOLLO: Inside myself.

JEBB: How can you be a statue inside yourself?

APOLLO: Why not? I don't move inside.

JEBB: What?

APOLLO: I don't move inside.

JEBB: What are you talking about?

APOLLO: Think it out.

They stand pondering.

JEBB: Are you sure you don't need a doctor?

APOLLO: Yes.

STIFF: It seems just possible to me...

APOLLO (to JEBB) I can remember it, you see. How could I remember it otherwise?

JEBB: What can you remember?

APOLLO: Being a statue. And I still feel I'm one inside, if you see what I mean.

Another pause.

JEBB: What did it feel like, then?

APOLLO: Well, no time, for instance.

JEBB: No time?

APOLLO: I mean, I didn't stand there like I'm standing here, I didn't get impatient, it just seemed one moment but this moment lasted years.

JEBB: How many years?

APOLLO: Nobody can say.

JEBB: But you should know, shouldn't you?

APOLLO: How can I know if nobody else knows, I'm not there any longer!

JEBB: You're a puzzler... If you can't say for sure how long you was there, how can you say you was there at all?

APOLLO: How would I know I was there otherwise?

JEBB: But how do you know?

APOLLO: I can remember!

JEBB: But what's remembering? Suppose I said I was this morning's cup of tea, or something like that?

APOLLO: You'd be lying. Because you can't remember. But I can. You can't tell me what it felt like being a cup of tea.

JEBB: Steamy and hot!

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APOLLO: What language did you speak---as this cup of tea?

JEBB: I didn't say anything. I was just drunk up.

APOLLO: But I remember the language. Or bits of it.

JEBB: But you don't even look like a statue!

STIFF: Let me see underneath. Then I'll tell you if he's a statue or not!

PATTERSON (to STIFF) I'll tell Mr Clifford.

APOLLO (to JEBB) You're still not convinced. If I told you what I looked like, what language I spoke, where I spoke, what the country all round was like, would you believe me then? stiff

JEBB: No, because a man can't be a statue.

APOLLO: But I'm not a statue now! I told you, I can remember, and how could I remember if I didn't know? Nobody's taught me!

JEBB: How do I know that?

APOLLO: I've never been to school as far as I know.

JEBB: As far as you know?

APOLLO: Yes.

JEBB: You don't know if you've been to school or not?

APOLLO: No.

JEBB: Where were you born, then?

APOLLO: I don't remember.

JEBB: When?

APOLLO: I don't know.

JEBB: Your mother and father---sisters---where was your home--- what was it like?

APOLLO: I can't remember.

PATTERSON: He ought to see the doc. It's loss of memory, Jebb.

APOLLO: It isn't loss of memory. I haven't lost anything. I can remember much more than you can. I can remember over a thousand years ago.

PATTERSON: A thousand years ago?

APOLLO: That's right.

JEBB: When he was a statue, believe it or not!

APOLLO: All right, you prove I'm not a statue. You can't. All you can say is you've never met one before.

JEBB: Well, come to that, this factory might not be here tomorrow morning.

APOLLO: It might not, you can't prove it will be. All you can say is it's been there every morning so far.

JEBB: Old Mr Gibbs used to talk like that. He used to call it logic. He used to say things wasn't there. But everything was just the same when we went home afterwards.

APOLLO: But now they're different.

JEBB: How do you mean?

APOLLO: Everything's changed.

JEBB (gazing at him) The way you look at me, you make me feel queer...

APOLLO: That's what I mean.

STIFF (suddenly shouting) He's just like my brother used to be, full of sauce, they need their backsides tanned!

PATTERSON: Now then, big mouth (holding him back), where's your keeper today?

APOLLO (to STIFF) I've got a message from your brother.

STIFF (rushing to him, overjoyed) You have!

APOLLO: He wants to thank you for everything you did.

STIFF: Yes!

APOLLO: And he's working over at Powers.

STIFF (sobbing) I knew it!

PATTERSON: Come away. (To APOLLO) His younger brother died a while ago.

APOLLO: Yes, I know.

JEBB: You're rum. You're just the same as one of us, and yet you're not.

APOLLO: What did you learn in the classics classes---did you hear about all the statues they found?

JEBB: I don't remember.

APOLLO: Do you remember all the Apollos they found, do you remember their names?

JEBB: No!

APOLLO: The Apollo of Falerii---?

JEBB: No!

APOLLO: The Apollo Belvedere, the Apollo della Fevere---?

JEBB: No!

APOLLO: The Apollo of Veii? The sun-god of Veii?

JEBB (almost entranced, it seems) No!

APOLLO: Well, that's me.

JEBB (in a whisper) How do you spell it?

APOLLO: What?

JEBB: That word.

APOLLO: Veii?

JEBB: Yes.

APOLLO: V, e, double i.

PATTERSON (to JEBB) Like he said before...

JEBB stands gazing at APOLLO.

JEBB: All right, then. Smile. (APOLLO smiles) No, don't!
Don't, for Christ's sake, don't!

PATTERSON: What's the matter, mate? He just smiled!

JEBB: It's him! (Taking refuge close to PATTERSON) It's him,
Patt, I bloodywell swear it is! It's the smile, I seen
that smile before---!

PATTERSON: Calm down, mate, calm down.

JEBB (to APOLLO) Don't smile again, will you, mate? I can't stand
to see it---!

APOLLO: I'll try not to.

PATTERSON: All he did was just smile!

JEBB: It gives me a turn!

APOLLO (to STIFF) Don't tremble so.

STIFF: Let me come in! Let me come in! I'm a big man and I
need big answers! They call my right 'Stiff's hammer that
stiffens'! (Crying) I'm unmarried. I need advice about
my private habits.

PATTERSON: Keep quite or I'll tell Mr Clifford.

JEBB (to APOLLO) How do you come to be called Jack, then?

APOLLO: It's what everybody calls me. So I take that name. You called me it yourself---

JEBB: No, I didn't!

PATTERSON: Yes, you did, Jebb.

JEBB: Only by mistake! (To APOLLO) And the roof? What did you mean about the roof?

APOLLO: That's where I always stood. On the roof of the temple.

JEBB: I feel like crying!

STIFF (approaching APOLLO again) Let me take you home, mate! You're like my younger brother, he married and went off. I saved his life! He had golden hair like yours!

PATTERSON (with a laugh) His hair's black, Charlie!

JEBB: Now, then, Stiff.

STIFF: Let me take you home!

JEBB: Stiff!

STIFF: Your feet all cold like that, I'll wrap you up---

JEBB: Now cut it out! (Edging him away from APOLLO) You've got to leave him alone, do you hear what I say? Leave him alone! (To PATTERSON) Where's Clifford, for Christ's sake?

PATTERSON: He was doing the overtime. Which reminds me what young Easy down at the main gate said yesterday, he said, the basic wage wouldn't keep a man and his wife in cereals. We ought to strike. We live on overtime! We're getting steadily more redundant, Jebb, until this place'll just stand here and you won't see a worker, it'll be worked by rays, you'll see!

JEBB (to APOLLO) And what about the language?

APOLLO: What do you mean?

JEBB: You scare me! I mean, how did you learn English?

APOLLO: I don't know.

JEBB: That's what scares me most, you not knowing. I'm scared for you!

APOLLO: I can only remember a few words of the other language. Puia.

PATTERSON: Eh?

APOLLO: Puia. Atiu. Svalthas. Tesinth.

They draw back from him.

JEBB: What's that?

APOLLO: Just words. Atiu. Tesinth.

PATTERSON: What do they mean?

APOLLO: Wife. Mother. Live. Healer.

PATTERSON (to JEBB) What do you say?

JEBB (to APOLLO) I didn't mean--what language did you speak--I meant... I've forgot. I wouldn't mean that because--how could a statue speak?

APOLLO: But also I didn't mean I am the statue, or even that I was---quite. I mean---I don't know quite what I mean!

JEBB: All you know is you're Apollo.

APOLLO: Yes!

JEBB: And those words come back like voices at night.

APOLLO: That's right!

PATTERSON: What are they saying, then, about wives and healer?

APOLLO: I don't know. I don't even know if that's what the words mean.

JEBB: Why not?

APOLLO: Nobody knows!

JEBB: Listen---if you speak the language---what does it matter what other people know?

APOLLO: Well, like I said before, I'm not there now, am I, I'm not on the roof---

PATTERSON (to STIFF, hissing) Here's Clifford!

STIFF stands erect at once, perfectly self-assured.
Enter CLIFFORD.

CLIFFORD (immediately, to APOLLO) You're wanted in the kitchen! And get some proper clothes on!

STIFF: Good morning, Mr Clifford! Are we ready, sir?

CLIFFORD: I think so!

STIFF: Heavy morning this morning, sir?

CLIFFORD: Heavyish!

STIFF: Warm today, sir!

CLIFFORD: Coldish, coldish!

STIFF: Yes, coldish, sir! (Turning to the others) Very well, Mr Jebb and Mr Patterson, and the new hand, good morning!

PATTERSON: Take him home, Mr Clifford, he's been a real nuisance today.

CLIFFORD: A game of rummy'll set him right, and an hour in the kitchen!

Exeunt CLIFFORD and STIFF.

JEBB (to APOLLO) How did he know you?

APOLLO: He must have seen me over at Powers.

JEBB: Oh! (A pause) Listen, how long have you been like this?

APOLLO: Like what?

JEBB: This---being Apollo?

APOLLO: It feels like yesterday. That's all I can say. It makes me feel giddy and sick. I can't remember what happened before, the scandal over at Powers feels like a dream, yet it was only yesterday, and everything feels like yesterday but yesterday-in-a-dream---if you see what I mean...

JEBB: Yes! It makes me feel funny, too. (To PATTERSON) What are we going to do with him, Patt? It doesn't seem decent, does it?

PATTERSON: No... (To APOLLO) Don't you feel cold like that?

APOLLO: A bit, yes.

PATTERSON: Haven't you got a lodging for the night?

APOLLO: No.

PATTERSON: Where did you sleep, then, over at Powers's?

APOLLO: It was different every night---I slept---

JEBB: Sssh! His wife's in the church.

PATTERSON (to APOLLO) That's right. Tuesdays and Thursdays. The local mission. I don't say anything. Least said, soonest mended, that's my attitude.

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JEBB (also to APOLLO) We meet the birds on Fridays, you see. We have a bite of something down the canteen, then we play cards.

PATTERSON: Always whist. The women don't go in for rummy or poker, it's a funny thing, whist makes them feel safe, I suppose...

JEBB (quietly, to APOLLO) But you don't seem the kind---to do what you did.

APOLLO: Where?

JEBB: At Powers's. I'd expect you to be---well, you know---oily...

APOLLO: Oh! I did what they wanted, that's all.

JEBB: Who wanted it?

PATTERSON: What are you talking about?

JEBB: The boss?

PATTERSON (abashed) Oh, I see!

APOLLO: All of them wanted it!

JEBB: Well, strike a light! That place has gone a long way since Powers himself set up a lathe in a shed and paid his man half-a-dollar a week and they thought themselves lucky!

PATTERSON: And they got more of a kick out of life than us, by all accounts! Tram-rides a halfpenny, and penny a pint beer, my old man used to say you could get a plateful of pease puddin' and faggots for a halfpenny up the Rise! And lovely pork pies! Do you remember, the---

JEBB (suddenly) Patt!

PATTERSON: What's up?

JEBB: I can see the birds! Quick! They're coming this way!

They hide APOLLO again.

PATTERSON (trying to joke) You'll catch it tonight, Jebb!

JEBB(peering offstage) I'll say!

PATTERSON: You won't get your straw changed tonight, mate!

They wait in suspense. JEBB lets out a sigh of relief.

JEBB: They've turned off! Blimey!

They separate.

PATTERSON (to APOLLO) It's his wife, you see.

APOLLO: Oh!

PATTERSON: She keeps on having turns.

JEBB: Well, they're not exactly turns. But you know what it's like---well, I'm sure you do... Three kids and, well, time doesn't stand still.

APOLLO: Yes, I see what you mean.

JEBB: Have you got children?

APOLLO: Well---I don't know!

JEBB: Of course---you wouldn't, would you?

PATTERSON: The doctor says she needs a change.

JEBB: All right, Patt!

PATTERSON: Isn't that what you said? Wasn't you telling Clifford up at Checks and Tests, and he said send her away to somewhere with the sun, it must be anaemia---

JEBB: All right, all right!

PATTERSON: And you said all she needs is a change, she hasn't been away from me for near on twenty years?

JEBB: All right, I said!

PATTERSON (to APOLLO) He thinks he's to blame. I told him, I said, you've given her the best, you've given her all she wanted, it's been hard, and of course she wants a change, a change of rhythm, doc said---

JEBB: Patt!

PATTERSON: But it's no use kicking against the pricks, I said---

JEBB: Now shut up!

PATTERSON: All right, all right! What's come over you? I was only explaining to Mr---?

APOLLO: Jack.

PATTERSON: Jack.

JEBB: Well, leave that to me.

PATTERSON: You look quite pale, Jebb. It's his nerves---

JEBB: That's enough!

PATTERSON: He goes all of a tremble for nothing at all, like a

spasm---!

JEBB: A what?

PATTERSON: A spasm, mate.

JEBB (exhausted) Oh...

PATTERSON: What's the matter, Jebb?

JEBB: It's nothing. Only it frightens me.

PATTERSON: What?

JEBB: It just frightens me, that's all.

APOLLO: Why don't you calm down?

JEBB: I'm calm enough.

PATTERSON: You're trembling all over!

APOLLO: Take it easy and let's go down and have a bite---

JEBB: A what?

APOLLO: A bite of---

JEBB: No!

APOLLO: What's the matter? Why don't we go down the canteen, Mr Patterson, and perhaps we'll see Mr Calmer or one of the boys?

PATTERSON: That's right. The birds'll be down there by now, I'll tell them you're new.

APOLLO: That's right. (They stand looking at JEBB) You don't want me with you, then?

JEBB: No, it isn't that. I'm all right now. I don't know what it is! It's just what I said to the wife this morning---things are different today...

APOLLO: Things are always different for me.

JEBB (looking at him slowly) Yes, it can't be much of a life, going from place to place.

PATTERSON: It's the wanderlust, like when I was a kid I saw a film, and I never was the same after that, I never settled down, I never forgot---I think it was about Africa, somewhere hot, hardly any trees, just swampy and flat, with music of course, and the boy in front kept bobbing up and down! I was never the same after that. I never did anything with any real heart in it, after that. And this is what my Lucy says. She says you don't put your heart in it, Patt, you're always a little bit one remove, so to speak!

It makes it easier in a way...

- APOLLO: Of course it does! That's what I told them over at Powers, don't take it personally, I said!
- JEBB: And what did they say?
- APOLLO: They seemed to understand. Until it got to the boss.
- PATTERSON: The boss found something out?
- APOLLO: Oh, he knew from the start. But he took the personal line. And you can't live along with that, can you?
- PATTERSON: Oh, no! It's just what I say to my Lucy, I say, it's no good trying to be all here, duck, there's too much there, I say, for you to be all here, look at the sky outside, how much there there's there, if you see what I mean...
- APOLLO: Yes, I do.
- JEBB (to APOLLO) But I've never done her wrong! It was those blasted union meetings that did it, every Friday night. And then I used to count the cash. That was our night, you see. But it wasn't that... I was good to that girl!
- APOLLO: Well, that's how it happens.
- JEBB: I used to pour my tea in the saucer to cool it off, and then suck it up, if you see what I mean, and she said to me once, what the hell's the use of me giving you a cup, you'll be eating your food off the floor next! And she give me such a look as could have blinded me! Remember that, Patt?
- PATTERSON: Oh, yes! (To APOLLO) He's very sensitive, is Jebb. That's what Mr Calmer said to me one day when Jebb was going for a rise.
- JEBB: But it wasn't that either. It was when I started coming in too much.
- APOLLO: How do you mean?
- JEBB: Coming in every evening just like a clock. And she'd shift in her chair. It was winter that did it. The summers got bad. We never saw the sun. You ought to have seen the summers before the war when we was kids... Were you here, then, Jack?
- APOLLO: No. But I heard at Powers. Hot like Italy sometimes, they said.
- JEBB: That's right. Then she started whist drives every night, and I thought, you go to hell, I'm not sitting at home alone all night, I'll go down the road with the boys. And the street looked different, the lamps didn't look as cozy as before, the lights at the end of the street used to make me cry with excitement, sometimes, when we used to go out all dressed up of a Saturday night to go to a dance and see Mr Gibbs, he was

M.C! It isn't my fault!

- APOLLO: I know. It's like when I think of the sun sometimes, it makes me cry. From the roof, if you see what I mean. When I looked down sometimes and saw the hills in the distance and all the buildings underneath me shining and the corn in the fields beyond hardly moving and only a tiny breeze and the sky so blue and still, it was like something painted that would last for ever and never turn into night. Yet it did, and then the smoke of the pine-fires would start and the torches twinkle in the houses below and the voices echo across the yards and the mules and donkeys go clop-clop-clop on the stoney road on their way home and the temple would be dark, and the pool where the pilgrims dipped themselves was like a mirror below, and the hill at the side where the path wound up would seem to lead nowhere and women's voices would call out Clan and Dapna and Acasri and Vinum!
- PATTERSON: What does that mean?
- APOLLO: Son, Cup. Give. Wine. And I remember the mornings sometimes, in October, when the light was very clear and my terracotta used to shine like an extraordinary red flower against the cornices of the roof! And people's cloaks used to flash as they waked past underneath.
- PATTERSON: I wish we'd get a bit of sun! Mr Calmer says he's going to organise holidays in the south of France if it goes on like this. You pay so much a week and it's all laid on for you, the hotel, plane-fare, buses. It appeals to the women, too.
- JEBB (to APOLLO) Your hands look so clean. As if they never did a day's work.
- APOLLO: Do they?
- JEBB: It's hard in the kitchen, you know. And then there's Stiff. He's a little bit funny up here (touching his head).
- APOLLO: I worked in the kitchen at Powers, too.
- JEBB: Oh! You did?
- APOLLO: It's funny. The way you hid me when somebody passed. They hid me too, at first.
- JEBB: Who?
- APOLLO: Over at Powers?
- JEBB: Oh! Who, though?
- APOLLO: A couple of fellows.
- JEBB: When you went for a job?
- APOLLO: Yes.
- JEBB: Oh... (A pause) Fellows like us?

APOLLO (nodding slowly) Then the boss came looking for me. He just walked past and before I could say Jack---!

Enter CALMER, hurriedly.

JEBB (to himself) Blimey!

CALMER (to APOLLO) Ah, there you are! Mr Clifford's been telling me all about you! Thought I'd come and see for myself---. (He stops, seeing APOLLO's bare feet) Is that how they sent you away?

APOLLO: Who?

CALMER: Powers'?

APOLLO: Yes!

CALMER: You see that, Mr Jebb? Mr Patterson? A relic of the nineteenth century! Nothing on his feet, not a shirt on his back! Right, now (to APOLLO), do you know where I'm going to take you?

APOLLO: No.

CALMER: Do you know, Mr Jebb?

JEBB: I think so, sir.

CALMER: Would you mind telling this gentleman, then?

JEBB (to APOLLO) 'Into the twentieth century'.

APOLLO (to JEBB) What?

CALMER (laughing) He doesn't know what it means! Shall I tell you what it means? It means men in white coats, Mr---?

JEBB: They call him Jack.

CALMER: Mr Jack. It means hot showers after work, clean hearts and clean hands, and no more smoke, Mr Jack, no more sweating with a shovel in your hand! It means, Mr Jack, a chair, a gauge---and you! That's the twentieth century!

JEBB (to APOLLO) Now he has a little song. It's for all the new hands.

CALMER: Men in white coats
Are setting machines;
Dressed like professors---
No longer in jeans!

Gone are the days
When they heave big loads,
Or sweat by a furnace
And dig in the roads.

It's all done by knobs
And gauges and charts;
The only grease or dirt
Is in cleaning of parts---

And that's done by men
Specially hired,
Who've been to the lectures
And know what's required.

It's all taken care of,
Both body and mind;
You move whole cities---
But not your behind!

It's clever, it's dapper,
It's clean and it's gay;
With up-to-date amenities
And reasonable pay.

We need more education
More schools and more grants;
The day's gone by
When men were like plants.

They used to get drunk
And sprawl in the streets;
Now they watch television
And sleep in clean sheets.

Their lives are cleaner,
They make less noise;
They're kind with their wives
And save for the boys.

No brawls or wildness,
No 'Saturday nights';
They're men with a purpose
And sense of their rights.

They sit like professors,
At home with controls;
White-coated and silent,
With such cleaner souls!

APOLLO: Thank you.

CALMER: And now---into the twentieth century! Into a white overall, a pair of shoes, and a nice hot bath! In a few moments, my dear Mr Jack, Powers is going to seem like an ugly dream. Shall we go?
He leads APOLLO off.

APOLLO (looking back at JEBB and PATTERSON) When---?

CALMER: You'll see them soon enough, eh, Mr Jebb, Mr Patterson?
In a canteen where one isn't ashamed to bring one's wife

oh! Eh, Mr Jebb!

JEBB (trying to smile) That's right!

They watch CALMER and APOLLO leave.

PATTERSON: Let's go down to the birds, then.

JEBB: I wonder where he'll sleep tonight!

PATTERSON: Oh, he'll find a place. He looks the sort.

JEBB: He certainly does.

PATTERSON: Do you feel all right?

JEBB: I'd like a cup of tea.

They go off.

APOLLO and LUCY PATTERSON.

LUCY: I always said, 'You don't put any heart in it, Patt, you're always at one remove, so to speak!' I always said that! But you're different. (A pause) Aren't you, Jack?

APOLLO: Eh?

LUCY: You're different!

APOLLO: Why?

LUCY: Well, aren't you?

APOLLO: I'd like to be on the roof again!

LUCY: What?

APOLLO: It comes over me sometimes, I'd like to be on the roof!

LUCY: What do you mean, dear?

APOLLO: That's where I used to be, after all.

LUCY: I don't understand.

APOLLO: Sometimes I feel so tired!

LUCY: You went back early last night---to Mrs Jebb's. She told me herself you slipped into bed not long after nine, before Mr Jebb came back from his union meeting.

APOLLO: It must be the weather, Lucy.

LUCY: Isn't it lovely? Ever since you came it's been lovely, ever since you started in the kitchen, Jack, we've never had the sun so much! Mr s Calmer was saying today, that new man seems to have brought us luck.

APOLLO (alarmed) Mrs Calmer?

LUCY: Mr Calmer's wife.

APOLLO: I've never even seen her!

LUCY: She said today, that new man in the kitchen brought us

luck, and Mr Calmer said the same, the weather changed so quick! It's always clear, and the sun so strong, even my Patt goes down the pool of a Saturday morning now and seems---less ashamed of his body than he was!

APOLLO: We used to be pirates once on the Tyrrhenian sea and we fought for Corsica against the Greeks. I can remember how the sunlight flashed on my arm and I could see how brown it was against the sea like a piece of mahogany just before I cut my way to the stern through rows of men! (Fiercely) We used to fight---shouting---(as if fighting with sword) 'Leine, leine!'

LUCY (squealing with delight) What does that mean?

APOLLO: 'Die', I think. Perhaps it was another word...

LUCY: You're a scream sometimes! Give me a kiss!

APOLLO (quickly kissing her) That's why they call them Assaronenses.

LUCY: Why? Who?

APOLLO: The people of eastern Sardinia. Because we brought them our gods. That was our name for 'gods',---'aisar'. (Putting his hand to his eyes) All I've got is these pieces of memories.

LUCY: It's funny, you're passive. When you kissed me just then... I noticed the same last night, before you went to Mrs Jebb's. (She kisses him again)

APOLLO (with a smile) You're a pretty girl!

LUCY: Smile at me again! Again! Again!

APOLLO: The first day Patt saw you he mentioned a flower---

LUCY: That's right!

APOLLO: The marigold because your hair was bright and all over the place!

LUCY: That's right! Oh, Jack! You're passive, yet your heart's right in it! I can't make you out... You're here, yet you're not! Like I say to Patt, 'You're not enough here, Patt, you're all there all right but I want you here!' You're not like that. You're here and there, you're far away and near, it's funny, with your face at the tip of my nose like this you seem far away---on the sea, in the sun--- a long time ago...

APOLLO (in a perplexed way, to himself) Tesinth, tesinth...

LUCY: And you say such funny things! Even my bedroom's different now! The way the sunshine comes in every morning now, and everything looks fresh and clean, it feels as if it could stay there for ever like stones at the sea, the bed-spread

and looking-glass and the dolly on the dresser, and the curtains, they look so dainty! I always wanted to be a bride like this!

APOLLO: How do you mean?

LUCY: A bride for ever--- (She stops) I don't know what I mean, Jack. Jack!

APOLLO: Yes?

LUCY: Did you come from Powers for me?

APOLLO: No.

LUCY: You saw me when we went to the Powers's annual dance, me and Patt---with Mr and Mrs Jebb!

APOLLO: No.

LUCY: You did!

APOLLO: No, I didn't.

LUCY: Yes, Jack, you did!

APOLLO: Perhaps I did...

LUCY: I knew you did! Me and Patt danced the Roger de Coverley and we went by the band---I think I saw you, I think I remember your face!

APOLLO: I think I was by the band...

LUCY: That's right!

APOLLO: We used to play the double pipe...

LUCY: What's that?

APOLLO: We used to play the double pipe and castanets, the women--- I can't remember---I think the women played the castanets.

LUCY: At Powers?

APOLLO: That's right.

LUCY: They're funny over there... Sometimes I think I'm going to wake up and come back to Lucy Patterson again. I never had a wicked thought in my head, only sometimes with Patt when he was slow, a thought would come and go---but... Jack! I can't believe what I've done, I really can't! Tuesdays and Thursdays were my days of the week, when I went to the Mission. I used to lead the choir. I put the prayer-books on the chairs, it made me feel ever so clean, especially with my golden hair! I bathed myself twice a week, the night before Mission, and Patt couldn't touch me then. My cooking was the same, so neat and clean, I always

had a pinafore on, and the washing-up never waited more than twenty minutes after a meal, that was my boast. (Thoughtfully) Yet I always wanted to be a bride...

APOLLO: A bride, again?

LUCY: That's right! It's funny, when you took me down to the pool that night, your face seemed all brown---

APOLLO: Brown?

LUCY: Yes! And your hair like a woman's---it fell in plats behind your ears---and your nose came straight down---

APOLLO: How?

LUCY: Straight down from your forehead, it made me shudder, I didn't tell you at the time! And your arms were warm and seemed thicker than before. And your feet were bare!

APOLLO: And the smoke drifted up, the cries of the animals echoed along the walls, blood ran through the gutters, and Hercules seemed to pray at my side--- (He stops) Hercules. Herole. Herole. (To himself) I thought I was alone.

LUCY: You seem alone. You always seem alone.

APOLLO: And then in the morning the sun always came up like the beginning of another age, clean and light, after the smoke and all the shouting.

LUCY: But it's gone like an ugly dream now, Jack, like Mr Calmer says. Factory conditions have changed for good, and you've got to forget. Look at me, Jack. You've got to forget.

APOLLO: Yes, I know.

LUCY: Jack.

APOLLO: Yes?

LUCY: Suddenly I get ashamed.

APOLLO: What of?

LUCY: You and me. It wouldn't have been so bad just once, but so many times! Sometimes I look at Patt...

APOLLO: You don't seem ashamed.

LUCY: And really I'm not. It's just the thought. I couldn't have imagined it a month ago. And I can't imagine it now. I can't say I've done anything. I don't seem anything to do with it! Sometimes I look at myself in the bath and can't believe it...

Enter STIFF.

STIFF: Good morning, Jack!

APOLLO: Good morning, Stiff!

STIFF: I'm on my way. (To LUCY) Well, how do you like my brother, Mrs Patt?

LUCY: Your brother?

STIFF: He's looking better and better every day, don't you think so? It was no good over at Powers's, I said to Mr Clifford last night, you did a wonderful thing getting Bro over here! And you know what he said?

APOLLO: No?

STIFF: I did it for you! he said. I did it for you. I know a bit about Powers's, he said, having worked there close on fifteen years myself, and got my hands all grimed, and the accounts in a muddle all the time, the staff underpaid, disgruntled of course, so I thought of your Bro when I heard of his circumstances. And now we're together, Mrs Patt. I see him in the kitchen every day and I never let touch a thing?

LUCY: How do you mean?

APOLLO (to STIFF) You'd better get along, Stiff.

STIFF: I never let him touch a pot, I never let him go on nights---

LUCY (to APOLLO) But you said---

STIFF: He's always been sensitive, Mrs Patt. (To APOLLO) You've never liked messing your hands, have you, Bro?

APOLLO: No!

STIFF: And life's a division of labour, our mum always said. It falls to some to work and others not, to some to laugh and others not. That's what she used to say. Well, Mrs Patt---(offering his hand) I'll say good bye!

LUCY: Good bye, Stiff!

STIFF: I've laid on some nice chuck steak today---the best and cheapest out, our mum used to say! (to APOLLO) Don't forget to punch your card!

APOLLO: I won't!

Exit STIFF.

LUCY: What's that he said---you never touch a pot?

APOLLO: That's right!

LUCY: Why not?

APOLLO: He won't let me.

LUCY: Oh!

APOLLO: Why?

LUCY: Nothing! (After a pause) When I wanted you to stay an extra night last week, because Patt was out, you said you were on late turn! And you weren't!

APOLLO: I was on late turn!

LUCY: But Stiff said he never let you!

APOLLO: He never lets me work. But I o'clock in and punch my card just the same.

LUCY: And then what do you do?

APOLLO: I---go to bed... Or talk to the boys. Or wander round--- until the morning comes.

LUCY: Wander round? (Another pause) Where did you sleep the night before last?

APOLLO: At Mrs Easy's, I think. Easy's wife at the main gate.

LUCY: Why do you always say Mrs, and wife, never the man, Jack?

APOLLO (with a smile): They took me ^{up} at night!

LUCY: Oh, Jack, that smile! (Flinging her arms round him) You haven't really smiled since the night at the pool, when we went there late and bathed in the dark, and you said we were pilgrims in Cremera water! Try and smile again!

APOLLO: I feel so tired.

LUCY: Sometimes I think of Patt and don't know what I'd do if he knew! He'd be so hurt! But you never meant to do him harm, did you, Jack?

APOLLO: Of course not, no.

LUCY: I never did see you at Powers's, did I, love?

APOLLO: Of course you didn't!

LUCY: You never stood by the band?

APOLLO: No, no.

LUCY: I couldn't bear to think we'd planned it from the first! Patt'd be so hurt!

APOLLO: We've never seen each other before.

LUCY: Except in dreams? That's what you always say, isn't it?

APOLLO: Yes. Except a long time ago, before you remember...

LUCY:

That's what I mean by being a bride...

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They stand leaning against each other
dreamily.

Enter CALMER.

CALMER: Good God! Has Mrs Patt been taken faint?

APOLLO: That's right!

CALMER: It's all this heat! Mrs Patterson, here! Let me give
you a hand (helping APOLLO). I've heard it's better---
(forcing LUCY's head forward) to hold their heads down---
that's right!---and double the body (gripping her round
the waist)---and there we are, up and down, up and down,
to get the blood to the head!

APOLLO: Up and down---

CALMER: Up and down---

LUCY: Oh!

CALMER: She's coming round!

LUCY: Where am I?

CALMER: In good hands, Mrs Patterson, don't get alarmed!

LUCY: I was on my way to the pool.

APOLLO: It's lucky I was here, to save the fall!

CALMER: That's right! And now, if you'll lean on my arm---
steady there, steady!---we'll take you up to the San,
and see what doctor says! Steady! There! Thank
you, Mr Jack, it's lucky you were here! You see how
we deal with our workers' wives. (Going off) They're
part of the family here! Not so at Powers', I think
you'll agree!

APOLLO: That's right!

Exeunt CALMER and LUCY.

APOLLO stands lost in thought.

Enter JEBB.

JEBB: Mrs Patt's been taken bad, I see. It's all this
heat.

APOLLO: That's right. It was lucky I was here.

JEBB: So Mr Calmer said. He's taking her up to the San.
You look a bit whacked, Jack.

APOLLO: So I am.

JEBB: My wife came over queer yesterday morning, too.

APOLLO: Did she?

JEBB: It must be the heat.

APOLLO: That's right.

JEBB: She keeps a good home, I can't complain there. Always on her feet. I thought I'd take a swim.

APOLLO: It's a lovely day...

JEBB: Not a cloud in the sky.

APOLLO: It reminds me---

JEBB: Don't say it!

APOLLO: All right.

Silence.

JEBB: It's not been the same since you came.

APOLLO: Why not?

JEBB: Things don't seem to matter so much.

APOLLO: How?

JEBB: It doesn't seem to matter so much what people do. The wife and me---we just come in, sit down for a feed, read the paper, go out, we do things in our sleep, if you see what I mean. She never shifts in her chair like she did when I come through the door.

APOLLO: I'd better go and punch my card...

JEBB: My irises and pease have never been so good. Remember when you came? I was all of a jitter, remember that day?

APOLLO: Yes, I do.

JEBB: I was never in the garden. It's marvellous what a bit of sun can do.

Enter CALMER.

CALMER: Ah, I just wanted to say---

APOLLO: Is Mrs Patt all right?

CALMER: Oh, yes, we gave her some salts and now she's having a nice cup of tea. It's the sun, you know. I thought I'd just ask---

APOLLO: Yes?

CALMER: My wife's been looking for you down in the kitchen and I said you were here. She wanted to know---could you help us out at the end of the week? You know, we give a little party for the heads of departments, just a drink or two, and we need a man to serve. She said if you'd slip up-

stairs to our flat on top of the Sam she'd show you what to do. Forgive me asking but you've got the style, forgive me saying so, Mr Jack, but your hands would look so nice in a pair of white gloves, the others are so clumsy, we've always had Stiff so far and he always spilled far more than he served and sometimes he told us all about his private habits at the top of his voice---it wasn't very nice!

APOLLO: Yes, I can quite see your point.

CALMER: So my wife wanted you. I said I'd find out. Now the people on this plant are as free as the air, they're not industrial slaves like at Powers', and so I said I'd leave it to you, to say yes or no, and that would be that!

APOLLO: Of course I'll do it. Glad to oblige!

CALMER: And you'll slip up and see her? She's so much in need of that kind of help! Her tastes are so dainty, she always knows the right thing to do, she never puts a dress on that isn't just right, always in fashion but you've never seen quite that before, if you see what I mean! It's the same with her cutlery, and the way she serves her food. If you sit down at table with us you might find a rose in your plate---that sort of thing, if you see what I mean! A woman of taste! And her wines! I do believe, though she never drinks a drop, that there isn't a wine from the Rhine to the Rhone that she doesn't know the name of, if you see what I mean! Whenever I'm in doubt as to the right thing to do, I know who to ask. She'll tell me at once. And though it may sound (lowering his voice) on the personal side what I'm going to say, I've never caught her out since the day we met, I've never seen her anything but ready if you see what I mean, and we share the same bed! Now don't you think that's really saying the best! Even in her underwear she's a good example! Never a hair out of place or a colour that's wrong!

JEBB: She's a lady---Mrs Calmer.

APOLLO: I'll be pleased to do it.

CALMER: Good man! I'll tell her straight away. (Jocular) And when can you come to be put through your paces? She's a very hard task-master, you know---or should I say mistress!

APOLLO: This evening, perhaps.

CALMER: We'll say six o'clock. I've got a board meeting but I don't think you'll need me, will you?

APOLLO: Oh, no!

CALMER: There's a good fellow. Now let's shake hands---(They shake hands energetically) and (with a wink) don't let her give you too much to do, she's inclined to that, just between you and me.

APOLLO: No, I'll be careful about that.

CALMER: Good morning, Mr Jack! Good morning, Mr Jebb!

JEBB: Good morning, Mr Calmer.

Exit CALMER.

JEBB: Jack!

APOLLO: Yes?

JEBB: What about the statue-idea---is it---? Do you feel all right? Are you beginning to forget, like Mr Calmer says?

APOLLO: A little, yes. But I forgot so much before that I don't know which to forget more of.

JEBB (warily) What do you mean---'before'?

APOLLO: When I was a---. (He stops)

JEBB: ---statue?

APOLLO: Yes!

JEBB: Oh, Jack! You shouldn't! (Looking round) I thought it was settled now, we wouldn't go back to that. Listen--- (in a low voice) what did they register you as?

APOLLO: Just Jack.

JEBB (with relief) Oh, so that's all right.

APOLLO: It's no good putting up a fight, Jebb.

JEBB: A fight? What do you mean? (APOLLO is silent) I don't know what you mean.

APOLLO: Why don't you go to Mrs Calmer's?

JEBB: Mrs Calmer's? What for?

APOLLO: And do the job instead of me?

JEBB: I don't know what you mean! The way you talk, Jack, you frighten me, honest you do! What have I got to do with Mrs Calmer? Suddenly you say that---

APOLLO (with a smile) Why not?

JEBB (jumping) Don't do it! For Christ's sake don't smile! It brought me out in spots last time! I can't stand to see you smile.

APOLLO: Yet I can only really smile for you.

JEBB: 'Mrs Calmer'! Fancy me in white gloves!

APOLLO: I caught a glimpse once of the king himself...

JEBB: Eh? Oh, blimey, there you go!

APOLLO: He'd just been elected. And in that moment he changed as if all his life had only been a path leading to that! His skin seemed to change, can you imagine that? I could see it from above. His look was different. He changed into a god, but by election.

JEBB: Was that at Powers's?

APOLLO (after a pause) No.

JEBB: It was, mate, it was!

APOLLO: It wasn't!

JEBB: That was at Powers's.

APOLLO (fiercely) No, it wasn't! I told you before, it's no good putting up a fight!

JEBB: But why, Jack, why? On a lovely day like this! When there's tea downstairs, and company! Why have you got to talk like that?

Enter CALMER.

CALMER: She wants you right away!

APOLLO: Eh?

CALMER: Everything's ready, she says. You can go straight up.

APOLLO: But I haven't clocked in yet, sir!

CALMER: I'll see to that! It's better to suit her whims, you know. There's hell to pay otherwise!

Enter PATTERSON.

PATTERSON: Mr Calmer, sir, I heard my wife was taken bad!

CALMER (to APOLLO) There's a good chap, just run straight up, you know where it is; the floor above the San!

APOLLO: I haven't washed my hands, and there's the carrots to peel---

CALMER: I'll see to ^{all} that! Now come along, Mr Jack, just go straight up and get the job done, and that'll be that!

He hustles APOLLO out.

JEBB and PATTERSON stand watching them.

PATTERSON: What's up?

JEBB: It's Calmer's wife wants him to mix the cocktails Friday.

PATTERSON: Oh! What happened with Lucy?

JEBB: She's up at the San.

PATTERSON: Why?

JEBB: She had a turn. The heat, I suppose. She's all right now.

PATTERSON: She was right as rain this morning. It's funny, she kissed me good bye, and never said anything about me not being quite all here like she usually does. It's the sun, I expect. She will go out without her hat.

JEBB: I went in the garden this morning to cut some roses for May and it made me dizzy. We're not used to it, you see.

PATTERSON: I'll go up to the San, then, mate.

JEBB: All right.

PATTERSON (stopping) Wasn't your wife took bad yesterday as well?

JEBB: No.

PATTERSON: Didn't she see the doo?

JEBB: Nah.

PATTERSON (going off) That's funny, I could have sworn---.

~~either~~ Enter Lucy. They bump into each other.

LUCY: Patt!

PATTERSON: Lucy! U thought you was up at the San!

LUCY: So I was! I'm all right now.

PATTERSON: What went wrong?

LUCY: Oh, nothing much! I just came over faint. It must be the sun!

JEBB: That's what I was saying to Patt, it must be all this heat, I came over giddy this morning in the garden when I picked some roses for May.

PATTERSON: Are you all right now, duck? Come and give us a kiss! (They kiss) Did you fall down flat?

LUCY: Nearly I did! It's a good thing Jack was there!

PATTERSON: Eh?

LUCY: Jack was there! He saved my fall!

PATTERSON: Oh!

JEBB: With all this concrete about that wouldn't have been a joke!

LUCY: Then Mr Calmer took me upstairs and gave me a cup of tea. (Looking round) Where's he gone?

PATTERSON: Mr Calmer?

LUCY: No---Jack!

PATTERSON: Oh!

JEBB: He went to clock in.

LUCY: He wasn't at the gate when I came past. (To PATTERSON) I wanted to know about beds---

PATTERSON: Beds?

LUCY: He's doing it in rotation and I've forgotten whose turn it is.

PATTERSON: Have you?

LUCY: What's the matter with you, Patt?

JEBB: I tell you none of us are right these days. But I've never felt so good. It's funny, isn't it?

PATTERSON (to LUCY) How do you mean, the beds?

LUCY: Well, he was at Mrs Jebb's last night and Mrs Easy's the night before, and tonight I don't know if it's Mrs Barnes or me!

PATTERSON: Oh!

LUCY: What are you looking like that for? Patti! Don't say you're going all funny, too!

PATTERSON (supported by LUCY and JEBB) No, it's all right. I should wear a hat. (Putting his hand to his head) It stands to reason. We're not used to it.

LUCY: You look all right, Jack!

PATTERSON: And so do you!

LUCY: In fact, you look younger! I saw it this morning!

PATTERSON: So do you!

JEBB: That's just what I said to the wife when she came over queer. I said, I've never seen you looking so spry, with roses in your cheeks! It must be a kind of fever, she said!

LUCY: That's right.

Enter STIFF.

STIFF: Have you seen my brother?

They all stare at him.

PATTERSON: Eh?

STIFF: My Bro?

LUCY: He means Jack!

PATTERSON: Jack?

STIFF: He hasn't clocked in. I give him a bed by the bread-racks where it's dark.

PATTERSON: A bed?

STIFF: Well, there's such a lot doing over by the stoves, I rigged up a curtain, he can be quiet there!

LUCY (to PATTERSON) He doesn't like Jack to dirty his hands.

PATTERSON: Oh!

STIFF: He's a sensitive man. He always talks to me before he drops off like he did when he was kids. He tells me about the roof---what he could see---

JEBB: The roof?

STIFF: That's right! And the way the animals used to smell, they used to burn them, Mr Jebb, and all the dances---(with a glance at LUCY) I'd tell you more if ladies wasn't present. He's got a wonderful mind, my Bro. He saw the king once. And he used to be brown, and have long hair down to his shoulders---

LUCY: In plats?

STIFF: That's right! How did you know?

LUCY: And his nose came straight down---

STIFF: That's right---from his forehead, like that! (putting his finger vertically over the bridge of his nose)

LUCY (to herself) My bride!

PATTERSON: Your what?

STIFF: My brother! He's always been the same! Don't you know where he is, Mr Jebb?

JEBB: No. Yes, I do.

STIFF: Where?

LUCY: Where?

JEBB: I don't know! (After a pause) Yes, I do. (To himself)
Oh, save me!---

PATTERSON: What's the matter, mate?

JEBB (deliberately, to STIFF) Your brother's up at Mrs Calmer's.

STIFF: Mrs Calmer's? He's due in the kitchen...

LUCY: Mrs---Calmer's?

JEBB (to himself) Save me!

PATTERSON (to LUCY) Mr Calmer came running in and said she ~~was~~ was ready.

LUCY: No!

PATTERSON: I couldn't understand.

LUCY: Not Mrs Calmer? She's--- (she stops).

PATTERSON: What?

LUCY (faintly) The boss's wife...

STIFF: He needs his sleep, Mr Jebb, he tells me stories before he drops off and the pastry seems to mix better after that...

PATTERSON (to JEBB) Didn't he say the boss's wife at Powers's---?

LUCY (breathlessly) How can you believe such things, Patt?

STIFF (beginning to tremble) I want an answer, I'm a big man, I need big---!

PATTERSON (holding him) Now, then, Stiff, I'll tell Mr Clifford!

STIFF (perplexed, to himself) Mr Clifford...

LUCY (to JEBB) What's he doing ^{at} ~~to~~ Mrs Calmer's?

JEBB: He's shaking her cocktails.

LUCY: What?

JEBB (slowly) Shaking her cocktails.

LUCY (haughtily) I don't know what you mean!

JEBB: He has to wear white gloves.

LUCY: White gloves? No!

JEBB: Mr Calmer said she needed someone with delicate hands.

LUCY (sadly) I see.

JEBB: He said she wouldn't take long to show him everything.

LUCY: Of course not, no. (She begins to wander off)

PATTERSON: Lucy, where are you going?

LUCY: Back to the San.

PATTERSON: Don't you feel alright?

LUCY: Just leave me alone! I'll be all right!

PATTERSON (calling after her) Don't forget it's whist today!

Exit LUCY.

STIFF (also calling after her) Mrs Patterson! Mrs Patt! (To JEBB and PATTERSON) Is she fetching my Bro? (Also wandering off) Mrs Patt, Mrs Patt! I'm coming, too!

Exit STIFF.

JEBB: I've done wrong, Patt.

PATTERSON: Eh?

JEBB: I feel all cold. It doesn't seem like summer any more.

PATTERSON: That's the fever, it comes and goes, you feel hot and cold.

JEBB: That's right...

A pause.

PATTERSON: Are you on late turn?

JEBB: Seven to four.

PATTERSON: I can't sleep of a morning now with the sun coming in. I shan't be sorry when we're back on early turn, shall you?

JEBB: No, I shan't.

PATTERSON: I lay there awake and think to myself, what's it for, Patty boy, what's it for?

JEBB: It used to be nice knocking off in the dark, I used to have nine hours kip, till three in the afternoon, and May'd have dinner on the table ready, and a glass of beer!

PATTERSON: That was the winter-time...

They stand thinking about this.
APOLLO enters silently.

PATTERSON (whispers) Jebb!

JEBB: Eh?

PATTERSON: Look!

JEBB: Blimey!

APOLLO approaches wearily, unaware of them yet.

JEBB: Jack!

APOLLO (waking) Hello!

JEBB: What's up?

APOLLO: I haven't clocked in yet. (As if dizzy) I wish I could sleep!

PATTERSON: Stiff's got your bed made up in the kitchen. Why don't you go down?

APOLLO: I feel cold all of a sudden. (To JEBB) Didn't you feel cold, just now?

JEBB: Don't look at me like that! Jack!

PATTERSON: They've all been looking for you, mate. Lucy wanted to know about the resta.

APOLLO: I feel so cold!

JEBB: You've got to forget!

APOLLO: I nearly have. I can hardly remember any more. Even the smoke I've almost forgot. Look---the sun's going in! The last fight, that was the worst of all...

PATTERSON: The last---?

APOLLO: They hardly left a man alive. That was the end of the town. And I think it was Propertius who said, 'Oh, Vell, you used to have a throne of gold and now your walls are echoing with the shepherd's horn!' They tore me down with ropes, or did I fall?

PATTERSON: Go on!

APOLLO: And there I lay buried under stones, not entirely broken. An arm or two. And I slept there soundly for a thousand years or more. I heard them take the buildings away stone by stone, and all they left was a tomb or two, and the altar-piece of the temple. And then the silence grew. Can you imagine that? Everybody left and the grass began to grow, and all you heard, as Propertius said, was the pipes of the shepherds and the sound of hoofs. Further and further I sank, and my sleep seemed assured---until

(with a smile) 1916.

JEBB: Don't smile!

APOLLO: And here I am.

JEBB: Don't, Jack, don't! For Christ's sake come and kip down along of us and have a cup of tea and stop that talk, be--- be ordinary, Jack!

APOLLO (with another smile) I can't.

JEBB: For Christ's sake don't smile like that!

PATTERSON (to JEBB) All he does is just smile, mate!

APOLLO (also to JEBB) You've done a lot for me. At Powers's, too.

JEBB: I've never been to Powers's.

APOLLO: When I kipped in the kitchen, and you had a dizzy spell picking roses for May in the garden one morning?

JEBB: That was yesterday!

APOLLO: It's all the same. Mr Galner said would I like a bed in his place? His son's got married and the room's now free.

PATTERSON: And what did you say?

APOLLO: I said, the boys might think it funny. That happened at Powers's, too.

JEBB: It didn't!

APOLLO: Yes, it did!

PATTERSON (peering into APOLLO's face) Did I see you at a dance at Powers's? Weren't you standing by the band? In the Roger de Coverley?

APOLLO: That's right.

PATTERSON: I thought it was you! Well, strike a light!

APOLLO: We used to dance a lot. At the marriages. The men and women together, dancing, dancing, naked under veils, (closing his eyes) it makes the body more seductive, barely glimpsed like a god underneath, just the outline and shape, (beginning to move) slowly moving, moving, the men and women together, the veils beginning to part in the wind---

JEBB: Phew!

APOLLO: ---as the feet go round, sometimes touching, flesh on flesh and dust on dust, inside the veil, inside the dusty dream. It always made me tired. (He no longer moves)

Then a delightful sleep inside the veil. A veil of sleep. Rather like the kiss of a god, like the sky touching you. And your bride was always the same whoever she was... (Opens his eyes) I never could refuse a dance, you know, however tired.

JEBB (fascinated) It reminds me of those pots!

APOLLO: Pots?

JEBB: Old Gibbs used to show us some figures on a pot---naked, dancing, with their---

PATTERSON: Over at Powers's?

JEBB: ---as large as life! Don't let your wives see this, he used to say! Was it just the dancing got them like that?

APOLLO: Oh, yes!

JEBB: Well, can't you remember more? Try and remember, mate!

APOLLO: Only the feelings. Not exactly what I was doing...

PATTERSON: Like a trance. Not the first to go like that at Powers's, they say it's the discipline, they've got a different approach, now Mr Clifford always says that going from Powers's to this show---he calls it show---is like crossing the equator to a different climate. They're so well-organised over at Powers's they can't digest their food, they can't get it down at dinnertime because their nerves are all of a jingle-jangle, so they put a pill between your knife and fork called pancreatic extract, so Mr Clifford said, to settle your tummy and take away the nerves. But here you ought to see how the boys tuck in, there's always plenty to eat and second helpings, too, that's Mr Calmer's doing when he took over the welfare side, he always says a working man is a man in a white coat nowadays, there's no more slums and unpaid overtime so why---should---there be---bad---food... (Stops)

APOLLO: You understand everything.

PATTERSON (limp) Eh?

APOLLO: You understand so much! So pure of heart!

PATTERSON (to JEBB) What's he---?

CALMER's voice off: 'Mr Jack! Mr Jack!'

APOLLO (terrified) That's Calmer! (Clutching JEBB)

JEBB: What about it? Jack!

CALMER again: 'Mr Jack!'

APOLLO: He's come to get me! Quick!

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He dashed behind them.
Enter CALMER.

CALMER: Mr Jack! Mr Jack! (Seeing them) Oh. Have you seen Mr Jack?

JEBB: No, sir.

PATTERSON: No, sir.

CALMER (visibly agitated) Not that it matters. Only my wife's missing something if you see what I mean and she must have it back! Not that I'm making any accusations but facts are facts, I want to make a quiet investigation, no trouble, you see, in the works, so keep it dark, Mr Jebb, Mr Patterson, for while Mr Jack's a very pleasing man I know nothing of his past than what he tells me himself and what's on his cards, I haven't been in touch with Powers but I've heard it said---! Have you seen him?

JEBB: No, sir.

CALMER: My wife's missing something from the dressing room, she said. A little silver something, or it might be gold. She had it this morning, that's quite sure, and nobody else was with her except Mr Jack. The worst thing---you won't let it go any further---Mr Jebb, Mr Patterson---

PATTERSON: No, sir?

CALMER: It isn't so much the missing something I mind, but she can be so terrible when she gets an idea, it might be all a ghastly mistake, so I want to go softly if you see what I mean and not cause a stir, so just keep it quiet, it'll all die down, she can be so terrible---! (Calling softly) Mr Jack, Mr Jack!

PATTERSON: I think he went to the pool, sir.

CALMER: To the pool now? Really? Thank you so much! You're very helpful. I'll just go down and see what he says. (Calling softly) Mr Jack! Mr Jack!

Exit CALMER.
They separate.

JEBB (to APOLLO) Is it true?

APOLLO: Of course not, no!

JEBB: You'd better come home with me and I'll keep you dark. Until it dies down.

PATTERSON: This way!

JEBB: You can straight to bed. With a nice cup of tea!

APOLLO: Don't wake me for a week!

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JEBB (as they go off) I'll leave you a month if you like, Apollo.

PATTERSON: You called him 'Apollo' just then...

iii.

Enter CALMER.

CALMER (softly) Mr Jack! Mr Jack!

Enter CLIFFORD.

CLIFFORD (bellowing) Mr Jack! Mr Jack!

CALMER: Mr Jack!

CLIFFORD: Are you looking for Mr Jack?

CALMER: Sssh! Yes, I am.

CLIFFORD: So am I! He hasn't clocked in for nearly a week, that blackguard Stiff says his brother, believe it or not, hasn't been in the kitchen for a week, and he's standing there crying his eyes out---

CALMER: I suppose you know what's happened?

CLIFFORD: No!

CALMER: Mrs Calmer's locked herself in the bathroom!

A pause.

CLIFFORD: What?

CALMER: The wife's been in the bathroom for nearly a week! She only opens a chink for her meals! And I have to go downstairs every time, if you see what I mean, we've only the one, you see!

CLIFFORD: What's she there for?

CALMER: Until we get hold of Mr Jack, you see---she's missing something!

CLIFFORD: What?

CALMER: Something silver, something gold---she's not quite sure herself. She swears he took it when he came up for a rehearsal last week!

CLIFFORD: A rehearsal?

CALMER: For the midsummer cocktail party we give.

CLIFFORD: Oh, yes!

CALMER: She's tired of Stiff---.

CLIFFORD: Aren't we all? He's been spilling things over my trousers for years!

CALMER: She wanted someone with delicate hands, Mr Clifford.

CLIFFORD: Ha!

CALMER: I told her at the time, I said, my dear, hands aren't everything, you know. Well, she said, they go a long way!

CLIFFORD: Indeed, they do!

CALMER: Indeed! His did! She missed it at once. There was to be another rehearsal---

CLIFFORD: Another one?

CALMER: Yes! You see the gullibility of women! And apparently he said no! Obvious the reason why! So I was sent out on a search. I don't want it all round the plant, Mr Clifford---

CLIFFORD: Of course not, ho!

CALMER: These things can be handles quietly, I'll give him his notice and a week's pay---

CLIFFORD: A month's.

CALMER: The devil, a month!

CLIFFORD: Those are the rules!

CALMER: Well---you see how unfamiliar I am with those kind of rules. It isn't very often we send a man away! Yet they pour across from Powers.

CLIFFORD: And Powers seems to change them, I've said it before. But perhaps---(perplexed) we've never had a customer quite like this before!

CALMER: Her whims must always be suited, you see, I know better than to cross her whims. She's not been the same since a week ago!

CLIFFORD: He's probably fled. Well, I'll strike his name off the list! (About to go)

CALMER: But, Mr Clifford---

CLIFFORD: Yes!

CALMER: You can't let me down like this! What the devil can I do?

I can't let her stay in the bathroom like that, every minute's a rope round my neck, you don't know what a dance she can lead me if she likes, do be a good chap, Mr Clifford, I'm sure he's still here---! None of his friends seem worried, not Patterson or Jebb, or the man at the gate! I'm sure they'd notice if he got away!

CLIFFORD: We can institute a search!

CALMER: No, no, no! There's nothing to be gained by a hullabaloo! The principle behind this plant is do it calmly or not at all!

CLIFFORD: And what about my records?

CALMER: What records?

CLIFFORD: The establishment, man-hours, wages to be paid!

CALMER: To the devil with them, let's get the man!

CLIFFORD: The devil with my files? Now, Mr Calmer---

CALMER: All right, Mr Clifford, you mustn't lean too heavily on my words, I'm not in a right state of mind while my wife's in there---! Accept my apology.

CLIFFORD: Apology accepted! Shake! (They shake hands)

CALMER: Ow! (Jumping) That's not what you'd call a clerical hand!

CLIFFORD (with pride) Nor a scholar's, either. Yet that's what I am. This man, Mr Calmer, this man needs---(confidingly, showing the open palm of his hand) a bit of that!

CALMER: What?

CLIFFORD (making a slapping motion) That!

CALMER: Who needs---that?

CLIFFORD: Our fly-by-night!

CALMER: Our what?

CLIFFORD: Mr Jack!

CALMER: Oh! (A pause) Why?

CLIFFORD: The stories! (Holding his head) Oh!

CALMER: The 'stories'?

CLIFFORD: Long hair!

CALMER: I beg pardon?

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CLIFFORD: Half-naked. Naked, in fact!

CALMER: Naked?

CLIFFORD: On a roof---believe it or not!

CALMER: A roof?

CLIFFORD: A roof? Can you believe it?

CALMER: No!---What?

CLIFFORD: That he stood there---! Ha! Really, it's too much, when they go like that, I mean, really, it's time to administer that (showing his hand again), and if they're half-naked, so much the better! Take that! (Slapping himself) And that! And that!

CALMER: Calmly, Mr Clifford. Are you sure we're talking about the same thing?

CLIFFORD: You said Mr Jack, didn't you?

CALMER: Yes.

CLIFFORD: Well!

CALMER: What 'long hair'?

CLIFFORD: He thinks he's a statue! I got it from Stiff. And that purblind idiot thinks he's his brother!

CALMER (quietly). Mr Clifford, what are we talking about?

CLIFFORD: Mr Jack!

CALMER: Still?

CLIFFORD: Yes!

CALMER: Who thinks he's a statue?

CLIFFORD: Mr Jack!

CALMER: Oh!

CLIFFORD: And Stiff thinks he's his brother.

CALMER: Whose, the statue's?

CLIFFORD: No, Mr Jack, Mr Jack! It's Mr Jack all the time, behind it, spinning and weaving, the place hasn't been the same since he came! I'll give him 'naked'! He could be Stiff's brother---he could as far as that goes! Insinuating himself---! A different bed every night!

CALMER: What?

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CLIFFORD (lowering his voice) Wherever a man's to be found, Mr Calmer, believe it or not!

CALMER: No!

CLIFFORD: Yes!

CALMER: No wonder the wife disliked him so! It's instinctive, I suppose, they can smell a man who isn't quite right! It really makes me admire her, you know, admire her grit, to insist on a thing like this being followed right out and searched to the root! (Beaming) If only I'd known this a week ago when she locked herself in! I've always said, Mr Clifford, she knows what to do, she has the right instinct, she knows when someone offends the canons of taste!

CLIFFORD: A statue, indeed! I suppose it's very nice if you're trying to appeal, if you see what I mean, to say you're a statue from a thousand years ago! You appeal even stronger if you say that once you were naked and wore long hair, though nowadays you observe the conventions, of course! Very nice, indeed!

CALMER: But isn't he, perhaps, a bit---soft?

CLIFFORD: Is it soft to turn the heads of an entire plant?

CALMER: Turn their heads? What do you mean?

CLIFFORD: What I say! They shield him and treasure him, they give him a different bed every night, it's become an honour to have him at home! Even in the kitchen he's got a bed! But trust that Stiff to make a bed thing ~~xxxx~~ worse!

CALMER: But how is it, Clifford---that I know nothing of all this!

CLIFFORD: Because you're too busy upstairs, Mr Calmer!

CALMER: I beg pardon, Mr Clifford?

CLIFFORD: Because you're thinking of your wife all the time, trying to get her out of the bathroom and that sort of thing! To hell with your wife! She's never been anything but a blasted nuisance to this firm!

CALMER: What, Mr Clifford? How can you stand there and dare---? What?

CLIFFORD: You can what me all you like but this firm's going down, Mr Calmer, and you ought to know it! The accounts are up to scratch, the files are the finest in the land, the clerical staff click their heels when I come in the room---

CALMER (stopping him) Indeed? And what's the meaning of that martial law?

CLIFFORD: What?

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CALMER: The rules in this plant are made by me, Mr Clifford, and you'd better be aware that I may have a powerful wife with a mind of her own but the rules in this plant are made by me and I've followed your course as commander-in-chief of the clerical camp and if it happens any more that they click their heels I shall have you out by the scruff of your neck and put you before the national union for nineteenth century ideas, so there!

CLIFFORD: Mr Calmer, Mr Calmer (in dismay), ---nineteenth century ideas?

CALMER: That's what I said and that's what I mean! Tit for tat!

CLIFFORD: Now, listen, Mr Calmer, it's obvious and clear we've been led apart by this man in our camp. We can't afford to quarrel, it seems to me, isn't that what he'd want most of all, Mr Calmer?

CALMER: You shouldn't have said what you said about my wife.

CLIFFORD: Accept my apology.

CALMER: Very well.

CLIFFORD: Shake!

CALMER: Not with a hand like that!

CLIFFORD (jocular) The scholar's hand, eh?

CALMER: To return, then, the status---

CLIFFORD: The statue? Apollo of Veii, believe it or not?

CALMER: The what?

CLIFFORD: It's clear you were never a classical scholar! The Apollo of Veii.

CALMER: Oh.

CLIFFORD: Foxed?

CALMER: Bewildered, rather.

CLIFFORD: A statue unearthed near Rome. In 1916, I think.

CALMER: And?

CLIFFORD: He says he's it!

CALMER: Good Lord! Well... I suppose that's clear enough.

CLIFFORD: The devil it is! And it'll be even clearer when I've put a few questions and tanned his behind! I'll give him 'Apollo'!

CALMER: It's funny, my wife---

CLIFFORD: 'Wife' again!

CALMER: Mr Clifford!

CLIFFORD: I'm sorry, Mr Calmer!

CALMER: My wife said the very first evening that he had a 'classical' touch. Don't you think that shows a surprising instinct?

CLIFFORD (laughing) He had a classical touch with her jewellery, it seems!

CALMER: There's no need to banter, we've serious---

CLIFFORD (suddenly) Calmer!

CALMER: Yes?

CLIFFORD: Do you see what I see?

CALMER: Where?

CLIFFORD: There.

CALMER (peering) My eyes have been giving me trouble, my wife was saying---

CLIFFORD: The devil take your wife!

CALMER: Mr Clifford---

CLIFFORD: Look, man, look! What do you see?

CALMER: Good Lord... It's Mr Jack.

CLIFFORD: And?

CALMER: Mrs...?

CLIFFORD: Mrs...?

CALMER: Patterson.

CLIFFORD (his voice lower) And Mrs Patterson runs the...?

CALMER: Church Mission!

CLIFFORD: Insinuating! Insinuating! He's wound his finger round every man and woman in this camp. Look at that! How easily they walk together---

CALMER: Gullible! Gullible! 'Oh, woman, they name is vanity'!

CLIFFORD: 'Oh, vanity, they name is woman', you mean. Look at that! They're---

CALMER: I should have taken her advice---I need a pair of glasses---

CLIFFORD: They're---! Holding hands! Calmer, look!

CALMER: Oh, Elsie!

CLIFFORD: Who?

CALMER: Elsie!

CLIFFORD: Who the devil's Elsie!

CALMER: My wife!

CLIFFORD: Oh, no, not again!

CALMER: Was alone with this man, Mr Clifford! Oh, Elsie, Elsie!

CLIFFORD: It gets thicker and thicker!

CALMER: They're coming this way!

CLIFFORD: That's right! Just come into my net, little fly, that's right, slowly does it, that's it, stroll along, what a nice little smile, oh, he is full of charm, isn't he, this nice little fly, this naked little fly, this fly with the long hair, come along, little fellow, that's it, into my net--- a little nearer---now...

They wait.
Enter APOLLO and LUCY. CLIFFORD and CALMER spring on APOLLO.

CLIFFORD: Got him!

CALMER: Got you!

APOLLO: What's up?

LUCY: Jack! Let go of him at once! Ket go! Let go! (striking at CLIFFORD and CALMER)

CALMER: Oh! Now, then, Mrs Patterson!

CLIFFORD: Mrs Patterson, please, ought

They separate from APOLLO.

LUCY: You bullies! Two on one!

CLIFFORD (out of breath) And what a one, if I may say so, Mrs Patti!

LUCY: What a what?

CLIFFORD: I said, Mrs Patterson, what a one!

CALMER: Mrs Patterson, my dear Mrs Patterson, you look so like a child, do you wonder we rush to your help, to see you here with a man who---

CLIFFORD: He'll show you his colours soon enough! (He prowls round

APOLLO) Ha!

APOLLO: What are you doing?

CLIFFORD: Ha! (Slapping his hands together) A bit of that!

APOLLO: What?

CLIFFORD: Ha! That! (Slap) That! And that again! Eh, Mr Jack?

APOLLO: Why?

CLIFFORD: Naked, eh?

APOLLO: Naked?

CLIFFORD: Ha! And long hair?

APOLLO: Hair?

CLIFFORD: On the roof? Cuckoo! I'm on the roof! (Dancing round) I'm on the roof, everybody, cuckoo, cuckoo, I'm on the roof!

APOLLO: Oh, I see now.

CALMER: There's a lot to explain, Mr Jack. The missing something.

LUCY (to APOLLO) They must have gone crackers!

APOLLO: The missing what?

CALMER: The missing something! Silver or gold, eh? Shall we say silver or gold?

APOLLO: What?

CALMER: The 'classical' touch! The 'delicate' touch! Eh? Sleight--- (As if ~~summat~~ picking something off a table secretly)---of hand! Eh? Compris? No compris? Eh? Sleight---? (Repeats the motion)---of hand! Eh? No!

LUCY: They're mad!

APOLLO: I think they are.

CLIFFORD: Mad? Oh, come, Mr Jack, the men, the men alone---!

APOLLO: What men?

CLIFFORD: Nakedness, long hair, Jebb, Patterson, Easy---!

LUCY: Listen to him!

CLIFFORD: And now, as a main course after the hors d'oeuvre, the women, perhaps? Ha! (Prowling round him again) Ha!

APOLLO: I thought you were a clerical sort, Mr Clifford? What's come over you?

CLIFFORD: You, Mr Jack, you've come over me---!

LUCY: Tell us what the matter is, Mr Clifford.

CLIFFORD: Standing before you, naked underneath---with long hair underneath---a statue underneath---on the roof, underneath, that's what stands before you!

LUCY: I think he's talking about your dreams.

APOLLO: They're memories!

LUCY: Oh, darling---!

CLIFFORD: 'Darling'? Mrs Patterson! Do you know who you're with?

CALMER: She saw it, she saw what he was doing!

LUCY: Who?

CALMER: Elsie!

CLIFFORD: To hell with Elsie, let's get down to brass tacks!

CALMER: Mr Clifford! Once more...

LUCY: They've both gone funny. Perhaps it's the sudden cold!

CLIFFORD (to CALMER) You hear what she said? Let's get to the business in hand!

CALMER: Very well. Now, Mr Jack, I don't want to turn you over to the police. It's never been done on this plant before and I don't want it to start now. I'm giving you the chance to come clean, and if you produce the missing article we'll call it quits and you can get your card stamped and go away.

LUCY: What missing article?

CALMER: From my wife's dressing table, sir (to APOLLO). Now, then!

A pause.

APOLLO: It's at Mrs Jebb's.

CALMER: There!

LUCY: Jack!

CALMER: Have you a word of apology for my wife?

CLIFFORD (to himself) His wife again!

APOLLO: She gave it to me.

CALMER: Gave it, sir? What was it, by the way?

APOLLO: A gold clasp.

CALMER: Oh, Elsie! (To APOLLO) Liar! You took it!

APOLLO: She gave it to me.

CALMER: Gave a man a gold clasp, sir?

APOLLO: Yes.

CLIFFORD: For what? To fasten your collar with? Ha!

APOLLO: More or less. To fasten my veil with.

A pause.

CALMER: Your what, Mr Jack?

APOLLO: My veil.

CALMER: You wear---veils?

APOLLO: Yes.

CALMER: You wear a veil in the presence of my wife, sir?

APOLLO: Yes.

LUCY: Oh, Jack!

CALMER: A veil?

APOLLO: Yes.

CALMER: Over your face, a veil, like that---? (Makes a motion over his face)

APOLLO: No, over my body.

CLIFFORD: Ha!

LUCY: Jack!

CALMER: Elsie! Your body, sir?

APOLLO: My body.

CLIFFORD: Was this body by any chance---excuse me, Mr Calmer---clothed?

APOLLO: No.

CALMER: Elsie! Elsie!

CLIFFORD: Ha!

LUCY: But, Jack, how could you?

CALMER: You are telling me, sir, you were naked in the presence of my wife?

APOLLO: Yes.

CALMER: You are telling me that?

APOLLO: Yes.

CALMER: And why, sir, why?

APOLLO: Because she asked me.

CALMER: Elsie, no!

CLIFFORD: Thicker and thicker, you'll be lucky to get away with your life, Mr Jack!

CALMER: You are telling me you were naked because she asked you?

APOLLO: Yes.

CALMER: Oh, no! Please, no! (Breaking down) Elsie, Elsie!
(To APOLLO) You're lying, aren't you?

APOLLO: No.

CALMER: Yes, you are! You are, Mr Jack!

APOLLO (alarmed) All right. Yes, I am.

CLIFFORD: Blackguard!

CALMER: Thank God, thank God! (Kissing APOLLO's hand) Thank you so much! You have such delicate hands!

LUCY: It's just like a dream. It's always like a dream with you!

CLIFFORD: And the gold clasp, was that a lie?

APOLLO: No.

CALMER: It was, it was, Mr Jack! Mr Clifford, that was a lie, too, oh, yes! You'll hear him say it himself! Eh, Mr Jack? It was a lie?

A pause.

APOLLO: Yes.

CALMER: Thank God again, God brings me such gifts with such speed, He brings me safely into port each time, thank God, thank God! I'll promote you, Mr Jack, I'll---

CLIFFORD: What the devil are you talking about? Don't say you're got a touch of it, too! But not so with me, Mr Jack. Not so with me. Oh, no! (Approaching APOLLO slowly) We'll leave the week to fall by the way. And I'll be the prosecution.

here and---

Enter JEBB and PATTERSON.

JEBB: What was all the row?

LUCY: Patt!

CALMER: Mr Jebb, there's been a misunderstanding---

JEBB (to APOLLO) You've woken up?

APOLLO: That's right. Your wife woke me up this afternoon.

CLIFFORD: Ha!

JEBB (to CLIFFORD) He's been asleep for a week, believe it or not!

CLIFFORD (turning away) Believe it? I believe it all right! Ha!

JEBB: What's the matter with Mr Clifford?

CALMER: It's because of my wife---

CLIFFORD: To the devil with your wife, sir---do I have to say it again?

CALMER: Mr Clifford!

CLIFFORD: To the devil with your wife!

PATTERSON: I've never heard you speak like that before, Mr Clifford!

LUCY: And he jumped on Jack. They both did!

JEBB: Jumped on him? What for?

CALMER: It's all a misunderstanding---

CLIFFORD: That's just what it isn't! He hasn't clocked in for nearly a week, you say he's been asleep---what the devil's happening here? And the boss of it all says a 'misunderstanding'---well!

CALMER (to JEBB and PATTERSON) My wife's in the bathroom, you see.

JEBB: In the bathroom, sir?

CALMER: That's right.

APOLLO: On account of me.

CALMER: She says he took a possession of hers, and he's told me just now it's all a mistake, he's got it at your house, he took it by error, it happened to be there and when he was changing his gloves, you see, my wife had this job for him, you remember, to serve in white gloves and shake the cocktails---well, he took it thinking it was his. That's the truth, isn't it,

Mr Jack!

APOLLO (after a pause) Yes.

CLIFFORD: Is that the truth, Mr Jack?

LUCY: Is it, Jack?

APOLLO (after another pause) No.

JEBB and PATTERSON stare at him.

CLIFFORD: You see what kind of a man we have! Mr Jebb, Mr Patterson, I believe you've been his hosts---you see what kind of a man we have!

JEBB: What happened, Jack?

APOLLO: She gave me this clasp. It's made of gold.

JEBB: What for?

APOLLO: To---

LUCY: Ho, Jack!

APOLLO: To fasten my veil.

CLIFFORD: Ha! Veils, roofs, nakedness! Ha!

JEBB: Oh, Jack, you haven't started all that so soon, have you, mate? I thought the sleep'd do you good, I said to the wife, it's like the hypnotism they put them through, to clear their minds, they put them to sleep for a month or more... (To CALMER) It isn't his fault, Mr Calmer, you said it yourself, it's the effect of Powers's, it leaves 'em strange, isn't that what you always said?

CALMER: I did! I did! But our friend Mr Clifford here doesn't want to understand, he insists---on taking Mr Jack's remarks as the truth!

JEBB: Tell them they're just nasty dreams, Jack---go on!

CLIFFORD: Then 'Elsie's a liar as well, Mr Calmer?

CALMER (going for him) Don't you take that name in vain, sir---

They prevent him reaching CLIFFORD.

CLIFFORD: The truth hurts, gentlemen, the truth hurts! I ask again, is what Elsie says just dreams as well, that he took the clasp? Something's a dream, we'll agree, but what's it to be---Mr Jack or---Elsie?

CALMER: Swine!

They prevent him again.

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APOLLO: What I said was true. She gave me the clasp.

CLIFFORD: To fasten your veil?

APOLLO: Yes.

CLIFFORD: Did she give you grips for your hair, sir, and powder for your nose, and a nice pair of corsets? You need some of this, Mr Jack (slapping himself), this, Mr Jack, (slap), this (slap), and this again (slap, slap).

PATTERSON (to JEBB) What's he talking about?

CLIFFORD: Long hair, Mr Patterson, long hair and roofs and nakedness, that's what I'm talking about!

PATTERSON: Eh?

CALMER: If somebody doesn't get my wife out soon, I'm afraid what she might do! You've no idea what she's like, Mr Jebb, when her whims aren't suited!

JEBB: What's she doing in the bathroom?

CALMER: That's where she goes when she can't get her way!

APOLLO (to JEBB) I'd just done a dance, you see, it came back to me after all these years, I lifted my feet and drifted along--- (he begins to dance).

CLIFFORD: Stop him! Stop him! He'll be taking off his clothes next! (Hiding his face) Stop him, for God's sake, somebody!

LUCY: What's the matter with a dance, Mr Clifford?

CLIFFORD (hidden) Can't you see, Mrs Patt, can't you see what he is underneath?

LUCY: It's just a dance! Like a bride---

PATTERSON: What do you mean?

LUCY: Like a bride when the wedding's over and he's all alone. And she's happy!

CLIFFORD (his face still hidden) Ehe!

JEBB: Jack, stop dancing, mate. Come on!

APOLLO: And then she started dancing, too.

JEBB: Who?

APOLLO: Elsie.

CALMER: No!

JEBB: Jack! You'll get yourself into trouble, mate, he is

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the boss, after all, I know it's easy over here, but you've got to go by the rules, you know!

CLIFFORD (still hidden) Somebody tell me when he stops! For God's sake stop, Mr Jack!

APOLLO: It got faster and faster! (Going faster and faster)

JEBB: Jack! Not like on those pots?

APOLLO: Yes, that's right!

JEBB: Blimey! Stop, Jack, stop! With Mrs Calmer, too! Oh, Jack, you've bitten off more than you can chew this time, boy!

PATTERSON: Look out, he's taking off his clothes!

CLIFFORD (hidden) No!

LUCY: Let him, darling---!

PATTERSON: What?

JEBB (stopping APOLLO) It's all right, Jack, easy does it, easy...

APOLLO (bewildered) I was just getting excited, too. Lucy, come and dance! (He suddenly sweeps her away with him)

LUCY: Yes!

PATTERSON (to CALMER) He called my wife Lucy!

CALMER: He called mine Elsie!

JEBB (taking hold of APOLLO again) That was a thousand years ago, Jack, you can't do it now!

LUCY (to APOLLO) Your hands feel hot, I thought the sun was coming out again---! You looked so brown!

CLIFFORD (hidden) Has he finished yet?

JEBB: I think he's all right now, Mr Clifford.

CLIFFORD (showing his face again) Ah! I'm glad to see he's still in his clothes at least!

APOLLO: It's being asleep for a week. It brought all my memories back in one piece---

PATTERSON (sadly) You called my wife Lucy.

CLIFFORD: Of course, he did! He's on familiar terms with everyone, it seems! Every man---and every man's wife! And whose fault is that? Is it his, Mr Patterson, or yours? I ask you that! As a one-time scholar and lawyer, sir, I ask you that!

PATTERSON: Eh?

CLIFFORD: Who housed him and fed him every night of the week, who passed him on like a treasure from house to house? Did you and Mr Jebb and Mr Easy, and every other man on the plant, and now you stand there and say, he called my wife Lucy? And you, Mr Jebb, you're always telling him 'don't', what do you want to save him from?

JEBB: He's my friend.

CLIFFORD: In what sense a friend, Mr Jebb?

JEBB: Just a friend.

CLIFFORD: Not more?

JEBB: Eh?

CLIFFORD: Have you tendencies, Mr Jebb, and you, Mr Patt? Ha! Ha!

LUCY (to JEBB and PATTERSON) He went like that before.

CLIFFORD: I'm here to investigate, Mrs Patt, I'm here to expose. We have here a man who parades himself in his neglige, and stands on a roof, believe it or not, and says he's--- says he's---believe it or not---Apollo of Veil! Yes! (to APOLLO)

JEBB: Tell him no, Jack.

APOLLO (to CLIFFORD) Yes.

CALMER: That's what my wife said, too, she said, 'Bring Apollo up to me or I'll stay in the bathroom till I die!'

CLIFFORD: Ha! 'Bring Apollo up to me!' says Elsie Calmer! And you, Mr Jack, are Apollo, are you?

JEBB: Say not.

APOLLO: Yes.

CLIFFORD: A statue found in 1916?

APOLLO: Yes.

CLIFFORD (to the others) He's a statue found in 1916, believe it or not!

PATTERSON: But Jack's always talked like that!

CALMER: But why a statue, Mr Jack?

APOLLO (to CALMER) It's difficult to explain, sir, it's a kind of memory...

CLIFFORD: And I suppose you don't mind, Mr Jack, if I examine this memory a little?

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APOLLO: No.

CLIFFORD: I'm a bit of a classical scholar, as you know, so may I ask a few simple questions?

APOLLO: Yes.

JEBB (in a whisper) Don't answer them, Jack!

LUCY: He'll wind you round his finger, Mr Clifford always does!

CLIFFORD: Question No. 1. You wore a veil?

APOLLO: Yes.

CLIFFORD: You wore a veil, Mr Jack?

APOLLO: Yes.

CLIFFORD: Not a mantle?

APOLLO: What's that?

CLIFFORD (to the others) He doesn't know what a 'mantle' is. (To APOLLO) A cloak. A coat, in your language.

APOLLO: Oh.

CLIFFORD: You wore a mantle, I believe. (Mockingly) A thousand years ago.

APOLLO (a little desperately) It was a veil!

LUCY: Tell him about the weddings, Jack!

APOLLO: I can't! I just---can't!

JEBB (to APOLLO) I told you not to answer!

CLIFFORD: Question No 2. Remember, please, Mr Jack, I address you all the time as a statue. How long was your mantle?

APOLLO: We had veils---.

CLIFFORD: Mr Jack, you had veils for your wedding ceremonies, sometimes it was lifted over the heads of the bride and bridegroom---.

LUCY: That's what he remembers---the wonderful marriages---!

CLIFFORD: But over their heads, Mr Jack. For a moment. Or else for a dance. But I talk of the statue, Mr Jack.

APOLLO: Oh.

LUCY: Don't you remember, Jack?

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APOLLO: I feel confused...

CLIFFORD: Who wouldn't? May I return to Question No.2? How far did it reach down your legs? The mantle?

APOLLO: Down to the ground.

CLIFFORD: To the knees, Mr Jack, to the knees, I'm afraid. (To the others) You see how much he knows? Question No.3. Are your feet bare?

APOLLO: Yes.

CLIFFORD: Correct! Question No.4. Are they broken?

APOLLO: I don't understand.

CALMER: Broken? How strange---!

CLIFFORD: You're a statue, aren't you?

APOLLO: Yes.

CLIFFORD: And you exist? In Rome, I believe? Well, are your feet broken?

APOLLO: Oh, yes, they got broken in 1916, they were found broken!

CLIFFORD: Describe the breaks!

APOLLO: Eh?

CLIFFORD: Left foot, right foot, how are they broken?

APOLLO: The left foot was broken in half.

CLIFFORD: The left foot is intact, perfectly intact, except for the big toe! The right foot?

APOLLO: Also intact.

CLIFFORD: The right foot is broken clean in half, there's only the heel and a bit of the instep left! So much for your knowledge of your feet, Mr Jack! Question No--- (He hesitates)

PATTERSON: Seven.

CLIFFORD: Thank you, Mr Patterson---I believe you're beginning to understand what sort of man---I say man---I don't know how far he really is a man---what sort of individual we have here. (To APOLLO) This isn't the question but--- (confidentially) ever heard of Hermaphrodite?

APOLLO: Yes.

CLIFFORD: Who was she?

APOLLO: Half man, half woman.

CLIFFORD: Hal Hal Listen to it, my friends! Thank you, thank you, Mr Jack! Hal Hal

APOLLO: That's true, isn't it?

CLIFFORD: Oh, it's true, it's true! Hal (Abruptly) Question No.8.

PATTERSON: Seven. You didn't ask that one yet.

CLIFFORD: Thank you, Mr Patt! Question No.7.---your elbow, sir?

APOLLO: What?

CLIFFORD: Elbow, Mr Jack, elbow! This (pointing to his own elbow). Said to be, with another area of the body, Mr Jack, perpetually cold! Hal Hal

LUCY: What's he talking about?

CLIFFORD: The state of Mr Jack's elbow, Mrs Patt! (To APOLLO) Is it in one piece?

APOLLO: Which one?

CLIFFORD: The left, say?

APOLLO: Yes, it is..

CLIFFORD: Wrong. The entire left arm is missing. The elbow of the right arm is still there. Wrong, Mr Jack, wrong and wrong again! Question No---? (raising his eyebrows to PATTERSON)

PATTERSON: Eight, sir.

CLIFFORD: Eight, sir! Very well! How many plats in your hair?

CALMER: Plats? My wife has plats!

CLIFFORD: But, Mr Calmer, now really, you must begin to understand we aren't always discussing your wife! Not always! We're talking about a man---yes, a man, with plats!

APOLLO: I had a good many. I can't remember exactly. They hang down to my shoulder---

CLIFFORD: Indeed, yes, what a lovely effect!

APOLLO: Say, twelve or so.

CLIFFORD: Nine! Nine, Mr Jack! Not twelve!

JEBB (dejectedly) Isn't any of it true, then, Jack?

APOLLO: Yes, it's true, but---I'm confused---I'm---

LUCY: Oh, Jack!

CLIFFORD: Question---?

PATTERSON: No.9.

CLIFFORD: No.9. Are your ears covered with hair---I mean, do the plates come over your ears?

APOLLO: No.

CLIFFORD: Correct!

APOLLO (to JEBB and LUCY) I always had my ears free. I had a sort of little lace thing that went over my head and behind my ears...

JEBB: Oh, yes?

CLIFFORD: Question No---?

PATTERSON: 10.

CLIFFORD: Is there a hole in your back?

CALMER: A hole? What an extraordinary question! If I tell all this to Elsie she'll never believe it! She'll say, you're dreaming, Calmer!

PATTERSON: That's right. It's like a dream. That's what I said to Jebb-when Jack came over dressed in a veil, with nothing on his feet---

CALMER: What?

PATTERSON: You saw him yourself, sir! You took him upstairs to the San for a change of clothes! You said they always came from Powers's like that!

CALMER: Oh, they do, Mr Patterson, they always do!

CLIFFORD (giving CALMER an irritated look) We wait.

APOLLO (after a pause) No. No hole.

CLIFFORD: Wrong! 'Yes' is the answer, Mr Jack. You've got a hole the size of my fist in your back, just underneath your neck!

CALMER: I do believe he hasn't Mr Clifford.

CLIFFORD: We're talking of a statue, Mr Calmer, a statue!

CALMER: Oh!

CLIFFORD: And now, Mr Jack, let me ask you perhaps the most embarrassing question of all.

APOLLO: No, don't... Please...

CLIFFORD: But, Mr Jack! You were so triumphant before! What's this sudden weakness? Eh?

LUCY: He's feeling weak, Mr Clifford.

CLIFFORD: He'll be feeling weaker still when I've asked him this question. The roof, Mr Jack. You were on the roof?

APOLLO: Yes. Don't destroy that as well!

CLIFFORD: Were you on the roof---

APOLLO: Please!

CLIFFORD: Alone?

APOLLO: What?

CLIFFORD: Were you on the roof alone?

APOLLO: Yes. Of course.

CLIFFORD: I'm afraid you weren't, Mr Jack.

APOLLO: Why not?

CLIFFORD: You were in a group. With Hercules---

APOLLO: Hercules! I thought---! (Trying to recollect) Didn't I say? Jobb---Lucy---? 'Ercle', 'Ercle'...?

PATTERSON: He called her Lucy again! Lucy!

APOLLO: Didn't I say 'Hercules' once? I half-remembered, perhaps!

CLIFFORD: You must have stood there quite a time, Mr Jack, enough to ~~remember~~ more than half-remember!

APOLLO: But my memories got broken, like my feet...

CLIFFORD: Apparently, they did! And now we've broken your little romance, what s to be done?

APOLLO: I don't know!

CLIFFORD: You've certainly had them all on a string---including my anamensis, too.

APOLLO: Your what?

CLIFFORD: It's a language after your time, Mr Jack! Latin. Meaning my right hand, my Stiff. I haven't had a decent meal for a month or more, my beds aren't made---

APOLLO: He said you beat him.

CLIFFORD (with a glance at CALMER) Did he, indeed?

APOLLO: He said you got into his bed at night.

CLIFFORD: That's enough! Enough! (Desprately) Calmer, I want you to shut your ears, this mutan't get to Elsie!

CALMER: You call her 'Elsie'!

APOLLO (to CLIFFORD) He said you---

CLIFFORD: That's enough! Enough!

APOLLO: ... naked.

CLIFFORD: No!

APOLLO: I'm only repeating what he said. Come and dance with me!

CLIFFORD (giggling) Now, Mr Jack! Really--- (as APOLLO begins to dance with him)---what splendid---oh, Mr Jack!

Enter STIFF.

STIFF: Did somebody call? (Staring at the dancing men) Bro! You mustn't do that!

He strides across and---

JEBB: Look out!

LUCY: Jack!

---throws APOLLO to the ground.

CLIFFORD: You jealous fool! Can't I even look at someone else?

STIFF: Not my Bro, Cliff, not my Bro! (Bending down) Bro, I thought I heard you call me, in the kitchen, you were in trouble, Bro...

The others try to raise APOLLO. LUCY kisses him.

PATTERSON: Lucy!

CALMER: You're very violent, Stiff. I've said it before.

CLIFFORD: This may be murder, you fool---! I should have had you locked up!

JEBB: Are you all right, Jebb?

APOLLO (faintly) I think so, yes.

LUCY: His hands are cold.

STIFF: So they were before. Your hands were cold before, Bro. And you made a terrible cry in the night and gave up the ghost, and a storm broke the walls of the temple...

LUCY: Colder and colder.

JEBB: Get him on his feet. I know I did wrong, Jack, it started with me, I did wrong, Jack---! Jack, Jack!

PATTERSON: Look at his arms!

CLIFFORD (to STIFF) Get up, you bully, you see what you've done!

LUCY (to CLIFFORD) And you, what about you?

CLIFFORD: He?

PATTERSON: His hands and feet!

As they raise him his arms go out sideways and his head falls limp, in peculiar imitation of the crucifixion.

JEBB: Look what he's doing! Are you all right, Jack?

APOLLO (indistinctly) I think so...

CLIFFORD: Stop him, stop him, look what he's doing!

PATTERSON: His hands and his feet!

LUCY: I was a bride! Oh, Jack, oh, Jack!

APOLLO (faintly) I'm completely all right!

CLIFFORD (shouting at APOLLO) You can't be two people! Mr, Jack, Mr Jack, please stop! STOP him somebody, stop him!

CALMER: Calmly, Mr Clifford, he's only fainted. It's the life at Powers. It's the life (in APOLLO's ear) at Powers, isn't it, Mr Jack?

APOLLO (nodding dimly) Yes, that's right.

STIFF: My Bro died like that once before. He made a cry at night and a storm broke the temple walls, and his hands were cold...

APOLLO suddenly falls down.

LUCY: Oh, bridegroom, Jack!

CALMER: He's only fallen in a faint, there's no need to panic.

JEBB: Speak to me, Jack, I didn't do wrong, did I wrong you, Jack? Did I do wrong, tell me that first!

APOLLO (opening his eyes dimly) No.

LUCY: And I'm your bride?

APOLLO (the same) Yes.

PATTERSON: He said I understood everything once...

APOLLO nods to him as well, then falls back.

JEBB: He's got red on his hands!

CALMER: That's the computer-ribbon I had sent down last week.

JEBB: Is it blood?

CALMER (desperately) Computer-ribbon, Mr Jebb, computer-ribbon.

STIFF: My Bro always dies like that. Just before he goes away.

CLIFFORD: That was such a lovely dance...

CALMER: Let's get him up to the San---

STIFF: Tomorrow he'll move on to another place, you see.

JEBB (to STIFF) Another plant?

STIFF: That's right.

LUCY: He feels all brown, and there's a smile---

JEBB: The smile! (APOLLO smiles) Jack, no! Oh---Jack!

STIFF: My Bro always smiles like that before he dies.

CALMER: Let's take him up to the San, it's nothing that Doc can't mend, you'll see! He's smiling---look---he's mending fast! I'll go and tell Elsie! He's coming at last!

STIFF: Lift him on your shoulders.

JEBB: Smile at me, Jack.

APOLLO continues to smile with his eyes closed.

CLIFFORD: That's the smile---the same smile---

LUCY: You see! You were wrong! I said you were wrong!

CLIFFORD: He's---

STIFF: My brother, didn't I tell you?

They raise him up.

JEBB: Easy does it!

STIFF: He's always been a dead weight when he dies, my Bro.

CALMER: He's only fainted. Carefully, boys! Take him up to the bathroom. Elsie, Elsie! How heppily things always end! (Going behind the others, who carry APOLLO) What a happy little plant!

Exeunt, leaving LUCY alone.

LUCY: I'll always remember that summer. I must get the

washing in and got Mrs Jebb her morning cup! It's my
turn today!

She runs off.

CURTAIN.

MAN CALLED APOLLO

Early Version
Man Called Apollo

MUSICAL PLAY
A ~~Parody~~

by

MAURICE ROWDON

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WASHINGTON, NO.....

MAN CALLED APOLLO

The ceremony that climaxes the action: taken from the festival of Aphrodite at Paphos - Cyprus. The phalli and salt. "Get your phallus, mate," "How much do I put down?" "It's a minimum of ~~a dollar~~ ~~forty~~ 50p." The girls: see-throughs.

Pillars phallic symbols.

From 'Love Potions' by Harry E. WEDECK =

In antiquity, in Biblical and post-Biblical times, the woman, in the widest sense, was the amatory slave of man. But with the woman's increase of knowledge = erotic skills and practices, = the levels of her potent physiological attractions, = the use of unguents and cosmetics, potions and seductions, the woman's status gradually rose and extended and became all-entrancing. Slowly, by virtue of these gestures, provocative dances and tantalising dress, silent invitation and ocular speech, she began to dominate man. To render him subservient and use obsequious, to control his habits and inclinations and tendencies = social and political directions: until woman, reaching the apogee of her power, based primarily on her erotic compulsiveness, became the woman behind the throne. She had attained her highest end, the ultimate destiny, as the implicit director of human activities." — A nice speech, this wd make, to the audience — from Jack — to introduce the ceremony. Show up the Aphroditic festival Jack explains,

'There's a limit to how they'll allow = facts - it isn't the dominant, it's the minor, it has v. position' →

→ (actually it's the wives of the mission leaders)

Man Called Apollo 2

The play how injures. It reveals the ancient
rites, the traditions of the Letariae or public women. Names
some of the most famous etc.

How to convey the non-concupiscent nature of the
earlier mind?

Phallic talismen of production, = the factory?

The Statue Man.

A MAN CALLED APOLLO.

The Man Who They Call a Statue

MUSICAL PLAY
A ~~Comedy~~, in Four Acts

by

Maurice Rowdon.

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C H A R A C T E R S

JACK	}*	Factory Hands.
JEBB		
PATTERSON		
STIFF		Canteen Cook.
MR CLIFFORD		Personnel Manager.
MR CALMER		Manager.
LUCY		PATTERSON's wife.

Just show them in bed etc
and switch it about a bit and show
the musical introduction and all
will be well.

Long speeches transform into lyrics.

SCENE: The grounds of Mr CALMER's electrical works.

TIME: The present.

1.

JACK, alone: he is an ordinary worker in appearance save for the fact that he is dressed only in a black overcoat with the collar turned up. His feet are bare. No shirt, no collar. Head bare. His state seems to bewilder him as well, and he gives his bare feet gingerly glances.

Enter JEBB and PATTERSON.

JEBB: Here! Look at this one!

PATTERSON (staring): His feet's bare! Well, strike a light!

JEBB: I think---I think he's got no shirt on---!

PATTERSON: Well, strike a light!

Enter STIFF.

JEBB (stopping him) Stiff!

STIFF: Eh?

JEBB: Look at this one!

STIFF: I'm on my way home. (Raising his voice)
That bastard Clifford's been after me again!
I'll make his backside tingle!

JEBB: Look! What do you make of that one?

STIFF: Eh? (Seeing JACK) Stone the crows! Is he after a job?

PATTERSON: That's what I thought.

STIFF: Better tell Clifford. Shall I go---?

JEBB: Don't be silly! Just wait and see.

STIFF: It doesn't seem right, not here...

JEBB (calling out to JACK) Jack! (More loudly, since JACK takes no notice) Jack!

After a time JACK turns slowly round.

JACK: How did you know my name was Jack?

The other three approach him quickly, full of questions.

JEBB: You after a job?

STIFF: I can go and see Mr. Clifford, he'll give you a suit of clothes! (To the others) His feet are bare!

JEBB: Are you after a job?

JACK: I might be, yes.

JEBB: We're on short time. They laid off 200 on the welding side last week. But Checks and Tests are always looking for fellows with good eyes. I'm shop steward in Gauges. How do you do?

They shake hands.

JACK: How do you do?

JEBB: Where's your clothes?

JACK: I haven't got any.

JEBB: Not even a pair of shoes?

JACK: No.

JEBB: Why not?

JACK: I don't know.

JEBB: You don't know? Where did you get your overcoat, then?

JACK: I---picked it up...

JEBB: Oh!

A pause.

PATTERSON: Why didn't you pick up a pair of shoes at the same time, then?

JACK: I---well, I---er---forgot...

JEBB: You forgot? Blimey! I wouldn't forget my shoes, mate---not in weather like this!

PATTERSON: Nor me!

STIFF: I can't get over the bare feet!

PATTERSON: (to JACK) My wife'd like to see you. She's interested in things like that.

JEBB: What's your second name?

JACK: Apollo

A pause.

JEBB: What?

JACK: Apollo.

JEBB: That's not a name. It's---classical.

PATTERSON: It might be French. Are you French?

JACK: No.

JEBB: I followed the classics once. I learned about Greece. The 'Parthenon'---is that it?

JACK: Yes.

JEBB (to PATTERSON) A building with columns.

PATTERSON: Oh, yes?

JEBB: That was in evening classes. Old Mr. Gibbs used to take the classics. Very interesting, too.

PATTERSON (to JACK) A bomb went through the lot. We used to have carpentry and all sorts. Dance and Social on Saturdays.

JEBB: Nobody was hurt, though. It happened at night...

STIFF: (lifting JACK'S overcoat) Look, he's bare underneath too!

JACK (to STIFF, quietly) That's how I was found.

STIFF: Oh!

PATTERSON: Can't you remember your real name?

JACK: My name's Apollo.

PATTERSON: But your real name?

JACK: That's it. Apollo.

PATTERSON: Are your eyes good?

JACK: Yes. Why?

PATTERSON: I meant---for a job in Checks and Tests...

JEBB: I don't think it's the job for you.

JACK: Why not?

JEBB: Because... I don't know. You're funny. Mr. Clifford doesn't like funny people.

STIFF (to JACK) Are you cold under there?

JACK: My feet get cold!

STIFF: That's what I thought! Jebb---that's just what I thought!

JEBB: And how do you know your name's Apollo?

JACK: Because it's always been my name.

JEBB: But nobody's called Apollo!

JACK: I am.

A pause.

JEBB (to PATTERSON) Can you make him out?

PATTERSON: No. He looks all right. He looks like Mr. Calmer's eldest boy!

JEBB: Where have you come from?

JACK: From across the way, from Powers's the construction-plant.

JEBB: Oh, you were over at Powers's?

JACK: Yes.

JEBB: Did you know Will Jebb, that's my brother, in the faults division?

JACK: No.

JEBB: What was your trade?

JACK: Just odds and ends.

JEBB: Odds and ends?

JACK: I did what I could, you see.

JEBB: Oh! And why are you here?

JACK: I was laid off.

JEBB: Oh, I see!

PATTERSON: They're always laying off people over there. Mr. Calmer says they were redundant before they started!

JEBB (to JACK) What for?

JACK (after a pause) For interfering with the boss's wife.

JEBB: Blimey!

STIFF (excited) Now come on!

PATTERSON: The truth will out, as they say!

JEBB: You what? (Digging JACK with his elbow, smiling) You did what?

JACK: That's what they called it.

STIFF (trembling) Oh, mother---!

PATTERSON (kindly) Calm down, Stiff! Calm down.

JEBB: But what did you do? (Drawing him a little aside) What did you do?

JACK whispers in his ear.

JEBB: What, all---? (JACK nods) No?

JACK: Yes!

JEBB: Blimey! Not the ---?

JACK: Yes.

JEBB: Well, stone the crows!

STIFF: Let me in, let me in, boys---

PATTERSON: No, Stiff (pulling him away), we don't want you getting excited.

JEBB (to JACK) And do you expect to come here and do the same thing?

JACK: Yes.

JEBB: You're real strange, you know...

PATTERSON: Why?

JEBB (to PATTERSON) It's nothing!

STIFF: Jebb, boy---let me in!

JEBB (to JACK) Well, you won't, you know! Not while Mr. Clifford's in charge!

PATTERSON: Quick, there's Calmer! Let's hide 'im!

They quickly stand in front of JACK while CALMER passes briskly by.

JEBB: Morning, sir!

PATTERSON: Morning, sir!

CALMER: Morning, morning!

STIFF: Morning, sir!

CALMER: Morning!

Exit CALMER. They separate.

JACK: Is that the boss?

JEBB: That's him! It's funny---when we were standing close, I had a funny feeling---

PATTERSON: What?

JEBB: It's just what I said to the wife this morning when I was drinking my tea, I said, today's not like other days... (taking out his cigarettes) Smoke?

JACK: No, thanks.

JEBB: (while offering them to the others) Never?

JACK: I used to. But I gave it up. It reminded me---! (He stops)

JEBB: What? (They light up). What?

JACK: I don't know---!

JEBB: What did it remind you of?

JACK: The sacrifices! Listen (with sudden extraordinary energy) ---there was a platform of tufo stone this big (leaping about to show dimensions, about two square metres) with a hole like that (spreading out his arms) for the fire---and stone gutters running here (running to show direction of gutter from platform) here (running) here (running) and here! And nobody could move! I can smell the burning creatures now! And pilgrims used to come from miles around and dip themselves in the pool, for the healing Cremera waters!

He stands parting and silent.
They gaze at him in astonishment.

PATTERSON (quietly) Are you all right, mate?

JEBB (after a pause) He's all right.

STIFF: What does he say?

JEBB: They used to burn animals, didn't they?

JACK: Yes!

JEBB: When they prayed and that kind of thing?

JACK: That's right!

JEBB (to the others) It's the Greeks! They used to burn animals when they prayed.

JACK Not the Greeks!

JEBB: They did, you know! You go and tell old Mr. Gibbs that they didn't burn animals---!

JACK: No, I mean, I wasn't describing the Greeks.

JEBB: Oh, I see. (Apologetically) I'm sorry. Care for a cup of tea, down at the canteen?

JACK: No, thanks.

STIFF (to PATTERSON, in an undertone) All the ^{that} bloody running about---scared the kidneys out of me!

PATTERSON: We used to smell the burning skins from the soap factory along the Rise when we was kids, and I know, it gets on your nerves. You don't forget it in a hurry.

JEBB (to JACK) Did you see the burning, then?

JACK: Well, I had my back turned. I was on the roof, you see.

JEBB (screwing up his face) On the roof? What do you mean?

JACK: I was standing on the roof.

JEBB: Where?

JACK: At Veii.

JEBB: Where?

JACK. Veii.

PATTERSON: It sounds like an unfinished word.

JEBB: How do you spell it?

JACK: V, e, double i.

PATTERSON: What does it mean?

JACK: It's a place. You see, I was a statue.
A pause.

JEBB: A statue?

JACK: Yes.

JEBB: Say it again.

JACK: I was a statue. I am a statue.

JEBB: How can you be a statue?

JACK: Why not?

JEBB: Well, how can anybody be?

JACK: Why not?

JEBB (to PATTERSON) Give him a reason.

PATTERSON: How would you move? A statue can't move.

JACK: Inside, I'm a statue.

JEBB: Inside?

JACK: Yes.

JEBB: Inside what?

JACK: Inside myself.

JEBB: How can you be a statue inside yourself?

JACK: Why, not? I don't move inside.

JEBB: What?

JACK: I don't move inside.

JEBB: What are you talking about?

JACK: Think it out.

They stand pondering.

JEBB: Are you sure you don't need a doctor?

JACK: Yes.

STIFF: It seems just possible to me...

JACK (to JEBB) I can remember it, you see. How could I remember it otherwise?

JEBB: What can you remember?

JACK: Being a statue. And I still feel I'm one inside, if you see what I mean.

Another pause.

JEBB: What did it feel like, then?

JACK: Well, no time, for instance.

JEBB: No time?

JACK: I mean, I didn't stand there like I'm standing here, I didn't get impatient, it just seemed one moment but this moment lasted years.

JEBB: How many years?

JACK: Nobody can say.

JEBB: But you should know, shouldn't you?

JACK: How can I know if nobody else knows, I'm not there any longer!

JEBB: You're a puzzler... If you can't say for sure how long you was there, how can you say you was there at all?

JACK: How would I know I was there otherwise?

JEBB: But how do you know?

JACK: I can remember!

JEBB: But what's remembering? Suppose I said I was this morning's cup of tea, or something like that?

JACK: You'd be lying. Because you can't remember. But I can.

JEBB: But you don't even look like a statue!

STIFF: Let me see underneath. Then I'll tell you if he's a statue or not!

PATTERSON (to STIFF) I'll tell Mr. Clifford.

JACK (to JEBB) You're still not convinced. If I told you what I looked like, what language I spoke, where I stood, what the country all round was like, would you believe me then?

JEBB: No, because a man can't be a statue!

JACK: But I'm not a statue now! I told you, I can remember, and how could I remember if I didn't know? Nobody's taught me!

JEBB: How do I know that?

JACK: I've never been to school as far as I know.

JEBB: As far as you know?

JACK: Yes.

JEBB: You don't know if you've been to school or not?

JACK: No.

JEBB: Where were you born, then?

JACK: I don't remember.

JEBB: When?

JACK: I don't know.

JEBB: Your mother and father---sisters---where was your home---what was it like.

JACK: I can't remember.

PATTERSON: He ought to see the doc. It's loss of memory, Jebb.

JACK: It isn't loss of memory. I haven't lost anything. I can remember much more than you can. I can remember over a thousand years ago

PATTERSON: A thousand years ago?

JACK: That's right.

JEBB: When he was a statue!

JACK: All right, you prove I'm not a statue. You can't. All you can say is you've never met one before.

JEBB: Well, come to that, this factory might not be here tomorrow morning.

JACK: It might not, you can't prove it will be. All you can say is it's been there every morning so far.

JEBB: Old Mr. Gibbs used to talk like that. He used to call it logic. He used to say things wasn't there. But everything was just the same when we went home afterwards.

JACK: But now they're different.

JEBB: How do you mean?

JACK: Everything's changed.

JEBB (gazing at him) The way you look at me, you make me feel queer...

JACK: That's what I mean.

STIFF (suddenly shouting) He's just like my brother used to be, full of sauce, they need their backsides tanned!

PATTERSON: Now then; big mouth (holding him back), where's your keeper today?

JACK (to STIFF) I've got a message from your brother.

STIFF (rushing to him, overjoyed) You have!

JACK: He wants to thank you for everything you did.

STIFF: Yes!

JACK: And he's working over at Powers.

STIFF (sobbing) I knew it!

PATTERSON: Come away. (To JACK) His younger brother died a while ago.

JACK: Yes, I know.

JEBB: You're rum! You're just the same as one of us, and yet you're not.

JACK: What did you learn in the classics classes--- did you hear about all the statues they found?

JEBB: I don't remember!

JACK: Don't you remember all the Apollos they found, don't you remember their names?

JEBB: No!

JACK: The Apollo of Falerii---?

JEBB: No!

JACK: The Apollo Belvedere, the Apollo della Tevere---?

JEBB: No!

JACK: The Apollo of Veii? The sun-god of Veii?

JEBB (almost entranced, it seems) No!

JACK: Well, that's me.

JEBB (in a whisper) How do you spell it?

JACK: What?

JEBB: That word.

JACK: Veii?

JEBB: Yes.

JACK: V, e, double i.

PATTERSON (to JEBB) Like he said before...

JEBB stands gazing at JACK.

JEBB: All right, then. Smile. (JACK smiles)
No, don't! Don't, for Christ's sake, don't!

PATTERSON: What's the matter, mate? He just smiled!

JEBB: It's him! (Taking refuge close to PATTERSON)
It's him, Patt, I bloodywell swear it is!
It's the smile, I seen that smile before---!

PATTERSON: Calm down, mate, calm down!

JEBB (to JACK) Don't smile again, will you mate? I
can't stand to see it---!

JACK: I'll try not to.

PATTERSON: All he did was just smile!

JEBB: It gives me a turn!

JACK (to STIFF) Don't tremble so.

STIFF: Let me come in! Let me come in! I'm a big man and I need big answers! They call my right 'Stiff's hammer that stiffens'!
(Crying) I'm unmarried. I need advise about my private habits.

PATTERSON: Keep quiet or I'll tell Mr. Clifford.

JEBB (to JACK) How do you come to be called Jack, then?

JACK: It's what everybody calls me. So I take that name. You called me it yourself---

JEBB: No, I didn't!

PATTERSON: Yes, you did, Jebb.

JEBB: Only by mistake! (To JACK) And the roof? What did you mean about the roof?

JACK: That's where I always stood. On the roof of the temple.

JEBB: I feel like crying!

STIFF (approaching JACK again) Let me take you home, mate! You're like my younger brother, he married and went off. I saved his life! He had golden hair like yours!

PATTERSON (with a laugh) His hair's black, Charlie!

JEBB: Now, then, Stiff.

STIFF: Let me take you home!

JEBB: Stiff!

STIFF: Your feet all cold like that, I'll wrap you up---

JEBB: Now cut it out! (Edging him away from JACK). You've got to leave him alone, do you hear what I say? Leave him alone! (To PATTERSON) Where's Clifford, for Christ's sake?

PATTERSON: He was doing the overtime. Which reminds me what young Easy down at the main gate said yesterday, he said, the basic wage wouldn't keep a man and his wife in cereals. We ought to strike. We live on overtime! We're getting steadily more redundant, Jebb, until this place'll just stand here and you won't see a worker, it'll be worked by rays, you'll see!

JEBB (to JACK) And what about the language?

JACK: What do you mean?

JEBB: You scare me! I mean, how did you learn English?

JACK: I don't know.

JEBB: That's what scares me most, you not knowing. I'm scared for you!

JACK: I can only remember a few words of the other language. Puia.

PATTERSON: Eh?

JACK: Puia. Atiu. Svalthas. Tesinth.

They draw back from him.

JEBB: What's that?

JACK: Just words. Atiu. Tesinth.

PATTERSON: What do they mean?

JACK: Wife. Mother. Live. Healer.

PATTERSON (to JEBB) What do you say to that?

JEBB (to JACK) I didn't mean---what language did you speak---I meant... I've forgot. I wouldn't mean that because---how could a statue speak?

JACK: But also I didn't mean I am the statue, or even that I was---quite. I mean---I don't know quite what I mean!

JEBB: All you know is you're 'Apollo'!

JACK: Yes!

JEBB: And those words come back like voices at night!

JACK: That's right!

PATTERSON: What are they saying, then, about wives and healer?

JACK: I don't know! I don't even know ^{if}that's what the words mean.

JEBB: Why not?

JACK: Nobody knows!

JEBB: Listen---if you speak the language---what does it matter what other people know?

JACK: Well, like I said before, I'm not there now, am I, I'm not on the roof---!

PATTERSON (to STIFF, hissing) Here's Clifford!

STIFF stands erect at once,
perfectly self-assured.
Enter CLIFFORD.

CLIFFORD (immediately, to JACK) You're wanted in the kitchen! And get some proper clothes on!

STIFF: Good morning, Mr. Clifford! Are we ready, sir?

CLIFFORD: I think so!

STIFF: Heavy morning this morning, sir?

CLIFFORD: Heavyish.

STIFF. Warm today, sir!

CLIFFORD: Coldish, coldish!

STIFF: Yes, coldish, sir! (Turning to the others) Very well, Mr. Jebb and Mr. Patterson, and the new hand, good morning!

PATTERSON: Take him home, Mr. Clifford, he's been a real nuisance today.

CLIFFORD: A game of rummy'll set him right, and an hour in the kitchen!

Exeunt CLIFFORD and STIFF.

JEBB (to JACK) How did he know you?

JACK: He must have seen me over at Powers.

JEBB: Oh! (A pause) Listen, how long have you been like this?

JACK: Like what?

JEBB: This---being 'Apollo?'

JACK: It feels like yesterday. That's all I can say. It makes me feel giddy and sick. I can't remember what happened before, the scandal over at Powers feels like a dream, yet it was only yesterday, and everything feels like yesterday, but yesterday-in-a-dream---if you see what I mean...

JEBB: Yes! It makes me feel funny, too.
 (To PATTERSON) What are we going to do with him, Patt? It doesn't seem decent, does it?

PATTERSON: No... (To JACK) Don't you feel cold like that?

JACK: A bit, yes.

PATTERSON: Haven't you got a lodgng for the night?

JACK: No.

PATTERSON: Where did you sleep, then, over at Powers's?

JACK: It was different every night---I slept---

JEBB: Sssh! His wife's in the church.

PATTERSON: (to JACK) That's right. Tuesdays and Thursdays. The local mission. I don't say anything. Least said, soonest mended, that's my attitude.

JEBB (also to JACK) We meet the birds on Fridays, you see. We have a bite of something down the canteen, then we play cards.

PATTERSON: Always whist. The women don't go in for rummy or poker, it's a funny thing, whist makes them feel safe, I suppose...

JEBB (quietly, to JACK) But you don't seem the kind--- to do what you did.

JACK: Where?

JEBB: At Powers's. I'd expect you to be---well, you know---oily...

JACK: Oh! I did what they wanted, that's all.

JEBB: Who wanted it?

PATTERSON: What are you talking about?

JEBB: The boss?

PATTERSON (abashed) Oh, I see!

JACK: All of them wanted it!

JEBB: Well, strike a light! That place has gone a long way since Powers himself set up a lathe in a shed and paid his men half-a-dollar a week and they thought themselves lucky!

PATTERSON: And they got more of a kick out of life than us, by all accounts! Tram-rides a halfpenny, and penny a pint beer, my old mum used to say you could get a plateful of pease puddin' and faggots for a halfpenny up the Rise! And lovely pork pies! Do you remember, the---?

JEBB (suddenly) Patt!

PATTERSON: What's up?

JEBB: I can see the birds! Quick! They're coming this way!

They hide JACK again.

PATTERSON (trying to joke) You'll catch it tonight, Jebb!

JEBB (peering offstage) I'll say!

PATTERSON: You won't get your straw changed tonight, mate!

They wait in suspense. JEBB lets out a sigh of relief.

JEBB: They've turned off! Blimey!

They separate.

PATTERSON (to JACK) It's his wife, you see.

JACK: Oh!

PATTERSON: She keeps on having turns.

JEBB: Well, they're not exactly turns. But you know what it's like---well, I'm sure you do... Three kids and, well, time doesn't stand still.

JACK: Yes, I see what you mean.

JEBB: Have you got children?

JACK: Well---I don't know!

JEBB: Of course---you wouldn't, would you?

PATTERSON: The doctor says she needs a change.

JEBB: All right, Patt!

PATTERSON: Isn't that what you said? Wasn't you telling Clifford up at Checks and Tests, and he said send her away to somewhere with the sun, it must be anaemia---?

JEBB: All right, all right!

PATTERSON: And you said all she needs is a change, she hasn't been away from me for near on twenty years?

JEBB: All right, I said!

PATTERSON (to JACK) He thinks he's to blame. I told him, I said, you've given her the best, you've given her all she wanted, it's been hard, and of course she wants a change, a change of rhythm, doc. said---

JEBB: Patt!

PATTERSON: But it's no use kicking against the pricks, I said---

JEBB: Now shut up!

PATTERSON: All right, all right! What's come over you? I was only explaining to Mr---?

JACK: Jack.

PATTERSON: Jack.

JEBB: Well, leave that to me.

PATTERSON: You look quite pale, Jebb. It's his nerves---

JEBB: That's enough!

PATTERSON: He goes all of a tremble for nothing at all, like a spasm---!

JEBB: A what?

PATTERSON: A spasm, mate.

JEBB (exhausted) Oh...

PATTERSON: What's the matter, Jebb?

JEBB: It's nothing. Only it frightens me.

PATTERSON: What?

JEBB: It just frightens me, that's all.

JACK: Why don't you calm down?

JEBB: I'm calm enough.

PATTERSON: You're trembling all over!

JACK: Take it easy and let's go down and have a bite---

JEBB: A what?

JACK: A bite of---

JEBB: No!

JACK: What's the matter? Why don't we go down the canteen, Mr. Patterson, and perhaps we'll see Mr. Calmer or one of the boys?

PATTERSON: That's right. The birds'll be down there by now, I'll tell them you're new.

JACK: That's right. (They stand looking at JEBB) You don't want me with you, then?

JEBB: No, it isn't that. I'm all right now. I don't know what it is! It's just what I said to the wife this morning---things are different today...

JACK: Things are always different for me.

JEBB: (looking at him slowly) Yes, it can't be much of a life, going from place to place.

PATTERSON: It's the wanderlust, like when I was a kid I saw a film, and I never was the same after that, I never settled down, I never forgot--- I think it was about Africa, somewhere hot, hardly any trees, just swampy and flat, with music of course, and the boy in front kept bobbing up and down! I was never the same after that. I never did anything with any real heart in it, after that. And this is what my Lucy says. She says you don't put your heart in it, Patt, you're always a little bit one remove, so to speak! It makes it easier in a way...

JACK: Of course it does! That's what I told them over at Powers, don't take it personal, I said!

JEBB: And what did they say?

JACK. They seemed to understand. Until it got to the boss.

PATTERSON: The boss found something out?

JACK: Oh, he knew from the start. But he took the personal line. And you can't live along with that, can you?

- PATTERSON: Oh, no! It's just what I say to my Lucy, I say, it's no good trying to be all here, duck, there's too much there, I say, for you to be all here, look at the sky outside, how much there there's there, if you see what I mean...
- JACK: Yes, I do.
- JEBB (to JACK) But I've never done her wrong! It was those blasted union meetings that did it, every Friday night. And then I used to count the cash. That was our night, you see. But it wasn't that... I was good to that girl!
- JACK: Well, that's how it happens.
- JEBB: I used to pour my tea in the saucer to cool it off, and then suck it up, if you see what I mean, and she said to me once, what the hell's the use of me giving you a cup, you'll be eating your food off the floor next! And she give me such a look as could have blinded me! Remember that, Patt?
- PATTERSON: Oh, yes! (To JACK) He's very sensitive, is Jebb. That's what Mr. Calmer said to me one day when Jebb was going for a rise.
- JEBB: But it wasn't that either. It was when I started coming in too much.
- JACK: How do you mean?
- JEBB: Coming in every evening just like a clock. And she'd shift in her chair. It was winter that did it. The summers got bad. We never saw the sun. You ought to have seen the summers before the war when we was kids... Were you here, then, Jack?
- JACK: No. But I heard at Powers. Hot like Italy sometimes, they said.
- JEBB: That's right. Then she started whist drives every night, and I thought, you go to hell, I'm not sitting at home alone all night, I'll go down the road with the boys. And the street looked different, the lamps didn't look as cosy as before, the lights at the end of the street used to make me cry with excitement, sometimes, when we used to go out all dressed up of a Saturday night to go to a dance and see Mr. Gibbs, he was M.C! It isn't my fault!

JACK: I know. It's like when I think of the sun sometimes, it makes me cry. From the roof, if you see what I mean. When I looked down sometimes and saw the hills in the distance and all the buildings underneath me shining and the corn in the fields beyond hardly moving and only a tiny breeze and the sky so blue and still, it was like something painted that would last for ever and never turn into night. Yet it did, and then the smoke of the pine-fires would start and the torches twinkle in the houses below and the voices echo across the yards and the mules and donkeys go clop-clop-clop on the stoney road on their way home and the temple would be dark, and the pool where the pilgrims dipped themselves was like a mirror below, and the hill at the side where the path wound up would seem to lead nowhere and women's voices would call out Clan and Dapna and Acasri and Vinum!

PATTERSON: What does ~~that~~ mean?

JACK: Son. Cup. Give. Wine. And I remember the mornings sometimes, in October, when the light was very clear and my terracotta used to shine like an extraordinary red flower against the cornices of the roof! And people's cloaks used to flash as they walked past underneath.

PATTERSON: I wish we'd get a bit of sun! Mr. Calmer says he's going to organise holidays in the south of France if it goes on like this. You pay so much a week and it's all laid on for you, the hotel, plane-fare, buses. It appeals to the women, too.

JEBB (to JACK) Your hands look so clean. As if they never did a day's work.

JACK: Do they?

JEBB: It's hard in the kitchen, you know. And then there's Stiff. He's a little bit funny up here (touching his head).

JACK: I worked in the kitchen at Powers, too.

JEBB: Oh! You did?

JACK: It's funny. The way you hid me when somebody passed. They hid me too---at first.

JEBB: Who?

JACK: Over at Powers!

JEBB: Oh! Who, though?

JACK: A couple of fellows.

JEBB: When you went for a job?

JACK: Yes.

JEBB: Oh... (A pause) Fellows like us?

JACK (nodding slowly) Then the boss came looking for me. He just walked past and before I could say Jack---!

Enter CALMER, hurriedly.

JEBB (to himself) Blimey!

CALMER (to JACK) Ah, there you are! Mr. Clifford's been telling me all about you! Thought I'd come and see for myself---. (He stops, seeing JACK'S bare feet) Is that how they sent you away?

JACK: Who?

CALMER: Powers'?

JACK: Yes!

CALMER: You see that? Mr. Jebb? Mr. Patterson? A relic of the nineteenth century! Nothing on his feet, not a shirt on his back! Right, now (to JACK), do you know where I'm going to take you?

JACK: No.

CALMER: Do you know, Mr. Jebb?

JEBB: I think so, sir.

CALMER: Would you mind telling this gentleman, then?

JEBB:(to JACK) 'Into the twentieth century'.

JACK (to JEBB) What?

CALMER (laughing) He doesn't know what it means! Shall I tell you what it means? It means men in white coats, Mr.---?

JEBB: They call him Jack.

CALMER: Mr. Jack! It means hot showers after work,
clean hearts and clean hands, and no more
smoke, Mr. Jack, no more sweating with a shovel
in your hand! It means, Mr. Jack, a chair, a
gauge---and you! That's the twentieth century!

JEBB (to JACK) Now he has a little song. It's for all
the new hands.

CALMER: Men in white coats
Are setting machines;
Dressed like professors---
No longer in jeans!

Gone are the days
When they heave big loads,
Or sweat by a furnace
And dig in the roads.

It's all done by knobs
And gauges and charts,
The only grease or dirt
Is in cleaning of parts---

And that's done by men
Specially hired,
Who've been to the lectures
And know what's required.

It's all taken care of,
Both body and mind;
You move whole cities---
But not your behind!

It's clever, it's dapper,
It's clean and it's gay;
With up-to-date amenities
And reasonable pay.

We need more education
More schools and more grants;
The day's gone by
When men were like plants.

They used to get drunk
And sprawl in the streets;
Now they watch television
And sleep in clean sheets.

Their lives are cleaner,
They make less noise;
They're kind with their wives
And save for the boys.

No brawls or wildness,
 No 'Saturday nights';
 They're men with a purpose
 And sense of their rights.

They sit like professors,
 At home with controls;
 White-coated and silent,
 With much cleaner souls!

JACK: Thank you.

CALMER: And now---into the twentieth century! Into
 a white overall, a pair of shoes, and a nice
 hot bath! In a few moments, my dear Mr. Jack,
 Powers is going to seem like an ugly dream
 Shall we go?

He leads JACK off.

JACK (looking back at JEBB and PATTERSON) When---?

CALMER: You'll see them soon enough, eh, Mr. Jebb,
 Mr. Patterson? In a canteen where one isn't
 ashamed to bring one's wife, eh? Eh, Mr. Jebb?

JEBB (trying to smile) That's right!

They watch CALMER and JACK leave.

PATTERSON: Let's go down to the birds, then.

JEBB: I wonder where he'll sleep tonight?

PATTERSON: Oh, he'll find a place. He looks the sort.

JEBB: He certainly does.

PATTERSON: Do you feel all right?

JEBB: I'd like a cup of tea.

They go off.

11.

LUCY, alone.
She looks from left to right,
then addresses the audience.

LUCY: There's a new hand, so they say! I wonder what he's like? The horoscope said there'd be a change this year! For everybody, so it said! Well, it's none too soon! It's been so sad---nothing but rain! I wish we could go to Italy for our holidays like some people! (She pauses) And Patt---he's so slow! So good and slow! He always seems to be looking the other way if you know what I mean---he never seems to be quite here, though he's all there all right, if you see what I mean---I mean he's a marvellous man, really---I suppose I shouldn't criticise, being his wife! (Another pause) Sometimes when I lay the prayer books on the chairs of a Tuesday and Thursday at the Mission I think to myself, 'It isn't true, I don't believe in God because he never shows himself! He never comes out from behind the clouds!'

Enter PATTERSON on his way to work.

PATTERSON: Hullo, Lucy!

LUCY: Patt! Are you on early turn, then?

PATTERSON: Of course I am! You kissed me good bye five minutes ago!

LUCY: Oh! I must be getting vague---it's all this bad weather!

PATTERSON: Yes, it doesn't seem right for June, does it, duck?

LUCY: Patt, why don't we go to Italy for our holidays?

PATTERSON: Because we can't afford it---I suppose!

LUCY: But why don't we try? Think of the sun out there and the wine we could drink and all those

lovely people with black hair?

PATTERSON (staring at her) What's come over you, Lucy? You don't seem yourself!

LUCY: Well, why should we stick here all the time, melting in the rain and getting colds?

PATTERSON: Because---well, (hesitating) we can't afford it!

LUCY: We can!

PATTERSON: We can't!

LUCY: Just once we could!

PATTERSON (to himself) And then there's all those serenaders!

LUCY: Those what?

PATTERSON: Serenaders. In Italy!

LUCY: What do you mean?

PATTERSON: Don't they strum on the guitar all the time out there, outside people's windows, and that sort of thing?

LUCY: Of course they don't! Mr Clifford told us at his lecture last week that they were getting quite an industrial nation---

PATTERSON: Oh!

LUCY: ---and very good it was, he said, when you came to think how those people flaunt their good looks. But I don't agree!

PATTERSON: Don't you?

LUCY: No! I think people should be good-looking! Like you, Patt---you've got a nice face---but you're---half-seas over all the time! You never quite come through all the time, if you see what I mean!---you...

PATTERSON: Yes, I know! (Disconsolately) I'm not all here, though I'm all there all right!

LUCY: Don't be hurt, duck! But I do get tired of sitting in front of tele every night, looking at other people all the time!

PATTERSON (helplessly) Oh, well!

LUCY: Patt---what's the new hand like?

PATTERSON: He's lost his memory. All he remembers is a classics class he went to!

LUCY: Go on! Where does he come from?

PATTERSON: He doesn't know?

LUCY: But they say he comes from Powers's!

PATTERSON: So he does! But nobody knows where he was before that!

LUCY: Oh!

PATTERSON (reflectively) He's a very queer chap. But ever so nice, really!

LUCY: Patt---is it true he sleeps at Mrs Jebb's?

PATTERSON: Yes.

LUCY: And he went to Mrs Easy's too?

PATTERSON: I think so, yes! (A pause) Why?

LUCY: I wondered! Did we ever see him at Powers's---at one of the Socials, Saturday nights?

PATTERSON: I shouldn't think so. He hadn't no clothes when we found him at the gate!

LUCY: No clothes?

PATTERSON: Well, nothing underneath.

LUCY: Underneath what?

PATTERSON: His overcoat!

LUCY: Nothing?

PATTERSON: Not a stitch!

LUCY: No shoes or socks?

PATTERSON: No!

LUCY: He---must have been cold!

PATTERSON: I reckon he was! But he didn't seem to mind. He's a queer fellow!

LUCY: Yes!

PATTERSON: Anyway, old Calmer whisked him upstairs and got him into a nice white coat. There's one thing about this lot over here, there's model

conditions!

LUCY (pouting) Oh, 'model'!

PATTERSON: What's the matter?

LUCY: You're always talking about model conditions! Our lives aren't model!

PATTERSON: Why not?

LUCY: Well, we never do anything!

PATTERSON: What do you mean, 'do'?

LUCY: Just do!

PATTERSON: Oh, well!

LUCY: And all you say is 'Oh, well'!

Jital

PATTERSON (involuntarily) Oh, well!

LUCY: There always seems to be something missing, Patt, if you see what I mean! Our mums and dads seemed ever so much happier. And they didn't get half the money we get! Do you remember how they used to sing---when the pubs were coming out---and the men used to fight on the tram-tracks up at the Rise---and (dreamily)---punch each other's noses in?

PATTERSON (blinking) Lucy!

LUCY: And the way the men used to come round the room when they'd had a drop too much and kiss all the girls?

PATTERSON: That doesn't sound like the Church Mission!

LUCY: And the pint of stout in a jug that gran'ma used to get, she used to slop down the street in her slippers, sharp at ten, do you remember? And the faggots and peas-puddin'!

PATTERSON (smiling) Yes!

LUCY: Do you remember the sing-songs we used to have? There was always something going on in those days!... Shall I tell you something about the Church Mission?

PATTERSON: Yes?

LUCY: I only go there for the music. I've realised now! It's because I like playing the harmonium!

PATTERSON: Go on!

LUCY: I wish we had a piano at home! But all we've got is tele!

PATTERSON: What's come over you lately, Lucy? You always seem to be dressing up! And cooking expensive dinners all the time! And there's roses on our plates like at Mrs Calmer's!

LUCY: Oh, well, it's time we changed---instead of being so meek and mild! Why shouldn't we be happy, Patt, now you get good money and the loan of a company car every Wednesday afternoon? Why should only Mr Calmer have a good time, what with his wines and his roses on the plates at dinnertime, and his wife's gold jewellery? Why shouldn't working people have a bit of style, like they do in Italy?

PATTERSON: You've never been to Italy!

LUCY: Mr Clifford says that even the poor are dressed up to kill on Sundays over there!

PATTERSON: You don't know when you're lucky, drck!

LUCY: You always say that!

PATTERSON: I've never said it before!

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LUCY: No, but it's your sort of thing to say, you know it is!

PATTERSON: All I know is, if we lived like mum and dad did you'd be standing at the copper every Monday morning boiling out the sheets, and nobody to hang them on the line for you, neither! You'd be---

Enter JEBB.

LUCY: Hullo, Jebb!

JEBB (passing on, preoccupied) Morning, Mrs Patt!

PATTERSON: How's Jack?

JEBB (stopping) Why, you seen him?

PATTERSON: No!

JEBB: That fellow worries the life out of me!

PATTERSON: Why?

JEBB: He's never about! I mean, he's never in the kitchen!

PATTERSON: Oh!

JEBB (confidentially) He keeps slipping out to have tea with other men's wives---that sort of thing! It makes you wonder! He says they asked him! And you can't find out if it's true or not! He seems to think the women want him to tea!

LUCY: Perhaps they do!

JEBB: Not every day they don't!

LUCY: Why not?

JEBB: Well, it stands to reason! And there's another thing---I can't keep him out of his coat!

PATTERSON: His what?

JEBB: His overcoat! He's always putting it on and---(He stops)

LUCY: Perhaps he's cold!

JEBB: No, he takes off all his clothes first, you see!

LUCY: Takes them off? Why?

JEBB: Because he's a god!

LUCY: What?

JEBB: Yes, he thinks he's Apollo! He says he used to wear a veil and the coat reminds him of it!

LUCY (to herself) A veil---how lovely! Patt, why didn't you tell me?

PATTERSON: I told you he was queer!

JEBB: He's been on late turn for a week but I'm blowed if I've seen him in the kitchen once! We clock in together of a night but God knows what happens to him after that! (To LUCY) We've never had kiddies, you see, Mrs Patt, so it worries us more than it would!

LUCY: Yes! And I see Mrs Jebb doesn't play whist any more!

JEBB: Well, it's the extra work, Mrs Patt! It makes you work harder---(with pleasure) when the family expands!

LUCY: That's right!

JEBB (in doubt again) But he is a queer cuss! Do you

know---(glancing round) I think I saw him
in the dark the other day---!

LUCY: Go on!

JEBB: He went past like the wir---he didn't even look
at me---he seemed to be floating!

LUCY: No!

JEBB: I whispered to him, 'Jack!', but he didn't seem
to hear! Sometimes I think he's crackers and
we'd better put him away before he gets himself
into trouble! But Mr Calmer says it's the life
at Powers's and you've got to give them time to
recover!

LUCY: They've been saying in the papers something's
going to happen this year!

PATTERSON: Eh?

LUCY: It's in the horoscope!

PATTERSON: What is?

JEBB: And he keeps talking that funny language,
Patt. Like he did on the first day!

PATTERSON: The Greek, you mean?

JEBB: It's Etruscan, so he says! They lived before
the Romans and wore their hair down their
shoulders and went round---(with a glance at
LUCY) like he does sometimes! Of course, it
was hotter over there!

LUCY: Are his mum and dad Etruscan, then?

JEBB: What? They died out two thousand years ago!

LUCY: But you said he speaks it!

JEBB: I said he said he speaks it. But he don't!

LUCY: How do you know?

JEBB: Because it died out two thousand years ago!

LUCY: Oh!

A pause.

JEBB: And then he keeps on saying 'healer'.

LUCY: What?

JEBB: 'Healer'. He might have a cup of tea an

his hand and all of a sudden he'll come out with 'Tesinth, tesinth!'

PATTERSON: That's the word that scared me the first day!

LUCY: Why scared you?

PATTERSON: Well, don't you think it's scary?

JEBB: 'Tesinth, tesinth!'

LUCY: It is a bit!

JEBB: Then he smiles across the table at me---that's what scares me! It's the smile! Like he was half-cooked! And he keeps on calling out 'Hercules' in his sleep!

LUCY: Hercules?

JEBB: Yes! The wife wakes me up. She doesn't seem to mind a bit. 'Jack's at it again!' she says, and there he is screaming Hercules at the top of his voice! It makes you wonder!

PATTERSON: It certainly does!

JEBB: And sometimes he says it in the middle of tele---under his breath---when the weather forecast comes on. He seems to be trying to puzzle something out!

LUCY: Perhaps he is!

JEBB: It's funny---when he smiles---it's not like---
(He stops)

PATTERSON: What?

JEBB: Well, it's not like an ordinary bloke. It's funny---all those years when Jack wasn't there he seemed to be missing, do you know what I mean? He seems just what the wife and me was waiting for! The wife doesn't have her turns any more!

PATTERSON: Doesn't she, really?

JEBB: I seem to remember him a long time ago, he was in the family, my wife feels the same, she says he's always been there sitting at the table, sipping his tea!

PATTERSON: Go on!

JEBB: And he knows all our little habits! He lets the cat out at night sharp at nine o'clock,

and fills the mugs for our dental plates!
 (He pauses) He makes a nice cup of tea,
 too! Yes, Jack's got something about him...

LUCY (dreamily) They all seem to say that!

JEBB: He pours his tea in his saucer just like I
 used to---and slobbers it up---and my wife
 never says a word! Not like she did to me!
 And that makes me feel less ashamed, do you
 see what I mean? He understands, that's
 what it is! He makes us feel relaxed!

LUCY: That's nice!

JEBB: It does you good when a man's your friend,
 don't you think so, Patt?

PATTERSON: Yes!

JEBB (darkly again) But sometimes I think he's half-
~~cooked~~ cooked. He's so quiet and obliging. Just
 like a lunatic! He never seems to have a
 bad thought in his head! He makes me feel
 quite ashamed sometimes when I look at him
 and think something bad---!

LUCY: What sort of bad?

JEBB: Well, like thinking, when's he going to pay
 us a bit of rent, or make his bed, or clean
 his boots of a morning? Or---keep his
 clothes on? That kind of thing!

LUCY: Oh, yes!

JEBB: It's the wife's fault, really. She spoils
 him, you see. So I get a bit touchy now and
 then. But all I have to do is look at his
 face and it all goes away! He's---

Enter STIFF, chased by
 CLIFFORD.
 PATTERSON and JEBB seem used
 to this.

STIFF (cowering, as CLIFFORD hits him) No, sir, no,
 don't, sir!

CLIFFORD: How dare you, sir, how dare you? It's
 nakedness, is it, and men wearing veils---
 I'll teach you---

STIFF: No, sir, please, I'll try to be big, I won't
 say it again!

CLIFFORD: Indeed, you won't! I'll see to that, you
 blackguard, you! I'll give you naked men

and veils and bare feet, I've told you before---!

STIFF: But I saw it, Mr Clifford, I---!

CLIFFORD (hitting STIFF again) I'll give you 'saw'!
Take that! And that! It's that you need,
with the palm of the hand!

STIFF: Oh!

CLIFFORD: And that!

STIFF (suddenly) Too hard! (He hits CLIFFORD back)
You hit me too hard, sir!

CLIFFORD reels back under the
terrific blow.

CLIFFORD (quietly, holding his chin) Now, then, now,
then, Stiff, my boy, watch the back of the
hand now! What's that they call your right
hand, 'Stiff's hammer that stiffens', eh,
isn't that it? Now easy, Stiff, easy, boy,
(as STIFF approaches him menacingly) collect
yourself, collect yourself... (He suddenly
sees PATTERSON, JEBB and LUCY for the first
time) Ssst! We're being watched!

STIFF (wheeling round) Eh?

CLIFFORD (with charm, to the others) Good morning, Mrs
Patt! Mr Patt, Mr Jebb---good morning!

PATT: What's he done this time, Mr Clifford?

STIFF: I told him about the new hand, I---!

CLIFFORD: Now, then, Stiff, my boy, easy does it!

STIFF (to PATT) Tell him it's true!

CLIFFORD (with a wink at the others) Of course it's
true! What made you think I doubt it?
Stiff's always like this when he gets a
new hand in the kitchen, isn't he? He
likes to be cock of his own walk, eh,
Stiff? (With another wink) Eh?

STIFF: It's when he undresses and---!

CLIFFORD (beyond himself) Now, then, you fool---!
I mean, sst! (Hissing at STIFF) There's
a lady present!

JEBB: I think the new hand'll settle down all
right, Mr Clifford.

CLIFFORD: Of course he will! Do you hear that,

Stiff?

STIFF (to JEBB): He walks about in his bare feet all night, mate, and keeps on putting his overcoat on!

CLIFFORD (patronising) Perhaps he's cold!

STIFF: He's starko underneath, I keep telling you!

CLIFFORD (under his breath) Now, then, you blackguard, you're taking me too far, you're---

JEBB: He'll get used to him, Mr Clifford.

CLIFFORD: Of course he will!

STIFF (vaguely) All he seems to do is walk round the place!

CLIFFORD: And so would you, my boy, if you'd just come from Powers!

PATTERSON: That's it!

CLIFFORD: Now just come quietly and we'll try and squeeze a game of rummy in before the day begins--- shall we?

STIFF (going with him) Good bye, Patt, good bye, Jebb! Good bye, Mrs Patt!

LUCY: Good bye, Stiff!

CLIFFORD (with another wink at the others) That's the style! Good morning, all!

PATTERSON: Good morning, Mr Clifford!

Exeunt CLIFFORD and STIFF.

LUCY: Are they always like that?

PATTERSON: Nearly!

LUCY: It's funny, I think I saw him!

PATTERSON: Who?

Lucy: I think I saw the new hand last week---he does look Italian! He carries his head ever so high! With long black hair and a brown face---is that him? Patt?

PATTERSON: What are you talking about, Lucy? His hair's clipped short and his face isn't brown!

JEBB: He's pale from the life at Powers's!

PATTERSON: That's right!

LUCY: ...And bright white teeth and lovely hands?

PATTERSON: Lucy! It's somebody else you've got!

LUCY: Oh! (She gazes before her) Patt, why do they call him a---hand?

PATTERSON: Because that's what he is: A kitchen-hand!

LUCY: Oh!

JEBB: I wonder what he means when he says I'm going to tear him down one day, Patt?

PATTERSON: Is that what he says?

JEBB: Yes! And he gives me such a look! Tear him down like the Romans, he says!

PATTERSON: I think you worry too much, mate. You've always been a one for that!

JEBB: Oh, well, I'll go and have my kip. That's one thing---bed's the place you'll always find him! He likes his kip!

He wanders off, still pre-occupied.

PATTERSON: Good bye, mate! Oh, well, (kissing LUCY in an abstract way) I'll be late for work! Cheerio for now, duck!

LUCY (still dreaming) Cheerio!

He begins walking off but she calls him back.

LUCY: Patt!

PATTERSON: Yes?

LUCY: Why don't we have him to tea?

PATTERSON (shrugging) Well, why don't we?

LUCY: It doesn't seem nice not to, does it, when everybody else has?

PATT: No!

LUCY: And him being queer in the head!

PATTERSON: That's right! It's the life at Powers's---
it gives 'em loss of memory---they can't bear
to think of what they've been through, so
nature does it for 'em, it closes the brain
down, that's what Mr Calmer says!

LUCY: Well, cheerio, Patt! (Brightly) See you
tonight!

She runs off.

PATTERSON (calling after her) Tonight? It's Mission
night tonight! Tuesday! (He stands gazing
after her, then turns and walks slowly in the
other direction) I wish it was Africa here!
Bom-di-di-bom-di-di-bom! (As he wanders off)
Hot and swampy! An' dangerous!

111.

JACK, in white overalls, and
LUCY PATTERSON.

LUCY: I always said, 'You don't put any heart in it, Patt, you're always at one remove, so to speak!' I always said that! But you're different. (A pause) Aren't you, Jack?

JACK: Eh?

LUCY: You're different!

JACK: Why?

LUCY: Well, aren't you?

JACK: I'd like to be on the roof again!

LUCY: What?

JACK: It comes over me sometimes, I'd like to be on the roof!

LUCY: What do you mean, dear?

JACK: That's where I used to be, after all.

LUCY: I don't understand.

JACK: Sometimes I feel so tired!

LUCY: You went back early last night---to Mrs. Jebb's. She told me herself you slipped into bed not long after nine, before Mr. Jebb came back from his union meeting.

JACK: It must be the weather, Lucy.

LUCY: Isn't it lovely? Ever since you came it's been lovely, ever since you started in the kitchen, Jack, we've never had the sun so much! Mrs. Calmer was saying today, that new man seems to have brought us luck.

JACK (alarmed) Mrs. Calmer?

LUCY: Mr. Calmer's wife.

JACK: I've never even seen her!

- LUCY: She said today, that new man in the kitchen brought us luck, and Mr. Calmer said the same, the weather changed so quick! It's always clear, and the sun so strong, even my Patt goes down the pool of a Saturday morning now and seems---less ashamed of his body than he was!
- JACK: We used to be pirates once on the Tyrrænian sea and we fought for Corsica against the Greeks. I can remember how the sunlight flashed on my arm and I could see how brown it was against the sea like a piece of mahogany just before I cut my way to the stern through rows of men! (Fiercely). We used to fight---shouting---(as if fighting with sword) 'Leine, leine!'
- LUCY (squealing with delight) What does that mean?
- JACK: 'Die,' I think. Perhaps it was another word...
- LUCY: You're a scream sometimes! Give me a kiss!
- JACK (quickly kissing her) That's why they call them Aasaronenses.
- LUCY: Why? Who?
- JACK: The people of eastern Sardinia. Because we brought them our gods. That was our name for 'gods,'---'aiser.' (Putting his hand to his eyes) All I've got is these pieces of memories...
- LUCY: It's funny, you're passive. When you kissed me just then...I noticed the same last night, before you went to Mrs. Jebb's. (She kisses him again)
- JACK (with a smile) You're a pretty girl.
- LUCY: Smile at me again! Again! Again!
- JACK: The first day Patt saw you he mentioned a flower---
- LUCY: That's right!
- JACK: The marigold because your hair was bright and all over the place!

LUCY: That's right! Oh, Jack! You're passive, yet your heart's right in it! I can't make you out... You're here, yet you're not! Like I say to Patt, 'You're not enough here, Patt, you're all there all right but I want you here!' You're not like that. You're here and there, you're far away and near, it's funny, with your face at the tip of my nose like this you seem far away---on the sea, in the sun---a long time ago...

JACK (in a perplexed way, to himself) Tesinth, tesinth...

LUCY: And you say such funny things! Even my bedroom's different now! The way the sunshine comes in every morning now, and everything looks fresh and clean, it feels as if it could stay there for ever like stones at the sea, the bed-spread and looking-glass and the doily on the dresser, and the curtains, they look so dainty! I always wanted to be a bride like this!

JACK: How do you mean?

LUCY: A bride for ever--- (She stops) I don't know what I mean, Jack. (A pause) Jack!

JACK: Yes?

LUCY: Did you come from Powers for me?

JACK: No.

LUCY: You saw me when we went to the Powers's annual dance, me and Patt---with Mr. and Mrs. Jebb!

JACK: No.

LUCY: You did!

JACK: No, I didn't.

LUCY: Yes, Jack, you did!

JACK: Perhaps I did...

LUCY: I knew you did! Me and Patt danced the Roger de Coverley and we went by the band---I think I saw you, I think I remember your face!

JACK: I think I was by the band...

LUCY: That's right!

- JACK: We used to play the double pipe...
- LUCY: What's that?
- JACK: We used to play the double pipe and castanets, the women---I can't remember--- I think the women played the castanets.
- LUCY: At Powers?
- JACK: That's right!
- LUCY: They're funny over there... Sometimes I think I'm going to wake up and come back to Lucy Patterson again. I never had a wicked thought in my head, only sometimes with Patt when he was slow, a thought would come and go---but...Jack! I can't believe what I've done, I really can't! Tuesdays and Thursdays were my days of the week, when I went to the Mission. I used to lead the choir. I put the prayer-books on the chairs, it made me feel ever so clean, especially with my golden hair! I bathed myself twice a week, the night before Mission, and Patt couldn't touch me then. My cooking was the same, so neat and clean, I always had a pinafore on, and the washing-up never waited more than twenty minutes after a meal, that was my boast. (Thoughtfully) Yet I always wanted to be a bride...
- JACK: A 'bride,' again?
- LUCY: That's right! It's funny, when you took me down to the pool that night, your face seemed all brown---!
- JACK: Brown?
- LUCY: Yes! And your hair like a woman's---it fell in plats behind your ears---and your nose came straight down---!
- JACK: How?
- LUCY: Straight down from your forehead, it made me shudder, I didn't tell you at the time! And your arms were warm and seemed thicker than before. And your feet were bare!
- JACK: And the smoke drifted up, the cries of the animals echoed along the walls, blood ran through the gutters, and Hercules seemed to pray at my side--- (He stops) Hercules. Hercle. Hercle. (To himself) I thought I was alone...

LUCY: You seem alone. You always seem alone.

JACK: And then in the morning the sun always came up like the beginning of another age, clean and light, after the smoke and the shouting.

LUCY: But it's gone like an ugly dream now, Jack, like Mr. Calmer says. Factory conditions have changed for good, and you've got to forget. Look at me, Jack. You've got to forget.

JACK: Yes, I know.

LUCY: Jack.

JACK: Yes?

LUCY: It isn't true about the boss's wife at Powers's ---is it?

JACK (about to say yes) No---of course not! (Gazing at her) What isn't true?

LUCY: About---a scandal?

JACK: No, of course not!

LUCY: Jack.

JACK: Yes?

LUCY: Suddenly I get ashamed.

JACK: What of?

LUCY: You and me. It wouldn't have been so bad just once, but so many times! Sometimes I look at Patt...

JACK: You don't seem ashamed.

LUCY: And really I'm not. It's just the thought. I couldn't have imagined it a month ago. And I can't imagine it now. I can't say I've done anything. I don't seem anything to do with it! Sometimes I look at myself in the bath and can't believe it...

Enter STIFF.

STIFF: Good morning, Jack!

JACK: Good morning, Stiff!

STIFF: I'm on my way. (To LUCY) Well, how do you like my brother, Mrs. Patt?

LUCY: Your brother?

STIFF: He's looking better and better every day, don't you think so? It was no good over at Powers's, I said to Mr. Clifford last night, you did a wonderful thing getting Bro. over here! And you know what he said?

JACK: No?

STIFF: I did it for you! he said. I did it for you. I know a bit about Powers's, he said, having worked there close on fifteen years myself, and got my hands all grimed, and the accounts in a muddle all the time, the staff underpaid, disgruntled of course, so I thought of your Bro. when I heard of his circumstances. And now we're together, Mrs. Patt. I see him in the kitchen every day and I never let him touch a thing.

LUCY: How do you mean?

JACK (to STIFF) You'd better get along, Stiff!

STIFF: I never let him touch a pot, I never let him go on nights---

LUCY (to JACK) But you said---!

STIFF: He's always been sensitive, Mrs. Patt. (To JACK) You've never liked messing your hands, have you, Bro?

JACK: No!

STIFF: And life's a division of labour, our mum always said. It falls to some to work and others not, to some to laugh and others not. That's what she used to say. Well, Mrs. Patt--- (offering his hand) I'll say good-bye!

LUCY: Good-bye, Stiff!

STIFF: I've laid on some nice chuck steak today--- the best and cheapest cut, our mum used to say! (to JACK) Don't forget to punch your card!

JACK: I won't!

Exit STIFF.

LUCY: What's that he said---you never touch a pot?

JACK: That's right!

LUCY: Why not?

JACK: He won't let me!

LUCY: Oh!

JACK: Why?

LUCY: Nothing! (After a pause) When I wanted you to stay an extra night last week, because Patt was out, you said you were on late turn! And you weren't!

JACK: I was on late turn!

LUCY: But Stiff said he never let you!

JACK: He never lets me work. But ' clock in and punch my card just the same.

LUCY: And then what do you do?

JACK: I---go to bed... Or talk to the boys. Or wander round---until the morning comes...

LUCY: Wander round? (Another pause) Where did you sleep the night before last?

JACK: At Mrs. Easy's, I think. Easy's wife at the main gate.

LUCY: Why do you always say Mrs. and wife, never the man, Jack?

JACK (with a smile) They tuck me up at night!

LUCY: Oh, Jack, that smile! (Flinging her arms round him) You haven't really smiled since the night at the pool, when we went there late and bathed in the dark, and you said we were pilgrims in Cremera water! Try and smile again!

JACK: I feel so tired!

LUCY: Sometimes I think of Patt and don't know what I'd do if he knew! He'd be so hurt! But you never meant to do him harm, did you, Jack?

JACK: Of course not, no.

LUCY: I never did see you at Powers's, did I, love?
 JACK: Of course you didn't!
 LUCY: You never stood by the band?
 JACK: No, no!
 LUCY: I couldn't bear to think we'd planned it from the first! Patt'd be so hurt!
 JACK: We've never seen each other before.
 LUCY: Except in dreams? That's what you always say, isn't it?
 JACK: Yes. Except a long time ago, before you remember...
 LUCY: That's what I mean by being a bride...

They stand leaning against each other dreamily.
 Enter CALMER.

CALMER: Good God! Has Mrs. Patt been taken faint?

JACK (at once) That's right!

CALMER: It's all this heat! Mrs. Patterson, here! Let me give you a hand (helping JACK) I've heard it's better---(forcing LUCY'S head forward) to hold their heads down---that's right!---and double the body (gripping her round the waist)?---and there we are, up and down, up and down, to get the blood to the head!

JACK: Up and down---!

CALMER: Up and down---!

LUCY: Oh!

CALMER: She's coming round!

LUCY: Where am I?

CALMER: In good hands, Mrs. Patterson, don't get alarmed!

LUCY: I was on my way to the pool!

JACK: It's lucky I was here, to save the fall!

CALMER: That's right! And now, if you'll lean on my arm---steady there, steady!---we'll take you up to the San, and see what doctor says! Steady! There! Thank you, Mr. Jack, it's lucky you were here! You see how we deal with our workers' wives! (Going off) They're part of the family here! Not so at Powers', I think you'll agree?

JACK: That's right!

Exeunt CALMER and LUCY.
JACK stands lost in thought.
Enter JEBB.

JEBB: Mrs. Patt's been taken bad, I see. It's all this heat!

JACK: That's right. It was lucky I was here.

JEBB: So Mr. Calmer said. He's taking her up to the San. You look a bit whacked, Jack.

JACK: So I am.

JEBB: My wife came over queer yesterday morning, too.

JACK: Did she?

JEBB: It must be the heat.

JACK: That's right.

JEBB: She keeps a good home, I can't complain there. Always on her feet. I thought I'd take a swim.

JACK: It's a lovely day...

JEBB: Not a cloud in the sky.

JACK: It reminds me---.

JEBB: Don't say it!

JACK: All right!

Silence.

JEBB: It's not been the same since you came...

JACK: Why not?

JEBB: Things don't seem to matter so much!

JACK: How?

JEBB: It doesn't seem to matter so much what people do. The wife and me---we just come in, sit down for a feed, read the paper, go out, we do things in our sleep, if you see what I mean. She never shifts in her chair like she did when I come through the door.

JACK: I'd better go and punch my card...

JEBB: My irises and peas have never been so good. Remember when you came? I was all of a jitter, remember that day?

JACK: Yes, I do. Well, I'd better be off---!

JEBB: I was never in the garden. It's marvellous what a bit of sun can do.

Enter CALMER,

CALMER: Ah, I just wanted to say---.

JACK: Is Mrs. Patt all right?

CALMER: Oh, yes, we gave her some salts and now she's having a nice cup of tea! It's the sun, you know. (To Jack, before he can leave) I thought I'd just ask---.

JACK: Yes?

CALMER: My wife's been looking for you down in the kitchen and I said you were here. She wanted to know---could you help us out at the end of the week? You know, we give a little party for the heads of departments, just a drink or two, and we need a man to serve. She said if you'd slip upstairs to our flat on top of the San she'd show you what to do. Forgive me asking but you've got the style, forgive me saying so, Mr. Jack, but your hands would look so nice in a pair of white gloves, the others are so clumsy, we've always had Stiff so far and he always spilled far more than he served and sometimes he told us all about his private habits at the top of his voice---it wasn't very nice!

JACK: Yes, I can quite see your point.

CALMER: So my wife wanted you. I said I'd find out. Now the people on this plant are as free as the air, they're not industrial slaves like at Powers', and so I said I'd leave it to you, to say yes or no, and that would be that!

JACK: Of course I'll do it. Glad to oblige!

CALMER: And you'll slip up and see her? She's so much in need of that kind of help! Her tastes are so dainty, she always knows the right thing to do, she never puts a dress on that isn't just right, always in fashion but you've never seen quite that before, if you see what I mean! It's the same with her cutlery, and the way she serves her food. If you sit down at table with us you might find a rose in your plate---that sort of thing, if you see what I mean! A woman of taste! And her wines! I do believe, though she never drinks a drop, that there isn't a wine from the Rhine to the Rhone that she doesn't know the name of, if you see what I mean! Whenever I'm in doubt as to the right thing to do, I know who to ask. She'll tell me at once. And though it may sound (lowering his voice) on the personal side what I'm going to say, I've never caught her out since the day we met, I've never seen her anything but ready if you see what I mean, and we share the same bed! Now don't you think that's really saying the best? Even in her underwear she's a good example! Never a hair out of place or a colour that's wrong!

JEBB: She's a lady---Mrs. Calmer!

JACK: I'll be pleased to do it.

CALMER: Good man! I'll tell her straight away. (Jocular) And when can you come to be put through your paces? She's a very hard task-master, you know---or should I say mistress!

JACK: This evening, perhaps?

CALMER: We'll say six o'clock. I've got a board meeting but I don't think you'll need me, will you?

JACK: Oh, no!

CALMER: There's a good fellow. Now let's shake hands---(They shake hands energetically) and (with a wink) don't let her give you too much to do, she's inclined to that, just between you and me!

JACK: No, I'll be careful about that!

CALMER: Good morning, Mr. Jack! Good morning, Mr. Jebb!

JEBB: Good morning, Mr. Calmer.

Exit CALMER.

JEBB: Jack!

JACK: Yes?

JEBB: What about the statue-idea---is it---?
Do you feel all right? Are you beginning
to forget, like Mr. Calmer says?

JACK: A little, yes. But I forgot so much before
that I don't know which to forget more of!

JEBB (warily) What do you mean---'before'?

JACK: When I was a---. (He stops)

JEBB: ---statue?

JACK: Yes!

JEBB: Oh, Jack! You shouldn't! (Looking round)
I thought it was settled now, we wouldn't go
back to that! Listen---(in a low voice)
what did they register you as?

JACK: Just 'Jack.'

JEBB (with relief) Oh, so that's all right!

JACK: It's no good putting up a fight, Jebb.

JEBB: A fight? What do you mean? (JACK is
silent) I don't know what you mean!

JACK: Why don't you go to Mrs. Calmer's?

JEBB: Mrs. Calmer's? What for?

JACK: And do the job instead of me?

JEBB: I don't know what you mean! The way you
talk, Jack, you frighten me, honest you do!
What have I got to do with Mrs. Calmer?
Suddenly you say that---!

JACK: (with a smile) Why not?

JEBB (jumping) Don't do it! For Christ's sake don't
smile! It brought me out in spots last
time! I can't stand to see you smile.

JACK: Yet I can only really smile for you.

JEBB: 'Mrs. Calmer'! Fancy me in white gloves!

JACK: I caught a glimpse once of the king himself...

JEBB: Eh? Oh, blimey, there you go!

JACK: He'd just been elected. And in that moment he changed as if all his life had only been a path leading to that! His skin seemed to change, can you imagine that? I could see it from above. His look was different. He changed into a god, but by election.

JEBB: Was that at Powers's?

JACK (after a pause) No.

JEBB: It was, mate, it was!

JACK: It wasn't!

JEBB: That was at Powers's!

JACK (fiercely) No, it wasn't! I told you before, it's no good putting up a fight!

JEBB: But why, Jack, why? On a lovely day like this! When there's tea downstairs, and company! Why have you got to talk like that?

Enter CALMER.

CALMER: She wants you right away!

JACK: Eh?

CALMER: Everything's ready, she says. You can go straight up.

JACK: But I haven't clocked in yet, sir!

CALMER: I'll see to that! It's better to suit her whims, you know. There's hell to pay otherwise!

Enter PATTERSON.

PATTERSON: Mr. Calmer, sir, I heard my wife was taken bad!

CALMER (to JACK) There's a good chap, just run straight up, you know where it is, the floor above the San!

JACK: I haven't washed my hands, and there's the carrots to peel---

CALMER: I'll see to all that! Now come along, Mr. Jack, just go straight up and get the job done, and that'll be that!

He hustles JACK out, going with him.

JEBB and PATTERSON stand watching them.

PATTERSON: What's up?

JEBB: It's Calmer's wife wants him to mix the cocktails Friday.

PATTERSON: Oh! What happened with Lucy?

JEBB: She's up at the San.

PATTERSON: Why?

JEBB: She had a turn. The heat, I suppose. She's all right now.

PATTERSON: She was right as rain this morning. It's funny, she kissed me good-bye, and never said anything about me not being quite all here like she usually does. It's the sun, I expect. She will go out without her hat.

JEBB: I went in the garden this morning to cut some roses for May and it made me dizzy. We're not used to it, you see.

PATTERSON: I'll go up to the San, then, mate.

JEBB: All right.

PATTERSON (stopping) Wasn't your wife took bad yesterday as well?

JEBB: No.

PATTERSON: Didn't she see the doc?

JEBB: Nah.

PATTERSON (going off) That's funny, I could have sworn---

Enter LUCY. They bump into each other.

LUCY: Patt!

PATTERSON: Lucy! I thought you was up at the San!

LUCY: So I was! I'm all right now.

PATTERSON: What went wrong?

LUCY: Oh, nothing much! I just came over faint. It must be the sun!

JEBB: That's what I was saying to Patt, it must be all this heat, I came over giddy this morning in the garden when I picked some roses for May.

PATTERSON: Are you all right now, duck? Come and give us a kiss! (They kiss) Did you fall down flat?

LUCY: Nearly I did! It's a good thing Jack was there!

PATTERSON: Eh?

LUCY: Jack was there! He saved my fall!

PATTERSON (dazed) Oh!

JEBB: With all this concrete about that wouldn't have been a joke!

LUCY: Then Mr. Calmer took me upstairs and gave me a cup of tea. (Looking round) Where's he gone?

PATTERSON: Mr. Calmer?

LUCY: No---Jack!

PATTERSON: Oh!

JEBB: He went to clock in.

LUCY: He wasn't at the gate when I came past. (To PATTERSON) I wanted to know about beds---.

PATTERSON: Beds?

LUCY: He's doing it in rotation and I've forgotten whose turn it is.

PATTERSON: Have you?

LUCY: What's the matter with you, Patt?

JEBB: I tell you none of us are right these days. But I've never felt so good. It's funny, isn't it?

PATTERSON: (to LUCY) How do you mean, the beds?

LUCY: Well, he was at Mrs. Jebb's last night and Mrs. Easy's the night before, and tonight I don't know if it's Mrs. Barnes or me!

PATTERSON: Oh!

LUCY: What are you looking like that for? Patt'. Don't say you're going all funny, too!

PATTERSON (supported by LUCY and JEBB) No, it's all right! I should wear a hat. (Putting his hand to his head) It stands to reason. We're not used to it.

LUCY: You look all right, ^{Patt!} Jack!

PATTERSON: And so do you!

LUCY: In fact, you look younger! I saw it this morning!

PATTERSON: So do you!

JEBB: That's just what I said to the wife when she came over queer, I said, I've never seen you looking so spry, with roses in your cheeks! It must be a kind of fever, she said!

LUCY: That's right!

Enter STIFF.

STIFF: Have you seen my brother?

They all stare at him.

PATTERSON: Eh?

STIFF: My Bro?

LUCY: He means Jack!

PATTERSON: Jack?

STIFF: He hasn't clocked in. I give him a bed by the bread-racks where it's dark.

PATTERSON: A bed?

STIFF: Well, there's such a lot doing over by the stoves, I rigged up a curtain, he can be quiet there!

LUCY (to PATTERSON) He doesn't like Jack to dirty his hands.

PATTERSON: Oh!

STIFF: He's a sensitive man. He always talks to me before he drops off, like he did when we was kids. He tells me about the roof--- what he could see---.

JEBB: The roof?

STIFF: That's right! And the way the animals used to smell, they used to burn them, Mr. Jebb, and all the dances---(with a glance at LUCY) I'd tell you more if ladies wasn't present! He's got a wonderful mind, my Bro. He saw the king once. And he used to be brown, and have long hair down to his shoulders---!

LUCY: In plats?

STIFF: That's right! How did you know?

LUCY: And his nose came straight down---?

STIFF: That's right---from his forehead, like that! (putting his finger vertically over the bridge of his nose)

LUCY (to herself) My bride!

PATTERSON: Your what?

STIFF: My brother! He's always been the same! Don't you know where he is, Mr. Jebb?

JEBB: No. (A pause, then deliberately) Yes, I do.

STIFF: Where?

LUCY: Where?

JEBB (regretting it) I don't know! (After another pause) Yes, I do! (To himself) Oh, save me---!

PATTERSON: What's the matter, mate?

JEBB (deliberately, to STIFF) Your brother's up at Mrs. Calmer's.

STIFF: Mrs. Calmer's? He's due in the kitchen...

LUCY: Mrs---Calmer's?

JEBB (to himself) Save me!

PATTERSON (to LUCY) Mr. Calmer came running in and said she was ready.

LUCY: No!

PATTERSON: I couldn't understand.

LUCY: Not Mrs. Calmer! She's---(she stops!)

PATTERSON: What?

LUCY (faintly) The boss's wife...

STIFF: He needs his sleep, Mr. Jebb, he tells me stories before he drops off and the pastry seems to mix better after that...

PATTERSON (to JEBB) Didn't he say the boss's wife at Powers's---?

LUCY (breathlessly) How can you believe such things, Patt?

STIFF (beginning to tremble) I want an answer, I'm a big man, I need big---!

PATTERSON (holding him) Now, then, Stiff, I'll tell Mr. Clifford!

STIFF (perplexed, to himself) Mr. Clifford...

LUCY (to JEBB) What's he doing at Mrs. Calmer's?

JEBB: He's shaking her cocktails!

LUCY: What?

JEBB (slowly) Shaking her cocktails.

LUCY (haughtily) I don't know what you mean!

JEBB: He has to wear white gloves.

LUCY: White gloves? No.

JEBB: Mr. Calmer said she needed someone with delicate hands.

LUCY (sadly) I see!

JEBB: He said she wouldn't take long to show him everything.

LUCY: Of course not, no! (She begins to wander off)

PATTERSON: Lucy, where are you going?

LUCY (in tears) Back to the San.

PATTERSON: Don't you feel all right?

LUCY: Just leave me alone! I'll be all right!

PATTERSON (calling after her) Don't forget it's whist today!

Exit LUCY.

STIFF (also calling after her) Mrs. Patterson! Mrs. Patt! (To JEBB and PATTERSON) Is she fetching my Bro? (Also wandering off) Mrs. Patt, Mrs. Patt! I'm coming, too!

Exit STIFF.

JEBB (aware of having betrayed JACK) I've done wrong
Patt!

PATTERSON: Eh?

JEBB: I feel all cold. It doesn't seem like summer any more.

PATTERSON: That's the fever, it comes and goes, you feel hot and cold.

JEBB: That's right...

A pause.

PATTERSON: Are you on late turn?

JEBB: Seven to four.

PATTERSON: I can't sleep of a morning now with the sun coming in. I shan't be sorry when we're back on early turn, shall you?

JEBB: No, I shan't.

PATTERSON: I lay there awake and think to myself, what's it for, Patty boy, what's it for?

JEBB: It used to be nice knocking off in the dark, I used to have nine hours kip, till three in the afternoon, and May'd have dinner on the table ready, and a glass of beer!

PATTERSON: That was the winter-time...

They stand thinking about this.
Jack enters silently.

PATTERSON (whispers) Jebb!

JEBB: Eh?

PATTERSON: Look!

JEBB: Blimey!

JACK approaches wearily,
unaware of them yet. He is
dressed as in Act I again, in
an overcoat, his feet bare.

JEBB: Jack!

JACK (waking) Hullo!

JEBB: What's up?

JACK: I haven't clocked in yet. (As if dizzy)
I wish I could sleep!

PATTERSON: Stiff's got your bed made up in the kitchen.
Why don't you go down?

JACK: I feel cold all of a sudden.

JEBB: That's because you've---lost your shoes
again, mate... Look! (Trying to direct
JACK'S eyes to his feet.) How did you lose
your clothes again, mate?

JACK: Up at Mrs. Calmer's.

JEBB: Blimey!

JACK: Didn't you feel the cold just now---Jebb---
like a wind---when you spoke---when you told
them---(approaching JEBB with fierce eyes)
when you---tore me down?

JEBB: Don't look at me like that! Jack!

PATTERSON: ~~They've been looking for...~~ They've all
been looking for you, mate. Lucy wanted to
know about the rosta. e

JACK (wearily again) I feel so cold!

JEBB: You've got to forget the past, mate!

JACK: I nearly have. I can hardly remember any
more. Even the smoke I've almost forgot.
Look---the sun's going in! The last fight,
that was the worst of all...

PATTERSON: The last---?

JACK: They hardly left a man alive. That was the end of the town. And I think it was Propertius who said, 'Oh, Vei, you used to have a throne of gold and now your walls are echoing with the shepherd's horn!' They tore me down with ropes, or did I fall?

PATTERSON: Go on?

JACK: And there I lay buried under stones, not entirely broken. An arm or two. And I slept there soundly for a thousand years or more. I heard them take the buildings away stone by stone, and all they left was a tomb or two, and the altar-piece of the temple. And then the silence grew. Can you imagine that? Everybody left and the grass began to grow, and all you heard, as Propertius said, was the pipes of the shepherds and the sound of hoofs. Further and further I sank, and my sleep seemed assured---until (with a smile) 1916.

JEBB: Don't smile!

JACK: And here I am.

JEBB: Don't, Jack, don't! For Christ's sake come and kip down along of us and have a cup of tea and stop that talk, be---be ordinary, Jack! And get some clothes on...

JACK (with another smile) I can't be---ordinary!

JEBB: For Christ's sake don't smile like that!

PATTERSON (to JEBB) All he does is just smile, mate!

JACK (also to JEBB) You've done a lot for me. At Powers's, too.

JEBB: I've never been to Powers's!

JACK: When I kipped in the kitchen, and you had a dizzy spell picking roses for May in the garden one morning?

JEBB: That was yesterday!

JACK: I'ts all the same. Mr. Calmer said would I like a bed in his place? His son's got married and the room's now free.

PATTERSON: And what did you say?

- JACK: I said the boys might think it funny. That happened at Powers's, too.
- JEBB: It didn't!
- JACK: Yes, it did!
- PATTERSON (peering into JACK'S face) Did I see you at a dance at Powers's? Weren't you standing by the band? In the Roger de Coverley?
- JACK: That's right.
- PATTERSON. I thought it was you! Well, strike a light!
- JACK: We used to dance a lot. At the marriages. The men and women together, dancing, dancing, naked under veils, (closing his eyes) it makes the body more seductive, barely glimpsed like a god underneath, just the outline and shape, (beginning to move) slowly moving, moving, the men and women together, the veils beginning to part in the wind---
- JEBB: Phew!
- JACK: ---as the feet go round, sometimes touching, flesh on flesh and dust on dust, inside the veil, inside the dusty dream... It always made me tired! (He no longer moves) Then a delightful sleep inside the veil. A veil of sleep. Rather like the kiss of a god, like the sky touching you. And your bride was always the same whoever she was... (Opens his eyes) I never could refuse a dance, you know, however tired.
- JEBB (facinated) It reminds me of those pots!
- JACK: Pots?
- JEBB: Old Gibbs used to show us some figures on a pot---naked, dancing, with their---
- PATTERSON: Over at Powers's?
- JEBB: ---as large as life! Don't let your wives see this, he used to say! Was it just the dancing got them like that?
- JACK: Oh, yes!
- JEBB: Well, can't you remember more? Try and remember, mate!
- JACK: Only the feelings. Not exactly what I was doing...

They whisper together.

PATTERSON (to conceal their whispers from himself)
 Like a trance! Not the first to go like that at Powers's, they say it's the discipline, they've got a different approach, now Mr. Clifford always says that going from Powers's to this show---he calls it show---is like crossing the equator to a different climate. They're so well-organised over at Powers's they can't digest their food, they can't get it down at dinner-time because their nerves are all of a jingle-jangle, so they put a pill between your knife and fork called pancreatic extract, so Mr. Clifford said, to settle your tummy and take away the nerves. But here you ought to see how the boys tuck in, there's always plenty to eat and second helpings, too, that's Mr. Calmer's doing when he took over the welfare side, he always says a working man is a man in a white coat nowadays, there's no more slums and unpaid overtime so why---should---there be---bad---food... (Stops as whispering outsider) *alright*

JACK (to PATTERSON) You understand everything.

PATTERSON (limp) Eh?

JACK: You understand so much! So pure of heart!

PATTERSON (to JEBB) What's he---?

CALMER's voice off:
'Mr. Jack! Mr. Jack!'

JACK (terrified) That's Calmer! (Clutching JEBB)

JEBB: What about it? Jack!

CALMER again: 'Mr. Jack!'

JACK: He's come to get me again! Quick!

He dashes behind them.
 Enter CALMER.

CALMER: Mr. Jack! Mr. Jack! (Seeing them)
 Oh! Have you seen Mr. Jack?

JEBB: No, sir.

PATTERSON: No, sir.

CALMER (visibly agitated) Not that it matters.
 Only my wife's missing something if you see what I mean and she must have it back! Not that I'm making any accusations but facts are facts, I want to make a quiet investigation, no trouble, you see, in the works, so keep it dark, Mr. Jebb, Mr. Patterson, for while Mr. Jack's a very pleasing man I know nothing of his past than what he tells me himself and what's on his cards, I haven't been in touch with Powers but I've heard it said---! Have you seen him?

JEBB: No, sir.

CALMER: My wife's missing something from the dressing room, she said. A little silver something, or it might be gold. She had it this morning, that's quite sure, and nobody else was with her except Mr. Jack. The worst thing---you won't let it go any further---Mr. Jebb, Mr. Patterson---?

PATTERSON: No, sir?

CALMER: It isn't so much the missing something I mind, but she can be so terrible when she gets an idea, it might be all a ghastly mistake, so I want to go softly if you see what I mean and not cause a stir, so just keep it quiet, it'll all die down, she can be so terrible---!
 (Calling softly) Mr. Jack, Mr. Jack!

PATTERSON: I think he went to the pool, sir.

CALMER: To the pool now? Really? Thank you so much! You're very helpful. I'll just go down and see what he says. (Calling softly) Mr. Jack! Mr. Jack!

Exit CALMER.
 They separate.

JEBB (to JACK) Is it true?

JACK: Of course not, no!

JEBB: You'd better come home with me and I'll keep you dark. Until it dies down.

PATTERSON: This way!

JEBB: You can go straight to bed. With a nice cup of tea!

JACK: Don't wake me for a week!

JEBB: I'll give you a pair of my pyjamas.

JACK: I--er---don't wear pyjamas...

JEBB: Oh, well, it's all the same! (As they go off) I'll leave you asleep for a month if you like, Apollo!

PATTERSON: You called him 'Apollo' just then, mate...

IV.

Enter CALMER.

CALMER (softly) Mr. Jack! Mr. Jack!

Enter CLIFFORD.

CLIFFORD (bellowing) Mr. Jack! Mr. Jack!

CALMER: Mr. Jack.

They see each other.

CLIFFORD: Are you looking for Mr. Jack?

CALMER: Sssh! Yes, I am.

CLIFFORD: So am I! He hasn't clocked in for nearly a week, that blackguard Stiff says he's his brother, believe it or not, he hasn't been in the kitchen for a week, and he's standing there crying his eyes out---

CALMER: I suppose you know what's happened?

CLIFFORD: No?

CALMER: Mrs. Calmer's locked herself in the bathroom!

A pause.

CLIFFORD: What?

CALMER: The wife's been in the bathroom for nearly a week! She only opens a chink for her meals! And I have to go downstairs every time, if you see what I mean, we've only the one, you see!

CLIFFORD: What's she there for?

CALMER: Until we get hold of Mr. Jack, you see---she's missing something!

CLIFFORD: What?

CALMER: Something silver, something gold---she's not quite sure herself. She swears he took it when he came up for a rehearsal last week!

CLIFFORD: A rehearsal?

CALMER: For the midsummer cocktail party we give.

CLIFFORD: Oh, yes!

CALMER: She's tired of Stiff---

CLIFFORD: Aren't we all? He's been spilling things over my trousers for years!

CALMER: She wanted someone with delicate hands, Mr. Clifford.

CLIFFORD: Ha!

CALMER: I told her at the time, I said, my dear, hands aren't everything, you know. Well, she said, they go a long way!

CLIFFORD: Indeed, they do!

CALMER: Indeed! His did! She missed it at once. There was to be another rehearsal---

CLIFFORD: Another one?

CALMER: Yes! You see the gullibility of women! And apparently he said no! Obvious the reason why! So I was sent out on a search. I don't want it all round the plant, Mr. Clifford---

CLIFFORD: Of course not, no!

CALMER: These things can be handled quietly, I'll give him his notice and a week's pay---

CLIFFORD: A month's.

CALMER: The devil, a month!

CLIFFORD: Those are the rules!

CALMER: Well---you see how unfamiliar I am with those kind of rules. It isn't very often we send a man away! Yet they pour across from Powers.

CLIFFORD: And Powers seems to change them, I've said it before. But perhaps---(perplexed) we've never had a customer quite like this before!

CALMER: Her whims must always be suited, you see, I know better than to cross her whims. She's not been the same since a week ago!

CLIFFORD: He's probably fled. Well, I'll strike his name off the list! (About to go)

CALMER: But, Mr. Clifford---!

CLIFFORD: Yes? (Stopping)

CALMER: You can't let me down like this! What the devil can I do? I can't let her stay in the bathroom like that, every minute's a rope round my neck, you don't know what a dance she can lead me if she likes, do be a good chap, Mr. Clifford, I'm sure he's still here---! None of his friends seem worried, not Patterson or Jebb, or the man at the gate! I'm sure they'd notice if he got away!

CLIFFORD: We can institute a search!

CALMER: No, no, no! There's nothing to be gained by a hullabaloo! The principle behind this plant is do it calmly or not at all!

CLIFFORD: And what about my records?

CALMER: What records?

CLIFFORD: The establishment, man-hours, wages to be paid!

CALMER: To the devil with them, let's get the man!

CLIFFORD: The devil with my files? Now, Mr. Calmer---!

CALMER: All right, Mr. Clifford, you mustn't lean too heavily on my words, I'm not in a right state of mind while my wife's in there---! Accept my apology.

CLIFFORD: Apology accepted! Shake! (They shake hands)

CALMER: Ow! (Jumping) That's not what you'd call a clerical hand!

CLIFFORD (with pride) Nor a scholar's, either. Yet that's what I am. This man, Mr. Calmer, this man needs---(confidingly, showing the open palm of his hand) a bit of that!

CALMER: What?

CLIFFORD (making a slapping motion) That!

CALMER: Who needs---that?

CLIFFORD: Our fly-by-night!

CALMER: Our what?

CLIFFORD: Mr. Jack!

CALMER: Oh! (A pause) Why?

CLIFFORD: The stories! (Holding his head) Oh!

CALMER: The 'stories'?

CLIFFORD: Long hair!

CALMER: I beg pardon?

CLIFFORD: Half-naked. Naked, in fact!

CALMER: Naked?

CLIFFORD: On a roof---believe it or not!

CALMER: A roof?

CLIFFORD: A roof? Can you believe it?

CALMER: No!---What?

CLIFFORD: That he stood there---! Ha! Really, it's too much, when they go like that, I mean, really, it's time to administer that (showing his hand again), and if they're half-naked, so much the better! Take that! (Slapping himself) And that! And that!

CALMER: Calmly, Mr. Clifford! Are you sure we're talking about the same thing?

CLIFFORD: You said Mr. Jack, didn't you?

CALMER: Yes.

CLIFFORD: Well!

CALMER: What 'long hair'?

CLIFFORD: He thinks he's a statue! I got it from Stiff. And that purblind idiot thinks he's his brother!

CALMER (quietly) Mr. Clifford, what are we talking about?

CLIFFORD: Mr. Jack!

CALMER: Still?

CLIFFORD: Yes!

CALMER: Who thinks he's a statue?

CLIFFORD: Mr. Jack!

CALMER: Oh!

CLIFFORD: And Stiff thinks he's his brother.

CALMER: Whose, the statue's?

CLIFFORD: No, Mr. Jack, Mr. Jack! It's Mr. Jack all the time, behind it, spinning and weaving, the place hasn't been the same since he came! I'll give him 'naked'! He could be Stiff's brother---he could as far as that goes! Insinuating himself---! A different bed every night!

CALMER: What?

CLIFFORD (lowering his voice) Wherever a man's to be found, Mr. Calmer, believe it or not?

CALMER: No!

CLIFFORD: Yes!

CALMER: No wonder the wife disliked him so! It's instinctive, I suppose, they can smell a man who isn't quite right! It really makes me admire her, you know, admire her grit, to insist on a thing like this being followed right out and searched to the root! (Beaming) If only I'd known this a week ago when she looked herself in! I've always said, Mr. Clifford, she knows what to do, she has the right instinct, she knows when someone offends the canons of taste!

CLIFFORD: A statue, indeed! I suppose it's very nice if you're trying to appeal, if you see what I mean, to say you're a statue from a thousand years ago! You appeal even stronger if you say that once you were naked and wore long hair, though nowadays you observe the conventions, of course! Very nice, indeed!

CALMER: But isn't he, perhaps, a bit---soft?

CLIFFORD: Is it soft to turn the heads of an entire plant?

CALMER: Turn their heads? What do you mean?

- CLIFFORD: What I say! They shield him and treasure him, they give him a different bed every night, it's become an honour to have him at home! Even in the kitchen he's got a bed! But trust that Stiff to make a bad thing worse!
- CALMER: But how is it, Clifford---that I know nothing of all this?
- CLIFFORD: Because you're too busy upstairs, Mr. Calmer!
- CALMER: I beg pardon, Mr. Clifford?
- CLIFFORD: Because you're thinking of your wife all the time, trying to get her out of the bathroom and that sort of thing! To hell with your wife! She's never been anything but a blasted nuisance to this firm!
- CALMER: What, Mr. Clifford? How can you stand there and dare---? What?
- CLIFFORD: You can what me all you like but this firm's going down, Mr. Calmer, and you ought to know it! The accounts are up to scratch, the files are the finest in the land, the clerical staff click their heels when I come in the room---!
- CALMER (stopping him) Indeed? And what's the meaning of that martial law?
- CLIFFORD: What?
- CALMER: The rules in this plant are made by me, Mr. Clifford, and you'd better be aware that I may have a powerful wife with a mind of her own but the rules in this plant are made by me and I've followed your course as commander-in-chief of the clerical camp, and if it happens any more that they click their heels I shall have you out by the scruff of your neck and put you before the national union for nineteenth century ideas, so there!
- CLIFFORD: Mr. Calmer, Mr. Calmer (in dismay),--- nineteenth century ideas?
- CALMER: That's what I said and that's what I mean! Tit for tat!
- CLIFFORD: Now, listen, Mr. Calmer, it's obvious and clear we've been led apart by this man in our camp. We can't afford to quarrel, it seems to me, isn't that what he'd want most of all, Mr. Calmer?
- CALMER: You shouldn't have said what you said about my wife!

CLIFFORD: Accept my apology.

CALMER: Very well.

CLIFFORD: Shake!

CALMER: Not with a hand like that!

CLIFFORD (jocular) The scholar's hand, eh?

CALMER: To return, then, the statue---?

CLIFFORD: The statue? Apollo of Veii, believe it or not

CALMER: The what?

CLIFFORD: It's clear you were never a classical scholar!
The Apollo of Veii.

CALMER: Oh.

CLIFFORD: Foxed?

CALMER: Bewildered, rather.

CLIFFORD: A statue unearthed near Rome. In 1916, I think.

CALMER: And?

CLIFFORD: He says he's it!

CALMER: Good Lord! Well... I suppose that's clear enough.

CLIFFORD: The devil it is! And it'll be even clearer when I've put a few questions and tanned his behind! I'll give him 'Apollo'!

CALMER; It's funny, my wife---.

CLIFFORD: 'Wife' again!

CALMER: Mr. Clifford!

CLIFFORD: I'm sorry, Mr. Calmer!

CALMER: My wife said the very first evening that he had a 'classical' touch. Don't you think that shows a surprising instinct?

CLIFFORD (laughing) He had a classical touch with her jewellery, it seems!

CALMER: There's no need to banter, we've serious---!

CLIFFORD: (suddenly) Calmer!

CALMER: Yes?

CLIFFORD: Do you see what I see?

CALMER: Where?

CLIFFORD: There.

CALMER (peering) My eyes have been giving me trouble,
my wife was saying---

CLIFFORD: The devil take your wife!

CALMER: Mr. Clifford---

CLIFFORD: Look, man, look! What do you see?

CALMER: Good Lord... It's Mr. Jack.

CLIFFORD: And?

CALMER: Mrs...?

CLIFFORD: Mrs...?

CALMER: Patterson.

CLIFFORD (his voice lower) And Mrs. Patterson runs the...?

CALMER: Church Mission!

CLIFFORD: Insinuating! Insinuating! He's wound his
finger round every man and woman in this camp.
Look at that! How easily they walk together---

CALMER: Gullible! Gullible'. 'Oh, woman, thy name
is vanity'!

CLIFFORD: 'Oh, vanity, thy name is woman,' you mean.
Look at that! They're---

CALMER: I should have taken her advice---I need a
pair of glasses---

CLIFFORD: They're---! Holding hands: Calmer, look!

CALMER: Oh, Elsie!

CLIFFORD: Who?

CALMER: Elsie!

CLIFFORD: Who the devil's Elsie?

CALMER: My wife!

CLIFFORD. Oh, no, not again!

CALMER: She was alone with this man, Mr. Clifford!
Oh, Elsie, Elsie!

CLIFFORD: It gets thicker and thicker!

CALMER: They're coming this way!

CLIFFORD: That's right! Just come into my net, little fly, that's right, slowly does it, that's it, stroll along, what a nice little smile, oh, he is full of charm, isn't he, this nice little fly, this naked little fly, this fly with the long hair, come along, little fellow, that's it, into my net---a little nearer---now...

They wait.

Enter JACK and LUCY.

CLIFFORD and CALMER spring on JACK.

CLIFFORD: Got him!

CALMER: Got you!

JACK: What's up?

LUCY: Jack! Let go of him at once! Let go!
Let go! (striking at CLIFFORD and CALMER)

CALMER: Oh! Now, then, Mrs. Patterson!

CLIFFORD: Mrs. Patterson, please, ouch!

They separate from JACK.

LUCY: You bullies! Two on one!

CLIFFORD (out of breath) And what a one, if I may say so, Mrs. Patt!

LUCY: What a what?

CLIFFORD: I said, Mrs. Patterson, what a one!

CALMER: Mrs. Patterson, my dear Mrs. Patterson, you look so like a child, do you wonder we rush to your help, to see you here with a man who---?

CLIFFORD: He'll show you his colours soon enough! (He prowls round JACK) Ha!

JACK: What are you doing?

CLIFFORD: Ha! (Slapping his hands together) A bit of that!

JACK: What?

CLIFFORD: Ha! That! (Slap) That! And that again!
Eh, Mr. Jack?

JACK: Why?

CLIFFORD: Naked, eh?

JACK: Naked?

CLIFFORD: Ha! And long hair?

JACK: Hair?

CLIFFORD: On the roof? Cuckoo! I'm on the roof!
(Dancing round) I'm on the roof, every-
body, cuckoo, cuckoo, I'm on the roof!

JACK: Oh, I see now.

CALMER: There's a lot to explain, Mr. Jack. The
missing something.

LUCY (to JACK) They must have gone crackers!

JACK: The missing what?

CALMER: The missing something!. Silver or gold, eh?
Shall we say silver or gold?

JACK: What?

CALMER: The 'classical' touch? The 'delicate' touch?
Eh? Sleight--- (As if picking something
off a table secretively)---of hand? Eh?
Compris? No compris? Eh? Sleight---?
(Repeats the motion)---of hand? Eh? No?

LUCY: They're mad!

JACK: I think they are.

CLIFFORD: Mad? Oh, come, Mr. Jack, the men, the mén
alone---!

JACK: What men?

CLIFFORD: Nakedness, long hair, Jebb, Patterson, Easy---?

LUCY: Listen to him!

CLIFFORD: And now, as a main course after the hors
d'oeuvre, the women, perhaps? Ha!. (Prowling
round him again) Ha!

JACK: I thought you were a clerical sort, Mr. Clifford? What's come over you?

CLIFFORD: You, Mr. Jack, you've come over me---!

LUCY: Tell us what the matter is, Mr. Clifford.

CLIFFORD: Standing before you, naked underneath--- with long hair underneath---a statue underneath---on the roof, underneath, that's what stands before you!

LUCY: I think he's talking about your dreams.

JACK: They're memories!

LUCY: Oh, darling---!

CLIFFORD: 'Darling'? Mrs. Patterson! Do you know who you're with?

CALMER: She saw it, she saw what he was doing!

LUCY: Who?

CALMER: Elsie!

CLIFFORD: To hell with Elsie, let's get down to brass tacks!

CALMER: Mr. Clifford: Once more...

LUCY: They've both gone funny. Perhaps it's the sudden cold!

CLIFFORD (to CALMER) You hear what she said? Let's get to the business in hand!

CALMER: Very well. Now, Mr. Jack, I don't want to turn you over to the police. It's never been done on this plant before and I don't want it to start now. I'm giving you the chance to come clean, and if you produce the missing article we'll call it quits and you can get your card stamped and go away.

LUCY: What missing article?

CALMER: From my wife's dressing table, sir (to JACK) Now, then!

A pause.

JACK: It's at Mrs. Jebb's.

CALMER: There!

LUCY: Jack!

CALMER: Have you a word of apology for my wife?

CLIFFORD (to himself) His wife again!

JACK: She gave it to me.

CALMER: Gave it, sir? What was it, by the way?

JACK: A gold clasp.

CALMER: Oh, Elsie! (To JACK) Liar! You took it!

JACK: She gave it to me.

CALMER: Gave a man a gold clasp, sir?

JACK: Yes.

CLIFFORD: For what? To fasten your collar with? Ha!

JACK: More or less. To fasten my veil with.

A pause.

CALMER: Your what, Mr. Jack?

JACK: My veil.

CALMER: You wear---veils?

JACK: Yes.

CALMER: You wear a veil in the presence of my wife, sir?

JACK: Yes.

LUCY: Oh, Jack!

CALMER: A veil?

JACK: Yes.

CALMER: Over your face, a veil, like that---?
(Makes a motion over his face)

JACK: No, over my body. (To LUCY) I---er---use my overcoat---as---er---well, a kind of a veil...

CLIFFORD. Ha!

LUCY: Jack!

CALMER: Elsie! Your body, sir?

JACK: My body.

CLIFFORD: Was this body by any chance---excuse me, Mr. Calmer---clothed?

JACK: No.

CALMER: Elsie! Elsie!

CLIFFORD: Ha!

LUCY: But, Jack, how could you?

CALMER: You are telling me, sir, you were naked in the presence of my wife?

JACK: Yes.

CALMER: You are telling me that?

JACK: Yes.

CALMER: And why, sir, why?

JACK: Because she asked me.

CALMER: Elsie, no!

CLIFFORD: Thicker and thicker, you'll be lucky to get away with your life, Mr. Jack!

CALMER: You are telling me you were naked because she asked you?

JACK: Yes.

CALMER: Oh, no! Please, no! (Breaking down)
Elsie, Elsie! (To JACK) You're lying, aren't you?

JACK: No.

CALMER: Yes, you are! You are, Mr. Jack!

JACK (alarmed) All right! Yes, I am.

CLIFFORD: Blackguard!

CALMER: Thank God, thank God! (Kissing JACK'S hand)
Thank you as much! You have such delicate hands!

LUCY: It's just like a dream. It's always like a dream with you!

CLIFFORD: And the gold clasp, was that a lie?

JACK: No.

CALMER: It was, it was, Mr. Jack! Mr. Clifford, that was a lie, too, oh, yes! You'll hear him say it himself! Eh, Mr. Jack? It was a lie?

A pause.

JACK (after gazing at him compassionately) Yes.

CALMER: Thank God again, God brings me such gifts with such speed, He brings me safely into port each time, thank God, thank God! I'll promote you Mr. Jack, I'll---!

CLIFFORD: What the devil are you talking about? Don't say you've got a touch of it, too! But not so with me, Mr. Jack. Not so with me.. Oh, no'. (Approaching JACK slowly) We'll leave the weak to fall by the way. And I'll be the prosecution here and---.

Enter JEBB and PATTERSON.

JEBB: What was all the row?

LUCY: Patt!

CALMER: Mr. Jebb, there's been a misunderstanding---

JEBB (to JACK) You've woken up?

JACK: That's right. Your wife woke me up this afternoon.

CLIFFORD: Ha!.

JEBB (to CLIFFORD) He's been asleep for a week, believe it or not!

CLIFFORD (turning away) Believe it? I believe it all right! Ha!

JEBB: What's the matter with Mr. Clifford?

CALMER: It's because of my wife---

CLIFFORD: To the devil with your wife, sir---do I have to say it again?

CALMER: Mr. Clifford!

CLIFFORD: To the devil with your wife!

PATTERSON: I've never heard you speak like that before, Mr. Clifford!

LUCY: And he jumped on Jack. They both did!

JEBB: Jumped on him? What for?

CALMER: It's all a misunderstanding---

CLIFFORD: That's just what it isn't! He hasn't clocked in for nearly a week, you say he's been asleep---what the devil's happening here? And the boss of it all says a 'misunderstanding'---well!

CALMER (to JEBB and PATTERSON) My wife's in the bathroom, you see!

JEBB: In the bathroom, sir?

CALMER: That's right!

JACK: On account of me.

CALMER: She says he took a possession of hers, and he's told me just now it's all a mistake, he's got it at your house, he took it by error, it happened to be there and when he was changing his gloves, you see, my wife had this job for him, you remember, to serve in white gloves and shake the cocktails---well, he took it thinking it was his. That's the truth, isn't it, Mr. Jack?

JACK (after a pause) Yes.

CLIFFORD: Is that the truth, Mr. Jack?

LUCY: Is it, Jack?

JACK (after another pause) No.

JEBB and PATTERSON stare at him.

CLIFFORD: You see what kind of a man we have! Mr. Jebb, Mr. Patterson, I believe you've been his hosts---you see what kind of a man we have!

JEBB: What happened, Jack?

JACK: She gave me this clasp. It's made of gold.

JEBB: What for?

JACK: To---

LUCY: No, Jack!

JACK: To fasten my veil.

CLIFFORD: Ha! Veils, roofs, nakedness! Ha!

JEBB: Oh, Jack, you haven't started all that so soon, have you, mate? I thought the sleep'd do you good. I said to the wife, it's like the hypnotism they put them through, to clear their minds, they put them to sleep for a month or more... (To CALMER) It isn't his fault, Mr. Calmer, you said it yourself, it's the effect of Powers's, it leaves 'em strange, isn't that what you always said?

CALMER: I did! I did! But our friend Mr. Clifford here doesn't want to understand, he insists--- on taking Mr. Jack's remarks as the truth!

JEBB: Tell them they're just nasty dreams, Jack--- go on!

CLIFFORD: Then Elsie's a liar as well, Mr. Calmer?

CALMER (going for him) Don't you take that name in vain, sir---

They prevent him reaching
CLIFFORD.

CLIFFORD: The truth hurts, gentlemen, the truth hurts! I ask again, is what Elsie says just dreams as well, that he took the clasp? Something's a dream, we'll agree, but what's it to be--- Mr. Jack or---Elsie?

CALMER: Swine!

They prevent him again.

JACK: What I said was true. She gave me the clasp.

CLIFFORD: To fasten your veil?

JACK: Yes.

CLIFFORD: Did she give you grips for your hair, sir, and powder for your nose, and a nice pair of corsets? You need some of this, Mr. Jack (Slapping himself), this, Mr. Jack, (slap), this (slap), and this again (slap, slap).

PATTERSON (to JEBB) What's he talking about?

CLIFFORD: Long hair, Mr. Patterson, long hair and roofs and nakedness, that's what I'm talking about!

PATTERSON: Eh?

CALMER: If somebody doesn't get my wife out soon, I'm afraid what she might do! You've no idea what she's like, Mr. Jebb, when her whims aren't suited!

JEBB: What's she doing in the bathroom?

CALMER: That's where she goes when she can't get her way!

JACK (to JEBB) I'd just done a dance, you see, it came back to me after all those years, I lifted my feet and drifted along--- (he begins to dance).

CLIFFORD: Stop him! Stop him! He'll be taking off his clothes next! (Hiding his face) Stop him, for God's sake, somebody!

LUCY: What's the matter with a dance, Mr. Clifford?

CLIFFORD (hidden) Can't you see, Mrs. Patt, can't you see what he is underneath?

LUCY: It's just a dance! Like a bride---!

PATTERSON: What do you mean?

LUCY: Like a bride when the wedding's over and he's all alone. And she's happy!

CLIFFORD (his face still hidden) She!

JEBB: Jack, stop dancing, mate. Come on!

JACK: And then she started dancing, too.

JEBB: Who?

JACK: Elsie.

CALMER: No!

JEBB: Jack! You'll get yourself into trouble, mate, he is the boss after all, I know it's easy over here, but you've got to go by the rules, you know!

CLIFFORD (still hidden) Somebody tell me when he stops! For God's sake stop, Mr. Jack!

JACK: It get faster and faster! (Going faster and faster)

JEBB: Jack! Not like on those pots?

JACK: Yes, that's right!

JEBB: Blimey! Stop, Jack, stop! With Mrs. Calmer, too! Oh, Jack, you've bitten off more than you can chew this time, boy!

PATTERSON: Look out, he's taking off his clothes!

CLIFFORD (hidden) No!

LUCY: Let him, darling---!

PATTERSON: What?

JEBB (stopping JACK) It's all right, Jack, easy does it, easy...

JACK (bewildered) I was just getting excited, too!
Lucy, come and dance! (He suddenly sweeps her away with him)

LUCY: Yes!

PATTERSON (to CALMER) He called my wife Lucy!

CALVER: He called mine Elsie!

JEBB (taking hold of JACK again) That was a thousand years ago, Jack, you can't do it now!

LUCY (to JACK) Your hands feel hot, I thought the sun was coming out again---! You looked so brown!

CLIFFORD (hidden) Has he finished yet?

JEBB: I think he's all right now, Mr. Clifford.

CLIFFORD (showing his face again) Ah! I'm glad to see he's still in his clothes at least!

JACK: It's being asleep for a week. It brought all my memories back in one piece---

PATTERSON (sadly) You called my wife Lucy.

CLIFFORD: Of course, he did! He's on familiar terms with everyone, it seems! Every man---and every man's wife! And whose fault is that? Is it his, Mr. Patterson, or yours? I ask you that! As a one-time scholar and lawyer, sir, I ask you that!

PATTERSON. Eh?

CLIFFORD: Who housed him and fed him every night of the week, who passed him on like a treasure from house to house? Did you and Mr. Jebb and Mr. Easy, and every other man on the plant, and now you stand there and say, he called my wife Lucy! And you, Mr. Jebb, you're always telling him 'don't,' what do you want to save him from?

JEBB: He's my friend.

CLIFFORD: In what sense a friend, Mr. Jebb?

JEBB: Just a friend.

CLIFFORD: Not more?

JEBB: Eh?

CLIFFORD: Have you tendencies, Mr. Jebb, and you Mr. Patt? Ha! Ha!

LUCY (to JEBB and PATTERSON) He went like that before!

CLIFFORD: I'm here to investigate, Mrs. Patt, I'm here to expose. We have here a man who parades himself in his negligé, and stands on a roof, believe it or not, and says he's---says he's---believe it or not---Apollo of Veii! Yes? (to JACK)

JEBB: Tell him no, Jack.

JACK (to CLIFFORD) Yes.

CALMER: That's what my wife said, too, she said, 'Bring Apollo up to me or I'll stay in the bathroom till I die!'

CLIFFORD: Ha! 'Bring Apollo up to me!' says Elsie Calmer! And you, Mr. Jack, are Apollo, are you?

JEBB: Say no!

JACK: Yes.

CLIFFORD: A statue found in 1916?

JACK: Yes.

CLIFFORD (to the others) He's a statue found in 1916, believe it or not!

PATTERSON: But Jack's always talked like that!

CALMER: But why a statue, Mr. Jack?

JACK (to CALMER) It's difficult to explain, sir, it's a kind of memory...

CLIFFORD: And I suppose you don't mind, Mr. Jack, if I examine this memory a little?

JACK: No.

CLIFFORD: I'm a bit of a classical scholar, as you know, so may I ask a few simple questions?

JACK: Yes.

JEBB (in a whisper) Don't answer them, Jack!

LUCY: He'll wind you round his finger, Mr. Clifford always does!

CLIFFORD: Question No. 1. You wore a veil---when you were a statue?

JACK: Yes.

CLIFFORD: You wore a veil, Mr. Jack?

JACK: Yes.

CLIFFORD: Not a mantle?

JACK: What's that?

CLIFFORD (to the others) He doesn't know what a 'mantle' is. (To JACK) A cloak. A coat, in your language.

JACK: Oh.

CLIFFORD: You wore a mantle, I believe. (Mockingly) A thousand years ago.

JACK (a little desparately) It was a veil!

LUCY: Tell him about the weddings, Jack!

JACK: I can't! I just---can't!

JEBB (to JACK) I told you not to answer!

CLIFFORD: Question No. 2. Remember, please, Mr. Jack, I address you all the time as a statue. How long was your mantle?

JACK: We had veils---.

CLIFFORD: Mr. Jack, you had veils for your wedding ceremonies, sometimes it was lifted over the heads of the bride and bridegroom---.

LUCY: That's what he remembers---the wonderful marriages---!

CLIFFORD: But over their heads, Mr. Jack. For moment. Or else for a dance. But I talk of the statue, Mr. Jack.

JACK: Oh.

LUCY: Don't you remember, Jack?

JACK: I feel confused...

CLIFFORD. Who wouldn't? May I return to Question No. 2? How far did it reach down your legs? The mantle?

JACK: Down to the ground.

CLIFFORD: To the knees, Mr. Jack, to the knees, I'm afraid. (To the others) You see how much he knows? Question No. 3. Are your feet bare?

JACK: Yes.

CLIFFORD. Correct! Question No. 4. Are they broken?

JACK: I don't understand.

CALMER: Broken? How strange---!

CLIFFORD: You're a statue, aren' you?

JACK: Yes.

CLIFFORD: And you exist? In Rome, I believe? Well, are your feet broken?

JACK: Oh, yes, they got broken in 1916, they were found broken!

CLIFFORD: Describe the breaks!

JACK: Eh?

CLIFFORD: Left foot, right foot, how are they broken?

JACK: The left foot was broken in half.

CLIFFORD: The left foot is intact, perfectly intact, except for the big toe! The right foot?

JACK: Also intact.

CLIFFORD The right foot is broken clean in half, there's only the heel and a bit of the instep left! So much for your knowledge of your feet, Mr. Jack! Question No---
(He hesitates)

PATTERSON: Seven.

CLIFFORD: Thank you, Mr. Patterson---I believe you're beginning to understand what sort of man--- I say man---I don't know how far he really is a man---what sort of individual we have here. (To JACK) This isn't the question but---(confidentially) ever heard of Hermaphrodite?

JACK: Yes.

CLIFFORD: Who was she?

JACK: Half man, half woman.

CLIFFORD: Ha! Ha! Listen to it, my friends. Thank you, thank you, Mr. Jack! Ha! Ha!

JACK: That's true, isn't it?

CLIFFORD: Oh, it's true, it's true! Ha! (Abruptly) Question No. 8.

PATTERSON: Seven. You didn't ask that one yet.

CLIFFORD: Thank you, Mr. Patt! Question No. 7--- your elbow, sir?

JACK: What?

CLIFFORD: Elbow, Mr. Jack, elbow? This (pointing to his own elbow). Said to be, with another area of the body, Mr. Jack, perpetually cold! Ha! Ha!

LUCY: What's he talking about?

CLIFFORD: The state of Mr. Jack's elbow, Mrs. Patt! (To JACK) Is it in one piece?

JACK: Which one?

CLIFFORD: The left, say?

JACK: Yes, it is...

CLIFFORD: Wrong. The entire left arm is missing. The elbow of the right arm is still there. Wrong Mr. Jack, wrong and wrong agin! Question No---? (raising his eyebrows to PATTERSON)

PATTERSON: Eight, sir.

CLIFFORD: Eight, sir! Very well, sir! How many plats in your hair?

CALMER: Plats? My wife has plats!

CLIFFORD: But, Mr. Calmer, now really, you must begin to understand we aren't always discussing your wife! Not always! We're talking about a man---yes, a man, with plats!

JACK: I had a good many. I can't remember exactly. They hung down to my shoulder---

CLIFFORD: Indeed, yes, what a lovely effect!

JACK: Say, twelve or so.

CLIFFORD: Nine! Nine, Mr. Jack! Not twelve!

JEBB(dejectedly) Isn't any of it true, then, Jack?

JACK: Yes, it's true, but---I'm confused---I'm---

LUCY: Oh, Jack!

CLIFFORD: Question---?

PATTERSON: No. 9.

CLIFFORD: No. 9. Are your ears covered with hair--- I mean, do the plats come over your ears?

JACK: No.

CLIFFORD: Correct!

JACK (to JEBB and LUCY) I always had my ears free. I had a sort of little lace thing that went over my head and behind my ears...

JEBB: Oh, yes?

CLIFFORD: Question No---?

PATTERSON: 10.

CLIFFORD: Is there a hole in your back?

CALMER: A hole? What an extraordinary question! If I tell all this to Elsie she'll never believe it! She'll say, you're dreaming Calmer!

PATTERSON: That's right. It's like a dream. That's what I said to Jebb when Jack came over dressed in a veil, with nothing on his feet---

CALMER: What?

PATTERSON: You saw him yourself, sir! You took him upstairs to the San. for a change of clothes! You said they always came from Powers's like that! In a veil...

CALMER: Oh, they do, Mr. Patterson, they always do!

CLIFFORD (giving CALMER an irritated look) We wait.

JACK (after a pause) No. No hole.

CLIFFORD: Wrong! 'Yes' is the answer, Mr. Jack. You've got a hole the size of my fist in your back, just underneath your neck!

CALMER: I do believe he hasn't Mr. Clifford.

CLIFFORD: We're talking of a statue, Mr. Calmer, a statue!

CALMER: Oh!

CLIFFORD: And now, Mr. Jack, let me ask you perhaps the most embarrassing question of all.

JACK: No, don't... Please...

CLIFFORD: But, Mr. Jack! You were so triumphant before! What's this sudden meekness? Eh?

LUCY: He's feeling weak, Mr. Clifford.

CLIFFORD: He'll be feeling weaker still when I've asked him this question. The roof, Mr. Jack. You were on the roof?

JACK: Yes. Don't destroy that as well!

CLIFFORD: Were you on the roof---

JACK: Please!

CLIFFORD: Alone?

JACK: What?

CLIFFORD: Were you on the roof alone?

JACK: Yes. Of course.

CLIFFORD: I'm afraid you weren't, Mr. Jack.

JACK: Why not?

CLIFFORD: You were in a group. With Hercules---

JACK: Hercules! I thought---! (Trying to
recollect) Didn't I say? Jebb---Lucy---?
'Ercle,' 'Ercle'...?

PATTERSON: He called her Lucy again! Lucy!

JACK: Didn't I say 'Hercules' once? I half-
remembered, perhaps!

CLIFFORD: You must have stood there quite a time, Mr.
Jack, enough to more than half-remember!

JACK: But my memories got broken, like my feet...

CLIFFORD: Apparently, they did! And now we've broken
your little romance, what's to be done?

JACK: I don't know!

CLIFFORD: You've certainly had them all on a string---
including my amanuensis, too.

JACK: Your what?

CLIFFORD: It's a language after your time, Mr. Jack!
Latin. Meaning my right hand, my Stiff.
I haven't had a decent meal for a month or
more, my beds aren't made---

JACK: He said you beat him.

CLIFFORD (with a glance at CALMER) Did he, indeed?

JACK: He said you got into his bed at night.

CLIFFORD: That's enough! Enough! (Desparately)
Calmer, I want you to shut your ears, this
mustn't get to Elsie!

CALMER: You call her 'Elsie'!

JACK (to CLIFFORD) He said you---

CLIFFORD: That's enough! Enough!

JACK: ...naked.

CLIFFORD: No!

JACK: I'm only repeating what he said. Come and
dance with me!

CLIFFORD (giggling) Now, Mr. Jack! Really--- (as JACK
begins to dance with him)---what a splendid---
oh, Mr. Jack!

Enter STIFF.

STIFF: Did somebody call? (Staring at the dancing men) Bro! You mustn't do that!

He strides across and---

JEBB: Look out!

LUCY: Jack!

---throws JACK to the ground.

CLIFFORD: You jealous fool! Can't I even look at someone else?

STIFF: Not my Bro, Cliff, not my Bro! (Bending down) Bro, I thought I heard you call me, in the kitchen, you were in trouble, Bro...

The others try to raise JACK.
LUCY kisses him.

PATTERSON: Lucy!

CALMER: You're very violent, Stiff. I've said it before.

CLIFFORD: This may be murder, you fool---! I should have had you locked up!

JEBB: Are you all right, Jack?

JACK (faintly) I think so, yes.

LUCY: His hands are cold.

STIFF: So they were before. Your hands were cold before, Bro. And you made a terrible cry in the night and gave up the ghost, and a storm broke the walls of the temple...

LUCY: Colder and colder.

JEBB: Get him on his feet. I know I did wrong, Jack, it started with me, I did wrong, Jack---! Jack, Jack!

PATTERSON: Look at his arms!

CLIFFORD (to STIFF) Get up, you bully, you see what you've done!

LUCY (to CLIFFORD) And you, what about you?

CLIFFORD: Me?

PATTERSON: His hands and feet!

As they raise him his arms go out sideways and his head falls limp, in peculiar imitation of the crucifixion.

JEBB: Look what he's doing! Are you all right, Jack?

JACK (indistinctly) I think so...

CLIFFORD: Stop him, stop him, look what he's doing!

PATTERSON: His hands and his feet!

LUCY: I was a bride! Oh, Jack, oh, Jack!

JACK (faintly) I'm completely all right. (His arms still held out sideways)

CLIFFORD (shouting at JACK) You can't be two people! Mr. Jack, Mr. Jack, please stop! Stop him somebody, stop him!

CALMER: Calmly, Mr. Clifford, he's only fainted. It's the life at Powers. It's the life (in JACK'S ear) at POWERS, isn't it, Mr. Jack?

JACK (nodding dimly) Yes, that's right.

STIFF: My Bro died like that once before. He made a cry at night and a storm broke the temple walls, and his hands were cold...

JACK suddenly falls down.

LUCY: Oh, bridegroom, Jack!

CALMER: He's only fallen in a faint, there's no need to panic.

JEBB: Speak to me, Jack, I didn't do wrong, did I wrong you, Jack? Did I do wrong, tell me that first!

JACK: (opening his eyes dimly) No.

LUCY: And I'm your bride?

JACK (the same) Yes.

PATTERSON: He said I understood everything once...

JACK nods to him as well, then falls back.

JEBB: He's got red on his hands!

CALMER: That's the computer-ribbon I had sent down last week.

JEBB: Is it blood?

CALMER (desperately) Computer-ribbon, Mr. Jebb, computer-ribbon!

STIFF: My Bro. always dies like that. Just before he goes away.

CLIFFORD: That was such a lovely dance we had...

CALMER: Let's get him up to the San---'.

STIFF. Tomorrow he'll move on to another place, you see.

JEBB (to STIFF) Another plant?

STIFF: That's right.

LUCY: He feels all brown, and there's a smile---

JEBB: The smile! (JACK smiles) Jack, no! Oh---Jack!

STIFF: My Bro. always smiles like that before he dies.

CALMER: Let's take him up to the Ssn, it's nothing that Doc. can't mend, you'll see! He's smiling---look---he's mending fast! I'll go and tell Elsie! He's coming at last!

STIFF: Lift him on your shoulders.

JEBB: Smile at me, Jack.

JACK continues to smile with his eyes closed.

CLIFFORD: That's the smile---the same smile---! The Apollo---the Ap---

LUCY: You see? You were wrong! I said you were wrong!

CLIFFORD: He's---

STIFF: My brother, didn't I tell you?

They raise him up.

JEBB: Easy does it!

STIFF: He's always been a dead weight when he dies, my Bro.

CALMER: He's only fainted. Carefully, boys! Take him up to the bathroom. Elsie, Elsie! How happily things always end! (Going behind the others, who carry JACK) What a happy little plant!

Exeunt, leaving LUCY alone.

LUCY: I'll always remember that summer. I must get the washing in and get Mrs. Jebb her morning cup! It's my turn today.

She runs off.

C U R T A I N .