

ELAINE

P. 1.43

She is no nationality.

She purrs

The delightful little Russian song

CHIASTOUSCHKA

It which she does - ^{few soft} ~~the~~
Russian ~~dance~~ steps.

ELAINE

**A Play
in Eleven Scenes
by
Maurice Rowdon**

CHARACTERS

HAROLD JAMESON, ~~called 'The Captain'~~

ELAINE, his wife.

MARTHA, their first daughter.

ROSE, their second daughter.

DICK, their son.

BOB SHAW, a nephew.

AUDRY POWERS, a neighbour.

* * * * *

SCENE

The back room of the Jameson cottage. There is a stove on the actor's right; three doors cluster together on the actor's left, one facing us into the garden, another to the staircase and another to BOB's room.

* * * * *

~~The set is arranged in an open plan form. There are two circular platforms down stage, on each side.~~

At the opening of the play there is the thunder of horses' hoofs over the speakers. It dies.

ACT ONE

Only Bob's room is occupied. Bob is lying in his bed.

1.

She is of Polish & Russian origin - it has always been difficult for her family to establish which.

Late afternoon. ELAINE, ROSE and AUDRY are in the ~~parlour~~ middle of a conversation, in the main area.

ELAINE is an attractive woman in her mid-forties. She has quick, imaginative, slightly wilful eyes.

ROSE, her daughter, has ~~little of her~~ a certain ~~prettiness~~ she has a dignity --- erect and mute. ~~which could attract a man one day~~

AUDRY, ^a the neighbour, is a loud-sexed woman in her thirties: rather ruined; ~~sadly, passively amorous~~, pity is her saving grace.

(to ELAINE, with a shrug)

ROSE She's your daughter, not mine!

AUDRY: ~~What does it matter anyway?~~ (A little bit of sex? What does it matter?) When I was that age ---!

ROSE: And look at you now! Divorced and living on alimony!

ELAINE: Don't you mind her, Audry. It's about time she had a boyfriend, then she wouldn't be so jealous of other people's.

ROSE: 'Jealous'!

AUDRY (to ROSE) You've got a crush on Bob haven't you? It's the first thing I noticed.

ROSE: Well if that's all you saw you didn't see much --- you were too busy with Dick!

ELAINE: (to AUDRY) There, you see? It's always on her mind. Just like her father --- on the look-out from morning to night.

ROSE: There's plenty to see in this house, that's why.

ELAINE: You won't believe it, Audry, but he used to set people to watch me before we were married. He used to call in at all hours of the day to make sure I was home --- push past the servant in the hall, walk straight up ~~stairs~~ ~~to my room~~ --- God knows what he was afraid of!

You had no servants! Even your mother didn't!

1.2

ROSE: I wonder what he was afraid of. 'Servant in the hall'!

ELAINE: He used to frighten me.

AUDRY: I think he is frightening!

ELAINE: I was ~~eighteen~~ ^{sixteen} then. *(ROSE is about to exclaim with astonishment)* ~~I had no idea what marriage was. I didn't understand for years why he suddenly dashed upstairs into my room like that, straight from the street. Those days were very unjust, you know. A woman wasn't allowed a thought or wish of her own.~~

AUDRY: I married for love. And that wasn't any better.

ELAINE: Yes but you knew the man --- you'd at least been alone with him. ~~I was in love too --- but with a uniform.~~ I fell in love with the cavalry officer, not the man. *(signature)*

AUDRY: Why didn't you leave him then? Seeing you had the *money,* ~~means,~~ I mean.

ROSE: Daddy's all right. And he never was a cavalry officer. He can't even ride a horse. And you were so free when you were young --- *you were ---!*

~~(The garden door opens and MARTHA enters. She is older than ROSE but less mature. She ~~has~~ inherited her mother's prettiness, with more freshness and light in her face, not due only to her being younger. But ELAINE's distinction of manner is missing)~~

MARTHA: (to ROSE) When did you get back then?

ROSE: I had the afternoon off.

ELAINE: Tired ~~darling?~~ *Martka?*

MARTHA: Mm!

ELAINE: What a yawn! Now slip upstairs and change and we'll have some tea.

MARTHA: (to ROSE as she passes) Are you getting off for the show?

ROSE: Me? It's no use even asking at my place. Why, are you?

to her room. She takes off her coat, hangs it. She sits on the bed, yawns, begins undressing.

1.3

MARTHA: Not this year. Short on staff, the same old grouse. But I notice the under-manager goes.

(She leaves by the staircase, she goes)

ELAINE: ~~You'll have a cup of tea with us, Audry?~~ *Will you have some more wine, Audry?*

AUDRY: ~~I'll keep to the wine if you don't mind.~~ It's lovely, it really is!

ROSE: Well it's intoxicating.

ELAINE: ~~I make it every year, though~~ the grooms seem to get most of it!

ROSE: 'Grooms!' ~~They're~~ *Elaine: Oh well - (to Audry + a laugh) I tend to think of them as stable-boys. You talk as if they're royal!* ~~The door of BOB's room opens and (BOB appears. Women find his apparent openness and fun irresistible)~~

ELAINE: I thought you were out, darling!

BOB: Was that Marty just came in?

ROSE: She's gone upstairs.

BOB: (giving AUDRY a sudden kiss) ~~from behind~~ ~~darling.~~ Hulloo!

AUDRY: ~~Bob!~~ (she pushes him away) (with a laugh, ~~shattered~~) Is that boy ever serious? (as BOB goes upstairs)

ELAINE: Oh more than you think, Audry. (to ROSE) Is your father in the garden?

AUDRY: He was at the ~~bump~~ ^{filling station.} when I saw him.

ELAINE: Go and fetch him, Rose. (but ROSE doesn't move)

AUDRY (to Elaine) What's the matter?

(ELAINE points upstairs) *you father* to BOB and MARTHA) ELAINE: Darling, he ~~ll~~ want his tea.

ROSE: You encourage them.

AUDRY: (as ROSE gets up to go) Go on, you are in love with him!

who are now together in the room. He begins tickling her.

ROSE: I love my family better.

(She leaves)

AUDRY: She's a funny girl.

ELAINE: I'm glad you moved ~~here~~, Audry. It's nice having someone.

AUDRY: Well I've got a lot to forget.

ELAINE: You're free. Isn't that wonderful when you might have been tied down to a family? I've been here ~~nearly~~ twenty years. Martha's going to be twenty-three in November. We moved in here when she was four. I've never left this house for more than a week at a time, and then always with the children. Two meals a day --- a family of five or six. --- ~~no wonder the~~ maids always leave.

~~AUDRY:~~ ~~"Maids?"~~

ELAINE: Oh I don't mind being alone. But I'd like to go out sometimes. I'd like to put on a dress that didn't get stained every five minutes. Why is it, Audry? Suddenly a death comes over our lives. (AUDRY just stares at her) We haven't shared the same bed since Dick was born.

AUDRY: (suddenly intrigued) You haven't? (she waits for more but ELAINE is quiet) The way he stood there with his mouth open when I walked in the front gate with the housing agent! Like eating me --- looking me up and down!

ELAINE: He always does that..

AUDRY: And his hands --- they always want to touch!

ELAINE: He was very handsome once, you know, a tall, fine-looking man, especially in his uniform. I loved him, but like a daughter. The moment he touched me in bed I felt a shudder go all over me.

AUDRY: Ucch'.

ELAINE: If it hadn't been for Martha I might have left him by now. She was like a little woman from the day she was born, so submissive and gentle, as if she knew what I was feeling all the time. Listen, Audry, why don't we go out one evening, just you and me? There's a bus back at 10.42.

AUDRY: What about the Captain?

ELAINE: We'll go the night before the show, when he's over at the stables. He won't even know.

AUDRY: It's a shame to keep you indoors like this!

ELAINE: You tell him then. He'll take notice of you. Let me show you something, Audry. (goes ~~to the hall~~ under the staircase)

She has pinned a large brooch on the left hem, at the bottom corner.

(She returns wearing an autumn coat of a deep scarlet which gives her a striking and rather dramatic appearance: it looks just this side of the outrageous. ~~She turns like a mannequin for AUDRY to see her.~~)

AUDRY: Elaine --- what a nice --- (gazing with surprise at the brooch)

~~(The garden door opens and HAROLD JAMESON of the 'Captain' enters with ROSE behind him. HAROLD is nearly sixty, straight-backed, robust, his rather powerful features belied by something flabby, in his character. He stands by the door peering at his wife, intrigued and suspicious. He gives AUDRY a quick, sexually appraising look too)~~

HAROLD: What the hell's that? *Another coat! Not another one!*

ELAINE: *(for the)* It's a ~~spring~~ coat.

~~ROSE: Shall I pour?~~
~~ELAINE: Yes please, darling.~~

HAROLD: Seen it before, Rose?

ROSE: What?

HAROLD: This coat of your mother's?

ROSE: No.

HAROLD: When did you get it?

ELAINE: Last summer. I only brought it out today.

~~HAROLD: (to AUDRY) What do you think of it?~~

~~AUDRY: I think it's lovely.~~

~~(He turns away, suddenly tired of the subject. ROSE puts a cup of tea in front of him. (ELAINE returns her stays in her coat) to the hall. He sugars and stirs his tea vigorously, seeming unaware of the others. Then as abruptly he comes to life again.)~~

HAROLD: Martha back yet?

ROSE: She's upstairs.

HAROLD: ~~(as ELAINE comes back)~~ Was ^{this one} that coat expensive?

ELAINE: Not very.

AUDRY: (taking the plunge) She'll be wearing it soon --- I'm taking her out one evening.

HAROLD: (to his wife, peering) Is that right?

ELAINE: (a little afraid of AUDRY's directness --- she finds it isn't her way of doing things) We'll have dinner somewhere and catch the 10, 42 back.

HAROLD: Dinner? Where?

ELAINE: At the ~~Metropole~~ ^{Neapolitan}. It's such a time ---

~~ROSE: Pass me the sugar, Audry.~~

HAROLD: You're always out.

ELAINE: (mildly) Always ...

HAROLD: And who cooks for us?

→
ROSE (in an outburst) But why a brooch here? It's
ridiculous!

Blaine (quietly) It's lovely, you mean. It's me!

ELAINE: Oh Martha's going to be here, don't worry.

ROSE ^(to HAROLD) What horse did Dick take?

HAROLD: The chestnut. Got a bit of a whistle, I thought. Wonderful stayer though. Never have to push him along. Bob in his room?

ROSE: (at once) No. He's upstairs with Martha.

HAROLD: (to ELAINE) What's he upstairs for?

ELAINE: Oh don't be silly, Harold.

HAROLD: How long have they been up there?

AUDRY: (laughing) A couple of hours!

(His face falls and he glances at his watch) ~~Then he realises that she is pulling his leg and gives her a contemptuous look so you're game for a joke are you?~~

HAROLD: (to ROSE) Call your sister, down.

(She goes to the staircase and calls 'Martha! Tea's ready!')

ELAINE: What are you afraid of, Harold?

HAROLD: She's better down here, that's all. (to ROSE --- he is now in a general state of suspicious alarm) Was she on the 5.13?

ROSE: Of course she was.

HAROLD: Did you catch it together?

ROSE: I had the afternoon off.

ELAINE: Really, Harold, you saw her come in for lunch!

(He ~~pushes his cup towards ROSE for more tea, then~~ broods in silence.)

MARTHA appears, followed by BOB)

BOB: (sitting provocatively ^{close to} ~~on the arm of~~ AUDRY) ~~chair~~
~~Any tea?~~ Hello.

AUDRY: ~~That's yours.~~ Hello.

(to MARTHA)
HAROLD: Do you have to spend all evening upstairs?

MARTHA: All evening?

BOB: (with a laugh) He thinks we've been making love!
(putting his arm round AUDRY) Not a hope of that!
~~She put me next door while she changed, I had to~~
~~talk through the wall.~~

ELAINE: (quietly) Well, then, she knows how to behave.

HAROLD: (to AUDRY) Do you need any help over there?

ELAINE: (laughing) Where?

HAROLD: Over at the house. She's moving in, isn't she?

ELAINE: (to AUDRY) Oh, I thought he wanted to sit on the
other ~~side~~ side!

HAROLD: No, I mean if there's any way I can help. What about
the morning?

BOB: Here we go.

HAROLD: That's a fair rent, you know, I worked it out
strictly on the basis of costs, land tax, rates and
so forth. It's not a penny more than it should be.
You wouldn't find another place with four rooms,
kitchen and bathroom, standing in its own garden,
apple trees and a nice lawn, for that price.

ELAINE: All right, Harold.

HAROLD: It's a fact. I'm just talking facts.

ROSE: The facts are you aren't the landlord.

HAROLD: (to MARTHA) Have you seen your mother's new coat?

ELAINE: I bought it in the summer. I was showing it to Audry.

HAROLD: She's giving it a ^{gallop} ~~trial~~ next week --- with Audry.

MARTHA: (as if the floor had fallen through) What do you mean?

ELAINE: We're having an evening out. (to AUDRY) They're so enthusiastic, aren't they?

HAROLD: (to MARTHA) You'll have five mouths to feed that night, if Dick turns up.

BOB: What, is she cooking?

MARTHA: It's all arranged, is it?

ELAINE: What do you mean, all arranged? We don't even know ourselves when we're going..

MARTHA: Don't you think I've got enough to do at the office, without looking after your family for you? I brought up your son for you; what else do you want!

ELAINE: You brought up my son for me, did you? and who do you think's been doing the shopping for thirty years, and cooking your meals, and making your beds? Just because you took him on your knee for a minute every day!

HAROLD: (to ELAINE) You needn't take her up. She's tired, you can see that.

ELAINE: No, it's because I'm having an evening out! But it doesn't matter. We'll forget about it, Audry.

ROSE: More wine, Audry?

AUDRY: No thanks.

ROSE: More tea, dad?

HAROLD: (his eyes still on ELAINE) Not for me.

(BOB gets up and stretches)

ELAINE: Did you have a nice sleep, darling?

BOB: Yes thanks.

ROSE: That's right. He's tired from doing nothing all day.

ELAINE: Oh that won't last long, don't you worry, my girl. He's got a career in front of him.

ROSE: It's been in front of him for nearly twelve months now.

BOB: And what's it got to do with you?

ROSE: This --- I go out at seven in the morning like Marty does to keep this house on its feet!

HAROLD: (finding this distasteful) Rose!

ROSE: Well how do you think we live? On threepence a gallon commission on petrol --- and about twenty gallons a day?

BOB: Oh well we can't all be like you, good as well as beautiful.

Elaine:
ROSE: (as he strolls over to the record player) Now don't touch that machine! *It's mine!*

HAROLD:
ELAINE: Why not, *Rose? Elaine?*

Elaine
BOB: ^{*SHE*} (~~He~~ puts on a disc. It blares out) *a sad Russian*
^{*Bob time*}
(to ~~ELAINE~~) Let's have a dance! To hell with them!

(Though he is burlesquing she takes him seriously, to his surprise, and begins dancing. HAROLD watches her with awe, a little smile on his lips, his eyes narrowed. MARTHA seems crushed. Only ROSE is disengaged: she watches the couple with a remote, appraising eye, as if trying to divine something in ELAINE.)

The music stops. We see what ELAINE would look like if she lived a bigger life)

ELAINE: I don't think I've danced for years!

AUDRY: (to BOB) What about your girlfriend?

BOB: Yes, Mart, come on!

MARTHA: No it's all right.

ELAINE: (to AUDRY) A woman should dance every day, she really should!

(BOB takes MARTHA's hand but she won't move)

BOB: (to ELAINE) You tell her.

ELAINE: Yes, go on, darling.

(He succeeds in getting MARTHA to her feet. Determined to shake her out of her mood he grabs her and begins whirling her round. At first she smiles against her will, then she tries to break free and can't, and gets furious. He heaves her off her feet and whirls her round. She begins slapping at him until he lets her down. Something splits. She switches the record player off angrily)

MARTHA: You've ruined my skirt! Look!

(Seeing him unconcerned, she goes up to him, white with anger, and smacks him round the face. He stares at her for a moment, then marches off to his room and ~~slams the door~~ *throws himself on his bed*)

ELAINE: Martha, really.

HAROLD: There's no need for that, Martha.

MARTHA: Oh yes there is. And now he can sulk all he wants to.

AUDRY: (inspecting MARTHA's skirt) Oh you can't see a thing.

ELAINE: After all, Martha, it was only in fun. Now go and make it up, darling.

(MARTHA shakes her head like a child but ELAINE brings her round, fondling her)

Go on, my baby. Be nice to him.

MARTHA: What did he have to ---?

ELAINE: It doesn't matter now.

(MARTHA goes over to BOB's room and enters)

HAROLD: (to ELAINE) You encourage them, don't you?

ELAINE: What, to be nice to each other?

HAROLD: You start it, then you ---

ELAINE: Me start it?

HAROLD: Anyway get her out of that room.

(ELAINE doesn't budge, so he jumps up and with amazing fury shouts):

MARTHA! Martha!

(She appears again, frightened)

MARTHA: Yes?

ELAINE: Your father wants you here.

(BOB comes out, puzzled) ~~HAROLD goes to the garden door and pulls it open.~~

HAROLD: (still to ELAINE) One in the family's enough!

ELAINE: (subdued by his anger but wanting to show defiance in front of the others) One what?

BOB: What's he talking about?

(HAROLD goes out) ~~slamming the door after her.~~

BLACKOUT

2.

Evening. ROSE and MARTHA are alone, BOB's door is ajar.

The house is in silence. MARTHA goes to the window, looks into the night restlessly.

ROSE: And it won't be the last of her evenings out. She's got an ally now.

MARTHA: (breathlessly) She hasn't been seeing Talbot, has she?

(ROSE silences her with a glance: she has seen BOB come out of his bedroom)

BOB: What's the matter with everybody tonight?

ROSE: Minding their own business mostly.

BOB: (strolling over to the record player) What a rotten dinner that was.

ROSE: Now don't switch that on!

BOB: We're not in church, are we?

MARTHA: It's late. We're going to bed.

BOB: It's because she's out. Honestly, a girl of twenty-three like you!

MARTHA: It's none of your business, I've told you that before!

(A noise on the step outside makes the girls start. It is HAROLD)

HAROLD: (holding the garden door ajar) How's the time?

ROSE: Just after eleven.

HAROLD: Didn't I hear that bus?

ROSE: It isn't due in for another minute.

HAROLD: I could have sworn I heard it come in.

ROSE: That was the ten o'clock. Why don't you go to bed?

HAROLD: With the show tomorrow? I'm over with the grooms, girl.

ROSE: Oh yes. (to MARTHA) I'd clean forgotten the show.

HAROLD: All the tackle's down --- twenty-nine pairs of boots, thirteen saddles, there's enough leatherwork for a squadron of horses there ---

MARTHA: You're letting the draught in.

HAROLD: Well you know where I am.

(He goes)

ROSE: 'With the grooms'. I'm ashamed to walk past the stables sometimes. They must think he's mad, when he can't even ride a horse.

BOB: Let's go and see the marquee going up.

MARTHA: You go.

BOB: (kissing her) Please.

ROSE: Aren't you embarrassed, in front of other people?

BOB: (to ROSE) Your eyes are burning. Look at her, Marty.

MARTHA: (in a moment of lightness) They are burning, Rose!

ROSE: Here's the bus!

(They listen but there is nothing)

BOB: There are lots of other buses she could catch, going deep into the night --- the 11.33, the 1.04, the 3.17, the 6---

MARTHA: (with disproportionate anger) Shut up!

~~(ELAINE enters by the garden door, in her new coat. She is flushed, her eyes are lively and dark. AUDRY is behind her)~~

BOB: Hullo, we were just talking about you.

AUDRY: (to MARTHA) You ought to have seen that dinner!

ELAINE: We must make a party of it one evening --- all of us together. (to MARTHA and ROSE) You'd love it ---

(She stops, seeing their deliberately impassive faces)

BOB: Don't mind, Elaine.

ELAINE: No, the evening's finished now. (to AUDRY) You see how they are?

AUDRY: Why can't you be nicer with her?

(There is the sound of a bus outside. MARTHA and ROSE stare at each other. ELAINE meanwhile returns her coat to the hall: she is wearing a black evening gown, a bit too grand for a simple evening out)

BOB: I've never seen you dressed like that before.

ELAINE: (kissing him) Oh yes you have, darling, but you were too small to look twice.

ROSE: Wasn't that the bus?

ELAINE: What?

ROSE: That was the 10.42 just came in!

ELAINE: What about it? (realising) Oh --- we got a lift back.

MARTHA: A lift?

AUDRY: (to BOB) What's the matter with these two?

MARTHA: You got a lift?

ELAINE: Yes.

MARTHA: Who from?

ELAINE: Oh some man. What are you looking at me like that for?

ROSE: She's just curious.

ELAINE: Some man at the ^{Neapolitan.} ~~Metropole~~ / He walked out just as we did.

AUDRY: What do they think for God's sake?

ROSE: He just came up to you?

ELAINE: He saw us leaving --- and he offered us a lift.

MARTHA: What was his name?

ELAINE: How do I know?

MARTHA: Does he live here?

ELAINE: Beyond the Quarry I think. Where's your father?

ROSE: Over at the stables, making believe.

ELAINE: Isn't it the show tomorrow?

(Neither of her daughters answers this)

BOB: Yes.

AUDRY: Hasn't Dick turned up?

MARTHA: He sent word to say he'd be spending the night over there.

ELAINE: (to AUDRY) What race is he booked for?

AUDRY: After lunch some time.

ELAINE: It always worries me, those fences.

AUDRY: Me too, now.

ELAINE: That was a lovely evening, wasn't it?

AUDRY: (to BOB) You ought to have seen the food!

ELAINE: (also to BOB) We had ^{trout} and a ^{nice} ~~lovely Alsatian~~ Soave wine and it was all so nice and quiet, you would have liked it, wouldn't you, darling? It's your sort of style.

ROSE: Well, as long as he didn't have to pay for it.

ELAINE: If Dick's not here you'd better see Audry home, Bob. There's a torch in the drawer.

ROSE: Dad can take her, he'll be back in a minute.

AUDRY: I'd rather go alone then.

BOB: (getting the torch) Come on.

MARTHA: I'd like a walk too.

BOB: (with burlesque) She's jealous! That's the style, Marty! I'll play you and Audry against each other.

ROSE: You'd better watch out for Dick, then.

ELAINE: All right, Rose, he's only playing.

ROSE: Is he?

AUDRY: Good night, everybody, see you in the morning.

ELAINE: Good night, dear, and thank you ever so much.

ROSE: Good night, Audry.

(ELAINE and ROSE are left alone)

ELAINE: How do you think I feel when you ask me questions like that --- 'Who gave you a lift? what was his name? where does he come from?'

ROSE: Martha asked most of the questions.

ELAINE: But the intention comes from you. It always does.

ROSE: Don't answer the questions then!

ELAINE: No, just tell me. Tell me what's on your mind, Rose.

ROSE: It's the way things are going in this place, what with Audry ---

ELAINE: (laughing) What's Audry got to do with it?

ROSE: ~~Oh, her sort of life, being divorced and going out all the time and Dick hanging round her like a little jacket.~~ *She's a whore - that's what!* And you don't seem to mind if Martha goes the same way!

ELAINE: But you can't compare them --- Audry and Martha!

ROSE: Dad's quite right, you always encourage them, going into that room ---

ELAINE: Who?

ROSE: Bob and Martha. She's my sister --- I do care about her! ~~how she marries. I do! care! It's about time he got a job if you ask me.~~

ELAINE: (with her own preoccupations) And what do they do in that room then?

ROSE: You mean you don't know?

ELAINE: ~~I wouldn't ask you if I did.~~ *I think they kiss. And of course sex. What else?*

~~ROSE: They do everything.~~

~~ROSE:~~
~~ELAINE:~~

~~What?~~ *What else!*
(ELAINE laughs as)
HAROLD enters from ~~the garden~~ *outside*)

~~HAROLD: Ah you're back.~~

~~ELAINE: (to ROSE) Now get to bed, darling. You'll never wake up.~~

HAROLD: Was the 10.42 on time?

ELAINE: I think so.

HAROLD: You think so! One of the ~~groom~~ *lads* said you weren't on it. I said you must have been.

ELAINE: Well I wasn't.

HAROLD: What?

ELAINE: I said I wasn't.

HAROLD: What happened then?

ELAINE: (with a sigh) We got a lift back.

(A pause during which he tries not to ask the next question but it gets the better of him)

HAROLD: Who from?

~~ELAINE: A man - I don't know who --- he offered us a lift.
Rose says we've got to find work for Bob.~~

~~HAROLD: (changing the subject with difficulty) Oh he's all right helping me at the pump.~~

~~ROSE: You see? You both want to spoil him. And the other day you were shouting at Marty to come out of that room. It isn't very fair on her! It wasn't him you shouted at. But he was the cause.~~

~~HAROLD: All right, let's have a talk about it in the morning. Was that dinner expensive?~~

~~ELAINE: Audry paid.~~

~~HAROLD: Did she by God? Well I'm off to bed. Good night.~~

~~ELAINE: Good night.~~

~~(He leaves by the staircase)~~

~~ROSE: 'Tomorrow'. He can never set about things today.~~

~~ELAINE: Well it isn't easy. Bob's your cousin you know. He never really had a home.~~

~~ROSE: You just have to choose between him and Martha, that's all.~~

~~(She leaves too, by the stairs.)~~

~~ELAINE follows her thoughtfully, switching out the lights.~~

~~The garden door opens and we see BOB and MARTHA silhouetted. They whisper together)~~

~~BOB: Let's go in my room.~~

MARTHA: No. (trying to break free)

BOB: Why not?

MARTHA: Because of dad. ^{You know how mad he is!} ~~Anyway, why can't you leave me in peace?~~

~~BOB: 'In peace'! We're in peace when we're dead. Every time I touch you it's 'peace'.~~

~~MARTHA: You're not cooped up in an office all day!~~

BOB: It's because of you, not ^{him!} ~~your dad or your job. It is, isn't it?~~

MARTHA: ~~I've been at work all day and I'm tired! Well, I don't like being mauled about all the time.~~

BOB: ~~Oh come on! 'Mauled'? You said you liked kissing!~~

~~MARTHA: Yes but not all the time!~~

~~BOB: Oh come on, Marty!~~

~~MARTHA: Are you sure you love me?~~

~~BOB: Your body's you as well, isn't it?~~

MARTHA: ~~Not quite, no.~~ ^{(They kiss. ELAINE leaves her room and comes downstairs. (There is a noise on the stairs.)}

MARTHA: There! It's ~~dad~~. ^{him!}

~~(But it is actually ELAINE in a dressing gown, which like her new coat gives her a striking appearance, especially next to the rather cringing daughter, protecting her body against sex.)~~ ^{appears at the foot of the stairs)}

~~BOB: Hello.~~

MARTHA: (easier) ^{Oh,} I thought it was dad! ~~What's the matter?~~

~~ELAINE: I can hear every word you say upstairs, that's the matter. You can talk like that when you're married, not before. Do you hear me?~~

MARTHA: What?

ELAINE: Now go to bed. And you too.

BOB: OK.

ELAINE: And we'll keep the love scenes until you get a job.

MARTHA: (to BOB) I told you!

(She stalks upstairs)

ELAINE: (to BOB) I'm not blaming you. I wouldn't blame the man. But just be careful, that's all. I've got to bear the brunt of it all. Try and think of me sometimes. If something goes wrong they always come to me.

BOB: OK.

ELAINE: Where are you going now?

BOB: Help Dick with the marquee or something.

ELAINE: I bet you end at Audry's.

BOB: Well what about it?

(He leaves by the garden door, and she watches him from the window, in the dimness.)

BLACKOUT)

3.

8 Feb all

Morning. ELAINE is alone and BOB is just emerging from his room.

ELAINE: Look how nice it is, and you get up half way through the morning.

BOB: What about some coffee?

ELAINE: I've just made some.

Still all

1.22

(She pours him a cup and he drinks it down ravenously)

BOB: I had a late night.

ELAINE: With Audry?

BOB: I watched them put the marquee up.

ELAINE: Was Dick around?

BOB: Oh, go on, you're like the others --- questions all the time.

ELAINE: Still, you can't go on like that for ever.

BOB: You're still angry, aren't you?

ELAINE: I wasn't angry with you, darling, I told you that. There'd have to be something wrong with you if you didn't find Martha attractive, wouldn't there? Are you in love with her, Bob?

BOB: Yes, I think so.

ELAINE: 'I think so'. You know you aren't. You know it.. What about marriage?

BOB: I haven't thought about that.

ELAINE: Of course you haven't. The one I blame is Martha, for not seeing through you. But we're all like putty in your hands, aren't we? Harold won't hear a word against you. You make everything a joke. We need that in this house. Sometimes I think we'd murder each other if it wasn't for you. And I've got you to thank for my evening out.

BOB: Me?

ELAINE: I wouldn't have dared do it a year ago. I knew you'd be there waiting when I got back, ready to make it a joke.

BOB: I can't see what's wrong with you going out a bit.

ELAINE: They don't know where to take their worries if I'm not here. And they have worries every day, every hour.

~~BOB: You know, this house feels so cold when you're away.
All the excitement goes. She looks out of the window
all the time~~

ELAINE: Who?

BOB: Marty. They never forget you. He pops his head in the door every five minutes. They've got the bus time-table written in their heads.

ELAINE: It's the show today, they couldn't have it nicer. Look at those fields.

BOB: Why don't you play truant for once? If you went out more they'd get used to it. Let's ~~have lunch over here, come on!~~ *have a drink —*

ELAINE: *A drink! Always a drink! Do you know I've never*
~~I've never been to the show before.~~
been to the show once?

BOB: What? And you're a hundred yards away!

ELAINE: I ~~was~~ ^{'m} afraid of Dick falling. I can't bear ~~to see~~
~~him take those~~ ~~hurdles~~ *fences. If you know what*
injuries they get!

BOB: We'll stay in the marquee while he's racing then. Come on.

ELAINE: But like this? ~~you fool!~~ *(laughing)*

BOB: I'll get your shoes.

(He goes ~~to the hall~~ and fetches her walking shoes)

ELAINE: How did you know where they were?

BOB: Oh I don't know.

ELAINE: And that they were the ones I wanted?

BOB: Why are you so muffled up?

(He undoes her blouse at the neck)

ELAINE: (delighted) You fool!

BOB: Shall we go then?

ELAINE: All right!

(A muffled cry from upstairs of 'Mum!')

ELAINE:
(contd)

(going to the staircase) Yes, Dick?

DICK:

~~off~~ Seen those new boots?

ELAINE:

Your father took them across.

DICK:

~~off, now~~ (on the landing above) What the hell's he playing at? It's always the same!

ELAINE:

Oh he did it to help!

DICK:

What do I walk over in, my socks?

ELAINE:

Your old ones! Anyway what's the hurry?

DICK:

I'm weighing in, that's the hurry!

ELAINE:

(to BOB) You go ahead, ^{Bob.} ~~dash~~

BOB:

It's all right, I'll wait.

ELAINE:

I said go ahead, didn't I?

BOB:

OK.

(He leaves) ~~reluctantly~~

ELAINE:

Shall I call your father? ~~He's only at the pump.~~

DICK:

(coming downstairs) No it's all right. He's probably sold them anyway. Or wearing them himself. Dreaming himself on a horse. If he'd been on as many as I have he wouldn't be so keen.

(He comes downstairs)
~~(He appears, a small, thickset, young man with an affable face, but there is something a little too tight about his lips)~~

ELAINE:

All right, Dick.

DICK:

All my riding crops have gone. It's like having a big fat-arsed baby round the place.

ELAINE:

Why don't you tell him then?

DICK: Because he's dreaming all the time. 'The captain'!
 Even the ~~grooms~~ call him captain. I can't tell if
 they're joking or not. I wish I had a serious father.
 He's always over at the stables, interfering --- I
 can't get forward --- I ---

ELAINE: Oh, Dick, come on --- don't let it go on for ever, that
 row, always the two of you, just let him dream and
 make a fool of himself, you're usually away, you
 ride here once or twice a year ---

DICK: But the stories follow me round the stables, of a
 berserk father!

ELAINE: Berserk?

DICK: They call him Captain Whistle. Every horse in the
 stable's got a whistle according to him.

ELAINE: Perhaps they have all got whistles?

DICK: What, seventeen of the finest Irish thoroughbreds?
 You know as much as he does!

ELAINE: ~~Now tell me what the real trouble is, Dick.~~ You want
 that room again, don't you? (indicating BOB's
 bedroom)

DICK: It was mine until last year.

ELAINE: Do you hate him?

DICK: No.

ELAINE: What's the matter, then? He's your cousin. You
 seem to get on well enough.

DICK: Oh ---

ELAINE: What's the matter?

DICK: He's cock of the walk all the time, that's what.

ELAINE: Cock of the walk?

DICK: Well, he gets away with everything!

ELAINE: You mean you're jealous of him.

DICK: If you like. It's when I come in here and all the girls are looking at him. I can't behave like myself any more, I just want to run away and hide. I mean I'm not against him, I don't hate him, I agree with everybody really, he is better to look at. But I mean when I come home I want some peace, I want to forget myself, and here I can't, I remember how wrong I am, all wrong.

ELAINE: Which means you want to be like him, I suppose.

DICK: Yes. I try and make jokes like him over at the stables. It only lasts two minutes. Then I feel all heavy. I can't try here because everybody knows me.

ELAINE: Can't you just be yourself?

DICK: If I liked myself I would be.

ELAINE: Can you get him a job with Talbot?

DICK: What?

ELAINE: Isn't there a job for him over there? He needs some work.

DICK: He can't even ride!

ELAINE: There's the farm.

DICK: Oh I can imagine that!

ELAINE: He'd learn.

DICK: Talbot's got some land in Scotland.

ELAINE: In Scotland yes, but ---!

DICK: You want him here, don't you?

ELAINE: I'm like a mother ---

DICK: He was over at Audry's last night.

ELAINE: She was out with me all evening!

DICK: Afterwards.

ELAINE: Yes, I guessed.

DICK: One of the lads saw him.

ELAINE: He might just have gone for a chat, you know he's always larking!

DICK: He didn't come back till two in the morning. They had the light out. The lads told me.

ELAINE: Dick! Poor Dick!

DICK: (on his way ^{out} ~~to the garden door~~) Shall I ask for the job up north, then?

ELAINE: I suppose so, yes. Then you'll get your peace.

(He leaves)

4.

The evening of the same day. MARTHA and ROSE are alone.

- MARTHA: (again at the window) We ought to move out, then they'd come to their senses.
- ROSE: They could try living on Dick's money. Or the three-pence a gallon dad makes, when a car passes, which is about once a week.
- MARTHA: What's the time?
- ROSE: After eleven.
- MARTHA: I specially asked her, Shall I bring something in for tonight, and she said, Oh no, I'll be going down to Lowley Gate, darling ---
- ROSE: 'Darling'.
- MARTHA: And now there isn't a thing in the house.
- ROSE: Do you remember last year when we tried to drag her over to the show? It was a Sunday and she said she couldn't bear seeing Dick take the hurdles. Well, she seems to have got herself a stronger stomach this year. She's with Bob, I expect.
- MARTHA: What?
- ROSE: She'd do anything for him. Let the housework go. Are you in love with him, Martha?
- MARTHA: I think so.
- ROSE: Does he want to marry you?
- MARTHA: He never said.
- ROSE: He ought to find work. Get away from here. But of course she'd never allow it.
- MARTHA: Who --- mum?
- ROSE: Of course.
- MARTHA: Why not?

ROSE: Oh I mean for herself. She'd hate it for herself.

MARTHA: Why?

ROSE: Well you know how she loves him.

MARTHA: Yes.

~~(The garden door opens and AUDRY comes in all smiles)~~

AUDRY: Hullo! Aren't you coming then? There's champagne

~~ROSE: where is everybody?~~ and chicken. Did you hear about Dick?

~~AUDRY: At the show of course! Why aren't you?~~

~~MARTHA: We've just had supper - what there was.~~

~~AUDRY: We were in the marquee - champagne and chicken sandwiches and fruit sundaes - why do you sit over here moping?~~

ROSE: Tired, you mean?

AUDRY: Did you hear about Dick?

ROSE: No? Dick?

AUDRY: He fell at the first fence. It was the nearest thing I ever saw. Your mother went quite green. The filly nearly rolled over him. But he's all right.

ROSE: Was she watching?

AUDRY: Yes, she was with me and Bob.

MARTHA: Bob!

ROSE: Who did she go with?

AUDRY: Well Bob I suppose. Why?

MARTHA: Was she wearing the new coat?

AUDRY: (laughing) No. What a funny question!

MARTHA: What's that?

AUDRY: I heard something too.

(There is the sound of running outside.
~~Then the door is pushed open.~~ It is
 ELAINE, out of breath. She stares
 back into the night for a moment before
~~closing the door quickly.~~ *coming in*)

- ELAINE: I'm sorry about tonight. You had to cook for yourselves.
- MARTHA: ~~Where did you get~~ That scarf?!
- ELAINE: It's Bob's! ~~Isn't it?~~ Is there anything wrong with that?
- AUDRY: Elaine, ~~you've been running~~ what's up?
- ELAINE: It's Dick! He's over at the stables.
- AUDRY: Dick? What about it?
- ELAINE: He seems mad. Go and look after him. He walked alongside me and didn't say a word. ~~I said, 'Are you tired from the race, Dick?' and still he didn't say anything.~~ *Just glaring at me!*
- ROSE: Did he get a concussion? *He might have done!*
- ELAINE: I was there when he fell, ~~darling~~ *it wasn't his head.* ~~he's been cheerful enough all day.~~ He frightened me, Audry!
- AUDRY: Oh it's just one of his tantrums. I'll ~~see what he's up to~~ *sort him out, don't you worry about that!*
- ~~ROSE:~~ ~~Shall I come too?~~
- ~~AUDRY:~~ ~~No.~~
- (She leaves)
- ELAINE: He looked so terrible.
- ROSE: Where did ~~you~~ ^{he} find ~~him~~ ^{you}?
- ELAINE: At the marquee. ~~He came to fetch me.~~ I thought he was going to ~~bring~~ ^{walk} me home.
- ROSE: And what did he say?

- ELAINE: I didn't see him at first, we were all standing round the table --- you know how dark the lamps are --- he just took me by the arm and led me outside. I thought your father wanted me, you know how he never comes to these suppers. But all the way he didn't say a word.
- MARTHA: Was Talbot in the marquee?
- ELAINE: Yes.
- MARTHA: And you were talking to him.
- ELAINE: I --- I hardly spoke to him at all, darling.
- ROSE: Was he standing next to you then?
- ELAINE: Who?
- ROSE: Oh Talbot of course!
- ELAINE: Yes.
- ROSE: Dad told you never to talk to him again.
- ELAINE: There was this show, darling, everybody was there. Talbot came up to me and said, 'Your son had a stroke of bad luck this afternoon, Mrs. Jameson ---'
- ROSE: Oh do shut up!
- ELAINE: Is that them?
- (They all look towards the ^{night} ~~door~~ ELAINE steps back as if for the protection of her daughters) ~~But the door doesn't open~~
- ROSE: What are you so frightened about?
- ELAINE: You didn't see his eyes!
- MARTHA: He's probably as fed up as I am!
- ELAINE: But I didn't do anything, darling!
- MARTHA: Stop calling me darling for Christ's sake! You went out this morning --- left nothing to eat ---!

ELAINE: It was a lovely day.

MARTHA: You didn't even clear the breakfast things ---

~~(The garden door opens and~~ (DICK, white with fury, comes in with AUDRY behind him. ~~He seems blind to everyone except ELAINE.~~ He goes across to her and catches hold of her roughly) ELAINE ~~a slight smile of passion on his face)~~

DICK: I've been watching you at it all day, sidling up to him and showing him your teeth --- I've just about had enough of it!

AUDRY: Dick!

DICK: Leave this to me!

(ROSE and MARTHA come nearer, intrigued --- not to protect her)

~~ROSE: What's she done, Dick?~~

DICK: I've been five years in those bloody stables and if you think I'm going to have him breathing down my neck you're mistaken! It's bad enough having him here all day! Listen to me, you're going back there first thing tomorrow morning and you're going to tell him it's not on! ~~(pulling her scarf off roughly) What are you doing with that?~~

~~AUDRY: Are you all right now?~~

MARTHA: What happened, Dick?

DICK: She's been hanging round Talbot all day.

(almost with relief)
MARTHA: I thought so!

DICK: (turning on her) Oh you and your 'thought-so' --- do you think I give a damn what she does with Talbot? A fat lot your eyes can see! What do you think she went out last night for, exercise?

MARTHA: When?

DICK: (pointing at AUDRY) With her.

AUDRY: Dick!

DICK: Talbot was there!

MARTHA: What?

ROSE: (to ELAINE) You never said!

AUDRY: I'm sorry, Elaine. I didn't know ---

MARTHA: How long had that been arranged?

[ELAINE]

[It hadn't!]

ROSE: You mean to say you didn't know he'd be there?

(ELAINE nods)

DICK: But he gave you a lift back, didn't he?

(She nods again)

ROSE:

You said it was ~~someone from Lowley Gate~~ *just anybody - somebody! A Frenchman!*

AUDRY:

What's wrong with Talbot? ~~We only talked~~ *What?*

ELAINE:

They hate me! My children hate me!

DICK:

Well, tell the truth, ~~you fool~~, instead of standing there trying to look tragic! (to the others) I tell you, she's as cunning as they come! You ought to have seen her showing Talbot her teeth --- she didn't leave his table ~~a minute!~~ *HA! All her foreign tricks!*

~~MARTHA:~~

~~She hasn't been over there at nights as well, has she?~~

~~ELAINE:~~

~~(making towards MARTHA to hit her) You wicked girl!~~ *Tais-toi!*

~~DICK:~~

~~(pulling his mother back roughly) Let her alone!~~ *Tais-toi!*

~~ELAINE:~~

~~I haven't been out at nights! I haven't been out!~~

AUDRY:

~~(to DICK) You coward! And what about ~~it~~ if she did? She's charming, which is more than you are!~~

DICK:

That's right --- I'm the one to blame! It doesn't matter what she does! She knows how to cover her traces!

AUDRY:

But what's she done?

DICK:

Ask her yourself!

AUDRY: There's no need to shout --- I've got good ears!

DICK: She's rotten all the way through. 'Bob', 'Bob', 'Bob', I'm sick of that name being pushed down my throat --- coming here and sleeping in my bed!

MARTHA: What's Bob got to do with it?

DICK: (to ELAINE) Go on. You heard what she said. What's Bob got to do with it? (ELAINE makes no reply, so he goes on) He's Talbot's new ~~agent~~ *man. He's got one of the best jobs in the outfit!*

~~ROSE:~~ ~~Agent?~~

~~MARTHA:~~ ~~Agent for what?~~

~~DICK:~~ ~~Anything she likes? Because Talbot's got no say. She knows how to suck him up.~~

MARTHA: (to ELAINE) What's Bob got to do with you?

ELAINE: I'm a mother to him, that's why --- I ---!

DICK: He doesn't know an ear of corn from ^{a horse's} ~~the~~ backside! *But a horse, he'd make some agent! you convinced him!*

~~ROSE:~~ ~~Who told you all this?~~ *You convinced Talbot all right! Imagine that! My boss!*

~~DICK:~~ ~~Talbot did. He said, "You'll be having a new boss over here soon, and you're going to like him". My boss! Imagine that!~~

AUDRY: (to ELAINE) You can't expect him to work under Bob.

MARTHA: Oh she's not thinking of Dick!

ELAINE: (to DICK) I wanted you and Bob to be friends.

DICK: With him as my boss? You must be ~~off your head~~ *round the bend!*

ELAINE: But Talbot was only joking, you know how he is! And he suggested it, not me. I didn't ask for anything he said it off his own bat.

DICK: That's a lie!

ELAINE: ~~(sharply, seeing she has got him on the raw)~~ It isn't a lie!

ROSE: ~~Then~~ Why did you go to the show at all? You've never been before. *You always said you couldn't bear the jumps.*

~~ELAINE: I don't know ---~~

~~DICK: She always know what she's up to!~~

ELAINE: Bob asked me.

MARTHA: What, to get him the job?

ELAINE: No, to go to the show. (to DICK) You heard me agree this morning to get him a job in Scotland, if Talbot said all right.

DICK: But you regretted that little scheme. That's why you went to the show. You didn't want him in Scotland.

MARTHA: Who said he should work in Scotland?

DICK: I did! Because I'm not having him breathing down my neck every day!

~~AUDRY: But does an agent go near the stables?~~

~~DICK: Oh he'd be round here all day, you know how he is.~~

~~AUDRY: But you said yourself, he can't even ride.~~

~~DICK: I tell you --- I'm sick of his name!~~

~~AUDRY: You're jealous of him, you fool!~~

~~DICK: I've a right to be, haven't I --- you should know that --- you ---!~~

(The garden door opens and HAROLD comes in followed by BOB. They have clearly been brought by the noise)

HAROLD: What's up? What's all the shouting?

AUDRY: It's all about Bob.

BOB: Me?

HAROLD: (to DICK, savagely) Have you been upsetting your mother again?

DICK: (the sound of his father's voice is the last straw for him) That's right, that's right! I'm upsetting her again!

HAROLD: What's wrong with Bob then?

AUDRY: Talbot wants ~~him as his agent~~ to give him a job.

BOB: ~~His what?~~ A job? Where?

~~AUDRY: His agent.~~

~~BOB: Agent for what?~~

~~AUDRY: Oh I suppose you look after accounts and pay wages and that kind of thing.~~

~~BOB: (staring from one to the other) You're pulling my leg. And what's he (indicating DICK) worried about?~~

AUDRY: He doesn't want you at the stables.

~~BOB: Stables?~~

HAROLD: (to DICK) You jealous idiot!

DICK: It's nothing to do with Bob!

BOB: You don't think I'm taking the job, do you? It's just a joke --- like Talbot always is.

~~HAROLD: What, you'd turn it down, Bob?~~

~~BOB: Can you see me working out accounts and paying wages?~~

~~HAROLD: Why not?~~

ELAINE: (seeing her husband interested) He said he'd give you a year to learn the ropes --- a nominal wage at first.

HAROLD: It sounds a wonderful chance. I could give you a bit of a hand myself.

ROSE: (to HAROLD) How do you think Dick's going to feel?

~~HAROLD: What's he got to do with it?~~

~~ROSE: He's been working for those stables over five years, then Bob comes along as his boss, it seems ridiculous.~~

HAROLD: ~~He~~ Dick's a jockey! ^{Anyway,} He hasn't got Bob's brains!

DICK: (to ELAINE) It's working out nicely, isn't it?

HAROLD: (to DICK) Well, do you think you've got the brains?

DICK: No! No!

HAROLD: What's the trouble, then? It's a first-class opportunity for Bob.

DICK: She's the trouble!

HAROLD: Your mother?

DICK: Yes, my mother!

HAROLD: (to ELAINE) What's he talking about?

ELAINE: He says he can't be himself or something when Bob's in the room.

HAROLD: (still addressing her) And what's that got to do with you?

ELAINE: He says I spoil Bob.

DICK: I didn't say that! (recklessly, at the last ditch) She's been talking to Talbot! She got him the job!

HAROLD: ~~arguing~~ What's that?

ELAINE: He's lying. Talbot saw me in the marquee and said, 'What about Bob being my ~~agent?~~ manager?'

DICK: She smarmed it out of him!

ELAINE: You mean you wish I had! *Because you think Talbot owes you*
~~there five years and Talbot passes you over for Bob. It's~~
~~So of course you want to say it's me behind it.~~ *jealousy!*
Jealousy!

HAROLD: How long was Talbot there?

DICK: All day.

AUDRY: He just came up and offered the job and that was that.

HAROLD: Were you there?

DICK: She wasn't ---

AUDRY: I was standing by her all the time! Now shut up!

- HAROLD: Why didn't Talbot come to me?
- AUDRY: ~~You were at the pump.~~ He looked high and low for you. Ask any of the lads!
- HAROLD: (to DICK) Oh to hell with you and your whims!
- DICK: That's right --- to hell with Dick! You can shove his kit in the corner and wear his new boots, it's only Dick ---!
- HAROLD: And what about you coming in at all hours and shooting your mouth off? Boots! Who gives a damn about your boots!
- DICK: All right --- let him have it --- I'm clearing out! *it looks as if I'm the fawn here!*
- HAROLD: And a bloody good riddance! You walk round the place like a damned scarecrow and then when somebody snaps up the job you're been too slack to get you come crying to mum ~~my~~!
- DICK: And just keep out of the stables in future! *Captain Whistle!*
- HAROLD: Have they made you king of the stables ~~now~~, then? ~~At twelve pounds, seventeen a week?~~ I heard your big mouth from the other side of the garden just now --- well you can sling it somewhere else! A tuppenny - halfpenny ~~groom~~ who can't even jump a ~~hurdle~~ on the best little filly they've had in the stables for years!
- jockey*
- ~~DICK:~~ ~~I fell at the fence --- I ---!~~ *fence*
- ~~HAROLD:~~ ~~We saw you fall all right!~~
- DICK: (with tears) The going was hard!
- HAROLD: With rain last Monday?
- DICK: I nearly got the cup --- I did! I did!
- HAROLD: Three years ago, yes we've heard about that --- nearly every day since!
- DICK: (retreating to the garden door) You fool! You fool! (pointing at ELAINE) Who do you think she was with at the Metropole last night? Talbot was there! Ask Audry! Talbot was there!

(HAROLD is stunned. He stares at his son with a dark, beaten, lowering expression. Then he marches with sudden long strides across the room and delivers him a punch on the chest that sends him flying)

Elaine:
~~AUDRY:~~ *Oh my*
dear! Dick!

DICK: (picking himself up) ~~and reaching feverishly for the door~~ *You're* She's Talbot's whore! She's Talbot's *whore!* ~~whore!~~ *you fool! And so you have been all these years!*

(He rushes out, with AUDRY after him, calling 'Dick! Dick!')

HAROLD: (to ELAINE) Go upstairs.

ELAINE: Now, Harold.

HAROLD: (with increasing menace) Get upstairs.

(She goes to the staircase, and he follows her, while ROSE watches them ~~with fascination in her eyes~~ *fascinated*.)

~~We hear the door upstairs close after them.~~

ROSE now goes after them, with silent steps. BOB and MARTHA watch her go)

BOB: What's this about Talbot?

MARTHA: Rose was his child.

BOB: Rose?

MARTHA: What do I care? Let her look after herself.

(From upstairs there is the sound of raised voices. They listen intently. Then there is the sound of HAROLD striking ELAINE --- something crashing down --- steps across the floor --- heavy, violent sounds which frighten BOB but do not seem to disturb MARTHA.)

Unable to bear the sounds any longer BOB rushes towards the staircase)

MARTHA: Come back!

BOB: But it's mad!

MARTHA: It's none of your business. She's just getting some medicine, that's all.

(There is an incoherent yell from ELAINE and we hear her scream out 'Bob! Bob!' A look of fear comes into MARTHA'S face for the first time. BOB rushes out of the room and up the stairs.)

We hear more movements from above, muffled voices. Then ELAINE appears, whimpering and pale, her hair dishevelled, with BOB holding her close to him)

BOB: He's mad! Punching her in the face! He might have killed her.

MARTHA: Look, he tore her coat.

ELAINE: (to MARTHA) Go to bed..

BOB: (also to MARTHA) I'll see to her.

MARTHA: (to ELAINE) When are you coming up?

ELAINE: I'm sleeping down here.

MARTHA: Why?

ELAINE: I don't want to see you. You're all wicked.

MARTHA: (reluctant to leave) What about blankets?

BOB: I'll see to that.

ELAINE: For God's sake get out! I can't stand you any more --- none of you! Get out!

MARTHA: Good night then.

(She leaves)

ELAINE: Lock the door, Bob! He frightens me.

(He locks the door to the hall)

BOB: I've never seen him like that before. Mad!

ELAINE: You haven't seen Dick --- the same look. There must be something wrong in me. They all hate me so! Even Martha does. Do you hate me too?

BOB: No. *is this because I'm not me, then, is she?*

ELAINE: Never? Not for a single moment?

BOB: No. He's given you a bruise, look.

ELAINE: She didn't put you against me?

BOB: Who?

ELAINE: Martha. If I hadn't called you up, would you have come just the same?

BOB: Yes, I tried to but ---!

ELAINE: *Put a record on. No.* How quiet it is. I've always loved this house really.

BOB: Do you still love Talbot?

ELAINE: ~~Why,~~ Are you blaming me too?

BOB: No. I'm asking.

ELAINE: He was only a relief from Harold, that's all. I never did love him. The fools. We haven't touched each other for twenty years.

BOB: He's in love with you. I saw it in his eyes this morning. Is that why he never married?

ELAINE: If I give him one glance back there's trouble for a month afterwards.

BOB: You talked to him for hours today.

ELAINE: I didn't care. I wasn't going to let them send you away.

BOB: Me?

ELAINE: They wanted you sent away.

BOB: Who?

ELAINE: Oh, Rose and Dick.

BOB: Where to?

ELAINE: Scotland, where Talbot has another farm.

~~BOB: By why?~~

~~ELAINE: To make a man of you or something.~~

BOB: They must hate me too!

ELAINE: Do I look awful?

BOB: I shan't let them hurt you again!

ELAINE: Oh, my poor hair!

BOB: Let me do it.

ELAINE: (as BOB dresses her hair) I used to do yours once.

BOB: I can remember.

ELAINE: You remember.

BOB: Yes.

ELAINE: Wouldn't you like ^{working} ~~being a~~ here?

BOB: It doesn't seem right. *Not if he feels like that.*

ELAINE: No. So let's stay as we are.

BOB: I'd do it for you!

ELAINE: Do it for yourself.

BOB: They'd hate me even more. They'd take it out on you.

ELAINE ^(raising her voice so that the rest of the house can hear) They will anyway --- they take out all their distresses on me, wherever they come from.

BOB: And Rose is his daughter?

ELAINE: What? Who told you that?

BOB: Martha.

ELAINE: I told her once. ^{On} ~~After~~ another night like this.

BOB: Does Rose know?

ELAINE: She thinks she hates him. She's so like him, in every way.

BOB: You could tell her --- it might do her good, bring her down a bit.

ELAINE: ~~Everything's a joke for you, isn't it? But~~ I've got to preserve them against themselves. I daren't tell too much.

BOB: Does it hurt?

ELAINE: Beginning to sting.

BOB: Let me bathe it for you.

ELAINE: You can kiss it better, since you know all my secrets, ~~you naughty boy.~~

BOB: I always used to kiss you there.

ELAINE: You haven't changed. What would she say if she saw us here?

BOB: (not understanding this at first) Martha, you mean?

ELAINE: You had a little rhyme --- 'one for the eyes, one for the brow ---'

BOB: 'One for the lips, I'll teach you how'. ← Song line

ELAINE: 'One for the eyes' (he kisses her eyes), 'one for the brow' (he kisses her brow), 'one for the l---' (he kisses her on the lips)

(They remain long like that. They clasp together like lovers. She pushes herself away)

ELAINE: ~~Go to bed, darling.~~ Go to bed!

BOB: Elaine!

ELAINE: Go to your room! Go on!

~~(He goes finally. She remains there.
Then she switches out the lights.~~

She goes not to the hall-door, but to BOB's; we see the light from his room, and his waiting figure, as a shadow. Then the door closes behind them and everything is darkness)

5.

Next morning. The hall-door is hanging open, its lock forced.

BOB is pouring coffee.

BOB: Elaine.

(She appears from his room, using her new torn coat as a dressing gown. They ~~kiss, gaze at each other~~)

ELAINE: ~~Darling.~~ Yes

(They stretch and yawn) ~~begin drinking~~

BOB: The door ^{was} ~~been~~ forced.

ELAINE: He kicked it open. And you didn't even hear.

BOB: No.

ELAINE: They had their breakfast like mice. Didn't make a sound.

BOB: Do you think they know --- ~~about us~~ ---?

ELAINE: Oh they're always like that after a fight. ~~As if~~ It cleans them out --- me being punched! ^{called every finger name under the sun!}

BOB: They won't do it again.

ELAINE: If I'd always had you, if I'd known you --- say you'd been my age --- I wouldn't have left this house a single day, my children would all be yours, no Talbot, no ---

BOB: No Bob even.

ELAINE: No! I yearned to be in love. Yearned, darling. Forced myself to be when Talbot came along. Made him love me --- forced him. I needed it so much --- my whole life cried out to love somebody. And I never guessed how it would happen one day --- at the end, suddenly.

BOB: End?

ELAINE: I shan't have children any more. That's a kind of end for a woman.

BOB: I realise I never did love her.

ELAINE: You shouldn't say that. It makes it worse. Say what you love, not what you don't.

BOB: She seemed to know it was going to happen, more than I did. She was afraid last night. You could see it in her eyes. She didn't want to go upstairs.

ELAINE: There's no need to say it.

BOB: Elaine, Elaine --- I could say it all day.

ELAINE: I've got money saved up, we can go out every night if we want to. We could take a room ~~at the~~ *somewhere.* ~~Metropole.~~ I don't care. It's nice not caring. Just not caring does me good. I never thought I'd have to wait all this time, so many years, to feel really good --- and be myself.

BOB: I wish they weren't coming back.

~~ELAINE: I used to dream about a big house where I was born, and the servants --- until I really believed it. And how he was in the cavalry. It helped me bear the drudgery. I used to share work at the petrol station, do a five-hour stint a day, until the new road came and there was no more work. They'll close it soon, you'll see. Then I brought in a bit of money with upholstery work. And the children found jobs. That gave them power. They found they could criticise me, make me feel ashamed.~~

BOB: But you didn't do anything wrong!

- ELAINE: I don't know if it was him or me who got me into your arms. He needed me to dream too. He needed me to go out and explore and ~~for~~ be adventurous. I wonder if I could run away with you. I don't think I could. They sort of prepare the stage for me, don't they --- they're like my audience, the four of them? *Because they only give me one exit, I have to go through it. Do you see what I mean? I could make love to you all night but there'd still be this house waiting in the morning, with its one little exit. Because they can't love. It can't come out!*
- BOB: Then I haven't changed a thing.
- ELAINE: You will, slowly. Or suddenly. I wonder if all the other little houses round here ---? We don't even know our neighbours. We're too busy making believe. I wonder if they're all doing the same, behind their windows?
- BOB: Sometimes you're like --- a girl who's never made love before --- so excited ---!
- ELAINE: I'm breaking free. You can't understand that because you're free already. But we've built our prison so carefully here --- for twenty years and more. Bob, if there's a war and we all go up in flames, and life stops, do you think that would be the reason --- so many people making believe, and letting the world outside go hang? People used to have real thoughts, talk about things that happened but now ---
- BOB: Love can't make a war.
- ELAINE: Yearning can. Perhaps they're all yearning to do what I did, in their little houses. They dream about it all night, *laying* next to their husbands. But I didn't want my dreams to fester. Not like Harold --- with his horses that he can't ride. That's where I'm different, *because I'm a stray deer!*
- BOB: He's begun to watch us. Did you notice that?
- ELAINE: He wanted me to have Talbot. He almost told me so.
- BOB: Martha seems frigid --- not like you. She's frightened of it ---
- ELAINE: Whenever Harold slept with me she and Rose used to sit down here and huddle themselves up in their coats like this until it was over. He used to call me upstairs.

ELAINE: When he couldn't hold it any longer. I used to
(contd) leave it as long as possible. I enjoyed leaving it,
Bob. I used to say I couldn't stand his touch. But
I'm different now --- I realise it was better that
way, more thrilling --- I used to enjoy it, and enjoy
them sitting down here waiting for it to finish, I used
to enjoy making a sort of moaning noise as if I was
in pain, I was getting enjoyment all the time. I can
tell you that now --- I mean I can see it.

BOB: That's why she shudders when I touch her. She does.

ELAINE: He's got volumes of nude pictures upstairs, did you
know that? That's why he goes to bed early. He sits
poring over them. It was like sex being prepared
upstairs, over days and weeks, then it would sort
of explode and the whole house knew it.

BOB: I'd like to sleep --- for weeks and weeks ---

ELAINE: Go on then. You're free. We're free. It's
difficult to realise, isn't it?

(He goes, yawning)

It's a lovely day.

BOB: (from his room) Elaine.

To his room, and they begin to
(She follows him, ~~and their door closes~~
~~make love.~~

~~There is a sound in the garden outside.~~
DICK comes ~~in rather stealthily and downstairs~~
~~walks upstairs~~)

ELAINE: (from BOB's room) Who's that?

seeing them,
(~~There is no reply.~~ He stops, ~~then dashes~~
~~back to his room with silent steps.~~
~~ELAINE appears again~~)

ELAINE (calling) Was that you, Dick?

DICK: (from upstairs) Yes.

ELAINE: Is anything wrong?

(He opens a drawer and takes out
a veterinary pistol)

DICK ~~Yes~~ No.

ELAINE: Aren't you riding?

DICK: ~~(off)~~ She fell.

ELAINE: Fell?

DICK: ~~(off)~~ Broke her leg. I've come back for the pistol.

ELAINE: To shoot her? No!

~~(He appears with the veterinary gun)~~ *(He comes down stairs with the veterinary gun on the landing)*

What's the matter? Your eyes ~~are popping out of your head!~~

DICK: Nothing. She just fell, that's all.

ELAINE: Were you hurt *lasting?*

DICK: No.

~~(BOB appears behind ELAINE)~~

~~BOB: Hello.~~

~~DICK: (giving him a ~~long~~ horrified look) Hello.~~

BOB: You've got to shoot her?

DICK: Yes.

ELAINE: I can't bear it when they're shot. Be careful, darling.

DICK: I'll be careful.

~~(He leaves.)~~ *(He leaves. Elaine: I'm feeling cold.)*

~~BOB returns to his room. She watches DICK from the garden door. Then she closes it and goes back to BOB.~~

~~Just as she does so there is a shot quite close by)~~

ELAINE: Bob! Bob! It's too close for the paddock! Bob!

BOB: ~~(returning) What?~~ *I don't know!*

~~(She pulls the garden door open again and runs out).~~ *(She jumps up and runs out)*

ELAINE ^(off)

Dick! Dick!

BOB:

He's just shot a horse, that's all --- he's ---!

(A horrified yell in the distance --- we recognise HAROLD --- 'Elaine! Elaine!')

A babble of voices: and then ELAINE's long scream)

ELAINE:

(off) Dick! Oh Dick! My baby child!

~~6.~~

~~At night. The only light is from candles in BOB's room. The door is open: DICK's body has been laid out there.~~

~~We become aware of AUDRY sitting in the dimness of the parlour, quite alone. For a long time she does not move, gazing before her.~~

~~She yawns.~~

~~A long cry of grief breaks the silence, from upstairs. It is ELAINE. AUDRY starts a little, then subsides.~~

~~There is silence again.~~

~~The door from the garden opens quietly. It is HAROLD, muffled up.~~

~~She neither moves nor glances at the door.~~

~~HAROLD looks round the room, sees her. He stands for a moment watching her, then comes in. He goes to BOB's room, stands looking at the body of his son, his shadow falling across the parlour floor.~~

~~He returns to the parlour and sits near AUDRY.~~

The silence continues. He yawns, sighs a little.

HAROLD: I've been walking round all night. I don't mind dying. I know that now. (looking at her closely) Would you have married him?

(She simply shrugs.

The silence goes on)

AUDRY: He never did me any good in bed. I might have taught him, in time.

HAROLD: But ^{Elaine} ~~she~~ got there first, eh?

AUDRY: She was crying just now.

HAROLD: I heard her outside. ~~You know even (chuckles quietly) ---~~

(He rises and goes to look at his son's body again)

HAROLD: He couldn't really enjoy a joke. That's the worst pain a man can have, Audry.

AUDRY: Oh he was all right with me. We used to have a laugh. Why didn't he think of me? It's so selfish ---!

HAROLD: Perhaps he did think of you, in bed with Bob!

AUDRY: I've had that on my mind --- turning over and over ---

HAROLD: It's funny, you shake somebody's hand or give them a kiss and nobody says a thing. You undress a bit and bounce about on a bed and the whole world changes --- murder, nightmares. I used to sit upstairs thinking of my own wife by the hour. And she was one floor down. Then when you see what happens to your body. He looks beautiful. Have you seen him? (she shakes her head) The wound was at the back. It's all the same --- trees, horses, men. It isn't the body that counts. I've realised that much tonight. That's what he was looking for all the time. How to get rid of the body. He used to fall at all the point-to-points. The number of scrapes that boy had. And he got through at last. You don't understand that, do you?

(An other long cry of grief from
ELAINE, upstairs.

Silence again)

- HAROLD:
(contd) He couldn't see what she was up to. She's making something all the time. She's even making something now. Do you think so? Do you think there's a point where she stops ---? Even the way she cries! - it's marvellous./ It's all thought out.
- AUDRY: She cried herself to sleep. She was sick.
- HAROLD: Oh I don't mean she doesn't suffer. But she keeps the tone right. She's always looked after the feelings like that. There's never been a minute to read the paper or doze over the fire like you see some other people. She's always kept things hopping ---
/
- AUDRY: 'She'. It's always 'she', ever since I moved here. I didn't have a chance.
- HAROLD: You didn't want one. You didn't love him.
- AUDRY: God knows what brought me here.
- HAROLD: Ignorance. You didn't know a thing. I remember that. You came here to learn. We don't always know why we do things until afterwards.
- AUDRY: That's why I opened the door to Bob that night. It was her.
- HAROLD: Audry --- what was your husband like?
- AUDRY: Just brawn. The brawn had to be fed three times a day and swilled through with bitter beer every night. He never got soused. He just went to bed and slept. And he did the same every day --- to me as well. Said the same things. He hasn't got anything to say, but there's nothing bad in him. It was just the brawn. I was with it all the time. I touched his arm once and it was all rubbery. He didn't realise. He never felt me touch him. I pinched him, ever so lightly. I got tired of him doing exactly what I expected him to do, even in his sleep. He didn't seem to have blood in him. I felt sorry for him. He lives alone now. He never should have married.
- HAROLD: Still, you must have fallen in love with the brawn, eh?

AUDRY: Oh yes.

HAROLD: You need a lifetime of tricks to please a woman. You've got to go straight to the body, and you've got to know that the body is the least of it.

AUDRY: Did she teach you that?

HAROLD: Well I learned it watching her. I'll tell you where the blood comes from --- up here. (pointing to his brain) If you haven't got anything up here there's no love, no tricks --- you can't please a woman, even if she's got nothing up here either. Blood comes from the brain, girl. And that's where she wins every time, even when her son's lying dead in the same house.

(Silence again) → *To P. 61? onwards*

AUDRY: Is that how they're burying him --- in his jockey outfit?

HAROLD: Yes. Another damn-fool idea. He hated riding. But the grooms wanted it. The body doesn't matter. It's either one outfit or another. You've got to wear something. He never understood that. He couldn't bear a mess. And I need one. By God, I need it! Are you asleep?

AUDRY: Well nigh.

HAROLD: I'll see you over to the house. Come on. You've had enough.

AUDRY: Is it dawn yet?

HAROLD: Another couple of hours.

AUDRY: I don't want to sleep.

HAROLD: No more do I.

AUDRY: I don't want to wake up and suddenly realise, like I did yesterday. I'd rather drain myself out --- wait till I can't stay awake any more --- I'd like to get rid of everything --- all my energies ---

HAROLD: Make me a cup of something over at your place. We can't here.

(AUDRY gets up.

They are on their way ^{out} ~~across the room~~
~~to the garden door~~ when there is another
cry of grief from ELAINE, quick and
broken this time, almost like a scream)

HAROLD: (half calling out) For once I'm not listening, Elaine!
(taking AUDRY by the shoulder towards BOB's room)
You see what I mean --- how beautiful he is? He's
riding now. Don't be afraid. Look how beautiful
death is. Riding --- on all that silence! Come on.

(They leave.

BLACKOUT)

7.

ELAINE is in her
room.

Morning some days later. BOB alone,
in his best clothes.

HAROLD comes in, clearly looking for
~~him~~ BOB.

HAROLD: What the devil are you doing there, boy? Your
interview was due five minutes ago. What's the
matter?

BOB: Nothing. I'm going.

HAROLD: Are you brooding on Dick?

BOB: I'd like to go away. I don't want to sleep there any
more!

HAROLD: Well, get stuck into some work, then! You've got
to look after your future --- you can't let things
twine themselves round your life --- it's none of
your fault, you know!

BOB: What isn't?

- HAROLD: About Dick. I used to lam into him, you saw me do it yourself! It's more me than anybody else. Anyway, he liked you. I doubt if he did me. I lived off him in a way.
- BOB: I'd better be going.
- HAROLD: I got on his nerves, deliberately --- I knew what I was doing!
- BOB: He didn't have anything really, did he, even Audry?
- HAROLD: What do you mean, even Audry?
- BOB: I went over there one night, I ---
- HAROLD: All right, all right, ~~I don't want your bloody confessions. Anyway,~~ I know all about it!
- BOB: She seems to blame me ever since, as if I did it.
- HAROLD: She's got herself to blame. If she'd stuck to him it wouldn't have happened. She had you and one or two others. She's dipped her hands in too much jam --- the colour sticks.
- BOB: She's all right.
- HAROLD: We're all all right! But things go wrong. So we can't be as all right as all that. If Dick came on the earth again I'd say the same things, and he'd say the same things back. Somebody else would have gone down the pub and drank it all away, but not Dick. You see, Bob, it's when we all get together the trouble starts, we're not ourselves any more, so it doesn't matter how all right we are when we're alone.
- BOB: You've changed since then.
- HAROLD: I've got a few more grey hairs. And I don't eat.
- BOB: Is he on your mind --- all the time?
- HAROLD: I think of him shooting himself. Putting the gun in his mouth and pulling the trigger. Just that, over and over again. But as to him being my son, I mean my son being dead, it hasn't sunk in yet, I can't believe it, what he did --- I mean he was always something inside me, he was like another me, that's why I didn't admire him, even when he did well in a

HAROLD: race, and he was a good little jockey really, I
(contd) always pulled him down again, because that wasn't
what he wanted and I knew it. He wanted something
else.

BOB: What?

HAROLD: Well, to be somebody like you.

BOB: So I did make him do it in a way.

HAROLD: You've got older. You talk older. No, he'd have
found somebody else to admire, if it hadn't been you.
As soon as I saw Audry wobbling her arse through
that garden gate I knew he was for the high jump.
It's the women --- they ---

(ELAINE ^{calls from upstairs,} ~~voice from upstairs:~~ 'Bob,
your interview!')
/

BOB: (calling out) Yes I'm going.

HAROLD: Good luck.

BOB: Thanks.

HAROLD: And don't mention anybody here. *Not to Talbot!*

(BOB leaves, and HAROLD watches him
from the garden door)

(to himself) Because she twined herself round his
life once too. And he made the mistake of not
getting out. In fact I think everything that man's
done ever since, including getting himself rich,
was to prove himself for us. Of course I don't
mean really us. Eh, Elaine? I mean you. You
always wanted your little tragedy didn't you, mate?
Well you've got it now. We played our hands too
hard that time, eh? Even your name's right for
tragedy, eh, Elaine?

*Elaine
appears*

turns & looks up at her. (Blackout.)
(He ~~leaves the house~~)
/

8.

ELAINE is in her room as before.
 The same morning. / ~~There is no one about~~
~~AUDRY comes in by the garden door.~~
from outside.

ELAINE: (upstairs) Who's that?

AUDRY: It's me.

ELAINE: (off) I'll come down.

AUDRY: No don't worry ---!

ELAINE: (off) Why, don't you want to see me any more?

AUDRY: It isn't that --

(ELAINE ~~appears~~ *comes downstairs*)

ELAINE: You're blaming me really, aren't you --- like the rest of them?

AUDRY: What for?

ELAINE: Dick.

AUDRY: I came looking for Harold.

ELAINE: He went looking for you, I expect.

AUDRY: Bob's gone for the interview, then.

ELAINE: Yes. Would you like some wine?

AUDRY: No, thanks.

ELAINE: Come on, don't be a fool.

(She pours her a glass)

Harold's round your way a lot. He seems to have taken Dick's place.

AUDRY: Is there anything wrong in that?

ELAINE: No.

AUDRY: And what about you? You're out every night, sometimes you don't come in at all.

ELAINE: You think you're doing wrong, not me!

AUDRY: Oh yes, you can see through us all, can't you?

ELAINE: He's so proud --- almost happy.

AUDRY: Who?

ELAINE: Harold. And it's such a relief. Like a weight off my back after all these years. I almost want to thank you.

AUDRY: We don't have any secrets here, do we? I was tired one night and I couldn't be bothered to put up a fight any more. It was like making it up with Dick --- through his father --- I don't think any of us realised how much Dick loved ---

ELAINE: All right, all right.

AUDRY: You always say that. As if you don't want to hear his name any more. And you're in love! --- a few days after your son's buried.

ELAINE: Harold talks a lot, doesn't he?

AUDRY: Yes.

ELAINE: Makes you one of the family. Notice how you blame me now for staying out at night? You know damned well you never loved Dick.

AUDRY: There --- that's why I don't want to see you!

ELAINE: Because it's the truth!

AUDRY: The truth is you and Bob killed him --- he couldn't stand Bob being round the place --- he said so --- and you rubbed his face in it!

ELAINE: What I did wrong to Dick was not have my own life, not be free. But I'm free now. And you're not going to steal that --- you won't drag me back into all that shame ---!

AUDRY: Oh you and your words!

- ELAINE: They're certainly not your strong point, are they - words?
- AUDRY: Bob was always trying to get me too --- Dick knew it --- the lads at the stable talked ---
- ELAINE: They talked when he got you! It was you who did it, not Bob, you laid yourself down, didn't you?
- AUDRY: At least I don't say I'm in love, when all I do is lay myself down.
- ELAINE: Because you're not, darling. He didn't mean a thing to you, did he --- Bob? But he's all the world to me. That's what they call variety.
- AUDRY: I didn't know what I was walking into when I came in that garden gate the first day.
- ELAINE: You're like all the rest, ^{Love,} ~~my girl,~~ afraid of your feelings. When something happens you flinch. It was all a game till he shot himself. But it isn't a game for me. You let other people do the dreaming and the yearning and the scheming for sex, and you just give way --- but when something real happens --- when a boy puts a gun in his mouth and ---!
- AUDRY: You shouldn't say that!
- ELAINE: That's why you all blame me! You think you blame Bob too but you don't. Because I make the life go round here. It's the active one who's blamed! Even he'll blame me in the end.
- AUDRY: Who? *Record (Bull?)*
- ELAINE: Never mind. *(She slowly sways to the music)*
- AUDRY: I can still see his hurt face, with the blood on it.
- ELAINE *(dancing)*: I can't. I can't remember my own son's face. None of you think of me! What I had to bear for so many years. There was bound to be a shot one day, Audry. I always thought --- but I thought it would be Martha --- funny. Shall I tell you something? Dick saved up a lot of money. Hundreds of pounds. It's in one of those drawers. *(pointing to BOB's room)* He left it to Martha. There was a letter in her room, with a key to the drawer. So he hurts me even after his death!

*Get Blain's
opinion
1.59*

AUDRY: He thought of Martha - not me! He knew he was going to do it - !

ELAINE: You're right to get a divorce --- you avoid tragedies that way. But if you have their children, they twine themselves round you --- their thoughts grow and move about and get so big that you can't do anything about them any more, they become real people. And then one day, when you find yourself happy for the first time, quite by accident, there's a shot.

AUDRY: He was so jealous of me I had to divorce --- I mean I still see him but --- I even still love him in a way ---

ELAINE: It's good you didn't have children. Then you couldn't have got away. Women with children never really divorce --- they just sign a bit of paper. They do it to possess their own children, take the man's thoughts out of them, make their children mirrors of themselves. ---

*Have dance + me!
from outside) (can
out (Mild)*
(BOB appears ~~at the garden door~~)

(to BOB) What did he say?

BOB: It's all right.

ELAINE: You got it? *← She nitches off here.*

BOB: Yes.

AUDRY: I'd better be going.

(She leaves the house)

BOB: They all do that --- when I appear.

ELAINE: They're running away from themselves. Don't I deserve a kiss this morning?

BOB: (kissing her) It's for a term of five years.

ELAINE: That's wonderful, darling.

BOB: He seemed to know something. He kept looking at me.

ELAINE: Does that matter?

BOB: Yes.

ELAINE: Not to me.

BOB: You're older.

ELAINE: Ah.

BOB: They look at me like they used to look at you. I know what it feels like now. A prison. *foreign.*

ELAINE: But I'm out of the prison now. *no - f. no - here!*

BOB: Martha never says a word to me.

ELAINE: And you're in the prison. Is that right?

BOB: Oh I don't care really. All she thinks about is the food that goes down her gullet and ---

ELAINE: Who?

BOB: Marty.

ELAINE: Oh.

BOB: And how much money is coming in. And her mouth turns down when there isn't a cup of tea for her. That's all they believe in. So it's all they get.

ELAINE: You're right. They leave the dreaming to me, and then blame me.

BOB: Yes.

ELAINE: You won't blame me?

BOB: What for?

ELAINE: Ever? You won't ever think --- 'She ---' You know what I mean?

BOB: No.

ELAINE: I can't even say it.

BOB: Martha's eyes aren't deep like yours. She's prettier but sort of shrivelled up, she's cringing from life all the time, she seems bent over a typewriter even when she's not. She doesn't think love and things like that are serious. But you do. She swallows it on the way to work. That's why her eyes don't have anything in them.

ELAINE: You've come to kill me really.

BOB: What?

ELAINE: I couldn't have dreamed of a lovelier execution.

BOB: → They'd all be so dreary and damp and dull without you, wouldn't they? I can't stand the way she puffs through her teeth in the morning when she's getting the first pot of tea, as if it was the highest thing in the world. Her face isn't made by thoughts and feelings like yours is. Really you teach them all about life, don't you?

ELAINE: I shouldn't teach her too much then, should I --- in my own interests?

BOB: Why not?

ELAINE: You might fall in love with her.

BOB: I couldn't do that. She's like a smaller you for me.

ELAINE: Let's go out.

BOB: What did you mean about execution?

ELAINE: ~~Don't look so sad!~~ Bob! ~~Don't look~~ ^{Are you} frightened!

(They leave.)

BLACKOUT

*8. Out
To P. 52.*

~~Early evening. HAROLD and AUDRY are alone in the main area. BOB is in his former room. And ELAINE too is~~ *in her room upstairs.*

HAROLD: Where does she keep the wine?

AUDRY: Down there.

HAROLD: Show's what a good housewife she used to be. By the state of the place now. And the glasses?

AUDRY: In there, I think.

HAROLD: ~~We had it good.~~ (pouring two glasses) Here you are, duck. Put some blood into you. ~~I used to think I liked horses, for the ride, but by God ---!~~

AUDRY: ~~He got the job then.~~

HAROLD: ~~Yes. Oh I don't blame him. He's a lad. It's her that stirs things up --- it gets into the furniture, her thoughts, over the years. She used to talk about me being in the cavalry and I swear I got to believe it. I swear I thought I could ride a horse. I almost believe it now. It's her mind. It gets into you.~~

AUDRY: Yes.

HAROLD: She did the same with Dick. Made him feel he wasn't enough. I could have built up that petrol pump into a nice little business but she was holding me back all the time. She was having this love affair with Talbot, I mean she wasn't even seeing him, but they were thinking about each other all the time, every day, all through those years. He was getting richer and richer and she was sitting dreaming about him and comparing him with me, and making me feel small. See what I mean? And she didn't even love him. The thing was he loved her. She could dream a lot about that. Yet she made life exciting.

AUDRY: You talk as if she was dead.

HAROLD: I used to keep myself clean for her. Never touched another woman. ~~I was always waiting for her. But now that's changed.~~

AUDRY: ~~You mean you've done something dirty --- you talk about dirt ---!~~

~~HAROLD: No, I don't mean that, duck. But it's marvellous really, a woman like that. Working class stock. I swear she could pass for royalty. She always had something interesting to say. You never knew when it was coming. You couldn't rely on a simple yes or no like with other women. She always put a new point of view. She took me out of myself. ~~Here, don't cry, Audry. I realise I thought about that woman for twenty, thirty years. Not my job or anything.~~~~

picked her up = Solo. Back 1552

AUDRY: Nor your children!

HAROLD: Oh shut up.

AUDRY: And one of them shot himself! You're a mean bloody lot!

HAROLD: Chin chin.

(He drinks)

AUDRY: You're the same as Dick. One eye open for her all the time.

HAROLD: He gave me the courage to come over that night. I mean, the way he died. He seemed to say, 'Go on, go over and try your luck with Audry.' And by God you gave me a good time. He was a young fool, not to appreciate that.

AUDRY: Are you sure about that?

HAROLD: But did you give it to him like that --- the same?

AUDRY: No.

HAROLD: Well then.

AUDRY: I'd been married before. He was too young.

HAROLD: So was I married. But I never had a woman took it straight like that. Did I make you shudder too? --- the way I did her?

AUDRY: No.

HAROLD: Tell me.

AUDRY: What?

HAROLD: What you said the other night.

AUDRY: I've never enjoyed it so much.

HAROLD: Yes. It's good to hear. And me --- I ---!

9
~~(The garden door opens. It is MARTHA returning from work) HAROLD & AUDRY~~

You look washed out.

9
we're sitting looking at each other
At the corner 2

MARTHA: I'd like some tea.

HAROLD: Rose on the bus?

MARTHA: Yes.

AUDRY: Have some wine instead.

MARTHA: No thanks.

HAROLD: Where is she then?

MARTHA: She walked up to the house.

HAROLD: What house?

MARTHA: Talbot's.

HAROLD: Rose did, up to Talbot's house?

MARTHA: Yes.

HAROLD: Well, s'help me God! They've never spoken a word in their lives.

MARTHA: Is mum in?

HAROLD: She's out with Bob.

MARTHA: Well that I could guess.

(BOB suddenly comes in from his room)

HAROLD: Bob!

BOB: Hullo.

MARTHA: Hullo.

HAROLD: So you got the job, eh?

BOB: Yes. (to MARTHA) I heard you come in.

HAROLD: Good for you. Is it true he's sending you to Scotland?

BOB: Yes.

MARTHA: What?

BOB: Are you surprised?
HAROLD: He's better off there.
AUDRY: Well congratulations, Bob.
BOB: Thanks.
AUDRY: I ought to go. Thanks for the wine.
HAROLD: I'll see you across.
AUDRY: No it's all right ---
HAROLD: I'm going to the pump.
AUDRY: Cheerio all.
MARTHA: Cheerio.

(AUDRY and HAROLD leave)

BOB: You've changed a lot.
MARTHA: Have I?
BOB: You look as if you've cried a lot. It's made your face different.
MARTHA: I cried for Dick.
BOB: Only?
MARTHA: Yes. I loved him!
BOB: I know that.
MARTHA: We played together ---
BOB: I'm going away, Mart.
MARTHA: To Scotland?
BOB: She --- she looks for me all the time.
MARTHA: Nobody looked for Dick. Not even Audry did.
BOB: OK.

MARTHA: And I don't know who you mean by she.

BOB: Would you come away with me?

MARTHA: No.

BOB: Why not?

MARTHA: I'm getting a rise. It's the wrong time to leave my job. Why, do you love me?

BOB: No.

MARTHA: Well then. You needn't have told me anyway. Because I knew.

BOB: We're more like brother and sister. I mean I do love you in a way. I think of you. I don't sleep much. There's Audry seems to blame me all the time --- for Dick. I must get away.

MARTHA: You'll sleep when you've got work.

BOB: If you came it might make it better with her --- I don't know what I mean --- I want to be with her all the time ---

MARTHA: I don't know who you mean!

BOB: I want to make love all the time --- the moment I see her --- I don't want another soul ---

MARTHA: Bob!

BOB: There's no end to it --- I don't know what I mean --- I can't take her away ---!

MARTHA: Would I remind you of her?

BOB: Yes.

MARTHA: What a fool you are.

BOB: It's all I want to do --- she's upstairs --- it's like sucking her blood ---

MARTHA: Upstairs?

BOB: And I want another face, I want ordinary things again ---

MARTHA: And you want them from me? Well I won't! I won't!

BOB: Because you're the fool, not me ---!

(ROSE comes in ^{from outside} ~~by the garden door~~)

ROSE: Anything wrong?

MARTHA: No.

ROSE: Where's dad?

MARTHA: Gone to the pump.

ROSE: (to BOB) Is it true you're going away?

BOB: Yes.

(He goes off to his room again) ~~exits~~
~~the door~~

ROSE: I always thought I couldn't stand his face, and I realised I'd never really looked at it before.

MARTHA: Whose?

ROSE: Talbot's.

MARTHA: Dad asked where you'd gone.

ROSE: 'Dad'! The word seems funny now. I'll never feel ~~///~~ close to you again. It makes it better. I never did like the way this family was run. It's funny, isn't it? I love everybody more. And he's nice. He's so reserved.

MARTHA: You take after him.

ROSE: Since when did you know?

MARTHA: Oh years. She told me. She needed me for all her secrets then.

ROSE: And you left it to her to tell me?

MARTHA: Oh I only half believed it. I didn't think people really did it. But I know now. Dick taught me a lot. He really did something.

ROSE: And I wonder why she did tell me?

- MARTHA: To get free of it. She's never been free before, that's her song now. Perhaps she's right.
- ROSE: Oh I'm glad she did tell me. I know the kind of person I am. My father's rich.
- MARTHA: Yes. I hadn't thought of that before!
- ROSE: I can't believe it. I feel giddy. All day at the office my head's been going round. I used to hate it when she didn't have the ~~tea~~ ready. Now it doesn't matter. dinner
- MARTHA: So she is free of you. She's clever.
- ROSE: Do you notice how happy she looks?
- MARTHA: Yes.
- ROSE: I've never seen her look so beautiful. Talbot kept looking at me. I think he was trying to see her face in mine. She must have a power, mustn't she? All these years.
- MARTHA: You used to rave if she as much as looked at him.
- ROSE: Life changes all of a sudden.
- MARTHA: With Dick not here --- we were fighting for him a lot of the time, don't you think so?
- ROSE: Poor darling Dick.
- MARTHA: It made me feel --- when I saw him, with the blood all over him --- never to quarrel again, always remember that things come to an end, he seemed so silent, he was like the paddock, do you know what I mean?
- ROSE: (lowering her voice, after glancing at the hall-door) He's not going to Scotland at all.
- MARTHA: Who?
- ROSE: Bob. Talbot said. And you mustn't breathe a word It's Canada. Talbot fixed it up.
- MARTHA: And she's going too?

ROSE: She doesn't even know! She mustn't hear a word of it!

MARTHA: But Bob isn't telling her?

ROSE: No!

MARTHA: She'll go mad. She'll never stand it!

ROSE: He's giving her an address in Scotland --- Talbot's other place. Don't tell dad.

MARTHA: We should tell her. It seems cruel!

ROSE: If she went too, with somebody who didn't love her, a boy half her age! Imagine it!

MARTHA: He doesn't love her?

ROSE: Well, if he's taken the job --- asked for it ---!

MARTHA: He does love her. Only he's frightened.

ROSE: Did he say so?

MARTHA: Yes. He looks so frightened. Like I used to. At the thought of losing her.

ROSE: Yet he's going away.

MARTHA: He asked me to go with him.

ROSE: He did?

MARTHA: I said no.

ROSE: You said no?

MARTHA: I wish he'd take her --- in a way. I do. There's nothing left any more. Dad's with Audry all the time.

ROSE: I admire Audry in a way.

MARTHA: She's got no life, only other people. It's funny, I don't want to marry..

ROSE: I do.

(We hear ELAINE calling from upstairs: 'Rose.')

ROSE: Yes?
(contd)

ELAINE: (off) Where's Bob?

ROSE: In his room.

MARTHA: We'd better clear up.

ROSE: Yes.

10.

In the night. The room is dark.

We hear footsteps down the stairs.
ELAINE switches on the light, goes to
BOB's room. His door is locked.

ELAINE: Bob. (no reply) Bob.

BOB: (off) Yes?

~~ELAINE: Let me see you.~~

BOB: ~~(opening the door)~~ What's the time?

ELAINE: You can't sleep. I could feel it.

BOB: Elaine.

ELAINE: Kiss me.

BOB: I dream about Dick ---!

ELAINE: Darling!

BOB: I can't get it out of my head --- you're giving me what
he should have got ---

ELAINE: I'd give you all my life. Anything --- the whole family.
I can't help it.

BOB: I've never had so much love, Elaine. It makes me numb. I can feel your kisses like stings. I can feel them on my body afterwards!

ELAINE: It's true --- I'm giving you what I couldn't give them --- you mustn't be frightened of that!

BOB: He could see it coming. When it happened he got the gun. He knew you were on that bed with me.

ELAINE: It was his father --- he'd never hit him like that before ---

BOB: No, no!

ELAINE: Is that why the kisses sting then?

BOB: I just think of his face and how he needed the love you're giving me ---

ELAINE: You can live at the farm. Forget. We can have lovely times, darling. The summer's coming. You needn't be in that room.

BOB: I'd rather go away ---

ELAINE: You always say that --- you did even when you were a child, to your mother --- 'I want to go away' --- where is it this time?

BOB: Scotland, somewhere like that.

ELAINE: You're not telling the truth.

BOB: Yes I am!

ELAINE: To his other farm?

BOB: Yes.

ELAINE: Was it your idea?

BOB: In a way ---

ELAINE: It was Talbot's! He doesn't want us together! He's jealous ---!

BOB: No it was me. I said it. I said I want to get away. He thought it was Dick's death, I mean the reason I wanted to leave. Well it's right --- I should --- to recover. I don't know where I am. I see you everywhere I look, Elaine. I've only got one thought ---

ELAINE: What's that?

BOB: You, you!

ELAINE: Oh, darling.

BOB: Can't we sleep together, all night? Every night? And then I'd sleep.

ELAINE: Why can't we go away --- I never thought I'd want that --- but I'd do anything.

BOB: Is he upstairs?

ELAINE: I don't know!

BOB: Sleep with me every night --- until I go away ---

ELAINE: He isn't my husband any more --- he doesn't mind --- he doesn't think of me, Bob --- he's with Audry --- I belong to you ---

BOB: Make me go away. Make me leave you Elaine.

ELAINE: What?

BOB: You can come and see me. We can have whole weeks together. I couldn't work, not if you were there. I have to think about you all the time, about your body, and the way you kiss me, it's like floating, I lose myself ---

ELAINE: Will you promise me something too?

BOB: Yes.

ELAINE: Always to love me.

BOB: Yes.

~~ELAINE: Never to blame me.~~

noise outside)
 (A ~~bang at the garden door~~ Neither of
~~them moves.~~

~~Another bang~~

ELAINE:
 (contd)

Who is it?

HAROLD:

(off) A message from Talbot ---

ELAINE:

~~(going to the door quickly)~~ What? *Talbot!*

~~(She opens the door, and~~ (HAROLD ~~is~~ *comes in*)
~~standing there)~~

HAROLD:

He phoned down to Audry.

BOB:

Is it five ---?

HAROLD:

(to BOB) He said about your bags --- they're supposed
 to be up at the house ---

ELAINE:

Bags?

HAROLD:

Well what's the matter, Bob?

BOB:

I'm coming! *(as he pulls on his clothes)*

ELAINE:

Where?

BOB:

They were taking my bags up early --- an early
 train ---

HAROLD:

~~(coming into the room)~~ Are they packed?

BOB:

I was packing!

HAROLD:

Well look sharp, lad --- I'll give you a hand ---

(He goes into BOB's room)

ELAINE:

Bob!

BOB:

I forgot ---

HAROLD:

(seeing no suitcases)
~~(off)~~ You haven't done a blime thing!

ELAINE:

I'll see Talbot. I will!

rushes out, dressed as she is)
 (She ~~goes out by the garden door,~~
~~dressed as she is)~~

HAROLD: ~~appearing again~~ Where did she say?

BOB: Talbot's.

HAROLD: Come on, we'd better look sharp!

(BOB joins him in the other room)

11.

Later the same morning. ~~The garden~~
~~door is open.~~ MARTHA is ~~getting coffee in~~
~~the main area, ROSE in her room.~~

MARTHA: *(calling)* ~~(Smiling)~~ You coming, Rose?

ROSE: ~~(upstairs)~~ Won't be a minute.

~~MARTHA:~~ ~~(going to the garden door and calling ELAINE)~~
~~Coffee's ready.~~

~~ELAINE:~~ ~~(off)~~ ~~I'm coming.~~

(ELAINE appears with some spring
 flowers in her hand) *Pinning them ...*

MARTHA: You look smart.

ELAINE: You heard the news then.

MARTHA: Yes.

ELAINE: I couldn't sleep. I knew something was up. I
 went down to him in the middle of the night ---

MARTHA: And then you went up to Talbot's?

ELAINE: Who told you that?

MARTHA: Rose.

ELAINE: She's got eyes like a fox. I went before it was light. I'm so used to storms I'd forgotten what the quiet voice of reason sounds like. He was so nice. He was sitting in his dressing gown sipping his tea, I'd never been inside the house before. He told me Bob was going to Scotland. And I didn't feel a tremor. I mean, it couldn't go on like this, Martha. We were burning each other to death --- with love. You don't even look sad when I say that.

MARTHA: Why should I?

ELAINE: It's a change from the looks you used to give me.

MARTHA: It's Saturday. I'm off for the day.

ELAINE: Oh is that why? And you don't love him a little scrap?

MARTHA: No.

ELAINE: Would you marry him?

MARTHA: What?

ELAINE: You could set up home in Scotland.

MARTHA: I don't love him, I tell you! All I did was see him through your eyes. I used to watch you watching him ---

ELAINE: I ---? (*by mime*)

MARTHA: You did it all the time! I thought he must be marvellous. But he isn't.

ELAINE: You'd be like a home for him.

MARTHA: Are you thinking of him or me?

ELAINE: Him. Yes I admit it.

MARTHA: You've never been able to help your children, have you?

ELAINE: There's been too much else to do. I said it once to Audry --- if you haven't married right --- oh I forget what I said.

MARTHA: And you want me to marry wrong too.

ELAINE: It could help you both.

MARTHA: I don't know, I've never heard anybody talk like you. As if there wasn't a rule in the world. If they heard it at the office they'd think we were mad.

ELAINE: Won't you put something nice on? He'll be here in a moment. (*his hooch etc*)

MARTHA: I'll stay as I am. This is how I'd be if I married him.

ELAINE: You make good coffee.

MARTHA: (calling) Rose!

ROSE: ~~Oh~~ Coming!

MARTHA: She'd make a good wife. But you wouldn't like that, if she married Bob. He might forget about you then. With me he'd never forget you. He'd see you every time he looked at me. I'm beginning to see into your mind.

ELAINE: That means you'll be like me one day. That's how I started life too, all squeezed up, not believing in myself. (*exited*)

MARTHA: I'm sure she was in love with him.

ELAINE: Who?

MARTHA: Rose.

ELAINE: Oh that was just Audry's joke!

MARTHA: Every time we kissed her eyes used to ---

ELAINE: I can't bear to hear you say that --- 'we kissed' ---!

(ROSE ~~appears~~ *comes downstairs*)

ROSE: Hullo. (*Beethoven heard*)

ELAINE: Another dressing gown for Bob see.

MARTHA: He's coming to say good bye.

ROSE: Oh.

ELAINE: I'm not going to be frightened by a little trip to Scotland. Talbot made me feel so safe. It was wonderful talking to him and not feeling ashamed, I mean even your father's free now, isn't he?

MARTHA: If you can call it that.

ELAINE: He's cheerful. He never looks at his photographs.

MARTHA: What photographs?

ELAINE: I realise Talbot was the best friend I ever had. I know that from this morning. He calmed me down completely.

~~MARTHA: Dad wants to sleep in that room. He's moved his stuff in.~~

~~ELAINE:~~ I'll put these flowers there. In case he peeps in. (turning) Bob, I mean.

(She goes to BOB's room with the flowers)

Elaine: (from BOB's room) Already it looks ordinary. Just a room. Martha, what shall I do?

MARTHA: Now don't cry!

ELAINE: I can't live like that again --- I shan't know what to do every day --- and you don't care any more --- we don't give a damn for each other any more --- I've lost Dick ---!

MARTHA: We've all lost him!

ROSE: It's gone eleven.

MARTHA: What?

ELAINE: Don't think I'm going to stay in this house mourning over him every time I look at that room because I shan't. Scotland's not so far --- he'll love those raw mountains --- I've tried to make something of your lives but you took it all wrong. Instead of helping me you made me feel bad every time I stepped out of the house. Well now you've got the result. I wanted something big, not a hen-coop stuck next door to a petrol pump --- that's why wars happen, because we're all cooped up in our houses with our little problems ---!

ROSE: Oh!

ELAINE: You wouldn't let light come in! That's why Dick did away with himself. A boy has to have the light.

MARTHA: What's so unusual about what you did? You only went out for one thing ---!

ELAINE: Why didn't you do the same --- defy somebody --- get married?

MARTHA: Because I loved you --- looked up to you --- and you stopped me every time!

ELAINE: That's not true, your father ---

ROSE: Oh do be quiet!

MARTHA: He won't come anyway. That's the boy you threw us all away for.

ELAINE: Threw you away --- threw away my prison warders!

ROSE: The train must have gone.

ELAINE: I've half a mind to follow him.

MARTHA: He might not like it. And you'd have to follow him a long way ---

ROSE: Martha!

MARTHA: Why shouldn't she know? has she ever spared us anything?

ELAINE: Know what?

ROSE: Nothing.

MARTHA: He isn't going to Scotland.

ELAINE: Oh?

ROSE: To Canada.

ELAINE: What?

ROSE: Yes.

ELAINE: To Canada --- when?

ROSE: Today. The boat leaves tonight.

ELAINE: He'd have told me!

MARTHA: Are you sure?

ELAINE: You're lying! I'll kill myself! I'll never live with you again! Bob! Bob!

(She grabs her spring coat from under the stairs.

She collides with HAROLD as he comes in) ~~through the garden door~~

He's going to Canada! You knew! You arranged it with Talbot!

HAROLD: Talbot did it himself. I haven't even seen him! Now pull yourself together --- he'll be here in a minute to say goodbye --- Bob'll be here!

ELAINE: I won't ever say goodbye! I'll go with him! He said he wanted me to come! I'll go to Canada! I've got Dick's savings ---

(She rushes to BOB's room and begins wrenching at one of the drawers, which is locked)

MARTHA: The money was promised to ~~Bob and~~ me!

ELAINE: Nothing's yours! It was all made by me --- by my love! I burned myself --- you never did --- you always watched me go in the flames with your nasty eyes!

(She manages to tear the drawer open and begins pulling out a great quantity of notes, which she stuffs into her coat pockets)

HAROLD: Elaine, you're not going to leave ---! Elaine! Elaine!

(His panic convinces MARTHA that ELAINE means it)

MARTHA: Mum ~~my~~!

ELAINE: I don't want to hear that word again --- I'm free --- I know what freedom is!

ROSE: Let her go!

MARTHA: Mum ~~my~~, mum ~~my~~!

HAROLD: Listen, Elaine, he's coming across now, I'll try and get him to stay ---!

ROSE: That's right, she knows how to get her will!

HAROLD: I promise!

MARTHA: Mummy, please don't go away!

ELAINE: You knew --- all of you knew --- letting me sit here waiting --- and my own boy was being taken away from me!

HAROLD: Elaine, I'll go up to the house --- I'll bring him down again --- he won't go --- I've given you a promise!

(He leaves hurriedly, ~~by the garden door~~
We hear him running away)

ROSE: You're clever.

ELAINE: I've got a heart, which is more than I can say for you!

ROSE: And what about her --- hasn't she got a heart --- can't you see her?

ELAINE: (to MARTHA) You don't have to worry. They'll find a way to keep me here.

MARTHA: You seem to be so cruel sometimes.

ELAINE: Do you think cold eyes aren't cruel? I've had cold eyes from the two of you for as long as I can remember! Well then, you get your medicine back! All this having children --- it doesn't do any more. Set them on their feet and say good bye to them. What are you staring at, both of you? Why look to me for your life all the time? Don't worry, we shall get to Canada. Talbot's going to pay for two trips instead of one! I shall be on those raw mountains, don't you worry! Scotland or Canada, it

ELAINE:
(contd)

doesn't matter! And you were storing up the news for me --- storing up another wound, like you always do! Always thinking, watching ---! Well I tasted freedom! Nobody owns me! Only love counts! You can tell your father that some day. When the three of you are sitting here! You'll see what it is to have her as a mother!

ROSE:

(quietly) Ah, you're jealous of her.

ELAINE:

Oh you're a fine psychologist, but it took me to tell you whose child you were! That's how clever you were, hating your own father until you realised you were his --- hating him because of me --- just to hurt me --- as always ---!

MARTHA:

We love you!

ELAINE:

What a pity you have to show it in wounds! Every time you fetch blood I have to tell myself, it's because they love me! You're grown people now. You have talons! You're not children any more, with soft little hands. When you scratch you fetch blood!

(HAROLD returns out of breath)

HAROLD:

He's gone! He didn't want to say good bye! Talbot was going to drive him down here to say good bye but Bob said no.

ELAINE:

Bob ...

MARTHA:

(with sudden vehemence, seeing that ELAINE can no longer leave with BOB) That's the boy you wanted me to marry! He's gone to Canada and he couldn't even kiss you goodbye! He never loved anybody! Including you!

ELAINE:

He did! Oh Bob!

MARTHA:

He wanted me to do it --- be his wife --- be on that bed all day --- and you did it for me, that's all --- that's all he wanted!

ELAINE:

We'll see, when I talk to Talbot --- we'll see who told him not to say good bye ---!

HAROLD:

Talbot was more surprised than me --- he said, the boy's gone down to say good bye ---!

- ELAINE: He said I can feel your kisses on my body afterwards like stings --- and you're in my mind all day -
- HAROLD: Elaine!
- ELAINE: I loved him! We loved each other --- we were burning each other to death --- you couldn't imagine! --- you're too small!
- MARTHA: You are cruel!
- ELAINE: He said I see you everywhere I look --- he said Martha's cold and she hates the body --- I can't stand the way she makes tea in the morning, as if it was the only thing in the world, she's shrivelled up, she can't let go, she's afraid of her feelings ---!
- MARTHA: Please don't!
- ROSE: Martha!
- ELAINE: You were all afraid of your feelings until I showed you the way! Especially you (to HAROLD) --- with your photographs --- *!your sex! Always sex!*
- ROSE: (to MARTHA) Can't you see she's broken, because he didn't come and say good bye!
- ELAINE: That's right! I'm broken now! (taking the money out of her pockets and flinging it in handfuls towards ROSE and MARTHA) There, take a month off from work, go on a holiday, both of you, and find out what love is! And then you'll get some love from me. If I'm not in Canada! (she leaves)
- HAROLD: Look, Elaine ---!
- (He follows her)
- ROSE: (picking up the money) Look what you could do with all this. Go and find him in Canada.
- MARTHA: Why does she say such terrible things?
- ROSE: Because you're so like her! She thinks of you as a rival!
- MARTHA: Me --- I'm the opposite!

ROSE: In Canada it might be different. Well --- one day. It might happen. You might suddenly walk out of here.

MARTHA: Yet he did love her. He told me.

ROSE: Always a surprise! One day it was Audry. Then the spring coat. And Bob. She always has something new for us!

MARTHA: And ~~Dick~~, that was new too --- but he'll never come back!

ROSE: She'll get all the servants she wants. And the big house. She'll be up there every day. That's the next episode. And he hasn't realised it yet. He's a brave man really.

MARTHA: Who? *as Tallie's house*

ROSE: Your father.
