



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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DRAMA

Paper 1 Set Text

0411/12/T/EX

May/June 2010

2 hours 30 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the three stimuli and the extract from Terence Rattigan's play *The Winslow Boy* provided in this booklet.

This clean copy of the material is for you to use in your responses.



This document consists of **19** printed pages and **1** blank page.



STIMULI

You are required to produce a short piece of drama on each stimulus in preparation for your examination. Questions will be asked on **each** of the stimuli and will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

- 1 All the world's a stage I'm going through
- 2 The hit man
- 3 A night on the mountain

EXTRACT

Taken from *The Winslow Boy* by Terence Rattigan

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Terence Rattigan wrote *The Winslow Boy* in 1946, although the action takes place around 1912. The play is an example of a 'well-made play' and is in four Acts. The extract comprises the whole of Act 1. The play is set in the drawing-room of the Winslows' house in London.

The Winslows are a well-to-do family, whose lives are about to be turned upside down when the youngest son, Ronnie, is expelled from his cadetship at Osborne Naval College, on the Isle of Wight, England. The honour of the family is at stake following the accusation that Ronnie has stolen a five-shilling postal order. The play follows Arthur Winslow's long, traumatic, but ultimately successful attempt to establish his son's innocence. The extract lays the foundation for what follows in the remainder of the play.

A 'drawing-room' was a room where visitors could be entertained.

'Suffragettes' (line 190) were women who campaigned for the right to vote.

The action of the play takes place in Arthur Winslow's house in Kensington, London, and two years preceding the war of 1914–1918.

ACT ONE

Scene: The drawing-room of a house in Courtfield Gardens, South Kensington, on a Sunday morning in July, at some period not long before the war of 1914–1918.

The furnishings betoken solid but not undecorative upper middle-class comfort.

On the rise of the curtain A BOY of about fourteen, dressed in the uniform of an Osborne naval cadet, is discovered. There is something rigid and tense in his attitude, and his face is blank and without expression.

There is the sound of someone in the hall. As the sound comes nearer, he looks despairingly round, as if contemplating flight. An elderly maid (VIOLET) comes in, and stops in astonishment at the sight of him.

- VIOLET: Master Ronnie!
- RONNIE: *(With ill-managed sang-froid.)* Hello, Violet. 15
- VIOLET: Why, good gracious! We weren't expecting you back till Tuesday.
- RONNIE: Yes, I know.
- VIOLET: Why ever didn't you let us know you were coming, you silly boy? Your mother should have been at the station to meet you. The idea of a child like you wandering all over London by yourself. I never did. However did you get in? By the garden, I suppose. 20
- RONNIE: No. The front-door. I rang and cook opened it.
- VIOLET: And where's your trunk and your tuck box?
- RONNIE: Upstairs. The taximan carried them up –
- VIOLET: Taximan? You took a taxi? 25
- (RONNIE nods.)*
- All by yourself? Well, I don't know what little boys are coming to, I'm sure. What your father and mother will say, I don't know.
- RONNIE: Where are they, Violet?
- VIOLET: Church, of course. 30
- RONNIE: *(Vacantly.)* Oh, yes. It's Sunday, isn't it?
- VIOLET: What's the matter with you? What have they been doing to you at Osborne?
- RONNIE: *(Sharply.)* What do you mean?
- VIOLET: They seem to have made you a bit soft in the head, or something. Well – I suppose I'd better get your unpacking done – Mr Dickie's been using your chest of drawers for all his dress clothes and things. I'll just clear 'em out and put 'em on his bed – that's what I'll do. He can find room for 'em somewhere else. 35
- RONNIE: Shall I help you?
- VIOLET: *(Scornfully.)* I know *your* help. With *your* help I'll be at it all day. No, you just wait down here for your mother and father. They'll be back in a minute.
- (RONNIE nods and turns hopelessly away. VIOLET looks at his retreating back, puzzled.)* 45
- Well?
- RONNIE: *(Turning.)* Yes?
- VIOLET: Don't I get a kiss or are you too grown up for that now?
- RONNIE: *(Says Violet)*

- (*He goes up to her and is enveloped in her ample bosom.*)
- VIOLET: That's better. My, what a big boy you're getting!
(*She holds him at arm's length and inspects him.*)
Quite the little naval officer, aren't you?
- RONNIE: (*Smiling forlornly.*) Yes. That's right.
- VIOLET: Well, well – I must be getting on – 55
(*She goes out. RONNIE, left alone, resumes his attitude of utter dejection. He takes out of his pocket a letter in a sealed envelope. After a second's hesitation, he opens it, and reads the contents. The perusal appears to increase his misery.*)
He makes for a moment as if to tear it up; then changes his mind again, and puts it back in his pocket. He gets up and takes two or three quick steps towards the hall door. Then he stops, uncertainly. There is the sound of voices in the hall. RONNIE jumps to his feet; then, with a strangled sob, runs to the garden door, and down the iron steps into the garden. 60
The hall door opens and the rest of the Winslow family file in. They are ARTHUR and GRACE – Ronnie's father and mother – and DICKIE and CATHERINE – his brother and sister. All are carrying prayerbooks, and wear that faintly unctuous after-church air.
ARTHUR leans heavily on a stick. He is a man of about sixty, with a rather deliberately cultured patriarchal air. GRACE is about ten years younger, with the faded remnants of prettiness. DICKIE is an Oxford undergraduate, large, noisy, and cheerful. CATHERINE, approaching thirty, has an air of masculinity about her which is at odd variance with her mother's intense femininity.) 65
- GRACE: (*As she enters.*) – But he's so old, dear. From the back of the church you really can't hear a word he says – 70
- ARTHUR: He's a good man, Grace.
- GRACE: But what's the use of being good, if you're inaudible?
- CATHERINE: A problem in ethics for you, Father. 80
(*ARTHUR is standing with his back to fireplace. He looks round at the open garden door.*)
- ARTHUR: There's a draught, Grace.
(*GRACE goes to the door and closes it.*)
- GRACE: Oh dear – it's coming on to rain. 85
- DICKIE: I'm on Mother's side. The old boy's so doddery now he can hardly finish the course at all. I timed him today. It took him seventy-five seconds dead from a flying start to reach the pulpit, and then he needed the whip coming round the bend. I call that pretty bad going.
- ARTHUR: I don't think that's very funny, Richard. 90
- DICKIE: Oh, don't you, Father?
- ARTHUR: Doddery though Mr Jackson may seem now, I very much doubt if he failed in his examinations, when he was at Oxford.
- DICKIE: (*Aggrieved.*) Dash it – Father – you promised not to mention that again this vacation – 95
- GRACE: You did, you know, Arthur.
- ARTHUR: There was a condition to my promise – if you remember – that Dickie should provide me with reasonable evidence of his intentions to work.
- DICKIE: Well, haven't I, Father? Didn't I stay in all last night – a Saturday night – and work? 100
- ARTHUR: You stayed in, Dickie. I would be the last to deny that.
- GRACE: You were making rather a noise, dear, with that old gramophone of yours. I really can't believe you could have been doing much work with that going on all the time. 105

- DICKIE: Funnily enough, Mother, it helps me to concentrate –
- ARTHUR: Concentrate on what?
- DICKIE: Work, of course.
- ARTHUR: That was not what you appeared to be concentrating on when I came down to fetch a book – sleep, may I say, having been rendered out of the question by the hideous sounds emanating from this room.
- DICKIE: Edwina and her father had just looked in on their way to the Graham's dance – they only stayed a minute –
- GRACE: What an idiotic girl that is! Oh, sorry, Dickie – I was forgetting. 115
You're rather keen on her, aren't you?
- ARTHUR: You would have had ample proof of that fact, Grace, if you had seen them in the attitude I caught them in last night.
- DICKIE: We were practising the Bunny Hug.
- GRACE: The what, dear? 120
- DICKIE: The Bunny Hug. It's the new dance.
- CATHERINE: (*Helpfully.*) It's like the Turkey Trot – only more dignified.
- GRACE: Oh, I thought that was the tango.
- DICKIE: No. More like a Fox Trot, really. Something between a Boston Glide and a Kangaroo Hop. 125
- ARTHUR: We appear to be straying from the point. Whatever animal was responsible for the posture I found you in does not alter the fact that you have not done one single stroke of work this vacation.
- DICKIE: Oh. Well, I do work awfully fast, you know – once I get down to it.
- ARTHUR: That assumption can hardly be based on experience, I take it. 130
- DICKIE: Dash it, Father! You are laying in to me this morning.
- ARTHUR: It's time you found out, Dickie, that I'm not spending two hundred pounds a year keeping you at Oxford, merely to learn to dance the Bunny Hop.
- DICKIE: Hug, Father. 135
- ARTHUR: The exact description of the obscenity is immaterial.
- GRACE: Father's quite right, you know, dear. You really have been going the pace a bit, this vacation.
- DICKIE: Yes, I know, Mother – but the season's nearly over now –
- GRACE: (*With a sigh.*) I wish you were as good about work as Ronnie. 140
- DICKIE: (*Hotly.*) I like that. That's a bit thick, I must say. All Ronnie ever has to do with his footling little homework is to add two and two.
- ARTHUR: Ronnie is at least proving a good deal more successful in adding two and two than you were at his age.
- DICKIE: (*Now furious.*) Oh yes. I know. I know. He got into Osborne and I failed. That's going to be brought up again – 145
- GRACE: Nobody's bringing it up, dear –
- DICKIE: Oh, yes they are. It's going to be brought up against me all my life. Ronnie's the good little boy, I'm the bad little boy. You've just stuck a couple of labels on us that nothing on earth is ever going to change. 150
- GRACE: Don't be so absurd, dear –
- DICKIE: It's not absurd. It's quite true. Isn't it, Kate?
(CATHERINE looks up from a book she has been reading in the corner.) 155
- CATHERINE: I'm sorry, Dickie. I haven't been listening. Isn't what quite true?
- DICKIE: That in the eyes of Mother and Father nothing that Ronnie does is ever wrong, and nothing I do is ever right?
- CATHERINE: (*After a pause.*) If I were you, Dickie dear, I'd go and have a nice lie down before lunch. 160
- DICKIE: (*After a further pause.*) Perhaps you're right

- (*He goes towards the hall door.*)
- ARTHUR: If you're going to your room I suggest you take that object with you.
(*He points to a gramophone – 1912 model, with horn – lying on a table.*)
It's out of place in a drawing-room.
(*DICKIE, with an air of superiority, picks up the gramophone and carries it to the door.*)
It might help you to concentrate on the work you're going to do this afternoon. 170
(*DICKIE stops at the door, and then turns slowly.*)
- DICKIE: (*With dignity.*) That is out of the question, I'm afraid.
- ARTHUR: Indeed? Why?
- DICKIE: I have an engagement with Miss Gunn. 175
- ARTHUR: On a Sunday afternoon? Escorting her to the National Gallery, no doubt?
- DICKIE: No. The Victoria and Albert Museum.
(*He goes out with as much dignity as is consistent with the carrying of a very bulky gramophone.*) 180
- GRACE: How stupid of him to say that about labels. There's no truth in it at all – is there, Kate?
- CATHERINE: (*Deep in her book.*) No, Mother.
- GRACE: Oh dear, it's simply pelting. What are you reading, Kate?
- CATHERINE: Len Rogers's Memoirs. 185
- GRACE: Who's Len Rogers?
- CATHERINE: A Trades Union Leader.
- GRACE: Does John know you're a Radical?
- CATHERINE: Oh, yes.
- GRACE: And a Suffragette? 190
- CATHERINE: Certainly.
- GRACE: (*With a smile.*) And he still wants to marry you?
- CATHERINE: He seems to.
- GRACE: Oh, by the way, I've asked him to come early for lunch – so that he can have a few words with Father first. 195
- CATHERINE: Good idea. I hope you've been primed, have you Father?
- ARTHUR: (*Who has been nearly asleep.*) What's that?
- CATHERINE: You know what you're going to say to John, don't you? You're not going to let me down and forbid the match, or anything, are you? Because I warn you, if you do, I shall elope – 200
- ARTHUR: (*Taking her hand.*) Never fear, my dear. I'm far too delighted at the prospect of getting you off our hands at last.
- CATHERINE: (*Smiling.*) I'm not sure I like that 'at last'.
- GRACE: Do you love him, dear?
- CATHERINE: John? Yes, I do. 205
- GRACE: You're such a funny girl. You never show your feelings much, do you? You don't behave as if you were in love.
- CATHERINE: How does one behave as if one is in love?
- ARTHUR: One doesn't read Len Rogers. One reads Byron.
- CATHERINE: I do both. 210
- ARTHUR: An odd combination.
- CATHERINE: A satisfying one.
- GRACE: I meant – you don't talk about him much, do you?
- CATHERINE: No. I suppose I don't.
- GRACE: (*Sighing.*) I don't think you modern girls have the feelings our generation did. It's this New Woman attitude. 215
- CATHERINE: Very well, Mother. I love John in every way that a woman can love

- GRACE: a man, and far, far more than he loves me. Does that satisfy you?
(*Embarrassed.*) Well, really, Kate darling – I didn't ask for anything quite like that – (To ARTHUR.) What are you laughing at, Arthur?
- ARTHUR: (*Chuckling.*) One up to the New Woman.
- GRACE: Nonsense. She misunderstood me, that's all. (*At the window.*) Just look at the rain! (*Turning to CATHERINE.*) Kate, darling, does Desmond know about you and John?
- CATHERINE: I haven't told him. On the other hand, if he hasn't guessed, he must be very dense. 225
- ARTHUR: He is very dense.
- GRACE: Oh, no. He's quite clever, if you really get under his skin.
- ARTHUR: Oddly enough, I've never had that inclination.
- GRACE: I think he's a dear. Kate, darling, you *will* be kind to him, won't you? 230
- CATHERINE: (*Patiently.*) Yes, Mother. Of course I will.
- GRACE: He's really a very good sort –
(*She breaks off suddenly and stares out of the window.*)
Hullo! There's someone in our garden.
- CATHERINE: (*Coming to look.*) Where? 235
- GRACE: (*Pointing.*) Over there, do you see?
- CATHERINE: No.
- GRACE: He's just gone behind that bush. It was a boy, I think. Probably Mrs Williamson's awful little Dennis.
- CATHERINE: (*Leaving the window.*) Well, whoever it is must be getting terribly wet. 240
- GRACE: Why can't he stick to his own garden?
(*There is a sound of voices outside in the hall.*)
Was that John?
- CATHERINE: It sounded like it. 245
- GRACE: (*After listening.*) Yes. It's John. (To CATHERINE.) Quick! In the dining-room!
- CATHERINE: All right.
(*She dashes across to the dining-room door.*)
- GRACE: Here! You've forgotten your bag. 250
(*She darts to the table and picks it up.*)
- ARTHUR: (*Startled.*) What on earth is going on?
- GRACE: (*In a stage whisper.*) We're leaving you alone with John. When you've finished cough or something.
- ARTHUR: (*Testily.*) What do you mean, or something? 255
- GRACE: I know. Knock on the floor with your stick – three times. Then we'll come in.
- ARTHUR: You don't think that might look a trifle coincidental?
- GRACE: Sh!
(*She disappears from view as the hall door opens and VIOLET comes in.*) 260
- VIOLET: (*Announcing.*) Mr Watherstone.
(JOHN WATHERSTONE comes in. He is a man of about thirty, dressed in an extremely well-cut morning coat and striped trousers, an attire which, though excused by church parade, we may well feel has been donned for this occasion.) 265
- ARTHUR: How are you, John? I'm very glad to see you.
- JOHN: How do you do, sir?
- ARTHUR: Will you forgive me not getting up? My arthritis has been troubling me rather a lot, lately. 270
- JOHN: I'm very sorry to hear that, sir. Catherine told me it was better.
- ARTHUR: It was, for a time. Now it's worse again. Do you smoke? (*He indicates a cigarette box.*)

- JOHN: Yes, sir. I do. Thank you. (*He takes a cigarette, adding hastily, moderation, of course.*)
- ARTHUR: (*With a faint smile.*) Of course.
(*Pause, while JOHN lights his cigarette and ARTHUR watches him.*)
Well, now. I understand you wish to marry my daughter.
- JOHN: Yes, sir. That's to say, I've proposed to her and she's done me the honour of accepting me. 280
- ARTHUR: I see. I trust when you corrected yourself, your second statement wasn't a denial of your first? (*JOHN looks puzzled.*) I mean, you do *really* wish to marry her?
- JOHN: Of course, sir.
- ARTHUR: Why, of course? There are plenty of people about who don't wish to marry her. 285
- JOHN: I mean, of course, because I proposed to her.
- ARTHUR: That, too, doesn't necessarily follow. However, we don't need to quibble. We'll take the sentimental side of the project for granted. As regards the more practical aspect, perhaps you won't mind if I ask you a few rather personal questions? 290
- JOHN: Naturally not, sir. It's your duty.
- ARTHUR: Quite so. Now, your income. Are you able to live on it?
- JOHN: No, sir. I'm in the regular army.
- ARTHUR: Yes, of course. 295
- JOHN: But my army pay is supplemented by an allowance from my father.
- ARTHUR: So I understand. Now, your father's would be, I take it, about twenty-four pounds a month.
- JOHN: Yes, sir, that's exactly right. 300
- ARTHUR: So that your total income – with your subaltern's pay and allowances plus the allowance from your father, would be, I take it, about four hundred and twenty pounds a year?
- JOHN: Again, exactly the figure.
- ARTHUR: Well, well. It all seems perfectly satisfactory. I really don't think I need delay my congratulations any longer. (*He extends his hand, which JOHN, gratefully, takes.*)
- JOHN: Thank you, sir, very much.
- ARTHUR: I must say, it was very good of you to be so frank and informative.
- JOHN: Not at all. 310
- ARTHUR: Your answers to my questions deserve an equal frankness from me about Catherine's own affairs. I'm afraid she's not – just in case you thought otherwise – the daughter of a rich man.
- JOHN: I didn't think otherwise, sir.
- ARTHUR: Good. Well, now – 315
(*He suddenly cocks his head on one side and listens. There is the sound of a gramophone playing 'Hitchey-koo' from somewhere upstairs.*)
Would you be so good as to touch the bell?
(*JOHN does so.*) 320
Thank you. Well, now, continuing about my own financial affairs. The Westminster Bank pay me a small pension – three hundred and fifty to be precise – and my wife has about two hundred a year of her own. Apart from that we have nothing, except such savings as I've been able to make during my career at the bank. 325
The interest from which raises my total income to approximately eight hundred pounds per annum.
(*VIOLET comes in.*)
VIOLET: You see, sir?

- ARTHUR: Yes, Violet. My compliments to Mr Dickie and if he doesn't stop that cacophonous hullabaloo at once, I'll throw him and his infernal machine into the street.
- VIOLET: Yes, sir. What was that word again? Cac – something –
- ARTHUR: Never mind. Say anything you like, only stop him.
- VIOLET: Well, sir, I'll do my best, but you know what Master Dickie's like with his blessed old ragtime. 335
- ARTHUR: Yes, Violet, I do.
- VIOLET: I could say you don't think it's quite right on a Sunday.
- ARTHUR: (*Roaring.*) You can say I don't think it's quite right on any day. Just stop him making that confounded din, that's all. 340
- VIOLET: Yes, sir.
(*She goes out.*)
- ARTHUR: (*Apologetically.*) Our Violet has no doubt already been explained to you?
- JOHN: I don't think so, sir. Is any explanation necessary? 345
- ARTHUR: I fear it is. She came to us direct from an orphanage when she was fourteen, as a sort of under-between-maid on probation, and in that capacity she was quite satisfactory; but I'm afraid, as parlourmaid, she has developed certain marked eccentricities in the performance of her duties, due, no doubt, to the fact that she has never fully known what those duties were. Well, now, where were we? Ah, yes. I was telling you about my sources of income, was I not? 350
- JOHN: Yes, sir.
- ARTHUR: Now, in addition to the ordinary expenses of life, I have to maintain two sons – one at Osborne, and the other at Oxford – neither of whom, I'm afraid, will be in a position to support themselves for some time to come – one because of his extreme youth and the other because of – er – other reasons. 355
(*The gramophone stops suddenly.*)
- JOHN: So, you see, I am not in a position to be very lavish as regards Catherine's dowry. 360
- ARTHUR: No, sir. I quite see that.
- JOHN: I propose to settle on her one-sixth of my total capital, which, worked out to the final fraction, is exactly eight hundred and thirty-three pounds six shillings and eight pence. But let us deal in round figures and say eight hundred and fifty pounds. 365
- JOHN: I call that very generous, sir.
- ARTHUR: Not as generous as I would have liked, I'm afraid. However – as my wife would say – beggars can't be choosers.
- JOHN: Exactly, sir. 370
- ARTHUR: Well, then, if you're agreeable to that arrangement, I don't think there's anything more we need discuss.
- JOHN: No, sir.
- ARTHUR: Splendid.
(*Pause. ARTHUR takes his stick and raps it, with an air of studied unconcern, three times on the floor. Nothing happens.*) 375
- JOHN: Pretty rotten weather, isn't it ?
- ARTHUR: Yes. Vile.
(*He raps again. Again nothing happens.*)
- JOHN: Would you care for another cigarette? 380
- ARTHUR: No, thank you, sir. I'm still smoking.
(*ARTHUR takes up his stick to rap again, and then thinks better of it. He goes slowly but firmly to the dining-room door, which he throws open.*)
- ARTHUR: (*He sneezes.*) Well, imagine that! My wife and daughter 385

- are in here of all places. Come in, Grace. Come in, Catherine. John's here.
(GRACE comes in, with CATHERINE behind.)
- GRACE: Why, John – how nice! (She shake hands.) My, you do look a swell! Doesn't he, Kate, darling? 395
- CATHERINE: Quite.
(Pause. GRACE is unable to repress herself.)
- GRACE: (Coyly.) Well?
- ARTHUR: Well, what?
- GRACE: How did your little talk go? 395
- ARTHUR: (Testily.) I understood you weren't supposed to know we were having a little talk.
- GRACE: Oh, you are infuriating! Is everything all right, John?
(JOHN nods, smiling.)
- Oh, I'm so glad. I really am. 400
- JOHN: Thank you, Mrs Winslow.
- GRACE: May I kiss you? After all, I'm practically your mother, now.
- JOHN: Yes. Of course.
(He allows himself to be kissed.)
- ARTHUR: While I, by the same token, am practically your father, but if you will forgive me – 405
- JOHN: (Smiling.) Certainly, sir.
- ARTHUR: Grace, I think we might allow ourselves a little modest celebration at luncheon. Will you find me the key of the cellars?
(He goes out through the hall door.) 410
- GRACE: Yes, dear. (She turns at the door. Coyly.) I don't suppose you two will mind being left alone for a few minutes, will you?
(She follows her husband out. JOHN goes to CATHERINE and kisses her.)
- CATHERINE: Was it an ordeal? 415
- JOHN: I was scared to death.
- CATHERINE: My poor darling –
- JOHN: The annoying thing was that I had a whole lot of neatly turned phrases ready for him and he wouldn't let me use them.
- CATHERINE: Such as? 420
- JOHN: Oh – how proud and honoured I was by your acceptance of me, and how determined I was to make you a loyal and devoted husband – and to maintain you in the state to which you were accustomed – all that sort of thing. All very sincerely meant.
- CATHERINE: Anything about loving me a little? 425
- JOHN: (Lightly.) That I thought we could take for granted. So did your father, incidentally.
- CATHERINE: I see. (She gazes at him.) Goodness, you do look smart!
- JOHN: Not bad, is it?
- CATHERINE: What about your father? How did he take it? 430
- JOHN: All right.
- CATHERINE: I bet he didn't.
- JOHN: Oh, yes. He's been wanting me to get married for years. Getting worried about grandchildren, I suppose.
- CATHERINE: He disapproves of me, doesn't he? 435
- JOHN: Oh, no. Whatever makes you think that?
- CATHERINE: He has a way of looking at me through his monocle that shrivels me up.
- JOHN: He's just being a colonel, darling, that's all. All colonels look at you like that. Anyway, what about the way your father looks at me! Tell me, are all your family so scared of him as I am? 440

- CATHERINE: Dickie is, of course; and Ronnie, though he doesn't need to
Father worships him. I don't know about Mother being scared of
him. Sometimes, perhaps. I'm not – ever.
- JOHN: You're not scared of anything, are you?
- CATHERINE: Oh yes. Heaps of things.
- JOHN: Such as?
- CATHERINE: *(With a smile.)* Oh – they're nearly all concerned with you.
*(RONNIE looks cautiously in at the window door. He now presents
a very bedraggled and woebegone appearance, with his uniform
wringing wet, and his damp hair over his eyes.)* 450
- JOHN: You might be a little more explicit –
- RONNIE: *(In a low voice.)* Kate!
(CATHERINE turns and sees him.)
- CATHERINE: *(Amazed.)* Ronnie! What on earth – 455
- RONNIE: Where's Father?
- CATHERINE: I'll go and tell him –
- RONNIE: *(Urgently.)* No, don't. Please, Kate, don't!
(CATHERINE, halfway to the door, stops, puzzled.)
- CATHERINE: What's the trouble, Ronnie? 460
*(RONNIE, trembling on the edge of tears, does not answer her.
She approaches him.)*
You're wet through. You'd better go and change.
- RONNIE: No.
- CATHERINE: *(Gently.)* What's the trouble, darling? You can tell me. 465
(RONNIE looks at JOHN.)
You know John Watherstone, Ronnie. You met him last holidays,
don't you remember?
*(RONNIE remains silent, obviously reluctant to talk in front of a
comparative stranger.)* 470
- JOHN: *(Tactfully.)* I'll disappear.
- CATHERINE: *(Pointing to dining-room.)* In there, do you mind?
*(JOHN goes out quietly. CATHERINE gently leads RONNIE further
into the room.)*
- Now, darling, tell me. What is it? Have you run away? 475
(RONNIE shakes his head, evidently not trusting himself to speak.)
What is it, then?
*(RONNIE pulls out the document from his pocket which we have
seen him reading in an earlier scene, and slowly hands it to her.
CATHERINE reads it quietly.)* 480
- Oh, God!
- RONNIE: I didn't do it.
(CATHERINE re-reads the letter in silence.)
Kate, I didn't. Really, I didn't.
- CATHERINE: *(Abstractedly.)* No, darling. *(She seems uncertain what to do.)* This 485
letter is addressed to Father. Did you open it?
- RONNIE: Yes.
- CATHERINE: You shouldn't have done that –
- RONNIE: I was going to tear it up. Then I heard you come in from church
and ran into the garden – I didn't know what to do – 490
- CATHERINE: *(Still distracted.)* Did they send you up to London all by yourself?
- RONNIE: They sent a petty officer up with me. He was supposed to wait and
see Father, but I sent him away. *(Indicating letter.)* Kate – shall we
tear it up, now?
- CATHERINE: No, darling. 495
- RONNIE: We could tell Father term had ended two days sooner –
- CATHERINE: No, darling.

- RONNIE: I didn't do it – really I didn't –
(DICKIE *comes in from the hall. He does not seem surprised to see RONNIE.*)
- DICKIE: (Cheerfully.) Hullo, Ronnie, old lad. How's everything?
(RONNIE *turns away from him.*)
- CATHERINE: You knew he was here?
- DICKIE: Oh yes. His trunks and things are all over our room. Trouble?
- CATHERINE: Yes. 505
- DICKIE: I'm sorry.
- CATHERINE: You stay here with him. I'll find Mother.
- DICKIE: All right.
(CATHERINE *goes out by the hall door. There is a pause.*)
- DICKIE: What's up, old chap? 510
- RONNIE: Nothing.
- DICKIE: Come on – tell me.
- RONNIE: It's all right.
- DICKIE: Have you been sacked?
(RONNIE *nods.*) 515
Bad luck. What for?
- RONNIE: I didn't do it!
- DICKIE: (Reassuringly.) No, of course you didn't.
- RONNIE: Honestly, I didn't.
- DICKIE: That's all right, old chap. No need to go on about it. I believe you. 520
- RONNIE: You don't.
- DICKIE: Well, I don't know what it is they've sacked you for, yet –
- RONNIE: (In a low voice.) Stealing.
- DICKIE: (Evidently relieved.) Oh, is that all? Good Lord! I didn't know they sacked chaps for *that*, these days. 525
- RONNIE: I didn't do it.
- DICKIE: Why, good heavens, at school we used to pinch everything we could jolly well lay our hands on. All of us. I remember there was one chap – Carstairs his name was – captain of cricket, believe it or not – absolutely nothing was safe with him – nothing at all. 530
Pinched a squash racket of mine once, I remember –
(He has quietly approached RONNIE, and now puts his arm on his shoulder.)
- Believe me, old chap, pinching's nothing. Nothing at all. I say – you're a bit damp, aren't you? 535
- RONNIE: I've been out in the rain –
- DICKIE: You're shivering a bit, too, aren't you? Oughtn't you to go and change? I mean, we don't want you catching pneumonia –
- RONNIE: I'm all right.
(GRACE *comes in, with CATHERINE following. GRACE comes quickly to RONNIE, who, as he sees her, turns away from DICKIE and runs into her arms.*) 540
- GRACE: There, darling! It's all right, now.
(RONNIE *begins to cry quietly, his head buried in her dress.*)
- RONNIE: (His voice muffled.) I didn't do it, Mother. 545
- GRACE: No, darling. Of course you didn't. We'll go upstairs now, shall we, and get out of these nasty wet clothes.
- RONNIE: Don't tell Father.
- GRACE: No, darling. Not yet. I promise. Come along now.
(She leads him towards the door held open by CATHERINE.) 550
Your new uniform, too. What a shame!
(She goes out with him.)

- DICKIE: I'd better go and keep watch for them. Ward off the old man in case he looks like going upstairs.
(CATHERINE *nods.*)
(*At door.*) I say – who's going to break the news to him eventually? I mean, someone'll have to.
- CATHERINE: Don't let's worry about that now.
- DICKIE: Well, you can count me out. In fact, I don't want to be within a thousand miles of that explosion. 560
(*He goes out. CATHERINE comes to the dining-room door, which she opens, and calls 'John!' JOHN comes in.*)
- JOHN: Bad news?
(CATHERINE *nods. She is plainly upset, and dabs her eyes with her handkerchief.*) 565
That's rotten for you. I'm awfully sorry.
- CATHERINE: (*Violently.*) How can people be so cruel!
- JOHN: (*Uncomfortably.*) Expelled, I suppose?
(*He gets his answer from her silence, while she recovers herself.*)
- CATHERINE: God, how little imagination some people have! Why should they torture a child of that age, John, darling? What's the point of it? 570
- JOHN: What's he supposed to have done?
- CATHERINE: Stolen some money.
- JOHN: Oh.
- CATHERINE: Ten days ago, it said in the letter. Why on earth didn't they let us know? Just think what that poor little creature has been going through these last ten days down there, entirely alone, without anyone to look after him, knowing what he had to face at the end of it! And then, finally, they send him up to London with a petty officer – is it any wonder he's nearly out of his mind? 575
- JOHN: It does seem pretty heartless, I admit.
- CATHERINE: Heartless? It's cold, calculated inhumanity. God, how I'd love to have that Commanding Officer here for just two minutes! I'd – I'd –
- JOHN: (*Gently.*) Darling, it's quite natural you should feel angry about it, but you must remember, he's not really at school. He's in the Service. 585
- CATHERINE: What difference does that make?
- JOHN: Well, they have ways of doing things in the Service which may seem to an outsider horribly brutal – but at least they're always scrupulously fair. You can take it from me, that there must have been a very full inquiry before they'd take a step of this sort. What's more, if there's been a delay of ten days, it would only have been in order to give the boy a better chance to clear himself –
(*Pause. CATHERINE is silent.*)
I'm sorry, Catherine, darling. I'd have done better to keep my mouth shut. 595
- CATHERINE: No. What you said was perfectly true –
- JOHN: It was tactless of me to say it, though. I'm sorry.
- CATHERINE: (*Lightly.*) That's all right.
- JOHN: Forgive me? 600
(*He lays his arm on her shoulder.*)
- CATHERINE: (*Taking his hand.*) Nothing to forgive.
- JOHN: Believe me, I'm awfully sorry. (*After a pause.*) How will your father take it?
- CATHERINE: (*Simply.*) It might kill him – 605
(*There is the sound of voices in the hall.*)
Oh, heavens! We've got Desmond to lunch. I'd forgotten –

- CATHERINE: Desmond Curry – our family solicitor. Oh, Lord! (*In a ha*
whisper.) Darling – be polite to him, won't you?
- JOHN: Why? Am I usually so rude to your guests?
- CATHERINE: No, but he doesn't know about us yet –
- JOHN: Who does?
- CATHERINE: (*Still in a whisper.*) Yes, but he's been in love with me for years –
it's a family joke – 615
(*VIOLET comes in.*)
- VIOLET: (*Announcing.*) Mr Curry.
(*DESMOND CURRY comes in. He is a man of about forty-five,*
with the figure of an athlete gone to seed. He has a mildly furtive
manner, rather as if he had just absconded with his firm's petty
cash, but hopes no one is going to be too angry about it. JOHN,
when he sees him, cannot repress a faint smile at the thought of
his loving CATHERINE. VIOLET has made her exit.) 620
- CATHERINE: Hullo, Desmond. I don't think you know John Watherstone –
- DESMOND: No – but, of course, I've heard a lot about him – 625
- JOHN: How do you do?
(*He wipes the smile off his face, as he meets CATHERINE'S*
glance. There is a pause.)
- DESMOND: Well, well, well. I trust I'm not early.
- CATHERINE: No. Dead on time, Desmond – as always. 630
- DESMOND: Capital. Capital.
(*There is another pause, broken by CATHERINE and JOHN both*
suddenly speaking at once.)
- CATHERINE: } Tell me, Desmond.
- JOHN: } (*Simultaneously.*) Pretty ghastly this rain – 635
- JOHN: I'm so sorry –
- CATHERINE: It's quite all right. I was only going to ask how you did in your
cricket match yesterday, Desmond.
- DESMOND: Not too well, I'm afraid. My shoulder's still giving me trouble –
(*There is another pause.*) 640
(*At length.*) Well, well. I hear I'm to congratulate you both –
- CATHERINE: Desmond – you know?
- DESMOND: Violet told me, just now – in the hall. Yes – I must congratulate you
both.
- CATHERINE: Thank you so much, Desmond. 645
- JOHN: Thank you.
- DESMOND: Of course, it's quite expected, I know. Quite expected. Still it was
rather a surprise, hearing it like that – from Violet in the hall –
- CATHERINE: We were going to tell you, Desmond dear. It was only official this
morning, you know. In fact, you're the first person to hear it. 650
- DESMOND: Am I? Am I, indeed? Well, I'm sure you'll both be very happy.
- CATHERINE: } Thank you, Desmond.
- JOHN: } (*Murmuring together.*) Thank you.
- DESMOND: Only this morning? Fancy.
(*GRACE comes in.*) 655
- GRACE: Hullo, Desmond, dear.
- DESMOND: Hullo, Mrs Winslow.
- GRACE: (*to CATHERINE.*) I've got him to bed –
- CATHERINE: Good.
- DESMOND: Nobody ill, I hope? 660
- GRACE: No, no. Nothing wrong at all –
(*ARTHUR comes in, with a bottle under his arm. He rings the bell.*)
- ARTHUR: Grace, when did we last have the cellars seen to?
- GRACE: I can't remember, dear.

- ARTHUR: Well, they're in a shocking condition. Hullo, Desmond. How are you? You're not looking well.
- DESMOND: Am I not? I've strained my shoulder, you know –
- ARTHUR: Well, why do you play these ridiculous games of yours? Resign yourself to the onrush of middle age, and abandon them, my dear Desmond. 670
- DESMOND: Oh, I could never do that. Not give up cricket. Not altogether.
- JOHN: (*Making conversation.*) Are you any relation of D. W. H. Curry who used to play for Middlesex?
- DESMOND: (*Whose moment has come.*) I am D. W. H. Curry.
- GRACE: Didn't you know we had a great man in the room? 675
- JOHN: Gosh! Curry of Curry's match?
- DESMOND: That's right.
- JOHN: Hat trick against the Players in – what year was it?
- DESMOND: 1895. At Lord's. Twenty-six overs, nine maidens, thirty-seven runs, eight wickets. 680
- JOHN: Gosh! Do you know you used to be a schoolboy hero of mine?
- DESMOND: Did I? Did I, indeed?
- JOHN: Yes. I had a signed photograph of you.
- DESMOND: Yes. I used to sign a lot once, for schoolboys, I remember.
- ARTHUR: Only for schoolboys, Desmond? 685
- DESMOND: I fear so – yes. Girls took no interest in cricket in those days.
- JOHN: Gosh! D. W. H. Curry – in person. Well, I'd never have thought it.
- DESMOND: (*Sadly.*) I know. Very few people would nowadays –
- CATHERINE: (*Quickly.*) Oh, John didn't mean that, Desmond –
- DESMOND: I fear he did. (*He moves his arm.*) This is the main trouble. Too much office work and too little exercise, I fear. 690
- ARTHUR: Nonsense. Too much exercise and too little office work. (*VIOLET comes in, in response to a bell rung by ARTHUR some moments before.*)
- VIOLET: You rang, sir? 695
- ARTHUR: Yes, Violet. Bring some glasses, would you?
- VIOLET: Very good, sir. (*She goes out.*)
- ARTHUR: I thought we'd try a little of the Madeira before luncheon – we're celebrating, you know, Desmond – 700
(*GRACE jogs his arm furtively, indicating DESMOND.*)
(*Adding hastily.*) – my wife's fifty-fourth birthday –
- GRACE: Arthur! Really!
- CATHERINE: It's all right, Father. Desmond knows –
- DESMOND: Yes, indeed. It's wonderful news, isn't it? I'll most gladly drink a toast to the – er – to the – 705
- ARTHUR: (*Politely.*) Happy pair, I think, is the phrase that is eluding you –
- DESMOND: Well, as a matter of fact, I was looking for something new to say –
- ARTHUR: (*Murmuring.*) A forlorn quest, my dear Desmond.
- GRACE: (*Protestingly.*) Arthur, really! You mustn't be so rude. 710
- ARTHUR: I meant, naturally, that no one – with the possible exception of Voltaire – could find anything new to say about an engaged couple – (*DICKIE comes in.*)
- Ah, my dear Dickie – just in time for a glass of Madeira in celebration of Kate's engagement to John – 715
(*VIOLET comes in with a tray of glasses. ARTHUR begins to pour out the wine.*)
- DICKIE: Oh, is that all finally spliced up now? Kate definitely being entered for the marriage stakes? Good-oh!
- ARTHUR: Quite so. I should have added just now – with the possible

- exception of Voltaire and Dickie Winslow. (To VIOLET) Take the round, will you, Violet?
(VIOLET goes first to GRACE, then to CATHERINE, then to JOHN, DESMOND, DICKIE, and finally ARTHUR.)
- CATHERINE: Are we allowed to drink our own healths?
ARTHUR: I think it's permissible.
GRACE: No. It's bad luck.
JOHN: We defy augury. Don't we, Kate?
GRACE: You mustn't say that, John dear. I know. You can drink each other's healths. That's all right. 730
- ARTHUR: Are my wife's superstitious terrors finally allayed? Good.
(The drinks have now been handed round.)
- ARTHUR: (Toasting.) Catherine and John!
(All drink – CATHERINE and JOHN to each other. VIOLET lingers, smiling, in the doorway.) 735
(Seeing VIOLET.) Ah, Violet! We mustn't leave you out. You must join this toast.
- VIOLET: Well – thank you, sir.
(He pours her out a glass.)
Not too much, sir, please. Just a sip. 740
- ARTHUR: Quite so. Your reluctance would be more convincing if I hadn't noticed you'd brought an extra glass –
- VIOLET: (Taking glass from ARTHUR.) Oh, I didn't bring it for myself, sir. I brought it for Master Ronnie – (She extends her glass.) Miss Kate and Mr John. 745
(She takes a sip, makes a wry face, and hands the glass back to ARTHUR.)
- ARTHUR: You brought an extra glass for Master Ronnie, Violet?
VIOLET: (Mistaking his bewilderment.) Well – I thought you might allow him just a sip, sir. Just to drink the toast. He's that grown-up these days. (She turns to go. The others, with the exception of DESMOND, who is staring gloomily into his glass, are frozen with apprehension.) 750
- ARTHUR: Master Ronnie isn't due back from Osborne until Tuesday, Violet.
VIOLET: (Turning.) Oh, no, sir. He's back already. Came back unexpected this morning, all by himself. 755
- ARTHUR: No, Violet. That isn't true. Someone has been playing a joke –
- VIOLET: Well, I saw him with my own two eyes, sir, as large as life, just before you came in from church – and then I heard Mrs Winslow talking to him in his room –
- ARTHUR: Grace – what does this mean? 760
CATHERINE: (Instinctively taking charge.) All right, Violet. You can go –
VIOLET: Yes, miss.
(She goes out.)
- ARTHUR: (To CATHERINE.) Did you know Ronnie was back? 765
CATHERINE: Yes –
- ARTHUR: And you, Dickie?
DICKIE: Yes, Father.
ARTHUR: Grace?
GRACE: (Helplessly.) We thought it best you shouldn't know – for the time being. Only for the time being, Arthur. 770
- ARTHUR: (Slowly.) Is the boy very ill?
(No one answers. ARTHUR looks from one face to another in bewilderment.)
Answer me, someone! Is the boy very ill? Why must I be kept in the dark like this? Surely I have the right to know. If he's ill I must
be with him. 775

- CATHERINE: (*Steadily.*) No, Father. He's not ill.
(ARTHUR *suddenly realizes the truth from her tone of voice.*)
- ARTHUR: Will someone tell me what has happened, please?
(GRACE *looks at CATHERINE with helpless inquiry.* CATHERINE *nods.* GRACE *takes the letter from her dress.*)
- GRACE: (*Timidly.*) He brought this letter for you – Arthur.
- ARTHUR: Read it to me, please –
- GRACE: Arthur – not in front of –
- ARTHUR: Read it to me, please. 785
(GRACE *again looks at CATHERINE for advice, and again receives a nod.* GRACE *begins to read.*)
- GRACE: (*Reading.*) 'Confidential. I am commanded by My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to inform you that they have received a communication from the Commanding Officer of the Royal Naval College at Osborne, reporting the theft of a five-shilling postal order at the College on the 7th instant, which was afterwards cashed at the Post Office. Investigation of the circumstances of the case leaves no other conclusion possible than that the postal order was taken by your son, Cadet Ronald Arthur Winslow. My Lords deeply regret that they must therefore request you to withdraw your son from the College.' It's signed by someone – I can't quite read his name –
(*She turns away quickly to hide her tears.* CATHERINE *puts a comforting arm on her shoulder.* ARTHUR *has not changed his attitude. There is a pause, during which we can hear the sound of a gong in the hall outside.*) 790
- ARTHUR: (*At length.*) Desmond – be so good as to call Violet.
(DESMOND *does so.* *There is another pause, until VIOLET comes in.*) 795
- VIOLET: Yes, sir. 805
- ARTHUR: Violet, will you ask Master Ronnie to come down and see me, please?
- GRACE: Arthur – he's in bed.
- ARTHUR: You told me he wasn't ill.
- GRACE: He's not at all well.
- ARTHUR: Do as I say, please, Violet. 810
- VIOLET: Very good, sir.
(*She goes out.*)
- ARTHUR: Perhaps the rest of you would go in to luncheon? Grace, would you take them in?
- GRACE: (*Hovering.*) Arthur – don't you think – 815
- ARTHUR: (*Ignoring her.*) Dickie, will you decant that bottle of claret I brought up from the cellar? I put it on the sideboard in the dining-room.
- DICKIE: Yes, Father.
(*He goes out.*)
- ARTHUR: Will you go in, Desmond? And John? 820
(*The two men go out into the dining-room, in silence.* GRACE *still hovers.*)
- GRACE: Arthur?
- ARTHUR: Yes, Grace?
- GRACE: Please don't – please don't – (*She stops, uncertainly.*) 825
- ARTHUR: What mustn't I do?
- GRACE: Please don't forget he's only a child –
(ARTHUR *does not answer her.* CATHERINE *takes her mother's arm.*)
- CATHERINE: Come on, Mother. 830
(*She leads her mother to the dining-room door. At the door GRACE looks back at ARTHUR. He has still not altered his position.*)

- and is ignoring her. She goes into the dining-room, followed by CATHERINE. ARTHUR does not move after they are gone. After an appreciable pause there comes a timid knock on the door.)*
- ARTHUR: Come in.
(RONNIE appears in the doorway. He is in a dressing-gown. He stands on the threshold.)
 Come in and shut the door.
(RONNIE closes the door behind him.) 840
 Come over here.
(RONNIE walks slowly up to his father. ARTHUR gazes at him steadily for some time, without speaking.)
(At length.) Why aren't you in your uniform?
 RONNIE: *(Murmuring.)* It got wet. 845
 ARTHUR: How did it get wet?
 RONNIE: I was out in the garden in the rain.
 ARTHUR: Why?
 RONNIE: *(Reluctantly.)* I was hiding.
 ARTHUR: From me? 850
(RONNIE nods.)
 Do you remember once, you promised me that if ever you were in trouble of any sort you would come to me first?
 RONNIE: Yes, Father.
 ARTHUR: Why didn't you come to me now? Why did you have to go and hide in the garden? 855
 RONNIE: I don't know, Father.
 ARTHUR: Are you so frightened of me?
(RONNIE does not reply. ARTHUR gazes at him for a moment, then picks up the letter.) 860
 In this letter it says you stole a postal order.
(RONNIE opens his mouth to speak. ARTHUR stops him.)
 Now, I don't want you to say a word until you've heard what I've got to say. If you did it, you must tell me. I shan't be angry with you, Ronnie – provided you tell me the truth. But if you tell me a lie, I shall know it, because a lie between you and me can't be hidden. I shall know it, Ronnie – so remember that before you speak. *(Pause.)* Did you steal this postal order?
 RONNIE: *(Without hesitation.)* No, Father. I didn't.
 ARTHUR: *(Staring into his eyes.)* Did you steal this postal order? 870
 RONNIE: No, Father. I didn't.
(ARTHUR continues to stare into his eyes for a second, then relaxes and pushes him gently away.)
 ARTHUR: Go on back to bed. 875
(RONNIE goes gratefully to the door.)
 And in future I trust that a son of mine will at least show enough sense to come in out of the rain.
 RONNIE: Yes, Father.
(He disappears. ARTHUR gets up quite briskly and goes to the telephone in the corner of the room.) 880
 ARTHUR: *(At telephone.)* Hullo. Are you there? *(Speaking very distinctly.)* I want to put a trunk call through, please. A trunk call ... Yes ... The Royal Naval College, Osborne ... That's right ... Replace receiver? Certainly.
(He replaces the receiver and then, after a moment's meditation, turns and walks briskly into the dining-room.) 885

CURTAIN

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