

Cambridge IGCSE™ (9–1)

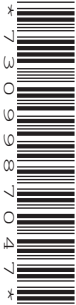
DRAMA

0994/12

Paper 1

October/November 2026

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL



Centres should download this material from the School Support Hub and give it to candidates.

INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- You may do any appropriate preparatory work. It is recommended that you explore both extracts as practical theatre, investigating performance and staging opportunities.
- You will **not** be allowed to take this copy of the material **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination.
- A copy of the pre-release material will be provided with the question paper.

This document has **28** pages.

EXTRACT 1

Adapted from Arthur Miller's *All My Sons*

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

The play is in three acts, and the extract is adapted from Act One. It was first produced in 1947 on Broadway, New York.

The play is about JOE KELLER and his family, who are tormented by the loss of their son, LARRY, a pilot who is believed to have perished in the Second World War. Some believe that the plane crashed because of defective parts supplied by KELLER and his neighbour/business partner, STEVE. His mother, KATE, still believes her son LARRY is alive, however.

JOE and STEVE were prosecuted. STEVE went to jail; JOE was exonerated.

In Act One, JOE's son, CHRIS, has invited ANN/ANNIE, LARRY's girlfriend, to visit and is planning to propose to her. ANN's presence and CHRIS's imminent marriage proposal stir up strong emotions.

CHARACTERS

JOE KELLER	a businessman, about 60
KATE KELLER/MOTHER	JOE's wife, early 50s
CHRIS KELLER	son, 32, of JOE and KATE KELLER
ANN DEEVER	LARRY's girlfriend, 26, and daughter of incarcerated STEVE
DR JIM BAYLISS	a neighbour, about 40, now living in STEVE's house
SUE	JIM's wife, about 40
BERT	a neighbourhood child, 8
FRANK LUBEY	a neighbour, 32
LYDIA LUBEY	FRANK's wife, 27

ACT ONE

[The back yard of the KELLER home in the outskirts of an American town.]

Sunday morning, in August. JOE KELLER is sitting in the sun reading the want ads of the Sunday paper. Behind his back, DOCTOR JIM BAYLISS is reading part of the paper at the table.]

5

KELLER: Gonna rain tonight.

JIM: Paper says so?

KELLER: Yeah, right here.

JIM: Then it can't rain.

[FRANK LUBEY enters. FRANK is thirty-two but balding. A pleasant, opinionated man, uncertain of himself, with a tendency toward peevishness when crossed, but always wanting it pleasant and neighbourly. He rather saunters in, leisurely, nothing to do. He does not notice JIM in the arbor. On his greeting, JIM does not bother looking up.]

10

15

FRANK: Hya.

KELLER: Hello, Frank. What's doin'?

FRANK: Nothin'. Walking off my breakfast. *[Looks up at the sky]* That beautiful? Not a cloud.

KELLER: *[looks up]* Yeah, nice.

20

FRANK: Every Sunday ought to be like this.

KELLER: *[indicating the sections beside him]* Want the paper?

FRANK: What's the difference, it's all bad news. What's today's calamity?

KELLER: I don't know, I don't read the news part any more. It's more interesting in the want ads.

25

FRANK: Why, you trying to buy something?

KELLER: No, I'm just interested. To see what people want.

FRANK: *[noticing tree]* Hey, what happened to your tree?

KELLER: Ain't that awful? The wind must've got it last night. You heard the wind, didn't you?

30

FRANK: Yeah, I got a mess in my yard, too. *[Goes to tree]* What a pity. *[Turns to KELLER]* What'd Kate say?

KELLER: They're all asleep yet. I'm just waiting for her to see it.

FRANK: *[struck]* You know? – It's funny.

KELLER: What?

35

FRANK: Larry was born in August. He'd be twenty-seven this month. And his tree blows down.

KELLER: *[touched]* I'm surprised you remember his birthday, Frank.

That's nice.

FRANK: Well, I'm working on his horoscope.

40

KELLER: How can you make him a horoscope? That's for the future, ain't it?

FRANK: Well, what I'm doing is this, see. Larry was reported missing on November 25th, right?

KELLER: Yeah?

FRANK: Well, then, we assume that if he was killed it was on November 25th.

45

Now, what Kate wants ...

KELLER: Oh, Kate asked you to make a horoscope?

FRANK: Yeah, what she wants to find out is whether November 25th was a favorable day for Larry.

KELLER: Well, was that his favorable day? – November 25th?

50

FRANK:	That's what I'm working on to find out. It takes time! See, the point is, if November 25th was his favorable day, then it's completely possible he's alive somewhere, because ... I mean it's possible. [JIM is looking at him as though at an idiot] I didn't even see you.	
KELLER:	[to JIM] Is he talkin' sense?	55
JIM:	Him? He's all right. He's just completely out of his mind, that's all.	
FRANK:	The trouble with you is, you don't <i>believe</i> in anything.	
JIM:	And your trouble is that you believe in <i>anything</i> . [looks toward house] Well, where's the beautiful girl was supposed to be here?	60
FRANK:	[excited] Annie came?	
KELLER:	Sure, sleepin' upstairs. We picked her up on the one o'clock train last night. Wonderful thing. Girl leaves here, a scrawny kid. Couple of years go by, she's a regular woman. Hardly recognized her, and she was running in and out of this yard all her life. That was a very happy family used to live in your house, Jim.	65
JIM:	Like to meet her. The block can use a pretty girl. In the whole neighborhood there's not a damned thing to look at. [Enter SUE, JIM's wife.] Except my wife, of course.	
SUE:	Mrs Adams is on the phone.	70
JIM:	[to KELLER] Such is the condition which prevails [going to his wife], my love, my light. ...	
SUE:	Don't sniff around me. [Points to their house, L.] And give her a nasty answer. I can smell her perfume over the phone.	
JIM:	What's the matter with her now?	75
SUE:	I don't know, dear. She sounds like she's in terrible pain – unless her mouth is full of candy.	
JIM:	Why don't you just tell her to lay down?	
SUE:	She enjoys it more when you tell her to lay down. And when are you going to see Mr Hubbard?	80
JIM:	My dear; Mr Hubbard is not sick, and I have better things to do than to sit there and hold his hand.	
SUE:	It seems to me that for ten dollars you could hold his hand.	
	[JIM exits.]	
KELLER:	You were a nurse too long, Susie. You're too ... too ... realistic.	85
SUE:	[laughing] Now you said it! [Enter LYDIA]	
LYDIA:	Frank, the toaster ... [Sees the others] Hya.	
KELLER:	Hello!	
LYDIA:	[to FRANK] The toaster is off again.	
FRANK:	Well, plug it in, I just fixed it.	90
LYDIA:	[kindly, but insistently] Please, dear, fix it back like it was before.	
FRANK:	I don't know why you can't learn to turn on a simple thing like a toaster! [FRANK exits R.]	
LYDIA:	[She sees broken tree] Oh, did the wind get your tree?	
KELLER:	Yeah, last night.	95
LYDIA:	Oh, what a pity. Annie get in?	
KELLER:	She'll be down soon. Wait'll you meet her, Sue, she's a knockout.	
SUE:	I should've been a man. People are always introducing me to beautiful women. [To JOE] Tell her to come over later; I imagine she'd like to see what we did with her house. [SUE exits L.]	100
LYDIA:	Is she still unhappy, Joe?	
KELLER:	Annie? I don't suppose she goes around dancing on her toes, but she seems to be over it.	

LYDIA:	She going to get married? Is there anybody ... ?	
KELLER:	I suppose ... say, it's a couple years already. She can't mourn a boy forever.	105
LYDIA:	It's so strange ... Annie's here and not even married. And I've got three babies. I always thought it'd be the other way around.	
KELLER:	Well, that's what a war does. I had two sons, now I got one. It changed all the tallies. In my day when you had sons it was an honor.	110
[Enter CHRIS KELLER]		
LYDIA:	Hya, Chris ... [FRANK <i>shouts from off R.</i>]	
FRANK:	Lydia, come in here! If you want the toaster to work don't plug in the mixer.	
LYDIA:	[<i>embarrassed, laughs</i>] Did I ... ?	115
FRANK:	And the next time I fix something don't tell me I'm crazy! Now come in here!	
LYDIA:	[<i>to KELLER</i>] I'll never hear the end of this one. [<i>She exits R. laughing.</i>]	
KELLER:	You want the paper?	120
CHRIS:	That's all right, just the book section.	
KELLER:	You're always reading the book section and you never buy a book.	
CHRIS:	I like to keep abreast of my ignorance. [<i>He sits on settee.</i>]	
KELLER:	Annie up yet?	
CHRIS:	Mother's giving her breakfast in the dining-room.	125
KELLER:	[<i>looking at broken tree</i>] See what happened to the tree?	
CHRIS:	[<i>without looking up</i>] Yeah.	
KELLER:	What's Mother going to say? [BERT <i>runs on. He jumps on stool, then on KELLER's back.</i>]	
BERT:	You're finally up.	130
KELLER:	[<i>swinging him around and putting him down</i>] Ha! Bert's here! So what's new this morning, Bert?	
BERT:	Nothin'. [<i>He goes to broken tree, walks around it.</i>]	
KELLER:	Then you couldn't've made a complete inspection of the block. In the beginning, when I first made you a policeman you used to come in every morning with something new. Now, nothin's ever new.	135
BERT:	Except some kids from Thirtieth Street. They started kicking a can down the block, and I made them go away because you were sleeping.	
KELLER:	Now you're talkin', Bert. Now you're on the ball.	140
BERT:	[<i>pulls him down by the lapel and whispers in his ear</i>] Can I see the jail now?	
KELLER:	Seein' the jail ain't allowed, Bert. You know that.	
BERT:	Aw, I betcha there isn't even a jail. I don't see any bars on the cellar windows.	145
KELLER:	Bert, on my word of honor, there's a jail in the basement. I showed you my gun, didn't I?	
BERT:	But that's a hunting gun.	
KELLER:	That's an arresting gun!	
BERT:	Then why don't you ever arrest anybody? Tommy said another dirty word to Doris yesterday.	150
KELLER:	Yeah, that's a dangerous character, that Tommy. [<i>Beckons him closer</i>] What word does he say?	
BERT:	Oh, I can't say that.	
KELLER:	[<i>grabs him by the shirt and pulls him back</i>] Well, gimme an idea.	155
BERT:	I can't. It's not a nice word.	

KELLER:	Just whisper it in my ear. I'll close my eyes. Maybe I won't even hear it.	
BERT:	<i>[on tiptoe, puts his lips to KELLER's ear, then in unbearable embarrassment steps back]</i> I can't, Mr Keller.	160
CHRIS:	<i>[laughing]</i> Don't make him do that.	
KELLER:	Okay, Bert. I take your word. Now go out, and keep both eyes peeled.	
BERT:	<i>[interested]</i> For what?	
KELLER:	For what! Bert, the whole neighborhood is depending on you. A policeman don't ask questions. Now peel them eyes!	165
BERT:	<i>[mystified, but willing]</i> Okay. <i>[He runs off R. back of arbor.]</i>	
KELLER:	<i>[calling after him]</i> And mum's the word, Bert.	
BERT:	<i>[stops and sticks his head thru the arbor]</i> About what?	
KELLER:	Just in general. Be v-e-r-y careful.	170
BERT:	<i>[nods in bewilderment]</i> Okay. <i>[BERT exits D.R.]</i>	
KELLER:	<i>[laughs]</i> I got all the kids crazy!	
CHRIS:	One of these days, they'll all come in here and beat your brains out.	
KELLER:	What's she going to say? Maybe we ought to tell her before she sees it.	175
CHRIS:	She saw it.	
KELLER:	How could she see it? I was the first one up. She was still in bed.	
CHRIS:	She was out here when it broke.	
KELLER:	When?	
CHRIS:	About four this morning. I heard it cracking and I woke up and looked out. She was standing right here when it cracked.	180
KELLER:	What was she doing out here four in the morning?	
CHRIS:	I don't know. When it cracked she ran back into the house and cried in the kitchen.	
KELLER:	Did you talk to her?	185
CHRIS:	No, I ... I figured the best thing was to leave her alone.	
KELLER:	<i>[deeply touched]</i> She cried hard?	
CHRIS:	I could hear her right through the floor of my room.	
KELLER:	<i>[slight pause]</i> What was she doing out here at that hour? She's dreaming about him again. She's walking around at night.	190
CHRIS:	I guess she is.	
KELLER:	She's getting just like after he died. <i>[Slight pause]</i>	
CHRIS:	Dad, we've made a terrible mistake with Mother.	
KELLER:	What?	
CHRIS:	Being dishonest with her. That kind of thing always pays off, and now it's paying off.	195
KELLER:	What do you mean, dishonest?	
CHRIS:	You know Larry's not coming back and I know it. Why do we allow her to go on thinking that we believe with her?	
KELLER:	What do you want to do, argue with her?	200
CHRIS:	I don't want to argue with her, but it's time she realized that nobody believes Larry is alive any more. Why shouldn't she dream of him, walk the nights waiting for him? Do we contradict her? Do we say straight out that we have no hope any more? That we haven't had any hope for years now?	205
KELLER:	<i>[frightened at the thought]</i> You can't say that to her.	
CHRIS:	We've got to say it to her.	
KELLER:	How're you going to prove it? Can you prove it?	
CHRIS:	For goodness sake, three years! Nobody comes back after three years. It's insane.	210
KELLER:	To you it is, and to me. But not to her. You can talk yourself blue	

- in the face, but there's no body and there's no grave, so where are you?
- CHRIS: Sit down, Dad. I want to talk to you. You know why I asked Annie here, don't you? 215
- KELLER: Why?
- CHRIS: You know.
- KELLER: Well, I got an idea, but ... What's the story?
- CHRIS: I'm going to ask her to marry me. [*Slight pause.*]
- KELLER: [*nods*] Well, that's only your business, Chris. 220
- CHRIS: You know it's not only my business.
- KELLER: You're old enough to know your own mind.
- CHRIS: [*asking, annoyed*] Then it's all right, I'll go ahead with it?
- KELLER: Well, you want to be sure Mother isn't going to ...
- CHRIS: Then it isn't just my business. 225
- KELLER: I'm just sayin'...
- CHRIS: Sometimes you infuriate me, you know that? Isn't it your business, too, if I tell this to Mother and she throws a fit about it? You have such a talent for ignoring things.
- KELLER: I ignore what I gotta ignore. The girl is Larry's girl ... 230
- CHRIS: She's not Larry's girl.
- KELLER: From Mother's point of view he is not dead and you have no right to take his girl. [*Slight pause*]
- CHRIS: I don't know why it is, but every time I reach out for something I want, I have to pull back because other people will suffer. My whole life, time after time after time. 235
- KELLER: Did you ask Annie yet?
- CHRIS: I wanted to get this settled first.
- KELLER: How do you know she'll marry you? Maybe she feels the same way Mother does? 240
- CHRIS: Well, if she does, then that's the end of it. From her letters I think she's forgotten him. I'll find out. And then we'll thrash it out with Mother? Right? Dad, don't avoid me.
- KELLER: I don't see why it has to be Annie. ...
- CHRIS: Because it is. 245
- KELLER: That's a good answer, but it don't answer anything. You haven't seen her since you went to war. It's five years.
- CHRIS: I can't help it. I know her best. I was brought up next door to her. These years when I think of someone for my wife, I think of Annie.
- KELLER: ... She thinks he's coming back, Chris. You marry that girl and you're pronouncing him dead. Now what's going to happen to Mother? Do you know? I don't! [*Pause.*] 250
- CHRIS: All right, then, Dad.
- KELLER: Give it some more thought.
- CHRIS: I've given it three years of thought. I'd hoped that if I waited, Mother would forget Larry and then we'd have a regular wedding and everything happy. But if that can't happen here, then I'll have to get out. 255
- KELLER: What is *this*?
- CHRIS: I'll get out. I'll get married and live someplace else. Maybe in New York. 260
- KELLER: Are you crazy?
- CHRIS: I've been a good son too long, a good guy. I'm through with it.
- KELLER: You've got a business here, what is this?
- CHRIS: The business! The business doesn't inspire me. 265
- KELLER: Must you be inspired?

CHRIS:	Yes. I like it an hour a day. If I have to grub for money all day long at least at evening I want it beautiful. I want a family, I want some kids, I want to build something I can give myself to. Annie is in the middle of that.	270
KELLER:	[<i>Goes to him</i>] Tell me something, you mean you'd leave the business?	
CHRIS:	Yes. On this I would.	
KELLER:	[<i>pause</i>] Well... you don't want to think like that.	
CHRIS:	Then help me stay here.	275
KELLER:	All right, but ... but don't think like that. Because what did I work for? That's only for you, Chris, the whole shootin'-match is for you!	
CHRIS:	I know that, Dad. Just you help me stay here.	
KELLER:	But don't think that way, you hear me?	
CHRIS:	I am thinking that way.	280
[MOTHER <i>appears on porch.</i>]		
MOTHER:	Joe?	
CHRIS:	Hello, Mom.	
MOTHER:	[<i>To KELLER</i>] Did you take a bag from under the sink?	
KELLER:	Yeah, I put it in the pail.	285
MOTHER:	Well, get it out of the pail. That's my potatoes. [CHRIS <i>bursts out laughing</i>]	
KELLER:	[<i>laughing</i>] I thought it was garbage.	
MOTHER:	Will you do me a favor, Joe? Don't be helpful.	
KELLER:	I don't like garbage in the house.	290
MOTHER:	Then don't eat. [<i>She goes into the kitchen with bag.</i>]	
CHRIS:	That settles you for today. [<i>to MOTHER</i>] Isn't Annie finished eating?	
MOTHER:	She'll be right out. [<i>Moves</i>] That wind did some job on this place. [<i>Of the tree</i>] So much for that, thank God.	
KELLER:	Sit down, take it easy.	295
MOTHER:	[<i>she presses her hand to top of her head</i>] I've got such a funny pain on the top of my head.	
CHRIS:	Can I get you an aspirin?	
MOTHER:	It's so funny ... everything decides to happen at the same time. This month is his birthday; his tree blows down, Annie comes. Everything that happened seems to be coming back. I was just down the cellar, and what do I stumble over? His baseball glove.	300
CHRIS:	Don't you think Annie looks well?	
MOTHER:	Fine. There's no question about it. She's a beauty ... I still don't know what brought her here. Not that I'm not glad to see her, but ...	305
CHRIS:	I just thought we'd all like to see each other again. [MOTHER <i>just looks at him.</i>] And I wanted to see her myself.	
MOTHER:	[<i>To KELLER</i>] The only thing is I think her nose got longer. But I'll always love that girl. She's one that didn't go off with somebody else as soon as it happened with her fella.	310
KELLER:	Oh, what're you ... ?	
MOTHER:	Never mind. Most of them didn't wait till the telegrams were opened. I'm just glad she came, so you can see I'm not <i>completely</i> out of my mind.	
CHRIS:	Just because she isn't married doesn't mean she's been mourning Larry.	315
MOTHER:	Why then isn't she?	
CHRIS:	[<i>a little flustered</i>] Well ... it could've been any number of things.	

MOTHER:	[<i>directly at him</i>] Like what, for instance?	
CHRIS:	I don't know. Whatever it is. Can I get you an aspirin? [MOTHER <i>puts her hand to her head.</i>]	320
MOTHER:	[<i>she gets up and goes aimlessly toward the trees on rising</i>] It's not like a headache.	
KELLER:	You don't sleep, that's why. She's wearing out more bedroom slippers than shoes.	325
MOTHER:	I had a terrible night. [<i>She stops moving.</i>] I never had a night like that.	
CHRIS:	[<i>looks at KELLER</i>] What was it, Mom? Did you dream?	
MOTHER:	More, more than a dream.	
CHRIS:	[<i>hesitantly</i>] About Larry?	330
MOTHER:	I was fast asleep, and ... [<i>Raising her arm over the audience</i>] Remember the way he used to fly low past the house when he was in training? When we used to see his face in the cockpit going by? That's the way I saw him. Only high up. Way, way up, where the clouds are. He was so real I could reach out and touch him. And suddenly he started to fall. And crying, crying to me ... Mom, Mom! I could hear him like he was in the room. Mom! ... it was his voice! If I could touch him I knew I could stop him, if I could only ... [<i>Breaks off, allowing her outstretched hand to fall</i>] I woke up and ... The wind ... it was like the roaring of his engine. I came out here ... I must've still been half asleep. I could hear that roaring like he was going by. The tree snapped right in front of me ... and I like ... came awake. We should never have planted that tree. I said so in the first place; it was too soon to plant a tree for him.	335
CHRIS:	[<i>alarmed</i>] Too soon!	340
MOTHER:	[<i>angering</i>] We rushed into it. Everybody was in such a hurry to bury him. I <i>said</i> not to plant it yet. [<i>To KELLER</i>] I <i>told</i> you to ...!	345
CHRIS:	Mother, Mother! The wind blew it down. What significance has that got? What are you talking about? Mother, please ... Don't go through it all again, will you? It's no good, it doesn't accomplish anything. I've been thinking, y'know? – maybe we ought to put our minds to forgetting him?	350
MOTHER:	That's the third time you've said that this week.	
CHRIS:	Because it's not right; we never took up our lives again. We're like at a railroad station waiting for a train that never comes in.	355
MOTHER:	[<i>presses top of her head</i>] Get me an aspirin, heh?	
CHRIS:	Sure, and let's break out of this, heh, Mom? I thought the four of us might go out to dinner a couple of nights, maybe go dancing out at the shore.	
MOTHER:	Fine. [<i>To KELLER</i>] We can do it tonight.	360
KELLER:	Swell with me!	
CHRIS:	Sure, let's have some fun. [<i>To MOTHER</i>] You'll start with this aspirin. [<i>He goes.</i>]	
MOTHER:	Why did he invite her here?	
KELLER:	Why does that bother you?	365
MOTHER:	She's been in New York three and a half years, why all of a sudden ... ?	
KELLER:	Well, maybe ... maybe he just wanted to see her ...	
MOTHER:	Nobody comes seven hundred miles 'just to see.'	
KELLER:	What do you mean? He lived next door to the girl all his life, why shouldn't he want to see her again? [MOTHER <i>looks at him critically.</i>] Don't look at me like that, he didn't tell me any more than he told you.	370
MOTHER:	[<i>a warning and a question</i>] He's not going to marry her.	

KELLER:	How do you know he's even thinking of it?	
MOTHER:	It's got that about it.	375
KELLER:	[<i>sharply watching her reaction</i>] Well? So what?	
MOTHER:	[<i>alarmed</i>] What's going on here, Joe? She's not his girl, Joe; she knows she's not.	
KELLER:	You can't read her mind.	
MOTHER:	Then why is she still single? New York is full of men, why isn't she married? [<i>Pause</i>] Probably a hundred people told her she's foolish, but she's waited.	380
KELLER:	How do you know why she waited?	
MOTHER:	She knows what I know, that's why. She's faithful as a rock. In my worst moments, I think of her waiting, and I know again that I'm right.	385
KELLER:	Look, it's a nice day. What are we arguing for? What do you want me to do? What do you want?	
MOTHER:	I want you to act like he's coming back. Both of you. Don't think I haven't noticed you since Chris invited her.	
KELLER:	But, Kate ...	390
MOTHER:	Because if he's not coming back, then I'll kill myself! Laugh. Laugh at me. [<i>She points to tree</i>] But why did that happen the very night she came back? Laugh, but there are meanings in such things. She goes to sleep in his room and his memorial breaks in pieces. Look at it; look. [<i>She sits on bench.</i>]	395
KELLER:	Calm yourself.	
MOTHER:	Believe with me, Joe. I can't stand all alone.	
KELLER:	Calm yourself.	
MOTHER:	Only last week a man turned up in Detroit, missing longer than Larry. You read it yourself.	400
KELLER:	All right, all right, calm yourself.	
MOTHER:	You above all have got to believe.	
	[<i>BERT comes rushing on</i>]	
BERT:	Mr Keller! Say, Mr Keller ... [<i>Pointing up driveway</i>] Tommy just said it again!	405
KELLER:	Said what? ... Who? ...	
BERT:	The dirty word.	
KELLER:	Oh. Well ...	
BERT:	Gee, aren't you going to arrest him? I warned him.	
MOTHER:	Stop that, Bert. Go home. [<i>BERT backs up, as she advances.</i>]	410
	There's no jail here.	
KELLER:	Kate ...	
MOTHER:	[<i>turning on KELLER, furiously</i>] There's no jail here! I want you to stop that jail business!	
BERT:	[<i>past her to KELLER</i>] He's right across the street ...	415
MOTHER:	Go home, Bert. [<i>BERT goes up driveway.</i>] I want you to stop that, Joe. That whole jail business!	
KELLER:	[<i>alarmed, therefore angered</i>] Look at you, look at you shaking.	
MOTHER:	[<i>trying to control herself, moving about clasping her hands</i>] I can't help it.	420
KELLER:	What is the matter with you, Kate?	
MOTHER:	I'm just telling you to stop it! Now stop it! [<i>ANN and CHRIS appear on porch.</i>]	
ANN:	Hya, Joe!	
CHRIS:	[<i>bringing ANN down, with an outstretched, chivalric arm</i>] Take a breath of that air, kid. You never get air like that in New York.	425

- MOTHER: *[genuinely overcome with it]* Annie, where did you get that dress!
 ANN: I couldn't resist. I'm taking it right off before I ruin it. *[Swings around]*
 How's that for three weeks' salary?
- MOTHER: *[to KELLER]* Isn't she the most... ? *[To ANN]* It's gorgeous, 430
 simply gor ...
- CHRIS: *[to MOTHER]* No kidding, now, isn't she the prettiest gal you
 ever saw?
- MOTHER: You gained a little weight, didn't you, darling?
 ANN: It comes and goes. 435
 KELLER: Look how nice she turned out!
- ANN: *[She runs to fence, L.]* Boy, the poplars got thick, didn't they?
 KELLER: Well, it's three years, Annie. We're gettin' old, kid.
 MOTHER: How does your Mom like New York?
- [ANN keeps looking through trees.]* 440
- ANN: *[a little hurt]* Why'd they take our hammock away?
 KELLER: Oh, no, it broke. Couple of years ago.
 MOTHER: He had one of his light lunches and flopped into it.
- [JIM has come to fence and is looking over it.]*
- JIM: How do you do. *[To CHRIS]* She looks very intelligent! 445
 CHRIS: Ann, this is Jim ... Doctor Bayliss.
- ANN: *[shaking JIM's hand]* Oh sure, he writes a lot about you.
 JIM: Don't believe it. He likes everybody.
 ANN: I can believe it ... You know—? *[To MOTHER]* It's so strange seeing
 him come out of that yard. *[To CHRIS]* I guess I never grew up. It 450
 almost seems that Mom and Pop are in there now. And you and my
 brother doing Algebra, and Larry trying to copy my home-work. Gosh,
 those dear dead days beyond recall.
- JIM: Well, I hope that doesn't mean you want me to move out?
 SUE: *[calling from off L.]* Jim, come in here! Mr Hubbard is on the phone! 455
 JIM: I told you I don't want ...
- SUE: *[commandingly sweet]* Please, dear! Please!!
 JIM: *[resigned]* All right, Susie, *[Trailing off]* all right, all right. ...
 SUE: *[from off]* Jim?!
- JIM: At once! At once. *[He exits L.]* 460
 ANN: Let's eat at the shore tonight! Raise some hell around here, like we
 used to before Larry went!
- MOTHER: *[emotionally]* You think of him! You see? *[Triumphantly]* She thinks
 of him!
- ANN: *[with an uncomprehending smile]* What do you mean, Kate? 465
 MOTHER: Nothing. Just that you ... remember him, he's in your thoughts.
- ANN: That's a funny thing to say; how could I help remembering him?
 MOTHER: Did you hang up your things?
 ANN: Yeah ... *[To CHRIS]* Say, you've sure gone in for clothes. I could
 hardly find room in the closet. 470
- MOTHER: No, don't you remember? That's Larry's room.
 ANN: You mean ... they're Larry's?
 MOTHER: Didn't you recognize them?
 ANN: Well, it never occurred to me that you'd ... I mean the shoes are
 all shined. 475
- MOTHER: Yes, dear. For so long I've been aching for a nice conversation with
 you, Annie. Tell me something.

ANN:	What?	
MOTHER:	I don't know. Something nice.	
CHRIS :	[wryly] She means do you go out much?	480
MOTHER:	Oh, shut up.	
KELLER:	And are any of them serious?	
MOTHER:	[laughing, sits in her chair] Why don't you both choke?	
KELLER:	Annie, you can't go into a restaurant with that woman any more. In five minutes thirty-nine strange people are sitting at the table telling her their life story.	485
MOTHER:	If I can't ask Annie a personal question ...	
KELLER:	Askin' is all right, but don't beat her over the head.	
ANN:	[to MOTHER] Don't let them bulldoze you. Ask me anything you like. What do you want to know, Kate? Come on, let's gossip.	490
MOTHER:	[to CHRIS and KELLER] She's the only one is got any sense. [To ANN] Your mother ... she's not getting a divorce, heh?	
ANN:	No, she's calmed down about it now. I think when he gets out they'll probably live together. In New York, of course.	
MOTHER:	That's fine. Because your father is still ... I mean he's a decent man after all is said and done.	495
ANN:	I don't care. She can take him back if she likes.	
MOTHER:	And you? You ... go out much? [Slight pause.]	
ANN:	[delicately] You mean am I still waiting for him?	
MOTHER:	... Well... yes.	500
ANN:	Well, I'm not, Kate.	
MOTHER:	[faintly] You're not?	
ANN:	Isn't it ridiculous? You don't really imagine he's ... ?	
MOTHER:	I know, dear, but don't say it's ridiculous, because the papers were full of it; I don't know about New York, but there was half a page about a man missing even longer than Larry, and he turned up from Burma.	505
CHRIS:	Mother, I'll bet you money that you're the only woman in the country who after three years is still ...	
MOTHER:	You're sure?	510
CHRIS:	Yes, I am.	
MOTHER:	Well, if you're sure then you're sure. [She turns her head away an instant] They don't say it on the radio but I'm sure that in the dark at night they're still waiting for their sons.	
CHRIS:	Mother, you're absolutely—	515
MOTHER:	[waving him off] Don't be so damned smart! Now stop it! [Slight pause] There are just a few things you <i>don't</i> know. All of you. And I'll tell you one of them. Annie, deep, deep in your heart you've always been waiting for him.	
ANN:	[resolutely] No, Kate.	520
MOTHER:	But deep in your heart, Annie!	
CHRIS:	She ought to know, shouldn't she?	
MOTHER:	Don't let them tell you what to think. Listen to your heart. Only your heart.	
ANN:	Why does your heart tell you he's alive?	525
MOTHER:	Because he has to be.	
ANN:	But why, Kate?	
MOTHER:	[going to her] Because certain things have to be, and certain things can never be. Like the sun has to rise, it has to be. That's why there's God. Otherwise anything could happen. But there's God, so certain things can never happen. I would know, Annie — just like I knew the day he [indicates CHRIS] went into that terrible battle. Did he write	530

- me? Was it in the papers? No, but that morning I couldn't raise my head off the pillow. Ask Joe. Suddenly, I knew! I knew! And he was nearly killed that day. Ann, you *know* I'm right! 535
- ANN: [going upstage] No, Kate.
- MOTHER: I have to have some tea. [FRANK appears from L. carrying ladder.]
- FRANK: Annie! [Coming down] How are you, gee whiz!
- ANN: [taking his hand] Why, Frank, you're losing your hair.
- KELLER: He's got responsibility. 540
- FRANK: Gee whiz!
- KELLER: Without Frank the stars wouldn't know when to come out.
- FRANK: [laughs. To ANN] You look more womanly. You've matured. You ...
- KELLER: Take it easy, Frank, you're a married man.
- FRANK: And your dad? Is he ... ? 545
- ANN: [abruptly] Fine. I'll be in to see Lydia.
- FRANK: [sympathetically] How about it, does Dad expect a parole soon?
- ANN: [with growing ill-ease] I really don't know, I ...
- FRANK: I mean because I feel, y'know, that if an intelligent man like your father is put in prison, there ought to be a law that says either you execute him, or let him go after a year. 550
- CHRIS: [interrupting] Want a hand with that ladder, Frank?
- FRANK: [taking cue] That's all right, I'll ... [Picks up ladder] I'll finish the horoscope tonight, Kate. [Embarrassed] See you later, Ann, you look wonderful. [He exits R. They look at ANN.] 555
- ANN: Haven't they stopped talking about Dad?
- CHRIS: Nobody talks about him any more.
- KELLER: Gone and forgotten, kid.
- ANN: Tell me. Because I don't want to meet anybody on the block if they're going to ... [to KELLER] Do they still remember the case, Joe? Do they talk about you? 560
- KELLER: The only one still talks about it is my wife.
- MOTHER: That's because you keep on playing policeman with the kids. All their parents hear out of you is jail, jail, jail.
- KELLER: Actually what happened was that when I got home from the penitentiary the kids got very interested in me. You know kids. I was [Laughs] like the expert on the jail situation. And as time passed they got it confused and ... I ended up a detective. [Laughs.] 565
- ANN: Gosh, it's wonderful to hear you laughing about it.
- CHRIS: Why, what'd you expect?
- ANN: The last thing I remember on this block was one word – 'Murderers!' Remember that, Kate? ... Mrs Hammond standing in front of our house and yelling that word ... She's still around, I suppose? 570
- MOTHER: They're all still around.
- KELLER: Don't listen to her. Every Saturday night the whole gang is playin' poker in this arbor. All the ones who yelled murderer takin' my money now. 575
- MOTHER: Don't, Joe, she's a sensitive girl, don't fool her. [To ANN] They still remember about Dad. It's different with him – [Indicates JOE] – he was exonerated, your father's still there. That's why I wasn't so enthusiastic about your coming. Honestly, I know how sensitive you are, and I told Chris, I said ... 580
- KELLER: Listen, you do like I did and you'll be all right. The day I come home, I got out of my car; – but not in front of the house ... on the corner. Everybody knew I was getting out that day; the porches were loaded. None of them believed I was innocent. The story was, I pulled a fast one getting myself exonerated. So I get out of my car, and I walk 585

- down the street. But very slow. And with a smile. I was the beast; the guy who sold cracked cylinder heads to the Army Air Force; the guy who made twenty-one P-40's crash. Kid, walkin' down the street that day I was guilty as anything. Except I wasn't, and there was a court paper in my pocket to prove I wasn't, and I walked ... past ... the porches. Result? Fourteen months later I had one of the best shops in the state again, a respected man again; bigger than ever. 590
- CHRIS: [with admiration] Joe McGuts. 595
- KELLER: [now with great force] That's the only way you lick 'em is guts! [To ANN] The worst thing you did was to move away from here. You made it tough for your father when he gets out. That's why I tell you, I like to see him move back right on this block.
- MOTHER: [pained] How could they move back? 600
- KELLER: It ain't gonna end *till* they move back! [To ANN] Till people play cards with him again, and talk with him, and smile with him – you play cards with a man you know he can't be a murderer. And the next time you write him I like you to tell him just what I said.
- ANN: [surprised] Don't you hold anything against him? 605
- KELLER: Annie, I never believed in crucifying people.
- ANN: [mystified] But he was your partner, he dragged you through the mud ...
- KELLER: [to ANN] The next time you write Dad ...
- ANN: I don't write him. 610
- KELLER: Well every now and then you ...
- ANN: No, I've *never* written to him. Neither has my brother. [To CHRIS] Say, do you feel this way, too?
- CHRIS: He murdered twenty-one pilots.
- KELLER: What kinda talk is that? 615
- MOTHER: That's not a thing to say about a man.
- ANN: What else can you say? When they took him away I followed him, went to him every visiting day. I was crying all the time. Until the news came about Larry. Then I realized. It's wrong to pity a man like that. Father or no father, there's only one way to look at him. He knowingly shipped out parts that would crash an airplane. And how do you know Larry wasn't one of them? 620
- MOTHER: I was waiting for that. [Going to her] As long as you're here, Annie, I want to ask you never to say that again.
- ANN: You surprise me. I thought you'd be mad at him. 625
- MOTHER: What your father did had nothing to do with Larry. Nothing.
- ANN: But we can't know that.
- MOTHER: That's all, that's enough. Come inside now, and have some tea with me.
- KELLER: [to ANN] The one thing you ... 630
- MOTHER: [sharply] He's not dead, so there's no argument! Now come!
- KELLER: [angrily] In a minute! [MOTHER turns and goes into house.] Now look, Annie ...
- CHRIS: I'm sick of the whole subject, now cut it out.
- KELLER: You want her to go on like this? [To ANN] Those cylinder heads went into P-40's only. You know Larry never flew a P-40. 635
- CHRIS: So who flew those P-40's.
- KELLER: The man was a fool, but don't make a murderer out of him. Listen, you gotta appreciate what was doin' in that shop in the war. The both of you! It was a madhouse. Every half hour the Major callin' for cylinder heads. The trucks were hauling them away hot. All of a sudden a batch comes out with a crack. A fine, hairline crack. All 640

- right, so ... so he's a little man, your father, always scared of loud voices. What'll the Major say? – Half a day's production shot. ... So he takes out his tools and he ... covers over the cracks. All right... that's bad, it's wrong. If I could have gone in that day I'd a told him – junk 'em, Steve, we can afford it. But alone he was afraid. He believed they'd hold up a hundred percent. That's a mistake, but it ain't murder. 645
- ANN: Joe, let's forget it. 650
- KELLER: Annie, the day the news came about Larry he was in the next cell to mine ... And he cried, Annie ... he cried half the night.
- ANN: [*touched*] He shoulda cried all night. [*Pause*]
- KELLER: Can you stand steak?
- CHRIS: And champagne! 655
- KELLER: I'll call Swanson's for a table! Big time tonight, Annie!
- ANN: Can't scare me.
- KELLER: [*to CHRIS, pointing at ANN*] I like that girl. I want to see everybody happy tonight. [*Pointing to CHRIS*] Look at him, he's blushin'! [*He exits.*] 660
- CHRIS: Isn't he a great guy?
- ANN: You're the only one I know who loves his parents!
- CHRIS: I know. It went out of style, didn't it?
- ANN: [*with a sudden touch of sadness*] It's all right. It's a good thing. [*She looks about.*] You know? It's lovely here. The air is sweet. 665
- CHRIS: [*hopefully*] You're not sorry you came?
- ANN: Not sorry, no. But I'm ... not going to stay ...
- CHRIS: Why?
- ANN: In the first place, your mother as much as told me to go.
- CHRIS: Well ... 670
- ANN: You saw that... and then you ... you've been kind of ...
- CHRIS: What?
- ANN: Well... kind of embarrassed ever since I got here.
- CHRIS: The trouble is I planned on kind of sneaking up on you over a period of a week or so. But they take it for granted that we're all set. 675
- ANN: I knew they would. Your mother anyway.
- CHRIS: How did you know?
- ANN: From *her* point of view, why else would I come?
- CHRIS: Well ... would you want to? [*ANN studies him.*] I guess you know this is why I asked you to come. 680
- ANN: I guess this is why I came.
- CHRIS: Ann, I love you. I love you a great deal. [*Finally*] I love you. [*Pause. She waits.*] I have no imagination ... that's all I know to tell you. [*ANN, waiting, ready*] I'm embarrassing you. I didn't want to tell it to you here. I wanted some place we'd never been; a place where we'd be brand new to each other. ... You feel it's wrong here, don't you? This yard, this chair? I want you to be ready for me. I don't want to win you away from anything. 685
- ANN: [*putting her arms around him*] Oh, Chris, I've been ready a long, long time! 690
- CHRIS: Then he's gone forever. You're sure.
- ANN: I almost got married two years ago.
- CHRIS: ... why didn't you?
- ANN: You started to write to me ... [*Slight pause.*]
- CHRIS: You felt something that far back? 695
- ANN: Every day since!

- CHRIS: Ann, why didn't you let me know?
- ANN: I was waiting for you, Chris. Till then you never wrote. And when you did, what did you say? You sure can be ambiguous, you know.
- CHRIS: Give me a kiss, Ann. Give me a ... [*They kiss.*] I kissed you, Annie, I kissed Annie. How long, how long I've been waiting to kiss you! 700
- ANN: I'll never forgive you. Why did you wait all these years? All I've done is sit and wonder if I was crazy for thinking of you.
- CHRIS: Annie, we're going to live now! I'm going to make you so happy. Let's drive some place ... I want to be alone with you. 705
- ANN: No ... what is it, Chris, your mother?
- CHRIS: No ... nothing like that...
- ANN: Then what's wrong? ... Even in your letters, there was something ashamed.
- CHRIS: Yes. I suppose I have been. But it's going from me. 710
- ANN: You've got to tell me –
- CHRIS: I don't know how to start. [*He takes her hand.*] It's all mixed up with so many other things. ... You remember, overseas, I was in command of a company?
- ANN: Yeah, sure. 715
- CHRIS: Well, I lost them.
- ANN: How many?
- CHRIS: Just about all.
- ANN: Oh, gee!
- CHRIS: They weren't just men. For instance, one time it'd been raining several days and this kid came to me, and gave me his last pair of dry socks. Put them in my pocket. That's only a little thing ... but ... that's the kind of guys I had. They didn't die; they killed themselves for each other. I mean that exactly; a little more selfish and they'd've been here today. And then I came home and it was incredible. I ... 720
- there was no meaning in it here; the whole thing to them was a kind of a – bus accident. I went to work with Dad, and that rat-race again. Nobody was changed at all. I felt wrong to be alive, to open the bank-book, to drive the new car, to see the new refrigerator. What you have is really loot, and there's blood on it. I didn't want to take any of it. And I guess that included you. 725
- ANN: And you still feel that way?
- CHRIS: I want you now, Annie.
- ANN: Because you mustn't feel that way any more. Because you have a right to whatever you have. Everything, Chris, understand that? To me, too ... And the money, there's nothing wrong in your money. Your father put hundreds of planes in the air, you should be proud. A man should be paid for that ... 730
- CHRIS: Oh Annie, Annie ... I'm going to make a fortune for you!
- ANN: [*laughing softly*] What'll I do with a fortune ... ? [*They kiss*] 740

Turn over

EXTRACT 2

Adapted from Richard Bean's *One Man, Two Guvnors*

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

The play is in two acts and the extract is adapted from the second half of Act One. The play was first performed at the National Theatre, London, in May 2011.

Richard Bean's play is based on the Restoration drama, *The Servant of Two Masters*, by Carlo Goldoni. The style draws from the Commedia dell'Arte tradition of using stock characters and slapstick humour, characterised by exaggerated, often absurd, physical actions and comedic violence.

The play follows the travails of hapless servant FRANCIS HENSHALL, as he tries to juggle serving two bosses without either of them knowing. One boss is RACHEL, disguised as her dead brother ROSCOE CRABBE, a gangster. The other boss is STANLEY STUBBERS, who killed ROSCOE.

FRANCIS wants only to keep his guvnors apart and to eat. Everything and everyone conspire against him to keep him hungry until Scene Four when he manages to steal some food from his bosses.

The set design is central to the comedy of the extract. It is set in an eatery squeezed between two dining rooms, the Compton Room (stage left) and the Bradman Room (stage right). Upstage centre, stairs go down to the ground floor and the kitchen.

CHARACTERS

FRANCIS HENSHALL	the servant of two masters
STANLEY STUBBERS	one of his bosses
GARETH	Head Waiter
ALFIE	waiter, aged 87
LLOYD	gangster friend of FRANCIS
CHARLIE	another gangster friend of FRANCIS
RACHEL CRABBE	disguised as her dead brother, ROSCOE CRABBE
CHRISTINE PATTERSON	a character planted in the audience

ACT ONE SCENE FOUR

[FRANCIS enters from the stairs, in a panic.]

FRANCIS: I've been nil by mouth for sixteen hours. I'm only alive cos me gall bladder's worked out a way of eating me kidneys. But! The good news is it's lunch time. There's gonna be food everywhere, and all I've got to do is organise a stash, you know, left overs, the odd whole course going missing. Hide it under here maybe. *[He looks under the table. Comes up with a mouse trap.]* 5

A mouse trap with a chunk of CHESHIRE CHEESE! My favourite. All white and crumbly. And this bit's only slightly nibbled. *[He licks the cheese with an extended tongue. Enter STANLEY.]* 10

STANLEY: Henshall!

[FRANCIS jumps in fright, the mouse trap goes off on his tongue. He takes the trap off his tongue.]

FRANCIS: Aaaargh! 15

STANLEY: How come a mouse trap went off on your tongue?

FRANCIS: It's a personal thing guv.

STANLEY: Have you found Paddy?

FRANCIS: I was going to look for him after LUNCH.

STANLEY: I've got no time to waste on lunch. I'm going down to the pier to look for him myself. 20

FRANCIS: *[Aside.]* Now this suits me! Get this guvnor out the way while I serve the other one.

STANLEY: By the way, what does Paddy look like?

FRANCIS: He's a big lad, smells of horses. 25

Now take your time guv. There's two piers, enjoy the sunshine, I can't remember which pier he said now. Do you want me to order food for you, for later?

STANLEY: I'm not that hungry, order what you like. I need to eat in private, waited on by you and you alone. What's this room like? *[He looks into Bradman room.]* Perfect. I'll eat in here. *[Takes out envelope of money.]* I don't want to take all this cash with me. Can I trust you with it Henshall? 30

FRANCIS: Is it edible?

STANLEY: I doubt it.

FRANCIS: It's safe with me then guv. 35

STANLEY: I'll slip out the back.

[STANLEY slopes off down the stairs. Enter GARETH and ALFIE. GARETH is thirty something and a trained headwaiter type. ALFIE is meant to be old, slow and dodderly.]

GARETH: My name's Gareth. I'm the head waiter. This is Alfie. 40

ALFIE: I'm eighty-six.

GARETH: No you're not. You're eighty-seven.

ALFIE: I thought I was eighty-six.

GARETH: No. That was last year. Be patient with Alfie please, he's a bit deaf, so don't turn your back, he's gonna lip read. 45

He has balance problems, he suffers from the tremors, and he's got one of them new fangled pacemakers for his heart.

FRANCIS: Is that all I need to know?

GARETH:	One other thing.	
FRANCIS:	What's that?	50
GARETH:	It's his first day. I've been told to set places for your guvnor.	
FRANCIS:	In there, the Compton room, and my other guvnor will eat alone in the Bradman room later, and they've both asked me to personally wait on their tables.	
GARETH:	[<i>Impressed.</i>] You've got two employers?	55
FRANCIS:	I'm that good.	
ALFIE:	Do these guvnors of yours know you've got two jobs?	
FRANCIS:	No, that is our secret for today.	
GARETH:	What's in it for me and Alfie?	
FRANCIS:	It's less work for you and you still get paid.	60
GARETH:	Alright I was going to start by setting two places in the Compton room.	
FRANCIS:	You can do that. They're not here yet.	
GARETH:	Alfie! Set one place in the Bradman room. I'll get some wine lists.	
	[<i>ALFIE starts walking towards the Bradman room, very slowly. Off go the waiters into their respective rooms. Enter LLOYD with menu.</i>]	65
LLOYD:	How many courses do you think Roscoe and Charlie will want?	
FRANCIS:	Seven.	
LLOYD:	Seven. À la carte?	
FRANCIS:	No! They're gonna eat indoors. I'll order for them.	70
LLOYD:	The menu is in French. How many languages do you speak?	
FRANCIS:	I speak two languages actually. English <i>and</i> French. The menu, por favor.	
LLOYD:	Por favor is Spanish.	
FRANCIS:	[<i>Aside.</i>] Blimey! I can speak three languages.	75
	[<i>FRANCIS is given the menu. He spends a couple of beats looking at it, frowning, sweating.</i>]	
LLOYD:	Alfie! Where's Alfie?	
FRANCIS:	He's in the Bradman.	
LLOYD:	Oh. He'll need a menu then. [<i>LLOYD goes to the threshold of the Bradman suite.</i>] Alfie! Put this menu and wine list on the table. [<i>LLOYD gives ALFIE a menu and wine list.</i>]	80
	[<i>To FRANCIS.</i>] Are you ready to order then?	
FRANCIS:	[<i>Closing the menu with a snap.</i>] Yes! Can you bring a lot of hot food, and, you know, just keep it coming.	85
LLOYD:	My pleasure.	
	[<i>Exit LLOYD down the stairs. Enter GARETH from the Compton.</i>]	
FRANCIS:	So, Gareth. Alfie! Bring the food to here, this table, and I'll serve it.	
GARETH:	Alright. Alfie, bring the soup up, bring it to here.	
	[<i>ALFIE exits.</i>]	90
	<i>Enter CHARLIE and RACHEL. Exit GARETH.</i>	
RACHEL:	You ain't got the money have you Charlie?	
CHARLIE:	Lloyd's cooking, trust me, he's a genius.	
RACHEL:	Francis! Charlie said he gave you some cash earlier. In an envelope.	
FRANCIS:	[<i>Aside.</i>] Oh no! I can see what's going to happen! Roscoe's gonna	95

take Mister Stubbers's money! That's a disaster! No, wait, it is Roscoe's money. Yes!

[To RACHEL.] There you go. [*Hands it over.*]

I've set two places in here, the Dennis Compton Room.

[CHARLIE strides into the Bradman room, RACHEL follows and closes the door.] 100

FRANCIS: [*Aside.*] Oh no!

[Enter ALFIE slowly up the stairs with the soup, shaking, and looking like he might lose his balance as he goes.]

FRANCIS: Come on Alfie you can do it!? 105

ALFIE: This soup must be made of lead, it's so heavy.

[He gets to the top, still struggling with his balance. Tureen of soup on a tray.]

FRANCIS: Let me help, I'll take that.

[FRANCIS lifts the tureen off the tray. This overbalances ALFIE and he tumbles backwards down the stairs unnoticed by FRANCIS. Enter STANLEY.] 110

FRANCIS: Guv?! You're back, that was quick.

STANLEY: I went round to the Palace Pier, couldn't find anyone who smelt like a horse, and the other pier was on fire, so I thought I'd best give it a miss. I'll eat now. 115

FRANCIS: Now!?

STANLEY: Yes. Now. What have you got there?

FRANCIS: Your soup.

STANLEY: But I wasn't even here yet. 120

FRANCIS: That's how good I am.

[STANLEY strides towards the door of the Bradman room.]

FRANCIS: You're actually in that room there, guv. The Compton Room.

STANLEY: Why's that?

FRANCIS: There's an Australian honeymoon couple in here. 125

STANLEY: Bring that soup in, I'm starving, I could eat my own pants.

[STANLEY exits into the Compton room. FRANCIS starts to follow.]

FRANCIS: Oh no! Both guvnors! What am I going to do?!

[Enter RACHEL from the Bradman. FRANCIS spins, slams the Compton Room door closed.] 130

RACHEL: We're a place missing. [*She collects a place setting from the table.*]

What have you got there?

FRANCIS: Your soup.

RACHEL: Give it here then! What's the matter wiv you?

FRANCIS: I haven't eaten in sixteen hours. 135

[RACHEL exits to the Bradman room. Enter GARETH.]

Listen! Both guvnors. Both rooms. I need everything twice. Get me more soup. Quick!

[Enter ALFIE with the charcuterie plate.]

ALFIE: [Panting, out of breath.] Here's yer cawld meats. 140

[ALFIE hands over the plate to FRANCIS and then turns up his pacemaker.]

FRANCIS: Look at that! Beautiful. Ham, beef, what do they call that sliced sausage there?

ALFIE: Pepperonly. 145

[FRANCIS takes the charcuterie plate from ALFIE and eats a slice. ALFIE watches him.]

FRANCIS: Beautiful.

You sound out of breath Alfie?

ALFIE: It's them stairs, they tek out of yer. I'll turn mi pace mekker up a couple of notches. 150

[FRANCIS takes the plate. STANLEY opens the door quickly, knocking ALFIE in the face. ALFIE makes a full turn and then rolls backwards down the stairs, unseen by STANLEY.]

STANLEY: Where's that soup you had? 155

FRANCIS: It was cold. I sent it back.

STANLEY: Get me the wine menu would you.

[Aside.] By which I mean that I'd like to drown in a bath of Grand Crus. My life is over, I can't find Rachel. [STANLEY takes the charcuterie plate, and closes the door. Enter GARETH with a second soup tureen.] 160

GARETH: Rule number one, for a waiter. Don't eat the food. Soup for your other guvnor.

FRANCIS: Smashing. And he wants a wine list.

[GARETH reaches out to a supply of wine menus.] 165

GARETH: No empties? Have you cleared that room.

FRANCIS: Alright, alright!

GARETH: I'll send up the Quenelles de Volaille.

FRANCIS: Ah! My favourite, my Nan used to cook quenelles de volaille every bonfire night. 170

GARETH: Chicken balls!

[Exit GARETH]

FRANCIS: Never understood soup. You don't need a knife and fork to eat it, so it's not food, so it must be drink, in which case I'd rather have a pint.

[He drinks the soup straight from the tureen, downs it in one. Ends 175

with a satisfying sigh. Enter RACHEL. FRANCIS hides the empty tureen behind his back.]

RACHEL: Francis, can you clear our table please of the soup, and we'd like to order some wine.

FRANCIS: *[With mouthful of soup.]* Yes Guv. 180

[Exit RACHEL into Bradman followed by FRANCIS. FRANCIS returns immediately with their soup tureen and empty bowls. He closes the Bradman door. STANLEY enters from the Compton room and collects a wine menu from the table and returns.]

STANLEY: Service! Anyone! 185

[Seeing no HENSHALL, he returns to the Compton. Enter FRANCIS from Bradman with their soup tureen and empty bowls. He closes the Bradman door.]

FRANCIS: Yes! There's lots of soup left in here. We can start the stash!
I need someone to look after this soup for me. *[He goes into the front row, and hands the tureen to CHRISTINE, a plant in the audience.]* 190

CHRISTINE: You don't mind do you? What's your name?

FRANCIS: Christine Patterson.

Christine Patterson. Thanks for giving us all the info! Want to give out your National Insurance number as well? Will you look after this soup. Hide it under your seat. Thank you Christine Patterson. Don't let any one touch it. *[FRANCIS is back on stage. ALFIE arrives with the chicken balls.]* 195

ALFIE: What you got there Alfie?

FRANCIS: Chicken balls. 200

ALFIE: How many have we got here?

FRANCIS: Twelve.

Right, give me three plates. *[ALFIE gives him three plates. FRANCIS dishes up four chicken balls to each plate.]* Three diners, so that's four each and none for me, or three each and three for me. 205

[FRANCIS eats one chicken ball from each of the three plates.]

ALFIE: Oi! Oi! He's eating the ... chicken balls!

FRANCIS: Or two each and six for me.

[FRANCIS eats another one from each plate.]

ALFIE: Them's not for you lad! What are they like? 210

FRANCIS: Beautiful! Or one each and nine for me.

[FRANCIS eats one more from each plate. ALFIE reaches out to try one and gets his hand slapped.]

I'll give these to Roscoe and Charlie. Alfie! Get on that door. Don't let him open the door! 215

[ALFIE walks slowly to the Compton door, FRANCIS sees this and carries ALFIE to speed the process up. FRANCIS heads for the Bradman with two plates.]

- FRANCIS: I love meatballs.
- [STANLEY *enters from the Compton Room.*] 220
- STANLEY: Henshall, I'll have a bottle of ... What are you doing?
 FRANCIS: Bringing you your chicken balls guv.
 STANLEY: One at a time? You're a strange planet.
 FRANCIS: Lloyd is a stickler for presentation.
 STANLEY: I want a bottle of the Châteauneuf-du-Pape. 225
- [STANLEY *goes back into his room closing the door himself. Enter GARETH with a range of vegetables which he puts on the table.*]
- GARETH: Here's your veg.
 FRANCIS: Châteauneuf-du-Pape in there.
 GARETH: Certainly. 230
- [*Enter RACHEL.*]
- FRANCIS: Chicken balls guv.
 RACHEL: About time. [*To GARETH.*] Ah, are you the wine waiter?
 GARETH: I can be.
 RACHEL: We'd like a bottle of the 58 Claret please. 235
 GARETH: So that's one bottle of Châteauneuf-du-Pape and a bottle of the Claret.
 RACHEL: No. Just one bottle of Claret. Alright?
 GARETH: Ah yes, my mistake.
- [RACHEL *closes the door.* 240
Exit GARETH.]
- FRANCIS: Now, wow! Look at all these beautiful vegetables. I want some of these for later. [*He eats a few potatoes etc.*] Christine Patterson! I could do with some help.
 Come on. [CHRISTINE *goes up on stage. FRANCIS puts vegetables into the tureen as soon as he can.*] Kaw! That's a lovely dress Christine Patterson! Is it made of soup resistant material? 245
- [*She holds the tureen as FRANCIS fills it with vegetables.*]
- Christine! I'm just going to load this up with vegetables for later. Let's get you and the tureen back down there. 250
- LLOYD: Service!
 FRANCIS: Hang on!? [LLOYD *begins to climb the stairs in full chef gear.*] Oh heck, Lloyd's coming. You're gonna have to hide Christine!
- CHRISTINE: Oh no!
 FRANCIS: Get behind there. 255
- [CHRISTINE *hides behind the W.G. Grace cut out with tureen. Her face and eyes showing through. Because she's got big hair it looks ridiculous as if Grace has hair growing out of his cap. LLOYD enters carrying a dish with three baked trout in almonds.*]
- LLOYD: This is my dish of the day. Truite aux amandes. What's Truite? 260

FRANCIS: Fish. Leave it with me.

[LLOYD exits.]

I want some of this. I want all of this. Christine! Where's my stash?
[CHRISTINE comes forward. He cuts the head off one of them and puts the body in his stash. He does the same for the other two. He is left with three fish heads.] 265

I got it.

[He puts each separated fish head on its own plate and puts some almonds on top.]

Fish heads in almonds. 270

They'll think it's posh French food won't they. Won't they? It's alright, don't get involved. Now Christine Patterson I want you to watch that door. [Re: Compton.] Make sure he doesn't come out. I'm taking these fish heads into the Bradman.

[FRANCIS heads into the Bradman. 275
CHRISTINE is left alone on stage for a long period. She giggles, and looks around but basically stands stock-still staring at the Compton door. ALFIE starts coming up the stairs. FRANCIS rushes out, closes Bradman door, picks up a fish head.]

FRANCIS: Watch that door now! [CHRISTINE holds the Bradman door closed. 280
FRANCIS goes into the Compton suite with one plate.]

[CHRISTINE sees ALFIE coming up the stairs, and giggles.
FRANCIS comes out of the Compton, sees ALFIE, grabs
CHRISTINE and pushes her and stash back behind the W.G. Grace.]

ALFIE: Got yer wine here son. 285

FRANCIS: Lovely, can you open them for us. I'm busy.

[FRANCIS takes vegetables in to the Bradman, and snatches the Claret and takes it in to the Bradman. ALFIE looks around for a corkscrew.]

ALFIE: Corkscrew? Corkscrew. 290

[ALFIE finds a corkscrew and starts to open the Papes but we see him not having the strength to pull the cork. He eventually bends down, puts the bottle between his feet, and pulls up. Nothing. He looks at the bottle and this time he holds the bottle, stands on the two handles of the cork screw and tries to pull up. Again nothing. He 295
studies the bottle again and pulls at it with his hand. This time the cork releases and he knocks himself out. FRANCIS comes out of the Bradman, sees ALFIE unconscious on the floor.]

FRANCIS: Christine! I leave you on your own for two minutes! What happened. 300
CHRISTINE: I think he banged his head.

- FRANCIS: Banged his head? Why don't you help then?
- [STANLEY *opens the door of the Compton and CHRISTINE hides back behind W.G.*]
- STANLEY: – Henshall! Where's my – [*He stands over the body.*]
[*Aside.*] Colonel Mustard in the ballroom with the lead pipe! And there's my wine. That's Grand Cru. Can't spill that. What a waste. Is this one dead? [*He picks the wine up.*] 305
- FRANCIS: He's got a pacemaker. I suppose I could just turn it up a notch see what happens.
- [FRANCIS *turns and fiddles with the pacemaker dial. ALFIE leaps up and starts tearing around the room at an incredible pace.*] 310
- FRANCIS: Stop him! Trip him up!
- [ALFIE *bangs into the Bradman door and runs off. RACHEL opens the Bradman and looks out, FRANCIS runs to door and pushes RACHEL back in and slams door shut. STANLEY picks an autographed cricket bat off the wall and whacks him in the face, which renders him unconscious again. STANLEY goes into his room. FRANCIS kneels beside ALFIE. GARETH is climbing the stairs carrying a crown of lamb both of which he sets on the carvery trolley.*] 315
- GARETH: What's happened to Alfie? 320
- FRANCIS: His pacemaker packed up I think.
- GARETH: Let me have a go. [GARETH *kneels and fiddles with the pacemaker.*]
Should be set on three. How come he had it on nine?
- FRANCIS: For the stairs.
- [ALFIE *wakes up. And gets up.*] 325
- GARETH: There you go.
- ALFIE: Morning!
- GARETH: Morning Alf.
- ALFIE: Lovely day for it.
- [ALFIE *heads off downstairs perfectly normally.*] 330
- GARETH: Carré d'agneau. Crown of lamb.
- [GARETH *exits.*]
- FRANCIS: Oh, look at this Christine Patterson! Lamb chops. Where's the stash!? Come on!
- [CHRISTINE *appears with the tureen. FRANCIS separates three chops and puts the remainder in the tureen.*] 335
- RACHEL: [Off.] Francis!
- FRANCIS: Get back behind the W.G.
- [RACHEL *appears.*]

Yes guv ... your lamb chops, à la trolley, carved at the table. 340

[RACHEL goes back in the Bradman, as FRANCIS heads for the Bradman with the trolley just as STANLEY opens the Compton door. FRANCIS slams the Bradman door shut and spins around.]

STANLEY: Henshall!
FRANCIS: Yes guv! Lamb on wheels, carved up as you watch by the table. 345

[STANLEY heads back into the Compton followed by FRANCIS. On the threshold of the Compton RACHEL opens the Bradman door.]

RACHEL: Francis!?

[FRANCIS kicks the Compton room door closed, spins around with the lamb.] 350

FRANCIS: Yes guv! Where did you go?! I was right behind you and then ...

[RACHEL goes back into the Bradman quickly followed by FRANCIS and trolley. RACHEL closes the door behind him. STANLEY opens the Compton door as ALFIE arrives at the top of the stairs.]

STANLEY: Henshall!?
[To ALFIE.] Where's he gone? 355

[STANLEY, walks back into the Compton, closing the door. FRANCIS comes out of the Bradman with the trolley.]

FRANCIS: What you got there Alfie?!
ALFIE: Roast potatoes.
FRANCIS: Alright! I'm coming through! 360

[FRANCIS pushes the trolley towards the Compton picking up ALFIE on to the trolley as he goes. STANLEY opens the door and they sweep past him into the room. Enter GARETH with the Crêpe Suzette ingredients and equipment. Enter FRANCIS with ALFIE on his back, piggy-back style. FRANCIS, uncereemoniously dumps ALFIE and he falls down the stairs.] 365

GARETH: Crêpe Suzette. When you were training, did they teach you how to do a proper crêpe?
FRANCIS: Yeah. Crêpe, Liqueur, matches, what could possibly go wrong? 370

[GARETH exits downstairs] Christine. Now! Take this soup off the stage. [CHRISTINE appears from behind the W.G. and comes down to the table.]

Do you know how to do crêpe suzette?
Do you serve it and set fire to it or set fire to it and serve it as it were?
You haven't got a clue have you? Let's get you and the stash back down there. 375

[FRANCIS steps back so that CHRISTINE can lean over and pick up the tureen. STANLEY opens the door from the Compton.]

STANLEY: [Off.] Henshall! 380

[FRANCIS coaches CHRISTINE to hide under the table.]

FRANCIS: Hide! Get down!
 STANLEY: Problem! This wine cannot be Grand Cru. Taste that. [STANLEY gives FRANCIS a glass which FRANCIS downs in one.] What do you reckon? Is it Papes? 385

FRANCIS: No. Actually I think it's quite good.
 STANLEY: Ah! Crêpe Suzette. Go on then. I love to watch Grand Marnier burning.
 Go on. You need more than that man! [FRANCIS drops the bottle 'spilling' liquid onto the tray.] Whoopsy daisy. [FRANCIS lights the liqueur.] Look at that beautiful! 390

[Flames shoot up everywhere.]

FRANCIS/STANLEY: Fire! Fire!

[CHRISTINE backs out from under the table. FRANCIS chucks a jug of water over her. STANLEY gets a fire extinguisher and drenches CHRISTINE from head to toe with foam. She stands there covered in foam like an iced cake.] 395

FRANCIS: Alright. Ladies and Gentlemen! Don't worry. Nobody is injured. [Direct address.] What I suggest we do is take a fifteen minute interval here. You can have a drink. We're going to fill out Health and Safety forms. But I did it, didn't I! I served two guvnors, and they're still none the wiser, and most important of all, I get to eat! 400

[Interval.]

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