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SF PERUSALS

SEPARATE TABLES

Two Plays

by Terence Rattigan

SAMUEL FRENCH

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A Bequest to the Nation

Less Than Kind (Love in Idleness)

Ross

While the Sun Shines

Who Is Sylvia?

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

(1911–1977)

Born in London on the 10th June 1911, Terence Rattigan was educated at Harrow (Scholar) from 1925 to 1930 and Trinity College, Oxford (History Scholarship) BA to 1933. He served as a flight Lieutenant in the Central Command, RAF from 1940 to 1945. In 1934 he had become a full-time playwright.

His many successful plays include *French Without Tears, After The Dance, Flare Path, Love in Idleness, While The Sun Shines, The Winslow Boy, The Browning Version, Harlequinade, Adventure Story, Who is Sylvia?, The Deep Blue Sea, The Sleeping Prince, Separate Tables, Variation on a Theme, Ross, Man and Boy, A Bequest to the Nation, In Praise to the Nation, Cause Célèbre*.

Terence Rattigan still holds the record of being the only playwright to have notched more than 1000 performances for two separate plays, namely, *French Without Tears* and *While The Sun Shines*.

During the war years, he had three plays running on Shaftesbury Avenue: *Flare Path* at the Apollo, *While The Sun Shines* at the Globe and *Love in Idleness* at the Lyric.

He wrote screenplays of *French Without Tears*, *The Way To The Stars, Journey Together, While The Sun Shines, The Winslow Boy, The Browning Version, The Prince and The Showgirl, Separate Tables, The Sound Barrier*, *The Man Who Loved Redheads, The Deep Blue Sea, The Final Test, The VIPs, The Yellow Rolls Royce, Goodbye Mr Chips, Conduct Unbecoming, A Bequest To The Nation* – and collaborated on *The Quiet Wedding, The Day Will Dawn, English Without Tears, Uncensored, Brighton Rock, Bond Street*. His television plays include: *Heart to Heart,*

Adventure Story, High Summer, After the Dance was shown in the performance series on BBC 2 in 1993 and *The Deep Blue Sea* was recorded for the same series. In 1958 he was awarded a CBE, and in 1971 he became Knight Bachelor. Sir Terence Rattigan died in 1977.

For further information on Terence Rattigan, visit www.terencerattigan.com.

To join the Terence Rattigan Society, visit
www.theterencerattigansociety.co.uk.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

It is the author's wish that in all future productions *Table by the Window* and *Table Number Seven* should be known as *Table No. 1* and *Table No. 2* respectively.

TABLE NO. 1

(TABLE BY THE WINDOW)

A Play in Three Scenes

TABLE NO.1
(TABLE BY THE WINDOW)

Produced at the St James's Theatre, London, on the 22nd September 1954, with the following cast of characters:

(in the order of speaking)

MABEL	Marion Fawcett
LADY MATHESON	Jane Eccles
MRS RAILTON-BELL	Phyllis Neilson-Terry
MISS MEACHAM	May Hallait
DOREEN	Priscilla Morgan
MRS FOWLER	Aubrey Mather
MRS SHANKLAND	Margaret Leighton
MISS COOPER	Beryl Measor
MR MALCOLM	Eric Portman
MR STRATTON	Basil Henson
MISS TANNER	Patricia Raine

Directed by Peter Glenville
Settings by Michael Weight

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

The action of the Play takes place at the Beauregard Private Hotel, Bournemouth, during winter.

Scene One
The dining-room. Dinner time

Scene Two
The lounge. After dinner

Scene Three
The dining-room. The following morning

Time – the present

Scene One

SCENE. *The dining-room of the Beauregard Private Hotel, Bournemouth. Dinner time on a winter's evening.*

It is a small room, rather bare and quite unpretentious, the upstage half being raised on a rostrum up two steps. A door left centre of the back wall leads to the lounge and a baize, swing door up left leads to the kitchen. There is a large bay window with a window-seat across the corner up right. The fireplace is down left, and in the wall down right, there is a small built-in alcove with shelves. There are six separate tables with chairs and a double table up centre with chairs right and left of it. Four of the separate tables are downstage, one right, one right centre, one left centre and one left. Two tables are on the rostrum, one up right centre, near the window and the other left centre.

See the Ground Plan and Photograph of the Scene.

When the curtain rises, it is about 7 o'clock. The window curtains are closed and the lights and table-lamps are lit. The guests are at dinner. Each sits at a small separate table, except for a young couple, **MR CHARLES STRATTON** *and* **MISS JEAN TANNER** *who, as mere transients, occupy a table together back centre, not garnished, as are the other tables, with the bottles of medicine and favourite pickles and other idiosyncratic personal accessories of the permanent residents. Surprisingly, for they are an attractive looking pair,* **CHARLES** *and* **JEAN** *are paying no attention to each other at all, and each is avidly reading a book propped up on the flower vase between them.* **JEAN** *wears slacks. They are eating their sweet course. Prominently placed, sitting above the downstage table right centre, and indeed a rather prominent looking person altogether, is* **MRS RAILTON-BELL**. *All the ladies, except* **JEAN**, *always change "into something" for dinner,*

but **MRS RAILTON-BELL** *always changes into something much grander than the others. All the ladies, except* **JEAN**, *wear fur stoles, but* **MRS RAILTON-BELL***'s is of mink. Not a good mink, it is true, but a genuine mink none the less. All the ladies, except* **JEAN**, *wear some small items of jewellery, but* **MRS RAILTON-BELL***'s are far less small than the others. She is eating her sweet course.* **MISS MEACHAM** *is seated above the upstage table left centre, reading, very close to her unspectacled eyes, a copy of "Racing Up To Date". Although much the same age as* **MRS RAILTON-BELL**, *about sixty-five, she is dressed in a far more sprightly fashion, but has not succeeded in looking any younger. She is just finishing her soup.* **LADY MATHESON** *is seated right of the table down right. She is a Civil Servant's widow living on an annuity and therefore the poorest of all the residents. She is a grey-faced, mousey, impeccably dressed woman, rather younger than the other two. She is finishing her soup.* **MR FOWLER** *is seated right of the table down left. He is an ex-public schoolmaster, seventyish, quiet and impassive-looking. He is drinking his soup. The table up right centre, on the rostrum near the window is unnoccupied, as is the downstage table left centre. Two waitresses,* **MABEL** *and* **DOREEN**, *serve the guests.* **MABEL** *is middle-aged, taciturn, gloomy and dependable.* **DOREEN** *is young, flighty, talkative and undependable. At the moment only* **MABEL** *is visible. She is serving* **LADY MATHESON** *at the table down right and has a tray with plates of Goulash and Medaillon and two dishes of vegetables.*

MABEL Were you medaillon or goulash?

LADY MATHESON *(correctly accenting)* Medaillon.

MABEL Sorry. I thought you were goulash.

LADY MATHESON It was probably my fault.

MRS RAILTON-BELL, *with a decorous gesture, puts her finger to her lips. There is silence.* **MABEL** *serves* **LADY MATHESON.**

(she smiles sweetly at **MABEL***)* I'm so sorry, Mabel, I'm quite sure it was I that made the mistake.

MABEL *(gloomily)* I dare say. *(She passes on to left of* **MISS MEACHAM***)* You *were* goulash, weren't you, Miss Meacham?

MISS MEACHAM *(deep in her book)* What? Oh, yes, Mabel. Thank you.

MABEL *(serving* **MISS MEACHAM** *with goulash)* And what to follow—the mousse angelic, or the turnover?

MISS MEACHAM Which do you think?

MABEL Turnover.

MISS MEACHAM Turnover, then.

MABEL *drifts away through the kitchen door up left.*

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(to* **MISS MEACHAM***)* I think cook's acquiring a little lighter touch with her pastry, don't you think?

MISS MEACHAM Not judging by the tarts we had at tea yesterday. Cannon balls. *(She eats her goulash)*

MRS RAILTON-BELL Did you think so? I quite liked them. I much preferred them to those pink cakes on Tuesday.

MISS MEACHAM I didn't mind the pink cakes. The tarts gave me the collywobbles. I had the most terrible dreams.

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(with a faint smile)* I thought you were always having dreams.

MISS MEACHAM Oh, these weren't my proper dreams. Not the ones I make myself dream. These were just horrible, pointless nightmares. Cosh boys and things. *(After a slight pause)* I talked to Louis the Fifteenth on Thursday night.

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(plainly humouring her)* Did you indeed, dear?

MISS MEACHAM The goulash's rather good. I think you made a mistake. *(She goes back to her book)*

There is a silence for a few moments while **MISS MEACHAM** *peruses her "Racing Up to Date" with myopic concentration.*

MRS RAILTON-BELL Think you've found a winner for tomorrow, Miss Meacham?

MISS MEACHAM "Marston Lad" is worth a bob or two each way.

MRS RAILTON-BELL I never bet nowadays. *(She pours some wine into her glass. After a meditative pause)* When my husband was alive he used sometimes to put as much as five pounds on a horse for me.

MISS MEACHAM I used to bet in ponies when my father was alive, and I had an allowance. *(She goes back to her book)* Well—if the form...

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(suddenly irritable)* Why don't you get spectacles?

MISS MEACHAM *(lowering her book)* Because I don't need them. *(She goes back to her book)*

DOREEN *enters from the kitchen. She carries a tray with a plate of tongue and salad, moves to left of* **FOWLER** *and hovers over him.*

DOREEN Sorry, Mr Fowler, the goulash's off.

FOWLER *looks up abstractedly.*

FOWLER What? Oh. *(He looks at the menu)* What about the cold pie?

DOREEN I shouldn't have that, if I were you. I saw what went into it. If I were you I'd have this tongue.

FOWLER All right. Whatever you say.

DOREEN *takes* **FOWLER***'s soup plate, gives him the tongue, crosses to* **MRS RAILTON-BELL***, and collects her plate.*

DOREEN Ta.

DOREEN *exits to the kitchen.*

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(to* **LADY MATHESON***; meaningly)* She won't last.

LADY MATHESON I'm afraid not.

MRS RAILTON-BELL Still, it's disgraceful that the goulash's off, and two people not even in yet.

LADY MATHESON I know.

MRS RAILTON-BELL Of course, Mr Malcolm's never on time— *(She indicates the table by the window)* and really deserves it. *(In another confidential whisper)* Anyway, after those long sessions at the *Feathers* I often wonder if he ever really knows what he's eating. But the new lady— *(She indicates the table left centre)* I mean, my dear, what will she think?

LADY MATHESON I saw her arrive.

MRS RAILTON-BELL Did you?

LADY MATHESON Yes—did you?

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(slightly annoyed)* I was in the lounge, but I didn't—excuse me—think it quite the thing to peer out of the window at her...

LADY MATHESON *(firmly)* I happened to be in the hall.

MISS MEACHAM I met her on the stairs.

MRS RAILTON-BELL Really, dear?

MISS MEACHAM *(still absorbed in her book)* She's called Mrs Shankland. She comes from London, she arrived by train, she has four suitcases and a hatbox and she's staying two weeks.

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(unwillingly impressed)* Four suitcases?

MISS MEACHAM And a hatbox.

LADY MATHESON She was awfully smartly dressed. Nothing flashy—very good taste—but—well—Mayfair, if you know what I mean.

MRS RAILTON-BELL Really? *(She picks up the menu and changes the subject from this unwelcome topic)* It was quite nice out this afternoon, didn't you think, dear—I mean, for December.

LADY MATHESON I didn't go out, I'm afraid. There was a Sibelius concert on the home...

MRS RAILTON-BELL You and your music. Did you go out, Mr Fowler?

FOWLER What? No, I didn't. I was waiting for a telephone call.

MRS RAILTON-BELL I was the only brave one then? Fancy. I always say the weather in December...

MRS RAILTON-BELL *breaks off abruptly as the door up left centre opens.*

MRS SHANKLAND, ANNE, *the new arrival, enters up left centre. She is about forty, and, as she stands just inside the room looking around rather timidly, she seems entirely out of place in such an environment. Not that her clothes are unsuitable, although they are smart, nor that her coiffure is too stylish, although it is stylish, but that she has brought on with her an air of Belgravia and the smarter London restaurants. She stands now as if waiting for a head waiter to guide her to her table. None of the other guests glance at her.*

MABEL *enters from the kitchen. She carries a tray with a turnover for* **MISS MEACHAM.**

MABEL *(to* **ANNE***)* You're the new one, aren't you?

ANNE Yes.

MABEL *(indicating the table left centre)* You're here.

ANNE Oh. Thank you. *(She goes to the table left centre, sits and studies the menu)*

Dead silence still reigns. **MABEL** *moves to* **MISS MEACHAM**, *serves her with the turnover, then moves to* **ANNE**. *The other guests begin to cast quick, furtive glances in* **ANNE**'*s direction.*

MABEL *(to* **ANNE***)* The brown windsor or the petite marmite?

ANNE I don't think I'll have any soup, thank you. I'll try the goulash.

MABEL That's right. We've got a portion left.

FOWLER *bangs his fork down and glares furiously at* **MABEL**, *but decides not to make a scene.*

MABEL *exits to the kitchen. Eyes are lowered again as* **ANNE** *looks curiously around the room. The silence continues until it is at length broken by* **MRS RAILTON-BELL**, *speaking now in a rather louder and more self-consciously well-bred voice than before.*

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(to* **LADY MATHESON***; peeling her apple)* I was saying about the weather in December...

LADY MATHESON Oh, yes?

MRS RAILTON-BELL It can be so treacherous, especially here, on the south coast. This afternoon, for instance, even though the sun was quite bright, I put on a fur coat—my warmest one, too—the Persian Lamb...

LADY MATHESON Very sensible of you.

CHARLES *and* **JEAN** *rise abruptly and exit up left centre to the lounge, each carrying their book. They have still, as far as we can see, not addressed a word to each other.* **MRS RAILTON-BELL** *eyes them with disdain.*

MRS RAILTON-BELL Trousers at dinner!

LADY MATHESON I know.

MRS RAILTON-BELL And he never changes either. I wonder Miss Cooper doesn't say something. You'd think they'd teach them better manners at Oxford.

LADY MATHESON Yes, you would. *(After a slight pause)* My husband was at Oxford.

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(gently)* Yes, dear, You've told me so before. Mine only went to Birmingham because of the wonderful engineering course they have there.

MISS COOPER *enters up left centre and moves to* **ANNE.** **MISS COOPER** *is youngish, with a rather masculine appearance and a quiet manner.*

He hated it, of course.

MISS COOPER *(pausing)* Good evening, Mrs Railton-Bell. Good evening. Lady Matheson.

MRS RAILTON-BELL Good evening, Miss Cooper.

LADY MATHESON Good evening.

MISS MEACHAM *does not look up.*

MABEL *enters from the kitchen. She carries a tray with* **ANNE***'s goulash, moves to left of the table and serves* **ANNE.** **MISS COOPER** *continues her journey towards* **ANNE***'s table.*

MISS COOPER *(right of* **ANNE***)* Is everything all right, Mrs Shankland?

ANNE Yes, thank you.

MISS COOPER I'm so sorry I wasn't here to show you your table. I had a telephone call from London. Are you being looked after all right?

ANNE Yes, thank you.

MABEL *exits to the kitchen.*

MISS COOPER *(sharply)* No soup?

ANNE No. I don't care for it. It's bad for the figure.

MISS COOPER I shouldn't have thought you'd have to worry about that, Mrs Shankland.

ANNE *(pouring herself a glass of water)* Oh, I do. I work at modelling, you know.

MISS COOPER And now you're down here for a little rest?

ANNE. Yes. That's right.

MISS COOPER I hope you find your room quite comfortable.

ANNE I'm sure I shall.

MISS COOPER If there's anything you want, please don't hesitate to ask me.

ANNE I won't.

MABEL *enters from the kitchen. She carries a tray with a turnover for* **LADY MATHESON. MISS COOPER** *flashes* **ANNE** *a cordial smile, extinguished instantly as she turns away to the table up right centre.* **MABEL** *removes* **LADY MATHESON***'s plate and serves her with the turnover.* **MISS COOPER** *glances at the empty table and summons* **MABEL** *with a gesture.*

MISS COOPER Mabel—

MABEL Yes, miss?

MISS COOPER —go to Mr Malcolm's room and tell...

MABEL I've been. He's not there.

MISS COOPER Oh. Have they kept something hot for him?

MABEL Yes but Cook says if he's not in in five minutes he'll have to have cold.

MISS COOPER Oh, well, I don't expect he'll be more than that.

MABEL *looks unconvinced and exits to the kitchen.* **MISS COOPER** *stands by the window right.*

FOWLER Miss Cooper! Did I hear you say something about a telephone call?

MISS COOPER I'm afraid it wasn't from your guest, Mr Fowler. It was from Major Pollock. He wanted to leave a new forwarding address.

MRS RAILTON-BELL Ringing up from London? That's very extravagant—for the Major.

MISS COOPER *(with a faint smile)* He was calling from a friend's house, I gather. He's coming back next Tuesday he says.

MISS MEACHAM *(through her book)* Oh, God! That old bore.

MISS COOPER *straightens the window curtains, then crosses to* **FOWLER**, *who rises and moves to the door up left centre.* **MISS COOPER** *helps* **FOWLER** *up the steps and then stands right of him.*

FOWLER I can't understand Philip not ringing up. How can he expect to be met at the station if we don't know what train…

MISS COOPER Have you tried ringing him?

FOWLER Yes. Twice. No answer either time. Perhaps I'd better try again. *(He goes through the change in his pocket)*

MISS COOPER It's a little late, Mr Fowler. There's only one train left from London.

FOWLER *(at the door)* Please don't worry about the room, Miss Cooper. If anything's gone wrong—which I don't believe mind you—I'll pay for it, I promise you.

MISS COOPER That won't be necessary, Mr Fowler. But I *would* rather like to know—if you don't mind—as soon as possible.

FOWLER *exits up left centre.* **MISS COOPER** *picks up the vase from the table up centre, crosses to* **FOWLER**'*s table down left and picks up the vase from it.*

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(sympathetically)* It's too bad, Miss Cooper. This is the third time, isn't it?

MISS COOPER I expect he'll turn up. Just forgotten to phone, that's all. You know what these Bohemian young people are like.

MISS COOPER *exits to the kitchen.*

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(to* **LADY MATHESON***)* I don't, as it happens. I don't care for Bohemians. *(In her confidential whisper)* We have one too many here, I should have thought. *(With her head she indicates the table by the window)* And I'm beginning to doubt the very existence of Mr Fowler's famous young painter friend.

LADY MATHESON I know he exists. Mr Fowler showed me an article on him in *Picture Post*. He was the head boy of Mr Fowler's house at Tonbridge, I gather. So proud of him, Mr Fowler is—it's really quite touching to hear him go on.

MRS RAILTON-BELL Well, I think it's a disgrace that he keeps on letting him down like this.

MISS MEACHAM *(suddenly closing her book)* Nonsense!

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(startled)* What, dear?

MISS MEACHAM It's not a disgrace at all. *(She puts down her book and folds her napkin)* Why should we old has-beens expect the young to show us considerations? We've had our life. They've still got theirs to live. Seeing us can only remind them of death, and old people's diseases. I've got two of the prettiest nieces you ever saw. You've seen their photographs in my room. But they never come near me, and I wouldn't like it if they did. *(She rises and picks up her book)* God knows I don't want to remind them of what they've got to become.

MISS MEACHAM *exits up left centre.*

MRS RAILTON-BELL *(to* **LADY MATHESON***; in her confidential whisper)* I'm getting a little worried about Miss Meacham.

LADY MATHESON She's certainly getting more and more—unusual, every day.

MRS RAILTON-BELL These dream-games of hers. *(She folds her napkin)* Well, I suppose they're harmless—but I really don't know what a psychiatrist would say. The human mind, you know—it's a very delicate piece of machinery—as my husband used to say—and—one never knows. Well— *(She rise majestically)* shall I see you in the lounge, or have you a date with the Third Programme?

LADY MATHESON No. There's nothing worth hearing on to-night.

MRS RAILTON-BELL Good. *A toute* à *l' heure,* then.

MRS RAILTON-BELL *sweeps regally out up left centre.* **LADY MATHESON** *is now on her sweet.* **ANNE** *has finished toying with her goulash. Deep silence reigns.*

MABEL *enters from the kitchen. She carries a tray with a turnover for* **ANNE.**

MABEL *(moving to left of* **ANNE***)* I've brought you the turnover. It's better than the other. *(She removes* **ANNE***'s plate and serves her with the turnover.)*

ANNE Oh. Thank you so much.

MABEL *exits to the kitchen. Once more silence reigns, then the door up left centre is pushed open rather violently.*

JOHN MALCOLM *enters up left centre. He is in the early forties, of rather rugged appearance, untidily dressed, and with unruly hair. When he speaks it will be with a slight north country accent. He looks quickly at his watch, and then at the kitchen door.* **ANNE** *sees* **JOHN** *before he sees her, and stares at him, remotely, with no change of expression.* **JOHN**, *conscious of the stare, looks in* **ANNE***'s direction and then stops dead centre, his back to the audience. After a moment he walks on to the table by the window, and takes his seat, which is facing* **ANNE***'s. He stares at the tablecloth.*

DOREEN *enters from the kitchen with an empty tray, to clear* **MISS MEACHAM***'s table.*

DOREEN *(to* **JOHN***)* Oh. You in at last? Thank heavens. I thought we'd never get off. *(She moves to the table up left centre and clears it)* Where you been? *The Feathers?*

JOHN Yes.

DOREEN Thought so. The goulash's off. You'll have to have medaillon.

JOHN *(still staring at the tablecloth)* That's all right.

DOREEN Brown Windsor, like usual?

JOHN Yes.

DOREEN *exits to the kitchen. There is silence between the three. Finally,* **LADY MATHESON** *finishes, folds her napkin and rises.*

LADY MATHESON *(to* **ANNE***)* Good evening.

LADY MATHESON *exits up left centre.*

DOREEN *enters from the kitchen. She carries a tray with a plate of soup for* **JOHN**.

DOREEN *(crossing and putting the plate in front of* **JOHN***)* There you are. Tuck into that. Not but what I wouldn't expect you've had enough liquid tonight already.

DOREEN *exits to the kitchen.* **JOHN** *crumbles a piece of bread, and then slowly lifts his eyes from the tablecloth.*

JOHN *(at length)* Is this coincidence?

ANNE Of course.

JOHN What are you doing here?

ANNE A rest-cure.

JOHN Why this place—of all places?

ANNE It was recommended to me.

JOHN Who by?

ANNE A man I met at a party somewhere.

JOHN He didn't tell you I was here?

ANNE No—he said something about a journalist—called John Malcolm. Is that you?

JOHN Yes.

ANNE Oh, yes, of course, I see. Your Christian names.

JOHN *(savagely)* Why, for the love of God, didn't you go to the *Royal Bath* or the *Branksome Towers,* or any of the grand hotels?

DOREEN *enters from the kitchen with an empty tray, and clears the table up centre.*

DOREEN *(to* **JOHN***)* What you having after, 'cause Cook's got to leave it out. Turnover is best.

JOHN All right.

DOREEN Finished your soup? *(She moves to* **JOHN***'s table)*

JOHN Yes, thank you.

DOREEN You haven't touched it. *(She picks up his soup plate)* I *said* too much liquid...

DOREEN *exits to the kitchen.*

ANNE I couldn't afford a grand hotel.

JOHN He pays you alimony, doesn't he?

ANNE Seven-fifty a year. I don't find it very easy. You see, I'm not getting work these days.

JOHN I thought he was a rich man.

ANNE Michael? Oh, no. His antique shop lost a lot of money.

JOHN He gets his name in the papers a lot.

ANNE Oh, yes. Quite a social figure—first nights and all that.

JOHN How long exactly were you married to him?

ANNE Three years and six months.

JOHN Beating me by three months? I saw the headlines of the case. They were quite juicy—but not as juicy as ours—you'll admit. It was cruelty again, wasn't it?

ANNE Yes.

JOHN Did *he* try to kill you, too?

ANNE *(quietly)* No.

DOREEN *enters from the kitchen. She carries a tray with medaillon and vegetables for* **JOHN**.

DOREEN There you are. Usual veg?

JOHN *nods.*

(she serves **JOHN***)* You look a bit down in the dumps tonight. Anything the matter?

JOHN No.

DOREEN All right. Don't take too long, will you? My friend's waiting.

DOREEN *exits to the kitchen.* **JOHN** *makes no attempt to touch his food.*

JOHN How did he show *his* cruelty?

ANNE In lots of ways. Small ways. They can all be summed up by saying that he doesn't really like women.

JOHN Why did he marry you?

ANNE He wanted a wife.

JOHN And you wanted a husband.

ANNE *nods.*

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