SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

Another Country

A Drama

Julian Mitchell

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

SAMUELFRENCH.COM
SAMUELFRENCH-LONDON.CO.UK

Copyright © 1982 by Julian Mitchell
All Rights Reserved

Another Country is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-64040-7

www.SamuelFrench.com
www.SamuelFrench-London.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Info@SamuelFrench.com
1-866-598-8449

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE
Theatre@SamuelFrench-London.co.uk
020-7255-4302

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *Another Country* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *ANOTHER COUNTRY* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play(s) does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to Samuel French before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Samuel French.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title(s), or part of this title(s), to any social media websites.

For all enquiries regarding motion picture, television, and other media rights, please contact Samuel French.

Please refer to page 113 for further copyright information.

'The experiences undergone by boys at the great public schools, their glories and disappointments, are so intense as to dominate their lives and to arrest their development. From these it results that the greater part of the ruling class remains adolescent, school-minded, self-conscious, cowardly, sentimental and in the last analysis homosexual.'

Cyril Connolly
Enemies of Promise

Another Country was first produced at the Greenwich Theatre, London, on 5th November, 1981. It was directed by Stuart Burge, with the following cast:

GUY BENNETT ..... Rupert Everett
TOMMY JUDD ..... Joshua Le Touzel
DONALD DEVENISH ..... Piers Flint-Shipman
JIM MENZIES ..... David Parfitt
FOWLER ..... Michael Parkhouse
SANDERSON ..... Chistopher Villiers
BARCLAY ..... Matthew Solon
DELAHAY ..... Simon Dutton
WHARTON ..... Gary Carp
VAUGHAN CUNNINGHAM ..... David William

Designed by Bernard Culshaw
Lighting by Nick Chelton

The play transferred to the Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, on 2nd March, 1982, with the following changes of cast:

TOMMY JUDD ..... Kenneth Branagh
SANDERSON ..... Paul Pennington
BARCLAY ..... Julian Wadham
WHARTON ..... Warren Saire/Alex Lowe

CAST

GUY BENNETT
TOMMY JUDD
DONALD DEVENISH
} seventeen-year-old boys in Gascoigne's house

JIM MENZIES
FOWLER
SANDERSON
} house prefects

BARCLAY—head of house and member of Twenty Two
DELAHAY—member of Twenty Two
WHARTON—a fag
VAUGHAN CUNNINGHAM—a literary intellectual in his forties

TIME—Summer, in the early 1930's

PLACE—An English Public School

ACT ONE

SCENE 1—The Fourth Year Library, Gascoigne's house
SCENE 2—Barclay's Study
SCENE 3—Dormitory
SCENE 4—Library

ACT TWO

SCENE 1—Study
SCENE 2—Library
SCENE 3—Library
SCENE 4—Study
SCENE 5—Cricket Field
SCENE 6—Library

Another Country

ACT ONE

SCENE 1: Library

As the curtain rises on darkness we hear the sound of a whole public school singing in chapel:

'I vow to thee, my country,
all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect,
the service of my love:
The love that asks no question,
the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar
the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters,
the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted
the final sacrifice.'

As the hymn ends, lights come up on the Fourth Year Library of Gascoigne's. It is a tidy but shabby room, with a table and chairs, a couple of arm-chairs, and shelves of books. There is a seat below the window, the divisions of which are framed in Gothic arches of purple brick. BENNETT is at the window, watching something through binoculars. He is a slightly fleshy but good-looking boy of seventeen, wearing a grey flannel suit and house tie. He doesn't turn as two similarly dressed boys of the same age come in. They are JUDD, short, dark and

wiry—everyone's idea of a scrum-half—and DEVENISH, who is tall and fair.

JUDD. (*putting down books*) Someone's love never falters, I see.

DEVENISH. Bennett, do pull yourself together.

JUDD. But will it pay the price?

BENNETT. (*not turning*) Anything!

JUDD. What have you done with Lenin? Oh, there he is. (*He fetches a bust of Lenin from where it has been turned face to the wall, and puts it in front of his place at the table.*) You do realise it would be sacrilege to lay him on chapel altar? Charlie Chaplin would want a man-to-man talk with you.

BENNETT. He can marry us, if he likes. Sanctify our passion.

DEVENISH. Bennett!

JUDD. I'm afraid he'd only tell you how men managed without women in the war.

BENNETT. I bet he wouldn't!

DEVENISH. Don't encourage him, Judd.

JUDD. (*taking the glasses from BENNETT*) What's this? What's this? Three o'clock from bushy-topped tree —can it be—? It is! Another bushy-topped tree!

BENNETT. Give those here.

JUDD. But he's not there.

BENNETT. Not yet. But any moment now the great oak door of Longford's will swing open on its rusty hinges—

DEVENISH. How do you know they're rusty?

BENNETT. —and the glorious vision will step forth. He'll stand a moment, winsomely framed in the tumescent archway—

JUDD. The *what?*

BENNETT. —sniffing the wind like a dappled deer—

DEVENISH. Oh, my God!

BENNETT. —and then—then—he'll shoot a tender yet burning, soft yet passionate glance across the three hundred yards of sacred turf, hoping against hope that I am here to receive it. And then I shall lay my heart at his feet.

DEVENISH. He must have enormous feet if they'll stretch from Longford's to here.

JUDD. (*handing the glasses back*) You're so stupidly romantic. Why fall in love with the unattainable?

BENNETT. It's more fun. Anyway, from what I hear, Harcourt not only *is* attainable, he's been attained several times already. (*He resumes watching.*)

JUDD. Only by Longford's men, surely?

BENNETT. So far.

DEVENISH. (*testy*) Bennett, did you know you're becoming very, very boring about Harcourt?

BENNETT. (*putting the glasses down*) Am I, Devenish? I'm terribly sorry. I bore myself practically to extinction. I did so hope I might be mildly amusing to my friends.

DEVENISH. Well, you're not. So stop it.

BENNETT. Can't. Sorry! One must have some spice to life in this dingy place. (*He resumes watching.*) Anyway, I'm not nearly as boring as you were about Worsely. (*DEVENISH looks embarrassed.*)

JUDD. You're *both* boring. And incurably bourgeois and decadent.

BENNETT. And you're all statistics and no heart.

DEVENISH. Oh, God, don't you encourage him!

JUDD. How many times do I have to explain—

BENNETT. None—none.

JUDD. Communism is simply the logical result of people's *feeling.*

BENNETT. (*lowering the glasses, pretending eagerness*) Each other?

JUDD. God, you're hopeless.

BENNETT. And you're only interested in bushels per acre in Sibera.

DEVENISH. Hectare.

BENNETT. What?

DEVENISH. Per hectare. Don't you listen to anything?

JUDD. And not Siberia.

BENNETT. Somewhere equally ghastly!

JUDD. Nowhere in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is ghastly.

DEVENISH. And the moon is made of green cheese. Talk about stupidly romantic!

JUDD. Vision and reason go hand in hand with us.

BENNETT. How charming! Like Jack and Jill! Who'll be the first to tumble, I wonder?

JUDD. You'll have to go, Bennett.

BENNETT. And what a struggle you'll have, fighting back your tears as you send me off! Commissar Judd! Salt mines, will it be? Or the firing squad?

JUDD. The people's court will decide.

(*MENZIES enters. He is the same age as the others, but a prefect, which means he can wear an ordinary tie, instead of the house one, and a tweed jacket.*)

MENZIES. What now?

BENNETT. My future under socialism.

MENZIES. Oh! That!

JUDD. All punishments will be laid down in the appropriate chapters of the Soviet penal code.

BENNETT. Don't you think it's riveting, Menzies? The way he reveals his class and upbringing? All those fathers and grandfathers in the Indian Civil, carefully applying the rule-book to the Great Unwashed!

JUDD. There's no connection.

BENNETT. Bureaucracy! It's all just bureaucracy under different names. People bossing you about and collecting taxes. Underneath that anarchistic exterior—

JUDD. I am *not* an anarchist!

BENNETT. —there lurks a spirit as rigidly administrative, as predatorily imperial as—as—

MENZIES. Curzon's? Milner's?

BENNETT. You're as foul as heart as Fowler, Judd.

JUDD. Now, look, I'm prepared to put up with most things—

MENZIES. Talking of Fowler—

DEVENISH. We don't in here, if you don't mind.

MENZIES. I think I should warn you, Bennett—he's taken great exception to the state of your uniform at the Dedication.

DEVENISH. You *were* a bloody disgrace.

BENNETT. It wasn't an inspection.

DEVENISH. You should respect the dead. You'd better buck your ideas up before Jacker Pot.

BENNETT. There's not room for ideas in the corps, Devenish.

DEVENISH. You're really going to have to smarten up on parade. Pull your socks up generally.

JUDD. At least *change* them.

BENNETT. They're not too bad. Not more than a week old at most.

DEVENISH. Pooh!

MENZIES. I thought I should warn you.

BENNETT. Thanks.

JUDD. Ah! Listen to the authority behind the gentle

hint! He's going to make a splendid head of house—don't you think?

MENZIES. I was only letting him know.

JUDD. Yes, yes!

MENZIES. Would you rather I didn't warn people about Fowler?

JUDD. No, no!

MENZIES. Well, then?

JUDD. It's just I liked you so much more *before* you were a prefect.

MENZIES. (*cool*) You'll like me again, I expect, when you're one yourself.

JUDD. Ha, *ha.*

DEVENISH. You're a fool, Judd. A complete idiot.

JUDD. I can't be against the class system *and* be a prefect. Even you must be able to see that.

BENNETT. A moron. A cretin.

JUDD. *You're* just looking forward to being in Twenty Two.

BENNETT. What's wrong with that?

JUDD. Twenty-two boys, out of a school of over four hundred! Electing each other to be demi-gods!

MENZIES. It's democratic. Surely you approve of that?

JUDD. A self-perpetuating oligarchy of mutual congratulation is *not* democratic!

BENNETT. (*eager*) Mutual what?

MENZIES. At least Twenty Two aren't appointed by the housemasters, like ordinary prefects. You've got to be someone.

JUDD. And who will you be, if not the House Man's choice to be head of house?

MENZIES. Well—apart from the ex-officios.

JUDD. And who will Bennett be, apart from your friend?

BENNETT. Wit, scholar, natural leader of men—

DEVENISH. He's at the top of the school. And in the Second Fifteen.

JUDD. Don't pretend *that* has anything to do with it. The whole system's utterly corrupt.

DEVENISH. My pater says being in Twenty Two makes the whole of school worthwhile.

MENZIES. We'll get you in, Devenish. (*to BENNETT*) Won't we?

BENNETT. Ssh! (*He crosses his fingers.*) *I'm* not in yet!

DEVENISH. Oh, you'll have no trouble. Heads of houses always get their first choice in. It's the seconds who have the trouble.

JUDD. How you can allow yourselves to collaborate with a—

MENZIES. Oh, do shut up! We *have* heard it before.

JUDD. Do you want something here, Menzies? If not, I'm afraid I must remind you that prefects are not supposed to loiter in Fourth Year Library.

MENZIES. Where else can I see my friends?

BENNETT. That's completely unnecessary, Judd. (*JUDD points to 'Rules' on the wall.*)

MENZIES. (*still cool*) Have any of you seen Martineau? Farcical wants him.

JUDD. You're hardly likely to find him in here till next term.

MENZIES. No one's seen him since the Dedica.

DEVENISH. Probably with his parents.

MENZIES. Well—never mind. (*to BENNETT*) Have you looked at the Cicero yet? Its filthy.

BENNETT. Oh, good!

MENZIES. Not filthy dirty, filthy difficult.

BENNETT. Do you want the benefit of my insight during prep?

MENZIES. Come to my study. Thanks.

JUDD. Oh, and thank *you,* for the good-humoured restraint with which you exercise your power! I'm sure I speak for the whole house when I say how much we hope you'll be able to keep it up next term.

MENZIES. I can but try. (*Smiling, he goes.*)

DEVENISH. There's no need to be so offensive, Judd. (*JUDD shrugs.*) You've got no manners whatever. (*to BENNETT*) You know what he was doing in the two minutes silence?

BENNETT. (*pretending horror*) Judd, no!

DEVENISH. Laughing.

JUDD. I was not.

DEVENISH. I could see you out of the corner of my eye. Skulking with the juniors and *giggling.*

JUDD. I didn't utter a sound.

DEVENISH. Then you were giggling *silently.* I couldn't concentrate on the dead at all.

BENNETT. (*reproachful*) Judd!

JUDD. Even a crusty old Tory like you, Devenish, must be able to see that it's absolutely ludicrous for four hundred boys to line up and blub for a lot of people they never knew, and who only died in a businessmen's war because they were too damned stupid to shoot their superior officers and start a revolution like the Russians.

BENNETT. But they *were* the superior officers, weren't they?

JUDD. We all know who *you* thought about.

BENNETT. Well, naturally. (*He resumes watching through the glasses.*)

JUDD. *Un*naturally, you mean.

BENNETT. All phenomena in nature are natural. Don't they teach you anything on the History Ladder?

DEVENISH. You're *both* offensive! It's a beautiful

memorial. And all those names—three hundred and forty-two. Think of it. They died for *us.*

JUDD. They died for their class.

DEVENISH. You *are* their class! And it's damned silly to pretend you're not! Always trying to be different!

BENNETT. (*to DEVENISH*) Did they die for your wicked Uncle Vaughan, too?

DEVENISH. Yes!

BENNETT. It must be odd, being a conchie, knowing people are dying for you, when you refuse to die for them. It was clever of the Head Man to get him down the week after the Dedica.

JUDD. Oh, well—(*imitating*) "On the one hand—on the other hand—"

DEVENISH. It certainly wasn't *my* idea.

BENNETT. Are you ashamed of him?

DEVENISH. Yes.

BENNETT. But he's so famous. I don't think I could be ashamed of anyone as famous as that.

DEVENISH. He's all right. He's just so bloody obstinate. Like Judd.

JUDD. I'm not *pink,* thanks very much.

DEVENISH. You shouldn't have laughed. I wanted to think about all those people, and seeing you stopped me.

JUDD. I only wish I'd had the guts to laugh out loud.

BENNETT. Be kind. Our hero only wanted to shed a manly tear.

DEVENISH. There's nothing whatever to be ashamed of in weeping for the dead. (*embarrassed pause*)

BENNETT. If it's any comfort, the person I actually thought about was my father.

DEVENISH. (*also embarrassed*) But he only died when you were a junior.

BENNETT. Yes, but gallantly.

DEVENISH. I'm awfully sorry—

BENNETT. It was the Easter hols. I was reading in bed one night when I heard the most peculiar noise—a sort of muffled squeaking. I thought it was the cat at first. But then it went on and on—sort of feeble and desperate at the same time. Like something trapped. So I got up and looked out into the passage. It seemed to be coming from my parents' room, and there was a light under the door, so I assumed—well, I mean, what would you have thought?

DEVENISH. Gosh!

BENNETT. I was just going back to bed to mind my own business, and feeling pretty queasy because—well, I mean, one's own parents!

DEVENISH. Awful!

BENNETT. When I quite distinctly heard my mater say, 'Help!' (*He imitates her.*) 'Help!' (*DEVENISH is enthralled. JUDD is more and more sceptical.*) It was terribly eerie. Complete silence, then suddenly there it was again. 'Help!' So—I didn't know what to do. I went down the passage to their door. I listened a moment, then I knocked and said, 'Are you all right?' And she said—(*imitation of the muffled voice again*)—'Guy! Quick—help!' She sounded absolutely at her last gasp. So I turned the door handle to go in—only of course the door was locked.

DEVENISH. Of course!

JUDD. Don't overdue it, Bennett. It's really good so far.

BENNETT. It's true. Every word. I only wish it wasn't.

DEVENISH. Did you break the door down?

BENNETT. No. All the bedroom keys are the same in our house. I see why now. But it took me ages to push

their key out backwards and get mine in. And then, when I finally got the door open—

DEVENISH. What?

BENNETT. —my pater had had a heart attack right in the middle of—

DEVENISH. No! (*JUDD claps ironically.*)

BENNETT. (*turning on him*) Have you ever tried lifting your father's corpse off your living mother?

JUDD. Not recently.

BENNETT. It's incredibly difficult. He was like a huge sack of—of wet mud. The weight never went where I was expecting. And since he was—you know—still plugged in—

DEVENISH. No!

JUDD. *No.*

BENNETT. Unfortunately, yes.

DEVENISH. Does it—I mean—does it stay—

BENNETT. Rigor mortis.

JUDD. Bennett!

BENNETT. My mother kept her eyes shut the whole time. I suppose she thought if she couldn't see me, I couldn't see her. But of course I could.

DEVENISH. Couldn't she have—well—wriggled out from under?

BENNETT. Well, he was a very fleshy man. And they were in rather a complicated position. I think that's what did it. The mechanics were too much for him. There was a ghastly moment I thought I might have to break one of his arms.

DEVENISH. (*unable to imagine it*) How absolutely—

BENNETT. What made it all the more macabre was, I'd always hated him. He was a complete loather. Whereas my mother—I couldn't help thinking—it's all right for

him—what better way to go? But for *her*—and *me,* seeing her, like it says in the Bible, uncovered—I honestly wondered if we'd ever be able to look each other in the eye again. If you ask me, it's why she's marrying this awful Colonel person.

DEVENISH. I don't follow.

BENNETT. Protection. Distance. She feels naked again every time she sees me.

DEVENISH. How *awful.*

BENNETT. Well, it is, rather. (*pause*)

JUDD. *Now* can I applaud?

BENNETT. At least I've seen a naked woman, which is more than you've done. (*JUDD laughs scornfully.*) No-one believes in you and your usherette.

JUDD. You can believe what you like. Quite incidentally. I don't see *what* your father's conking out has to do with the two minutes' silence.

BENNETT. He was in the Navy in the war. Torpedo officer on a destroyer. I always imagine him thinking about torpedoes as he died.

DEVENISH. (*suddenly uncertain*) Bennett, you're not —you haven't—

JUDD. Devenish!

BENNETT. I'd rather you didn't spread it around, if you don't mind. I don't want people looking at my mater on Speech Day and thinking about *that.*

JUDD. No-one can ever look anywhere else, the hats she wears.

BENNETT. Aren't they splendid? I choose them for her.

DEVENISH. You *what?*

BENNETT. I love hat-shops.

DEVENISH. Good God! I wouldn't be seen dead in one.

BENNETT. Well, you have no eye, Devenish. Except for cricket balls.

(*He raises the glasses. As he does so the door is thrown open and FOWLER stands there, as though hoping to catch them in some criminal act. He is tall and sallow, a house prefect. At once, DEVENISH picks up a newspaper—it is the 'Daily Worker'—and reads it ostentatiously. BENNETT continues to look out of the window. JUDD pretends to be writing. They are absolutely united.*)

FOWLER. Have any of you seen Martineau?

BENNETT AND JUDD. (*together*) No.

FOWLER. Sure?

BENNETT AND JUDD. (*together*) Yes.

FOWLER. The House Man wants him. (*no response*) What are you looking at, Bennett?

BENNETT. The beauties of nature.

FOWLER. Have you permission to use house binos?

BENNETT. Yes.

FOWLER. Who from?

JUDD. From whom, Fowler. From whom.

FOWLER. Who from, Bennett?

JUDD. No wonder he never made it beyond the Middle Fifth!

BENNETT. Farcical.

FOWLER. Who?

BENNETT. Farcical.

FOWLER. If you mean Mr. Farquharson, kindly use his proper name.

JUDD. You didn't.

FOWLER. What?

JUDD. Use his proper name. You called him the House Man.

FOWLER. He is the House Man.

JUDD. I know *that.*

FOWLER. Are you trying to be clever or something?

JUDD. I don't have to try. I *am* clever.

FOWLER. Then what the hell are you talking about?

JUDD. Your habit of telling people to do one thing, then doing another yourself.

FOWLER. Insolence or prefects is a beatable offence, Judd. Even if you are in the Sixth Form.

JUDD. Ah. As Hon. Sec. of Gascoigne's Fourth Year Library Committee, Fowler, it's my pleasure to draw your attention to Rule 16B. You'll find it by your right elbow. (*He points to the list.*)

BENNETT. (*not lowering the glasses*) That's the one you use to wield the cane.

JUDD. As you can see, Rule 16B states that all threats of corporal punishment are forbidden within the precincts of the library.

FOWLER. When was that passed?

JUDD. Immediately after you so grossly abused Devenish the last time you burst in here uninvited.

FOWLER. You can't make up rules just like that.

JUDD. Indeed not. Library is a democracy. Sixty-six and two-thirds of eligible votes are required for any rule change. This one, I'm pleased to tell you, was passed *nem. con.*

BENNETT. (*still not looking round*) Which for those in the army class means unanimously.

FOWLER. You're getting above yourself again, Bennett.

BENNETT. My favourite position.

FOWLER. Your uniform this morning was a disgrace.

BENNETT. You thought it was a bloody disgrace, didn't you, Devenish? (*DEVENISH refuses to acknowledge him.*)

FOWLER. I've half a mind to ask Barclay for permission to beat you.

JUDD. Well—you've half a mind. We can all agree on that.

FOWLER. Right! That's it! (*JUDD points to the Rules.*) You needn't think you'll get away with this, either of you! (*He goes abruptly, leaving the door open.*)

DEVENISH. (*yelling*) Shut the bloody door! (*He gets up and shuts it himself.*) That man is absolutely beyond belief.

BENNETT. (*lowering the glasses*) If only he were!

JUDD. He's precisely what this school was designed to produce. Not empire builders—dear me, no. Building empires needs imagination. Empire rulers.

DEVENISH. Oh, dry up.

JUDD. People like my own appalling forebears, since Bennett was so rude as to mention them. Licensed bullies. Fowler will go from the King's African Rifles straight into the Colonial Service—you wait and see. He'll end up with an OBE.

BENNETT. Will he retire to Bournemouth? Or Eastbourne?

JUDD. I think—Bexhill-on-Sea for Fowler. Where he'll die almost at once.

BENNETT. Syphilis?

JUDD. Nostalgia for his natives.

BENNETT. Oh, I did so hope he'd get syphilis! Won't he ever have sex at all?

JUDD. There'll be a leathery wife for that.

BENNETT. Will he tan her?

JUDD. He'll try it on the honeymoon, but she won't stand for it.

BENNETT. He'll take it out on the natives, then.

JUDD. Yes.

BENNETT. What about when he retires?

JUDD. Oh, there'll be a motherly little woman in South Cliff.

BENNETT. God, how drab. (*He resumes watching.*) Poor old colonies.

DEVENISH. There's nothing wrong with the Colonial Service. It's a perfect decent career.

JUDD. There's nothing decent about colonialism.

DEVENISH. I don't see why you have to be so against everything.

JUDD. I'm not. I'm *for* revolution.

DEVENISH. That's just silly.

BENNETT. I say. Come and look at this.

JUDD. Has an eagle descended on your Ganymede?

BENNETT. (*handing JUDD the glasses*) Look at the door to chapel bell-tower. They're carrying someone out. (*JUDD looks. Pause.*)

JUDD. Good Lord.

DEVENISH. What is it? (*JUDD hands him the glasses. Pause.*) One of the bell-ringers must have had an accident. (*He hands the glasses to BENNETT.*) It can happen. The bell turns over or something, and you get swept right off your feet. One of our tenants cracked his skull a few years ago, ringing in the New Year.

JUDD. I haven't heard any bells. Not since the Dedica. (*pause*)

BENNETT. You know what I think. It's Martineau. (*He hands the glasses to JUDD.*)

DEVENISH. But Martineau's not a bell-ringer.

JUDD. (*looking*) God, I think you're right.

DEVENISH. Let me see. (*He takes the glasses and looks. Pause. He lowers the glasses.*) How very peculiar. (*pause*)

BENNETT. Oh, God. Poor Martineau. (*A bell is rung violently from within the house.*)

BLACKOUT

SCENE 2: Barclay's Study

The head of the house has only a smallish study, with room for five people to cram themselves in. There is a desk with a chair, an armchair, a bookshelf and a window-seat as in the Library.

BARCLAY, mild and spectacled and ill-at-ease, is standing. He wears a tail coat with a buttonhole, and a fancy waistcoat to indicate his membership of Twenty Two. DELAHAY, similarly dressed, is lounging in the armchair; he is big and burly, a sportsman. FOWLER, MENZIES and SANDERSON are on the window-seat. SANDERSON is short, with a slightly resentful air, as though determined not to be put upon.

Pause.

DELAHAY. From a bell-rope?

BARCLAY. Yes.

DELAHAY. He must have been mad.

BARCLAY. Well—there'll have to be an inquest.

SANDERSON. The balance of his mind—

BARCLAY. Quite. (*pause*)

MENZIES. Did he leave a note, Barclay?

BARCLAY. Farquharson says only the coroner need see it.

SANDERSON. Well, really!

BARCLAY. But—it seems Mr. Nicolson caught him in Phot. Soc. Dark Room yesterday evening with a man in Longford's.

MENZIES. Oh, Lord. (*pause*)

FOWLER. What man in Longford's?

BARCLAY. Robbins.

FOWLER. I know Robbins. (*pause*)

DELAHAY. Silly bloody fools! What did they want to go and get caught for?

SANDERSON. I dare say they didn't actually *want* to get caught, Delahay.

DELAHAY. What was Nickers doing in Dark Room, anyway?

BARCLAY. I don't know. But he reported them both to their House Men last night, and they were supposed to go to the Head Man immediately after the Dedica. Robbins turned up, but Martineau—(*pause*)

MENZIES. Couldn't the House Men have handled it?

SANDERSON. Men in different houses? On school grounds?

BARCLAY. I'm afraid Sanderson's right. They had to be sunkered. (*pause*)

MENZIES. Poor Martineau. (*pause*)

DELAHAY. If you ask me, these things should be left to Twenty Two.

FOWLER. Even the mighty Twenty Two can't sunker people, Delahay.

DELAHAY. Who needs people sunkered?

FOWLER. You wouldn't let them stay?

DELAHAY. Of course. After making them run the gamut with gym shoes, for being so bloody stupid.

FOWLER. Stupid!

DELAHAY. Letting themselves get caught.

FOWLER. Delahay, really!

DELAHAY. Yes, really, Fowler. (*pause*)

MENZIES. Do we—do we know what it was they were actually doing?

SANDERSON. Need you ask?

FOWLER. What possible difference could it make!

MENZIES. Well, if it was just—you know—

FOWLER. Immorality is immorality, Menzies. (*pause*)

DELAHAY. If you ask me, it all comes of having masters who aren't old boys.

SANDERSON. I beg your pardon?

DELAHAY. An old boy would have more sense than to go prowling round Phot. Soc. Dark Room in the evenings.

FOWLER. (*outraged*) That's—that's absolutely—

DELAHAY. If you'd caught them, you'd have had to report them to me or Barclay—someone in Twenty Two. That's school practice. Men deal with men. Once masters get involved, it's fatal. Old boys *know* that. (*SANDERSON suddenly giggles.*)

BARCLAY. Sanderson—

SANDERSON. Sorry. I just thought of all the ruined negatives.

BARCLAY. What?

SANDERSON. Nickers must have turned the light on, mustn't he? No Phot. Soc. exhibition *this* Speech Day!

FOWLER. You're in Phot. Soc., aren't you?

SANDERSON. So what?

FOWLER. Nothing.

SANDERSON. If you're accusing me—

BARCLAY. Sanderson—

SANDERSON. I'm not having him accusing me—

BARCLAY. Shut up, both of you. Someone has *died.* (*silence*) His parents are coming down tomorrow.

DELAHAY. Oh, Lord!

BARCLAY. Some of us will have to meet them. I'll go myself, of course. I don't know if any of you—? (*silence*) In that case, Delahay, you'll have to come.

DELAHAY. What on earth can I say?

BARCLAY. I don't know. How good he was at rugger.

DELAHAY. But he wasn't.

BARCLAY. He was in Cooper Pot Fifteen.

DELAHAY. Well, all right, but—honestly!

BARCLAY. Thank you. I—I didn't know him very well myself. Did any of you? (*silence*) Who were his friends?

MENZIES. I don't think he had any special friends. He and Bennett saw each other in the holidays sometimes.

FOWLER. Oh?

MENZIES. They lived quite close, that's all. They weren't real friends. He went up to school in a three-some with Howell and Rawsthorne.

BARCLAY. Perhaps they'd like to come.

MENZIES. I rather doubt it.

FOWLER. It's not a question of them liking, Barclay. If you tell them to go, they'll go.

BARCLAY. I should prefer not to use coercion on an occasion like this.

SANDERSON. Yes, for God's sake, Fowler!

BARCLAY. We—we have to consider the effect on the house as a whole. (*pause*) Personally, I feel absolutely —(*pause*) I've tried to make everyone feel he can come to me at any time, whatever the problem. And he must have been desperate. But—(*pause*) He was even in my dorm. (*long embarrassed silence*)

SANDERSON. It wouldn't have made any difference. He'd still have been sunkered.

BARCLAY. But if he'd talked to me—you—anyone—(*silence*)

FOWLER. I think that's rot.

BARCLAY. Oh.

FOWLER. The problem is, the tone of the house has simply gone to pieces.

DELAHAY. Fowler!

FOWLER. And you're one of the people mainly responsible! You've always acted as though school and house rules don't apply to you!

DELAHAY. Well?

FOWLER. What kind of example is that? Captain of Games, a member of Twenty Two, swanking about and openly breaking the rules! The juniors *imitate* you—don't you realise?

BARCLAY. Fowler—

FOWLER. And you do nothing to stop him! He's been a bad influence on the house from the day he arrived!

DELAHAY. I'll be a bad influence on you in a moment.

FOWLER. Things have got so slack—It was something to be in Gascoigne's once. Now—*now!*

BARCLAY. This is hardly the time or place to go into all that, if you don't mind.

SANDERSON. No!

FOWLER. Not when things have got so bad a man has been caught with a man in another house and then hanged himself! (*pause*)

BARCLAY. You know perfectly well how we spent our first two years here, Fowler. How much beating and bullying there was.

FOWLER. At least it stopped us indulging in immorality!

DELAHAY. Don't be so bloody pi, for God's sake!

FOWLER. Delahay excepted, of course! He always is!

BARCLAY. Please—(*silence*) If I'm responsible, then I'm responsible. But I made a vow at the end of my first term, if I ever became head of house, I'd do my utmost to see that no-one ever had to creep about in fear and terror the way we did.

FOWLER. And now we see the result! (*BARCLAY has no answer.*)

MENZIES. I don't see any connection between Barclay's liberal regime and Martineau's suicide. Really, I don't.

BARCLAY. Thank you.

FOWLER. Then things can only go from bad to worse here next year!

SANDERSON. Till there's no-one left alive, you mean?

DELAHAY. You're so stupid, Fowler. If Nickers hadn't broken school practice, Martineau would still be here. He'd have a very sore bum, but he'd still be here.

FOWLER. You are so corrupt, so cynical—

BARCLAY. You've had your say, Fowler.

FOWLER. But it's precisely attitudes like that—

BARCLAY. That's enough! (*silence*) The question isn't why it happened, but what we do now.

SANDERSON. Quite!

BARCLAY. I'm sure we can all agree at least that we don't want what happened in Warburton's happening here.

SANDERSON. God, no!

FOWLER. Warburton's has done jolly well since they had that clear-out.

SANDERSON. Mass sunkering! General hysteria! Queues to confess to the House Man! Are you mad?

DELAHAY. The *last* thing anyone wants.

FOWLER. It might be just the thing for the house in its present state.

MENZIES. If I may put a selfish point of view—I should like there still to *be* a house here next year.

SANDERSON. Quite!

FOWLER. I'm sure it's not nearly on that scale. (*The others' silence indicates they do not share his optimism.*) Anyway, wouldn't you rather start with a clean house?

MENZIES. Frankly, I doubt if such a thing as a clean house exists, in this school or any other.

FOWLER. Then you're as hopeless as the others!

MENZIES. I have to consider next term, Fowler! That's why I'd like hysteria kept to an absolute minimum, and all beans-spilling kept as far away from Farcical as possible.

SANDERSON. Hear, hear!

MENZIES. He'll want to be kept out of it, anyway. God, he hates even talking about it.

SANDERSON. (*imitating*) 'There are men here who may try to take advantage of a man because a man is a new man.'

MENZIES. If people start getting hysterical and rushing off behind the green baize door—that'll be *it*.

BARCLAY. Then what it boils down to is—how do we preserve the House Man's innocence?

FOWLER. Really, Barclay—

MENZIES. What about a voluntary knees-down?

DELAHAY. Don't be barmy.

MENZIES. Look, at times like this, people go religious and want to confess. Well, I think God's a much better person to hear their confessions than the House Man. Apart from anything else, the confessions are silent. All it needs is a few prayers, a lot of pi-jaw, some long pauses for thought, and a couple of cheerful hymns at the end.

BARCLAY. Well—(*pause*)

SANDERSON. Menzies, you're a real brain!

DELAHAY. Can't we keep religion out of it? I mean—chapel bell-rope!

MENZIES. Of course we can't. We must just be grateful it isn't confirmation term.

SANDERSON. God, yes!

DELAHAY. Who'd take it? (*to BARCLAY*) You?

BARCLAY. I don't know.

MENZIES. You and Fowler.

FOWLER. What?

MENZIES. You're awfully good at this sort of thing. You know you are.

FOWLER. But I don't know if I approve.

SANDERSON. I thought you always approved of everything pi.

FOWLER. If people want to go the House Man, I think they should go.

MENZIES. If they want to, they will. None of us can stop them. This would only be a way of—well, relieving the tension.

FOWLER. But is that what the house needs at the moment?

SANDERSON. Yes!

BARCLAY. Well, I rather agree.

DELAHAY. Think of the house's reputation.

FOWLER. That's precisely what I *am* thinking about.

DELAHAY. If there's a general scandal, it won't just be all over the school, it'll be all over England. People won't exactly be enthusiastic when we say we were in Gascoigne's.

FOWLER. It won't get that far.

SANDERSON. It will, you know. Everyone knows everything. Everyone who counts. My pater won't have

anyone from Harrow in the firm, because of what he's heard. (*pause*)

FOWLER. Perhaps if the knees-down were compulsory—

MENZIES. I'm afraid the Sixth wouldn't come.

FOWLER. Damn the Sixth! Make them!

MENZIES. Besides, there are new men and juniors who won't know what it's all about. I wouldn't want them coming.

DELAHAY. Quite.

BARCLAY. No, we don't want them.

FOWLER. Well—

BARCLAY. I think we'd all be very grateful, Fowler. You do have a knack for this sort of thing.

FOWLER. Well—I'm not very happy about it. But if the reputation of the house is really at stake—

BARCLAY. I think it is.

FOWLER. All right, then. After prep?

BARCLAY. Thank you.

MENZIES. Yes, thank you, Fowler.

DELAHAY. (*rising*) Bags I do dorms!

(*Blackout. In the darkness we hear a chapel full of boys reciting the General Confession, led by FOWLER.*)

SCENE 3: Dormitory

There are five beds in a row, each with a wash-stand and press. BARCLAY's bed has a pitch-pine partition between it and JUDD's. After JUDD's there is a very neatly made bed and a wash-stand with no tooth-brush or flannel, etc. It was Martineau's bed. Then comes Spungin's, then WHARTON's.

WHARTON, the dorm fag, is thirteen, his voice unbroken. He is in striped pyjamas and a camel dressing gown. He is hovering anxiously by Spungin's washstand, carrying a large white enamel jug with a blue rim. BENNETT comes quickly in, looking over his shoulder.

BENNETT. Spungin? Wharton, have you seen Spungin?

WHARTON. No.

BENNETT. Oh, God! (*BENNETT hurries out again. WHARTON hesitates, then decides to pour water for himself. As he's about to do so, JUDD enters.*)

JUDD. After you, Wharton. (*At once WHARTON stops pouring and starts to take the water over to JUDD's basin.*) I said, *after* you. (*WHARTON stops, uncertain.*) You really must learn that whatever anyone else does in this horrible place, when *I* say something, I mean it.

WHARTON. Sorry, Judd.

JUDD. What for?

WHARTON. I—I don't know. Sorry.

JUDD. Stop saying it! (*He takes the jug and starts prodding WHARTON back to his own cubicle.*) One reason the proletariat is so exploited, Wharton, is its fatal fatalism. The way it *expects* the worst.

WHARTON. Yes, Judd.

JUDD. So don't connive at your own oppression. Don't assume that just because you're a fag you *must* be in the wrong. Resist the tradition! (*He pours water out for WHARTON.*)

WHARTON. Thank you, Judd.

JUDD. *From* those with the greatest means, *to* those

with the greatest need. *Not* school practice. But then school practice is simply designed to make people like you say 'Sorry' the whole time.

WHARTON. Yes, Judd.

JUDD. Yes, because you understand what I'm saying and agree with it? Or because I'm a fourth year and you're a first?

WHARTON. (*thinks*) I'd like to get on and wash now, if you don't mind.

JUDD. Hopeless! (*He carries the jug back to his own cubicle. DELAHAY enters. He has a squash ball which he bounces off the walls.*)

DELAHAY. God, it's all quiet on the Western Front tonight all right!

JUDD. Has the whole house gone?

DELAHAY. Practically. (*He drops the ball under Martineau's bed.*) Damn! (*He grovels for it. When he comes up again he looks at the bed and wash-stand.*) God, that was quick. Who did it?

JUDD. I don't know.

WHARTON. Excuse me, Delahay.

DELAHAY. Yes?

WHARTON. Matron came and cleared everything out.

DELAHAY. (*edging away*) Was he blubbing a lot last night?

JUDD. No sign anything was wrong at all.

DELAHAY. Poor sod. Still, it's a cad's trick, suicide. It just leaves everyone feeling awful and knowing it's too late to do anything about it.

JUDD. They can see it never happens again.

DELAHAY. Easier said than done.

JUDD. In a properly ordered society it wouldn't happen at all.

DELAHAY. Drivel. People'll always go mad.

JUDD. It's not madness. It's sense. A response to the intolerable strains of capitalist society.

DELAHAY. Oh, I suppose in *Russia,* no-one *ever* kills himself!

JUDD. Statistics show far fewer suicides take place than before the revolution. For the obvious reason that there are far fewer social and economic contradicitons and so far less strain.

DELAHAY. Are you trying to tell me Martineau was suffering from social and economic contradictions?

JUDD. Of couse. This whole place is *based* on contradictions. It's a complex network of irreconcilable values. The only surprising thing is how few suicides there are.

DELAHAY. If you hate it so much why don't you leave?

JUDD. Because till I get my scholarship to Cambridge I'm in economic servitude to my parents, like everyone else.

DELAHAY. Run away. Get yourself a job. (*He settles on JUDD's bed.*)

JUDD. Then how would I get my scholarship? It's difficult enough trying to work *here.* Farcical tries to stop me at every opportunity.

DELAHAY. God, you're ungrateful. He let you oil out of the Corps.

JUDD. The Corps is supposed to be voluntary.

DELAHAY. Supposed!

JUDD. And he *won't* let me off games.

DELAHAY. I should hope not. Games are good for bolshies. Teach you a bit of team spirit.

JUDD. But cricket's *three* afternoons a week!

DELAHAY. You could be quite good, if you'd only try.

JUDD. I'd rather *work.* And people won't let me. I

don't interfere with them, why do they have to interfere with me? Barclay confiscated another torch last night.

DELAHAY. Well, you will be so bloody obvious. When you hear someone coming you should turn the damned thing off.

JUDD. I was too absorbed in my book.

DELAHAY. (*picking it up and looking at it*) *Das Kapital!* Serves you bloody well right!

JUDD. You don't actually believe in rules, do you?

DELAHAY. What?

JUDD. You think they're only there to be *seen* to be obeyed.

DELAHAY. Depends who you are. If you can ride 'em, ride 'em. If not—watch out!

JUDD. What a hypocrite you are. (*He washes his face.*) Martineau wasn't a hypocrite. That's why he did it. This ghastly school persuaded him its footling, meaningless rules actually stood for something real. (*He splashes his face angrily.*) Moral principles! Rules of *life!* (*BENNETT enters in dressing-gown, very furtive. He doesn't see DELAHAY sitting on JUDD's bed.*)

BENNETT. Judd! Have you seen Spungin?

JUDD. No.

BENNETT. Oh, God! Where the hell *is* he?

DELAHAY. (*rising*) At the knees-down. And what the hell are you doing out of your dorm without permission?

BENNETT. Looking for you to ask permission to visit this one.

DELAHAY. What do you want with Spungin, anyway?

BENNETT. Nothing—nothing.

JUDD. Oh, Bennett, no!

BENNETT. (*injured innocence*) What do you mean?

JUDD. Is there no depth to which you won't sink?

BENNETT. (*sinking to Martineau's bed, head in hands*) I don't *think* so.

DELAHAY. I don't think you'll find sitting there helps your conscience.

BENNETT. What? (*He gets hurriedly up and moves away.*) You are *sure* that's where he is?

DELAHAY. Positive.

BENNETT. He hasn't been behind the green baize door?

DELAHAY. No. No-one's been. Stop being so windy.

BENNETT. Thank God!

JUDD. Of course, there's nothing to stop people going to Farcical *after* the knee-down. (*BENNETT groans.*)

DELAHAY. Don't be cruel to dumb animals, Judd. (*to BENNETT*) Is it quiet up there?

BENNETT. As the grave.

DELAHAY. (*moving off*) Better go and see, I suppose.

BENNETT. Can I stay and talk to Judd, please?

DELAHAY. If you can get a word in. (*finding WHARTON hovering*) What do you want?

WHARTON. Excuse me, Delahay, what should I do about Spungin's water?

DELAHAY. What?

WHARTON. If I pour it, and he doesn't come up, it'll get cold.

DELAHAY. (*leaving*) True! True! (*WHARTON is left even more anxious.*)

JUDD. You haven't really been having Spungin, have you?

BENNETT. Ssh!

JUDD. But he's got such awful shag-spots!

BENNETT. *Ssh!* No—I haven't.

JUDD. Well, you do have *some* taste, then.

BENNETT. If you really want to know, he repulsed my

advances. That's why I'm so—(*He takes a hip-flask from his pocket and drinks quickly.*)

JUDD. I didn't know you ever had failures.

BENNETT. Want a swig?

JUDD. Thanks. Except with me, of course. (*He drinks.*)

BENNETT. Everyone gives in in the end. It's Bennett's Law. You just have to put the idea in their heads, and give it time to grow. People get bored with frigging. And lonely. They long for company. Like my mother. (*He drinks.*) God, it really makes me sick, her marrying that oaf.

JUDD. Then don't turn up for the wedding.

BENNETT. And miss all that champagne? Anyway, she'd be dreadfully upset. We're very close, you know. The parting's bound to be very painful.

JUDD. Won't you be gaining a father, rather than losing a mother?

BENNETT. God, I hope not! One was enough!

JUDD. Was any of that true, by the way? About your real father?

BENNETT. Bits. (*JUDD laughs.*) I couldn't help myself. Devenish is such a fool, he believes anything you tell him.

JUDD. Well, I think you should follow your mother's example. Distance yourself from the relationship with a member of the opposite sex.

BENNETT. It is really so different?

JUDD. How would I know? I've only ever had girls.

BENNETT. (*incredulous*) Oh, come on!

JUDD. I discovered I liked girls when I was eleven. The male body has never attracted me in the slightest.

BENNETT. It might if you let it. (*earnest*) You ought to try everything once, you know.

JUDD. I wouldn't mind having every girl in the world once.

BENNETT. I'm serious.

JUDD. So am I. You should try girls.

BENNETT. I have done. Tried, I mean. I thought I was really getting somewhere last hols. I had my hand on her breast, and she didn't seem to mind. Only—it wasn't her breast. It was a hankie stuffed in her bra. She was only letting me do it because she didn't realise. (*JUDD laughs. WHARTON has come to hover.*) Wharton! This is a strictly adult conversation! I hope you're not listening!

WHARTON. Oh, no! No!

JUDD. What is it, Wharton?

WHARTON. It'll be Last Post soon. I don't know what to do about Spungin's water.

BENNETT. Leave him to pass it on his own. Have a drink. (*He offers the flask. WHARTON is horrified.*)

JUDD. Bennett—

BENNETT. Go on. Do you good.

WHARTON. No, thank you, Bennett.

BENNETT. Suit yourself. (*He drinks.*)

JUDD. (*to WHARTON*) If I were you, I'd pour it out, then go to bed.

WHARTON. But it'll be cold.

BENNETT. Serve him right for being so bloody pi.

WHARTON. He makes a terrible fuss if his water's cold. He said he'd report me to Barclay.

JUDD. (*with a sigh*) Then go and fill up the jug with new hot water, bring it back, cover it with a flannel, and leave it by his basin.

WHARTON. Whose flannel?

JUDD. *His* flannel.

WHARTON. Do you think that'll be all right? Honestly?

JUDD. *Yes.*

WHARTON. Thank you, Judd. (*He goes, carrying the jug.*)

BENNETT. Honestly! Juniors!

JUDD. Poor bloody child—scared to death of Spungin.

BENNETT. I'm fairly scared of him myself at the moment.

JUDD. You shouldn't offer him drink.

BENNETT. Why not? He's too young for anything else. I'm not a *pederast,* you know.

JUDD. Discretion is going to be the better part of valour in this place for a while, wouldn't you say? (*DELAHAY, entering, hears this.*)

DELAHAY. Now who's the hypocrite!

JUDD. If an objective analysis of a situation shows hypocrisy to be the correct means by which a desired end is to be achieved—

DELAHAY. Bolsies! Honestly! You'd better go back to your dorm, Bennett—they'll be up soon.

BENNETT. Three more minutes?

DELAHAY. Well—I suppose so. (*seeing someone offstage*) Here! Howell! What the hell do you think you're doing? (*DELAHAY goes. BENNETT brings out his flask again, drinks then hands it to JUDD.*)

BENNETT. Here—finish it.

JUDD. Thanks, but I want to be able to see to read.

BENNETT. (*looking at the bookmark*) I say, you're making progress.

JUDD. I'd've finished by now, if I was only allowed to *work!*

BENNETT. I thought it was supposed to be so terribly difficult.

JUDD. I haven't found anything I couldn't understand eventually. If they taught us any economics here, in-

stead of Tudors and bloody Stuarts—Marx should be a set book for the Sixth. They shouldn't leave us to fight our way through it on our own, *and* under the blankets. (*pause*) Lost another torch last night.

BENNETT. How many's that?

JUDD. Twelve. *Twelve* torches. Taken away to stop me getting the education I'm *supposed* to be here for!

BENNETT. Well—you have my sympathy.

JUDD. I don't *want* sympathy. I want intelligent treatment. I happen only to need six hours' sleep at night. That means I wake up every morning at half-past *four*. It's all right in the summer—it's soon light enough to read. But in the winter—and next term, when I'll really be swotting for the scholarship—

BENNETT. It's entirely your own fault. If you weren't so bolshie you could read as much as you like. You'd be a prefect by now. You'd probably be head of house next term, instead of Menzies.

JUDD. I keep telling my parents—if only I was at home, I could get in three hours more a day. But of course they won't listen. School keeps me out of the way—that's all they care about.

BENNETT. God, if our parents knew what actually went on here!

JUDD. They do know. The fathers, anyway. (*pause*)

BENNETT. This awful Colonel of my mother's says public schools go on too long.

JUDD. They shouldn't go on at all.

BENNETT. He says we should leave when we're seventeen and take a job for a year or two. (*in imitation*) 'Go round the world. Learn a bit about life before you go up to the Varsity.' (*in his own voice*) Why not the army, I said? One learns so much about life in the army, killing people. (*JUDD laughs.*) For a moment he almost like

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS