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SF PERUSALS

Hapgood

by Tom Stoppard

A Samuel French Acting Edition

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For Oliver with love and thanks

Hapgood was presented by Michael Codron at the Aldwych Theatre, London, on March 8, 1988. The cast was as follows:

HAPGOOD.....Felicity Kendal
BLAIR.....Nigel Hawthorne
KERNER.....Roger Rees
RIDLEY.....Iain Glen
WATES.....Al Matthews
MERRYWEATHER.....Adam Norton
MAGGS.....Roger Gartland
JOE.....Christopher Price *or*
.....Andrew Read
RUSSIAN.....Patrick Gordon

Directed by Peter Wood
Designed by Carl Toms
Lighting by David Hersey

Hapgood was presented by the Center Theatre Group/Ahmanson Theatre in association with Michael Codron Ltd at the UCLA James A. Doolittle Theatre, Hollywood, Calif., on April 12, 1989. The cast (in order of appearance) was as follows:

WATES	Richard Lawson
RUSSIAN	Andrew Laisser
RIDLEY	James Lancaster
KERNER	Roger Rees
MERRYWEATHER	Morgan Strickland
HAPGOOD	Judy Davis
BLAIR	Simon Jones
GEORGI	Bryan Torfeh
JOE	Chris Demetral or David Torn
MAGGS	Tim Donoghue

Directed by Peter Wood
Designed by Carl Toms
Lighting by David hersey

We choose to examine a phenomenon which is impossible, *absolutely* impossible, to explain in any classical way, and which has in it the heart of quantum mechanics. In reality it contains the *only* mystery ... Any other situation in quantum mechanics, it turns out, can always be explained by saying, 'You remember the case of the experiment with the two holes? It's the same thing."

Richard P. Feynman
'Lectures on Physics'/'The Character of Physical Law'

CHARACTERS

HAPGOOD	aged thirty-eight
BLAIR	probably twenty years older, but in good shape
KERNER	forty-ish
RIDLEY	mid-thirties
WATES	either side of forty-five
MAGGS	twenties
MERRYWEATHER	twenty-two
JOE	eleven
RUSSIAN	any age, thirty to fifty

ACT I

Scene 1	The Pool, Wednesday morning
Scene 2	The Zoo, Wednesday noon
Scene 3	The Rugby Pitch, Wednesday afternoon
Scene 4	The Office, Thursday morning
Scene 5	The Shooting Range, Thursday afternoon

ACT II

Scene 1	The Office, Thursday evening
Scene 2	The Studio, Friday morning
Scene 3	The Zoo, Friday noon
Scene 4	The Office, Friday afternoon
Scene 5	The Hotel, Friday evening
Scene 6	The Pool, Friday night
Scene 7	The Rugby Pitch, Saturday afternoon

ACT I

Scene 1

We are looking at part of the men's changing room of an old-fashioned municipal swimming-baths. It is ten o'clock in the morning. The cubicles are numbered, and they have doors which conceal occupancy although they don't meet the ground. There is a washbasin or two, a place to shave facing front. Four of the cubicles have to 'work'.

There are four ways of coming and going: 'Lobby', 'Pool' 'Showers', and, for the sake of argument, 'Upstage'. The lobby doors have MEN *in reverse on the glass. Signs saying* POOL, SHOWERS, GENTS *and* EXIT *may be used. One of the showers is evidently in use – we can hear it. When we encounter this scene, WATES is shaving. He is a black man, an American, who is normally impressively tailored and suave but at present is dressed in cast-offs and looks as if he spent last night on a park bench. His tackle is basic – shaving brush, shaving stick, old-fashioned safety razor.*

Before anything else happens we have a short radio play. What we can hear is two people (a man and a woman, HAPGOOD) talking to each other on shortwave radio. The voices accordingly have a slight distort.

RADIO. OK, we have a blue Peugeot ... stopping.

Single male, It's not Georgi.

Anybody know him? Carrying a towel, no briefcase, repeat negative on briefcase.

Are you getting this, Mother? – we have the Peugeot but it's not Georgi.

He's crossing the road. Fancy tracksuit, running shoes. No sign of the follower.

Are you getting this? – target is approaching, negative on Georgi, negative on briefcase, negative on follower, give me a color.

HAPGOOD. (*On radio.*) Green. You should be seeing Kerner.

RADIO. Negative. They changed the plot. Confirm green.

HAPGOOD. (*On radio.*) Green. Tell me when Kerner shows.

WATES. (*Live.*) *If* he shows.

HAPGOOD. (*On radio.*) Tell me when Kerner shows, he'll be walking.

WATES. (*Live; no emotion.*) Kerner is thirty thousand feet up on Aeroflot, I feel sick.

RADIO. Who the heck is that?

HAPGOOD. (*On radio.*) Wates – just shave.

WATES. (*Live.*) Yes, ma'am.

RADIO. Target inside. Negative on Kerner. Target in lobby. Ridley has seen him. Still negative on Kerner. Do I hear yellow? Mother, give me a color, we're still –

OK, we have a walker.

OK, we have Kerner ... three hundred yards ... affirmative on briefcase.

Target's got his key.

HAPGOOD. (*On radio.*) Say when.

RADIO. Four – three – two –

(*The lobby door opens.*)

RADIO. You're looking at him.

(*A MAN enters from the lobby. He wears a colorful tracksuit and running shoes. HE carries a towel rolled up into a sausage, we assume the swimming trunks and cap are inside. HE carries a key on a loop of string which might make it convenient to wear as a pendant. He is otherwise empty-handed. We call this man RUSSIAN ONE, because he is Russian and because there are going to be two of them.*

RUSSIAN ONE enters Cubicle One. [This numbering has nothing to do with the actual numbers on the cubicles, it is only for our convenience.] RUSSIAN ONE enters his cubicle and closes the door behind him.

RIDLEY enters from the lobby. HE is carrying a briefcase [but the briefcase may be inside a sports holdall]. RIDLEY now goes on a perambulation. The essence of the situation is that RIDLEY moves around and through, in view and out of view, demonstrating that the place as a whole is variously circumnavigable in a way which will later recall, if not replicate, the problem of the bridges of Königsberg [and which will give RUSSIAN ONE time to undress]. It is possible that on his entrance RIDLEY will dump his briefcase into a laundry basket overflowing with used towels, and then reclaim it when he has finished coming and going.

Back to the plot. RUSSIAN ONE, dressed to swim, leaves his cubicle, locks it, swings his towel up over the lintel and leaves it hanging there, and goes off to the pool. When he has gone, RIDLEY posts his briefcase under the door of Cubicle One, and pulls the towel off the door. [As a matter of interest, the RIDLEY who posts the briefcase is not the same RIDLEY who entered with it.] RIDLEY enters Cubicle Two and closes the door behind him. The towel appears, flung over the lintel, hanging down.

WATES continues to shave. The shower continues to run. KERNER enters from the lobby. HE carries a briefcase. He has a towel and a key. HE looks around and posts his briefcase under the door with the towel

showing [Cubicle Two]. KERNER pulls the towel off the door and tosses it over the door into the cubicle. KERNER enters another cubicle [Cubicle Three] and closes the door behind him. A moment later his towel appears over the lintel.

RIDLEY leaves Cubicle Two, bringing Kerner's briefcase with him, and also the towel. HE chucks the towel over the door of Cubicle One. With the briefcase HE disappears in the direction of the showers. One shower cubicle ought to be in full view, in which case we see RIDLEY pass his briefcase to the unseen occupant of the shower. RUSSIAN ONE leaves the pool, wet of course, and re-enters his cubicle.

RIDLEY, without the briefcase, goes to the pool.

RUSSIAN TWO enters from the lobby. He is the twin of RUSSIAN ONE, and dressed like RUSSIAN ONE. HE carries a similar rolled-up towel. However, HE also carries a briefcase. HE glances round briefly, and notes the towel on Kerner's door. HE posts his briefcase under Kerner's door. HE enters a cubicle, Cubicle Four.

MERRYWEATHER, a boyish twenty-two-year-old in sports jacket and flannels, enters from the lobby. His manner is not as well calculated as RIDLEY's had been. HE is at first relieved and then immediately disconcerted by the absence of Russians.

RUSSIAN ONE, now dressed, leaves his cubicle, carrying his rolled-up towel but leaving the briefcase [which Ridley posted] behind. RUSSIAN ONE leaves to the lobby.

MERRYWEATHER, whose idea of making himself inconspicuous has been, perhaps, to examine himself in Wates's mirror, follows Russian One out to the lobby. KERNER, dressed, leaves Cubicle Three, with the briefcase which had been posted there, and leaves to the lobby. RUSSIAN TWO reappears, from Cubicle Four, and enters Cubicle One to collect the briefcase which had been left in there. As he leaves the cubicle, RIDLEY re-enters from the pool. RUSSIAN TWO leaves to the lobby. RIDLEY follows him out. WATES has finished shaving. HE is packing up his shaving tackle.

The shower stops running. There is a pause, and then the occupant of the shower, HAPGOOD, approaches, somewhat encumbered by a briefcase [Kerner's original], a leather rectangular clutch handbag with a shoulder strap, and an umbrella which she is at the moment taking down and shaking out. From her appearance, the umbrella has been an entire success. SHE comes down into the LIGHT and leans the umbrella carefully against the cubicles, and stands pensively for a moment. SHE is apparently too preoccupied to acknowledge WATES, who is himself

preoccupied with something which makes him shake with silent laughter. HE is putting a heavy steel wrist-watch on his right wrist. [NOTE: In the first production, all the foregoing action was done to music and lightly choreographed.])

WATES. Young guy in a sports coat, college haircut, nasty wart on the back of his right hand, no, left, it was in the mirror.

HAPGOOD. Merryweather.

WATES. Merryweather, right. Followed the man in, followed the wrong man out, meanwhile Merryweather's man turns around and leaves with the goods. Sort of dummy.

HAPGOOD. Yes, he is rather.

(*The lobby doors open. RIDLEY enters in a somewhat excited, even delighted, state.*)

RIDLEY. (*Greeting her.*) Mother.

HAPGOOD. This is Ridley.

RIDLEY. You didn't tell me it was twins.

HAPGOOD. This is Wates.

(*HAPGOOD puts the briefcase on the ground, then lays it flat. SHE undoes the catches and raises the lid.. During this WATES and RIDLEY shake hands.*)

WATES. Ben Wates.

RIDLEY. (*Friendly.*) Ridley.

(*HAPGOOD has stood up, taking from the case a flat white cardboard box, a few inches square, the sort of thing that might contain a computer disc, which is what in fact it does contain. However, she is not in the slightest interested in the box. SHE stands staring down at the open briefcase.*
RIDLEY has just said, 'Ridley.' The lobby doors open to admit MERRYWEATHER – but only momentarily because all MERRYWEATHER sees is a young woman with her face turned away from him and he makes the modest assumption that he has walked through the wrong door.)

MERRYWEATHER. Oh, God, I'm terribly –

(*HE's gone again. HAPGOOD hasn't moved.*)

HAPGOOD. Sugar! ... Wates.

(*Now WATES looks at her and at the briefcase.*)

WATES. Oh, Lord.

(*MERRYWEATHER puts his head in the door, somewhat tentatively. HAPGOOD tosses the disc-box back into the briefcase.*)

HAPGOOD. Where's yours, Ridley?

RIDLEY. In the Peugeot.

MERRYWEATHER. (*Advancing.*) Oh Hello, Mother – I didn't rea–

HAPGOOD. Where did he go, Merryweather?

MERRYWEATHER. Actually, I lost him – a taxi came round the corner –

HAPGOOD. He's in the taxi?

(*MERRYWEATHER nods.*)

RIDLEY. (*To Hapgood.*) Chamberlain's cab, I love it. Listen, how the hell –

HAPGOOD. (*Politely.*) Be quiet, Ridley.

(*SHE is opening her handbag and taking out a small radio transmitter/receiver.*
These gadgets are going to get quite a lot of use and evidently the state of the art has arrived at a radio which is no larger and somewhat slimmer than twenty cigarettes. The radio speaks quietly.
So HAPGOOD is taking her radio out of her handbag.)

HAPGOOD. (*To Merryweather.*) Have a look round the pool.

MERRYWEATHER. Right. What for exactly?

HAPGOOD. Anything there is, I'll want to see it. (*To radio.*) Cotton.

RADIO. Mother.

(*WATES and MERRYWEATHER dovetail with Hapgood and her radio.*)

WATES. (*Shaking hands.*) Ben Wates.

MERRYWEATHER. How do you do, sir? Merryweather.

(*MERRYWEATHER goes out to the pool. RIDLEY is probably contemplating the briefcase. WATES moves quietly up towards the cubicles and calmly investigates them, one after another without fuss. During this:*)

HAPGOOD. (*To radio.*) Where is he?

RADIO. In the Peugeot.

HAPGOOD. (*Patiently.*) Thank you, Cotton, and where is the Peugeot?

RADIO. Camden High Street.

HAPGOOD. Pick him up and I want everything, I want him in a plastic bag.

RADIO. Yes, ma'am.

HAPGOOD. Contents of briefcase. I'm here to be told.

RADIO. You know it's twins?

HAPGOOD. Yes, I know it's twins. (*To Ridley.*) You take Kerner – go through him, do it properly. (*To radio.*) Who's got the taxi?

RIDLEY. Kerner's clean.

RADIO. Mother.

RIDLEY. I did the switch.

HAPGOOD. (*To Ridley, more sharply.*) Move.

(*RIDLEY exits to the lobby.*)

HAPGOOD. (*To radio.*) Where is he?

RADIO. It isn't he, it's *them.*

HAPGOOD. Thank you, I head. Where's yours?

RADIO. Chalk Farm, turning west on Adelaide.

HAPGOOD. Bring him in.

RADIO. It's a bit public.

HAPGOOD. Can't be helped, do it.

RADIO. Yes, Mother.

HAPGOOD. I'm here to be told. (*SHE turns the gadget off, hesitates, and turns it on again. To radio.*) Paul ... (*Her tone for Paul is different – she is not giving orders. No answer.*) Paul ... (*Still no answer. SHE turns the radio off.*)

(*WATES is coming back to her.*)

HAPGOOD. Is the briefcase right?

WATES. It's right. I guess we took our eye off the ball.

(*HAPGOOD picks up the disc-box from the open briefcase. She opens the little box – it is sealed and to open it you have to tear a strip away, the*

way a Jiffy-bag works; it's a once-only box. SHE does this, and takes out the disc, and then replaces it in the box, and replaces the box in the briefcase which she then closes. During this:)

HAPGOOD. What about the bleep?
WATES. It's dead.
HAPGOOD. I'll need the time.
WATES. You'll get it. Why didn't he take the disc?
HAPGOOD. Who?
WATES. Whoever.

(*HAPGOOD goes to collect her umbrella.*)

HAPGOOD. (*To radio.*) I'm leaving.
RADIO. Car out front.
HAPGOOD. (*To radio.*) Thank you. (*SHE puts the radio back into her bag.*) Wates ...
WATES. Yes, ma'am.
HAPGOOD. Thank you for your co-operation.
WATES. You bet.

(*HE holds the briefcase out for her and she takes it.*)

HAPGOOD. Well, we'll talk. You're invited.
WATES. Appreciate it.

(*HAPGOOD starts off to the lobby door. MERRYWEATHER comes back in from the pool.*)

MERRYWEATHER. Nothing, Mother -- the whole place is clean.

HAPGOOD. (*Continuing out.*) Drain the pool.

(*The doors swing behind her.*)

MERRYWEATHER. (*Thoughtfully, not entirely happy.*) Drain the pool.

(*HE goes back to the pool. WATES is alone. HE is evidently a man with a burden. HE is getting ready to leave, perhaps he has a coat to put on. From the pocket HE takes a similar radio and walks toward the door, raising the radio to his mouth; at which point everything changes for him. HE stops to listen, his head turned back towards the upstage, by which time, gracefully and without making a big thing of it, he has tossed his radio from right hand to left, and produced from somewhere about his person a short-barrelled revolver. HE stands listening, holding the gun down by his side. He has to be patient but after awhile a figure comes out of the dark upstage between the cubicles. This turns out to be a man wearing a hat and a good tweed overcoat, his hands in the pockets, a slightly surprising colorful silk scarf tucked inside the coat. HE walks down*

in his own time, a careful stroll. WATES does not move until the downstage LIGHT falls across BLAIR's face. BLAIR comes to a halt. WATES puts his gun away, gets the radio back into his right hand and resumes.)

WATES. (*To radio.*) Wates – I need the sweeps. (*HE nods at Blair.*) Paul.

BLAIR. (*Greets him back.*) Ben.

WATES. (*To radio.*) Thank you. (*HE puts the radio in his pocket and, in leaving, speaks to Blair without reproof, just information.*) She blew it. (*HE goes out through the lobby doors.*)

BLAIR. (*Takes a radio from his pocket. The scene begins to change. To radio.*) Ridley.

RIDLEY. (*On radio.*) Ridley.

BLAIR. (*To radio.*) I want Kerner in Regent's Park, twelve o'clock sharp. (*HE puts the radio away and looks at his wrist-watch. The next time HE moves, it is twelve o'clock and he is at the zoo.*)

Scene 2

Kerner has been brought by Ridley to the zoo. BLAIR, having checked the time on his watch, nods at Ridley to dismiss him. RIDLEY moves out.

Perhaps we are looking at Blair and Kerner through the bars of a cage. There could be a

bench, there could be paper cups of coffee ... The bars make hard-edged shadows. We need one particular and distinct demarcation of LIGHT and SHADOW on the floor, perhaps thrown by the edge of a wall.

Kerner speaks with a Russian accent, which is not too heavy; in fact, attractive.)

BLAIR. You're blown, Joseph.

KERNER. I love it. She blew it and I'm blown: well, I'll be blowed. Nobody teaches that, you know. They teach you so you can almost read *David Copperfield* and then you find out that David is a language student too, he must have been put in as a sleeper.

BLAIR. Well ... you're blowed, Joseph. Your career is over.

KERNER. Except as a scientist, you mean.

BLAIR. Yes, that's what I mean.

KERNER. My career as a joe.

BLAIR. Or as a sleeper. Just an observation. The meet at the pool came unstuck this morning. We have to consider you blown as our joe. The Russians must consider you blown as their sleeper. Either way your career is over. *Which* way, is perhaps an academic question.

KERNER. And yet, here you are.

BLAIR. One likes to know what's what.

KERNER. Oh yes! Objective reality.

BLAIR. I thought you chaps believed in that.

KERNER. 'You chaps?' Oh, *scientists.* (*Laughs.*) 'You chaps!' Paul, objective reality is for zoologists. 'Ah, yes, definitely a giraffe.' But a double agent is not like a giraffe. A double agent is more like a trick of the light. Look. Look at the edge of the shadow. It is straight like the edge of the wall that makes it. Your Isaac Newton saw this and he concluded that light was made of little particles. Other people said light is a wave but Isaac Newton said, no, if light was a wave the shadow would bend round the wall like water bends round a stone in the river. Now we will do an experiment together.

BLAIR. *Now,* Joseph?

KERNER. Absolutely. In this experiment you have a machine gun which shoots particles ... which we call ...?

BLAIR. (*Tentatively.*) Bullets?

KERNER. Bullets. You are shooting at a screen, say like a cinema screen. But between you and the screen I have put a wall of armour plate, so of course none of the bullets get through. Now I open two slits in the armour plate. (*HE gestures to indicate the two slits a few inches apart.*) Now you shoot many times. Now you stop shooting and examine the screen and naturally it has bullet holes where some of the bullets came through the two slits. Opposite each slit there is a concentration of bullet holes, and maybe just a few holes to the left and right from ricochets. This is called particle pattern. If your gun was a torch

and light was bullets, as Isaac Newton said, this is what you will get. But when you do it you don't get it. You don't get particle pattern. You get wave pattern. Wave pattern is like stripes – bright, dim, bright, dim, across the screen. This is because when a wave is pushed through a little gap it spreads out in a semi-circle, so when you have *two* gaps you have two semi-circles spreading out, and on their way to the screen they mix together – so now you understand everything, yes? – no, you understand nothing, OK: where a crest from one lot of waves meets a crest from the other lot of waves you get a specially *big* wave, and where a crest meets a dip, the wave is cancelled out – strong, weak, strong, weak, on the screen it looks like stripes.

BLAIR. Joseph – I want to know if you're ours or theirs, that's all.

KERNER. I'm telling you but you're not listening. So, now light was waves, Isaac Newton was wrong about the bullets. But when light was waves there came a problem with a thing called the photo-electric effect, a real puzzle, which I will describe in detail with historical footnotes – OK, it was just to see your face. But this puzzle was a puzzle because everyone knew that light was waves. Einstein solved it. Or rather, he showed that if light was bullets after all, there was no puzzle. But how to explain the stripes on the screen, the wave pattern? Wave pattern happens when light from two slits mixes together but your

particles can't do that – your bullet of light has already hit the screen before the next bullet is even fired. So there is only one solution.

BLAIR. What's that?

KERNER. Each bullet goes through both slits.

BLAIR. That's silly.

KERNER. Now we come to the exciting part. We will watch the bullets of light to see which way they go. This is not difficult, the apparatus is simple. So we look carefully and we see the bullets one at a time, and some hit the armour plate and bounce back, and some go through one slit, and some go through the other slit, and, of course, none go through both slits.

BLAIR. I knew that.

KERNER. You knew that. Now we come to my favorite bit. The wave pattern has disappeared! It has become particle pattern, just like with real machine-gun bullets.

BLAIR. Why?

KERNER. Because we looked. So, we do it again, exactly the same except now without looking to see which way the bullets go; and the wave pattern comes back. So we try again while looking, and we get particle pattern. Every time we don't look we get wave pattern. Every time we look to see how we get wave pattern, we get particle pattern. The act of observing determines the reality.

BLAIR. How?

KERNER. Nobody knows. Einstein didn't know. I don't know. There is no explanation in classical physics. Somehow light is particle and wave. The experimenter makes the choice. You get what you interrogate for. And you want to know if I'm a wave or a particle. I meet my Russian friend Georgi, and we exchange material. When the experiment is over, you have a result: I am a British joe with a Russian source. But they also have a result: because I have given Georgi enough information to keep him credible as a KGB control who is running me as a sleeper – *which is what he thinks he is.*

BLAIR. (*Pause.*) It wasn't Georgi today.

KERNER. No?

BLAIR. No, it was different today.

KERNER. Today you decided to look. Why was that?

BLAIR. Some of your research has turned up in Moscow. Real secrets, not briefcase stuff.

KERNER. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

BLAIR. That's what the Americans said, roughly

KERNER. The one shaving. He was American.

BLAIR. Mm. Ben Wates, CIA. You'd like him, he makes waves with a Smith and Wesson.

KERNER. I'm sorry, Paul.

BLAIR. (*Shrugs.*) Cousin-trouble is nothing new. The other thing is trouble, though. Until this leak from Moscow the Russians were supposed to

be locked into trying to match a space defense system which was going to drive them bonkers if if didn't drive them bankrupt first, while thanks to you our side was in quite another ballroom as Wates put it –

KERNER. Ball game, I think.

BLAIR. I assure you it wasn't. Ballpark. Anyway, Wates flies in and says, 'I have come from Washington to help you. How about Kerner for a start? Do we know anything about Kerner?' Well, we do as a matter of fact. He's from Kaliningrad. The Russians put him in as a sleeper years ago but we turned him round and now he's really working for us, they only *think* he's working for them.

KERNER. What did he say?

BLAIR. He said: you guys.

KERNER. Poor Paul. What happened at the swimming pool?

BLAIR. Wates wanted us to pull the plug on it, close you down and send you to Sketchleys. But we thought we could show him you were clean while keeping the pool alive. We made Wates an offer. Mrs. Hapgood and Ridley duplicated your delivery. They photographed all the documents again and made a copy of your computer disc. So now we had everything twice in two briefcases. Ridley took the second briefcase to the pool –

KERNER. What is Sketchleys?

BLAIR. I'm trying to tell you what happened at the pool.

KERNER. You already did. Ridley delivered to my Russian control. I delivered to Ridley. So, if I was adding anything to my briefcase, you get it all back.

BLAIR. That sort of thing. So Ridley intercepted your delivery and when we opened your briefcase Mrs. Hapgood's films had gone.

KERNER. A puzzle.

BLAIR. Now we come to the exciting part. Wates had booby-trapped your briefcase. He sprayed the inside with an aerosol can, like radioactive deodorant – did you ever hear of such a thing?

KERNER. An isotope solution. If I open the briefcase I give a Geiger reading.

BLAIR. Yes, Wates shakes your hand and he has a counter which goes on the wrist and looks like a Rolex. We're working with people who tried to kill Castro with an exploding cigar. It's a joke shop. Wates also bugged your briefcase with a radio signal and tracked it to the pool. There it died and it might as well have gone to heaven. The bug disappeared. Nobody opened the briefcase. Wates has gone around shaking hands as though he were trying to get elected. Nobody gave a Geiger reading. The job was done by Mr. Nobody. I feel sorry for Wates. All those belts and braces and now he can't find his trousers. *Our* trousers.

KERNER. Well I'm blown. Blow me for a monkey's uncle. Can I say that?

BLAIR. I would avoid it. By the way, do you know anything about twins?

KERNER. Twins?

BLAIR. That was the other thing. It wasn't Georgi today, it was twins.

(*KERNER laughs.*)

BLAIR. Yes, that's my favorite bit too. Give it some thought. Will you?

KERNER. Oh, yes. But excuse me, now it is time for the feeding of the seals. (*Strolls away, jerking his head at the unseen Ridley to follow him.*)

(*RIDLEY re-enters and follows Kerner out at a comfortable distance. BLAIR stands looking out front. The next time HE moves he is on the touchline of a rugger pitch.*)

Scene 3

BLAIR is standing in an open exterior against a grey sky on a cold October afternoon. HE is watching thirty eleven-year-old boys playing rugby. This, alas, is not as rich in sound effects as one might think: there is the referee's whistle, there are occasional piping exhortations to 'Heel', 'Drive', 'Shove', and so

on, and the occasional sound of the ball being kicked, but much of all this is happening at a distance, and so the general effect is sporadic anyway. Nevertheless it would be nice to work out where Blair is before the next thing happens – which is that HAPGOOD comes hurtling crabwise and in full cry along the touchline. SHE is shod and dressed for the conditions and is carrying a boy's two-piece tracksuit, the top half of which is perhaps tied round her neck. Her momentum takes her a good way along the front of the stage, passing in front of Blair.

HAPGOOD. Come on, big shove now, St. Christopher's! Heel! – *break! ... well tackled,* darling! – I mean, Hapgood – oh, sugar ... (*The match recedes but SHE always gives it as much attention as she can spare or as she is allowed.*) Look ?

BLAIR. It's never been encouraged in the Service.

HAPGOOD. Well, don't look so cross about it.

BLAIR. I'm not cross.

HAPGOOD. Serious, then.

BLAIR. Yes, serious.

HAPGOOD. I know, Paul. I know it's serious. I'm awfully glad to see you. How did you know where to find me?

BLAIR. Don't be silly. I know where you go when the sugar hits the fan. Which one is he?

HAPGOOD. The handsome one with the nicest knees.

BLAIR. Oh, yes.

HAPGOOD. Don't wave.

BLAIR. I wasn't going to.

HAPGOOD. I waved once. He told everyone he was adopted. You are nice wearing the scarf, you don't have to.

BLAIR. I like the scarf. I wanted to see you –

HAPGOOD. – wanted to see you –

BLAIR. – before you see Wates.

HAPGOOD. (*Turning back to the game.*) Oh, yes.

BLAIR. It's Washington that's cross. They want –

HAPGOOD. (*But she's off again.*) Kick! – kick for touch! – oh, sugar! – Tackle! – tackle low ...

(*Referee's WHISTLE. Bad news for Hapgood.*)

HAPGOOD. Oh ... Bad luck, St. Christopher's! Little darlings, they look so cold. Sixteen love.

BLAIR. Nil. Washington wants us to take Kerner off everything.

HAPGOOD. I know, Paul. I got an earful from Downing Street. What have the Americans got against Kerner?

BLAIR. Well, this is just an educated guess but I suppose if they're going to spend a few million dollars over here on Kerner's research programme they'd rather he didn't keep swapping briefcases with the men's freestyle champion of the Russian Embassy.

HAPGOOD. Paul, Kerner is my star.

BLAIR. Means nothing.

HAPGOOD. Do you want me to tell you or not? I had six month's work in Kerner's package – long-term reflectors on countdown –

BLAIR. (*Complaining.*) Oh, Elizabeth, do talk English.

HAPGOOD. Well, in the next war some of the missiles carry warheads and some carry lots of milk-bottle tops to confuse the scanners – reflectors, all right? – disinformation that had to be launched, I couldn't *afford* to abort the meet just because Washington got into a flap about Kerner.

BLAIR. You can't blame Washington. When the Russians planted Kerner on us it was like laying down Cheval Blanc '47, he's turned into pure gold, he's the man with the anti-particle trap, whatever that may be and I don't want you to tell me, but if he's leaking his own stuff to Moscow we're making it awfully easy for him.

HAPGOOD. Kerner's all right – I run him and he's just doing what I tell him.

BLAIR. Wates made the same point. Don't take it personally.

HAPGOOD. Why would I? It isn't personal.

(The referee's WHISTLE – the conversion of the try.)

HAPGOOD. Eighteen. Come on, St. Christopher's! Let's get one back! This is personal, all fifteen of them and the referee, who's incidentally a sweetheart, he takes Divinity and say if Joe passes Common Entrance it'll make the loaves and fishes look like a card trick. Everything else is technical. You're personal sometimes; but not this minute which is all right, so what can I tell you? – it isn't Kerner.

BLAIR. All right, what happened at the pool? It's a technical question, it almost looks as if you could solve it with pencil and paper: cubicles A, B, C, D, briefcases P, Q, R, find X when the angles are Kerner and the Russian twins, which is a question in itself – are these the famous KGB twins? Now that's what I call a double agent. Who's in charge and is he sane?

HAPGOOD. I hate it, Paul.

BLAIR. Yes, why aren't we pleased?

HAPGOOD. It reeks. Those damned twins are like an old joke which keeps coming back, I've been hearing it for years and I never believed it. And suddenly here they are, identical and large as life. I hate it.

BLAIR. Do you want to keep them for a while?

HAPGOOD. No – chuck 'em out. They're stooges, Paul. The meet this morning went

exactly as the Russians planned it, including the arrests. The twins weren't necessary, there must be another reason for them. They were meant to be seen, they were a success – 'Now he's here, now he's there, oh my God, there's two of them' – Wates nearly cut himself shaving he was so fascinated. He's done a diagram, on pink paper, showing who was where when, all the coming and going.

BLAIR. And?

HAPGOOD. Guess who was holding the briefcase when the bug went off the air.

BLAIR. Who was?

HAPGOOD. I was.

(Referee's WHISTLE – a try is scored.)

BLAIR. Twenty-two nil. Our side isn't doing too well. Well, if it's you I don't care which side traps its particles. Anti-particles. Do you know what they are? They were never mentioned by Democritus who was the pro-particle chap when I was at school.

HAPGOOD. There's not a lot to them but when a particle meets an anti-particle they annihilate each other,. they turn into energy – bang, you understand. Unfortunately anti-matter doesn't hang around, you can produce anti-particles in a collider and bottle them in a magnetic field but then you're stuck – the bottle is as big as a barn, and when you open the door you've got a billionth of a second so you have to be quick. If you could

slow them down enough to get hold of you'd be in business, and Kerner thinks he can. Do you want me to tell you how?

BLAIR. No, don't bother.

HAPGOOD. (*Shouts.*) Break! Blind!

BLAIR. I gave a chap a job with us once because he said he'd read physics and I thought he meant the book by Aristotle.

HAPGOOD. Was that last try converted?

BLAIR. No.

HAPGOOD. You weren't looking.

BLAIR. They re-started with a drop-kick.

HAPGOOD. Well, they're ten years away from anything like a weapon. Joe will be twenty-one. I'll be forty-eight. You'll be about a hundred. He's worried about something too, he's got that look.

BLAIR.It won't be anything serious.

HAPGOOD. Everything is serious. He got unhappy about something once when he was really little, he was crying, he couldn't tell me what it was, he didn't *know* what it was, and he said, 'The thing is, Mummy, I've been unhappy for *years*'. He was only as big as a gumboot. (*SHE takes his arm for a moment.*) Now he won't look. He's disgusted by extravagant displays of affection on the touchline.

BLAIR. I've lost him again – you can't tell one from the other when they're all in the same get-up.

HAPGOOD. (*Turning to Blair.*) That's right! Paul, brace yourself. Ridley's by the pool, Ridley's Russian is getting dressed. Merryweather's Russian arrives. Merryweather follows his Russian in and he follows the other Russian out, and why not? – they're identical and he only saw them one at a time, it could happen to anyone, especially to Merryweather, bless him, he probably still doesn't know there were two of them. Now Ridley comes from the pool and the same thing happens to him. He followed one Russian in and he follows the other one out, and why not? – they're identical and he only saw them one at a time. Then he comes back inside and he says, 'You didn't tell me it was twins.'

(*Referee's WHISTLE, a longer one indicating the end of the game.*)

HAPGOOD. It's true, I didn't.

(*Distantly the two rugby teams call for three cheers for each other, first for St. Christopher's, secondly for St. Codron's.*)

BLAIR. So how did he know?

HAPGOOD. He was expecting twins. I think it's Ridley, Paul. I've left my back door open. (*Clapping.*) Well played, St. Christopher's ... bad luck –

BLAIR. Oh, f-f-fiddle!

(*JOE enters.*)

HAPGOOD. Hello, darling.

JOE. Hello, Mum. (*HE is very muddy and glad to see her. His boots are a size too large.*)

HAPGOOD. Bad luck – well played anyway. Put this on.

JOE. Thanks.

(*HE takes the tracksuit and puts it on. HAPGOOD helps him a little.*)

BLAIR. Hello, Joe. I'm afraid they were rather good, weren't they?

JOE. Yess'a.

BLAIR. How are you otherwise?

JOE. All rights'a, thank-yous'a. We always get beaten. I wish you wouldn't watch, Mum.

HAPGOOD. Well, I like watching, I don't mind if you get beaten.

JOE. But nobody watches except you.

HAPGOOD. There's lots of people watching – look over there.

JOE. That's the *firsts* – that what I *mean*, nobody watches Junior Colts B –!

HAPGOOD. I do.

JOE. I *know*, Mum –

HAPGOOD. Well, I won't, then.

JOE. I like you *coming* –

HAPGOOD. I didn't shout this time –

JOE. You did a bit, Mum.

HAPGOOD. Hardly at all, whose boots are those?

JOE. Mine.

HAPGOOD. No, they're not.

JOE. Yes they are, I bought them.

HAPGOOD. Where?

JOE. From Sandilands.

HAPGOOD. Who's Sandilands?

JOE. He's had his kidney out so he does computers.

HAPGOOD. Oh. How much?

JOE. A pound.

HAPGOOD. A pound? What was wrong with yours?

JOE. I lost one.

HAPGOOD. You lost a rugby boot?

JOE. Yes. Well, not exactly, I mean I haven't *got* any rugger boots.

HAPGOOD. (*Irked.*) Of course you have, what were you playing in before?

JOE. My hockey shoes – it doesn't matter, nobody minds –

HAPGOOD. You mean you *never* had any rugby boots?

JOE. Only this term, Mother –

HAPGOOD. Why didn't you say? – those look too big anyway, how old is Sandilands?

JOE. *It's all right,* it's silly to buy new boots for Colts B.

HAPGOOD. And now you've lost a hockey shoe? How did that happen?

JOE. It's not lost, it's on the roof.

HAPGOOD. I don't wish to know about this.

JOE. I borrowed the key for Mr. Clark's garage where there's the ladder, I was going to get it down in break with the ladder but then I lost it.

HAPGOOD. You lost the ladder?

JOE. No, *the key*, Mum – I put it somewhere and Mr. Clark will have an epi if I don't find it.

HAPGOOD. Is that what you're worried about, Mr. Clark's garage key?

BLAIR. I'll send one of the burglars.

JOE. It's all right, don't *do* anything, Mum –

HAPGOOD. I won't. When was all this?

JOE. Today after breakfast – oh: thank you for the parcel. Your card came too. When were you in Austria? Did you go to the Spanish horses?

HAPGOOD. No, I was too busy. What was in the parcel?

JOE. The chocolate animals.

HAPGOOD. Oh, yes.

JOE. I gave one to Roger.

HAPGOOD. How is Roger?

JOE. I think he's pregnant.

HAPGOOD. Oh dear.

JOE. Well, he's awfully fat and he only eats chocolate.

HAPGOOD. Oh, well ...

JOE. I've got to go –

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