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SF PERUSALS

SHADOWLANDS

A Play

by William Nicholson

SAMUEL FRENCH

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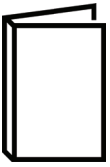
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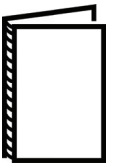
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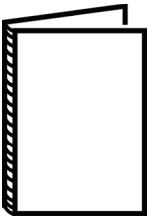
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

William Nicholson was born in 1948, and grew up in Sussex and Gloucestershire. He joined BBC Television, where he worked as a documentary film maker. His plays for television include *Shadowlands* and *Life Story*, both of which won the BAFTA Best Television Drama award in their year; other award-winners were *Sweet As You Are* and *The March*. In 1988 he received the Royal Television Society's Writer's Award.

His first play, an adaptation of *Shadowlands* for the stage, was Evening Standard Best Play of 1990, and went on to a Tony Award-winning run on Broadway. He was nominated for an Oscar for the screenplay of the film version. His other plays include *Map of the Heart*, *Katherine Howard*, *The Retreat from Moscow* (which ran for five months on Broadway and received three Tony Award nominations), and *Crash*.

His film credits include: *Sarafina*, *Nell*, *First Knight*, *Grey Owl*, *Gladiator* (as co-writer, for which he received a second Oscar nomination), *Elizabeth: the Golden Age*, *Les Miserables*, *Mandela: Long Walk to Freedom*, *Unbroken*, *Everest*, *Firelight* and *Breathe*.

His novels include *The Society of Others* (2004), *The Trial of True Love* (2005), *The Secret Intensity of Everyday Life* (2009), *All the Hopeful Lovers* (2010), *The Golden Hour* (2011), *Motherland* (2013), *Reckless* (2014), *The Lovers of Amherst* (2015), and *Adventures in Modern Marriage* (2017), his fantasy *The Wind on Fire* trilogy for older children, is made up of *The Wind Singer* (2000, Smarties Prize Gold Award and the Blue Peter Book of the Year), *Slaves of the Mastery* (2001) and *Firesong* (2002). His second sequence of fantasy novels, *The Noble Warriors*, is *Seeker* (2005), *Jango* (2006) and *Noman* (2007). His love-and-sex novel for teens, *Rich and Mad*, was published in 2010.

He lives in Sussex with his wife, the social historian Virginia Nicholson, and their three children.

SHADOWLANDS

Originally presented at The Theatre Royal, Plymouth, on 5th October, 1989, the play was first presented in London at the Queen's Theatre, on 23rd October, 1989, by Brian Eastman and Armada Productions in association with The Theatre Royal, Plymouth, by arrangement with Stoll Moss Theatres Ltd.

The cast was as follows:

C. S. LEWIS	Nigel Hawthorne
MAJOR W. H. LEWIS ("WARNIE")	Geoffrey Toone
PROFESSOR CHRISTOPHER RILEY	Philip Anthony
REV. "HARRY" HARRINGTON	Allan Mitchell
ALAN GREGG/DOCTOR	Christopher Brown
DR MAURICE OAKLEY/WAITER IN TEA ROOM/PRIEST	Geoffrey Drew
JOY GRESHAM, NÉE DAVIDMAN	Jane Lapotaire
DOUGLAS	Ilan Ostrove *or* James Holland
REGISTRAR/NURSE	Sheila Ferris
REGISTRAR'S CLERK/WAITER IN HOTEL	Ray Daniels

Directed by Elijah Moshinsky
Designed by Mark Thompson

CHARACTERS

C. S. LEWIS, an Oxford don in his fifties; known as "Jack"
MAJOR W. H. LEWIS ("**WARNIE**"), **LEWIS**'s bachelor brother
PROFESSOR CHRISTOPHER RILEY, an Oxford don
REV. "HARRY" HARRINGTON, an Oxford chaplain
ALAN GREGG, an Oxford don
DR MAURICE OAKLEY, an Oxford don
JOY GRESHAM, NÉE DAVIDMAN, an American in her late thirties
DOUGLAS, **JOY**'s eight-year-old son
REGISTRAR
CLERK
WITNESS
NURSE
DOCTOR
WAITER IN TEA ROOM
PRIEST
WAITER IN HOTEL

The action takes place in Oxford, in the 1950s

ACT I

The stage is divided into two areas, one within the other. The inner area, which takes up most of the stage, is concealed by a translucent screen.

LEWIS *enters, holding a newspaper. He stands before the screen, addressing the audience as if they have come to hear one of his popular talks.*

LEWIS Good evening. I'm very sorry to have kept you waiting. The subject of my talk tonight is love, in the presence of pain and suffering.

Of course, as a comfortably-situated middle-aged bachelor I must be quite an authority on pain and love, wouldn't you have thought?

Now, by "pain" I don't mean a nagging discomfort in the intestines. For that matter, by "love" I don't mean a nagging discomfort in the intestines, either. The question I will put to you this evening, and will attempt to answer is this: if God loves us, why does He allow us to suffer so much? War. Pestilence. Famine.

He waves his newspaper at the audience.

This is this morning's paper. Last night, as I'm sure you know, a Number One bus drove into a column of Young Royal Marine cadets in Chatham, and killed twenty-three of them. They were ten-year-old boys, marching and singing on their way to a boxing match. The road was unlit. The driver didn't see them. A terrible accident. No one to blame. Except…

He points an accusing finger upwards.

Now, where was He? Why didn't He stop it? What possible point can there be to such a tragedy. Isn't God supposed to be good? Isn't He supposed to love us?

Now, that's the nub of the matter: love. What do we mean by "love"? I think I'm right in saying that by "love", most of us mean either kindness or being "in love". But when we say "God loves us" I don't think we mean that God is in love with us, do we? Not sitting by the telephone, writing us letters: "I love you madly, God, XXX and hugs". At least I don't think so.

Perhaps we mean a kind God. Kindness is the desire to see others happy. Not happy in this way or that, but just happy. Not so much a Father in heaven as a grandfather in heaven. "I do like to see the young people enjoying themselves". Something like that? "What does it matter as long as it makes them happy?"

What I'm going to say next may come as a bit of a shock. I think that God doesn't necessarily want us to be happy. I think He wants us to be lovable.

Worthy of love. Able to be loved by him. We don't start off by being all that lovable, if we're honest. What makes someone hard to love? Isn't it what is commonly called selfishness? Selfish people are hard to love because so little love comes out of them.

God creates us free, free to be selfish, but he adds a mechanism that will penetrate our selfishness and wakes us up to the presence of others in the world, and that mechanism is called "suffering". To put it another way, pain is God's megaphone to rouse a deaf world. Why must it be pain? Why can't He wake us more gently, with violins or laughter? Because the dream from which we must be awakened is the dream that all is well.

The most dangerous illusion of them all is the illusion that all is well. Self-sufficiency is the enemy of salvation. If you are self-sufficient, you have no need of God. If you have

no need of God, you will not seek Him. If you do not seek Him, you will not find Him.

God loves us, so He makes us the gift of suffering. Through suffering, we release our hold on the toys of this world, and know that our true good lies in another world.

We're like blocks of stone, out of which the sculptor carves the forms of men. The blows of His chisel, which hurt us so much, are what make us perfect. The suffering in the world is not the failure of God's love for us; it is that love in action.

For believe me, this world that seems to us so substantial, is no more than the shadowlands. Real life has not begun yet.

LEWIS *exits. The screen rises to reveal the magnificently-furnished high table of an Oxford college dining hall. This is the traditional all-male world to which* **LEWIS** *belongs.*

Round the table sit **PROFESSOR CHRISTOPHER RILEY**, **REV. HARRY HARRINGTON**, **DR MAURICE OAKLEY**, **ALAN GREGG**, *and* **MAJOR WARNIE LEWIS**.

A ripple of laughter rises from the table. **RILEY** *is holding forth.*

OAKLEY And all because she was a vegetarian.

WARNIE *is drinking more than is good for him.*

LEWIS *enters and takes his place at the table during the following.*

RILEY I was simply pointing out to her that animals are merciless killers, and regularly eat one another alive. We had a short, and I thought, productive exchange about the moral superiority of herbivores to carnivores, at the end of which I suggested the logic of her position was that she should execute her cats. She then said, "Why are you trying to upset me? You don't even know me."

GREGG, *to whom* **RILEY***'s argument has chiefly been addressed, responds with common-man vigour.*

GREGG So? What's that supposed to prove?

LEWIS I think Christopher means us to conclude that women are different.

RILEY Thank you, Jack. Women are different.

GREGG The poor woman was clearly terrified.

LEWIS I like her saying, "Why are you upsetting me? You don't even know me." She's right, of course. One does only seek to distress one's friends.

GREGG Different in what way, exactly?

RILEY The point is this, Alan. She was unable to distinguish between an intellectual attack and an emotional attack.

HARRINGTON Even so, Christopher, some women are very clever, you know.

OAKLEY Jack, you don't hold with this, do you? You're a great respecter of women.

RILEY Hah! It's all that wealth of personal experience.

LEWIS Christopher believes only practising fornicators can teach him sexual morality. Or do you believe each man must fornicate for himself? I've never been quite clear.

RILEY In a sense, perhaps I do. Morality presupposes choices. To fornicate or not to fornicate, that is the question. The man who has never fornicated, or wanted to fornicate, or imagined fornicating, has no real moral choice in the matter.

LEWIS Ah, Christopher. Beware solipsism. Soon you'll be believing if it hasn't happened to you, it doesn't exist.

RILEY I'm sure you're right, Jack. Already I believe if it hasn't happened to me, it doesn't matter.

HARRINGTON Come along now, Jack. We're relying on you to speak up for the weaker sex.

RILEY Yes, Jack, why not? You're a writer of fantasies.

LEWIS I do talk to women, Christopher.

RILEY Really?

LEWIS Really.

RILEY Name one woman you've spoken to this week.

LEWIS I addressed a conference of women on Monday, as it happens.

RILEY Ah, but did they address you?

LEWIS I get letters. Women write me letters.

RILEY Do you write back?

LEWIS Of course.

RILEY Pen pals. Well, well. Epistolary intimacies. *Liaisons dangereuses.*

LEWIS I don't profess any special insights on the subjects. Harry here's the married man.

HARRINGTON Speaking of which... *(He rises)*

LEWIS Yes, off you go.

GREGG I must be off too.

This leads to a general move to leave the table.

HARRINGTON *and* **GREGG** *exit.*

RILEY *is on the point of leaving when* **WARNIE**, *a little drunk, rises and starts to recite.*

WARNIE 'Twas a morning in November,
As I very well remember
I was walking down the street in drunken pride,
My knees were all a flutter
So I lay down in the gutter,
And a pig came up and lay down by my side.

As I lay there in the gutter
Thinking thoughts I could not utter,
A lady passing by was heard to say:
"You can tell a man who boozes,
By the company he chooses."
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

RILEY *and* **LEWIS** *exchange a glance.*

RILEY Goodnight, Lewis Major. Goodnight, Lewis Minor.

LEWIS Goodnight, Christopher.

RILEY *exits.*

Come on, big brother.

He knows **WARNIE** *is drunk, and he is discreetly protective of him.*

Both leave the inner set. The screen falls. They put on hats and scarves, and stroll slowly home in front of the screen.

WARNIE Thanks for the dinner, Jack.

LEWIS Decent claret, I thought.

WARNIE Very decent.

LEWIS Shall we treat ourselves to a cab?

WARNIE Oh no. I think I'm up to a toddle.

LEWIS Whatever you say, Warnie.

GREGG *passes by on his bicycle, heading home.*

GREGG Goodnight.

They wish him goodnight.

GREGG *goes.*

WARNIE That young Gregg. Hasn't quite got it, has he?

LEWIS He's all right. Give him time.

WARNIE Young people are so serious. Though no more than us, I dare say. Matter of style.

LEWIS Christopher used to be serious. I remember him getting quite heated about the abdication.

WARNIE Thought the king was unfairly treated, did he?

LEWIS No, no. He thought he ought to be guillotined.

WARNIE Tell you something I've noticed, Jack. Christopher lives the life of a monk, and talks about nothing but women. Harry's married, and never says a word about his wife.

LEWIS What shall we conclude from that, Warnie? That women are more interesting in theory than in practice?

WARNIE I find it safer never to conclude anything.

LEWIS *stands gazing up at the night sky.*

LEWIS Going to be a frost tonight.

WARNIE Too many stars. Confuses me.

LEWIS Oh, Warnie. You're as bad as Christopher.

WARNIE Good dinner. Always is. Goodnight, Jack.

LEWIS Goodnight, Warnie.

WARNIE *exits.*

The screen rises to reveal the study at The Kilns, **LEWIS***'s home.* **LEWIS** *enters, and pulls a dressing gown on over his jacket.*

LEWIS Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
The hunter home from the hill.

The set is dominated by a giant wardrobe, at the back. It is the size a normal wardrobe would appear to a small child.

LEWIS *goes to his desk, and settles down to writing letters. For a few moments, there is silence.*

The lights change to indicate it is now morning.

WARNIE *enters, carrying a tray of breakfast, the morning paper, and the morning post.*

In what is clearly a familiar procedure, he pauses as he passes **LEWIS** *at his desk, and* **LEWIS** *reaches up and takes the letters from the tray.* **WARNIE** *then sets down the tray, and pours them both coffee, while* **LEWIS** *flicks through the letters. He selects an airmail letter to read first. Their conversation now has the appearance of dialogue, but really it is two intersecting monologues; the fruit of the long years they have lived together.*

WARNIE I had the strangest dream last night.

LEWIS Another despatch from Mrs Gresham.

WARNIE Can't remember any of it.

LEWIS The Jewish Communist Christian American.

WARNIE You may ask me how I know it was strange, if I've forgotten it. Can't answer that one.

He settles down with his paper. **LEWIS** *reads his letter.*

LEWIS She's very persistent. "Which would you rather be, Mr Lewis? The child caught in the magic spell, or the magician casting it."

WARNIE No news, of course. Never is any.

LEWIS I find that I'm quite curious about her.

WARNIE About who?

LEWIS Mrs Gresham.

WARNIE Why's that?

LEWIS Her letters are unusual. She writes as if she knows me already.

WARNIE How can she?

LEWIS I don't know. I suppose she's read my books.

WARNIE I expect it's just the American style. Americans don't understand about inhibitions.

LEWIS She's called Joy.

WARNIE One can't hold her responsible for that.

LEWIS *comes upon a surprising section in the letter.*

LEWIS *(showing the letter to* **WARNIE***)* Look at that, Warnie. Top line.

WARNIE She's coming to England.

LEWIS Yes.

WARNIE "I'm told you share a house with your brother, Major Lewis." Who can have told her that?

LEWIS You remember that American who came and wrote a sort of book about me? She knows him.

WARNIE Ah. "I imagine you telling your brother about me, and him saying, 'Is she a nut?', and you weighing this letter in one hand as if to weigh my respectability, and saying, 'I'm not sure.'"*(He gives the letter back)* Is she a nut?

LEWIS *smiles and weighs the letter in his hand.*

LEWIS I'm not sure.

WARNIE She seems to want to meet you.

LEWIS Us.

WARNIE Politeness.

LEWIS A good sign.

WARNIE You are curious.

LEWIS When you correspond with someone, you do begin to form an impression. You wonder whether the impression is correct. What do you say, Warnie? I see her as rather short and dumpy.

WARNIE Spectacles.

LEWIS Certainly not a beauty.

WARNIE Long pointed nose.

LEWIS Leopard-skin coat and red hat. Brown eyes.

WARNIE Beady.

LEWIS No, I don't think so. More, probing.

WARNIE Pushy.

LEWIS She suggests tea, in an hotel. That shows some delicacy, I think.

WARNIE Tea is safe. An hotel is safe.

LEWIS Shall we say yes?

WARNIE She might be mad. Remember the one who put an announcement in the papers saying you'd married her?

LEWIS Oh, I don't think so. Though she does write poems.

WARNIE Then she's barking.

LEWIS It is possible.

WARNIE I suppose if she's coming all the way from New York to see you...

LEWIS Good heavens, Warnie, what gives you that idea? No, I'm just a day excursion. Blenheim Palace. Wookey Hole. Tea with the Lewis brothers.

WARNIE Tea with you.

LEWIS I'm not going alone.

WARNIE Well. If you want to, Jack.

They leave the inner set. The screen falls. The downstage area becomes the tea room of an Oxford hotel.

WARNIE *and* **LEWIS** *look around with some uncertainty.*

How will we know which one is her?

LEWIS I suppose her little boy will be with her.

WARNIE What if there are two middle-aged ladies with small boys?

LEWIS We must hope they don't all want to have tea with us.

A **WOMAN** *enters, crossing the stage.*

LEWIS Now there's a woman. Good afternoon.

WOMAN Good afternoon.

She exits.

LEWIS You see, no little boy.

WARNIE What's the boy's name?

LEWIS Douglas.

WARNIE You won't be too agreeable, will you, Jack?

They sit at a table.

LEWIS Don't worry, Warnie.

WARNIE She'll turn out to be writing a dissertation on your works. She'll ask if she can come and watch you while you create. She'll say, "I'll sit in a corner and you'll never know I'm there". She'll take flash photographs and ask you how you get your ideas.

LEWIS It's only tea. An hour or so of polite conversation. Then we go home, and everything goes on just the way it always has.

An eight-year-old boy enters, and looks around. He carries a book. This is **DOUGLAS**.

WARNIE There's a small boy. With a woman.

A sensible-looking **WOMAN** *follows the boy, and looks round the room. She looks neither mad, nor obviously American. In fact, she is rather attractive. This is* **JOY**.

LEWIS It's her, Warnie.

WARNIE Surely not?

LEWIS I think so.

JOY *sees them, and crosses the room to them. They rise. She holds out her hand.*

JOY Mr Lewis?

LEWIS Mrs Gresham?

JOY I'm Joy Gresham.

LEWIS How do you do. This is my brother, Major Lewis.

JOY Major Lewis. And this is Douglas.

DOUGLAS *is standing staring at* **LEWIS**.

LEWIS Hallo, Douglas.

DOUGLAS Is that him?

JOY That's him.

DOUGLAS It doesn't look like him.

This produces a general laugh.

LEWIS I'm sorry, Douglas. I can only say, yours is a common reaction. Please sit down, Mrs Gresham, and we'll summon up some tea. That is, if you drink tea.

JOY Of course. This is England.

WARNIE *rings the bell for the* **WAITER**, *as* **JOY** *and* **DOUGLAS** *sit.* **JOY** *is staring at* **LEWIS** *rather as* **DOUGLAS** *did.*

LEWIS I get the feeling you share Douglas's opinion. I don't look like him.

JOY Oh, I'm sorry. It's just that I've imagined this moment.

LEWIS And it's not as you imagined?

JOY Not exactly.

The **WAITER** *comes.*

WARNIE Tea for three, please.

The **WAITER** *goes. During the following he brings a tray of tea and then exits again.*

JOY It's kind of you to find time to meet me. So many people must write you. You can't be forever having tea with strange women.

LEWIS Not completely strange. I've enjoyed our correspondence.

JOY Enjoyed? OK.

LEWIS Not the word you would use?

JOY Your letters have been the most important thing in my life. But let's pretend I didn't say that. This is tea. This is England.

LEWIS So – how long have you been in the country?

JOY Just over a week.

LEWIS And what brings you to England?

JOY Oh, various things. I've wanted to come for some time.

WARNIE So how do you find England, Mrs Gresham?

JOY Quiet. Extremely quiet. I would go so far as to say, too quiet. The big mystery about the English is, where are they all? And why are they all so tired? Seriously. They don't talk. They don't move. All day they're timid and lethargic. What's going on?

LEWIS Do you have an explanation?

JOY I have a theory. My theory goes like this. The English are nocturnal creatures. They do their living at night. Somewhere in England there's this terrific party going on, all through the night, with everyone yelling and stomping and having one hell of a time. So all day, they're sleeping it off.

LEWIS If only it were true. I'm afraid we don't have the famous energy of New York.

JOY You can keep New York.

WARNIE You're a New Yorker, are you, Mrs Gresham?

JOY Not any more.

WARNIE What does your husband do?

JOY Bill? Bill's a writer. Or he would be, if he ever wrote.

WARNIE And you too, Jack tells me.

JOY All in the past. You call him Jack?

LEWIS From when I was four years old. I never liked the name Clive.

JOY I wouldn't have thought of you as a Jack. But now that you say it, yes, you do look like a Jack.

LEWIS What does a Jack look like?

JOY Not at all spiritual.

LEWIS Now I've disappointed you.

JOY No. You're just becoming real, that's all.

DOUGLAS Mom? Will he write in my book?

JOY We'll have to ask him, won't we? Douglas has brought one of his Narnia books.

LEWIS One of the Narnia books, have you really? Which one?

DOUGLAS *gives* **LEWIS** *his book.*

"The Magician's Nephew". Very good. *(He takes out a pen and writes on the fly-leaf)*

DOUGLAS It's not true, is it?

LEWIS That depends what you mean by true. It's a story.

DOUGLAS Digory put on the magic ring, and it magicked him into this palace, where there was this beautiful queen, except she was really a witch, and he found a magic apple, and he brought it back for his mother, and she was very sick, and she got well again.

LEWIS That sounds like a fair synopsis.

DOUGLAS But it isn't true.

LEWIS It's true in the story.

DOUGLAS Can you do magic?

LEWIS No. I'm afraid not.

He gives **DOUGLAS** *back his book.* **DOUGLAS** *reads what he has written.*

DOUGLAS Mom, can I leave the table?

JOY Is it all right if he runs about?

LEWIS Er – I don't see why not.

JOY Don't go too far, darling.

DOUGLAS *exits.*

JOY All this "It isn't true" is his way of saying "I want it to be true". I was just like that at his age. I remember actually announcing to my parents that I had become an atheist.

LEWIS You mean you secretly wanted to believe in God?

JOY In something, at least. But I didn't know that then.

LEWIS If I remember correctly, you've been through several phases. You were born a Jew, then you became a Communist, and then you were converted to Christianity.

JOY You remember correctly.

LEWIS But you started with atheism?

JOY No, I started with materialism. I had it all worked out by high school. Men are only apes. Life is only an electro-chemical reaction. Mind is only a set of conditioned reflexes. The universe is only matter. Matter is only energy. I forget what I said energy was only.

WARNIE Extraordinary.

JOY Oh, that was all a front. Somewhere deep inside there was somebody else. Somebody lost in dreams.

LEWIS The one who wrote the poems.

JOY I guess so.

WARNIE Ah? You're a poet, Mrs Gresham?

JOY Major Lewis, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, God save us, she's going to start reciting.

WARNIE I hope I'm not so bad-mannered.

JOY No poetry at tea-time. I know my manners, too. But just to redeem myself a little, I must tell you that I did once win a national poetry award, which I shared with Robert Frost. You have heard of Robert Frost?

WARNIE Yes. Absolutely.

JOY But that's all in the past now.

LEWIS Why is that?

JOY Let's say, I've turned away from the mirror.

LEWIS *is intrigued.*

LEWIS The mirror? Do you mean the reflection of yourself, or the reflection of the world?

JOY The one being vanity, which is bad, the other being art, which is good?

LEWIS Possibly.

JOY I don't make that distinction. See yourself in the mirror, you're separate from yourself. See the world in the mirror, you're separate from the world. I don't want that separation any more.

LEWIS I think I would argue that art has quite the opposite effect. Great art breaks through that separateness, to let us touch the very heart of reality.

JOY Breaks through? That sounds as if art does all the work. I'd say we have to do the breaking through ourselves. Art teaches us how to know it when we see it, but art isn't it.

LEWIS Oh, I see. Art is some sort of instruction manual for life, is it?

JOY Hey! That's one of your favourite tricks, isn't it? Redescribe your opponent's argument with a dismissive image, and you think you've dismissed the argument.

LEWIS *is taken aback by her vigorous riposte, but he bows to the truth in her criticism.*

LEWIS I stand corrected.

DOUGLAS *enters, near the tea table, and stares at the bell that summons the* **WAITER**, *obviously wanting to ring it.*

JOY I really shouldn't take up any more of your time.

All rise.

LEWIS It's extremely kind of you to come all this way. Warnie, I really should settle up.

DOUGLAS *reaches for the bell.*

DOUGLAS Mom! Can I ring the bell?

JOY No.

WARNIE *rings the bell.*

LEWIS So how long are you planning to be in England?

JOY To the end of December.

LEWIS And do you expect to be in Oxford again?

JOY I don't know. I could be.

LEWIS What do you say, Warnie? Could we rise to a pot of home-brewed tea?

WARNIE I think we can manage that.

LEWIS Given adequate warning, of course.

JOY Thank you. I'd like that.

LEWIS Well, I'd better see what the damage is.

The **WAITER** *enters.*

LEWIS *goes to him to pay the bill.*

JOY Major Lewis, I must rely on you to tell me if I take up too much of your brother's time.

WARNIE I'm sure you have time pressures of your own, Mrs Gresham.

JOY Oh, sure. Some.

WARNIE *and* **JOY** *make their way to the exit.*

Your brother has given me so much. Through his writing, I mean. I think it might surprise you to know just how much.

WARNIE Mrs Gresham, everything surprises me.

WARNIE *and* **JOY** *exit. The* **WAITER** *clears the tea tray.*

LEWIS *is about to follow, when he sees* **DOUGLAS**, *who is still hanging round the bell.*

LEWIS Do you remember the bell in the book?

DOUGLAS Yes. And the queen was sitting in a stone chair, and she was very beautiful, and she didn't move or even breathe. But she wasn't dead.

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