

APPENDIX II

Classification of Jimmy's Questions (Act I)

(1) Speeches that have Wh-questions:

- 1.1 J: Why do you bother? You can't understand a word of it (18)
- C: Uh huh.
- 1.2 J: Give her her finger back, and don't be so sickening. What's the Bishop of Bromley say? (60)
- C: (letting go off Alison). Oh, it says here that he makes a very moving appeal to all Christians to do all they can to assist in the manufacture of the H-Bomb.
- ...
- 1.3 J: No, he doesn't. How much longer will you be doing that? (84)
- A: Won't be long.
- ...
- 1.4 J: (resentful of being dragged away from his pursuit of Alison). What did who say? (93)
- C: Mr. Priestley.
- 1.5 J: ...
- What the devil have you done to those trousers?(95)
- C: Done?
- 1.6 J: ...
- What do you think you're going to do when I'm not around to look after you? Well, what are you going to do? Tell me? (99)
- C: (grinning). I don't know (To Alison)
What am I going to do, lovely?
- 1.7. J: What time's that concern on? (Checks paper)(133)
Don't feel like standing behind that blinking sweet-stall again tomorrow. What don't you do it on your own, and let me sleep in?

APPENDIX II contd. (ii)

- 1.8 J:
what does he do? The only thing he can do - seek
sanctuary in his own stupidity ...(156)
- C: I'll bet that concert's started by now. Shall I put
it on?
- 1.9 J: Why not? (188)
- A: Really, Jimmy, you're like a child.
...
- 1.10 J: You know damn well where I've been.
(without looking at her)
How's your arm? (286)
- A: Oh, it's all right. It wasn't much.
...
- 1.11 J: A what? (309)
- C: A Mourris Dance. That's a Morris Dance strictly for
mice.
...
- 1.12 J: What do you want? (324)
- C: Make a nice pot of tea.
...
- 1.13 J: How's it feeling? (330)
- A: Fine. It wasn't anything.
- 1.14 J: ...
What are we going to do tonight? (338)
- A: What would you like to do? Drink?
...
- 1.15 J: What did he mean by "don't forget"? (345)
- A: Something I've been meaning to tell you.
- 1.16 J: What the hell's that? (358)
- A: That's a dance squirrels do when they're happy.
They embrace again.
- 1.17 J: What makes you think you're happy? (361)

APPENDIX II contd. (iii)

A: Everything just seems all right suddenly.
That's all. Jimmy -

1.18 J: Yes? (363)

A: You know I told you I'd something to tell you?

1.19 J: Well? (365)
Cliff appears in the doorway.

C: ...

(To Alison.) Some one on the phone for you.

(2) Speeches that have Yes/No Questions

2.1 J: I've just read three whole columns on the English
Novel. Half of it's in French. Do the Sunday papers
make you feel ignorant? (4)

C: Not 'arf.
...

2.2 J: I said do the papers make you feel you're not so
brilliant after all? (8)

A: Oh - I haven't read them yet.
...

2.3 J: Can't think! (Throws the paper back at him.) She
hasn't had a thought for years! Have you? (29)

A: No
...

2.4 J: (Grins.) Oh, yes, yes, yes. I like to eat. I'd like
to live too. Do you mind? (36)

C: Don't see any use in your eating at all. You never
get any fatter.
...

2.5 J: Yes, well, that's quite moving. I suppose. (To Alison.)
Are you moved, my darling? (62)

A: Well, naturally.
...

2.6 J: (to Cliff) Did you read that bit? (66)

C: Um?
...



APPENDIX II contd. (iv)

- 2.7 J; Is the Bishop of Bromley his nom de plume, do you think? (75)
- C: Don't take any notice of him. He's being offensive. And it's so easy for him.
...
- 2.8 J: Are they the ones you bought last week-end? Look at them. Do you see what he's done to those new trousers? (97)
- A: You are naughty, Cliff. They look dreadful.
...
- 2.9 J: I thought the doctor said no cigarettes? (113)
- C: Oh, why doesn't he shut up?
...
- 2.10 J; ...
Cliff groans. Jimmy turns to Alison.
Is your friend Webster coming tonight? (117)
- A: He might drop in. You know what he is.
...
- 2.11 J: No thank you. I'm trying to listen.
Do you mind? (173)
- C: Sorry, your lordship.
...
- 2.12 J: Do you have to make all that racket? (176)
- C: Oh, sorry.
- 2.13 J: ...
(to Alison). Are you going to be much longer doing that? (180)
- A: Why?
- 2.14 J: They're not open yet. It's Sunday.
Remember? Anyway, its raining (199)
- C: Well, shall we dance?
He pushes Jimmy round the floor, who is past the mood for this kind of fooling.
Do you come here often?

APPENDIX II contd. (v)

- 2.15 J: You think she'd have been better off with you? (292)
C: I'm not her type. Am I, dullin'?
...
- 2.16 J: ...
(Genuinely friendly.) Have you got a cigarette? (301)
A: (disengaging). I'll have a look.
...
- 2.17 J: You stink. You really do. Do you know that? (311)
C: Not as bad as you, you horrible old bear. (Goes over to him, and grabs his foot.) You're a stinking old bear, you hear me?
...
- 2.18 J: (to Cliff). Helena Charles? (371)
C: That's it.

(3) Speeches that have Tag Questions

- 3.1 J: (to Alison). You don't suppose your father could have written it, do you? (69)
A: Written what?
...
- 3.2 J: Sounds rather like Daddy, don't you think? (73)
A: Does it?
...
- 3.3 J: Give me those matches, will you? (105)
C: Oh, you're not going to start up that old pipe again, are you? It stinks the place out. (To Alison.) Doesn't it smell awful?
Jimmy grabs the matches, and lights up.
...
- 3.4 J: Oh, hell! Now the bloody bells have started!
He rushes to the window.
Wrap it up, will you? Stop ringing those bells! There's somebody going crazy in here! I don't want to hear them! (194)

APPENDIX II contd. (vi)

A: Stop yelling! (Recovering immediately.)
You'll have Miss Drury up here.
...

3.5 J: (pointing at Cliff). He gets more like a little mouse
everyday, doesn't he?
He is trying to re-establish himself.
He really does look like one. Look at those ears,
and that face, and the little short legs. (304)

A: (looking through her bag). That's because he is a
mouse.
...

3.6 J: (kissing her again). You're fond of him, aren't you? (347)

A: Yes, I am.
...

(4) Speeches that have more than one question

4.1 J: Why do I do this every Sunday? Even the book reviews
seem to be the same as last week's. Different books -
same reviews. Have you finished that one yet? (2)

C: Not yet.

4.2 J: Well you are ignorant. You're just a peasant. (To
Alison) What about you? You're not a peasant are
you? (6)

A: (absently). What's that?

4.3 J: Well, she can talk, can't she? You can talk, can't
you? You can express an opinion. Or does the White
Woman's Burden make it impossible to think? (12)

A: I'm sorry. I wasn't listening properly.

4.4 J: Why don't you get my wife to explain it to you? She's
educated. (To her.) That's right, isn't it? (22)

C: (kicking out at him from behind his paper). Leave
her alone, I said.

4.5 J: Who buys this damned thing? (Throws it down.) Haven't
you read the other posh paper yet? (48)

C: Which?

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- 4.6 J: (quickly). Did you read about the woman who went to the mass meeting of a certain American evangelist at Earls Court? She went forward, to declare herself for love or whatever it is, and in the rush of converts to get to the front, she broke four ribs and got kicked in head. She was yelling her head off in agony, but with 50,000 people putting all they'd got into "Onward Christian Soldiers", nobody even knew she was there. He looks up sharply for a response, but there isn't any.
- Sometimes, I wonder if there isn't something wrong with me. What about that tea? (77)
- C: (Still behind paper). What tea?
- 4.7 J: God, how I hate Sundays! It's always so depressing, always the same. We never seem to get any further, do we? Always the same ritual. Reading the papers, drinking tea, ironing. A few more hours, and another week gone. Our youth is slipping away. Do you know that? (86)
- C: (throws down the paper). What's that?
- 4.8 J: And have my enjoyment ruined by the Sunday night jobs in the front row? No, thank you. (Pause.) Did you read Priestley's piece this week? Why on earth I ask I don't know. I know damned well you haven't. Why do I spend ninepence on that damned paper every week? Nobody reads it except me. Nobody can be bothered. No one raise themselves out of their delicious sloth. You two will drive me round the bend soon - I know it, as sure as I'm sitting here. I know you 're going to drive me mad. Oh heavens, how I long for a little ordinary human enthusiasm - that's all. I want to hear a warm, thrilling voice cry out Hallelujah! I'm alive! I've an idea. Why don't we have a little game? Let's pretend that we're human beings, and that we're actually alive. Just for a while. What do you say? Let's pretend we're human (He looks from one to the other.) Oh, brother, it's such a long time since I was with any one who got enthusiastic about anything.(91)
- C: What did he say?
- 4.9 J: All right. They're your ulcers. Go ahead, and have a bellyache, if that's what you want. I give up. I'm sick of doing things for people. And all for what?

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Alison gives Cliff a cigarette. They both light up, and she goes on with her ironing.

Nobody thinks, nobody cares. No beliefs, no convictions and no enthusiasm. Just another Sunday evening.

Cliff sits down again, in his pullover and shorts.

Perhaps there's a concert on (Picks up Radio Times.)
Ah (Nudges Cliff with his foot.) Make some more tea.
Cliff grunts. He is reading again.

Oh, yes. There's a Vaughan Williams. Well, that's something, anyway. Something strong, something simple, something English. I suppose people like me aren't supposed to be very patriotic. Somebody said - what was it - we get our cooking from Paris (that's a laugh), our politics from Moscow, and our morals from Port Said. Something like that, anyway. Who was it? (Pause.) Well, you wouldn't know anyway. I hate to admit it, but I think I can understand how her Daddy must have felt when he came back from India, after all those years away. The old Edwardian brigade do make their brief little world look pretty tempting. All home-made cakes and croquet, bright ideas, bright uniforms. Always the same picture: high summer, the long days in the sun, slim volumes of verse, crisp linen, the smell of starch. What a romantic picture. Phoney too, of course. It must have rained sometimes. Still, even I regret it somehow, phoney or not. If you've no world of your own, it's rather pleasant to regret the passing of someone else's. I must be getting sentimental. But I must say it's pretty dreary living in the American Age - unless you're an American of course. Perhaps all our children will be Americans. That's a thought isn't it?

He gives Cliff a kick, and shouts at him.

I said that's a thought! (115)

C: You did?

4.10

J: [moving in between them (Cliff and Alison)].
Have you ever seen her brother? Brother Nigel? The straight-backed, chinless wonder from Sandhurst? I only met him once myself. He asked me to step outside when I told his mother she was evil minded. (154)

C: And did you?

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4.11 J: I told you - pussillanimous. Do you know what it means?

Cliff shakes his head.

Neither did I really. All this time, I have been married to this woman, this monument to non-attachment, and suddenly I discover that there is actually a word that sums her up. Not just an adjective in the English language to describe her with - it's her name! Pussillanimous! It sounds like some fleshy Roman matron, doesn't it? The lady Pussillanimous seen here with her husband Sextus, on their way to the Games.

Cliff looks troubled, and glances uneasily at Alison.

Poor old Sextus! If he were put into a Hollywood film, he's so unimpressive, they'd make some poor British actor play the part. He doesn't know it, but those beefcake Christians will make off with his wife in the wonder of the stereophonic sound before the picture's over.

Alison leans against the board, and closes her eyes.

The lady pussillanimous has been promised a brighter easier world than old Sextus can ever offer her. Hi, Pusey! What say we get the hell down to the Arena, and may be feed ourselves to a couple of lions, huh?(160)

A: God help me, if he doesn't stop, I'll go out of my mind in a minute.

4.12 J: Why don't you? That would be something, anyway. (Crosses to chest of drawers R.). But I haven't told you what it means yet, have I? (Picks up dictionary.) I don't have to tell her - she knows. In fact, if my pronunciation is at fault, she'll probably wait for a suitably public moment to correct it. Here it is. I quote: Pusillanimous. Adjective. wanting of firmness of mind, of small courage, having a little mind, mean spirited, cowardly, timid of mind. From the Latin pusillus, very little, and animus, the mind. (Slams the book shut.) That's my wife! That's her isn't it? Behold the Lady Pusillanimous. (Shouting hoarsely.) Hi, Pusey! When's your next picture? (162)

Jimmy watches her, waiting for her to break. For no more than a flash, Alison's face seems to contort, and it looks as though she might throw her head back, and scream. But it passes in a moment. She is used

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to these carefully rehearsed attacks, and it doesn't look as though he will get his triumph tonight. She carries on with her ironing. Jimmy crosses, and switches on the radio. The Vaughan Williams concert has started. He goes back to his chair, leans back in it, and closes his eyes.

- 4.13 J: Don't try and promise me. (Turning to Cliff.) She's so clumsy. I watch for her to do the same things every night. The way she jumps on the bed, as if she were stamping on someone's face, and draws the curtains back with a greater clatter, in that casually destructive way of hers. It's like someone launching a battleship. Have you ever noticed how noisy women are? (Crosses below chairs to L.C.) Have you? The way they kick the floor about, simply walking over it? Or have you watched them sitting at their dressing tables, dropping their weapons and banging down their bits of boxes and brushes and lipsticks?

He faces her dressing table.

I've watched her doing it night after night. When you see a woman in front of her bedroom mirror, you realise what a refined sort of a butcher she is. (Turns in.) Did you ever see some dirty old Arab, sticking his fingers into some mess of lamb fat and gristle? Well, she's just like that. Thank God they don't have many women surgeons! Those primitive hands would have your guts out in no time. Flip! Back it goes, like the powder puff on the table. (190)

C: (grimacing cheerfully) Ugh! Stop it!

- 4.14 J: What does she want? What would make her ring up? It can't be for anything pleasant. Oh well, we shall know. (He settles on the table.) Few minutes ago things didn't seem so bad either. I've just about had enough of this "expense of spirit" lark, as far as women are concerned. Honestly, it's enough to make you become a scoutmaster or something isn't it? Sometimes I almost envy old Gide and the Greek chorus boys. Oh, I'm not saying that it mustn't be hell for them a lot of the time. But, at least, they do seem to have a cause - not a particularly good one, it's true. But plenty of them do seem to have a revolutionary fire about them, which is more than you can say for the rest of us. Like Webster, for instance. He doesn't like me - they hardly ever do.

He is talking for the sake of it, only half listening to what he is saying.

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I dare say he suspects me because I refuse to treat him either as a clown or as a tragic hero. He's like a man with a strawberry mark - he keeps trusting it in your face because he can't believe it doesn't interest or horrify you particularly. (Picks up Alison's handbag thoughtfully, and starts looking through it) As if I give a damn which way he likes his meat served up. I've got my own strawberry marks - only it's in a different place. No, as far as Michalangelo Brigade's concerned, I must be a sort of right-wing deviations. If the Revolution ever comes, I'll be the first to be put up against the wall, with all the other poor old liberals. (383)

C: (indicating Alison's handbag). Wouldn't you say that that was her private property?

4.15 J: You're quite right - But do you know something? Living night and day with another human being has made me predatory and suspicious. I know that the only way of finding out exactly what's going on is to catch them when they don't know you're looking. When she goes out, I go through everything - trunks, cases, drawers, bookcase, everything. Why? To see if there is something of me somewhere, a reference to me. I want to know if I'm being betrayed. (385)

C: You look for trouble, don't you?

4.16 J: Only because I'm pretty certain of finding it. (Brings out a letter from the handbag.) Look at that! Oh, I'm such a fool. This is happening every five minutes of the day. She gets letters. (He holds it up.) Letters from her mother, letters in which I'm not mentioned at all because my name is a dirty word. And what does she do?

Enter Alison. He turns to look at her.

She writes long letters back to Mummy, and never mentions me at all, because I'm just a dirty word to her too.

He throws the letter down at her feet.

Well, what did your friend want? (387)

A: She's at the station. She's - coming over.
...

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- 4.17 J: Why not have her in here? Did you tell her to bring her armour? Because she's going to need it! (394)
- A: (vehemently). Oh why don't you shut up, please!