

CHRIS. Very much.

SARA. Choosing the right school is so tremendously important, don't you think? — and I'm very impressed with Sherborne.

TURING. It's not that wonderful.

SARA. Of course it is. (*glancing sharply*) What's wrong with it?

TURING. Well, for one thing, they don't treat mathematics as a serious subject.

SARA. I can't believe that.

TURING. It's true. Do you know what our form-master said the other day? "This room stinks of mathematics," he said, looking straight at me, "go out and get a disinfectant spray." (*CHRIS laughs.*)

SARA. He was joking.

TURING. He hates anything to do with mathematics or science. He once said — and he meant it — he said the Germans lost The Great War because they thought that science was more important than religion.

SARA. The teaching of mathematics is not the only way to judge the quality of a school.

TURING. It is as far as I'm concerned.

SARA. Oh, Alan. (*To CHRIS.*) I gather you share this enthusiasm for sums and science?

CHRIS. Oh yes, very much so. And it's wonderful having someone like Alan to work with. Has he told you about our experiments?

SARA. A little. Wasn't there something to do with iodine?

TURING. Iodates, Mother.

CHRIS. We were trying to examine the time delay in

the recombination of ions.

SARA. Yes, it was all far beyond my grasp, I'm afraid. Fascinating, but beyond my grasp. It was the same with that theory Alan was telling me about — (*to TURING:*) — what was it? — you know, the man with the Jewish name.

TURING. Einstein.

SARA. Einstein, yes: I didn't understand a word of it — not one word. I only wish I did. Does your family understand these things?

CHRIS. Well, yes — up to a point.

TURING. Morcom's brother is a scientist. They've got their own laboratory at home.

SARA. Really?

TURING. And he's got his own telescope.

SARA. Really? — how splendid.

CHRIS. It's tremendous, Mrs. Turing — absolutely terrific. The other night — (*to TURING:*) — did I tell you? — the other night I actually saw one of Jupiter's satellites coming out from eclipse. It was amazing. It was a wonderfully clear night. Absolutely cloudless. I felt I was wandering through the universe. Jupiter, Sirius, Betelgeuse, the Andromeda nebula. It was quite overwhelming. The hugeness of creation.

TURING. Gosh, how terrific.

SARA. Yes, it all sounds very thrilling, I must say. But I do hope you don't frighten your family the way Alan does. (*TURING sighs with irritation.*)

CHRIS. Frighten them how?

SARA. He got up at three o'clock in the morning last Thursday — I can't imagine why — I woke up and heard

footsteps on the stairs. I was convinced that we had burglars in the house, and my husband was on the point of telephoning to the police when we realized that it was only Alan.

TURING. I was mapping the constellations of fixed stars.

SARA. I sometimes wish he was interested in stamp collecting or model trains, like his brother. (*TURING snorts with displeasure; SARA rises to her feet; CHRIS follows suit.*) Let's have some tea, shall we? (*to TURING:*) Do wash your hands, they're covered in ink. (*to CHRIS:*) Did Alan tell you about my grandfather's cousin? He was a scientist. He invented the electron.

TURING. He didn't invent it, Mother; electrons exist, you can't invent them.

SARA. Well, he found them, or discovered them, or something like that. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society. Very distinguished. (*to TURING as she Exits:*) Do wash your hands. (*TURING grimaces to CHRIS.*)

TURING. Sorry, Morcom — one can't choose one's own mother.

CHRIS. (*a grin*) She's all right. (*TURING takes a step towards CHRIS.*)

TURING. Do you know what I wish?

CHRIS. What?

TURING. I wish this was my house. My own house. Then we could live here, you and I. We could have our own rooms, our own laboratories. We could work together. Share everything. What a wonderful life that would be.

CHRIS. (*Looks at TURING.*) Yes. Yes, it would.