

I'll be trapped in there for the rest of my life. (*brief pause*)
The trouble is, I can't think of a good ending.

RON. Flash Gordon comes in and rescues you.

TURING. (*smiles*) I thought perhaps I could find a piece of chalk and write a few sums on the wall: very easy sums, simple arithmetic, that sort of thing; and I'd do them deliberately badly, make silly mistakes; I'd do them so slowly and so badly that the brain would get more and more despairing and then, finally—

RON. What?

TURING. The brain commits suicide. What do you think of that?

RON. Flash Gordon's better.

TURING. (*a smile*) Maybe.

RON. (*Stands up.*) Got any tea?

TURING. In the kitchen. (*RON Exits.*)

RON. (*offstage*) There's no milk.

TURING. Sorry. (*RON returns.*)

RON. No tea either, just coffee.

TURING. We'll have some breakfast later.

RON. I'm starving. Aren't there any shops around here?

TURING. There's a place at the end of the road.

RON. I'll run down, shall I? Got any money?

TURING. Put your clothes on, I'll find some money.

RON. Right. (*RON Exits. TURING takes his wallet from his jacket pocket; he is clearly surprised by what he finds inside; he recounts the bank notes, checking them carefully. RON Enters, now wearing a sweater and a windcheater.*) I'll get some tea and milk. How about some bacon?

TURING. Have you been taking money from my wallet?

RON. What?

TURING. You heard.

RON. I haven't touched your bloody wallet.

TURING. I had fifteen pounds in here yesterday, there's only seven left.

RON. It's nothing to do with me.

TURING. Where's it gone then?

RON. How should I know?

TURING. Come on, give it back.

RON. I haven't got it!

TURING. I don't believe you.

RON. All right, search me—

TURING. Don't be ridiculous.

RON. — come on, search me.

TURING. You've hidden it somewhere.

RON. What the fuck are you talking about? (*Brief pause; TURING and RON stand facing each other.*) Why should I take money from you?

TURING. You said you were hard up.

RON. I didn't.

TURING. You said you were out of work.

RON. So what?

TURING. Please, Ron, give it back.

RON. Piss off!

TURING. Give it back and we'll say no more about it.

RON. I'm not a bloody thief!

TURING. You just said you were. You said you're on probation.

RON. If you think I pinched that money, call the police. (*TURING does not move.*) Come on, there's the

phone — what are you waiting for? (*Grabs the telephone receiver.*) Come on!

TURING. Put it down. (*RON throws the telephone receiver onto the floor and strides angrily across the room; TURING stands motionless, looking at him.*) I'm sorry. I'm sorry. (*Picks up the receiver and replaces it on the telephone.*) I lost my temper. I'm sorry. (*no response*) Perhaps I made a mistake.

RON. Fucking nerve!

TURING. I'm sorry. (*RON goes to the door.*) Where are you going?

RON. I'm not bloody staying here.

TURING. Please don't go.

RON. (*girlish, mocking him*) Please don't go.

TURING. I must've been mistaken. (*no response*) I thought I had fifteen pounds. Perhaps I didn't. Let's forget about it. (*Takes some money from his wallet.*) Go and get us some breakfast.

RON. (*Mimicking him.*) G-g-get it yourself.

TURING. I've said I'm sorry.

RON. So what?

TURING. Let's be friends. (*Pause; TURING takes a step toward RON.*) Do you want some money? Do you? (*RON almost replies; hesitates.*) How much do you need?

RON. I'm not a bloody renter.

TURING. I know. (*brief pause*) If you're hard up, if you want some money, you've only got to ask. (*brief pause*)

RON. Call it a loan, then.

TURING. How much?

RON. Three? (*TURING takes three pound notes from his wallet and gives them to RON.*)

TURING. Shall I see you again?

RON. Maybe. Yeah, maybe.

TURING. Perhaps I'll see you down the pub.

RON. Yeah. (*brief pause*) I'd better go.

TURING. Have some breakfast first. Tea and bacon.
(*Offers more money for food.*) Have some breakfast, then go.
I'll cook you bacon and eggs. (*RON hesitates.*)

RON. I can't stay long.

TURING. I know.

RON. Okay. (*Takes the money.*) Where's this shop? Down the road?

TURING. Down the road, turn left. (*RON Exits.*)

Scene 7

SCENE: *LIGHTING change: Summer afternoon; shadows of foliage.*

AT RISE: SARA and PAT Enter; they are wearing summer clothes. SARA is carrying a tray with a jug and two glasses; she puts the tray on a table; PAT is holding a glass.

SARA. There are no oranges and no lemons, so we've made a fruit cocktail out of apples and pears.

PAT. It tastes very nice.

TURING. It's a depressing color.

SARA. Don't keep finding fault. Things are difficult enough these days. (*Pours the drink.*) Pat's coming to church with me.