

TURING. I don't know. Possibly.

PAT. Well, you can't. *(brief pause)*

TURING. I could buy some silver.

PAT. Silver what?

TURING. Lumps of it — ingots, or whatever they're called. If I took some money out of the bank and bought a couple of silver ingots, I could bury them and dig them up when the war is over.

PAT. Bury them where?

TURING. Anywhere — somewhere at Bletchley.

PAT. *(laughing)* Oh, Alan...!

TURING. Why not? I'm serious, I mean it — I've already made some enquiries about buying the silver. *(PAT'S laughter fades; she is moved by his boyish earnestness; she reaches out and takes him by the hand.)*

PAT. *(tenderly)* Oh, Alan ... *(Disturbed by this show of intimacy, TURING turns from her abruptly and plunges his hand into his pocket; he pulls out a fir cone.)*

TURING. Look at this. It's a fir cone.

PAT. I can see it's a fir cone.

TURING. Take it. Look at it. *(She does so.)* I'll tell you something extraordinary about it.

PAT. It looks ordinary enough to me.

TURING. Define what is meant by a Fibonacci sequence.

PAT. A Fibonacci sequence is a sequence of numbers where each is the sum of the previous two; you start with one and one—then one plus one equals two—one and two, three—two and three, five—three and five, eight—

TURING. *(continuing the sequence)* —five and eight, thirteen. Well done, full marks. Now look at that fir cone. Look at the pattern of the bracts — the leaves. Follow

them spiralling round the cone: eight lines twisting round to the left, thirteen twisting to the right. The numbers always come from the Fibonacci sequence.

PAT. (*examining the fir cone more closely*) Always...?

TURING. Always. And it's not just fir cones — the petals of most flowers grow in the same way. Isn't that amazing?

PAT. Yes, it is.

TURING. And it prompts the age-old question: is God a mathematician? (*TURING smiles; PAT looks at him; she returns the fir cone.*)

PAT. I love you, Prof. (*no response*) I love you. You know that.

TURING. Yes.

PAT. You're supposed to say "I love you too."

TURING. I know. (*pause*)

PAT. Please say something.

TURING. I don't think of myself as a very lovable person.

PAT. Well you are.

TURING. There are lots of men at Bletchley who are much more lovable than I am.

PAT. That's where you're wrong.

TURING. Don't be silly, of course there are, I see them every lunchtime, rushing around, laughing, playing cricket. I'm amazed you haven't fallen in love with one of them.

PAT. Because they're dull, that's why.

TURING. So am I.

PAT. That's where you're wrong. You're untidy and messy and lacking almost all the social graces; your

clothes are stained and you bite your nails; you tell the truth when it would be kinder to tell a lie, and you've got no patience with people who bore you. But you are not dull. And I love you. *(pause)*

TURING. As a matter of fact, I do love you.

PAT. *(not really a question)* As a friend.

TURING. As a friend.

PAT. That might change. *(a sad smile)* Perhaps it might change. *(TURING goes to PAT and takes her by the hand.)*

TURING. I'm a homosexual.

PAT. I know. That doesn't stop me loving you. It needn't stop you loving me.

TURING. It would stop me making love to you. I don't want that sort of life and I don't think you do, either.

*(SARA Enters, carrying a bowl of sugar; seeing TURING and PAT, standing so intimately together, she immediately freezes.)*

SARA. Oh, I'm sorry. *(TURING and PAT spring apart.)*

TURING. *(going to SARA)* Don't bother with the sugar. That drink is undrinkable. I'll make some tea, shall I? Would you like some tea? *(He takes the sugar bowl from SARA.)* Give me that. *(To PAT.)* Tea or sherry, which would you prefer?

PAT. I don't mind.

TURING. If you're going to church, it had better be tea. We don't want you breathing alcoholic fumes all over the vicar. *(TURING Exits. PAT stands very still, her head bowed; SARA looks at her anxiously.)*

SARA. What's the matter?

PAT. Nothing.