

SMITH. Mr. Turing? I'm sorry to keep you waiting. Everything's at sixes and sevens here today. (*He shakes hands with TURING.*) My secretary's gone down with 'flu, and the temporary girl doesn't seem to know what she's doing. (*taking TURING'S coat*) May I? (*Gestures to chair.*) Please sit there. It's good of you to come along at such short notice. Thank you very much. (*TURING sits.*)

TURING. Your letter was rather vague.

SMITH. Was it?

TURING. Official, but rather vague.

SMITH. Well, it's just one of those things that are done better by a meeting than by telephone. Basically it's a question of keeping in touch.

TURING. What do you mean?

SMITH. You're a brilliant man, Mr. Turing — unique in many ways — and there's no point in trying to deny it.

TURING. I wasn't going to.

SMITH. This country has always tended to take its brilliant men for granted. That's a mistake. A serious mistake. We can't afford to make mistakes like that.

TURING. Who are you? I've no idea who you are.

SMITH. Sorry, sorry, sorry. My name is Smith, John Smith. (*smiles*) Nobody believes it. I have a dreadful time with hotel clerks. Anyway, the point is this: it would be foolish to pretend that your homosexuality hasn't created certain problems, certain anxieties.

TURING. (*bristling*) For whom?

SMITH. (*ignoring this*) But providing we can discuss the situation reasonably, I feel sure that these anxieties can be reduced to a minimum.

TURING. What anxieties?

SMITH. As I say, it's just a question of keeping in touch.

TURING. You're talking about security problems.

SMITH. I am. Of course, I know you haven't been involved with intelligence work since your, uh, little difficulty with the law; nevertheless, the knowledge remains, does it not?

TURING. (*angry*) You don't trust me.

SMITH. We have to be careful. Increasingly careful. An unguarded word could so easily fall into the wrong ears. And it's not just us. The Americans are getting jumpy, and we have to pay attention to what they say, we have to. After all, they've given you access to some very sensitive information — the speech encipherment materials, for instance. And thanks to Senator McCarthy, they regard everyone as a potential security risk. (*TURING looks at him; says nothing.*) There is a general feeling of unease.

TURING. About me?

SMITH. Of course we know that you are a man of the greatest integrity. Your essential loyalty has never been questioned.

TURING. (*voicing the unspoken word*) But.

SMITH. All possibilities have to be considered.

TURING. Such as?

SMITH. Can you, in all honesty, say that you would never — never, under any circumstances — reveal something of the nature of your work to a sexual partner? (*TURING opens his mouth to make an immediate response, but then hesitates for a moment.*)

TURING. No, of course not.

SMITH. No, you would — or no, you wouldn't?

TURING. No, I can't say — in all honesty — that such a circumstance would never arise. Neither can you. Who could?

SMITH. (*smoothly avoiding a direct response*) That being the case, one's attention is drawn to the choice of partner. (*briefest pause*) It seems that you have an unusually wide range of acquaintances.

TURING. You mean it would be all right if I went to bed with other mathematicians? Preferably from one of the older universities. Preferably with what the Americans call Security Clearance.

SMITH. (*dryly*) I'm sure that would make us a lot happier. (*a glance at TURING*) Sorry, that was rather glib. But you must realize that your work for the intelligence service means that you are simply not free to behave as you might choose. You have been given extremely unusual access to secret information. This carries with it a heavy and sometimes irksome responsibility.

TURING. (*Angered by SMITH'S patronizing tone.*) I am aware of that.

SMITH. (*chastened*) Yes, I'm sure you are. (*brief pause*) It may seem like interference; in fact, we're trying to be helpful.

TURING. Oh? How?

SMITH. By preventing any further errors of judgement.

TURING. Meaning what exactly?

SMITH. This young Norwegian — Kjell. (*TURING is amazed.*) I think it would be unwise for him to visit you here.