

SCENE I.

ACT I.

[A fine spring evening. The air is warm. ~~We~~ see the veranda and in the background ~~the~~ house. There are some chairs and a couple of tables. Two women enter.)

Karnia: ~~It's~~ ~~so~~ ~~lovely~~ ~~to~~ ~~sit~~ ~~outside~~ ~~for~~ ~~a~~ ~~while~~. It's lovely ~~to~~ ~~sit~~ ~~outside~~ ~~for~~ ~~a~~ ~~while~~ this evening. Shall we sit outside for a while.

Norma: Yes.

Karnia: It has been a wonderful afternoon. You know all the charming quaint places.

Norma: I am practically a native don't you forget.

Karnia: Shall I get something to drink.

Norma: No thanks. We've had a lot. In any case

I cannot stay long. Hector is coming back ~~Ernie~~
~~Ernie~~ ~~and~~ ~~Norma~~ ~~into~~ ~~this~~ ~~heavily~~ ~~at~~ ~~about~~ ~~and~~
~~that~~ ~~all~~ ~~these~~ ~~youngsters~~ around I don't sit stable by chairs early.

Karnia: The warm weather has certainly brought them out. All these teen agers. And the eyes they make.

Norma: They are usually the one that do make eyes ... and not only eyes. Watch out. You never know with them. They may look upon you as a mistress or a mother or a school mam. Where is ~~Ernie~~ Ernest? I haven't seen him yet.

Karnia: I will go and have look. Poor ~~Ernie~~ he may ~~will~~ be asleep. Be sit down and I will bring a drink to

2

Karna's goes into the house. Norma sits down and takes a cigarette from her case she is about to light and a man lights a cigar for her first

Norma. ^{Oh!} You have startled it. (She lights her cigarette)

Enstos. ~~who are you?~~ ^{Hullo Norma}
Norma. ~~And~~ who are you; Don't hold me I know. Aged

38, two years 3 would's one torpedo, like decoration and an important executive. Right!

Enstos. Right. except that the wars were none of my making the decoration, come by accident the Torpedos war going and I am unemployed. You must be Norma, wise good, honest helpful Norma. ~~Hullo~~ ^{Hullo} ~~Yes~~ ^{Yes} you are Norma

Norma. Hullo. Do you realise that we have never met.

Enstos. Oh yes we have. In a hill in Korea.

Norma. In a ..

Enstos. Yes. I was almost blinded my dug out was blown up and you guided me through an area ... ^{And some where else. Yes Norma we have met} Do you hear it? It's here again. Do you;

Karna. Coming out. O there you are. You have met:

~~Enstos.~~ Yes

ENSTOS - Do you:

Karna. Do you what?

Enstos. It's that flute again! (put his hands on his temples)

Oh! God O! God!

Karna. Sit down darling. (leads him on to a chair.) Sit down

Enstos. (Sits) Can you hear it; Its shrill - so shrill. He says something. Listen. Listen. "Miobe wailing the strange equation of chance that left her helpless amidst unescapable desolation" ... I cannot, I cannot follow it. The ~~disorderly~~ ^{disorderly} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~dis~~ ^{dis} ~~cacophony~~ ^{cacophony} of disaster ... Man's unadjustable feet are ~~stumbling~~

are failing beneath the extended weight of his greed
and is crumbling, sinking into primal heartlessness" ^{As if I am} ~~staring~~ ...
No. No. It has stopped. What was it? What happened?

Karmia: Nothing dear! You had a slight blackout. It's ~~alright~~
^{now.}

Eurtor. (To Norma). Was I raving? Tell me. I can get nothing out
of Karmia. How long have I been like that?

Norma. Only you recited some poetry - rather grim poetry, that's all.

Eurtor; It felt something .. I was somewhere. An ~~insect~~ a wreck

Karmia. Eurtor! Please, please don't torture yourself.

Eurtor. Oh! I am sorry. He wishes and kisses Norma, ^{Norma} ~~will~~ ^{meet} ~~always~~ ^{Norma}
be grateful. He disappears into the house. Both women
look dumbfounded.

Karmia. I thought you two never met
Norma. Not till now .. but he says he met at the front, helped
him out of a hopeless situation. And somewhere else (A church
is heard. Windows are broken) and a couple of voices
are heard outside. The loony's house. Loony!

Norma. (Eurtor) has sales ..

Karmia. It's the 3rd time it happened in the six days we
have been here. I am afraid we shall have to move
again.

Norm. What's wrong; ~~where are you going~~ if it can help. Tell me.

Karmia. You know all about him.

Norma. Just the bare outline. Age, height ... etc. whatever you
have imparted in your letters

Karmia. I think the wars have affected him badly. He had nine
years of constant fighting. You know he lost his first wife and
child in the bombing. He got decorated alright he is a hero
but drained empty man. Only the outside shell is in fact. Inside
is whirling void of questions and horrors. The last ^{out} 3 years

ago and appeared to be settling down. Then last autumn into
the threat of a new war something suddenly snapped in him.

Roma. You mean he lost his reason.

Karma: No. Something else. ~~He lost his reason~~ I don't mean what
it is - he calls it the inner-man his proud personal domain. He
literally lived under a threat not a physical but that intangible
thing that is called impotence. What can we do, what can we
he kept saying. We are utterly helpless. We are intelligent
human beings and yet we are utterly utterly helpless in the
hands of men. He quarrelled with his superiors - he calls
them all suicides. He has been getting worse - he
even stands in street corners and speaks for persons who preach
pacifism - his two overriding are war and politics.
I decided to leaving him down here for a rest, but I
~~don't think we can stay~~. I thought the sunshine
might do him good but I don't think we can stay long.