

LENNY. Tch, tch, tch. Well, I think you're entitled to be tired, Uncle.

SAM. Well, it's the drivers.

LENNY. I know. That's what I'm talking about. I'm talking about the drivers.

SAM. Knocks you out.

Pause.

MAX. I'm here, too, you know.

SAM looks at him.

I said I'm here, too. I'm sitting here.

SAM. I know you're here.

Pause.

SAM. I took a Yankee out there today . . . to the Airport.

LENNY. Oh, a Yankee, was it?

SAM. Yes, I been with him all day. Picked him up at the Savoy at half past twelve, took him to the Caprice for his lunch. After lunch I picked him up again, took him down to a house in Eaton Square - he had to pay a visit to a friend there - and then round about tea-time I took him right the way out to the Airport.

LENNY. Had to catch a plane there, did he?

SAM. Yes. Look what he gave me. He gave me a box of cigars.

SAM takes a box of cigars from his pocket.

MAX. Come here. Let's have a look at them.

SAM shows MAX the cigars. MAX takes one from the box, pinches it and sniffs it.

It's a fair cigar.

SAM. Want to try one?

MAX and SAM light cigars.

START

You know what he said to me? He told me I was the best chauffeur he'd ever had. The best one.

MAX. From what point of view?

SAM. Eh?

MAX. From what point of view?

LENNY. From the point of view of his driving, Dad, and his general sense of courtesy, I should say.

MAX. Thought you were a good driver, did he, Sam? Well, he gave you a first-class cigar.

SAM. Yes, he thought I was the best he'd ever had. They all say that, you know. They won't have anyone else, they only ask for me. They say I'm the best chauffeur in the firm.

LENNY. I bet the other drivers tend to get jealous, don't they, Uncle?

SAM. They do get jealous. They get very jealous.

MAX. Why?

Pause.

SAM. I just told you.

MAX. No, I just can't get it clear, Sam. Why do the other drivers get jealous?

SAM. Because (a) I'm the best driver, and because . . . (b) I don't take liberties.

Pause.

I don't press myself on people, you see. These big businessmen, men of affairs, they don't want the driver jawing all the time, they like to sit in the back, have a bit of peace and quiet. After all, they're sitting in a Humber Super Snipe, they can afford to relax. At the same time, though, this is what really makes me special . . . I do know how to pass the time of day when required.

Pause.

For instance, I told this man today I was in the second world

SAM. Not me.
 MAX. On the back seat? What about the armrest, was it up or down?

SAM. I've never done that kind of thing in my car.
 MAX. Above all that kind of thing, are you, Sam?
 SAM. Too true.
 MAX. Above having a good bang on the back seat, are you?

SAM. Yes, I leave that to others.
 MAX. You leave it to others? What others? You paralysed prat!
 SAM. I don't mess up my car! Or my . . . my boss's car! Like other people.
 MAX. Other people? What other people?

Pause.
 What other people?
Pause.

SAM. Other people. **END**

MAX. When you find the right girl, Sam, let your family know, don't forget, we'll give you a number one send-off, I promise you. You can bring her to live here, she can keep us all happy. We'd take it in turns to give her a walk round the park.

SAM. I would like to bring her here.
 MAX. Sam, it's your decision. You're welcome to bring your bride here, to the place where you live, or on the other hand you can take a suite at the Dorchester. It's entirely up to you.
 SAM. I haven't got a bride.

SAM stands, goes to the sideboard, takes an apple from the bowl, bites into it.
 Getting a bit peckish.

He looks out of the window.

war. Not the first. I told him I was too young for the first. But I told him I fought in the second.

Pause.

So did he, it turned out.

LENNY stands, goes to the mirror and straightens his tie.
 Lenny. He was probably a colonel, or something, in the American Air Force.

SAM. Yes.
 Lenny. Probably a navigator, or something like that, in a Flying Fortress. Now he's most likely a high executive in a worldwide group of aeronautical engineers.

SAM. Yes.
 Lenny. Yes, I know the kind of man you're talking about.

LENNY goes out, turning to his right.

SAM. After all, I'm experienced. I was driving a dust cart at the age of nineteen. Then I was in long-distance haulage. I had ten years as a taxi-driver and I've had five as a private chauffeur.

MAX. It's funny you never got married, isn't it? A man with all your gifts.

Pause.

Isn't it? A man like you?

SAM. There's still time.

MAX. Is there?

Pause.

SAM. You'd be surprised.

MAX. What you been doing, banging away at your lady customers, have you?

SAM. Not me.

MAX. In the back of the Snipe? Been having a few crafty reefs in a layby, have you?

Once you've mastered those arts you can go straight to the top.

Pause.

JOEY. I've got a pretty good idea . . . of how to do that.

JOEY looks round for his jacket, picks it up, goes into the room and up the stairs.

Pause.

MAX. Sam . . . why don't you go, too, eh? Why don't you just go upstairs? Leave me quiet. Leave me alone.

SAM. I want to make something clear about Jessie, Max. I want to. I do. When I took her out in the cab, round the town, I was taking care of her, for you. I was looking after her for you, when you were busy, wasn't I? I was showing her the West End.

Pause.

You wouldn't have trusted any of your other brothers. You wouldn't have trusted Mac, would you? But you trusted me. I want to remind you.

Pause.

Old Mac died a few years ago, didn't he? Isn't he dead?

Pause.

He was a lousy stinking rotten loudmouth. A bastard uncouth sodding runt. Mind you, he was a good friend of yours.

Eh, Sam . . .

SAM. What?

MAX. Why do I keep seeing here? You're just an old grub.

SAM. Am I?

MAX. You're a maggot.

SAM. Oh yes?

MAX. As soon as you stop paying your way here, I mean when you're too old to pay your way, you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to give you the boot.

SAM. You are, eh?

MAX. Sure. I mean, bring in the money and I'll put up with you. But when the firm gets rid of you - you can flake off.

SAM. This is my house as well, you know. This was our mother's house.

MAX. One lot after the other. One mess after the other.

SAM. Our father's house.

MAX. Look what I'm lumbered with. One cast-iron bunch of crap after another. One row of stinking pus after another.

Pause.

Our father? I remember him. Don't worry. You kid yourself. He used to come over to me and look down at me. My old man did. He'd bend right over me, then he'd pick me up. I was only that big. Then he'd dandle me. Give me the bottle. Wipe me clean. Give me a smack. Pat me on the bum. Pass me around, pass me from hand to hand. Toss me up in the air. Catch me coming down. I remember my father.

BLACKOUT.

LIGHTS UP.

Night.

TEDDY and RUTH stand at the threshold of the room.

They are both well dressed in light summer suits and light raincoats.

Two suitcases are by their side.

They look at the room. TEDDY tosses the key in his hand, smiles.

TEDDY. Well, the key worked.

START

two, to relate the two, to balance the two. To see, to be able to see! I'm the one who can see. That's why I can write my classical works. Might do you good . . . have a look at them . . . how certain people can view . . . things . . . how certain people can maintain . . . intellectual equilibrium. Intellectual equilibrium. You're just objects. You just . . . move about. I can observe it. I can see what you do. It's the same as I do. But you're lost in it. You won't get me being . . . I won't be lost in it.

BLACKOUT.

LIGHTS UP.

Evening.

TEDDY sitting, in his coat, the cases by him. M.

SAM. Do you remember MacGregor, Teddy?

TEDDY. Mac?

SAM. Yes.

TEDDY. Of course I do.

SAM. What did you think of him? Did you take to him?

TEDDY. Yes. I liked him. Why?

Pause.

SAM. You know, you were always my favourite, of the lads. Always.

Pause.

When you wrote to me from America I was very touched, you know. I mean you'd written to your father a few times but you'd never written to me. But then, when I got that letter from you . . . well, I was very touched. I never told him. I never told him I'd heard from you.

Pause.

(*Whispering.*) Teddy, shall I tell you something? You were always your mother's favourite. She told me. It's true. You were always the . . . you were always the main object of her love.

Pause.

Why don't you stay for a couple more weeks, eh? We could have a few laughs.

END

LENNY comes in the front door and into the room.

~~LENNY sits down at the table for your first seminar.~~

~~He goes to the sideboard, opens it, peers in it, to the right and the left, stands.~~

~~Who's my cheese-roll?~~

~~*Pause.*~~

~~Someone's taken my cheese-roll. I left it there. (To SAM.) You been there?~~

~~TEDDY. I took your cheese-roll, Lenny.~~

~~*Silence.*~~

~~SAM looks at them, picks up his hat and goes out of the front door.~~

~~*Silence.*~~

~~LENNY. You took my cheese-roll?~~

~~TEDDY. Yes.~~

~~LENNY. I made that roll myself. I put it and put the butter on. I sliced a piece of cheese and put it in between. I put it on a plate and I put it in the sideboard. I did all that before I went out. Now I come back and you've eaten it.~~

~~TEDDY. Well, what are you going to do about it?~~

~~LENNY. I'm waiting for you to apologize.~~

~~TEDDY. But I took it deliberately, Lenny.~~