DIALOGUE

MASTER (offstage): Hush! High road. You cannot describe it. (Enter)

Is it ... is it like heavy rain falling, and lights going on,

Across the fields in the new housing estate,

(Cheering): Cold, cold.

Is it like a

too domestic, too temperate, too devoid of history,

Dark windowed street at night, the houses unlit, the

streets deserted?

Colder, you like getting colder, and too
THE BROODING

Romantic, too distanced, you cannot describe it.

DARKNESS then, that breathes inside a cathedral or a provincial town in Spain?

But in Spain, also, but not Spanish; in England.

If you like, but not English, it remains, even when obscure.

Perpetually aged, but aceless; you cannot describe it. No, you are cold, altogether too cold. All the blue sky over London.
The blue sky over Lancashire for that matter... you cannot describe it.

(... obscured by clouds? I must know what you mean.)

TR  

HUSH.

PP (pizz.)

(Calmly) Like those old men in hospital dying, who, unaware

LOST.

HUSH. PAUSE.

Strangers stand around their bed, stare obscurely, for a long

moment, at one of their own heads raised - which perhaps

is bigger than the moon again - and then DROWDY, shout
"MAMA! Is it like that? or hours after that even?"

"The darkness inside a dead man's mouth?"

"No, no, I have"

"Told you: you are cold, and you cannot describe it."

"(Remains onstage)

"(Exit)"

"(10"

"(Interrupt)