



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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DRAMA

Paper 1 Set Text

0411/13/T/EX

May/June 2010

2 hours 30 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the three stimuli and the extract from John Galsworthy's play *Strife* provided in this booklet.

This clean copy of the material is for you to use in your responses.



This document consists of **30** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



STIMULI

You are required to produce a short piece of drama on each stimulus in preparation for your written examination. Questions will be asked on **each** of the stimuli and will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

- 1 A victory celebration
- 2 More sinned against than sinning
- 3 Picked for the team

EXTRACT**Taken from *Strife* by John Galsworthy**

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

John Galsworthy's play *Strife* was first produced in 1909. The play is about a strike by the workers at the Trenartha Tin Plate Works, on the border between England and Wales. The themes of the play focus on the tensions between the wants of the employers (referred to as 'Capital') and the demands of the workers (referred to as 'Labour'). The underlying message is that these tensions can only resolve themselves through negotiation and compromise, qualities not exhibited by either of the two central characters, John Anthony (the Chairman) or David Roberts (of the workmen's committee).

The action of the play takes place on a single day, over a period of six hours. The play is in three acts, and this extract consists of the whole of Act 1 and Act 3 (the opening and ending of the play). Minor cuts have been made to these two Acts to reduce the length of the extract.

In the middle section of the play (which is omitted in this extract) we are shown the effects of the strike on the workers' families, and the tensions created by individual workers losing confidence in the likely success of the strike, as well as the needs of their wives and children for food and warmth.

CHARACTERS

JOHN ANTHONY, *Chairman of the Trenartha Tin Plate Works*
FROST, *His valet*
EDGAR ANTHONY, *His son*
ENID UNDERWOOD, *His daughter*
FRANCIS UNDERWOOD, *His son-in-law, Manager of the Works*
FREDERIC H WILDER, *A director of the company*
WILLIAM SCANTLEBURY, *A director of the company*
OLIVER WANKLIN, *A director of the company*
HENRY TENCH, *The Company Secretary*
SIMON HARNESS, *A Trades Union official*
DAVID ROBERTS, *The workmen's committee*
JAMES GREEN, *The workmen's committee*
JOHN BULGIN, *The workmen's committee*
HENRY THOMAS, *The workmen's committee*
GEORGE ROUS, *The workmen's committee*
ANNIE ROBERTS, *Wife of David Roberts*
MADGE THOMAS, *Daughter of Henry Thomas*
A Parlourmaid to the Underwoods

STRIFE

ACT I. The dining-room of the Manager's house

(The action takes place on February 7th between the hours of noon and six in the afternoon, close to the Trenartha Tin Plate Works, on the borders of England and Wales, where a strike has been in progress throughout the winter.) 5

(It is noon. In the Underwoods' dining-room a bright fire is burning. On one side of the fireplace are double-doors leading to the drawing-room, on the other side a door leading to the hall. In the centre of the room a long dining-table without a cloth is set out as a Board table. At the head of it, in the Chairman's seat, sits JOHN ANTHONY, an old man, big, clean-shaven, and high-coloured, with thick white hair, and thick dark eyebrows. His movements are rather slow and feeble, but his eyes are very much alive. There is a glass of water by his side. On his right sits his son EDGAR, an earnest-looking man of thirty, reading a newspaper. Next to him WANKLIN, a man with jutting eyebrows, and silver-streaked light hair, is bending over transfer papers. TENCH, the Secretary, a short and rather humble, nervous man, with side whiskers, stands helping him. On WANKLIN'S right sits UNDERWOOD, the Manager, a quiet man, with a long, stiff jaw, and steady eyes. Back to the fire is SCANTLEBURY, a very large, pale, sleepy man, with grey hair, rather bald. Between him and the Chairman are two empty chairs.) 10

WILDER: *(Who is lean, cadaverous, and complaining, with drooping grey moustaches, stands before the fire.)* I say, this fire's hot! Can I have a screen, Tench? 25

SCANTLEBURY: A screen, ah!

TENCH: Certainly, Mr. Wilder. *(He looks at UNDERWOOD.)* That is—perhaps the Manager—perhaps Mr. Underwood— 30

SCANTLEBURY: These fireplaces of yours, Underwood—

UNDERWOOD: *(Roused from studying some papers.)* A screen? Rather! I'm sorry. *(He goes to the door with a little smile.)* We're not accustomed to complaints of too much fire down here just now. *(He speaks through his teeth, slowly, ironically.)* 35

WILDER: *(In an injured voice.)* You mean the men. H'm!
(UNDERWOOD goes out.)

SCANTLEBURY: Poor devils!

WILDER: It's their own fault, Scantlebury.

EDGAR: *(Holding out his paper.)* There's great distress among them, according to the Trenartha News. 40

WILDER: Oh, that rag! Give it to Wanklin. Suit his Radical views. They call us monsters, I suppose. The editor of that rubbish ought to be shot.

EDGAR: *(Reading.)* "If the Board of worthy gentlemen who control the Trenartha Tin Plate Works from their arm-chairs in London would condescend to come and see for themselves the conditions prevailing amongst their work-people during this strike—"

WILDER: Well, we have come.

EDGAR:	(<i>Continuing.</i>) “We cannot believe that even their hard hearts would remain untouched.” (<i>WANKLIN takes the paper from him.</i>)	50
WILDER:	Ruffian! I remember that fellow when he hadn’t a penny to his name; little snivel of a chap that’s made his way by insulting everybody who takes a different view to himself. (<i>ANTHONY says something that is not heard.</i>)	55
WILDER:	What does your father say?	
EDGAR:	He says “It’s like the pot calling the kettle black.”	
WILDER:	H’m! (<i>He sits down next to SCANTLEBURY.</i>)	60
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>Blowing out his cheeks.</i>) I shall boil if I don’t get that screen. (<i>UNDERWOOD and ENID enter with a screen, which they place before the fire. ENID is tall; she has a small, decided face, and is twenty-eight years old.</i>)	
ENID:	Put it closer, Frank. Will that do, Mr. Wilder? It’s the highest we’ve got.	65
WILDER:	Thanks, capitally.	
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>Turning, with a sigh of pleasure.</i>) Ah! Thank you.	
ENID:	Is there anything else you want, Father? (<i>ANTHONY shakes his head.</i>) Edgar – anything?	70
UNDERWOOD:	What about lunch, Enid?	
ENID:	(<i>Stopping at the double-doors and looking back.</i>) We’re going to have lunch here, in the drawing-room, so you needn’t hurry with your meeting. (<i>WANKLIN and WILDER bow, and she goes out.</i>)	75
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>Rousing himself, suddenly.</i>) Ah! Lunch! That hotel—Dreadful! Did you try the fish last night? Fried fat!	
WILDER:	Past twelve! Aren’t you going to read the minutes, Tench?	
TENCH:	(<i>Looking for the CHAIRMAN’S assent, reads in a rapid and monotonous voice.</i>) “At a Board Meeting held the 31st of January at the Company’s Offices, 512, Cannon Street, London. Present – Mr. Anthony in the chair, Messrs. F. H. Wilder, William Scantlebury, Oliver Wanklin, and Edgar Anthony. Read letters from the Manager dated January 20th, 23rd, 25th, 28th, relative to the strike at the Company’s Works. Read letters to the Manager of January 21st, 24th, 26th, 29th. Read letter from Mr. Simon Harness, of the Central Union, asking for an interview with the Board. Read letter from the Men’s Committee signed David Roberts, James Green, John Bulgin, Henry Thomas, George Rous, desiring conference with the Board; and it was resolved that a special Board Meeting be called for February 7th at the house of the Manager, for the purpose of discussing the situation with Mr. Simon Harness and the Men’s Committee on the spot. Passed twelve transfers, signed and sealed nine certificates and one balance certificate.” (<i>He pushes the book over to the CHAIRMAN.</i>)	80 85 90 95
ANTHONY:	(<i>With a heavy sigh.</i>) If it’s your pleasure, sign the same. (<i>He signs, moving the pen with difficulty.</i>)	
WANKLIN:	What’s the Union’s game, Tench? They haven’t made up their split with the men. What does Harness want this interview for?	100
TENCH:	Hoping we shall come to a compromise, I think, sir; he’s having a meeting with the men this afternoon.	
WILDER:	Harness! Ah! He’s one of those cold-blooded, cool-headed chaps. I distrust them. I don’t know that we didn’t make a mistake to come down. What time’ll the men be here?	105

UNDERWOOD:	Any time now.	
WILDER:	Well, if we're not ready, they'll have to wait—won't do them any harm to cool their heels a bit.	
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>Slowly.</i>) Poor souls! It's snowing. What weather!	
UNDERWOOD:	(<i>With meaningful slowness.</i>) This house'll be the warmest place they've been in this winter.	110
WILDER:	Well, I hope we're going to settle this business in time for me to catch the 6:30. I've got to take my wife to Spain to-morrow. (<i>Chattily.</i>) My old father had a strike at his works in '69; just such a February as this. They wanted to shoot him.	115
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>Faintly alarmed.</i>) Not seriously?	
WILDER:	(<i>With finality.</i>) Ended in his shootin' one of 'em in the legs.	
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>Unavoidably feeling his thigh.</i>) No? Which?	
ANTHONY:	(<i>Lifting the agenda paper.</i>) To consider the policy of the Board in relation to the strike. (<i>There is a silence.</i>)	120
WILDER:	It's this infernal three-cornered duel—the Union, the men, and ourselves.	
WANKLIN:	We needn't consider the Union.	
WILDER:	It's my experience that you've always got to consider the Union, confound them! If the Union were going to withdraw their support from the men, as they've done, why did they ever allow them to strike at all?	125
EDGAR:	We've had that over a dozen times.	
WILDER:	Well, I've never understood it! It's beyond me. They talk of the engineers' and furnace-men's demands being excessive—so they are—but that's not enough to make the Union withdraw their support. What's behind it?	130
UNDERWOOD:	Fear of strikes at Harper's and Tinewell's.	
WILDER:	(<i>With triumph.</i>) Afraid of other strikes—now, that's a reason! Why couldn't we have been told that before?	135
UNDERWOOD:	You were.	
TENCH:	You were absent from the Board that day, sir.	
SCANTLEBURY:	The men must have seen they had no chance when the Union gave them up. It's madness.	
UNDERWOOD:	It's Roberts!	140
WILDER:	Just our luck, the men finding a fanatical firebrand like Roberts for leader. (<i>A pause.</i>)	
WANKLIN:	(<i>Looking at ANTHONY.</i>) Well?	
WILDER:	(<i>Breaking in fussily.</i>) It's a regular mess. I don't like the position we're in; I don't like it; I've said so for a long time. (<i>Looking at WANKLIN.</i>) When Wanklin and I came down here before Christmas it looked as if the men must collapse. You thought so too, Underwood.	145
UNDERWOOD:	Yes.	
WILDER:	Well, they haven't! Here we are, going from bad to worse losing our customers—shares going down!	150
WANKLIN:	What loss have we made by this strike, Tench?	
TENCH:	Over fifty thousand, sir!	
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>Pained.</i>) You don't say!	
WILDER:	We shall never get it back.	155
TENCH:	No, sir.	
WILDER:	Who'd have supposed the men were going to stick out like this—nobody suggested that. (<i>Looking angrily at TENCH.</i>)	
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>Shaking his head.</i>) I've never liked a fight—never shall.	
ANTHONY:	No surrender! (<i>All look at him.</i>)	160

- WILDER: Who wants to surrender? (*ANTHONY looks at him.*) I—I want to act reasonably. When the men sent Roberts up to the Board in December—then was the time. We ought to have humoured him; instead of that the Chairman— (*Dropping his eyes before ANTHONY's*) —er—we snapped his head off. We could have got them in then by a little tact. 165
- ANTHONY: No compromise!
- WILDER: There we are! This strike's been going on now since October, and as far as I can see it may last another six months. Pretty mess we shall be in by then. The only comfort is, the men'll be in a worse! 170
- EDGAR: (*To UNDERWOOD.*) What sort of state are they really in, Frank?
- UNDERWOOD: (*Without expression.*) Damnable!
- WILDER: Well, who on earth would have thought they'd have held on like this without support! 175
- UNDERWOOD: Those who know them.
- WILDER: I defy anyone to know them! And what about tin? Price going up daily. When we do get started we shall have to work off our contracts at the top of the market. 180
- WANKLIN: What do you say to that, Chairman?
- ANTHONY: Can't be helped!
- WILDER: Shan't pay a dividend till goodness knows when!
- SCANTLEBURY: (*With emphasis.*) We ought to think of the shareholders. (*Turning heavily.*) Chairman, I say we ought to think of the shareholders. (*ANTHONY mutters.*) 185
- SCANTLEBURY: What's that?
- TENCH: The Chairman says he is thinking of you, sir.
- SCANTLEBURY: (*Sinking back into torpor.*) Cynic!
- WILDER: It's past a joke. I don't want to go without a dividend for years even if the Chairman does. We can't go on playing fast and loose with the Company's prosperity. 190
- EDGAR: (*Rather ashamedly.*) I think we ought to consider the men. (*All but ANTHONY fidget in their seats.*)
- SCANTLEBURY: (*With a sigh.*) We mustn't think of our private feelings, young man. That'll never do. 195
- EDGAR: (*Ironically.*) I'm not thinking of our feelings. I'm thinking of the men's.
- WILDER: As to that—we're men of business.
- WANKLIN: That is the little trouble. 200
- EDGAR: There's no necessity for pushing things so far in the face of all this suffering—it's—it's cruel.
- WANKLIN: (*With an ironical smile.*) I'm afraid we mustn't base our policy on luxuries like sentiment.
- EDGAR: I detest this state of things. 205
- ANTHONY: We didn't seek the quarrel.
- EDGAR: I know that, sir, but surely we've gone far enough.
- ANTHONY: No. (*All look at one another.*)
- WANKLIN: Luxuries apart, Chairman, we must look out what we're doing.
- ANTHONY: Give way to the men once and there'll be no end to it. 210
- WANKLIN: I quite agree, but—
(*ANTHONY shakes his head.*)
You make it a question of bedrock principle?
(*ANTHONY nods.*)
Luxuries again, Chairman! The shares are down at the moment. 215

WILDER:	Yes, and they'll drop to a half when we pass the next dividend.	
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>With alarm.</i>) Come, come! Not so bad as that.	
WILDER:	(<i>Grimly.</i>) You'll see! (<i>Craning forward to catch ANTHONY's speech.</i>) I didn't catch—	220
TENCH:	(<i>Hesitating.</i>) The Chairman says, sir, "Fais que—que—devra."	
EDGAR:	(<i>Sharply.</i>) My father says: "Do what we ought—and let things rip."	
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>Throwing up his hands.</i>) The Chairman's a stoic—I always said the Chairman was a stoic.	225
WILDER:	Much good that'll do us.	
WANKLIN:	(<i>Suavely.</i>) Seriously, Chairman, are you going to let the ship sink under you, for the sake of—a principle?	
ANTHONY:	She won't sink.	
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>With alarm.</i>) Not while I'm on the Board I hope.	230
ANTHONY:	I've always fought them; I've never been beaten yet.	
WANKLIN:	We're with you in theory, Chairman. But we're not all made of cast-iron.	
ANTHONY:	We've only to hold on.	
WILDER:	(<i>Rising and going to the fire.</i>) And go under as fast as we can!	235
ANTHONY:	Better go under than give in!	
WILDER:	(<i>Fretfully.</i>) That may suit you, sir, but it doesn't suit me, or anyone else I should think.	
	(<i>ANTHONY looks him in the face – a silence.</i>)	
EDGAR:	I don't see how we can get across to them that to go on like this means starvation to the men's wives and families.	240
	(<i>WILDER turns abruptly to the fire, and SCANTLEBURY puts out a hand to push the idea away.</i>)	
WANKLIN:	I'm afraid again that sounds a little sentimental.	
EDGAR:	Men of business are excused from decency, you think?	245
WILDER:	Nobody's more sorry for the men than I am, but if they choose to be such a pig-headed lot, it's nothing to do with us; we've quite enough on our hands to think of ourselves and the shareholders.	
EDGAR:	(<i>Irritably.</i>) It won't kill the shareholders to miss a dividend or two; I don't see that that's reason enough for knuckling under.	250
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>With grave discomfort.</i>) You talk very lightly of your dividends, young man; I don't know where we are.	
WILDER:	There's only one sound way of looking at it. We can't go on ruining ourselves with this strike.	255
ANTHONY:	No caving in!	
SCANTLEBURY:	(<i>With a gesture of despair.</i>) Look at him! (<i>ANTHONY's leaning back in his chair. They do look at him.</i>)	
WILDER:	(<i>Returning to his seat.</i>) Well, all I can say is, if that's the Chairman's view, I don't know what we've come down here for.	260
ANTHONY:	To tell the men that we've got nothing for them— (<i>Grimly.</i>) They won't believe it till they hear it spoken in plain English.	
WILDER:	H'm! Shouldn't be a bit surprised if that brute Roberts hadn't got us down here with the very same idea. I hate a man with a grievance.	265
EDGAR:	(<i>Resentfully.</i>) We didn't pay him enough for his discovery. I always said that at the time.	
WILDER:	We paid him five hundred and a bonus of two hundred three years later. If that's not enough! What does he want, for goodness' sake?	270

TENCH:	(<i>Complainingly.</i>) Company made a hundred thousand out of his brains, and paid him seven hundred—that's the way he goes on, sir.	
WILDER:	The man's a rank agitator! Look here, I hate the Unions. But now we've got Harness here let's get him to settle the whole thing.	275
ANTHONY:	No! (<i>Again they look at him.</i>)	
UNDERWOOD:	Roberts won't let the men assent to that.	
SCANTLEBURY:	Fanatic! Fanatic!	
WILDER:	(<i>Looking at ANTHONY.</i>) And not the only one! (<i>FROST enters from the hall.</i>)	280
FROST:	(<i>To ANTHONY.</i>) Mr. Harness from the Union, waiting, sir. The men are here too, sir. (<i>ANTHONY nods. UNDERWOOD goes to the door, returning with HARNESS, a pale, clean-shaven man with hollow cheeks, quick eyes, and lantern jaw—FROST has withdrawn.</i>)	285
UNDERWOOD:	(<i>Pointing to TENCH's chair.</i>) Sit there next the Chairman, Harness, won't you? (<i>At HARNESS's appearance, the Board have drawn together, as it were, and turned a little to him, like cattle at a dog.</i>)	
HARNESS:	(<i>With a sharp look round, and a bow.</i>) Thanks! (<i>He sits—his accent is slightly nasal.</i>) Well, gentlemen, we're going to do business at last, I hope.	290
WILDER:	Depends on what you call business, Harness. Why don't you make the men come in?	
HARNESS:	(<i>Sardonically.</i>) The men are far more in the right than you are. The question with us is whether we shan't begin to support them again. (<i>He ignores them all, except ANTHONY, to whom he turns in speaking.</i>)	295
ANTHONY:	Support them if you like; we'll put in new workers and have done with it.	300
HARNESS:	That won't do, Mr. Anthony. You can't get new workers, and you know it.	
ANTHONY:	We shall see about that.	
HARNESS:	I'm quite frank with you. We were forced to withhold our support from your men because some of their demands are in excess of current rates. I expect to make them withdraw those demands to-day: if they do, take it straight from me, gentlemen, we shall back them again at once. Now, I want to see something fixed upon before I go back to-night. Can't we have done with this old-fashioned tug-of-war business? What good's it doing you? Why don't you recognise once for all that these people are men like yourselves, and want what's good for them just as you want what's good for you. (<i>Bitterly.</i>) Your motor-cars, and champagne, and eight-course dinners.	305
ANTHONY:	If the men will return to work, we'll do something for them.	
HARNESS:	(<i>Ironically.</i>) Is that your opinion too, sir—and yours—and yours? (<i>The Directors do not answer.</i>) Well, all I can say is: it's a kind of high and mighty aristocratic tone I thought we'd grown out of—seems I was mistaken.	310
ANTHONY:	It's the tone the men use. Remains to be seen which can hold out longest—they without us, or we without them.	
HARNESS:	As business men, I wonder you're not ashamed of this waste of force, gentlemen. You know what it'll all end in.	
ANTHONY:	What?	325
HARNESS:	Compromise—it always does.	

- SCANTLEBURY: Can't you persuade the men that their interests are the same as ours?
- HARNESS: (*Turning, ironically.*) I could persuade them of that, sir, if they were. 330
- WILDER: Come, Harness, you're a clever man, you don't believe all the Socialistic claptrap that's talked nowadays. There's no real difference between their interests and ours.
- HARNESS: There's just one very simple question I'd like to put to you. Will you pay your men one penny more than they force you to pay them? 335
- (*WILDER is silent.*)
- WANKLIN: (*Chiming in.*) I humbly thought that not to pay more than was necessary was the A B C of commerce.
- HARNESS: (*With irony.*) Yes, that seems to be the A B C of commerce, sir; and the A B C of commerce is between your interests and the men's. 340
- SCANTLEBURY : (*Whispering.*) We ought to arrange something.
- HARNESS: (*Drily.*) Am I to understand then, gentlemen, that your Board is going to make no concessions? 345
- (*WANKLIN and WILDER bend forward as if to speak, but stop.*)
- ANTHONY: (*Nodding.*) None.
(*WANKLIN and WILDER again bend forward, and SCANTLEBURY gives an unexpected grunt.*)
- HARNESS: You were about to say something, I believe? 350
- (*But SCANTLEBURY says nothing.*)
- EDGAR: (*Looking up suddenly.*) We're sorry for the state of the men.
- HARNESS: (*Icily.*) The men have no use for your pity, sir. What they want is justice.
- ANTHONY: Then let them be just. 355
- HARNESS: For that word "just" read "humble," Mr. Anthony. Why should they be humble? Barring the accident of money, aren't they as good men as you?
- ANTHONY: Empty political talk!
- HARNESS: Well, I've been five years in America. It colours a man's notions. 360
- SCANTLEBURY: (*Suddenly, as though avenging his uncompleted grunt.*) Let's have the men in and hear what they've got to say!
(*ANTHONY nods, and UNDERWOOD goes out by the single door.*)
- HARNESS: (*Drily.*) As I'm to have an interview with them this afternoon, gentlemen, I'll ask you to postpone your final decision till that's over. 365
- (*Again ANTHONY nods, and taking up his glass, drinks.*)
(*UNDERWOOD comes in again, followed by ROBERTS, GREEN, BULGIN, THOMAS, ROUS. They file in, hat in hand, and stand silent in a row. ROBERTS is lean, of middle height, with a slight stoop. He has a little straggly, brown-grey beard, moustaches, high cheek-bones, hollow cheeks, small fiery eyes. He wears a heavy, old and grease-stained blue suit, and carries an old bowler hat. He stands nearest the Chairman. GREEN, next to him, has a clean, worn face, with a small grey goatee beard and drooping moustaches, iron spectacles, and mild, straightforward eyes. He wears an overcoat, green with age, and a linen collar. Next to him is BULGIN, a tall, strong man, with a dark moustache, and fighting jaw, wearing a red scarf, who keeps changing his cap from one hand to the other. Next to him is THOMAS, an old man with a grey moustache, full beard,*
- 370
- 375
- 380

- and weatherbeaten, bony face, whose overcoat discloses a lean plucked-looking neck. On his right, ROUS, the youngest of the five, looks like a soldier; he has a glitter in his eyes.)* 385
- UNDERWOOD: (*Pointing.*) There are some chairs there against the wall, Roberts; won't you draw them up and sit down.
- ROBERTS: Thank you, Mr. Underwood—we'll stand in the presence of the Board. (*He speaks in a biting and staccato voice, rolling his r's, and his consonants short and crisp.*) How are you, Mr. Harness? Didn't expect t' have the pleasure of seeing you till this afternoon. 390
- HARNESS: (*Steadily.*) We shall meet again then, Roberts.
- ROBERTS: Glad to hear that; we shall have some news for you to take to your people. 395
- ANTHONY: What do the men want?
- ROBERTS: (*Acidly.*) Beg pardon, I don't quite catch the Chairman's remark.
- TENCH: (*From behind the Chairman's chair.*) The Chairman wishes to know what the men have to say.
- ROBERTS: It's what the Board has to say we've come to hear. It's for the Board to speak first. 400
- ANTHONY: The Board has nothing to say.
- ROBERTS: (*Looking along the line of men.*) In that case we're wasting the Directors' time. We'll be taking our feet off this pretty carpet. (*He turns, the men move slowly, as though hypnotically influenced.*) 405
- WANKLIN: (*Suavely.*) Come, Roberts, you didn't give us this long cold journey for the pleasure of saying that.
- THOMAS: (*very Welsh.*) No, sir, an' what I say is—
- ROBERTS: (*Bitingly.*) Go on, Henry Thomas, go on. You're better able to speak to the—Directors than me. (*THOMAS is silent.*) 410
- TENCH: The Chairman means, Roberts, that it was the men who asked for the conference, the Board wish to hear what they have to say.
- ROBERTS: If I was to begin to tell ye all they have to say, I wouldn't be finished to-day. And there'd be some that'd wish they'd never left their London palaces. 415
- HARNESS: What's your proposition, man? Be reasonable.
- ROBERTS: You want reason Mr. Harness? Take a look round this afternoon before the meeting. (*He looks at the men; no sound escapes them.*) You'll see some very pretty scenery. 420
- HARNESS: All right my friend; you won't put me off.
- ROBERTS: (*To the men.*) We shan't put Mr. Harness off. Have some champagne with your lunch, Mr. Harness; you'll want it, sir.
- HARNESS: Come, get to business, man! 425
- THOMAS: What we're asking, look you, is just simple justice.
- ROBERTS: (*Venomously.*) Justice from London? What are you talking about, Henry Thomas? Have you gone silly? (*THOMAS is silent.*) We know very well what we are—discontented dogs—never satisfied. What did the Chairman tell me up in London? That I didn't know what I was talking about. I was a foolish, uneducated man, that knew nothing of the wants of the men I spoke for. 430
- EDGAR: Do please keep to the point.
- ANTHONY: (*Holding up his hand.*) There can only be one master, Roberts.
- ROBERTS: Then, by heaven, it'll be us. 435
- (*There is a silence; ANTHONY and ROBERTS stare at one another.*)

- UNDERWOOD: If you've nothing to say to the Directors, Roberts, perhaps you'll let Green or Thomas speak for the men. (GREEN and THOMAS look anxiously at ROBERTS, at each other, and the other men.) 440
- GREEN: (An Englishman.) If I'd been listened to, gentlemen—
- THOMAS: What I've got to say, is what we've all got to say—
- ROBERTS: Speak for yourself, Henry Thomas.
- SCANTLEBURY: (With a gesture of deep spiritual discomfort.) Let the poor men call their souls their own! 445
- ROBERTS: Aye, they shall keep their souls, for it's not much body that you've left them, Mr. (with biting emphasis, as though the word were an offence) Scantlebury! (To the men.) Well, will you speak, or shall I speak for you? 450
- ROUS: (Suddenly.) Speak out, Roberts, or leave it to others.
- ROBERTS: (Ironically.) Thank you, George Rous. (Addressing himself to ANTHONY.) The Chairman and Board of Directors have honoured us by leaving London and coming all this way to hear what we've got to say; it would not be polite to keep them any longer waiting. 455
- WILDER: Well, thank God for that!
- ROBERTS: You will not dare to thank Him when I have done, Mr. Wilder, for all your piety. Maybe your God up in London has no time to listen to the working man. I'm told He is a wealthy God; but if He listens to what I tell Him, He will know more than ever He learned in Kensington. 460
- HARNESS: Come, Roberts, you have your own God. Respect the God of other men.
- ROBERTS: That's right, sir. We have another God down here; I doubt He is rather different to Mr. Wilder's. Ask Henry Thomas; he will tell you whether his God and Mr. Wilder's are the same. (THOMAS lifts his hand, and cranes his head as though to prophesy.) 465
- WANKLIN: For goodness' sake, let's keep to the point, Roberts. 470
- ROBERTS: I rather think it is the point, Mr. Wanklin. If you can get the God of Capital to walk through the streets of Labour, and pay attention to what he sees, you're a brighter man than I take you for, for all that you're a Radical.
- ANTHONY: Attend to me, Roberts! (Roberts is silent.) You are here to speak for the men, as I am here to speak for the Board. (He looks slowly round. WILDER, WANKLIN, and SCANTLEBURY make movements of uneasiness, and EDGAR gazes at the floor. A faint smile comes on HARNESS's face.) 475
- ROBERTS: Now then, what is it? 480
- ROBERTS: Right, Sir! (Throughout all that follows, he and ANTHONY look fixedly upon each other. Men and Directors show in their various ways suppressed uneasiness, as though listening to words that they themselves would not have spoken.) 485
- ROBERTS: The men can't afford to travel up to London; and they don't trust you to believe what they say in black and white. They know what the post is (he darts a look at UNDERWOOD and TENCH), and what Directors' meetings are: "Refer it to the manager—let the manager advise us on the men's condition. Can we squeeze them a little more?" 490
- UNDERWOOD: (In a low voice.) Don't hit below the belt, Roberts!

- ROBERTS: Is it below the belt, Mr. Underwood? The men know. When I came up to London, I told you the position straight. An' what came of it? I was told I didn't know what I was talkin' about. I can't afford to travel up to London to be told that again. 495
- ANTHONY: What have you to say for the men?
- ROBERTS: I have this to say—and first as to their condition. You shall 'ave no need to go and ask your manager. You can't squeeze them any more. Every man of us is well-nigh starving. (*A surprised murmur rises from the men. ROBERTS looks round.*) You wonder why I tell you that? Every man of us is going short. We can't be no worse off than we've been these weeks past. You needn't think that by waiting you'll drive us to come in. We'll die first, the whole lot of us. The men have sent for you to know, once and for all, whether you are going to grant them their demands. I see the sheet of paper in the Secretary's hand. (*TENCH moves nervously.*) That's it, I think, Mr. Tench. It's not very large. 500
- TENCH: (*Nodding.*) Yes.
- ROBERTS: There's not one sentence of writing on that paper that we can do without. 510
(A movement amongst the men. ROBERTS turns on them sharply.)
 Isn't that so?
(The men assent reluctantly. ANTHONY takes from TENCH the paper and peruses it.)
- ROBERTS: Not one single sentence. All those demands are fair. We have not asked anything that we are not entitled to ask. What I said up in London, I say again now: there is not anything on that piece of paper that a just man should not ask, and a just man give. 520
(A pause.)
- ANTHONY: There is not one single demand on this paper that we will grant. *(In the stir that follows on these words, ROBERTS watches the Directors and ANTHONY the men. WILDER gets up abruptly and goes over to the fire.)* 525
- ROBERTS: D' you mean that?
- ANTHONY: I do.
(WILDER at the fire makes an emphatic movement of disgust.)
- ROBERTS: *(Noting it, with dry intensity.)* You best know whether the condition of the Company is any better than the condition of the men. *(Scanning the Directors' faces.)* You best know whether you can afford your tyranny—but this I tell you: If you think the men will give way the least part of an inch, you're making the worst mistake you ever made. *(He fixes his eyes on SCANTLEBURY.)* You think because the Union is not supporting us—more shame to it!—that we'll be coming on our knees to you one fine morning. You think because the men have got their wives an' families to think of—that it's just a question of a week or two— 530
- ANTHONY: It would be better if you did not speculate so much on what we think. 540
- ROBERTS: Aye! It's not much profit to us! I will say this for you, Mr. Anthony—you know your own mind! *(Staring at ANTHONY.)* I can reckon on you!
- ANTHONY: *(Ironically.)* I am obliged to you!
- ROBERTS: And I know mine. I tell you this: The men will send their wives and families where the country will have to keep them; an' they will starve sooner than give way. I advise you, Mr. Anthony, to prepare yourself for the worst that can happen to your Company. We are 545

- not so ignorant as you might suppose. We know the way the cat is jumping. Your position is not all that it might be—not exactly! 550
- ANTHONY: Be good enough to allow us to judge of our position for ourselves. Go back, and reconsider your own.
- ROBERTS: (*Stepping forward.*) Mr. Anthony, you are not a young man now; from the time I remember anything you have been an enemy to every man that has come into your works. I don't say that you're 555 a mean man, or a cruel man, but you've grudged them the say of any word in their own fate. You've fought them down four times. I've heard you say you love a fight—mark my words—you're fighting the last fight you'll ever fight!
(*TENCH touches ROBERTS's sleeve.*) 560
- UNDERWOOD: Roberts! Roberts!
- ROBERTS: Roberts! Roberts! I mustn't speak my mind to the Chairman, but the Chairman may speak his mind to me!
- WILDER: What are things coming to?
- ANTHONY: (*With a grim smile at WILDER.*) Go on, Roberts; say what you like! 565
- ROBERTS: (*After a pause.*) I have no more to say.
- ANTHONY: The meeting stands adjourned to five o'clock.
- WANKLIN: (*In a low voice to UNDERWOOD.*) We shall never settle anything like this. 570
- ROBERTS: (*Bitingly.*) We thank the Chairman and Board of Directors for their gracious hearing.
(*He moves towards the door; the men cluster together stupefied; then ROUS, throwing back his head, passes ROBERTS and goes out. The others follow.*) 575
- ROBERTS: (*With his hand on the door—maliciously.*) Good day, gentlemen!
(*He goes out.*)
- HARNESS: (*Ironically.*) I congratulate you on the conciliatory spirit that's been displayed. With your permission, gentlemen, I'll be with you again at half-past five. Good morning! 580
(*He bows slightly, rests his eyes on ANTHONY, who returns his stare unmoved, and, followed by UNDERWOOD, goes out. There is a moment of uneasy silence. UNDERWOOD reappears in the doorway.*)
- WILDER: (*With emphatic disgust.*) Well! 585
(*The double-doors are opened.*)
- ENID: (*Standing in the doorway.*) Lunch is ready.
(*EDGAR, getting up abruptly, walks out past his sister.*)
- WILDER: Coming to lunch, Scantlebury?
- SCANTLEBURY: (*Rising heavily.*) I suppose so, I suppose so. It's the only thing we can do. 590
(*They go out through the double-doors.*)
- WANKLIN: (*In a low voice.*) Do you really mean to fight to a finish, Chairman?
(*ANTHONY nods.*) 595
- WANKLIN: Take care! The essence of things is to know when to stop.
(*ANTHONY does not answer.*)
- WANKLIN: (*Very gravely.*) This way disaster lies. (*He goes out through the double-doors.*)
- ENID: I want to speak to father, Frank. (*UNDERWOOD follows WANKLIN out. TENCH, passing round the table, is restoring order to the scattered pens and papers.*) Aren't you coming, Dad? (*ANTHONY shakes his head. ENID looks meaningly at TENCH.*) Won't you go and have some lunch, Mr. Tench?

TENCH:	(<i>With papers in his hand.</i>) Thank you, ma'am, thank you! (<i>He goes slowly, looking back.</i>)	605
ENID:	(<i>Shutting the doors.</i>) I do hope it's settled, Father!	
ANTHONY:	No!	
ENID:	(<i>Very disappointed.</i>) Oh! Haven't you done anything! (<i>ANTHONY shakes his head.</i>)	610
	Frank says they all want to come to a compromise, really, except that man Roberts.	
ANTHONY:	I don't.	
ENID:	It's such a horrid position for us. If you were the wife of the manager, and lived down here, and saw it all. You can't realise, Dad!	615
ANTHONY:	Indeed?	
ENID:	We see all the distress. You remember my maid Annie, who married Roberts? (<i>ANTHONY nods.</i>) It's so wretched, her heart's weak; since the strike began, she hasn't even been getting proper food. I know it for a fact, Father.	620
ANTHONY:	Give her what she wants, poor woman!	
ENID:	Roberts won't let her take anything from us.	
ANTHONY:	(<i>Staring before him.</i>) I can't be answerable for the men's obstinacy.	625
ENID:	They're all suffering. Father! Do stop it, for my sake!	
ANTHONY:	(<i>With a keen look at her.</i>) You don't understand, my dear.	
ENID:	If I were on the Board, I'd do something.	
ANTHONY:	What would you do?	
ENID:	It's because you can't bear to give way. It's so—	630
ANTHONY:	Well?	
ENID:	So unnecessary.	
ANTHONY:	What do you know about necessity? Read your novels, play your music, talk your talk, but don't try and tell me what's at the bottom of a struggle like this.	635
ENID:	I live down here, and see it.	
ANTHONY:	What d' you imagine stands between you and your class and these men that you're so sorry for?	
ENID:	(<i>Coldly.</i>) I don't know what you mean, Father.	
ANTHONY:	In a few years you and your children would be down in the condition they're in, but for those who have the eyes to see things as they are and the backbone to stand up for themselves.	640
ENID:	You don't know the state the men are in.	
ANTHONY:	I know it well enough.	
ENID:	You don't, Father; if you did, you wouldn't—	645
ANTHONY:	It's you who don't know the simple facts of the position. What sort of mercy do you suppose you'd get if no one stood between you and the continual demands of labour? This sort of mercy— (<i>He puts his hand up to his throat and squeezes it.</i>) First would go your sentiments, my dear; then your culture, and your comforts would be going all the time!	650
ENID:	I don't believe in barriers between classes.	
ANTHONY:	You—don't—believe—in—barriers—between the classes?	
ENID:	(<i>Coldly.</i>) And I don't know what that has to do with this question.	655
ANTHONY:	It will take a generation or two for you to understand.	
ENID:	It's only you and Roberts, Father, and you know it! (<i>ANTHONY thrusts out his lower lip.</i>)	
	It'll ruin the Company.	
ANTHONY:	Allow me to judge of that.	660

- ENID: (*Resentfully.*) I won't stand by and let poor Annie Roberts suffer like this! And think of the children, Father! I warn you.
- ANTHONY: (*With a grim smile.*) What do you propose to do?
- ENID: That's my affair.
(*ANTHONY only looks at her. She continues in a changed voice, stroking his sleeve.*) 665
Father, you know you oughtn't to have this strain on you—you know what Dr. Fisher said!
- ANTHONY: No old man can afford to listen to old women.
- ENID: But you have done enough, even if it really is such a matter of principle with you. 670
- ANTHONY: You think so?
- ENID: Don't Dad! (*Her face shows great emotion.*) You—you might think of us!
- ANTHONY: I am. 675
- ENID: It'll break you down.
- ANTHONY: (*Slowly.*) My dear, I am not going to funk; on that you may rely.
(*Re-enter TENCH with papers; he glances at them, then plucking up courage.*)
- TENCH: Beg pardon, Madam, I think I'd rather see these papers were disposed of before I get my lunch. 680
(*ENID, after an impatient glance at him, looks at her father, turns suddenly, and goes into the drawing-room. TENCH holds the papers and a pen to ANTHONY, very nervously.*)
- Would you sign these for me, please sir? 685
(*ANTHONY takes the pen and signs.*)
- TENCH: (*Standing with a sheet of blotting-paper behind EDGAR's chair, begins speaking nervously.*) I owe my position to you, sir.
- ANTHONY: Well?
- TENCH: I'm obliged to see everything that's going on, sir; I—I depend upon the Company entirely. If anything were to happen to it, it'd be disastrous for me. (*ANTHONY nods.*) And, of course, my wife's just had another; and so it makes me doubly anxious just now. And the rates are really terrible down our way. 690
- ANTHONY: (*With grim amusement.*) Not more terrible than they are up mine. 695
- TENCH: No, Sir? (*Very nervously.*) I know the Company means a great deal to you, sir.
- ANTHONY: It does; I founded it.
- TENCH: Yes, Sir. If the strike goes on it'll be very serious. I think the Directors are beginning to realise that, sir. 700
- ANTHONY: (*Ironically.*) Indeed?
- TENCH: I know you hold very strong views, sir, and it's always your habit to look things in the face; but I don't think the Directors—like it, sir, now they—they see it. 705
- ANTHONY: (*Grimly.*) Nor you, it seems.
- TENCH: (*With the ghost of a smile.*) No, sir; of course I've got my children, and my wife's delicate; in my position I have to think of these things. (*ANTHONY nods.*) It wasn't that I was going to say, sir, if you'll excuse me— (*hesitates.*) 710
- ANTHONY: Out with it, then!
- TENCH: I know—from my own father, sir, that when you get on in life you do feel things dreadfully—
- ANTHONY: (*Almost paternally.*) Come, out with it, Tench!
- TENCH: I don't like to say it, sir. 715
- ANTHONY: (*Stonily.*) You must.

- TENCH: *(After a pause, desperately bolting it out.)* I think the Directors are going to throw you over, sir.
- ANTHONY: *(Sits in silence.)* Ring the bell!
(TENCH nervously rings the bell and stands by the fire.) 720
- TENCH: Excuse me for saying such a thing. I was only thinking of you, sir.
(FROST enters from the hall, he comes to the foot of the table, and looks at ANTHONY; TENCH conveys his nervousness by arranging papers.) 725
- ANTHONY: Bring me a whiskey and soda.
- FROST: Anything to eat, sir?
(ANTHONY shakes his head. FROST goes to the sideboard, and prepares the drink.)
- TENCH: *(In a low voice, almost supplicating.)* If you could see your way, sir, it would be a great relief to my mind, it would indeed. *(He looks up at ANTHONY, who has not moved.)* It does make me so very anxious. I haven't slept properly for weeks, sir, and that's a fact.
(ANTHONY looks in his face, then slowly shakes his head.) 735
(Disheartened.) No, Sir? *(He goes on arranging papers.)*
(FROST places the whiskey and salver and puts it down by ANTHONY's right hand. He stands away, looking gravely at ANTHONY.)
- FROST: Nothing I can get you, sir? *(ANTHONY shakes his head.)* You're aware, sir, of what the doctor said, sir? 740
- ANTHONY: I am.
(A pause. FROST suddenly moves closer to him, and speaks in a low voice.)
- FROST: This strike, sir; puttin' all this strain on you. Excuse me, sir, is it— is it worth it, sir? 745
(ANTHONY mutters some words that are inaudible.)
Very good, sir!
(He turns and goes out into the hall. TENCH makes two attempts to speak; but meeting his Chairman's gaze he drops his eyes, and, turning dismally, he too goes out. ANTHONY is left alone. He grips the glass, tilts it, and drinks deeply; then sets it down with a deep and rumbling sigh, and leans back in his chair.) 750

The curtain falls.

	ACT III. The drawing-room of the Manager's house.	755
	<i>(It is five o'clock. In the UNDERWOODS' drawing-room, which is artistically furnished, ENID is sitting on the sofa working at a baby's frock. EDGAR, by a little spindle-legged table in the centre of the room, is fingering a china box. His eyes are fixed on the double-doors that lead into the dining-room.)</i>	760
EDGAR:	<i>(Putting down the china box, and glancing at his watch.)</i> Just on five, they're all in there waiting. <i>(ENID looks up at him.)</i> This is a beastly business, old girl. <i>(He takes up the little box again and turns it over and over.)</i>	
ENID:	I went to the Roberts's this afternoon, Ted.	765
EDGAR:	That wasn't very wise.	
ENID:	He's simply killing his wife.	
EDGAR:	We are you mean.	
ENID:	<i>(Suddenly.)</i> Roberts ought to give way!	
EDGAR:	There's a lot to be said on the men's side.	770
ENID:	I don't feel half so sympathetic with them as I did before I went. They just set up class feeling against you. Poor Annie was looking dreadfully bad—fire going out, and nothing fit for her to eat. <i>(EDGAR walks to and fro.)</i> But she would stand up for Roberts. When you see all this wretchedness going on and feel you can do nothing, you have to shut your eyes to the whole thing.	775
EDGAR:	If you can.	
ENID:	When I went I was all on their side, but as soon as I got there I began to feel quite different at once. People talk about sympathy with the working classes, they don't know what it means to try and put it into practice. It seems hopeless.	780
EDGAR:	Ah! well.	
ENID:	It's dreadful going on with the men in this state. I do hope Dad will make concessions.	785
EDGAR:	He won't. <i>(Gloomily.)</i> It's a sort of religion with him. Curse it! I know what's coming! He'll be voted down.	
ENID:	They wouldn't dare!	
EDGAR:	They will—they're in a funk.	
ENID:	<i>(Indignantly.)</i> He'd never stand it!	790
EDGAR:	<i>(With a shrug.)</i> My dear girl, if you're beaten in a vote, you've got to stand it.	
ENID:	Oh! <i>(She gets up in alarm.)</i> But would he resign?	
EDGAR:	Of course! It goes to the roots of his beliefs.	
ENID:	But he's so wrapped up in this company, Ted! There'd be nothing left for him! It'd be dreadful! <i>(EDGAR shrugs his shoulders.)</i> Oh, Ted, he's so old now! You mustn't let them!	795
EDGAR:	<i>(Hiding his feelings in an outburst.)</i> My sympathies in this strike are all on the side of the men.	
ENID:	He's been Chairman for more than thirty years! He made the whole thing! And think of the bad times they've had; it's always been he who pulled them through. Oh, Ted, you must!	800
EDGAR:	What is it you want? You said just now you hoped he'd make concessions. Now you want me to back him in not making them. This isn't a game, Enid!	805
ENID:	<i>(Hotly.)</i> It isn't a game to me that Dad's in danger of losing all he cares about in life. If he won't give way, and he's beaten, it'll simply break him down! It's your first duty to save him.	

EDGAR:	I wonder.	
ENID:	<i>(Imploring.)</i> Oh, Ted? It's the only interest he's got left; it'll be like a death-blow to him!	810
EDGAR:	<i>(Restraining his emotion.)</i> I know.	
ENID:	Promise!	
EDGAR:	I'll do what I can. <i>(He turns to the double-doors.)</i> <i>(The curtained door is opened, and ANTHONY appears. EDGAR opens the double-doors, and passes through.)</i> <i>(SCANTLEBURY's voice is faintly heard: "Past five; we shall never get through—have to eat another dinner at that hotel!" The doors are shut. ANTHONY walks forward.)</i>	815
ANTHONY:	You've been seeing Roberts, I hear.	
ENID:	Yes.	
ANTHONY:	Do you know what trying to bridge such a gulf as this is like? <i>(ENID puts her work on the little table, and faces him.)</i> Filling a sieve with sand!	825
ENID:	Don't!	
ANTHONY:	You think with your gloved hands you can cure the trouble of the century. <i>(He passes on.)</i>	
ENID:	Father! <i>(ANTHONY stops at the double doors.)</i> I'm only thinking of you!	830
ANTHONY:	<i>(More softly.)</i> I can take care of myself, my dear.	
ENID:	Have you thought what'll happen if you're beaten— <i>(she points)</i> —in there?	835
ANTHONY:	I don't mean to be.	
ENID:	Oh! Father, don't give them a chance. You're not well; need you go to the meeting at all?	
ANTHONY:	<i>(With a grim smile.)</i> Cut and run?	
ENID:	But they'll out-vote you!	840
ANTHONY:	<i>(Putting his hand on the doors.)</i> We shall see!	
ENID:	I beg you, Dad! Won't you? <i>(ANTHONY looks at her softly.)</i> <i>(ANTHONY shakes his head. He opens the doors. A buzz of voices comes in.)</i>	845
SCANTLEBURY:	Can one get dinner on that 6.30 train up?	
TENCH:	No, Sir, I believe not, sir.	
WILDER:	Well, I shall speak out; I've had enough of this.	
EDGAR:	<i>(Sharply.)</i> What? <i>(It ceases instantly. ANTHONY passes through, closing the doors behind him. ENID springs to them with a gesture of dismay. She puts her hand on the knob, and begins turning it; then goes to the fireplace, and taps her foot on the fender. Suddenly she rings the bell. FROST comes in by the door that leads into the hall.)</i>	850
FROST:	Yes, Ma'm?	
ENID:	When the men come, Frost, please show them in here; the hall's cold.	
FROST:	I could put them in the pantry, Ma'm.	
ENID:	No. I don't want to—to offend them; they're so touchy.	860
FROST:	Yes, Ma'm <i>(Pause.)</i> Excuse me, Mr. Anthony's 'ad nothing to eat all day.	
ENID:	I know Frost.	
FROST:	Nothin' but two whiskies and sodas, Ma'm.	

- ENID: Oh! you oughtn't to have let him have those. 865
 FROST: (*Gravely.*) Mr. Anthony is a little difficult, Ma'm. It's not as if he were a younger man, an' knew what was good for 'im; he will have his own way.
- ENID: I suppose we all want that.
 FROST: Yes, Ma'm (*Quietly.*) Excuse me speakin' about the strike. I'm sure if the other gentlemen were to give up to Mr. Anthony, and quietly let the men 'ave what they want, afterwards, that'd be the best way. I find that very useful with him at times, Ma'm. (*ENID shakes her head.*) If he's crossed, it makes him violent, (*with an air of discovery*) and I've noticed in my own case, when I'm violent I'm always sorry for it afterwards. 870
 875
- ENID: (*With a smile.*) Are you ever violent, Frost?
 FROST: Yes, Ma'm; oh! sometimes very violent.
 ENID: I've never seen you.
 FROST: (*Impersonally.*) No, Ma'm; that is so. 880
 (*ENID fidgets towards the back of the door.*)
 (*With feeling.*) Bein' with Mr. Anthony, as you know, Ma'm, ever since I was fifteen, it worries me to see him crossed like this at his age. I've taken the liberty to speak to Mr. Wanklin (*dropping his voice*)—seems to be the most sensible of the gentlemen— 885
 but 'e said to me: "That's all very well, Frost, but this strike's a very serious thing," 'e said. "Serious for all parties, no doubt," I said, "but humour 'im, sir," I said, "humour 'im. It's like this, if a man comes to a stone wall, 'e doesn't drive 'is 'ead against it, 'e gets over it." "Yes" 'e said, "you'd better tell your master that." 890
 (*FROST looks at his nails.*) That's where it is, Ma'm. I said to Mr. Anthony this morning: "Is it worth it, sir?" "Damn it," he said to me, "Frost! Mind your own business, or take a month's notice!" Beg pardon, Ma'm, for using such a word.
- ENID: (*Moving to the double-doors, and listening.*) Do you know that man Roberts, Frost? 895
 FROST: Yes, Ma'm; that's to say, not to speak to. But to look at 'im you can tell what he's like.
- ENID: (*Stopping.*) Yes?
 FROST: He's not one of these ordinary harmless Socialists. 'E's violent; got a fire inside 'im. What I call "personal." A man may 'ave what opinions 'e likes, so long as 'e's not personal; when 'e's that he's not safe. 900
- ENID: I think that's what my father feels about Roberts.
 FROST: No doubt, Ma'm, Mr. Anthony has a feeling against him. 905
 (*ENID glances at him sharply, but finding him in perfect earnest, stands biting her lips, and looking at the double-doors.*)
 It's a regular right down struggle between the two. I've no patience with this Roberts, from what I 'ear he's just an ordinary workin' man like the rest of 'em. If he did invent a thing he's no worse off than 'undreds of others. My brother invented a new kind o' dumb-waiter—nobody gave him anything for it, an' there it is, bein' used all over the place. 910
 (*ENID moves closer to the double-doors.*)
 There's a kind o' man that never forgives the world, because 'e wasn't born a gentleman. What I say is—no man that's a gentleman looks down on another because 'e 'appens to be a class or two above 'im, no more than if 'e 'appens to be a class or two below. 915

ENID:	(<i>With slight impatience.</i>) Yes, I know, Frost, of course. Will you please go in and ask if they'll have some tea; say I sent you.	920
FROST:	Yes, Ma'm. (<i>He opens the doors gently and goes in. There is a momentary sound of earnest, rather angry talk.</i>) (<i>A parlourmaid enters from the hall.</i>)	925
PARLOURMAID:	A Miss Thomas, Ma'm.	
ENID:	(<i>Raising her head.</i>) Thomas? What Miss Thomas—d' you mean a—?	
PARLOURMAID:	Yes, Ma'm.	
ENID:	(<i>Blankly.</i>) Oh! Where is she?	930
PARLOURMAID:	In the porch.	
ENID:	I'll come out. No, show her in here, Ellen. (<i>The PARLOURMAID goes out. ENID pursing her lips, sits at the little table, taking up the baby's frock. The PARLOURMAID ushers in MADGE THOMAS and goes out; MADGE stands by the door.</i>)	935
ENID:	Come in. What is it? What have you come for, please?	
MADGE:	Brought a message from Mrs. Roberts.	
ENID:	A message? Yes.	
MADGE:	She asks you to look after her mother.	940
ENID:	I don't understand.	
MADGE:	(<i>Sullenly.</i>) That's the message.	
ENID:	But—what—why?	
MADGE:	Annie Roberts is dead. (<i>There is a silence.</i>)	945
ENID:	(<i>Horrified.</i>) But it's only a little more than an hour since I saw her.	
MADGE:	Of cold and hunger.	
ENID:	(<i>Rising.</i>) Oh! that's not true! the poor thing's heart—What makes you look at me like that? I tried to help her.	950
MADGE:	(<i>With suppressed savagery.</i>) I thought you'd like to know.	
ENID:	(<i>Passionately.</i>) It's so unjust! Can't you see that I want to help you all?	
MADGE:	I never harmed any one that hadn't harmed me first.	
ENID:	(<i>Coldly.</i>) What harm have I done you? Why do you speak to me like that?	955
MADGE:	(<i>With the bitterest intensity.</i>) You come out of your comfort to spy on us! A week of hunger, that's what you want!	
ENID:	(<i>Standing her ground.</i>) Don't talk nonsense!	
MADGE:	I saw her die; her hands were blue with the cold.	960
ENID:	(<i>With a movement of grief.</i>) Oh! why wouldn't she let me help her? It's such senseless pride!	
MADGE:	Pride's better than nothing to keep your body warm.	
ENID:	(<i>Passionately.</i>) I won't talk to you! How can you tell what I feel? It's not my fault that I was born better off than you.	965
MADGE:	We don't want your money.	
ENID:	You don't understand, and you don't want to; please go away!	
MADGE:	(<i>Balefully.</i>) You've killed her, for all your soft words, you and your father!	
ENID:	(<i>With rage and emotion.</i>) That's wicked! My father is suffering himself through this wretched strike.	970
MADGE:	(<i>With sombre triumph.</i>) Then tell him Mrs. Roberts is dead! That'll make him better.	
ENID:	Go away!	

MADGE:	When a person hurts us we get it back on them.	975
ENID:	Go away!	
MADGE:	I've given you the message. <i>(She turns and goes out into the hall. ENID, motionless till she has gone, sinks down at the table, bending her head over the frock, which she is still clutching to her. The double-doors are opened, and ANTHONY comes slowly in; he passes his daughter, and lowers himself into an arm-chair. He is very flushed.)</i>	980
ENID:	<i>(Hiding her emotion – anxiously.)</i> What is it, Dad? <i>(ANTHONY makes a gesture, but does not speak.)</i> Who was it? <i>(ANTHONY does not answer. ENID going to the double-doors meets EDGAR coming in. They speak together in low tones.)</i> What is it, Ted?	985
EDGAR:	That fellow Wilder! Taken to personalities! He was downright insulting.	990
ENID:	What did he say?	
EDGAR:	Said, Father was too old and feeble to know what he was doing! Dad's worth six of him!	
ENID:	Of course he is. <i>(They look at ANTHONY. The doors open wider, WANKLIN appears with SCANTLEBURY.)</i>	995
SCANTLEBURY:	<i>(Sotto voce.)</i> I don't like the look of this!	
WANKLIN:	<i>(Going forward.)</i> Come, Chairman! Wilder sends you his apologies. A man can't do more. <i>(WILDER, followed by TENCH, comes in, and goes to ANTHONY.)</i>	1000
WILDER:	<i>(Glumly.)</i> I withdraw my words, sir. I'm sorry. <i>(ANTHONY nods to him.)</i>	
ENID:	You haven't come to a decision, Mr. Wanklin? <i>(WANKLIN shakes his head.)</i>	1005
WANKLIN:	We're all here, Chairman; what do you say? Shall we get on with the business, or shall we go back to the other room?	
SCANTLEBURY:	Yes, yes; let's get on. We must settle something. <i>(He turns from a small chair, and settles himself suddenly in the largest chair with a sigh of comfort. WILDER and WANKLIN also sit; and TENCH, drawing up a straight-backed chair close to his Chairman, sits on the edge of it with the minute-book and a pen.)</i>	1010
ENID:	<i>(Whispering.)</i> I want to speak to you a minute, Ted. <i>(They go out through the double-doors.)</i>	1015
WANKLIN:	Really, Chairman, it's no use soothing ourselves with a sense of false security. If this strike's not brought to an end before the General Meeting, the shareholders will certainly haul us over the coals.	1020
SCANTLEBURY:	<i>(Stirring.)</i> What—what's that?	
WANKLIN:	I know it for a fact.	
ANTHONY:	Let them!	
WILDER:	And get turned out?	
WANKLIN:	<i>(To ANTHONY.)</i> I don't mind martyrdom for a policy in which I believe, but I object to being burnt for someone else's principles.	1025
SCANTLEBURY:	Very reasonable—you must see that, Chairman.	
ANTHONY:	We owe it to other employers to stand firm.	
WANKLIN:	There's a limit to that.	1030

- ANTHONY: You were all full of fight at the start.
 SCANTLEBURY: (*With a sort of groan.*) We thought the men would give in, but they haven't!
- ANTHONY: They will!
- WILDER: (*Rising and pacing up and down.*) I can't have my reputation as a man of business destroyed for the satisfaction of starving the men out. (*Almost in tears.*) I can't have it! How can we meet the shareholders with things in the state they are? 1035
- SCANTLEBURY: Hear, hear—hear, hear!
- WILDER: If any one expects me to say to them I've lost you fifty thousand pounds and sooner than put my pride in my pocket I'll lose you another. (*Glancing at ANTHONY.*) It's—it's unnatural! I don't want to go against you, sir. 1040
- WANKLIN: (*Persuasively.*) Come Chairman, we're not free agents. We're part of a machine. Our only business is to see the Company earns as much profit as it safely can. If you blame me for want of principle: I say that we're Trustees. Reason tells us we shall never get back in the saving of wages what we shall lose if we continue this struggle—really, Chairman, we must bring it to an end, on the best terms we can make. 1045
- ANTHONY: No.
 (*There is a pause of general dismay.*)
- WILDER: It's a deadlock then. (*Letting his hands drop with a sort of despair.*) Now I shall never get off to Spain!
- WANKLIN: (*Retaining a trace of irony.*) You hear the consequences of your victory, Chairman? 1055
- WILDER: (*With a burst of feeling.*) My wife's ill!
- SCANTLEBURY: Dear, dear! You don't say so.
- WILDER: If I don't get her out of this cold, I won't answer for the consequences. 1060
 (*Through the double-doors EDGAR comes in looking very grave.*)
- EDGAR: (*To his Father.*) Have you heard this, sir? Mrs. Roberts is dead! (*Everyone stares at him, as if trying to gauge the importance of this news.*) 1065
 Enid saw her this afternoon, she had no coals, or food, or anything.
 It's enough!
 (*There is a silence, every one avoiding the other's eyes, except ANTHONY, who stares hard at his son.*) 1070
- SCANTLEBURY: You don't suggest that we could have helped the poor thing?
- WILDER: (*Flustered.*) The woman was in bad health. Nobody can say there's any responsibility on us. At least—not on me.
- EDGAR: (*Hotly.*) I say that we are responsible.
- ANTHONY: War is war! 1075
- EDGAR: Not on women!
- WANKLIN: It not infrequently happens that women are the greatest sufferers.
- EDGAR: If we knew that, all the more responsibility rests on us.
- ANTHONY: This is no matter for amateurs. 1080
- EDGAR: Call me what you like, sir. It's sickened me. We had no right to carry things to such a length.
- WILDER: I don't like this business a bit—that Radical rag will twist it to their own ends; see if they don't! They'll get up some cock and bull story about the poor woman's dying from starvation. I wash my hands of it. 1085

- EDGAR: You can't. None of us can.
- SCANTLEBURY: (*Striking his fist on the arm of his chair.*) But I protest against this!
- EDGAR: Protest as you like, Mr. Scantlebury, it won't alter facts. 1090
- ANTHONY: That's enough.
- EDGAR: (*Facing him angrily.*) No, sir, I tell you exactly what I think. If we pretend the men are not suffering, it's humbug; and if they're suffering, we know enough of human nature to know the women are suffering more, and as to the children—well—it's damnable! 1095
(*SCANTLEBURY rises from his chair.*)
- I don't say that we meant to be cruel, I don't say anything of the sort; but I do say it's criminal to shut our eyes to the facts. We employ these men, and we can't get out of it. I don't care so much about the men, but I'd sooner resign my position on the Board than go on starving women in this way. 1100
(*All except ANTHONY are now upon their feet, ANTHONY sits grasping the arms of his chair and staring at his son.*)
- SCANTLEBURY: I don't—I don't like the way you're putting it, young sir.
- WANKLIN: You're rather overshooting the mark. 1105
- WILDER: I should think so indeed!
- EDGAR: (*Losing control.*) It's no use ignoring things! If you want to have the death of women on your hands—I don't!
- SCANTLEBURY: Now, now, young man!
- WILDER: On our hands? Not on mine, I won't have it! 1110
- EDGAR: We are five members of this Board; if we were four against it, why did we let it drift till it came to this? You know perfectly well why—because we hoped we should starve the men out. Well, all we've done is to starve one woman out!
- SCANTLEBURY: (*Almost hysterically.*) I protest, I protest! I'm a humane man—we're all humane men! 1115
- EDGAR: (*Scornfully.*) There's nothing wrong with our humanity. It's our imaginations, Mr. Scantlebury.
- WILDER: Nonsense! My imagination's as good as yours.
- EDGAR: If so, it isn't good enough. 1120
- WILDER: I foresaw this!
- EDGAR: Then why didn't you put your foot down!
- WILDER: Much good that would have done.
(*He looks at ANTHONY.*)
- EDGAR: If you, and I, and each one of us here who say that our imaginations are so good— 1125
- SCANTLEBURY: (*Flurried.*) I never said so.
- EDGAR: (*Paying no attention.*) —had put our feet down, the thing would have been ended long ago, and this poor woman's life wouldn't have been crushed out of her like this. For all we can tell there may be a dozen other starving women. 1130
- SCANTLEBURY: For God's sake, sir, don't use that word at a—at a Board meeting; it's—it's monstrous.
- EDGAR: I will use it, Mr. Scantlebury.
- SCANTLEBURY: Then I shall not listen to you. I shall not listen! It's painful to me. 1135
(*He covers his ears.*)
- WANKLIN: None of us are opposed to a settlement, except your Father.
- EDGAR: I'm certain that if the shareholders knew—
- WANKLIN: I don't think you'll find their imaginations are any better than ours. Because a woman happens to have a weak heart— 1140

- EDGAR: A struggle like this finds out the weak spots in everybody. Any child knows that. If it hadn't been for this cut-throat policy, she needn't have died like this; and there wouldn't be all this misery that anyone who isn't a fool can see is going on.
(*Throughout the foregoing ANTHONY has eyed his son; he now moves as though to rise, but stops as EDGAR speaks again.*) 1145
- WANKLIN: I don't defend the men, or myself, or anybody.
You may have to! A coroner's jury of disinterested sympathisers may say some very nasty things. We mustn't lose sight of our position. 1150
- SCANTLEBURY: (*Without uncovering his ears.*) Coroner's jury! No, no, it's not a case for that!
- EDGAR: I've had enough of cowardice.
- WANKLIN: Cowardice is an unpleasant word, Mr. Edgar Anthony. It will look very like cowardice if we suddenly concede the men's demands when a thing like this happens; we must be careful! 1155
- WILDER: Of course we must. We've no knowledge of this matter, except a rumour. The proper course is to put the whole thing into the hands of Harness to settle for us; that's natural, that's what we should have come to anyway. 1160
- SCANTLEBURY: (*With dignity.*) Exactly! (*Turning to EDGAR.*) And as to you, young sir, I can't sufficiently express my—my distaste for the way you've treated the whole matter. You ought to withdraw! Talking of starvation, talking of cowardice! Considering what our views are! Except your own is—is one of goodwill—it's most irregular, it's most improper, and all I can say is it's—it's given me pain—
(*He places his hand over his heart.*) 1165
- EDGAR: (*Stubbornly.*) I withdraw nothing.
(*He is about to say more when SCANTLEBURY once more covers up his ears. A sense of having been engaged in the unusual comes over all of them, and one by one they resume their seats. EDGAR alone remains on his feet.*) 1170
- WILDER: (*With an air of trying to wipe something out.*) I pay no attention to what young Mr. Anthony has said. Coroner's jury! The idea's preposterous. I—I move this amendment to the Chairman's Motion: that the dispute be placed at once in the hands of Mr. Simon Harness for settlement, on the lines indicated by him this morning. Any one second that? 1175
(*TENCH writes in his book.*)
- WANKLIN: I do. 1180
- WILDER: Very well, then; I ask the Chairman to put it to the Board.
- ANTHONY: (*With a great sigh – slowly.*) We have been made the subject of an attack. (*Looking round at WILDER and SCANTLEBURY with ironical contempt.*) I take it on my shoulders. I am seventy-six years old. I have been Chairman of this Company since its inception more than thirty years ago. I have seen it pass through good and evil report. My connection with it began in the year that this young man was born. 1185
(*EDGAR bows his head. ANTHONY, gripping his chair, goes on.*)
I have had to do with "men" for fifty years; I've always stood up to them; I have never been beaten yet. I have fought the men of this Company four times, and four times I have beaten them. It has been said that I am not the man I was. (*He looks at Wilder.*)
However that may be, I am man enough to stand to my guns. 1190
(*His voice grows stronger. The double-doors are opened. ENID slips in, followed by UNDERWOOD, who restrains her.*) 1195

- The men have been treated justly, they have had fair wages, we have always been ready to listen to complaints. It has been said that times have changed; if they have, I have not changed with them. Neither will I. It has been said that masters and men are equal! Cant! There can only be one master in a house! Where two men meet the better man will rule. It has been said that Capital and Labour have the same interests. Cant! Their interests are as wide asunder as the poles. It has been said that the Board is only part of a machine. Cant! We are the machine; its brains and sinews; it is for us to lead and to determine what is to be done, and to do it without fear or favour. Fear of the men! Fear of the shareholders! Fear of our own shadows! Before I am like that, I hope to die. 1200
- (He pauses, and meeting his son's eyes, goes on.)* 1210
- There is only one way of treating "men"—with the iron hand. This half and half business, the half and half manners of this generation, has brought all this upon us. Sentiment and softness, and what this young man, no doubt, would call his social policy. You can't eat cake and have it! This middle-class sentiment, or socialism, or whatever it may be, is rotten. Masters are masters, men are men! Yield one demand, and they will make it six. They are *(he smiles grimly)* like Oliver Twist, asking for more. If I were in their place I should be the same. But I am not in their place. Mark my words: one fine morning, when you have given way here, and given way there—you will find you have parted with the ground beneath your feet, and are deep in the bog of bankruptcy; and with you, floundering in that bog, will be the very men you have given way to. I have been accused of being a domineering tyrant, thinking only of my pride—I am thinking of the future of this country, threatened with the black waters of confusion, threatened with mob government, threatened with what I cannot see. If by any conduct of mine I help to bring this on us, I shall be ashamed to look my fellows in the face. 1215
- (ANTHONY stares before him, at what he cannot see, and there is perfect stillness. FROST comes in from the hall, and all but ANTHONY look round at him uneasily.)* 1220
- FROST: *(To his master.)* The men are here, sir. *(ANTHONY makes a gesture of dismissal.)* Shall I bring them in, sir? 1225
- ANTHONY: Wait! 1230
- (FROST goes out, ANTHONY turns to face his son.)*
- I come to the attack that has been made upon me. *(EDGAR, with a gesture of deprecation, remains motionless with his head a little bowed.)* 1240
- A woman has died. I am told that her blood is on my hands; I am told that on my hands is the starvation and the suffering of other women and of children. 1245
- EDGAR: I said "on our hands," sir.
- ANTHONY: It is the same. *(His voice grows stronger and stronger, his feeling is more and more made manifest.)* I am not aware that if my adversary suffers in a fair fight not sought by me, it is my fault. If I fall under his feet—as fall I may—I shall not complain. That will be my look-out—and this is—his. I cannot separate, as I would, these men from their women and children. A fair fight is a fair fight! Let them learn to think before they pick a quarrel! 1250
- EDGAR: *(In a low voice.)* But is it a fair fight, Father? Look at them, and look at us! They've only this one weapon!

- ANTHONY: (*Grimly.*) And you're weak-kneed enough to teach them how to use it! It seems the fashion nowadays for men to take their enemy's side. I have not learnt that art. Is it my fault that they quarrelled with their Union too? 1255
- EDGAR: There is such a thing as Mercy.
- ANTHONY: And justice comes before it.
- EDGAR: What seems just to one man, sir, is injustice to another.
- ANTHONY: (*With suppressed passion.*) You accuse me of injustice—of what amounts to inhumanity—of cruelty? 1260
(*EDGAR makes a gesture of horror—a general frightened movement.*)
- WANKLIN: Come, come, Chairman.
- ANTHONY: (*In a grim voice.*) These are the words of my own son. They are the words of a generation that I don't understand; the words of a soft breed. 1265
(*A general murmur. With a violent effort ANTHONY recovers his control.*)
- EDGAR: (*Quietly.*) I said it of myself, too, Father. 1270
(*A long look is exchanged between them, and ANTHONY puts out his hand with a gesture as if to sweep the personalities away; then places it against his brow, swaying as though from giddiness. There is a movement towards him. He moves them back.*) 1275
- ANTHONY: Before I put this amendment to the Board, I have one more word to say. (*He looks from face to face.*) If it is carried, it means that we shall fail in what we set ourselves to do. It means that we shall fail in the duty that we owe to all Capital. It means that we shall fail in the duty that we owe ourselves. It means that we shall be open to constant attack to which we as constantly shall have to yield. Be under no misapprehension—run this time, and you will never make a stand again! You will have to fly like dogs before the whips of your own men. If that is the lot you wish for, you will vote for this amendment. 1280
(*He looks again, from face to face, finally resting his gaze on EDGAR; all sit with their eyes on the ground. ANTHONY makes a gesture, and TENCH hands him the book. He reads.*) 1285
"Moved by Mr. Wilder, and seconded by Mr. Wanklin: 'That the men's demands be placed at once in the hands of Mr. Simon Harness for settlement on the lines indicated by him this morning.'" (*With sudden vigour.*) Those in favour: Signify the same in the usual way! 1290
(*For a minute no one moves; then hastily, just as ANTHONY is about to speak, WILDER's hand and WANKLIN's are held up, then SCANTLEBURY's, and last EDGAR's who does not lift his head.*) 1295
(*ANTHONY lifts his own hand.*)
- ANTHONY: (*In a clear voice.*) The amendment is carried. I resign my position on this Board. 1300
(*ENID gasps, and there is dead silence. ANTHONY sits motionless, his head slowly drooping; suddenly he heaves as though the whole of his life had risen up within him.*)
Fifty years! You have disgraced me, gentlemen. Bring in the men! 1305
(*He sits motionless, staring before him. The Board draws hurriedly together, and forms a group. TENCH in a frightened*

- manner speaks into the hall. UNDERWOOD almost forces ENID from the room.)*
- WILDER: (*Hurriedly.*) What's to be said to them? Why isn't Harness here? 1310
Ought we to see the men before he comes? I don't—
- TENCH: Will you come in, please?
(Enter THOMAS, GREEN, BULGIN, and ROUS, who file up in a row past the little table. TENCH sits down and writes. All eyes are fixed on ANTHONY, who makes no sign.) 1315
- WANKLIN: *(Stepping up to the little table, with nervous cordiality.)* Well, Thomas, how's it to be? What's the result of your meeting?
- ROUS: Harness has our answer. He'll tell you what it is. We're waiting for him. He'll speak for us.
- WANKLIN: Is that so, Thomas? 1320
- THOMAS: *(Sullenly.)* Yes. Roberts will not be coming, his wife is dead.
- SCANTLEBURY: Yes, yes! Poor woman! Yes! Yes!
- FROST: *(Entering from the hall.)* Mr. Harness, Sir!
(FROST goes as HARNESS enters.)
- (HARNESS has a piece of paper in his hand, he bows to the Directors, nods towards the men, and takes his stand behind the little table in the very centre of the room.)* 1325
- HARNESS: Good evening, gentlemen.
(TENCH, with the paper he has been writing, joins him, they speak together in low tones.) 1330
- WILDER: We've been waiting for you, Harness. Hope we shall come to some—
- FROST: *(Entering from the hall.)* Roberts!
(He goes.)
- (ROBERTS comes hastily in, and stands staring at ANTHONY. His face is drawn and old.)* 1335
- ROBERTS: Mr. Anthony, I am afraid I am a little late, I would have been here in time but for something that—has happened. *(To the men.)* Has anything been said?
- THOMAS: No! But, man, what made you come? 1340
- ROBERTS: You told us this morning, gentlemen, to go away and reconsider our position. We have reconsidered it; we are here to bring you the men's answer. *(To ANTHONY.)* Go back to London. We have nothing for you. By no jot or tittle do we abate our demands, nor will we until the whole of those demands are yielded. 1345
(ANTHONY looks at him but does not speak. There is a movement amongst the men as though they were bewildered.)
- HARNESS: Roberts!
- ROBERTS: *(Glancing fiercely at him, and back to ANTHONY.)* Is that clear enough for you? Is it short enough and to the point? You made a mistake to think that we would come to heel. You may break the body, but you cannot break the spirit. Get back to London, the men have nothing for you. 1350
(Pausing uneasily he takes a step towards the unmoving ANTHONY.) 1355
- EDGAR: We're all sorry for you, Roberts, but—
- ROBERTS: Keep your sorrow, young man. Let your father speak!
- HARNESS: *(With the sheet of paper in his hand, speaking from behind the little table.)* Roberts!
- ROBERTS: *(To ANTHONY, with passionate intensity.)* Why don't you answer? 1360
- HARNESS: Roberts!
- ROBERTS: *(Turning sharply.)* What is it?

- HARNESS: (Gravely.) You're talking without the book; things have travelled past you. 1365
(He makes a sign to TENCH, who beckons the Directors. They quickly sign his copy of the terms.)
 Look at this, man! *(Holding up his sheet of paper.)* "Demands conceded, with the exception of those relating to the engineers and furnace-men. Double wages for Saturday's overtime. Night-shifts as they are." These terms have been agreed. The men go back to work again to-morrow. The strike is at an end. 1370
- ROBERTS: *(Reading the paper, and turning on the men. They shrink back from him, all but ROUS, who stands his ground. With deadly stillness.)* You have gone back on me? I stood by you to the death; you waited for that to throw me over! 1375
(The men answer, all speaking together.)
- ROUS: It's a lie!
- THOMAS: You were past endurance, man.
- GREEN: If you'd listen to me! 1380
- BULGIN: *(Under his breath.)* Hold your jaw!
- ROBERTS: You waited for that!
- HARNESS: *(Taking the Directors' copy of the terms, and handing his own to TENCH.)* That's enough, men. You had better go. 1385
(The men shuffle slowly, awkwardly away.)
- WILDER: *(In a low, nervous voice.)* There's nothing to stay for now, I suppose. *(He follows to the door.)* I shall try for that train! Coming, Scantlebury?
- SCANTLEBURY: *(Following with WANKLIN.)* Yes, yes; wait for me. 1390
(He stops as ROBERTS speaks.)
- ROBERTS: *(To ANTHONY.)* But you have not signed them terms! They can't make terms without their Chairman! You would never sign them terms! 1395
(ANTHONY looks at him without speaking.) Don't tell me you have! For the love o'God! *(With passionate appeal.)* I reckoned on you!
- HARNESS: *(Holding out the Directors' copy of the terms.)* The Board has signed! 1400
(ROBERTS looks dully at the signatures—dashes the paper from HARNESS's hand, and covers up his eyes.)
- SCANTLEBURY: *(Behind his hand to TENCH.)* Look after the Chairman! He's not well; he's not well—he had no lunch. If there's any fund started for the women and children, put me down for—for twenty pounds. 1405
(He goes out into the hall, in clumsy haste; and WANKLIN, who has been staring at ROBERTS and ANTHONY with twitchings of his face, follows. EDGAR remains seated on the sofa, looking at the ground; TENCH, returning to the bureau, writes in his minute-book. HARNESS stands by the little table, gravely watching ROBERTS.)
- ROBERTS: Then you're no longer Chairman of this Company! *(Breaking into half-mad laughter.)* Ah! ha-ah, ha, ha! They've thrown you over—thrown over their Chairman: Ah-ha-ha! *(With a sudden dreadful calm.)* So—they've done us both down, Mr. Anthony? 1410
(ENID, hurrying through the double-doors, comes quickly to her father.)
- ANTHONY: Both broken men, my friend Roberts!
- HARNESS: *(Coming down and laying his hands on ROBERTS's sleeve.)* For shame, Roberts! Go home quietly, man; go home!

- ROBERTS: (*Tearing his arm away.*) Home? (*Shrinking together—in a whisper.*) Home! 1420
- ENID: (*Quietly to her father.*) Come away, dear! Come to your room. (*ANTHONY rises with an effort. He turns to ROBERTS who looks at him. They stand several seconds, gazing at each other fixedly; ANTHONY lifts his hand, as though to salute, but lets it fall. The expression of ROBERTS's face changes from hostility to wonder. They bend their heads in token of respect. ANTHONY turns, and slowly walks towards the curtained door. Suddenly he sways as though about to fall, recovers himself, and is assisted out by EDGAR and ENID; UNDERWOOD follows, but stops at the door. ROBERTS remains motionless for several seconds, staring intently after ANTHONY, then goes out into the hall.*) 1425
- TENCH: (*Approaching HARNESS.*) It's a great weight off my mind, Mr. Harness! But what a painful scene, sir! (*He wipes his brow.*) It's all been so violent! What did he mean by: "Done us both down?" If he has lost his wife, poor fellow, he oughtn't to have spoken to the Chairman like that! 1435
- HARNESS: (*Pale and resolute.*) A woman dead; and the two best men both broken!
- TENCH: (*Staring at him—suddenly excited.*) D'you know, sir—these terms, they're the very same we drew up together, you and I, and put to both sides before the fight began? All this—all this—and—and what for? 1440
- HARNESS: (*In a slow grim voice.*) That's where the fun comes in! (*UNDERWOOD without turning from the door makes a gesture of assent.*) 1445

The curtain falls.

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