

Tom. Act 2 Scene 2

*MAY sits at the table, a little time later, doing her accounts. She will not be able to concentrate on them for her own thoughts crowding in.*

*Meanwhile the lights are brought up on TOM in full kit standing by the tarpaulin. The sound of the guns has continued. The letter he speaks is one she will not get till later. She must never seem to react to it in any way. But, of course, his presence in her mind is very strong.*

TOM. Dear May, just a few lines to thank you for the parcel. I hardly know what to say, it was so generous, all things considered. It bought you many good opinions of Ralph and Arthur and the rest, and not least of me. I hope you don't mind me sharing it as we do all parcels here. There was much praise for the kidney soup and strawberry jam, a most welcome change from our endless Maconochie and plum and apple. In return I hope to send you the sketches I've done here of various Pals you will recognise. What I have tried to capture in their faces is that free spirit of comradeship you see out here but never see at home. Despite the rough life it's the best feeling on earth the way we're all for one and one for each. And that's lesson number one for when this is over if we're not to go back to the old narrow ways they force on us. I still have the snapshots of you and will use my best endeavours to render your portrait in crayon though it can never live up to the good heart and splendid appearance of the original. Yours in gratitude and affection, Tom.

*The light on TOM fades. He goes off.*

*MAY pats her accounts away. Suddenly the gunfire ceases.*