

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER

OR

TENDERNESS

A Pastoral Romance
by DH Lawrence
Adapted by Phillip Breen
from the 'Lady Chatterley' novels.

Final Draft
Sheffield Theatres / English Touring Theatre

Characters

Lady Constance Chatterley, 26
Sir Clifford Chatterley, her husband, 31
Oliver Mellors, his gamekeeper, 37
Ivy Bolton, a district nurse, 47
Hilda Reid, Constance's sister, 27
Sir Malcolm Reid RA, 52 Mrs.
Michaelis, an Irish playwright, 30
His servant
A trades unionist, 30s
Mr. Linley, pit manager, 40s
Mrs. Flint, a local teacher, 25
Field, Sir Clifford's chauffeur, 40s
Dan Coutts, Mellors' brother-in-law, 30s
Mrs. Bentley, a tea shop proprietor, 40s
Albert Adam, a gamekeeper from New Zealand, 37
A jazz band

All other roles played by members of the ensemble.

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Time - Winter to Autumn 1922

PART ONE: WINTER

1.

Lights up slowly on Wragby Hall. Everything in the great house is covered in dust sheets. Buckets collect drips from the ceiling. Enter Constance with a bucket. She places it on the floor. She hears a drip and looks up.

Music. Beethoven Piano Sonata No. 23 Op.57 in F minor 2nd movement.

2.

Constance pushes her husband Clifford in a wheelchair to the bedroom past servants. He was paralysed in the war. On the bed she gives him a bed bath. She is entirely concerned with the practical task at hand. It is not easy, but they've found a way. There is a ticking clock.

Clifford: I'm sorry.

Constance: What for?

Clifford: I know how I depend on you.

Constance: You know I want you to.

Clifford: I know.

Beat

You did want me before all this didn't you?

Constance: Yes.

Clifford: I know. And I know you will go on wanting. Even though I am put out of your life forever in that respect. It's rather horrible. But we have to make the best of it.

Constance: We've got to live no matter how many skies have fallen.

Clifford: Quite.

Constance: Build new habitats, new hopes.

Clifford: Of course. But I want you to live your own life. I don't want to stop you doing that.

Pause. She holds his hand.

I never met anybody who was killed, who didn't want to be.

Beat. With a bitter laugh.

Where does that leave me?

3.

Constance's father, Sir Malcolm Reid, stands in Constance's room. He is holding a Renoir nude he looks for a place to hang it.

Sir Malcolm: Constance, I hope you're not putting too great a strain on yourself.

Constance: What strain father?

Sir Malcolm: You're not yourself. You're running for a fall the pair of you.

Constance: In what way?

Sir Malcolm: I'll sit down.

A sound of a typewriter echoes round the house.

There's absolutely nothing in his writing you know.

Constance: He's made a success of it.

Beat

Sir Malcolm: I find your house depressing.

Constance: I know you do father.

Sir Malcolm: I'm afraid I count the hours until I can leave. And this is your fourth winter here?

Constance nods.

Sir Malcolm: It would be absurd to ask if you were happy.

Constance: Why?

Sir Malcolm: Well are you?

Constance: I'm doing what I have to do.

Sir Malcolm: I hope, Connie, you won't allow circumstances force you in to being a demi-vierge.

Constance: A half virgin?

Beat.

Why? Why not?

Sir Malcolm: Unless you like it of course.

Beat. They look at each other.

It doesn't suit you, you know.

Constance: In what way doesn't it suit me?

Sir Malcolm: You're getting thin - angular. You're not a thin English pilchard. You're a bonny Scotch trout.

Constance: Well what should I do?

Sir Malcolm: It is so difficult to advise you. You need more life, more society. You need to dance and, yes, flirt a little. Come to Venice with me.

Constance: I can't leave Clifford in the winter.

Sir Malcolm: Why not? Let him come along then. Other men do in his condition. Everyone knows its the war.

Beat.

I'll talk to him.

Constance: Father please don't.

Sir Malcolm: I remember your mother.

Constance: Father please.

Sir Malcolm: She was shut away. Its what lead to her illness.

Constance: Father -

Sir Malcom: I always consider she killed herself.

Beat

I'll talk to him, or I shall have to take you away.

4.

Constance listens to the muffled sound of two men talking on the other side of the door. The following lines can barely be distinguished.

Clifford: A half virgin?!

Sir Malcolm: Yes man! She needs more society! More life!

Clifford: Is that right?

Sir Malcolm: It is, Clifford or I shall take her to back to London!

There are some raised voices. Sir Malcolm abruptly opens the door and storms past Constance. Constance and a flustered Clifford look at one another.

Clifford: Very well.

5.

Dinner at Wragby. Constance, Clifford and Michaelis. Michaelis and Clifford look alike. Servants in attendance. A clock ticks.

Michaelis: Money! Money is a sort of instinct. It's a sort of property of nature in a man to make money. It's nothing you *do*. It's no trick you play. It's a sort of permanent accident of your own nature: once you start to make money, and you go on -

Clifford: But you've got to begin -

Michaelis: Oh, quite! You've got to get *in*: you can do nothing if you're kept outside. You've got to beat your way in. But once you've done that, you can't help it.

Clifford: And do you think you could have made money except by writing plays?

Michaelis: Oh probably not. I may be a good playwright, I may be a bad one. But a writer of plays is what I am.

Constance: And do you think it's a writer of popular plays that you've got to be?

Michaelis: There exactly! There's nothing in it! There's nothing in popularity. There's nothing in the public if it comes to that. There's nothing really in my plays to make them popular. They just are. Like the weather. The sort that will have to be. For the time being.

Clifford: It's wonderful, what you've achieved at your time of life, Mr. Michaelis. From one writer to another.

Michaelis: I'm thirty, yes, I'm thirty.

Clifford: And are you alone?

Michaelis: How do you mean? Do I live alone? Yes. I have a servant. He's Greek and quite incompetent, but I keep him - And I'm going to marry. I must marry.

Constance: It sounds like going to get your tonsils cut. Will it be an effort?

Michaelis: Well Lady Chatterley somehow it will! I find - excuse me - I can't marry an Englishwoman, nor even an Irishwoman -

Clifford: Try an American -

Michaelis servant enters

Michaelis: I've asked my man to find me a Turk or something closer to the oriental.

He whispers something in to Michaelis' ear.

Would you please excuse me a moment, Sir Clifford?

Clifford: Of course.

Michaelis makes the long walk to the door. Constance and Clifford share a thin smile.

6.

After dinner. Clifford plays the piano falteringly, Constance sings a Scottish air. Michaelis stands and watches inscrutably with a glass of brandy.

Constance: *[Singing]* Touch not the nettle

Lest it should sting ye
Wally sae green the bracken grows
Love not the lassie you cannot win
For the bands of love are sore to lose

7.

Constance's room that night. Michaelis admires the Renoir.

Constance: But why are you such a lonely bird?

Michaelis: Some birds are that way. But look here, aren't you by way of being a lonely bird yourself?

Beat. She's taken aback by this.

Constance: Only in way. Not all together. Not like you.

Michaelis: (*Smiling*) Am I altogether a lonely bird?

Constance: You are aren't you?

Michaelis: You're quite right.

Beat. He turns back to the painting.

Michaelis: It's pleasant up here. You're wise to get to the top of the house.

Constance: Yes I think so.

Michaelis: It's awfully nice of you to think of me.

Constance: Why shouldn't I think of you?

Michaelis: Oh in that way. May I hold your hand for a minute?

He kneels by her taking her feet in his hands. He buries his head in her lap. She looks at the nape of his neck. He looks up at her.

8.

Moments later. In silence Michaelis and Constance are rearranging their dress after sex. Michaelis is on the verge of tears.

Michaelis: I suppose now you'll hate me.

Constance: Hate you?

Michaelis: They mostly do. A woman is supposed to.

Constance: This is the last moment when I ought to hate you.

Michaelis: I know! I know! It's how it should be! You're frightfully good to me -

He doesn't know what to do. Constance is bewildered. Michaelis looks at the door.

Constance: Won't you sit down?

Michaelis: Sir Clifford- Wont he - won't he be - ?

Beat

Constance: Perhaps.

Beat

I don't want Clifford to know - not even to suspect. It would hurt him so. But I don't think it's wrong, do you?

Michaelis: Wrong? Good God no.

He turns away.

Constance: But we needn't let Clifford know need we? And if he never knows. Never suspects, it hurts nobody.

Michaelis: Me! He'll learn nothing from me. Me? Give myself away?

She watches him in bewilderment. He keeps looking at the door.

Um. May I kiss your hand and go? May I do anything for you? May I be sure you don't hate me? And that you won't...

Constance: No. I don't hate you. I think you're nice.

Michaelis: I'd rather you said that than you loved me. It means so much more.

Beat

Till later then.

He exits. Constance is left alone.

9.

Constance pours tea. Clifford is typing. They have their backs to each other for this exchange, getting on with their own activities.

Clifford: I don't think I can stand Michaelis.

Constance: Why?

Clifford: Under his veneer - he's a bounder.

Constance: Really?

Clifford: Just waiting to bounce us.

Constance: I think people have been very unkind to him.

Clifford: Do you wonder? Do you think he spends his shining hours doing acts of kindness?

Constance: I think he has a certain sort of generosity.

Clifford: Towards whom?

Beat

Constance: I don't know.

Clifford: Of course. You've mistaken unscrupulousness for generosity.

Music: Schubert, Moment musical, Op. 94, D.780: No. 3 'En fa mineur'.

10.

The music plays throughout this scene. A comic play is being performed, in which a man in a wheelchair and his wife are the main parts. It's a like a weird dream. It's lit by limelight and shell footlights. There is huge laughter. The curtain falls and Michaelis carrying the script bows with the company.

11.

A London hotel room. Constance is in the process of climaxing quite wildly. Michaelis has long since done so. She finishes. They readjust their dress.

Michaelis: You couldn't go off at the same time as me could you? You have to bring yourself off. You have to run the show.

Constance: What do you mean?

Michaelis: You know what I mean. You keep on for hours after I've... And I have to hang on with my teeth until you... by your own exertions.

Beat

Constance: But you want me to go on, don't you? To get my own satisfaction?

Michaelis: (*Laughing bitterly*) I want it? That's good. I want to hang on with my teeth clenched while you go for me?

Constance: But don't you?

Michaelis: All damned women are like this. Either they don't go off at all, as if they were dead in there - or else they wait til a chap is really done, then they start to bring themselves off and a chap has to hang on. I never had a woman yet who went off at the same moment I did.

Constance: But you want me to have my satisfaction too, don't you?

Michaelis: I'm quite willing. But I'm darned if waiting for you to come is much of a game.

Constance is stunned. He looks at himself in the mirror for the rest of the scene, adjusting his collar and hair etc. Silence.

Michaelis: Did you enjoy the play?

Constance: Very much.

Michaelis: Its quite funny isn't it?

Constance: Yes.

Michaelis: First act needs attention.

Constance: Perhaps.

Michaelis: I think it might be my best work. Do you agree?

Constance: I do.

Beat

Look. Why don't you and I make a clean thing of it? Why don't we marry?

Constance: But I am married.

Michaelis: He'll hardly notice you've gone after a month. He doesn't know anyone exists apart from himself.

12.

Crows. Dim February sunshine. An occasional sound from the pits in the distance. They are looking over the the estate. Clifford in his wheelchair.

Clifford: I consider this really is the heart of England.

Constance: Do you?

Clifford: This is the heart of England and I intend to keep it intact.

Constance: Oh yes.

Clifford: I want this wood perfect - untouched. I want nobody to trespass on it. I'm having that hill replanted. Father denuded it for trench timber. You can see the colliery railway from here. It's rather a shame.

In the distance the eleven o'clock whistle goes at the colliery.

Clifford: I mind more, not having a son, when I come here than any other time.

Constance: But the wood is older than your family.

Clifford: Quite. But we've preserved it. But for us it would go: it would be gone already, like the rest of the forest. One must preserve some of the old England.

Constance: Against the new England, I suppose?

Clifford: With the population increasing in millions each year... If some of the old England isn't preserved, there'll be no England at all. And we who have this property, and the feeling for it, must preserve it.

Beat

Constance: Yes. For a little while.

Clifford: For a little while. It's all we can do. We can only do our bit. Every man of my family has done his bit. And they are all there in the family tomb. One may go against convention, but one must keep up the tradition.

Constance: What tradition?

Clifford: The tradition of England. Of this.

Constance: Yes.

Clifford: That's why having a son helps. One is only a link in a chain.

Constance: I'm sorry we can't have a son.

He looks at her. Pause.

Clifford: It would almost be a good thing if you had a child by another man. If we brought it up at Wragby it would belong to us. And the place. If we had the child to rear, it would be our own. And it would carry on. Don't you think its worth considering?

Constance: But what about the other man?

Clifford: Does it matter very much? Do those things really affect us deeply? One body's the same as another. You had that lover in Germany before we met. These little connections we make in our lives that matter so very much... They pass away. The occasional sexual connections especially. If people don't over exaggerate them they pass like the mating of birds. It's what endures through life that matters. It's the living together from day to day, not the sleeping together once or twice. Little by little, living together, people fall in to a sort of unison. They vibrate so intricately on one another. That's the real secret of marriage. Not sex.

At least not the simple function of sex. You and I are interwoven in a marriage. If we stick to that, we ought to be able to arrange the sex thing. Since fate has given us a check mate physically there.

Constance: And wouldn't you mind what man's child I had?

Clifford: You wouldn't let the wrong sort of fellow touch you.

Constance: But men and women may have different feelings about the wrong sort of fellow.

Clifford. No. You cared for me. I don't believe you'd ever care for a man who was purely antipathetic to me. Your rhythm wouldn't let you.

Pause

Constance: And should you expect me to tell you?

Clifford: No. I'd better not know. But you do agree with me don't you? That the casual sex thing is nothing compared to a long life together? Isn't the whole problem of life the slow building up of an integral personality through the years? Living an integrated life. There's no point in a disintegrated life. If a lack of sex is going to disintegrate you, go out and have sex. If a lack of a child is going to disintegrate you, then have a child if you possibly can. But you only do those those things so you can have an integrated life. And one that we can have together. Don't you think? Constance? Don't you agree?

Constance: As far as I can see, I agree with you. Only life may turn quite a new face on it all.

Clifford: But until life turns a new face on it all do you agree?

Constance: Yes. I think I do.

Mellors enters carrying a gun. Crows.

Clifford: Mellors.

Mellors salutes.

Connie this is the new gamekeeper Mellors. You haven't spoken to her Ladyship yet have you Mellors?

Mellors: No sir.

A distant noise of the pits.

13.

Tevershall Village. An Orgreave style stand off. A man stands on a raised platform making a furious speech to a furious crowd. They are on the cusp of violence. Police begin to gather in the distance.

Trade Unionist: We've become very good at sympathising with the plight of the rich in these benighted times brothers and sisters! Very good indeed! But their sympathy for us, for our plight, seems to be in very short supply! And why do the ruling classes not feel guilty? Why do they not feel guilty for having a hundred times, a thousand times more than their fair share of all the advantages? They were very pally durin' their war! When working men in their millions were being turned in to red spray by the German shells! But we knew! We knew the score! They were goin' back to their own gilded bloody lives and we were going back to work! But brothers and sisters, you'd a thought it were in their interest to even things up, just a little bit, when you see what is happenin' in Dublin and in Glasgow and in London and in Moscow! You might think they'd let a little more come *our* way! But they will not! They will not do it until they are forced to! Our rich people feel a more kindred feeling with other rich people, whether they're Americans or Germans or Russians or Jews or anything, than they do with us, their own countrymen. It isn't Germans they're holding out against, it isn't Germans that they afraid of! It's us! Its working men, who are Englishmen the same as they are! Working men who are in the majority in England!

Applause and cheers.

14.

Constance walks in the woods alone, she is deeply preoccupied. Birdsong. She arrives at a field of snowdrops. She stops to catch her breath. A distant sound of the change of shift horn at Tevershall.

15.

She knocks on a door. She knocks again. She hears water splashing. She goes round the back of the cottage. Mellors is bathing outside stripped to the waist. She watches briefly. Inscrutably. Then runs away.

16.

Constance stands in front of the door for a moment listening. The water has stopped splashing. She knocks. After a moment the door opens. His hair is wet. She is tired.

Constance: Sir Clifford sent me. I've only come with a message.

Mellors: Would you care to come in, your ladyship?

Constance: No thanks. Sir Clifford was wondering if we might have two pheasants for supper, Tuesday.

Mellors: Very good your ladyship.

Beat

Constance: Do you live here alone?

Mellors: Quite alone your Ladyship.

Constance: I hope I didn't disturb you.

Mellors: Not at all your Ladyship.

Crows.

17.

Constance shaves Clifford. A clock ticks.

Constance: The gamekeeper Mellors is a curious sort of person. He might almost be a gentleman.

Clifford: Might he? I hadn't noticed.

Constance: I think there's something special about him.

Clifford: He only came out of the army less than a year ago. From India I think. He might have picked up certain tricks out there - perhaps he was some officers servant and improved on his position. Some of the men were like that. But it does them no good - they have to be put back in to their old place when they come home again.

Constance: But you don't think there's something special about him?

More washing. A beat.

Clifford: No. Not that I'd noticed. He has an estranged wife and child who lives with his mother.

18.

Constance's room. The sound of typing echoes round the house. Constance takes off her clothes and stands in front of a mirror naked in the half light. She moves the lamp to shine fully on her. She inspects herself. She is sick.

19.

Hilda bursts in to Clifford's room. Followed by a servant. A bell from a grandfather clock. The servant stands in the background.

Hilda: My sister is looking awfully unwell.

Clifford: She's a little thinner. She's barely sleeping.

Hilda: What are you going to do about it?

Clifford: Do you think it's necessary to do anything?

Hilda: Ill take her to a doctor. Can you suggest a good one round here?

Clifford: I'm afraid I can't.

Hilda: Then I'll take her to London where we have a doctor we trust. You must have a nurse or someone to look after you personally. You should really have a manservant.

Clifford: You think so?

Hilda: Either that or father and I must take Connie away. This can't go on.

Clifford: What can't go on?

Hilda: Just look at the child.

Clifford: Connie and I will discuss it.

Hilda: We've already discussed it. Here's the address of a good manservant who served an invalid patient of the doctor's 'til he died last month.

Clifford: But I am not an invalid, and I will not have a manservant.

Hilda: Then here is the address of a woman. A nurse from the village. Ivy Bolton. Clifford?

Pause

Very well. If we don't settle something by tomorrow, I shall telegraph father and we will take Connie away.

Clifford: Will Connie go?

Hilda: She won't want to. But she must. Mother died of cancer, brought on by fretting. We're not running any risks.

20.

A harsh white light. A doctor inspects Constance's body. Poking, prodding, looking in her mouth. Hilda watches nervously from a distance.

21.

Ivy Bolton sits before Sir Clifford and Hilda with a cup of tea. Mrs. Bolton wears a smile all the way through the speech.

Mrs. Bolton: ... And my Ted was twenty eight when he was killed in an explosion down pit. Twenty-two years ago last Christmas. Just at Christmastime. Left me with two kiddies one a baby in arms. Mind the baby's now married, to a young man in the Boot's cash chemist in Sheffield. T'other 'un's a teacher in Chesterfield. She'll come 'ome weekends when she's not asked out somewhere by somebody. Young 'uns enjoy themselves nowadays - not like when I was a girl. So. Yes. The butty in front shouted to them all to lay down quick - they were four of 'em, and they all lay down in time and were safe, only Ted, and it killed 'im. Buried 'im alive. He was one in a thousand and jolly as the day. Whoever thought he'd get killed!

Beat.

Clifford: (Quietly) Yes.

Mrs. Bolton: Then the enquiry said Ted'd been frightened and tried t'run away, and not obeying orders and it was 'is fault. Well I got three hundred pound. More a gift than legal compensation really. I wanted to open a shop, but they wouldn't let me have the money all in a oner. I had to draw it at thirty shillings a week, in case I squandered it on alcohol. Every Monday I had to wait in't' street for hours waiting me turn, with all kinds o' folk, and me with two children. So I went to work in the Uthwaite hospital in the end just to keep independent. Qualified as a nurse in me fourth year. But as I say Sir Clifford, the company's always been very good to me, I always say it. Wonderful. I'm very grateful for all the company's done for me. But I wish they hadn't said what they said about my Ted. For he was as steady and as fearless a chap as ever set foot in a cage and it was as good as branding him a coward. But there he was, dead. And he couldn't say nothing to none of them.

22.

Constance watches from a chair as Mrs. Bolton buzzes energetically around Clifford's study.

Mrs Bolton: Shall I do this now Sir Clifford?

Clifford: No, Mrs. Bolton, leave it for a time.

Mrs Bolton: Shall I do that instead then, Sir Clifford?

Clifford: I'll have it done later Mrs. Bolton.

Mrs. Bolton: Very well Sir Clifford.

Clifford: Come again in half an hour.

Mrs. Bolton: Very well Sir Clifford.

Clifford: And just take those old papers out will you?

Mrs. Bolton: Very well Sir Clifford. Anything else Sir Clifford?

Clifford: (*Laughing*) No. No thank you Mrs. Bolton. Mrs. Bolton?

Mrs. Bolton: Yes Sir Clifford?

Clifford: Actually, I think I'd rather *you* shaved me this morning.

Mrs. Bolton: Ah...I've had experience of that.

For the first time we see Clifford smile.

23.

Mrs. Bolton shaves Clifford with a cut-throat razor. Crows. Mrs. Bolton knicks him. He winces.

Mrs. Bolton: *(With real tenderness)* Shhh. There, there.

*Suddenly echoing round the house we hear **Music: 2nd movement of the Beethoven Piano Sonata number 8. Op 13 in C Minor**, its being played falteringly at first, then with increasing confidence. Clifford sits up a little straighter and listens with real attention.*

Mrs. Bolton: I didn't know her Ladyship played the piano.

Clifford: I think we'd all forgotten.

The music continues.

24.

Mrs. Bolton enters busily with towels and a water jug. She pauses. Looks at Constance and smiles a thin smile. Constance stops playing for a moment.

Mrs. Bolton: I hope you don't mind milady, but I thought I'd run Sir Clifford's bath.

Constance: Not at all.

Mrs. Bolton: To help your ladyship while she recovers.

Constance: Thank you.

Mrs. Bolton: Now why don't you go for a walk through the wood and look at the daffs behind the keepers cottage? They're the prettiest sight you'd see in a day's march. And you could put some in your room.

Mrs. Bolton exits. Constance looks out at the daylight. Its spring. The music begins again, The stage transforms.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO - SPRING

1.

Music continues. Constance walks through the woods. Sunshine. Daffodils. Music finishes. Birdsong. A woodpecker. We hear the tap, tap tap of a hammer. At first we think it might be from nature. Mellors is mending cages in a clearing near a hut. Constance steps on some bracken and Mellors turns round to face her. He's startled. He didn't want to be disturbed. They look at each other for a moment. She's weak with illness.

Constance: I wondered what the hammering was.

Mellors gets back to his work.

I'll rest a minute before I go on.

Mellors: Shall yer sit i'th' hut awhile?

Constance: I think I will.

He takes out a wooden chair. She sits in it.

Mellors: Should yer like the door shut?

Constance: No.

Without really looking at each other, he gets back to repairing the cages. Constance starts to sleep. Birdsong.

2.

Birdsong. Constance watches him work with the sun on her face. She breathes deeply. He mends cages. Three more have appeared.

3.

Early evening. Constance stands up. Mellors doesn't look round. She passes closer to him. When he senses her, he stands up. They look at each other for a moment.

Constance: It's so nice here. So restful.

No reply.

I should like to come to the hut sometimes to sit awhile.

Still no reply.

Do you lock the hut when you're not here?

Mellors: Ay.

Constance: Are there two keys?

Mellors: No. There's no other but the one I've got.

Constance: Could you get me another one?

Mellors: Another key for th' hut?

Constance: Yes! Don't you understand what I'm saying?

Mellors: I understand my lady, what you say. But where am I to find another key if Sir Clifford hasn't got one?

Constance: Has Sir Clifford another?

Mellors: He might have.

Constance: Very well. I'll ask him and if he hasn't got one, you will have another made from the one you've got.

He looks away in to the wood. Birdsong.

I suppose it would only take a day or two to have another one made.

Mellors: I couldn't tell you my Lady. I don't know anyone who makes keys round here.

Constance: Then I'll take yours to Uthwaite and get one like it.

Mellors: If you'll let me know when you want it.

Constance: I'll let you know. Good afternoon

Mellors: Good afternoon my lady.

Mellors gets back to fixing the cages.

4.

Constance enters Clifford's rooms carrying daffodils and violets with Mrs Bolton. He pretends to be reading.

Constance: Am I late, Clifford? I'm sorry. Why didn't you let Mrs. Bolton make the tea?

Clifford: I don't quite see her presiding at the tea table.

Constance: There's nothing sacrosanct about a silver tea-pot.

She starts arranging the flowers in a vase. Mrs. Bolton leaves.

Clifford: What did you do all afternoon?

Constance: I walked right across the wood. Isn't it wonderful what comes out of the earth?

Clifford: Just as much as the sky and air.

Constance: But modelled in the earth.

She turns back to the tea.

Do you think there is a second key to the wood hut?

Referring to the flowers.

They'll come up again. Bit of water.

Clifford: What did you want a key to the hut for?

Constance: It's so peaceful there. I sat and listened to the wind. Mellors was mending the coops for the hens and the young pheasants. I asked him about a key, but he said he hadn't another and perhaps you might have one.

Clifford: I doubt it. But we'll look.

Constance: I thought Mellors wasn't very keen for me to have a key.

Clifford: (*A small chuckle*) I think he likes to feel that it's his own private reserve.

Constance: But he only works there.

Clifford: Quite. But he feels it's his private lair, where he sleeps sometimes and keeps watch.

Constance: So you think I oughtn't go there then?

Clifford: What a question! If you want to go there, you can go there. It belongs to you, like everything else. Be prepared for Mellors to be offended though, he's easily offended.

Constance: Shouldn't I offend him?

Clifford: If you like. But you know how they are. You put them in charge and they think they're in possession. I suppose he'll find some subtle way of getting even with me.

Pause.

Constance: Would really like me to have a child one day?

Clifford: I shouldn't mind if it made no difference to us.

Constance: No difference to what?

Clifford: To you and me and our love for one another. If it's going to affect that then I'm all against it. Why I might one day have a child of my own.

Pause.

I mean it might come back to me one of these days.

5.

Constance sits outside the locked hut. Silence apart from the rain. She watches the clearing. And the cages. She's a little cold.

6.

The rain has stopped. Just drips now. Constance finishes planting some shrubs. Just as she leaves, Mellors enters. He salutes her without speaking.

Constance: I'm just going.

Mellors: Was yer waiting ter get in?

Constance: No I didn't want to go in.

He looks at her.

Mellors: Sir Clifford 'adn't got no other key then?

Constance: No. But it doesn't matter I can sit perfectly dry on the doorstep. Good afternoon.

Throughout this next section, she doesn't really understand what he's saying

Mellors: I'm here a good bit mysen, this time o' t' year

Constance: What do you mean?

Mellors: I mean now t' bods'll start layin'

Constance: (*vaguely*) Of course.

Mellors: What you want is to be here by yersen. Yo' wanna want to to be 'ere like, wi' me potterin' around a' t' time.

Constance: You don't make any difference.

Mellors: I don't want to be in yer ladyship's road, if you follow me?

Constance: You won't be in my way.

Mellors: Winter time I might give th' key up to you, and stop away fra' th' 'ut. This time a year I canna. There's eggs to sit.

Constance: But I don't want you to stay away. I should like to be able to come while you're here, and help with the little pheasants when they hatch out -

Mellors: Its as your ladyship likes as far as that goes. If it was any other time o' year, I could give th' 'ut up like -

Constance: But I don't want you to give the hut up. You don't mind do you, if I come sometimes in the afternoon when you're here to see the hens sitting on the eggs?

Mellors: Me? Its as yer ladyship likes, that is! It's your own place.

Beat

On'y I thought as 'appen-

Constance: (*Sharply*) Happen what?

Beat.

Mellors: 'Appen you wouldn't want to be here with only *me* about like.

Constance: (*Indignant*) Only you about? There's no reason for me to be afraid is there, of me being alone with you?

Mellors: (*Baffled, almost angry*) Afraid? No! I on'y thou't as 'ow yer'd 'appen not to like it.

He looks away in to the wood. Birdsong.

Constance: Yes. I like to be here when you're here. Then I'm not lonely at all.

Mellors: It's as your ladyship likes.

Constance: But I don't want you to feel I'm in the way.

Mellors: Its your hut. And 'er ladyship pleases herself.

Birdsong and the distant sound of heavy industry.

7.

A smoke filled room at Wragby. Policemen and Sir Clifford's pit managers have gathered to be addressed by Clifford. Mrs. Bolton stands behind his chair. There is a sense of urgency.

Clifford: No. There will be no more strikes, if the thing is properly managed.

Linley: Yes, Sir Clifford.

Clifford: What would be the use? Merely ruin the industry -

Linley: I agree Sir Clifford, but how do you think the men will -

Clifford: Linley, I'm afraid I have little interest. I can live without the pits. They cannot.

They'll starve if there are no pits. I have other provisions. Industry must come before the individual. Before we see the pit board this afternoon, let me be clear, gentlemen, that neither my mind nor my will is crippled.

8.

It's a warm late evening. Hens are clucking. Mellors is attending the hens. He has made a birdhouse.

Constance: How nice, a little house for the birds.

Mellors: Bit o' shelter like.

Constance: It's so pretty.

Silence. Birdsong.

Have the birds made their nests?

Mellors: There's a jenny wren's just theer.

Constance: Where?

He points

I wish I were a bird.

Hens cluck.

Mellors: I got yer that key if yer want it.

Constance: Did you? How kind.

Mellors: I'll get it.

Constance: Are you sure you won't mind if I come.

He looks in to the wood.

Mellors: If your ladyship doesn't mind me. You do as you please. It's your place.

Constance: Yes but I don't want to interfere with you -

Mellors: You won't be interferin' with me milady.

Constance: Very well.

Beat. She takes a breath.

It's the end of the day.

Mellors: Ay. Another.

9.

Another day. Mellors and Constance among the pheasant cages. There's great excitement.

Constance: Are there any more?

Mellors: Thirty six so far. Not bad.

Constance: I'd love to touch them.

She puts her hand near the hens. They go beserk.

How she pecks at me. She hates me.

Mellors: They're scared of you.

Constance: I wouldn't hurt them.

Mellors laughs and crouches. Slowly, tenderly puts his hand in the coop and takes out a chick. He holds out his closed hands to her.

Mellors: There.

She takes the chick.

Constance: It's so unafraid.

A tear has fallen on her wrist. Mellors sees this and tends to the other coops, watching her. Constance heaves with silent tears. Mellors crouches down next to her. He speaks softly.

Mellors: You shouldn't cry.

He takes the chick and puts it back with its mother. Constance covers her face with her hands and continues to cry. She attempts to dry her face. He caresses her back and loins.

(Quietly. Neutrally) Shall you come?

They look to one another. They walk to the hut.

10.

Mellors gets out blanket and lies it on the ground.

Mellors: You lie there.

She does. He touches her face. He softly kisses her cheek. He kisses her naval through her clothes. She lays quite still. He pulls down her thin silk sheath down and over her feet. He enters her. He climaxes quite quickly. He lays against her breast in silence. The only noise is them breathing. This has lifted a great cloud from her. They lay together in mysterious stillness. He eventually stands up. He opens the door at the back letting in some dull light as he fastens his trousers. This has all happened in real time. Birdsong, hens cluck.

Mellors: It had to come.

Constance: I suppose it had.

He folds up the blanket. She watches. She puts her underwear on.

I shall have to hurry home. Don't come with me. I'll come again soon.

He places the blanket on a shelf.

You're not sorry are you?

He very gently touches her throat.

Say something to me.

Mellors: What should I say to thee?

Beat.

Constance: You're not sorry are you?

Mellors: Me? In a way. Now I've begun again.

Constance: Begun what?

Mellors: Life.

Constance. Life!

Mellors: There's no keepin' clear. If I've to be broken open again-

Constance: It's only love.

Mellors: Ay.

Constance: You don't hate me do you?

Mellors: Nay nay. Nay for me it was good. Was it for you?

Constance: (Not quite convinced) Yes.

Mellors: Good.

Constance: Shall I come again?

Mellors: Yes! Yes!

She leaves. We hear footsteps in the bracken.

11.

Constance walks a little quicker through the woods in the twilight. Mrs. Bolton is stood near a tree. Constance is surprised.

Mrs. Bolton: Why there you are your ladyship! I was beginning to wonder that you hadn't got lost.

Beat

Sir Clifford hasn't asked for you though. He's got Mr. Linley from the pit with him talking over something. It looks as if he'll stay for dinner, doesn't it my lady?

Constance: It does rather.

Mrs. Bolton: Shall I put dinner back a quarter of an hour? That would give you time to dress in comfort.

Constance: Perhaps you'd better.

12.

Police break up the strike. It is brutally violent. Women scream and attempt to defend their men. Its a hellish scene.

13.

The hut, twilight. Silence. Constance inspects all the objects in it. She picks up a few things. She leaves for a moment and returns with flowers which she puts in a small vase on the table. Mellors has entered silently as she's done this, watching her for a second. She turns to face him. A beat.

Constance: Did you want to come in?

Mellors: Only to lock up.

Beat.

Constance: Are you sorry - about yesterday?

Mellors: Me? Its you.

Constance: I was so glad.

Beat

Mellors: Do you feel you've lowered yourself? Wi' a man like me?

Constance: Do *you* feel I've lowered myself?

Mellors: With one of your husbands servants, like.

Constance: You're not a servant. You're a gamekeeper.

Beat

But perhaps *you* feel *you've* lost something.

Mellors: It's not that your ladysh - I canna ca' yer *your ladyship* an' then -

Constance: I don't want you to call me your ladyship. Not ever.

Mellors: Do you like me?

Constance: Yes.

Mellors: Ay. 'Appen tha does. 'Ow do we stan'? Thee and me?

Pause

Mellors: Tha'lt be sorry.

Pause

Ay. Let's gi'e in. What's good o' sayin' 'owt. Tha knows wha' ter't doin'.

He once more lays the blanket on the floor.

Constance: I can't stay long. Dinner is at half past seven.

Mellors: (Looks at his watch) Alright.

14.

They've had sex. He holds her tightly.

Constance: I can't stay long. You arrived so late.

He holds her closer.

Mellors: Are ter cold?

Constance: I shall have to go or they'll wonder.

He kisses her thighs. She begins to pull her stockings up.

Mellors: Ay. Time's too short this time. Tha' mun tae a' thy clothes off one time - shall ter? On'y it'll ha'e t' be warmer. 'Appen you'll come to the cottage one time. If yer could slive off fer a night.

He grabs hold of her again and kisses her.

I could die for the touch of a woman like thee. They'd just about 'ang me as it is.

She pulls away a little from him.

Dost want ter goo?

Constance: Yes. Don't keep me.

Mellors: No.

Constance: Kiss me.

Mellors: It's a pity you look to me. You should look to one of your own sort. Yer canna mate wi' me yer know. Yer'll on'y be sorry after.

She moves away.

Constance: I shall come tomorrow. If I can.

Mellors: Ay.

Constance: Goodnight.

She goes to leave.

Mellors: Goodnight, your ladyship.

Constance: *(suddenly)* Why did you say that?

Mellors: When you've gone that's what you are.

Pause

Constance: Goodnight.

Mellors: Goodnight then.

Marehay Farm: Mrs Flint is breastfeeding her baby as Constance watches. She is the same age as Constance. Yellow celluloid ducks sit on the table next to a bottle of milk.

Mrs. Flint: We've hardly seen you all winter. I do hope you are better.

Constance: Yes thank you, I'm alright.

Beat

Why what a dear she is. And how she's grown. A big girl.

She stops breastfeeding.

Mrs. Flint: There Josephine. Who's that come to see you? Who's this Josephine? Lady Chatterley! You know Lady Chatterley don't you? Say a big thank you to Lady Chatterley for the lovely ducks she's brought you.

Constance: Come! Will you come to me?

Mrs Flint passes the baby to Constance. Mrs. Flint is preoccupied with something.

Mrs. Flint: I was just going to have a rough cup of tea all by myself. Luke's not back from the pit yet, Engineers are normally home first... Would you care for a cup Lady Chatterley? I don't suppose it's what you're used to, but - if you would -

Mrs. Flint watches Constance with her baby. We hear a cuckoo. Constance looks up.

Constance: Thank you.

Constance looks back to the baby.

16.

The wood is darker, now. Thicker. Shadows. Lush. Lady Chatterley walks home. Distant noises of cows being milked. Mellors enters, they're both alarmed and surprised to see each other.

Mellors: How's this?

Constance: How did you come - ?

Mellors: How did you? Have you been to the hut?

Constance: No. I went to Marehay.

He is in a fury. They stand close to one another.

Mellors: And was you goin' to th' hut now?

Constance: No. I'm sorry. I've got to go, I'm late -

Mellors: Was yo' slivin' past not meanin' t' see me. (*He touches her*)

Constance: No. Only-

Mellors: (*Touching her*) Only what?

Constance: Not now.

Mellors: But you said.

He storms off. She chases him for a few steps and grabs his arm. They look at each other.

Pause.

Mellors: Come... Come here.

He takes off his coat and his waistcoat and lays it on the ground by a tree. He sits by it looking at her. She approaches him slowly and they begin to make love. She begins gradually to come to a climax. They climax gloriously together and subside together. Silence. The sounds of the wood.

Mellors: We came together that time.

Constance: Did we?

Mellors: Ay.

She rises to adjust her dress. He dusts her down as he does he touches her body and her womb.

Constance: Am I tidy?

Mellors: You'll do.

Constance: (*Hesitatingly*) I'm awfully grateful to you.

Mellors: Grateful?

Constance: For this -

Mellors: 's nothin' t' do wi' me.

Constance: But I want to thank you.

17.

The dusty attic at Wragby. They are collecting things for the bazaar. There are Landseer's and paintings by William Henry Hunt gathering dust. Constance pulls a dust sheet off an old cradle in rosewood. The two women stop for a moment. A distant cuckoo.

Mrs. Bolton: I expect Sir Clifford's father and grandfather were rocked in it. And who knows how many before them. Fancy though! In these old houses and old families, things linger on don't they, no matter how the world changes. It seems a pity that there won't be a little baby to put in it now, don't you think your ladyship?

Constance: I suppose it is.

Beat.

But there may be you know.

The two women look at each other. Ambiguous.

Mrs. Bolton: Oh my ladyship. That would be good news. You're not expecting it are you?

Constance: No. Not as a certainty, but it may be -

Pause. Constance turns away to look at something else. Mrs. Bolton doesn't know how to respond. A cuckoo.

Mrs. Bolton: (*Lamely*) Oh I do hope so.

Constance: (*Picking up a lacquer box*) Shall we send this to the bazaar?

Mrs. Bolton: Oh my word! it's lovely! It perfectly fascinates me. I think its too lovely to send to the bazaar, it must have cost pounds and pounds.

Constance: I suppose it must. But whoever would use it?

Mrs. Bolton: Oh your ladyship, *everything* is useful! Look at that sweet button hook. And three corks, three silver mounted corks, for if you opened a bottle and wanted a cork. Oh and a screwdriver, and the most perfect little hammer, and pincers, its just perfect -

Constance: Travelling razors and a shaving brush, whoever would use it -?

Mrs. Bolton: Oh Your ladyship, if it wasn't for fear of spoiling it, I should think anyone should like having it to use!

Constance: You have it then.

Beat

Mrs. Bolton: Oh no, I didn't mean *that*, your ladyship -

Constance: I know, but do have it. I love people to have a thing if it thrills them, and it rather thrills you doesn't it?

Mrs. Bolton: Oh it does thrill me but -

Constance: Then take it. Its yours. And we'll send those four paintings to the bazaar shall we?

A low rumble of thunder.

18.

Constance arranges tulips in a glass vase with her back to Clifford. Clifford is watching her. It is raining.

Clifford: I say Connie, have you heard a rumour that you are going to provide Wragby with a son and heir?

She continues to arrange the flowers in silence.

Con.

Constance: Have you heard such a rumour?

Clifford: Yes. You would hardly expect it but I have.

Constance: From whom?

Clifford: Winter.

She continues to arrange the flowers in silence.

Do you mind turning round?

She does so. But still arranges the flowers.

Is there is any foundation to it?

Constance: There is no foundation for it as far as I know. What did you say to Mr. Winter?

Clifford: What could I say? Other than -

Constance: That there couldn't be -

Clifford: I didn't go that far. I didn't know quite -

A beat

I didn't know quite where you stood.

Constance: And what did you say to Mr. Winter.

Clifford: Why... It's ridiculous no doubt. Rather funny. But I was so taken aback, I... I told him there was every *hope* -

Constance: Do you think its funny?

Clifford: Don't you?

Constance: But if I did have a child after all -

Clifford: Whose?

Constance: It would be my child, wouldn't it?

Clifford: We're not expecting a virgin birth -

Constance: There are men in the world. Does it matter -?

Clifford: And is there a man in the world, might I ask -?

Constance: And why should you ask? There might be.

Clifford: Between 'might be' and 'may be' there is such a long stride -

Constance: But if I said I may be going to have a child, what would you feel?

Clifford: Is it true that you may be going to have a child -?

Constance: No. But it might be -

Clifford: When 'might' changes to 'may', then I'll tell you how I feel. Till then I've no need to wrack my feelings imaginatively, rumour or no rumour.

A knock on the door.

Clifford: Come back later please, Mrs. Bolton.

Footsteps on the wooden floors.

Where's your father taking you this summer?

Constance: Venice. To the Villa Natale.

A small chuckle from Clifford.

What?

Clifford: Of course. For how long?

Constance: Five weeks. But you want me to go?

Clifford: Oh yes.

19.

Outside the hut. Mellors is working.

Constance: I told Sir Clifford I may have a child.

Mellors: (*As if he'd been shot*) You told him that?

Constance: You see I might.

Mellors: You don't do nothin' to stop it then?

Constance: What do you mean?

Mellors: Because I've taken no precautions.

Constance: I should hate it if you had.

Pause. Birdsong.

Mellors: And Sir Clifford would take it as his own would he?

Constance: He says so.

Mellors: And there was no mention of me?

Constance: Oh no.

Mellors: He'd have to think it someone's.

Constance: I'm going abroad with my father and sister next month.

A beat.

Mellors: Where?

Constance: Venice.

Mellors: For how long?

Constance: Five weeks or so.

Mellors: Next month?

Constance: Mm.

Mellors: Not long yet.

A beat.

Sir Clifford'll think you've found somebody higher up eh? To gi'e yo' a baby.

A beat.

What if he knowed it were me?

Constance: He'd hate it. But you'd never want to tell him would you?

Mellors: Me? No! I'd never say a word.

Constance: Nor anybody. You wouldn't tell anybody.

Mellors: I've had enough o' what one woman's said about me - wi'out startin no talk. If God knows, he'll ha' to. But I wouldn't tell Him if I could help it...

Pause.

That was what you wanted me for was it? A baby?

Pause.

Constance: I don't know. I wanted - I - I don't know what I wanted - I - I wanted you. Yes, I did. I do.

Beat

And perhaps a baby.

Mellors: You didn't think much o' me like?

Constance: I liked your body.

Mellors: (*Incredulous laughter*) My body? An' d' yo' like it now?

Constance: (*Hesitant*) Yes.

Mellors: Then we're quits! I imagined it was no pleasure for you to touch me as it is for me to touch you.

Constance: I like touching you. I want to -

Mellors: Nay-nay-

Constance: Its because I'm afraid.

Mellors: And do you like it when I touch you?

Constance: Yes, I love it.

Mellors: Well what's amiss? Have you left your underthings off for me?

She smiles and nods.

Lets go inside then.

20.

The hut. They stand opposite one another. He strips down to just his shirt. She remains fully dressed watching. She explores his body with her hands. It takes as long as it takes. She fetches the rug lays it down and takes his hand.

21.

They lie post coitally. Birdsong. He walks to the door. They share a smile. Birdsong.

Mellors: Tha mun come one naight ter th' cottage, afore tha goos - sholl ter?

Constance: Sholl ter?

Mellors: Ay sholl ter?

Constance: Ay.

Mellors: Yi?

Constance: Yi.

Mellors: And slaip wi' me. It needs that. When sholt come?

Constance: When sholl I?

Mellors: Nay tha' canna do't - when sholt come then?

Constance: 'Appen Sunday?

Mellors: 'Appen a Sunday! Ay!

Constance: 'Ay

Mellors: Nay tha canna

Constance: Why canna I?

He laughs. She laughs.

Mellors: Coom then, tha mun goo.

Constance: Mun I?

Mellors: (*Correcting her*) Maun ah.

Constance: Why should I say *maun* when you say *mun*? You're not playing fair.

Mellors: Arena ah?

He gently strokes her face.

Tha 'rt good cunt though, aren't ter?

Constance: What is cunt?

Mellors: An' doesn't ter know? Cunt. It's thee down there; an' what I get when I'm inside thee - an what tha' gets when I'm inside thee - it's a' as it is - all on't.

Constance: Cunt. It's like fuck then?

Mellors: Nay, nay! Fuckin's only what you do. Animals fuck. But cunt's a lot more than that. It's thee dost see? An' tha 'rt a lot besides an animal, aren't ter? Even ter fuck. Cunt! Eh, that's the beauty o' thee lass.

He kisses her between the eyes.

Constance: Is it? And do you care for me?

He kisses her again.

Mellors: Tha mun goo let me dust thee.

22.

Mrs. Bentley's tea shop in Tevershall. Women peruse the shelves. Constance enters.

Mrs. Bentley: Lady Chatterley, what a lovely surprise.

Constance: Hello Mrs. Bentley.

Mrs. Bentley: What brings you to Tevershall?

The women turn to regard her. There is hostility, mockery in their looks. Blackened faces of miners appear one by one looking at Constance. We hear the odd cough. They begin to murmur.

Mrs. Bentley: And how is Sir Clifford?

Constance: Very well thank you.

Mrs. Bentley: We haven't seen him for some time.

Constance: You must come up to Wragby to see him.

The men and women murmur and gossip and look at her belly. She catches their eyes. They hate her. Coughing and murmuring builds to a nightmarish cacophony. Constance holds her womb. The whistle from the colliery is loud. It sounds like a scream.

23.

Mrs. Bolton and Constance are working in the garden.

Constance: Is it many years since you lost your husband?

Mrs. Bolton: Twenty three. Twenty-three since they brought him home.

Constance: Why did he die do you think? Why didn't he escape like the others?

Mrs. Bolton: I don't know. He was too obstinate if you ask me. He hated ducking his head for anything. Ted wasn't a lad for down pit. He was too much of a wezzle brain.

Constance: What's a wezzle brain?

Mrs. Bolton: Well he wasn't that either, exactly. It means careless. It wasn't wezzle brained, it was that he *wouldn't* care. He wouldn't *take* care. That's it. He was like some of them lads in the war going off gay and lively. And they were always killed first. And that was how our Ted was: that fresh and happy-go-lucky, and he wouldn't be careful. It wasn't that he couldn't. I knew that when my first baby was born, an' I had such a bad time. But he stopped with me all through it and held my hand, else I b'lieve I should o' died. An' I never saw him, you know, like you don't when you're sufferin' - not til after. Then I looked at him, and he was as white as a sheet and angry. I said to 'im 'It's alright lad' and he said in such a funny way 'a body 'ad better die than suffer'. An' that made me mad as you can imagine 'you mean I'd o' better died', an he gave me such a look. I was too weak t' notice.

Beat

I remembered it when he lay dead. And I thought to myself 'ay you've died without sufferin', that you have done'. I believe 'appen it was the pit. He should never 'ave been down pit.

She looks at Constance.

I was so happy with him. I'd never 'ad nobody be fond o' me. I did love him to hold me - an' I've kissed every inch of 'is body. After my first baby was born he didn't want me to have any more, cos o' me pain. An' I 'ad such work wi' him to make him get over it. He was a thousand times more done in by what I'd 'ad to go through than I was. I said to him. I said to him in our bed 'eh, I've forgot it and look at me if I'm any the worse, let thysen go lad'. In the end he got over it an we 'ad us good times again. He said to me before he died, he said 'I dunna reckon much o' life Ivy 'cept for thee'. An' I said 'I don't know what you're grumblin' about life for'. An' he said - so funny and quiet - 'I dunna reckon much on't. Tha's a nicer woman than I am a man'. I couldn't make him out. Yet when he lay there dead you'd have

almost said he wanted to die. An' that was my cry, when he lay there dead. 'What did you want to leave me for' -

Constance: But he didn't leave -

Mrs. Bolton: Well... But it was the pit that killed him. Deep inside himself he couldn't bear it. But he wouldn't own up; not even to himself.

Beat. Tears in Constance's eyes..

A part of me went with him. I could never alter it. It was if I could feel his legs and arms around me an' 'is body against me and 'is legs against my legs. It's the touch of him that I can't get over.

Constance: But do you want to?

Mrs. Bolton: No. Sometimes I've felt bitter bein' left. An' sometimes I feel it was other folks an' the pit as killed him. Sometimes I feel if it wasn't for the pit an' them that runs the pit. Other folks. He'd never have left me.

Constance: Which other folks?

Beat. Mrs Bolton looks at Constance.

Mrs. Bolton: Oh, I don't know, my lady. There's a lot of hard hearted folk in the world.

Constance: Can a touch last so long?

Mrs. Bolton: What else is there to last if its the right man.

Constance: It's when he touches you -

Mrs. Bolton has tears in her eyes.

Mrs. Bolton: And even that, they'd kill if they could -

24.

Constance runs through the wood. The trees are golden, unreal.

25.

Mellors cottage. He is eating. Constance appears in the doorway. He looks up to face her. He half rises. Silence while they look at each other. He sits.

Constance: May I come in?

Mellors: Come in.

Constance: Do eat.

Mellors: Shall yer have a cup of tea?

Constance: I'll make it myself.

She exits to the kitchen.

Mellors: Tea-pot's in t' cupboard. And tea's in t' mantel ower yo' head.

Crashing and banging.

You'll see milk in the pantry.

She re-enters.

Constance: Where are the spoons?

Mellors: In t' drawer.

She goes out to the pantry. She sets up two cups on the table and they have tea. He smiles at her. She tries to be serious.

Constance: What is it?

Mellors: You look like you was my wife sittin' there. You'd hardly fancy it would you?

Constance: I should like it sometimes -

He laughs.

Mellors: An' yo'd like it, to be my wife sometimes?

Constance: Yes. Do you?

Suddenly serious.

Mellors: Ay. As long as it lasts.

Constance: Why do you say as long as it lasts.

Where does he begin...?

Mellors: Ay. Why do I?

Constance: I feel married to you in a way.

Mellors: Ay *sometimes*.

Constance: Why shouldn't I be your wife *sometimes*? For as long as we live? Why should it be a regular marriage?

Mellors: And you think it could be like that?

Constance: Why not?

Mellors: Ay. Why not.

Constance: You wouldn't always want me in this cottage, always, always, always...

Mellors: You wouldn't want it yourself -

Constance: You wouldn't want me to want it.

Mellors: No I wouldn't want you to want it. It'd be nice if you could be my wife *sometimes*, while we live.

Constance: Why not?

Mellors: We'll see.

Constance: Let me be your wife off and on. And you be my husband. Will you? Will you be my husband like now? Off and on?

Mellors: Yes. While ever we can.

Constance: Why not always?

Mellors: Sometimes always. Always sometimes.

Pause. She notices something.

Constance: Is that you? In the photograph?

Mellors: Ay.

Constance: From when you were married?

Mellors: Just after.

Constance: Why do you have it?

Mellors: I don't know. Folks 'av 'em.

Constance: Did you like her when that was taken?

Mellors: I suppose I must o' done.

Constance: And do you still?

Mellors: Me? Like her? No.

Constance: But you loved her?

Mellors: She was the only woman I 'ad - an I never wanted another after her I can tell you - No don't make me think about her if you want me to feel as if I could like a woman again -

He rises to move his plate.

Constance: Why don't you burn it?

Mellors: Burn the likeness?

Constance: Yes.

Mellors: I'll burn it if you've a mind.

Constance: When?

Beat

Now?

Mellors: If I'd have ever looked at the thing, I'd have burned it a long time ago.

Constance: Do burn it now.

26.

The woods. The rev of an engine. Clifford has a motorised chair.

Clifford: Here I am on my foaming steed!

Constance: Coughing and spluttering you mean.

Clifford: That's nearer the truth. What do you think?

Constance: Very impressive.

Clifford: I can move by myself now. I'm quite independent.

Constance: That's wonderful.

Clifford: I can explore the wood.

Beat

The mine's doing well. I'll have a few hundred in hand by the autumn, we can get some repairs done to the old place.

Constance: But what if there are more strikes?

Clifford: Why on earth would they strike again? They'd ruin the industry or what's left of it. As Mrs. Bolton says, it might not fill their pockets but it fills their bellies.

Constance: Do you think there's a solution in any form of socialism?

Clifford: Oh don't! Nothing is more of an apple of Sodom than an exploded ideal. No, what the mass of people want are masters.

Constance: Us?

Clifford: Us. Me. Even me.

Constance: Surely they won't let you -

Clifford: We shan't ask them. We'll do it while they aren't looking. Its for their own good to stop them from starving. Stop any part of the industrial machine of this tight little island, and for the workers it'll mean starvation. I'll be fine. They will not dictate terms by their striking.

Constance: You're going to ban striking? -

Clifford: Quite so-

Constance: But the men will never let you.

Clifford: They won't have a choice - if one goes about it quietly.

Beat

Constance: You don't think there might be a mutual understanding?

Clifford: Any pretence at mutual understanding is just a bluff to cover the tug of war. Somebody's got to be the boss of the show.

Constance: It seems hateful that somebody must boss and somebody be bossed.

Clifford: It's the law of nature. You are born in to the boss class -

Constance: But I don't boss -

Clifford: You boss. Being nice to them doesn't change anything. You even boss Mrs. Bolton

-

Constance: I don't boss Mrs. Bolton.

Clifford: You ask her to do things. She doesn't ask you to do things. Bossing is a sacred responsibility, like fatherhood, and motherhood -

Constance: But is there no other way - nothing but bossing and being bossed, living in Wragby hall or a miner's dwelling? Can't there be something else?

Clifford: There can if you tell me what. No more Connie, lets venture to the spring I haven't seen it in years...

Clifford drives off. Constance is left alone. Mellors appears at her shoulder.

Mellors: I heard the chair motor. Shall yer come tonight?

Constance: Tonight?

Mellors: Ay tonight. An' sleep?

Constance: Yes.

Mellors: I'll meet you at the gate.

27.

Constance and Clifford drink from the stream.

Constance: So icy.

Clifford: Good isn't it? Did you wish?

Constance: Did you?

Clifford: Yes. I wished.

The wrapping of a woodpecker.

28.

The chair is stuck on a hill. Clifford revs and revs the chair. Constance is trying to move it.

Clifford: Now old girl!

The engine revs.

Constance: I suppose she'll do it.

Clifford gives another series of revs. Nothing. Silence. Only the birds.

It's stuck. You'd better call Mellors. Perhaps he's around.

Clifford: We'll let her breathe.

More revs.

Constance: Let me push.

Clifford: (*Getting angry*) No. Don't push! What's the good of the damned thing, if it has to be pushed!

More revs. Pause.

Constance: You must let me push. Or sound the horn for the keeper.

Clifford: Wait!

More revs. The machine is starting to sound worse.

Constance: Sound the horn then if you won't let me push.

Clifford: Hell! Be quiet a moment.

More revs. Silence. He sounds the horn. A long blast.

MELLORS! (*To Constance*) Any other time the damn fool would have been poking his nose in.

Another long blast of the horn. Nothing. A wood pigeon. Mellors appears. Constance watches on.

Mellors: I thought I heard trouble. Won't she do it?

Clifford: Appears like it.

Mellors: Are you sure she's 'ad enough petrol?

Clifford: Quite sure. Just look carefully and see if anything's broken.

He does.

Mellors: Seems alright as far as I can see.

Clifford: I don't suppose you can do anything?

Mellors: Seems as if I can't. There's nothing obviously broken -

Clifford: Look out! I'll start her again.

More revs. It still won't move.

Mellors: Run her a bit hard like.

More revs.

If I give her a push she'll do it-

Clifford: (*Losing his temper*) Keep off! She'll do it by herself.

Constance: But Clifford, you know its too much for her. Why are you so obstinate!

Clifford is really very angry.

Mellors: She's done. Not power enough-

Clifford: She's been up here before.

Mellors: She won't do it this time.

More revs and frantic activity from Clifford.

You'll rip her insides out.

The chair lurches backwards. Mellors jumps in to stop it rolling backwards.

Constance: Clifford!

More revs. She moves forward a little with Mellors pushing it.

Clifford: See! She's doing it. Are you pushing her!?

Mellors: She won't do it without.

Clifford: Leave her alone. I asked you not to.

Mellors: She won't do it.

Clifford: WILL YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY!!

Mellors moves out of the way. A beat. The chair starts to roll backwards down the hill.

Constance: Clifford! The brake!

The chair rolls a long way backwards down the hill and comes to a stop. Silence.

Clifford: I expect she'll have to be pushed.

Pause

Would you mind pushing her home Mellors?

Pause

I hope I've said nothing to offend you.

Mellors: Nothing at all Sir Clifford.

Mellors takes his jacket and gun off. Attempts to push but he can't move the chair. Clifford is silent and still. Mellors tries to lift the entire chair with considerable strain but he can't.

Constance: You mustn't lift it. You'll strain yourself.

Mellors: If you pull the wheel that way - so!

The entire chair is lifted by Mellors. Connie frees the wheel. The chair tilts. Clifford almost falls out.

Clifford: What the *hell* are you doing now?!

The chair is put back down to rest. Mellors walks over to a bank and sits down. Silence. Connie crosses to Mellors and speaks quietly.

Constance: Have you hurt yourself?

Mellors: *(Turning away from her sharply)* No-no.

Silence. A rumble of distant thunder.

Are you ready then Sir Clifford?

Clifford: When you are.

Constance: I'm going to push too.

Clifford: Is that necessary?

Constance: *(Sharply - moving round to the front of the chair)* Very! Do you want to kill the man? *(Mumbling as she goes back to the back of the chair and starts pushing)* If you'd let the engine work while it would -

She pushes and strains herself.

Mellors: Ay. Slower. Slower.

Clifford: I must get a different sort of motor, that's all...

The gradually start pushing Sir Clifford up the hill. Constance and Mellors look to each other. Distant thunder and wind.

29.

Night time. The wood. Wind. Trees are cracking. Mellors waits. Constance arrives. A light in the distance.

Constance: Are you alright?

Mellors: No, I'm alright.

Constance: All those strange little noises.

Mellors: It's the trees, expanding or contracting and rubbing against each other. You could say they was talkin'. Listen.

30.

The interior of the cottage looks beautiful. A white table cloth with a tea set for two and two china plates. A fire and a singing kettle. Constance looks around.

Mellors: Shall you eat something?

Constance: No thank you. But you eat.

Mellors: There's pork pie and cheese.

Constance: I won't eat anything, but you eat.

Mellors: Not if you don't.

Constance: I'll take off my shoes. My feet are wet with the dew.

He leaves to hang up his coat.

But you eat. Do have something. I'm sure you eat at this time don't you?

Mellors: A bit of bread and cheese.

Constance: Well do eat it now.

Mellors: Nay, I don't feel like eating if you don't.

He leaves again. A little clock strikes the hour. He returns.

Mellors: I've lit the candle.

Constance: Do you sleep in the same bed where she slept?

Mellors: Ay. There's no other.

Constance: You'll like me, won't you? You won't always just want me.

Mellors: Ay, I'll like you.

She smiles.

Constance: Call me Connie.

Mellors: Connie.

Constance: What's your name?

Mellors: Oliver.

Constance: Shall I call you Oliver?

Mellors: If you like.

Constance: Are you sure you want me?

Mellors: Ay, I'm sure as I want you, as far as ever I s'll get you. Are you sure you want me?

Constance: *Sometimes.*

Mellors: *(smiling)* Ay *sometimes.* I'd forgot that.

He takes her by the hand to lead her away.

Constance: We are a couple of battered warriors.

Mellors: Are you battered too?

He gives a tiny laugh.

Here we are returning to the fray.

She holds him. He takes her hand and leads her away.

31.

Mellors bedroom. A lit candle. A bed between them both. Constance takes all of her clothes off apart from a slip. It takes as long as it takes. They face one another.

Constance: Shall I sleep on this side?

Mellors: Ay.

Constance: Do you have a comb? For the morning.

He doesn't. Beat. They speak very quietly.

You're sure you'll love me?

Mellors: Ay. I'll love you.

Constance: And you'll look after me.

Mellors: Ay.

Constance: I want you to.

He takes off his clothes and stands before her in his shirt.

Constance: Take your shirt off too.

Mellors: Then you take off that nightie.

They both do, bashfully. He turns around to blow out the candle.

Constance: Turn round to me. Turn round before you blow the candle out.

He turns to face her. She regards him.

Tell me it isn't only fucking.

Mellors: I don't know what you mean by on'y.

She studies his body.

Constance: You are beautiful. So pure and fine.

Beat.

How strange it is.

He blows out the candle. Sounds of the forest. Moonlight. A cuckoo.

END OF PART TWO

INTERVAL

PART THREE: SUMMER

1.

Clifford is sat stock still in his wheelchair listening to a children's broadcast on a crackly radio. Constance enters and waits. After a moment she walks over to the radio and turns it off. It's raining. Pause.

Clifford: Well?

Constance: I've received a letter from my sister.

Clifford: I suppose you're going.

Constance: I suppose so.

Clifford picks up a book and just as he does...

She arrives on Thursday morning.

Clifford: *(Putting his book down)* How long does she propose to stay here?

Constance: Just for lunch, she says we may as well go straight on -

Clifford: The same afternoon?

He gives a hollow laugh.

And you will be back when?

Constance: In a month or five weeks, as I said.

Clifford: That is if you come back at all.

Constance: Why should I not come back?

Clifford: The hand of God I suppose. There might be an earth quake.

Constance: There might.

Clifford: Or a heart quake.

Beat

And will your sister Hilda be looking for a new husband for herself, as well as for you?

Constance: I haven't asked her.

Clifford: So the plot only concerns herself.

Constance: There is no plot -

Clifford: Do you really think you will trust to luck when your dear sister is about? -

Constance: Luck for what?

Clifford: Don't you remember you were going to pick up a baby on the trip -

Pause

Constance: It depends.

Clifford: It certainly does. Do you mind hearing my stipulation?

Constance: Why should you stipulate anything?

Clifford: Because I will be the legal and acting father of the child. Had you forgotten?

Pause

Constance: What stipulation?

Clifford: The child will be English by both parents: and of at least decent descent on the father's side -

Constance: I have never been able to fathom your idea of decency.

Beat

Clifford: You entertain of course the possibility of you being swept away by love?

Constance: Swept away where to?

Clifford: To the arms and the bed of a man who is going to make a mother of you.

Constance: What man?

Clifford: You mean you don't intend to find a lover, nor to allow yourself a lover, nor even to have a lover thrust upon you? Isn't that the purpose of your journey? Hm? Or is there a *volte face*?

Constance: You shouldn't talk to me like this Clifford -

Clifford: Should I not? -

Constance: You needn't think about it -

Clifford: Need I not? Are you the absolute power that dictates the necessity of thought -

Constance: But you needn't talk *at* me -

Clifford: I only wish to warn you. May not the tide of sexual love sweep you away not only to the arms and bed, but to the permanent domicile of another man -

Constance: And what if it did? -

Beat

Clifford: Exactly. And this is the point we must consider. You would expect a divorce no doubt.

Constance: Yes -

Clifford: Quite. Then I have to look at what cards I have in my hand -

Constance: Why don't you wait til I ask you for a divorce -

Clifford: Because I don't like to be jumped in to anything. I like to use my reason.

Pause

Constance: Well. I suppose you would divorce me if I really wanted you to.

Clifford: I'm not so sure.

Constance: What good would it do you?

Clifford: I shall have to figure out what harm it would do me if I did divorce you.

Constance: It couldn't do you any harm -

Clifford: What a charming idea you have of our innocent marriage.

Beat

I want you to look before you leap. Count the costs before you make the bargain.

Constance: Tell me what the costs are -

Clifford: I haven't made out the entire bill. But I probably wouldn't divorce you on request -

Constance: Then wait until you're asked. And what else - perhaps you will take initiative and divorce me if you think I *don't* want you to -

Clifford: Well it rather depends upon how you play about with my name.

Constance: I'd better travel incognito. Can I ask one thing of you?

Clifford: And what is that?

Constance: That you don't think of me at all in these connections. Its indecent.

He regards her. Moves towards her a little.

Clifford: My dear child. The wind bloweth where it listeth through the mind. Do you want me to promise not to dream of you?

Constance: Think what you like, dream what you like, do what you like. Just don't talk about it any more. I loathe *talk* -

Clifford: Where you are all for deeds and derring do -

She goes to leave the room. But she can't. Pause.

Clifford: You will come back won't you?

Constance: Yes. I shall come back.

Clifford: That is your current intention?

Constance: Don't you want me to?

Clifford: Yes.

Beat.

[*Singing softly*] When a lovely woman stoops to freedom
And finds she's safely got away -

Pause

I'll finish that couplet later.

Constance: Do you want me *not* to go?

Beat

Clifford: I don't want you not to go. I don't want to play dog in the manger -

Constance: Does that make me the hay?

Clifford: You are the hay.

Beat

[*Singing jauntily*] The wench is a bundle of hay
Mankind are the asses that pull
Each pulls in a different way -

Pause. He looks at her.

And that quatrain I'll finish when you get back.

2.

The Hut. Its is raining very heavily outside. Mellors enters. A pause.

Mellors: I thought you'd got lost.

Constance: Not lost. I'm going abroad.

Mellors: When are you going?

Constance: Tomorrow.

He steps away from her.

Mellors: Tomorrow -

Constance: Yes.

Mellors: Where are you going to go like?

Constance: London, Paris, Zurich, Milan then Venice.

Mellors: Nowhere where the war was?

Constance: No.

Pause. Melrose looks at the rain.

It's only a month.

Mellors: Oh aye.

Constance: And you'll be glad to see me back, won't you?

Mellors: Let's hope so.

Behind him Constance starts to take her clothes off.

Constance: I think I ought to get away for a while. I've not left here for years.

Mellors: It'll do you good.

He turns around.

What are you doin'?

Constance: I want to run in the rain.

Mellors: To get wet?

Constance: I want to feel it.

She finishes stripping and runs out in to the rain with screams of joy. Mellors watches with wonder. More screams. He takes his own clothes off.

4.

They dance and chase and play naked in the rain. Constance making strange Eurythmic dance movements. She screams atavistically. They make love in the earth.

5.

They run back in to the hut. Mellors has an armful of wild flowers, with which he cleans Constance's body and his own. He picks up their rug and dries her with it. They are drenched.

Mellors: The flowers stop out doors all weathers.

They laugh, kiss and sit down next to each other in front of the fire. Mellors sits and admires her. He places a tiny flower in her pubic hair.

There's a forget-me-not in the right place.

Constance: Doesn't it look pretty.

Mellors: The prettiest part of you. Pretty as life.

Constance: You must have a flower as well.

She threads flowers in to his pubic hair.

Mellors: Pink champions -

Constance: He's so soft and tiny. So lovely. And he comes so far in to me.

Mellors: Ay, he's a will of his own, John Thomas.

She giggles and threads flowers in to his chest hair.

Constance: Now you have forget-me-nots in the right place.

Mellors: Wait a minute.

He runs outside and grabs a massive armful more of wild flowers, he scatters the hut with them...

Mellors: Eglantine! Bugle! Bryony! Oxlip! Thyme! Little Daisy! Primrose! Woodbine! Oak-spray...

He shakes the flowers clean of water laughing. As she sits in front of the fire, he decorates her with flowers. He fashions garlands out of the flowers. He places a crown on her head.

Constance: And one for you.

He obeys and places a garland on his head. They laugh a little. And then they are serious.

Mellors: That's you in all your glory. Lady Jane at her wedding with John Thomas. This is John Thomas marryin' Lady Jane. An' we must let Constance an' Oliver go their ways. Maybe -

He sneezes.

Constance: Maybe what?

Mellors: Eh?

Pause.

Ay. What was I going to say?

Pause. Sounds of nature. Sun.

Constance: Wouldn't it be nice if there weren't many people in the world, and this wood was a forest as it used to be?

Mellors: Wouldn't it be nice if we could smash it all up, Tevershall and the rest.

Pause.

You feel sometimes as if you could start out with a hatchet and start smashin' the whole place up. Tevershall, Sheffield, Mansfield, Nottingham, Chesterfield, Derby... Because I fair hate it all. Everything that's outside this wood.

Constance: The world is so big.

Mellors: If they knowed we was like this, they'd want to kill us. If they knowed you had forget-me-nots in your maiden hair they'd want to kill us.

Beat.

Come here.

They hold one another. They look at the fire.

Should you like to go away wi' me. To Canada or somewhere?

Constance: The world is alike all over. It would be the same in Canada.

Mellors: It might be. And it mightn't.

Constance: Our world has got the rest of the world in its grip. You can't get away.

Mellors: Nobody would know us.

Constance: They soon would. And it would just be the same.

They are in their own worlds. He starts to dress himself. Silence.

Would you like me to get a little farm? And you could live on that and work on that? I've got enough money. And you could be your own master.

Mellors: And what about you?

Constance: I don't know.

Mellors: We should both have to get divorces.

Constance: I know. But we could find a little farm somewhere - and you could start it, no matter where I was.

Mellors: How much money have you got?

Constance: I don't quite know. About four, five hundred a year -

Mellors: Four and five hundred a year? Of your own? Every year?

Constance: Yes. From my mother's will.

Pause

Constance: Would you like a farm? My sister is very practical, she could help set it up...

Pause. He buttons up his shirt.

Mellors: I don't think I could let a woman set me up in business.

Constance: I'm not just a woman. Not to you. And it wouldn't be setting you up in business, I mean, I don't think so - and if -

Beat

If we both got divorced and we wanted to live together... And anyhow I could come to stay with you sometimes.

Mellors: You'd never want to come and live with me on a little farm. You'd never want to be Mrs. Oliver Mellors.

Constance: Why not? I think I would. You'd be independent. And we could see how things worked out.

He doesn't answer.

I think you like to be alone most of the time. I think you only want me sometimes. I think you don't want me always there. I think you'd find me a burden if I was there morning, noon and night.

Pause.

That's why I think you should have a farm. I could come and see you sometimes and we needn't burden one another with marriage. I've been saddled by one marriage. So have you. We shouldn't want to put the burden of marriage on one another should we?

Mellors: No. Then it gets complicated. The minute you marry a woman, she starts doing the whole my-eye bossing business as makes a man's balls go deader than a sheep's kidneys-

Constance: The woman hates it just as much. And men do their share of bossing.

Mellors: And you could go on living with Sir Clifford?

Constance: For the time being at any rate.

Mellors: If you live with him, he's your master, say what you may.

Constance: Is he my master at this minute?

Mellors: You'll have a mind to be home in time for dinner.

Constance: And if we lived together, wouldn't you be my master -

Mellors: In a way -

Constance: (*Impatient*) I don't want a master of any sort.

Mellors: And I don't want to be one neither. Neither do I want to be bossed by neither man nor woman.

Constance: Lets not think of it. Kiss me and let's not think of it.

They touch.

My love. My love. Love me while you can.

The sun streams in to the hut, bright, golden, unreal. They are both still wearing their coronets. She is beautiful.

Mellors: Sun. And time you went. Time, my lady, time! What's that as flies without wings? Time! Time! Say goodbye to John Thomas.

Beat.

Look at Lady Jane in all her blossoms! Who'll put blossoms on you next year Jinny? Me, or somebody else?

[Sings very softly]

Goodbye-ee, Goodbye-ee

Wipe a tear, baby dear from your eye-ee -

Pause.

I hate that song.

Pause

Pretty Lady Jane! Perhaps you'll find a man who'll put jasmine in your maidenhair, and a pomegranate flower in your naval.

Constance: Please don't say those things.

He drops his head.

Mellors: Well then I'll say nowt, an' ha' done wi't. But tha mun dress thysen and go back to the stately homes of England, how beautiful they stand. Time's up! Time's up for Sir John and little lady Jane. Put thy shimmy on Lady Chatterley! Tha might be anybody standin' there wi' out even a shimmy, an' a few rags o flowers. There then, there then. I'll undress thee tha bob-tailed young throstle.

He removes the odd remaining flowers from her body, tenderly kissing each place as he does so. Finally, he removes her coronet.

So. Tha'rt bare again, nowt but a bare arsed lass an' a bit o' lady Jane! Now put thy shimmy on, for tha mun go. Or else Lady Chatterley's goin' to be late for dinner, an where 'ave yer been to my pretty maid?

He sadly removes his coronet.

Music: Schubert, Impromptus, Op 90 D. 899: No.3 en sol bemol majeur.

6.

Constance's suitcases are packed and fetched, this is orchestrated by Hilda, she can't wait to leave. Mrs. Bolton is at the centre of it all looking impassively. Constance enters. She and Hilda speak sotto as Mrs. Bolton and servants assemble on the front steps of Wragby.

Hilda: Are you ready to go?

Constance: Pining.

Clifford joins the ensemble at the top of the steps. Hilda is desperate to leave.

Goodbye Clifford.

Clifford: Goodbye Connie-girl. Come back to me safely.

Constance: Goodbye Clifford. Yes, I shan't be long.

Clifford: I shall write Connie. No fear. Be sure to write to me won't you?

Constance: I will.

Clifford: Goodbye Hilda. You'll keep an eye on her won't you?

Hilda: I'll even keep two. And I'll bring her back.

Clifford: It's a promise.

They leave. The car pulls away. Mrs. Bolton and Clifford are alone.

Do you mind seeing if there is a bottle of fountain pen ink anywhere?

Mrs. Bolton: I have a bottle in my room -

Clifford: Er - No thank you. Go upstairs and see if her ladyship has any.

Mrs. Bolton: Very good Sir Clifford.

7.

A meadow near Wragby. We hear Hilda shout from offstage.

Hilda: Connie!

Constance comes running on in a sort of panic.

Connie, will you stop this second! What's the matter?

Constance: I need to - I'm - Do you mind? Um - You know there's a man I'm in love with?

Hilda: I guessed so. Do you want to tell me about him?

Constance: Yes.

Beat

Hilda: Well?

Constance: He's our gamekeeper.

Hilda: Your gamekeeper?

Constance: I have to see him -

Hilda: Wait a second -

Constance: He's lovely as a lover.

Hilda: Does that matter?

Constance: It matters fearfully -

Hilda: A gamekeeper?

Constance: Hilda -

Hilda: Won't you regret this?

Constance: I don't think so.

Constance goes to leave.

Constance: Oh Hilda! It's so wonderful to *live* and be in the middle of all creation!

She exits.

Hilda: Every mosquito thinks the same...

Hilda runs after her.

8.

Constance finds Mellors in the wood. She sees him and throws her arms around him and kisses him. She weeps. He touches her.

Mellors: Ma lass. Eh ma lass.

He takes her arms from around him, and looks at her. Hilda calls "Connie!" from somewhere in the wood. Her voice echoes.

Go. Go on. I shan't come out o' th' wood.

Constance: Please. Stay.

Hilda calls from off stage. Mellors makes a gesture with his hand. This is now real for her. She is leaving him. She doesn't know what to do.

9.

Fireworks. A palatial room in Venice. Men dressed as women, women dressed as men. Hilda dressed in full gentleman's white tie and tails dances with and kisses a person of indeterminate gender. They're dancing like it's the end of the world. It's a debauched, diabolical cocaine fuelled orgy. A Jazz singer sings a popular song of the day.

Singer: Hey! Hey! Women are going mad today!

Hey! Hey! Fellas are just as bad, I'll say.

Go anywhere. Just stand and stare.

You'll say they're bugs,

When you look at the clothes they wear.

Masculine women, feminine men
Which is the rooster? Which is the hen?
It's hard to tell 'em apart today, hey hey!

Sister is busy learning to shave
Brother just loves his permanent wave
It's hard to tell 'em apart today, hey hey!

Girls were girls and boys were boys
When I was just a tot
Now we don't know who is who or what is what.

Knickers and trousers, baggy and wide
Nobody knows who's walking inside
Those masculine women and feminine men.

Constance walks through the party, slowly. Her face is tear stained, her make up has run. She is lost. The sound of waves, then seagulls, then children's laughter and a distant accordion.

10.

The stage transforms in to the lido at Venice. We hear the mournful Venetian bells in the background. Constance stands looking blankly out to sea, holding a letter. Hold on this for a moment.

Clifford: And we too have had our mild local excitement. It appears the truant wife of Mellors, the keeper turned up at the cottage with bag and baggage. He packed her off and locked the door. Report has it that when he returned from the wood, he found the no longer fair lady firmly established in his bed *in puris naturabalis*, or perhaps one should say *in impuris naturabalis*. This Venus of Stacks Gate is established in the cottage, which she

claims is her home, and Apollo is domiciled with his mother in Tevershall. I repeat this from hearsay...

The letters overlap.

Mrs. Bolton: ...And about Mr. Mellors, I don't know how much Sir Clifford told you. But it seems because Mr. Mellors was trying for a divorce she had come back to him saying it was she that was his legal wife. I don't know what sort of scene they had because she was terribly upset, she was swearing and carrying on about the village, she told her brother Dan that he'd been having women at the cottage, because she'd found a scent bottle in his drawer and gold tipped cigarettes on the ash heap...

Clifford: ... The scandal of the keeper gets bigger like a snowball. Mrs. Bolton keeps me informed. Mellors' wife has blown off an amazing amount of poison gas, intimate details of their conjugal life usually buried in the deepest grave of matrimonial silence. Of course humanity has always had a strange avidity for unusual sexual postures, and if a man likes to use his wife, as Cellini says, 'in the Italian way', well, that is a matter of taste...

Mrs. Bolton: ... She says the most ghastly things about how he behaved to her when they were married, and the low beastly things he did to her and what he made her do in the bedroom. Bertha Coutts has discovered, at the top of her voice, that her husband has been keeping women at the cottage, she's made a few shots at naming the women. And this has brought a few decent names trailing through the mud...

Clifford: ... The colliers wives are up in arms, and treat him like the Marquis de Sade in person, why one would think every child in Tevershall for the last fifty years has been an immaculate conception. However everybody listens: as I do myself...

Mrs. Bolton: Of course she's coming near her change of life, for she's years older than he is, and these common violent women always go partly insane when the change of life comes upon them...

Clifford: Meanwhile, my dear Connie, if you would enjoy to stay at the Villa Natale until the beginning of August, I should be glad to think you were out of this buzz of nastiness, which will have died quite away by the end of the month...

Mrs. Bolton: ... And it gives me no pleasure to write this to your ladyship. This Sunday just gone they set about him...

11.

Mellors is brutally beaten by Dan Coutts and his friends. He is called 'bugger', 'dirty bastard', 'Scab', 'traitor' and so on. The men are stripped to the waist. Mellors is left broken, bleeding and alone. The sounds of heavy industry. A distant hymn

Singers: *I need thee, oh I need thee*

Every hour I need thee!

Oh bless me now my saviour!

I come to thee!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR: Autumn

1.

Leaves on the ground at Wragby. Clifford is sat in a new white suit at a garden table his legs outstretched, reading, no sign of the wheelchair. Constance's bags are carried by servants, followed by Constance. Suddenly she sees Clifford. She stops stock still. He smiles at her. Silence.

Clifford: *(Quietly)* Welcome home Connie-girl.

He picks up a pair of crutches that have been concealed and with great difficulty, sets himself up on them and moves towards her. He moves slowly, determinedly, swinging his legs. He's wearing callipers. Mrs. Bolton stands behind Constance, unbeknownst to her, watching.

Constance: *(Breathless)* Clifford.

Clifford: How are you?

Constance: Well. But you can... It's a miracle.

Clifford: I can't exactly walk. But I can go, after a fashion.

Constance: How did you learn? How did you begin?

Clifford: Mrs. Bolton put me up to it. She's a determined woman in her own quiet way. I think she wanted to give you a surprise.

Constance turns round to see Mrs. Bolton.

Constance: I must say she has done.

Mrs. Bolton: I thought you'd be surprised my lady.

The chauffeur and other servants enter to watch.

Constance: Field! How do you do? Isn't Sir Clifford too wonderful?

Field: Was yer surprised my lady?

Constance: Amazed.

Mrs. Bolton: Will I have your bags seen to my lady?

Mrs. Bolton leaves and they all follow. Clifford and Constance stand opposite one another.

Clifford: You look blooming.

Beat

Is it very hard to have come back to these regions?

Constance: No.

Clifford: You don't find it too ugly, arriving back at Sheffield?

Constance: It is uglier than I remembered. And unnatural. But I was quite ready to come home.

Clifford: You feel that do you?

Constance: One gets fearfully fed up with trying to enjoy oneself.

Clifford: You'll have ample opportunity to be humdrum at Wragby.

Constance: How did you do it?

Clifford: Mrs. Bolton's urging.

Constance: Didn't you feel awfully scared, the first time?

Clifford: I did rather. It was like a second infancy. It made me realise what a lot of courage must lie behind a new evolutionary stride. But I soon learned to trust Field.

Constance: He is amazingly good.

Clifford: He really is.

He smiles, warmly. They don't quite catch each others eye.

You had a good time?

Constance: Yes. But one gets impatient of a holiday feeling.

Clifford: I suppose one does. But a holiday from oneself might be a very pleasant change. For me at least.

Constance: *(Very softly)* Clifford -

Clifford: But I think we might go away for a little spell one day. What do you think?

Constance: *(Very softly)* Of course. *Of course.* You're healthy. You could go anywhere.

Their eyes meet very fleetingly. Both are near tears.

Clifford: Another year, eh? Another year we'll think of it.

He's finding it very difficult to stand there. Suddenly.

FIELD!

He steadies himself on Constance. Servants come rushing out to help him, followed by Mrs. Bolton. They exit, leaving the two women alone.

Constance: Thank you.

Mrs. Bolton: My lady.

Constance: And thank you for your letters. I'm not sure what I'd have done without you.

Mrs. Bolton: It was the least I felt I could do.

Constance goes to say something.

Mrs. Bolton: There's nothing new in the Mellors scandal.

Beat.

Only I believe Mr. Mellors wife has gone away somewhere. And Mr. Mellors has finished here. He's going away too - or else gone. To Canada I believe -

Constance: But when did he finish here?

Mrs. Bolton: I don't rightly know. He came and saw Sir Clifford and it was all finished.

Constance: I see.

Mrs. Bolton: I believe the new man is already in the cottage.

2.

The hut. Albert the new 'keeper and Mellors. The rug is on the floor as it was left. Albert gathers up the now dead wild flowers that Mellors strew around the hut all those weeks ago.

Mellors watches. He is still in a very bad way with two missing teeth, swollen lips and black eyes. He seems smaller. A crow caws. Constance bursts in.

Silence.

Mellors: This is the new gamekeeper, my lady. Albert Adam.

Albert offers his hand to Constance. She's too shocked to take his hand.

Constance: How do you do?

Beat.

You're living in the cottage?

Albert: Yis Mam.

Constance: Do you think you'll be alright?

Albert: Fine.

Constance: And will your wife like it do you think?

Albert picks up the rug and starts to fold it.

Albert: This'll suit her just fine to be back in the old place.

Mellors: She's a Tevershall girl - was in service in Wragby before the war - afore she went to New Zealand.

Constance: Oh are you a New Zealander?

Albert: Yis mam. But I've spent a lot of my time in California. So I'm half American so to speak. I was mining and cattle punching for some of it.

Constance: And then you went back to New Zealand.

Albert: Yis mam I joined up in nineteen fifteen. And at the end of the war I married my wife, who's given me no peace until I brought her back to the old place.

Constance: I suppose England will seem very small to you. And this wood quite tiny.

Albert: Oh it's not such a bad little bunch o' trees.

He stands there holding the rug.

Constance: You know I have a key to the hut, don't you? And I sit here sometimes.

Albert: Yis mam. Mr Mellors here told me that. Oh its a dandy little shanty: make a cute home for a man, out west among the timber, if you put a stove in.

Pause. He and Mellors exchange glances.

Well. I'll be back shortly. Stack up those cages for the winter. Need to break up a few for firewood. And I'll -

He gestures to the dead grass and flowers.

Constance: Thank you Adam.

Albert: Milady.

Albert exits with the rug. Mellors and Constance look at one another as footsteps disappear.

Constance: He seems nice.

Mellors: Ay.

Constance: Lets go somewhere in the wood. Not here.

3.

Wragby. Mrs. Bolton gives Clifford a bath. In the background a comedy programme is on the radio, we hear the laughter at a distance echoing round the house. As she washes his arms, Clifford gently takes her hand and holds it. He begins to sob, great heaving sobs. She kisses him chastely on his head and takes back her hand. She begins to wash his body again.

Clifford: *(Very quietly)* Yes. Do kiss me. Do kiss me again.

She kisses his body chastely.

Mrs. Bolton: There. There, there. Shhh.

Clifford unbuttons her shirt and feels her breasts. He then kisses them. He sobs. She rocks him in her arms, her face impassive.

4.

The wood. Sunlight. Silence.

Constance: I got back today.

Mellors: Yes. I 'eerd.

Constance: You're going away?

Mellors: Ay. Tonight.

Constance: Where to?

Mellors: Sheffield.

Constance: Have you got other work?

Mellors: Yes.

Constance: What kind of work?

Mellors: Labourin'. In Jephson's steelworks.

Pause

Constance: I wish I could have come back sooner.

Mellors: It wouldn't ha' helped none.

Constance: Look at me. Why do you turn your face away?

Pause

Have you got friends in Sheffield?

Mellors: Bill, as was my pal in the war.

Constance: Is he married.

Mellors: Wi' three children.

Constance: And will you stay with them?

Mellors: For a bit.

Constance: Have you lost a tooth?

Mellors: Yes.

Constance: Let me look.

He shows her.

You can easily have two teeth put back in.

Pause.

Kiss me.

Mellors: I've no kisses in me just now.

Constance: Why not? Are you cross with me...?

Pause. She whispers.

I want to tell you. I think I'm going to have a child.

Mellors: Have you told Sir Clifford?

Constance: I don't want to yet.

Mellors: An' what when yer 'ave ter?

Constance: He'll think I had a lover when I was abroad.

Mellors: An' 'e'll take it on will he?

Constance: Yes.

Mellors: You won't tell him whose child it is though.

Constance: I don't think so.

Mellors: If yer did e'd never swallow it.

Constance: Why do you hate Clifford?

Mellors: I don't.

Constance: Yes, you hate everybody at the moment.

They share a look. Pause.

Say you're glad.

Pause.

Mellors: It's the future.

Constance: But aren't you glad?

Mellors: But I've got such a terrible mistrust of the future.

Beat.

You don't want to go to Canada do you?

Constance: No.

Mellors: Nor Africa, nor Australia.

Constance: I've been to Canada and to America. I have no faith in the newness of new countries. You wouldn't be happy there.

Mellors: Mm.

Pause

What do you want yourself?

Constance: I want to live with you. In time.

He drops his head. Then looks at her.

Mellors: If its worth it to you. I've got nothing.

Constance: You've got more than most men.

Mellors: In one way I know it.

Silence

They used to say I had too much of the woman in me - But its not that. I'm not a woman because I don't want to shoot birds: neither because I don't want to make money, or get on. But I can't stand the twaddling, bossy impudence of the people who run this world. That's why I can't get on. I hate the impudence of money, and I hate the impudence of class. So in the world as it is, what have I to offer a woman?

Constance: But why offer anything? Its not a bargain. Its just that we love each other.

Mellors: Nay its more than that. Living is moving, and moving on. My life won't go down the proper gutters. It just won't. So I'm a bit of a waste trickle by myself. I've no business to

take a woman in to my life, unless my life does something and goes somewhere - I can't just be your male concubine.

Constance: Why not?

Mellors: Because I can't and you'd soon hate it.

Pause

The money is yours, the position is yours, the decisions will lie with you. I'm not just my lady's fucker after all.

Constance: What else are you?

Mellors: You might well ask. It no doubt is invisible. Yet I'm something - to myself at least. I can see the point of my own existence - though I can quite understand nobody else's seeing it.

Constance: And will your existence have less point if you live with me?

Mellors: It might.

Pause

Constance: And what is the point of your existence?

Mellors: I tell you it's invisible. I don't believe in the world, nor in money, nor in advancement, nor in the future of our civilisation. If there's got to be a future for humanity, there'll have to be a very big change from what it now is.

Constance: And what will the real future have to be like?

Mellors: God knows! I can feel something inside me all mixed up with a lot of rage. But what it really amounts to I don't know.

Constance: Shall I tell you? Shall I tell you what you have that other men don't have and will make the future?

Mellors: Tell me then.

Constance: Tenderness.

Mellors: That!

Pause

Ay. You're right. It's that really. It's that all the way through. We've got to come alive and aware. Especially the English have got to get in touch with one another, be a bit delicate and a bit tender. It's our crying need -

Constance: Then why are you afraid of me?

Long pause

Mellors: It's the money really and the position. It's the world in you.

Constance: But isn't there tenderness in me?

Mellors: Ay. It comes and it goes. Just like in me.

Constance: But can't you trust it? Between you and me?

Pause. He softens.

Mellors: Maybe.

Silence.

Constance: I want you to hold me in your arms. I want you to tell me you are glad we are having a child.

Mellors: I ought to leave you alone.

Constance: No. Love me. And say you'll keep me. Say you'll never let me go, to the world nor to anybody.

Mellors: Then I'll keep thee. If tha' wants it.

Constance: And say you're glad about the child. Kiss it. Kiss my womb and say you're glad it's there.

Mellors: I've a dread of puttin' children i' th' world. I've such a dread o' th' future for 'em.

Constance: But you've put it in to me. Be tender to it, and that will be its future already. Kiss it. Kiss it.

He walks over to her. They face one another.

Pause.

He slowly kneels and kisses her womb, tenderly. She weeps.

Will you come to me if I need you?

Even if you don't get your divorce and I don't get mine?

Will you come to me?

Will you come for me?

Will you come for me if I can't bear it any more?

Will you come for me if I can't bear it any more?

Will you come for me if I can't bear it any more?

He looks at her. Pause.

Mellors: *(Tenderly)* Yes.

Music. Beethoven Piano Sonata No. 23 Op.57 in F minor 2nd movement. From 3 minutes 7 seconds in.

Blackout

END OF PART FOUR

THE END