CHAPTER IV

ANALYSIS OF DEIXIS IN THE CARETAKER AND ENTER A FREE MAN

4.1 Introduction

The present chapter deals with the analysis of selected dramatic conversations from *The Caretaker* and *Enter a Free Man* in the light of Elam’s finding concerning the use of deictic items in drama and within the frame work of major categories of deixis- person, spatial, temporal, discourse, social, proximal and distal to find out whether there is any interrelationship among them. This chapter gives us an analysis of dramatic texts from the point of view of deixis. A study of different deictic devices in the plays gives us an insight into how language is used in drama. The current chapter aims at identifying those deictic expressions in the plays which are significant in their context. Elam’s (1980:137-38) approach to dramatic conversation analysis emphasizes ‘dramatic context’ in which character-to-character communication takes place. This approach involves a set of persons and objects present in the interactions, the physical circumstances, and the relationship between the characters and discourse ‘here and now’ etc. According to Elam (1980), ‘Proximal deictics relating to the speaker’s present context and situation of utterance (here, this, these, now, the present tense, etc.) have a far more important function in the drama than the unmarked ‘distal’ variety regarding distant or excluded objects, times and places (there, that, those, the past tense, etc.) which instead are typical of narrative language’. (p.143)

In order to find out to what extent Elam’s claim validates the use of deixis in the plays, statistical analysis of different types of deixis is attempted in this study.
4.2 Analysis of Conversational Passages from the Play The Caretaker

Passage I (pp. 1-12)

ASTON: Sit down.

DAVIES: Thanks. (Looking about) Uuh...

ASTON: Just a minute.

ASTON looks around for a chair, sees one lying on its side by the rolled carpet at the fireplace, and starts to get it out.

DAVIES: Sit down? Huh ... I haven’t had a good sit down .... I haven’t had a proper sit down .... well, I couldn’t tell you ...

ASTON (placing the chair): Here you are.

DAVIES: Ten minutes off for tea-break in the middle of the night in that place and I couldn’t find a seat, not one. All them Greeks had it, Poles, Greeks, Blacks, the lot of them, all them aliens had it. And they had me working there.... They had me working...

ASTON sits on the bed, takes out a tobacco tin and papers, and begins to roll himself a cigarette. DAVIES watches him.

All them Blacks had it, Blacks, Greeks, Poles, the lot of them, that’s what, doing me out of a seat, treating me like dirt. When he come at me tonight I told him.

Pause.

ASTON: Take a seat.

DAVIES: Yes, but what I got to do first, you see, what I got to do, I got to loosen myself up, you see what I mean? I could have got done in down there.

DAVIES exclaims loudly, punches downward with closed fist, turns his back to ASTON and stares at the wall.

Pause. ASTON lights a cigarette.

ASTON: You want to roll yourself one of these?


Pause. He comes forward.
I’ll tell you what, though. I’ll have a bit of that tobacco there for my pipe, if you like.

ASTON (handing him the tin): Yes. Go on. Take some out of that.

DAVIES: That’s kind of you, mister. Just enough to fill my pipe, that’s all.

He takes a pipe from his pocket and fills it.

I had a tin, only..... Only a while ago. But it was knocked off. It was knocked off on the Great West Road.

He hold out the tin.

Where shall I put it?

ASTON: I’ll take it.

DAVIES (handing the tin): When he comes at me tonight I told him. Didn’t you?

ASTON: I saw him have ago at you.

DAVIES: Go at me? You wouldn’t grumbles. The filthy skate, and old man like me, I’ve had dinner with the best.

Pause.

ASTON: I saw him have a go at you.

DAVIES: All them toe-rags, mate, got the manners of pigs. I might have been on the road a few years but you can take it from me I’m clean. I keep myself up. That’s why I left my wife. Fortnight after I married her, no, not so much as that, no more than a week, I took the lid off a saucepan, you know that what was in it? A pile of her underclothing, unwashed. The pan for vegetables, it was. The vegetable pan. That’s when I left her and I haven’t seen her since.

DAVIES turns, shambles across the room, comes face to face with a statue of Buddha standing on the gas stove, looks at it and turns.

I’ve eaten my dinner off the best of plates. But I’m not young any more. I remember the days I was as handy as any of them. They didn’t take any liberties with me. But I haven’t been so well lately. I’ve had a few attacks.

Pause.

(Coming closer) Did you see what happened with that one?
ASTON: I only got the end of it.

DAVIES: Comes up to me, parks a bucket of rubbish at me, tells me to take it out the back. It’s not my job to take out the bucket! They got a boy there for taking out the bucket. I wasn’t engaged to take out buckets. My job’s cleaning the floor, clearing up the tables, doing a bit of washing-up, nothing to do with taking out buckets!

ASTON: Uh.

He crosses down right, to get the electric toaster.

DAVIES (following): yes, well say I had! Even if I had! Even if I was supposed to take out the bucket, who was this git to come up and give me orders? We got the same standing. He’s not my boss. He’s nothing superior to me.

ASTON: What was he, a Greek?

DAVIES: Not him, he was a Scotch. He was a Scotchman.

ASTON goes back to his bed with the toaster and starts to unscrew the plug. DAVIES follows him.

You got an eye of him, did you?

ASTON: yes.

DAVIES: I told him what to do with his bucket. Didn’t I? You heard. Look here, I said, where I was brought up we had some idea how to talk to old people with the proper respect, we was brought up with the right ideas, if I had a few years off me I’d ..... I’d break you in a half. That was after the guvnor give me the bullet. Making too much commotion, he says. Commotion, me! Look here, I said to him, I got my rights. I told him that. I might have been on the road but nobody’s got more right than I have. Let’s have a bit of fair play, I said. Anyway, he give me the bullet.

He sits in the chair.

That’s the sort of place.

Pause.
If you hadn’t come out and stopped that Scotch git I’d be inside the hospital now. I’d have cracked my head on that pavement if he’d have landed. I’ll get him. One night I’ll get him. When I find myself around that direction.

ASTON crosses to the plug box to get another plug.

I wouldn’t mind so much but I left all my belongings in that place, in the back room there. All of them, the lot there was, you see, in this bag. Every lousy blasted of all my bleeding belongings I left down there now. In the rush of it. I bet he’s having a poke around in it now this very moment.

ASTON: I’ll pop down sometime and pick them up for you.

ASTON goes back to his bed and starts to fix the plug on the toaster.

DAVIES: Anyway, I’m obliged to you, letting me....letting me have a bit of a rest, like.... for a few minutes.

He looks about.

This your room?

ASTON: Yes.

DAVIES: You got a good bit of stuff here.

ASTON: Yes.

DAVIES: Must be worth a few bob, this... put it all together.

Pause.

There’s enough of it.

ASTON: There’s a good bit of it, all right.

DAVIES: You sleep here, do you?

ASTON: Yes.

DAVIES: What, in that?

ASTON: Yes.

DAVIES: Yes, well, you’d be well out of the draught there.

ASTON: You don’t get much wind.

DAVIES: You’d be well out of it. It’s different when you’re kipping out.
ASTON: Would be.
DAVIES: Nothing but wind then.
Pause.
ASTON: Yes, when the wind gets up it....
Pause.
DAVIES: Yes...
ASTON: Mmnn....
Pause.
DAVIES: Gets very draughty.
ASTON: Ah.
DAVIES: I’m very sensitive to it.
ASTON: Are you?
DAVIES: Always have been.
Pause.
You got any more rooms then, have you?
ASTON: Where?
DAVIES: I mean, along the landing here.... up the landing there.
ASTON: They’re out of commission.
DAVIES: Get a way.
ASTON: They need a lot of doing to.
Slight pause.
DAVIES: What about downstairs?
ASTON: That’s closed up. Needs seeing to.... The floors...
DAVIES: I was lucky you come into that caff. I might have been done by that Scotch git. I been left for dead more than once.
Pause.
I noticed that there was someone was living in the house next door.
ASTON: What?
DAVIES (gesturing): I noticed.....
ASTON: Yes. There’s people living all along the road.
DAVIES: Yes, I noticed the curtains pulled down there next door as we came along.
ASTON: They’re neighbours.
Pause.
DAVIES: This your house then, is it?
Pause.
ASTON: I’m in charge.
DAVIES: You the landlord, are you?
He puts a pipe in his mouth and puffs without lighting it.
Yes. I noticed them heavy curtains pulled across next door as we came along. I
noticed them heavy big curtains right across the window down there. I thought there
must be someone living there.
ASTON: Family of Indians live there.
DAVIES: Blacks?
ASTON: I don’t see much of them.
DAVIES: Blacks, eh?
DAVIES stands and moves about.
Well you’ve got some knick-knacks here all right, I’ll say that. I don’t like a bare
room.
ASTON joins DAVIES upstage centre.
I’ll tell you what, mate, you haven’t got a spare pair of shoes?
ASTON: Shoes?
ASTON moves downstage right.
DAVIES: Them bastards at the monastery let me down again?
ASTON (going to his bed): Where?
DAVIES: Down in Luton. Monastery down at Luton.... I got a mate at Shepherd’s
Bush, you see...
ASTON (looking under his bed): I might have a pair.

DAVIES: I got this mate at Shepherd’s Bush. In the convenience. Well, he was in the convenience. Run about the best convenience they had.

He watches ASTON.

Run about the best one. Always slipped me a bit of soap, any time I went in there. Very good soap. They have to have the best soap. I was never without a piece of soap, whenever I happened to be knocking about the Shepherd’s Bush area.

**ANALYSIS**

In the present conversational passage, Aston brings home Davis, a tramp, and they talk about his fight in the café and his past life. Aston invites him to stay there in his house and offers him a pair of shoes too. Davis tries to get information about the people who live next door.

**Person Deixis**

In this passage, the first person pronouns **I**, **me**, **my**, **myself** and **we**, the second person pronouns **you** and **your** and the third person pronouns **he**, **it**, **they**, **them**, **him** and **her** are used a number of times.

**Spatial and Discourse Deixis**

**Here, there, this, that, then** and **these** occur on several occasions, which have the value of spatial and discourse deixis. **Here, this, and these** have the value of proximal deixis. **There, then and that** have the value of distal deixis. **Here and there** are used as place deictic items. **Here** points at the house where they are now, and **there** points at the café where he worked, the bed in the room, the other house next door and the monastery down at Luton. The Proximal deictic item **this** is used as a proximal anaphoric deictic item to refer to Davies’ mate, his colleague in the café and as pointing device to refer to the room and the house where they are now. **These** is used as a pointing device to refer to the cigarettes, which Aston lights. **That** is also used as a distal anaphoric deictic item several times to refer to the café, his Scotch colleague in the café, the pavement, downstairs and as a pointing
device to refer to the bed in the room. It is used as an anaphoric discourse deictic item on other occasions as in ‘That’s why I left my wife.’ and ‘That’s kind of you, mister’.

There is employed as an existential there in “There’s a good bit of it” and “there’s enough of it”. Then is deployed several times in the passage as distal discourse deictic item as in ‘You got any more rooms then, have you?’.

**Temporal Deixis**

Now, tonight and this moment are employed a number of times in the passage, which illustrate proximal time deixis.

**Social Deixis**

There is one example of social deixis in “That’s kind of you mister. Just enough to fill my pipe, that’s all”. The social deictic item mister has distal value, which shows the inequality of position between Davies and Aston in the house.

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<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Total Person Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Spatial and Discourse Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Temporal Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Social Deictic Items</th>
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In this passage the total number of proximal spatial and discourse deictic items is less than that of distal spatial and discourse deictic items, which makes the pattern different from that in other passages. The character Davis makes himself distant from his past life and experience by using a distal demonstrative deictic on several
occasions. Mick also uses distal deictic items to refer to their confrontation earlier and to his past life.

**Passage II (pp. 13-25)**

DAVIES: I used to know a bootmaker in Acton. He was a good mate to me.

Pause.

You know what that bastard monk said to me?

Pause.

How many more Blacks you got around here then?

ASTON: What?

DAVIES: You got any more Blacks around here?

ASTON(holding out the shoes): see if these are any good.

DAVIES: You know what that bastard monk said to me?

He looks over to the shoes.

I think those’d be a bit small.

ASTON: Would they?

DAVIES: No, don’t look the right size.

ASTON: Not bad trim.

DAVIES: Can’t wear shoes that don’t fit. Nothing worse. I said to this monk, here, I said, look here, mister, he opened the door, big door, he opened it, look here, mister, I said, I come all the way down here, look, I said, I showed him this, I said, you haven’t got a pair of shoes, have you, a pair of shoes, I said, enough to keep me on my way. Look at these, they are nearly out, I said, they are no good to me. I heard you got a stock of shoes here. Piss off, he said to me. Now look here, I said, I am an old man, you can’t talk to me like that, I don’t care who you are. If you don’t piss off, he says, I’ll kick you all the way to the gate. Now look here, I said, now wait a minute, all I’m asking for is a pair of shoes, you don’t want to start taking liberties with me, it’s taken me three days to get here, I said to him, three days without a bite, I’m worth a bite to eat, en I? Get out round the corner to the kitchen, he says, get out
round the corner, and when you’ve had your meal, piss off out of it. I went round to this kitchen, see? Meal they give me! A bird, I tell you, a little bird, a little tiny bird, he could have ate it in under two minutes. Right, they said to me, you’ve had your meal, get off out of it. Meal? I said, what do you think I am, a dog? Nothing better than a dog. What do you think I am, a wild animal? What about them shoes I come all the way here to get I heard you was giving away? I’ve a good mind to report you to your mother superior. One of them, an Irish hooligan, come at me. I cleared out. I took a short cut to Watford and picked up a pair there. Got on to the North Circular, just past Hendon, the sole come off, right where I was walking. Lucky I had my old ones wrapped up, still carrying them, otherwise I’d have been finished, man. So I’ve had to stay with these, you see, they are gone, they are no good, all the good’s gone out of them.

ASTON: Try these.

DAVIES takes the shoes, takes off his sandals and tries them one.

DAVIES: Not bad pair of shoes.

He trudges round the room.

They’re strong, all right. Yes. Not a bad shape of shoe. This leather’s hardy, en’t? Very hardy. Some bloke tried to flog me some suede the other day. I wouldn’t wear them. Can’t beat leather, for wear. Suede goes off, it creases, it stains for life in five minutes. You can’t beat leather. Yes. Good shoe this.

ASTON: Good.

DAVIES waggles his feet.

DAVIES: Don’t fit though.

ASTON: oh?

DAVIES: No. I got a very broad foot.

ASTON: Mmnn.

DAVIES: These are too pointed, you see.

ASTON: Ah.
DAVIES: They’d cripple me in a week. I mean these ones I got on, they’re no good but at least they’re comfortable. Not much cop, but I mean they don’t hurt.

He takes them off and gives them back.

Thanks anyway, mister.

ASTON: I’ll see what I can look out for you.

DAVIES: Good luck. I can’t go on like this. Can’t get from one place to another. And I’ll have to be moving about, you see, try to get fixed up.

ASTON: Where you going to go?

DAVIES: Oh, I got one or two things in mind. I’m waiting for the weather to break.

Pause.

ASTON (attending to the toaster): Would…. Would you like to sleep here?

DAVIES: Here?

ASTON: You can sleep here if you like.

DAVIES: Here? Oh, I don’t know about that.

Pause.

How long for?

ASTON: Till you….. get yourself fixed up.

DAVIES(sitting): Ay well, that….

ASTON: Get yourself sorted out…

DAVIES: Oh, I’ll be fixed up… pretty soon now…

Pause.

Where would I sleep?

ASTON: Here. The other rooms would…. Would be no good to you.

DAVIES(rising, looking about): Here? Where?

ASTON (rising, pointing upstage right): There’s a bed behind all that.

DAVIES: Oh, I see. Well, that’s …. I tell you what, I might do that…. Just till I get myself sorted out. You got enough furniture here.

ASTON: I picked it up. Just keeping it here for the time being.
Thought it might come in handy.
DAVIES: This gas stove work, do it?
ASTON: No.
DAVIES: What do you do for a cup of tea?
ASTON: Nothing.
DAVIES: That’s a bit rough.
DAVIES observes the planks.
You building something?
ASTON: I might build a shed out the back.
DAVIES: Carpenter, eh?
He turns to the lawn-mower.
Got a lawn?
ASTON: Have a look.
ASTON lifts the sack at the window. They look out.
DAVIES: Looks a bit thick.
ASTON: Overgrown.
DAVIES: What’s that, a pond?
ASTON: Yes.
DAVIES: What you got, fish?
ASTON: No. There isn’t anything in there.
Pause.
DAVIES: Where you going to put your shed?
ASTON(turning): I’ll have to clear the garden first.
DAVIES: You’d need a tractor, man.
ASTON: I’ll get it done.
DAVIES:Carpentry, eh?
ASTON (standing still): I like ....working with my hands.
DAVIES picks up the statue of Buddha.
DAVIES: What’s this?
ASTON (taking and studying it): That’s a Buddha.
DAVIES: Get on.
ASTON: Yes. I quite like it. Picked it up in a.... in a shop.
Looked quite nice to me. Don’t know why. What do you think of these Buddhas?
DAVIES: Oh, they’re .... They’re all right, en’t they?
ASTON: Yes, I was pleased when I got hold of this one. It’s very well made.
DAVIES turns and peers under the sink.
DAVIES: This the bed here, is it?
ASTON(moving to the bed): We’ll get rid of all that. The ladder’ll fit under the bed. They put the ladder under the bed.
DAVIES(indicating the sink): What about this?
ASTON: I think that’ll fit in under here as well.
DAVIES: I’ll give you a hand.
They lift it.
It’s a ton weight, en’t?
ASTON: Under here.
DAVIES: This in use at all, then?
ASTON: No. I’ll be getting rid of it. Here.
They place the sink under the bed.
There’s a lavatory down the landing. It’s got a sink in there. We can put this stuff over there.
They begin to move the coal bucket, shopping trolley, lawn-mower and sideboarddrawers to the right wall.
DAVIES (stopping): You don’t share it, do you?
ASTON: What?
DAVIES: I mean you don’t share the toilet with them Blacks, do you?
ASTON: They live next door.
DAVIES: They don’t come in?
ASTON puts a drawer against the wall.
Because, you know .... I mean...fair’s fair....
ASTON goes to the bed, blows dust and shakes a blanket.
ASTON: You see a blue case?
ASTON: goes to case, opens it, takes out a sheet and pillow and puts them on the bed. That’s a nice sheet.
ASTON: The blanket’ll be a bit dusty.
DAVIES: Don’t you worry about that.
ASTON stands upright, takes out his tobacco and begins to roll a cigarette. He goes to his bed and sits.
ASTON: How are you off for money?
DAVIES: Oh well... now, mister, if you want the truth .... I’m a bit short.
ASTON takes some coins from his pocket, sorts them, and holds out five shillings.
ASTON: Here’s a few bob.
DAVIES (taking the coins): Thank you, thank you, good luck. I just happen to findmyself a bit short. You see, I got nothing for all that week’s work I did last week. That’s the position, that’s what it is.
Pause.
ASTON: I went into a pub the other day. Ordered a Guinness.
They gave it to me in a thick mug. I sat down but I couldn’t drink it. I can’t drinkGuinness from a thick mug. I only like it out of a thin glass. I had a few sips but I couldn’t finish it.
ASTONpicks up a screwdriver and plug from the bed and begins to poke the plug.
DAVIES(with great feeling): If only the weather would break! Then I’d be able to getdown to Sidcup!
ASTON: Sidcup?
DAVIES: The weather’s so blasted bloody awful, how can I get down to Sidcup in these shoes?
ASTON: Why do you want to get down to Sidcup?
DAVIES: I got my papers there!
Pause.
ASTON: Your what?
DAVIES: I got my papers there!
Pause.
ASTON: What are they doing at Sidcup?
DAVIES: A man I know has got them. I left them with him. You see? They prove who I am! I can’t move without them papers. They tell you who I am. You see! I’m stuck without them.
ASTON: Why’s that?
DAVIES: You see, what it is, you see, I changed my name! Years ago. I been going around under an assumed name! That’s not my real name.
ASTON: What name have you been going under?
DAVIES: Jenkins. Bernard Jenkins. That’s my name. That’s the name I’m known, anyway. But it’s no good me going on with that name. I got no rights. I got an insurance card here.
He takes a card from his pocket.
Under the name of Jenkins. See? Bernard Jenkins. Look. It’s got four stamps on it. Four of them. But I can’t go along with these. That’s not my real name, they’d find out, they’d have me in the nick. Four stamps. I haven’t paid out pennies. I’ve paid out pounds. I’ve paid out pounds not pennies. There’s been other stamps, plenty, but they haven’t put them on, the nigs, I never had enough time to go into it.
ASTON: They should have stamped your card.
DAVIES: It would have done no good! I’d have got nothing anyway. That’s not my real name. If I take that card along I go in the nick.
ANALYSIS

In the passage Davies enquires about a lawn. Aston asks him to have a look at it through the window. The passage covers different topics such as the thick and overgrown lawn in the garden, cleaning the garden, need of a tractor, pond, building a shed and Buddha statue. It is also about Davies’ documents, which show his identity and without his documents he cannot settle in society. A man keeps his documents in Sidcup so Davies waits for the change in the weather, because he wants to go to Sidcup and get his documents.

Person Deixis

The occurrence of the third person pronouns it, him, they and them are less than the occurrence of the first person pronouns and the second person pronouns in the conversational passage.

Spatial and Discourse Deixis

There are occurrences of that, this, these, there, here, then and now, which refer to spatial and discourse deixis. That, then and there are examples of distal deixis. This, these, here and now are examples of proximal deixis. The Distal demonstrative that is used to refer to the monk in Luton and Davies’ position in the café. The speaker might use a gesture to indicate the object. The demonstrative that is used as a pointing device to gesturally point out the pond, the statue of Buddha, the stuff in the corner of the room, the sheet on the bed and the sink. The Proximal demonstrative deictic marker this is also used to gesturally point out the statue of Buddha, the leather of the shoe, the bed, the stuff in the room and the sink. That is used as an anaphoric discourse deictic marker to refer to Davies stay in Aston’s house in ‘Here? Oh, I don’t know about that’, having difficulty in making tea in ‘that’s a bit rough’ and some other occasions. There is used twice in the following sentence.

(88) ASTON: No. there isn’t anything in there.

The first occurrence of there is an existential there whereas; the last there is used as a place deictic item referring to the pond in the garden. Davies exploits the distal
spatial deictic marker *there* to refer to lavatory down the landing and to the places called Waterford and Sidcup. The Proximal place deictic marker *here* is used to refer on some occasions to the place where he stays right now and on other occasions to the Monastery at Luton. Davies uses a gesture by deploying the demonstrative *these* in the following sentence.

(89) **DAVIES**: The weather’s so blasted bloody awful, how can I get down to Sidcup in these shoes?

The demonstrative deictic marker *these* is used several times to point out the shoes and stamps on his insurance card. *Then* is exploited as a distal discourse deictic item in ‘This in use at all, then?’ and *now* as a sentence initial which functions as a proximal discourse deictic item in ‘Now look here, I said…’

**Temporal Deixis**

There are occurrences of *now*, which illustrates proximal time deixis. It refers to the time at which the speaker is making the utterance. There is an occurrence of *then*, which has distal value. As Davies waits for the change of the weather he uses temporal deictic marker *then*, which indicates succession of events. In the succession first comes weather and then his movement to Sidcup.

**Social Deixis**

The social deictic marker *mister* is used several times in the conversation. It has distal value and brings the inequality and gap between the positions of the characters in the conversation.
The pattern is different regarding spatial and discourse deixis in which the number of proximal deictic devices are less than distal deictic devices. Both the characters talk about different things such as over grown lawn in the garden, pond, shed and etc., which are out of house and distant from them on several occasions. That’s why the number of proximal deictic devices is lesser in the passage.

**Passage III (pp.26-38)**

DAVIES: If only I could get down to Sidcup! I’ve been waiting for the weather to break. He’s got my papers, this man I left them with, it’s got it all down there, I could prove everything.

ASTON: How long’s he had them?

DAVIES: What?

ASTON: How long’s he had them?

DAVIES: Oh, must be.... It was in the war..... must be.... About near on fifteen year ago.

He suddenly becomes aware of the bucket and looks up.

ASTON: Any time you want to ....get into bed, just get in. Don’t worry about me.

DAVIES (taking off his overcoat): Eh, well, I think I will. I’m a bit ....a bit done in.He steps out of his trousers, and holds them out.

Shall I put this on?

<p>| Table 2 |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
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ASTON: Yes.

DAVIES puts the coat and trousers on the clothes horse.

DAVIES: I see you got a bucket up here.

ASTON: Leak.

DAVIES looks up.

DAVIES: Well, I’ll try your bed then. You getting in?

ASTON: I’m mending this plug.

DAVIES looks at him and then at the gas stove.

DAVIES: You...you can’t move this, eh?

ASTON: Bit heavy.

DAVIES: Yes.

DAVIES gets into bed. He tests his weight and length.
Not bad. Not bad. A fair bed. I think I’ll sleep in this.

ASTON: I’ll have to fix a proper shade on that bulb. The light’s a bit glaring.

DAVIES: Don’t you worry about that, mister, don’t you worry about that.

He turns and puts the cover up.

ASTON sits, poking his plug.

The lights fade out. Darkness.

Lights up. Morning.

ASTON is fastening his trousers, standing by the bed. He straightens his bed.

Returns, puts his jacket on, turns, goes towards DAVIES and looks down on him.

He coughs. DAVIES sits up abruptly.

DAVIES: What? What’s this? What’s this?

ASTON: It’s all right.

DAVIES(staring): What’s this?

ASTON: It’s all right.

DAVIES looks about.

DAVIES: Oh, yes.
ASTON goes to his bed, picks up the plug and shakes it.
ASTON: Sleep well?
DAVIES: Yes. Dead out. Must been dead out.
ASTON goes downstage right, collects the toaster and examines it.
ASTON: You...er....
DAVIES: Eh?
ASTON: Where you dreaming or something?
DAVIES: Dreaming?
ASTON: Yes.
DAVIES: I don’t dream. I’ve never dreamed.
ASTON: No, nor have I.
DAVIES: Nor me.
Pause.
Why you ask me that, then?
ASTON: You were making noises.
DAVIES: Who was?
ASTON: You were.
DAVIES gets out of bed. He wears long underpants.
DAVIES: Now, wait a minute. Wait a minute, what do you mean? What kind of noises?
ASTON: You were making groans. You were jabbering.
DAVIES: Jabbering? Me?
ASTON: Yes.
DAVIES: I don’t jabber, man. Nobody ever told me that before.
Pause.
What would I be jabbering about?
ASTON: I don’t know.
DAVIES: I mean, where’s the sense in it?
Pause.
Nobody ever told me that before.
Pause.
You got hold of the wrong bloke, mate.
ASTON (crossing to the bed with the toaster). No. You woke me up. I thought you might have been dreaming.
DAVIES: I wasn’t dreaming. I never had a dream in my life.
Pause.
ASTON: Maybe it was the bed.
DAVIES: Nothing wrong with this bed.
ASTON: Might be a bit unfamiliar.
DAVIES: There’s nothing unfamiliar about me with beds. I slept in beds. I don’t makenoises just because I sleep in a bed. I slept in plenty of beds.
Pause.
I tell you what, maybe it were them Blacks.
ASTON: What?
DAVIES: Them noises.
ASTON: What Blacks?
DAVIES: Them you got. Next door. Maybe it were them Blacks making noises, comingup through the walls.
ASTON: Hmmnn.
DAVIES: That’s my opinion.
ASTON puts down the plug and moves to the door.
Where you going, you going out?
ASTON : Yes.
DAVIES(seizing the sandals): Wait a minute then, just a minute.
ASTON: What you doing?
DAVIES(putting on the sandals): I better come with you.
ASTON: Why?
DAVIES: I mean, I better come out with you, anyway.
ASTON: Why?
DAVIES: Well... don’t you want me to go out?
ASTON: What for?
DAVIES: I mean... when you’re out. Don’t you want me to get out ... when you’re out?
ASTON: You don’t have to go out.
DAVIES: You mean... I can stay here?
ASTON: Do what you like. You don’t have to come out just because I go out.
DAVIES: You don’t mind me staying here?
ASTON: I’ve got a couple of keys.
He goes to a box by his bed and finds them.
This door and the front door.
He hands them to DAVIES.
DAVIES: Thanks very much, the best of luck.
Pause. ASTON stands.
ASTON: I think I’ll take a stroll down the road. A little .... kind of a shop. Man there’d got a jig saw the other day. I quite liked the look of it.
DAVIES: A jig saw, mate?
ASTON: Yes. Could be very useful.
DAVIES: Yes.
Slight pause.
What’s that then, exactly, then?
ASTON walks up to the window and looks out.
ASTON: A jig saw? Well, it comes from the same family as the fret saw. But it’s an appliance, you see. You have to fix it on to a portable drill.
DAVIES: Ah, that’s right. They’re very handy.
ASTON: They are, yes.

Pause.

You know, I was sitting in a café the other day. I happened to be sitting at the sametable as this woman. Well, we started to... we started to pick up a bit of conversation. I don’t know... about her holiday, it was, where she’d been. She’d beendown to the south coast. I can’t remember where though. Anyway, we were justsitting there, having this bit of a conversation.... Then suddenly she put her handover to mine....and she said, how would you like me to have a look at your body?

DAVIES: Get out of it.

Pause.

ASTON: Yes. To come out with it just like that, in the middle of this conversation. Struck me as a bit odd.

DAVIES: They’ve said the same thing to me.

ASTON: Have they?

DAVIES: Women? There’s many a time they’ve come up to me and asked me more or less the same question.

Pause.

ASTON: What did you say your name was?

DAVIES: Bernard Jenkins is my assumed one.

ASTON: No, your other one?

DAVIES: Davies. Mac Davies.

ASTON: Welsh, are you?

DAVIES: Eh?

ASTON: You Welsh?

Pause.

DAVIES: Well, I been around, you know....what I mean..... I been about.

ASTON: Where were you born then?
DAVIES (darkly): What do you mean?
ASTON: Where were you born?
DAVIES: I was....uh....oh, it’s bit hard, like, to set your mind back....see what I mean....going back.... a good way.... lose a bit of track....,like.... you know....
ASTON (going to below a fireplace): See this plug? Switch it on here, if you like. This little fire.
DAVIES: Right, mister.
ASTON: Just plug it in here.
DAVIES: Right, mister.
ASTON goes towards the door.
(anxiously) What do I do?
ASTON: Just switch it on, that’s all. The fire’ll come on.
DAVIES: I tell you what. I won’t bother about it.
ASTON: No trouble.
DAVIES: No, I don’t go in for them things much.
ASTON: Should work. (Turning) Right.
DAVIES: Eh, I was going to ask you, mister, what about this stove? I mean, do you think it’s going to be letting out any... what do you think?
ASTON: It’s not connected.
DAVIES: You see, the trouble is, it’s right on top of bed, you see? What I got to watch is nudging... one of them gas taps with my elbow when I get up, you get my meaning?
He goes round to the other side of stove and examines it.
ASTON: There’s nothing to worry about.
DAVIES: Now look here, don’t you worry about it. All I’ll do, I’ll keep an eye on these taps every now and again, like, you see. See they’re switched off. You leave it to me. ASTON: I don’t think...
DAVIES (coming round): Eh, mister, just one thing.... Eh....you couldn’t slip me a couple of bob, for a cup of tea, just, you know?
ASTON: I gave you a few bob last night.
DAVIES: Eh, so you did. So you did. I forget. Went clean out of my mind. That’s right. Thank you, mister. Listen. You’re sure now, you’re sure you don’t mind me staying here? I mean’ I’m not the sort of man who wants to take any liberties.
ASTON: No, that’s all right.
DAVIES: I might get down to Wembley later on in the day.
ASTON: Uh-uh.
DAVIES: There’s a caff down there, you see, might be able to get fixed up there. I was there, see? I know they were a bit short-handed. They might be in the need of a bit of staff.

ANALYSIS

Aston rescues Davies, a tramp. He was working in a café as a cleaner. Aston tells Davies to stay in his flat until he finds himself somewhere else to stay. He offers him a bed in his flat to sleep.

Person Deixis

The first person pronouns and the second person pronouns are used a number of times more than the third person pronouns.

Spatial and Discourse Deixis

This, that, these, here, there, then and now have occurred several times, which illustrate spatial and discourse deixis. Here, this, now and these have proximal value. There is used as an existential ‘there’ on some occasions such as the following example.

(90) ASTON: There’s nothing to worry about.

Davies employs the pointing gestural strategy by using the demonstrative this and here several times as in ‘See this plug? Switch it on here, if you like’, ‘This little fire’. That illustrates anaphoric discourse deixis on some occasions and points to the
preceding part of the sentence as in ‘Just switch it on, that’s all. The fire will come on’ and ‘Nobody ever told me that before’. It also has distal value and is used as a pointing device such as ‘I’ll have to fix a proper shade on that bulb. The light’s a bit glaring’. There is a place deictic device which refers to Sidcup where Davies’ documents are, a café where Aston was sitting one day and another café in Wembley where Davies might be able to find a job. These is used as spatial deixis to indicate the place of taps in ‘I’ll keep an eye on these taps every now and again, like, you see’. Now is a sentence-initial not a temporal deictic item in ‘Now look here, don’t you worry about it’.

**Temporal Deixis**

There are occurrences of **now, then, last night and before** in this passage, which illustrate temporal deixis. **Now** has proximal value, **then, last night and before** have distal value.

**Social Deixis**

**Mister** is repeated several times in this passage, which has distal value and defines difference of position in the house between Aston the owner and Davies the tramp.

### Table 3

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Passage IV (pp.39-50)
DAVIES stands still. He waits a few seconds, then goes to the door, opens it, stands with his back to it, turns swiftly, opens it, comes out, comes back, close the door, finds the keys in his pocket, tries one, tries the other, locks the door. He looks about the room. He then goes quickly to ASTON’S bed, bends, brings out the pair of shoes and examines them.
Not a bad pair of shoes. Bit pointed.
He puts them back under the bed. He examines the area by ASTON’S bed, picks up a vase and looks into it, then picks up a box and shakes it.
Screws!
He sees paint buckets at the top of the bed, goes to them, and examines them.
Paint. What’s he going to paint?
He puts the bucket down, comes to the centre of the room, looks up at bucket, and grimaces.
I’ll have to find out about that.
He crosses right, and picks up a blow-lamp.
He’s got some stuff in here.
He picks up the Buddha and looks at it.
Full of stuff. Look at all this.
His eye falls on the piles of papers.
What’s he got all those papers for? Damn pile of papers.
He goes to a pile and touches it. The pile wobbles. He steadies it.
Hold it, hold it!
He holds the pile and pushes the papers back into place.
The door opens.
MICK comes in, puts the key in his pocket, and closes the door silently. He stands at the door and watches DAVIES.
What’s he got all these papers for?
DAVIES climbs over the rolled carpet to the blue case.
Had a sheet and pillow ready in here.
He opens the case.
Nothing.
He shuts the case.
Still, I had a sleep though. I don’t make no noises.
He looks at the window.
What’s this?
He picks up another case and tries to open it. MICK moves upstage, silently.
Locked.
He puts it down and moves downstage.
Must be something in it.
He picks up a sideboard drawer, rummages in the contents, then puts it down.
MICK slides across the room.
DAVIES half turns, MICK seizes his arm and forces it up his back. DAVIES screams.Uuuuuuuuuuur! Uuuuuuuuh! What! What! What! Uuuuuuuuhhh!
MICK swiftly forces him to the floor, with DAVIES struggling, grimacing, whimpering and staring.
MICK holds his arm, puts his other hand to his lips, then puts his hand to DAVIES’ lips. DAVIES quietens. MICK lets him go. DAVIES writhes. MICK holds out a warning finger. He then squats down to regard DAVIES. He regards him, then stands looking down on him. DAVIES massages his arm, watching MICK. MICK turns slowly to look at the room. He goes to DAVIES’ bed and uncovers it. He turns, goes to the clothes horse and picks up DAVIES’ trousers. DAVIES starts to rise. MICK presses him down with his foot and stands over him.
Finally he removes his foot. He examines the trousers and throws them back. DAVIES remains on the floor, crouched. MICK slowly goes to the chair, sits, and watches DAVIES, expressionless.
Silence.
MICK: What’s the game?
Curtains.
A few seconds later.
MICK is seated, DAVIES on the floor, half seated, crouched.
Silence.
MICK: Well?
DAVIES: Nothing, nothing, nothing.
A drip sounds in the bucket overhead. They look up. MICK looks back to DAVIES.
MICK: What’s your name?
DAVIES: I don’t know you. I don’t know who you are.
Pause.
MICK: Eh?
DAVIES: Jenkins.
MICK: Jenkins?
DAVIES: Yes.
MICK: Jen... kins.
Pause.
You sleep here last night?
DAVIES: Yes.
MICK: Sleep well?
DAVIES: Yes.
MICK: I’m awfully glad. It’s awfully nice to meet you.
Pause.
What did you say your name was?
DAVIES: Jenkins.
MICK: I beg your pardon?
DAVIES: Jenkins!
Pause.

MICK: Jen... kins.

A drip sounds in the bucket. DAVIES looks up.

You remind me of my uncle’s brother. He was always on the move, that man. Never without his passport. Had an eye of the girls. Very much your build. Bit of an athlete. Long-jump specialist. He had a habit of demonstrating different run-ups in the drawing-room round about Christmas time. Had a penchant for nuts. That’s what it was. Nothing else but a penchant. Shouldn’t eat enough of them. Peanuts, walnuts, brazil nuts, monkey nuts, wouldn’t touch a piece of fruit cake. Had a marvellous stop-watch. Picked it up in Hong Kong. The day after they chucked him out of the Salvation Army. Used to go in number four for Beckenham Reserves. That was before he got his Gold Medal. Had a funny habit of carrying his fiddle on his back. Like a papoose. I think there was a bit of the red Indian in him. To be honest, I’ve never made out how he came to be my uncle’s brother. I’ve often thought that maybe it was the other way round. I mean that my uncle was his brother and he was my uncle. But I never called him uncle. As a matter of fact I called him Sid. My mother called him Sid too. It was a funny business. You’re spitting image he was. Married a Chinaman and went to Jamaica.

Pause.

I hope you slept well last night.

DAVIES: Listen! I don’t know who you are!

MICK: What bed you sleep in?

DAVIES: Now look here-

MICK: Eh?

DAVIES: That one.

MICK: Not the other one?

DAVIES: No.

MICK: Choosy.
Pause.

How do you like my room?

DAVIES: Your room?

MICK: Yes.

DAVIES: This ain’t your room. I don’t know who you are. I ain’t never seen you before.

MICK: You know, believe it or not, you’ve got a funny kind of resemblance to a bloke I once knew in Shoreditch. Actually he lived in Aldgate. I was staying with a cousin in Camden Town. This chap, he used to have a pitch in Finsbury Park, just by the bus depot. When I got to know him I found out he was brought up in Putney. That didn’t make any difference to me. I know quite a few people who were born in Putney. Even if they weren’t born in Putney they were born in Fulham. The only trouble was, he wasn’t born in Putney, he was only brought up in Putney. It turned out he was born in the Caledonian Road, just before you get to the Nag’s Head. His old mum was still living in the Angel. All the buses passed right by the door. She could get a 38, 58I, 30 or 38A, take her down the Essex Road to Dalston Junction in next to no time. Well, of course, if she got the 30 he’d take her up Upper Street way, round by Highbury Corner and down to St Paul’s Church, but she’d get to Dalston Junction just the same in the end. I used to live my bike in her garden on my way to work. Yes, it was a curious affair. Dead spit of you he was. Bit bigger around the nose but there was nothing in it.

Pause.

Did you sleep here last night?

DAVIES: Yes.

MICK: Sleep well?

DAVIES: Yes!

MICK: Did you have to get up in the night?

DAVIES: No!
Pause.

MICK: What’s your name?

DAVIES (shifting, about to rise): Now look here!

MICK: What?

DAVIES: Jenkins!

MICK: Jen… kins.

DAVIES makes a sudden move to rise. A violent bellow from MICK sends him back.

A shout.

Sleep here last night?

DAVIES: Yes…

MICK (continuing at great pace): How’d you Sleep?

DAVIES: I slept-

MICK: Slept well?

DAVIES: Now look-

MICK: What bed?

DAVIES: That-

MICK: Not the other?

DAVIES: No!

MICK: Choosy.

Pause.

(quietly) Choosy.

Pause.

(again amiable) What sort of sleep did you have in that bed?

DAVIES (banging on floor): All right!

MICK: You weren’t uncomfortable?

DAVIES (groaning): All right!

MICK stands, and moves to him.

MICK: You a foreigner?
DAVIES: No.

MICK: Born and bred in the British Isles?

DAVIES: I was!

MICK: What did they teach you?

Pause.

How did you like my bed?

Pause.

That’s my bed. You want to mind you don’t catch a draught.

DAVIES: From the bed?

MICK: No, now, up your arse.

**ANALYSIS**

Aston leaves house. Davies starts looking about each and everything in the room.

Mick comes home. He opens the door and closes it silently. He stands at the door and watches Davies. Then he goes in, seizes his arm and forces him to sit on the floor. He starts asking questions from Davies.

**Person Deixis**

The first person pronouns I, me and my, the second person pronouns you and your and the third person pronouns he, him, his, she, her, it, they and them are used a number of times in the passage.

**Spatial and Discourse Deixis**

There are examples of this, that, these, those and here in the conversational passage. This, these and here have proximal value and that and those have distal value. Here is deployed as a spatial deictic marker referring to the house where Davies slept last night and the place where he is sitting now. Those as a distal demonstrative deictic marker points to the piles of papers in the room and these as proximal demonstrative deictic points to the papers when Davies holds them and pushes them back into the place. That and this are used as anaphoric discourse deictic markers in ‘This chap, he used to have a pitch in Finsbury Park, just by the bus


In the conversational passage the number of distal deictic items is more than the number of proximal deictic items. The whole conversation between Davies and Mick is about Davies stay in his flat the night before and Mick’s memories of his past which justifies the greatest number of distal deictic items in this passage.

**Passage V (pp. 51-62)**

MICK: You know, you remind me of a bloke I bumped into once, just the other side of the Guildford by-pass-
DAVIES: I was brought here!
Pause.
MICK: Pardon?
DAVIES: I was brought here! I was brought here!
MICK: Brought here? Who brought you here?
DAVIES: Man who lives here... he...
Pause.
MICK: Fibber.
DAVIES: I was brought here, last night... met him in a caff... I was working... I got the bullet... I was working there... bloke saved me from a punch up, brought me here, brought me right here.
Pause.
MICK: I'm afraid you're a born fibber, en't you? You're speaking to the owner. This is my room. You're standing in my house.
DAVIES: It's his... he seen all right... he...
MICK (pointing to DAVIES' bed): That's my bed.
DAVIES: What about that then?
MICK: That's my mother’s bed.
DAVIES: Well she wasn’t in it last night!
MICK (moving to him): Now don’t get perky, son, don’t get perky. Keep your hands off my old mum.
DAVIES: I ain’t... I haven’t...
MICK: Don’t get out of your depth, friend, don’t start talking liberties with my old mother, let’s have a bit of respect.
DAVIES: I got respect, you won’t find anyone with more respect.
MICK: Well, stop telling me all these fibs.
DAVIES: Now listen to me, I never seen you before, have I?
MICK: Never seen my mother before either, I suppose?
Pause.

I think I’m coming to the conclusion that you’re an old rogue. You’re nothing but an old scoundrel.

DAVIES: Now wait-


DAVIES: You ain’t got no right to-

MICK: You’re stinking the place out. You’re an old robber, there’s no getting away from it. You’re an old skate. You don’t belong in a nice place like this. You’re an old barbarian. Honest. You got no business wandering about in an unfurnished flat. I could charge seven quid a week for this if I wanted to. Get a taker tomorrow. Three hundred and fifty a year exclusive. No argument. I mean, if that sort of money’s in your range don’t be afraid to say so. Here you are. Furniture and fittings, I’ll take four hundred or the nearest offer. Rateable value ninety quid for the annum. You can reckon water, heating and lighting as close on fifty. That’ll cost you eight hundred and ninety if you’re all that keen. Say the word and I’ll have my solicitors draft you out a contract. Otherwise I’ve got the van outside, I can turn you to the police station in five minutes, have you in for trespassing, loitering with intend, daylight robbery, filching, thieving and stinking the place out. What do you say? Unless you’re really keen on a straightforward purchase. Of course, I’ll get my brother to decorate it up for you first. I’ve got a brother who’s a number one decorator. He’ll decorate it up for you. If you want more space, there’s four more rooms along the landing ready to go. Bathroom, living-room, bedroom and nursery. You can have this as your study. This brother I mentioned, he’s just about to start on the other rooms. Yes, just about to start. So what do you say? Eight hundred odd for this room or three thousand down for the whole upper storey. On the other hand, if you prefer to approach it in the long-term way I know an insurance firm in West Ham’ll be pleased to handle the deal for you. No strings attached, open and above board, untarnished record; twenty per cent interest, fifty per cent deposit; down payments, back payments, family
allowance, bonus scheme, remission of term for good behaviour, six month lease, yearly examination of the relevant archives, tea laid on, disposal of shares, benefit extension, compensation on cessation, comprehensive indemnity against Riot, Civil Commotion, Labour Disturbances, Storm, Tempest, Thunderbolt, Larceny or Cattle all subject to a daily check and double check. Of course we’d need a signed declaration from your personal medical attendant as assurance that you possess the requisite fitness to carry the can, won’t we? Who do you bank with?

Pause.

Who do you bank with?

The door opens. ASTON comes in. MICK turns and drops the trousers. DAVIES picks them up and puts them on. ASTON, after a glance at the other two, goes to his bed, places the bag which he is carrying on it, sits down and resumes fixing the toaster. DAVIES retreats to his corner. MICK sits in the chair.

Silence.

A drip sounds in the bucket. They all look up.

Silence.

You still got that leak.

ASTON: Yes.

Pause.

It’s coming from the roof.

MICK: From the roof, eh?

ASTON: Yes.

Pause.

I’ll have to tar it over.

MICK: You’re going to tar it over?

ASTON: Yes.

MICK: What?

ASTON? The cracks.
Pause.
MICK: You’ll be tarring it over the cracks on the roof.
ASTON: Yes.
Pause.
MICK: Think that’ll do it?
ASTON: It’ll do it, for the time being.
MICK: Uh.
Pause.
DAVIES (abruptly): What do you do-?
They both look at him.
What do you do... when that bucket’s full?
Pause.
ASTON: Empty it.
Pause.
MICK: I was telling my friend you were about to start decorating the other rooms.
ASTON: Yes.
Pause.
(to DAVIES) I got your bag.
DAVIES: Oh.
Crossing to him and taking it.
Oh thanks, mister, thanks. Give it to you, did they?
DAVIES crosses back with the bag.
MICK rises and snatches it.
MICK: What’s this?
DAVIES: Give us it, that’s my bag!
MICK (warding him off): I’ve seen this bag before.
DAVIES: That’s my bag!
MICK (eluding him): This bag’s very familiar.
DAVIES: What do you mean?
MICK: Where’d you get it?
ASTON (rising, to them): Scrub it.
DAVIES: That’s mine.
MICK: Whose?
DAVIES: It’s mine! Tell him it’s mine!
MICK: This your bag?
DAVIES: Give me it!
ASTON: Give it to him.
MICK: What? Give him what?
DAVIES: That bloody bag!
MICK (slipping it behind the gas stove): What bag?
(to DAVIES) What bag?
DAVIES (moving): Look here!
MICK (facing him): Where you going?
DAVIES: I’m going to get... my old...
MICK: Watch your steps, sonny! You’re knocking at the door when no one’s at home. Don’t push it too hard. You come busting into a private house, laying your hands on anything you can lay your hands on. Don’t overstep the mark, son.
ASTON picks up the bag.
DAVIES: You thieving bastard... you thieving skate... let me get my-
ASTON: Here you are.
ASTON offers the bag to DAVIES.
MICK grabs it. ASTON takes it.
MICK grabs it. DAVIES reaches for it.
ASTON takes it. MICK reaches for it.
ASTON gives it to DAVIES. MICK grabs it.
Pause.
ASTON takes it. DAVIES takes it. MICK takes it. DAVIES reaches for it. ASTON takes it.
Pause.
ASTON gives it to MICK. MICK gives it to DAVIES. DAVIES grasps it to him.
Pause.
MICK looks at ASTON. DAVIES moves away with the bag. He drops it.
Pause.
They watch him. He picks it up. Goes to his bed, and sits.
ASTON goes to his bed, sits, and begins to roll a cigarette.
MICK stands still.
Pause.
A drip sounds in the bucket. They all look up.
Pause.
How did you get on at Wembley?
DAVIES: Well, I didn’t get down there.
Pause.
No. I couldn’t make it.
MICK goes to the door and exits.
ASTON: I had a bit of bad luck with that jig saw. When I got there it had gone.
Pause.
DAVIES: Who was that feller?
ASTON: My brother.
DAVIES: Is he? He’s a bit of joker, en’ he?
ASTON: Uh.
DAVIES: Yes... he’s a real joker.
ASTON: He’s got a sense of humour.
DAVIES: Yes, I noticed.
Pause.
He’s a real joker, that lad, you can see that?
Pause.

ASTON: Yes, he tends... he tends to see the funny side of things.

DAVIES: Well, he’s got a sense of humour, en’ he?

ASTON: Yes.

DAVIES: Yes, you could tell that.

Pause.

I could tell the first time I saw him he had his own way of looking at things.

ASTON stands, goes to the sideboard drawer, right, picks up the statue of Buddha, and puts it on the gas stove.

ASTON: I’m supposed to be doing up the upper part of the house for him.

DAVIES: What... you mean... you mean it’s his house?

ASTON: Yes. I’m supposed to be decorating this landing for him. Make a flat out of it.

DAVIES: What does he do, then?

ASTON: He’s in the building trade. He’s got his own van.

DAVIES: He don’t live here?

ASTON: Once I get that shed up outside... I’ll be able to give a bit more thought to the flat, you see. Perhaps I can knock up one or two things for it.

**ANALYSIS**

Aston helps Davies and brings him home to stay there. After some time Mick arrives home. He hears some noise inside. He enters quietly and finds Davies, who is looking about the room. He starts asking him some question. After some time Aston comes back and brings Davies’ bag.

**Person Deixis**

In this conversational passage the number of the first person pronouns I, me, mine and we and the second person pronouns you and your is more than the number of the third person pronouns he, his, him, she, her, it, they and them, which are used on some occasions.
Spatial and Discourse Deixis

Here, there, this, that, these, then and now occur in this conversational passage, which illustrate spatial and discourse deixis. Here, this, these and now have proximal value. There, then and that have distal value. Here and there are place deictic items of which the first one refers to the house where Davies stays and the second one refers to the café where Davies used to work, Wembley and the shop down the road where a man got a jig saw. Demonstratives this and that are used as gestural pointing devices to point out the room, the bed, the bucket and the bag too. That is used as an anaphoric discourse deictic device in ‘That’ll cost you eight hundred and ninety if you are all that keen’ and ‘Who was that feller?’.

This is an exophoric discourse deictic device in ‘This is my room’.

Then and now are also distal and proximal discourse deictic devices respectively. Then is exploited in ‘What about that, then?’ to show the logical result of Davies’ statement and now in ‘Now listen to me, I never seen you before, have I?’ is a sentence beginner which is in connection with the previous part of the discourse.

Temporal Deixis

Now, before, last night and tomorrow occur on some occasions in this passage, which illustrate time deixis. Now has proximal value and before, last night and tomorrow have distal value. Now refers to the present time including the time of the utterance and before, last night and tomorrow refer to the time before the time of the utterance.

Social Deixis

There is just one example of distal deictic item in the conversational passage, which illustrates the inequality between Davies a tramp and Aston the owner of the house as he says, ‘Oh thanks, mister, thanks. Give it to you, did they?’
Table 5

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>total person deictic items</th>
<th>total spatial and discourse deictic items</th>
<th>total temporal deictic items</th>
<th>total social deictic items</th>
<th>total percentage</th>
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<td>70.16</td>
<td>29.84</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

The character achieves the effect of proximity to the place through the repetition of here several times in the passage. He would like to link himself to the house where he stays. The total number of proximal deictic devices is more than that of distal deictic devices in this passage.

Passage VI (pp. 63-75)

Of course, there’s a lot to be done to this place. What I think, though, I think I’ll put a partition in one of the rooms along the landing. I think it’ll take it. You know... they’ve got these screens... you know... oriental. They break up a room with them. Make it into two parts. I could either do that or I could have a partition.

Pause.

Anyway, I think I’ve decided on the partition.

Pause.

DAVIES: Eh, look here, I been thinking. This ain’t my bag.

ASTON: Oh. No.

DAVIES: No, this ain’t my bag. My bag, it was another kind of bag altogether, you see. I know what they’ve done. What they done, they kept my bag, and they given you another one altogether.

ASTON: No... what happened was, someone had gone off with your bag.

DAVIES (rising): That’s what I said!
ASTON: Anyway, I picked that bag up somewhere else. It’s got a few... pieces of clothes in it too. He let me have the whole lot cheap.

DAVIES (opening the bag): Any shoes?

DAVIES takes two check shirts, bright red and bright green, from the bag. He holds them up.

Check.

ASTON: Yes.

DAVIES: Yes... well, I know about these sort of shirts, you see. Shirts like these, they don’t go far in the winter-time. I mean, that’s one thing I know for a fact. No, what I need, is a kind of a shirt with strips going down. That’s what I want.

He takes from the bag a deep-red velvet smoking-jacket.

What’s this?

ASTON: It’s a smoking-jacket.

DAVIES: A smoking-jacket?

He feels it.

This ain’t a bad piece of cloth. I’ll see how it fits.

He tries it on.

You ain’t got a mirror in here, have you?

ASTON: I don’t think I have.

DAVIES: Well, it don’t fit too bad. How do you think it looks?

ASTON: Looks all right.

DAVIES: Well, I won’t say no to this, then.

ASTON picks up the plug and examines it.

No, I wouldn’t say no to this.

Pause.

ASTON: you could be... caretaker here, if you liked.

DAVIES: What?
ASTON: You could... look after the place, if you liked... you know, the stairs and landing, the front steps, keep an eye on it. Polish the bells.

DAVIES: Bells?
ASTON: I’ll be fixing a few, down by the front door. Brass.

DAVIES: Caretaking, eh?
ASTON: Yes.

DAVIES: Well, I... I never done caretaking before, you know... I mean to say... I never... what I mean to say is... I never been a caretaker before.

Pause.

ASTON: How do you feel about being one, then?
DAVIES: Well, I reckon... well, I’d have to know... you know...

ASTON: What sort of...
DAVIES: Yes, what sort of... you know...

Pause.

ASTON: Well, I mean...
DAVIES: I mean, l’d have to... l’d have to...
ASTON: Well, I could tell you...

DAVIES: That’s... that’s it... you see... you get my meaning?
ASTON: When the time comes...

DAVIES: I mean, that’s what I’m getting at, you see...

ASTON: More or less exactly what you...

DAVIES: You see, what I mean to say... what I’m getting at is... I mean, what sort of jobs...

Pause.

ASTON: Well, there’s things like the stairs... and the... the bells...

DAVIES: But it’d be a matter... wouldn’t it... it’d be a matter of a broom... isn’t it?

ASTON: Yes, and of course, you’d need a few brushes.

DAVIES: You’d need implements... you see... you’d need a good few implements...
ASTON takes a white overall from a nail over his bed, and shows it to DAVIES.

ASTON: You could wear this, if you liked.

DAVIES: Well... that’s nice, en’t it?

ASTON: I’d keep the dust off.

DAVIES (putting it on): Yes, this’d keep the dust off, all right. Well off. Thanks very much, mister.

ASTON: You see, what we could do, we could... I could fit a bell at the bottom, outside the front door, with “Caretaker” on it. And you could answer any queries.

DAVIES: Oh, I don’t know about that.

ASTON: Why not?

DAVIES: Well, I mean, you don’t know who might come up them front steps, do you? I got to be a bit careful.

ASTON: Why, someone after you?

DAVIES: After me? Well, I could have that Scotch git coming looking after me, couldn’t I? all I’d do, I’d hear the bell, I’d go down there, open the door, who might be there, any Harry might be there. I could be buggered as easy as that, man. They might be there after my card, I mean look at it, here I am, I only got four stamps, on this card, here it is, look, four stamps, that’s all I got, I ain’t got any more, that’s all I got, they ring the bell called Caretaker, they’d have me in, that’s what they’d do, I wouldn’t stand a chance. Of course I got plenty of other cards lying about, but they don’t know that, and I can’t tell them, can I, because then they’ll find out I was going about under an assumed name. you see, the name I call myself now, that’s not my real name. My real name’s not the one I’m using, you see. It’s different. You see, the name I go under now ain’t my real one. It’s assumed.

Silence.

The lights fade to blackout.

Then up to dim light through the window.

A door bangs.
Sound of a key in the door of the room.
DAVIES enters, closes the door, and tries the light switches, on, off, on, off.
DAVIES (muttering): What’s this?
He switches on and off.
What’s the matter with this damn light?
He switches on and off.
Aaah. Don’t tell me the damn light’s gone now.
Pause.
What’ll do? Damn lights gone now. Can’t see a thing.
Pause.
What’ll do now?
He moves, stumbles.
Ah God, what’s that? Give me a light. Wait a minute. He feels for matches in his pocket, takes out a box and lights one. The match goes out. The box falls.
Aah! Where is it?
Stooping.
Where’s the bloody box?
The box is kicked.
What’s that? What? Who’s that? What’s that? Pause. He moves.
Where’s my box? It was down here. Who’s this? Who’s moving it?
Silence.
Come on. Who’s this? Who’s this got my box?
Pause.
Who’s in here?
Pause.
I got a knife in here. I’m ready. Come on then, who are you?
He moves, stumbles, falls and cries out.
Silence.
A faint whimper from DAVIES. He gets up.
All right!
He stands. Heavy breathing.
Suddenly the electrolux starts to hum. A figure moves with it, guiding it. The nozzle moves along the floor after DAVIES, who skips, dives away from it and falls, breathlessly.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah! Get away-y-y-y-y!
The electrolux stops. The figure jumps on ASTON’S bed.
I’m ready for you! I’m... I’m... I’m here!
The figure takes out the electrolux plug from the light socket and fits the bulb. This light goes on. DAVIES flattens himself against right wall, knife in hand. MICK stands on the bed, holding the plug.
MICK: I was just doing some spring cleaning.
He gets down.
There used to be a wall plug for this electrolux. But it doesn’t work. I had to fit it in the light socket.
He puts the electrolux plug under ASTON’S bed.
How do you thing the place is looking? I gave it a good going over.
Pause.
We take it in turns, once a fortnight, my brother and me, to give the place a thorough going over. I was working late tonight, I only just got here. But I thought I better get on with it, as it’s my turn.
Pause.
It’s not that I actually live here. I don’t. as a matter of fact I live somewhere else. But after all, I’m responsible for the upkeep of the premises, en I? I can’t help being house-proud.
He moves towards DAVIES and indicates the knife.
What are you waving that about for?
DAVIES: You came near me...
MICK: I’m sorry if I gave you a start. But I had you in mind too, you know. I mean, my
brother’s guest. We got a think of your comfort, en’t we? Don’t want the dust to get
up your nose. How long you thinking of staying here, by the way? As a matter of fact,
I was going to suggest that we’d lower your rent, make it just a nominal sum, I mean
until you get fixed up. Just nominal, that’s all.
Pause.
Still, if you’re going to be spiky, I’ll have to reconsider the whole position.
Pause.
Eh, you’re not thinking of doing any violence on me, are you? You’re not the violent
sort, are you?
DAVIES (vehemently): I keep myself to myself, mate. But if anyone starts with me
though, they know what they got coming.
MICK: I can believe that.
DAVIES: You do. I been all over, see? You understand my meaning? I don’t mind a bit
of a joke now and then, but anyone’ll tell you... that no one starts anything with me.
MICK: I get what you mean, yes.
DAVIES: I can be pushed so far... but...
MICK: No further.
DAVIES: That’s it.
MICK sits on junk down right.
What you doing?
MICK: No, I just want to say that... I’m very impressed by that.
DAVIES: Eh?
MICK: I’m very impressed by what you’ve just said.
Pause.
Yes, that’s impressive, that is.
Pause.
I’m impressed, anyway.

DAVIES: You know what I’m talking about then?

MICK: Yes, I know. I think we understand one another.

DAVIES: Uh? Well... I’ll tell you... I’d... I’d like to think that. You been playing me about, you know. I don’t know why. I never done you no harm.

MICK: No, you know what it was? We just got off on the wrong foot. That’s all it was.

ASTON: Ay, we did.

DAVIES joins MICK in junk.

MICK: Like a sandwich?

DAVIES: What?

MICK (taking a sandwich from his pocket): Have one of these.

DAVIES: Don’t you pull anything?

MICK: No, you’re still not understanding me. I can’t help being interested in any friend of my brother’s. I mean, you’re my brother’s friend, aren’t you?

DAVIES: Well, I... I wouldn’t put it as far as that.

MICK: Don’t you find him friendly then?

DAVIES: Well, I wouldn’t say we was all that friends. I mean, he done me no harm, but I wouldn’t say he was any particular friend of mine. What’s in that sandwich?

MICK: Cheese.

DAVIES: That’ll do me.

MICK: Take one.

DAVIES: Thank you, mister.

MICK: I’m sorry to hear my brother’s not very friendly.

DAVIES: He’s friendly, he’s friendly, I don’t say he wasn’t...

MICK (taking a salt-cellar from his pocket): Salt?

DAVIES: No thanks.

He munches the sandwich.
ANALYSIS
The passage deals with the topic that Aston is going to make a shed out in the backyard and decorate the flat for his brother Mick. Davies left his bag in café. Aston brings his bag back, which is not his bag. Aston tells him someone took his bag and he picked that bag containing pieces of clothes in it somewhere else. He suggests that the old man should stay in his flat until he finds himself somewhere else. Hence, Aston offers him the job of a caretaker in the house.

Person Deixis
There are a lot of occurrences of the first person pronouns and the second person pronouns as well as the occurrence of he, they, them and it.

Spatial and Discourse Deixis
There are occurrences of this, that, here, there, these and then, which illustrates spatial and discourse deixis. Among them this, here and these are proximal items and that, there and then are distal items. Here functions as a place deictic marker in ‘You could be ….the caretaker here, if you liked’ and in ‘It’s not actually that I live here’, the deictic item here is functionally a place deictic item, which is used to refer to the place where the characters are. There is used as an existential there, which is used to show the existence of the stairs, the bells and the wall plug in the house. But in ‘I’d go down there, open the door, who might be there, any Harry might be there’, there is used as a place deictic item referring to the front door of the house. There are examples of the demonstrative that and this, which illustrate anaphoric discourse deixis in ‘That’s it ….that’s it...you see...you get my meaning?’, ‘I mean that’s what I’m getting at, you see...’ and ‘Well, I wouldn’t say no to this’. The distal deictic item that is used as a pointing device, which indicates the knife in ‘What are you waving that about for?’ and the sandwich in ‘What’s in that sandwich, then?’ The this is employed as a pointing device on some occasions, indicating the house, the bag itself in ‘This ain’t my bag’, smoking-jacket and white overall in the passage. Some examples of the proximal demonstrative these are used which refer
to the shirts and the sandwiches. *This* and *that* have the effect of being proximal and distal exophoric discourse deictic items respectively in ‘Ah God, what’s that? Give me a light.’ and ‘Who’s this? Who’s this got my box?’, here both *this* and *that* refer to something that the speaker can see or understand in that particular situation and it does not refer to language.

**Temporal Deixis**

In this passage there are occurrences of *before*, *then*, *tonight* and *now*, which illustrate time deixis. *Now* and *tonight* have proximal value and *before* and *then* have distal value. The deictic item *before* refers to the preceding time before the time of the utterance, it keeps focus on Davies’ past experience.

**Social Deixis**

Some examples of distal social deictic markers as in ‘Thank you, mister’ are deployed in the conversational passage.

| Table 6 |
|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| Total Person Deictic Items | Total Spatial and Discourse Deictic Items | Total Temporal Deictic Items | Total Social Deictic Items | Total Percentage |
| Proximal | Distal  | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal |
| 297 | 75 | 323 | 2 | 236 | 32 | 233 | 90 | 71.88 | 28.12 |

The total occurrences of proximal deictic devices are more than distal deictic devices in the passage.

**Passage VII (pp.76-88)**

DAVIES chews the sandwich. MICK watches him eat. He then rises and strolls downstage.
Uuh... listen... can I ask your advice? I mean, you’re a man of the world. Can I ask your advice about something?

DAVIES: You go right ahead.

MICK: Well, what it is, you see, I’m... I’m a bit worried about my brother.

DAVIES: Your brother?

MICK: Yes... you see, his trouble is...

DAVIES: What?

MICK: Well, it’s not a very nice thing to say...

DAVIES(rising, coming downstage): Go on now, you say it.

MICK looks at him.

MICK: He doesn’t like work.

Pause.

DAVIES: Go on!

MICK: No, he just doesn’t like work, that’s his trouble.

DAVIES: Is that a fact?

MICK: It’s a terrible thing to have to say about your own brother.

DAVIES: Ay.

MICK: He’s just shy of it. Very shy of it.

DAVIES: I know that sort.

MICK: you know the type?

DAVIES: I’ve met them.

MICK: I mean, I want to get him going in the world.

DAVIES: Stands to reason, man.

MICK: If you got an older brother you want to push him on, you want to see him make his way. Can’t have him idle, he’s only doing himself harm. That’s what I say.

DAVIES: Yes.

MICK: But he won’t buckle down to the job.

DAVIES: He don’t like work.
MICK: Work shy.
DAVIES: Sounds like it to me.
MICK: You’ve met the type, have you?
DAVIES: Me? I know that sort.
MICK: Yes.
DAVIES: I know that sort. I’ve met them.
MICK: Causing me great anxiety. You see, I’m a working man: I’m a tradesman. I’ve got my own van.
DAVIES: Is that a fact?
MICK: He’s supposed to be doing a little job for me... I keep him here to do a little job... but I don’t know... I’m coming to the conclusion he’s a slow worker.
Pause.
What would your advice be?
DAVIES: Well... he’s a funny bloke, your brother.
MICK: What?
DAVIES: I was saying, he’s... he’s a bit of a funny bloke, your brother.
MICK stares at him.
MICK: Funny? Why?
DAVIES: Well... he’s funny...
MICK: What’s funny about him?
Pause.
DAVIES: Not liking work.
MICK: What’s funny about that?
DAVIES: Nothing.
Pause.
MICK: I don’t call it funny.
DAVIES: Nor me.
MICK: You don’t want to start getting hypercritical?
DAVIES: No, no, I wasn’t that, I wasn’t... I was only saying...
MICK: Don’t get too glib.
DAVIES: Look, all I meant was-
MICK: Cut it!
Briskly.
Look! I got a proposition to make to you. I’m thinking of taking over the running of this place, you see? I think it could be run a bit more efficiently. I got a lot of ideas, a lot of plans.
He eyes DAVIES.
How would you like to stay in here, as caretaker?
DAVIES: What?
MICK: I’ll be quite open with you. I could rely on a man like you around the place, keeping an eye on things.
DAVIES: Well now... wait a minute... I... I ain’t never done no caretaking before, you know...
MICK: Doesn’t matter about that. It’s just that you look a capable sort of man to me.
DAVIES: I am a capable sort of man. I mean to say, I’ve had plenty offers in my time, you know, there’s no getting away from that.
MICK: Well, I could see before, when you took out that knife, that you wouldn’t let anyone mess you about.
DAVIES: No one messes me about, man.
MICK: I mean, you’ve been in the services, haven’t you?
DAVIES: The what?
MICK: You been in the services. You can tell by your stance.
DAVIES: Oh... yes. Spent half my life there, man. Overseas... like... serving...I was.
MICK: In the colonies, weren’t you?
DAVIES: I was over there. I was one of the first over there.
MICK: That’s it. You’re just the man I been looking for.
DAVIES: What for?
MICK: Caretaker.

DAVIES: Yes, well... look... listen... who's the landlord here, him or you?
MICK: Me. I am. I got deeds to prove it.

DAVIES: Ah...
Decisively.
Well listen, I don't mind doing a bit of caretaking, I wouldn't mind looking after the place for you.

MICK: Of course, we'd come to a small financial agreement, mutually beneficial.

DAVIES: I leave you to reckon that out, like.

MICK: Thanks. There's only one thing.

DAVIES: What's that?

MICK: Can you give me any reference?

DAVIES: Eh?

MICK: Just to satisfy my solicitor.

DAVIES: I got plenty of references. All I got to do is to go down to Sidcup tomorrow. I got all the references I want down there.

MICK: Where's that?

DAVIES: Sidcup. He ain't only got my references down there, he got all my papers down there. I know that place like the back of my hand. I'm going down there anyway, see what I mean, I got to get down there, or I'm done.

MICK: So we can always get hold of these references if we want them.

DAVIES: I'll be down there any day, I tell you. I was going down today, but I'm... I'm waiting for the weather to break.

MICK: Ah.

DAVIES: Listen. You can't pick me up a pair of good shoes, can you? I got a bad need for a good pair of shoes. I can't get anywhere without a pair of good shoes, see? Do you think there's any chance of you being able to pick me up a pair?
The lights fade to blackout.

Lights up. Morning.

Aston is pulling on his trousers over long underwear. A slight grimace. He looks around at the head of his bed, takes a towel from the rail and waves it about. He pulls it down, goes to Davies and wakes him. Davies sits up abruptly.

Aston: You said you wanted me to get you up.

Davies: What for?

Aston: You said you were thinking of going to Sidcup.

Davies: Ah, that’d be a good thing, if I got there.

Aston: Doesn’t look much of a day.

Davies: Ay, well, that’s shot it, en’t it?

Aston: I... I didn’t have a very good night again.

Davies: I slept terrible.

Pause.

Aston: You were making...

Davies: Terrible, Had a bit of rain in the night, didn’t I?

Aston: Just a bit.

He goes to his bed, picks up a small plank and begins to sandpaper it.

Davies: Thought so. Come in on my head.

Pause.

Draught’s blowing right in on my head, anyway.

Pause.

Can’t you close that window behind that sack?

Aston: You could.

Davies: Well then, what about it, then? The rain’s coming right in on my head.

Aston: Got to have a bit of air.

Davies gets out of bed. He is wearing his trousers, waistcoat and west.
DAVIES(Putting on his sandals): Listen. I’ve lived all my life in the air, boy. You don’t have to tell me about air. What I’m saying is, there’s too much air coming in that window when I’m asleep.

ASTON: Gets very stuffy in here without the window open. ASTON crosses to the chair, puts the plank on it, and continues sandpapering.

DAVIES: Yes, but listen, you don’t know what I’m telling you. That bloody rain, man, come right in on my head. Spoils my sleep. I could catch my death of cold with it, with that draught. That’s all I’m saying. Just shut that window and no one’s going to catch any colds, that’s all I’m saying.

Pause.

ASTON: I couldn’t sleep in here without that window open.

DAVIES: Yes, but what about me? What... what you got to say about my position?

ASTON: Why don’t you sleep the other way round?

DAVIES: What do you mean?

ASTON: Sleep with your feet to the window.

DAVIES: What good would that do?

ASTON: The rain wouldn’t come in on your head.

DAVIES: No, I couldn’t do that. I couldn’t do that.

Pause. I mean, I got used to sleeping this way. It isn’t me has to change, it’s that window. You see, it’s raining now, Look at it. It’s coming down now. Pause.

ASTON: I think I’ll have a walk down to Goldhawk Road. I got talking to a man there. He had a saw bench. It looked in pretty good condition to me. Don’t think it’s much good to him.

Pause.

Have a walk down there, I think.

DAVIES: Listen to that. That’s done my trip to Sidcup. Eh, what about closing that window now? It’ll be coming in here.

ASTON: Close it for the time being.
DAVIES closes the window and looks out.
DAVIES: What’s all that under that tarpaulin out there?
ASTON: Wood.
DAVIES: What for?
ASTON: To build my shed.
DAVIES sits on his bed.
DAVIES: You haven’t come across that pair of shoes you was going to look out for me, have you?
ASTON: Oh. No. I’ll see if I can pick some up today.
DAVIES: I can’t go out in this with these, can I? I can’t even go out and get a cup of tea.
ASTON: There’s a café just along the road.
DAVIES: There may be, mate.

ANALYSIS
According to Mick, his brother Aston does not like to work and he does not take any job seriously. Mick cannot rely on him for looking after the house and he does not have time to look after it. Hence he is looking for a man who is capable of taking care of the house. Davies spent half his life in the Armed Force of British Colonies and so Mick thinks that he is capable of taking care of the house.

Person Deixis
In this passage, the first person pronouns I, me and my and the second person pronouns you and your, occur many times. There are also examples of the third person pronouns he, him, his, himself, them and it.

Spatial and Discourse Deixis
There are occurrences of this, that, these, here, there, then and now, which illustrate spatial and discourse deixis. This, these, here and now are examples of proximal deixis. That, then and there are examples of distal deixis. The speaker uses pointing gestural strategy by using the demonstrative this in ‘this place’ and the
demonstrative that to indicate the window, the sack and also the object under the
tarpaulin. Davies assumes that there might be something under that tarpaulin and it
could be used for doing something. On the basis of his assumption he asks the
following to get more information.

(91) DAVIES: What’s all that under that tarpaulin out there?
(92) DAVIES: Can’t you close that window behind that sack?

The characters employ the anaphoric distal discourse deictic marker that on several
occasions like ‘Doesn’t matter about that’ and ‘There’s no way getting from that’,
which refers to the preceding parts of the conversation. To show his position in the
space, Davies uses proximal exophoric discourse deictic item that and this in the
conversational passage as in ‘I mean, I got used to sleeping this way’.
The demonstrative these is also used several times as a discourse deictic marker
referring to Davies’ references and his shoes. To indicate the place, the speakers
deploy place deictic item here and there. The background knowledge and the
context provide information that these British colonies may be in East Asia and
Africa. Davies uses the distal place deictic item there to refer to colonies and Sidcup
where his papers are with someone. To know about the legal owner of the house,
Davies uses the place deictic item here, which means of this house where he stays
currently. Mick deploys the place deictic item here to indicate the place where they
are right now, at the moment of speaking. There is also used several times as an
existential device in the passage. Then and now are deployed as discourse deictic
markers in this passage too.

**Temporal Deixis**

In this passage there are occurrences of now, today, tomorrow
and before. Now and today have proximal value and tomorrow and before have distal
value. Repetition of now indicates succession of events. In the succession first comes
the weather and then his action of closing the window. Before refers to the time which is preceding the time of the utterance.

**Social Deixis**

There is no occurrence of social deixis in the passage.

| Table 7 |
|----------------------------------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| **Total Person Deictic Items**   | **Total Spatial and Discourse Deictic Items** | **Total Temporal Deictic Items** | **Total Social Deictic Items** | **Total Percentage** |
| Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal |
| 247       | 66     | 242      | 0      | 190      | 57     | 12       | 54     | 183      | 59     |
|           |        |          |        |          |        |          |        |          |        |
| In the passage, the character achieves the effect of distancing through the use of that and there on several occasions. The pattern in the second column regarding Spatial and Discourse Deixis is different from the other patterns. Both characters try to distance themselves from the other objects through the use of distal spatial demonstratives. Perhaps they like to express their dislike for the objects or they would like to delink themselves from the objects. Thus the number of distal deictic devices is more than that of proximal deictic devices in the second column.

**Passage VIII (pp. 89-100)**

ASTON: I used to go there quite a bit. Oh, years ago now. But I stopped. I used to like that place. Spent quite a bit of time in there. That was before I went away. Just before I think that... place had a lot to do with it. They were all ... a good bit older than me. But they always used to listen. I thought ... they understood what I said. I mean I used to talk to them. I talked too much. That was my mistake. The same in the factory. Standing there, or in the breaks, I used to... talk about things. And these
men, they used to listen, whenever I... had anything to say. It was all right. The trouble was, I used to have kind of hallucinations. They weren’t hallucination, they... I used to get the feeling I could see things... very clearly... everything... was so clear... everything used... everything used to get very quiet... everything got very quiet... all this... quiet... and ... this clear sight... it was... but maybe I was wrong. Anyway, someone must have said something. I didn’t know anything about it. And... some kind of lie must have got around. And this lie went round. I thought people started being funny. In that café. The factory. I couldn’t understand it. Then one day they took me to a hospital, right outside London. They... got me there. I didn’t want to go. Anyway... I tried to get out, quite a few times. But... it wasn’t very easy. They asked me questions, in there. Got me in and asked me all sorts of questions. Well, I told them... when they wanted to know... what my thoughts were.

Hmmnn. Then one day... this man... doctor, I suppose... the head one... he was quite a man of... distinction... although I wasn’t sure about that. He called me in. He said... he told me I had something. He said they’d concluded their examination. That’s what he said. And he showed me a pile of papers and he said that I’d got something, some complaint. He said... he just said that, you see. You’ve got... this thing. That’s your complaint. And we’ve decided, he said, that in your interests there’s only one course we can take. He said... but I can’t... exactly remember... how he put it... he said, we are going to do something to your brain. He said... if we don’t, you’ll be in here for the rest of your life, but if we do, you stand a chance. You can go out, he said, and live like the others. What do you want to do to my brain, I said to him. But he just repeated what he’d said. Well, I wasn’t a fool. I knew I wasn’t a minor. I knew he couldn’t do anything to me without getting permission. I knew he had to get permission from my mother. So I wrote to her and I told her what they were trying to do. But she signed their form, you see, giving them permission. I know that because he showed me her signature when I brought it up. Well, that night I tried to escape, that night. I spend five hours sawing at one of the bars on the window on
this ward. Right throughout the dark. They used to shine a torch over the beds every half hour. So I timed it just right. And then it was nearly done, and a man had a... he had a fit, right next to me. And they caught me, anyway. About a week later they started to come round and do this thing to the brain. We were all supposed to have it done, in this ward. And they came around and did it one of a time. One a night. I was one of the last. And I could see quite clearly what they did to the others. They used to come around with these... I don't know what they were... they looked like big pincers, with wires on, the wires were attached to a little machine. It was electric. They used to hold the man down, and this chief... the chief doctor, used to fit the pincers, something like earphones, he used to fit them on either side of the man's skull. There was a man holding the machine, you see, and he'd... turn it on, and the chief would just press these pincers on either side of the skull and keep them there. Then he'd take them off. They'd cover the man up... and they wouldn't touch him again until later on. Some used to put up a fight, but most of them didn't. They just lay there. Well, they were coming around to me, and the night they came I got up and stood against the wall. They told me to get on the bad because if they did it while I was standing up they might broke my spine.. so I stood up and then one or two of them came for me, well, I was younger then, I was much stronger than I am now, I was quite strong then, I laid one of them out and I had another one around the throat, and then suddenly this chief had these pincers on my skull and I knew he wasn't supposed to do it while I was standing up, that's why I... anyway, he did it. So I did get out. I got out of the place... but I couldn't walk very well. I didn't think my spine was damaged. That was perfectly all right. The trouble was... my thoughts... had become very slow... I couldn't think at all... I couldn't... get... my thoughts... together... uuhhh... I could... never quite get it... together. The trouble was, I couldn't hear what people were saying. I couldn't look at the right or left, I had to look straight in front of me, because if I turned my head round... I couldn't keep... upright. And I had these headaches. I used to sit in my room. That was when I lived with my
mother. And my brother. He was younger than me. And I laid everything out in order, in my room, all the things I knew mine, but I didn’t die. The thing is, I should have been dead. I should have died. Anyway, I feel much better now. But I don’t talk to people now. I steer clear of places like that café. I never go into them now. I don’t talk to anyone... like that. I have often thought of going back and trying to find the man who did that to me. But I want to do something first. I want to build that shed out in the garden.

Curtain

Two weeks later.

MICK is lying on the floor, down left, his head resting on the rolled carpet, looking up at the ceiling.

DAVIES is sitting in the chair, holding his pipe. He is wearing the smoking-jacket. It is afternoon.

Silence.

DAVIES: I got a feeling he’s done something to them cracks.

Pause.

See, there’s been plenty of rain in the last week, but it ain’t been dripping into the bucket.

Pause.

He must have tarred it over up there.

Pause.

There was someone walking about on the roof the other night. It must have been him.

Pause.

But I got a feeling he’s tarred it over on the roof up there. Ain’t said a word to me about it. Don’t say a word to me.

Pause.

He don’t answer me when I talk to him.
He lights a match, holds it to his pipe, and blows it.
He don’t give me no knife!
Pause.
He don’t give me no knife to cut my bread.
Pause.
How can I cut a loaf of bread without no knife?
Pause.
It’s an impossibility.
Pause.
MICK: You’ve got a knife.
DAVIES: What?
MICK: You’ve got a knife.
DAVIES: I got a knife, sure I got a knife, but how do you expect me to cut a good loaf of bread with that? That’s not a bread-knife. It’s nothing to do with cutting bread. I picked it up somewhere. I don’t know where it’s been, do I? No, what I want-
MICK: I know what you want.
Pause. DAVIES rises and goes to the gas stove.
DAVIES: What about this gas stove? He tells me it’s not connected. How do I know it’s not connected? Here I am, I’m sleeping right with it, I wake up in the middle of the night, I’m looking right into the oven, man! It’s right next to my face, how do I know, I could be lying there in bed, it might blow up, it might do me harm!
Pause.
But he don’t seem to take any notice of what I say to him. I told him the other day, see, I told him about them Blacks, about them Blacks coming up from next door, and using the lavatory. I told him, it was all dirty in there, all the banisters were dirty, they were black, all the lavatory was black. But what did he do? He’s supposed to be in charge of it here, he had nothing to say, he hadn’t got a word to say.
Pause.
Couple of weeks ago... he sat there, he give me a long chat... about a couple of weeks ago. A long chat he give me. Since then he ain’t said hardly a word. He went on talking there... I don’t know what he was... he wasn’t looking at me, he don’t care about me. He was talking to himself! That’s all he worries about. I mean, you come up to me, you ask my advice, he wouldn’t never do a thing like that. I mean, we don’t have any conversation, you see? You can’t live in the same room with someone who... who don’t have any conversation with you.

Pause.

I just can’t get the hang of him.

Pause.

You and me, we could get this place going.

MICK(ruminatively): Yes, you’re quite right. Look what I could do with this place.

Pause.

I could turn this place into a penthouse. For instance... this room. This room you could have as the kitchen. Right size, nice window, sun comes in. I’d have... I’d have teal-blue, copper and parchment linoleum squares. I’d have those colours re-echoed in the walls. I’d offset the kitchen units with charcoal-gray worktops. Plenty of room for cupboards for the crockery. We’d have a small wall cupboard, a large wall cupboard, a corner wall cupboard with revolving shelves. You wouldn’t be short of cupboards. You could put the dining-room across the landing, see? Yes. Venetian blinds on the window, cork floor, cork tiles. You could have an off-white pile linen rug, a table in... in afromosia teak veneer, sideboard with matt black drawers, curved chairs with cushioned seats, armchairs in oatmeal tweed, a beech frame settee with a woven sea-grass seat, white-topped heat-resistant coffee table, white tile surround. Yes. Then the bedroom. What’s a bedroom? It’s a retreat. It’s a place to go for rest and peace. So you want quiet decoration. The lighting functional. Furniture... mahogany and rosewood. Deep azure-blue carpet, unglazed blue and white curtains,
a bedspread with a pattern of small blue roses on a white ground, dressing-table
with a lift-up top containing a plastic tray, table lamp of white raffia...

MICK sits up.
It wouldn’t be a flat it’d be a palace.
DAVIES: I’d say it would, man.
MICK: A palace.
DAVIES: Who would live there?
MICK: I would. My brother and me.
Pause.
DAVIES: What about me?
MICK(quietly): All this junk here, it’s no good to anyone. It’s just a lot of old iron,
that’s all. Clobber. You couldn’t make a home out of this. There’s no way you could
arrange it. It’s junk. He could never sell it, either, he wouldn’t get tuppence for it.
Pause.
Junk.
Pause.
But he doesn’t seem to be interested in what I got in mind, that’s the trouble. Why
don’t you have a chat with him, see if he’s interested?
DAVIES: Me?
MICK: Yes. You are a friend of his.
DAVIES: He’s not friend of mine.
MICK: You are living in the same room with him, en’t you?
DAVIES: He’s no friend of mine. You don’t know where you are with him. I mean,
with a bloke like you, you know where you are.
MICK looks at him.
I mean you got your own ways, I’m not saying you ain’t got your own ways, anyone
can see that. You may have some funny ways, but that’s the same with all of us, but
with him it’s different, see? I mean at least with you, the thing with you is you’re...
MICK: Straightforward.
DAVIES: That’s it, you’re straightforward.
MICK: Yes.
DAVIES: But with him, you don’t know what he’s up to half the time!
MICK: Uh.
DAVIES: He’s got no feelings!
Pause.
See, what I need is a clock! I need a clock to tell the time! How can I tell the time without a clock? I can’t do it! I said to him, I said, look here, what about getting in a clock, so’s I can tell what time it is? I mean, if you can’t tell what time you’re at you don’t know where you are, you understand my meaning? See, what I got to do now, if I’m walking about outside, I got to get my eye on a clock, and keep the time in my head for when I come in. but that’s no good, I mean I’m not in here five minutes and I forgotten it. I forgotten what time it was!
DAVIES walks up and down the room.
Look at it this way. If I don’t feel well I have a bit of a lay down, then, when I wake up, I don’t know what time it is to go and have a cup of tea! You see, it’s not so bad when I’m coming in. I can see the clock on the corner, the moment I’m stepping into the house I know what the time is, but when I’m in! it’s when I’m in... that I haven’t the foggiest idea what time it is!
Pause.
No, what I need is a clock in here, in this room, and then I stand a bit of a chance. But he don’t give me one.
DAVIES sits in the chair.
He wakes me up! He wakes me up in the middle of the night! Tells me I’m making noises! I tell you I’ve half a mind to give him a mouthful one of these days.
MICK: He don’t let you sleep?
DAVIES: He don’t let me sleep! He wakes me up!
MICK: That’s terrible.

DAVIES: I been plenty of other places. They always let me sleep. It’s the same the whole world over. Except here.

MICK: Sleep’s essential. I’ve always said that.

DAVIES: you’re right, it’s essential. I get up in the morning, I’m worn out! I got business to see to. I got to move myself, I got to sort myself out, I got to get fixed up. But when I wake up in the morning, I ain’t got no energy in me. And on top of that I ain’t got no clock.

MICK: Yes.

ANALYSIS

In the passage, at first Aston starts talking to Davies about his experience some years ago in the hospital, doing something on his brain there and his loss of mind. Then there is a conversation between Davies and Mick. Davies complains about Aston who doesn’t talk to him at all, his uncomfortable bed, Blacks coming up from next door and using the lavatory and the need of clock in the room. Mick talks about changing the place to a penthouse.

Person Deixis

In this passage there are many occurrences of the first person pronouns I, me, my, myself, mine and we, the second person pronouns you and your and the third person pronouns he, him, himself, his, she, her, it, its, they, them and their.

Spatial and Discourse Deixis

There, here, that, this, these are used a number of times, which refer to spatial and discourse deixis. There is used as a distal place deictic item to refer to the café where he used to go quite a bit, to the hospital, either side of his skull which these pincers were pressed on them, the roof of the house, the bed in the room, the lavatory in the building and the room itself where Aston sat two weeks ago and gave Davies a long chat. Here is used as the proximal place deictic item which refers to his stay in the hospital, to the room where Davies is sleeping in and to the flat where he stays
now. There are occurrences of the proximal demonstrative these in the conversational passage referring to the men in the café, big pincers and his headaches. The speaker employs pointing gestural strategy by using this in ‘this gas stove?’, ‘this place’, ‘this room’ and ‘this junk’. That is used as an anaphoric discourse deictic marker a number of times such as ‘that was my mistake’, ‘that’s what he said’ and ‘that’s terrible.’, which refers to the previous parts of the conversation. It is deployed as a distal pointing device to indicate the shed out in the garden and a distal exophoric discourse deictic marker in ‘Well, that night I tried to escape, that night’.

This in ‘Then one day ....this man....doctor, I suppose....’ and ‘and this chief... the chief doctor, used to fit the pincers,..’, is used as a cataphoric discourse deictic marker. In ‘You’ve got...this thing.’ it has the effect of being a proximal exophoric discourse deictic marker, whereas in ‘I spent five hours sawing at one of the bars on the window in this ward.’ it is a proximal anaphoric discourse deictic marker referring to the ward in the hospital which is mentioned earlier.

**Temporal Deixis**

In the conversational passage there are examples of then, last week and now, which illustrate temporal deixis. Now has proximal value and refers to the time at which the speaker is making the utterance. Then and last week have distal value and refer to the time which precedes the time of the utterance. The time deixis then indicates temporal succession of events which are happening after he was admitted in the hospital for the treatment. In Aston’s continuation of speech he talks about the times when they took him to the hospital and when the doctor called him and said they had concluded their examination and when one or two of them came for him to fit the pincers on his skull.

**Social Deixis**

There is no occurrence of social deictic items in the conversational passage.
**Table 8**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Total Person Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Spatial and Discourse Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Temporal Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Social Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Percentage</th>
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**Passage IX (pp. 101-112)**

Listen! I wake up in the morning... I wake up in the morning and he’s smiling at me! He’s standing there, looking at me, smiling! I can see him, you see, I can see him through the blanket. He puts on his coat, he turns himself round, he looks down at my bed, there’s a smile on his face! What the hell’s he smiling at? What he don’t know is that I’m watching him through that blanket. He don’t know that! He don’t know I can see him, he thinks I’m asleep, but I got my eye on him all the time through the blanket, see? But he don’t know that I can see him doing it!

Pause.

Bending, close to MICK.

No, what you want to do, you want to speak to him, see? I got... I got that worked out. You want to tell him... that we got ideas for this place, we could build it up, we could get it started. You see, I could decorate it out for you, I could give you a hand in doing it... between us.

Pause.

Where do you live now?

MICK: Me? I’ve got a little place. Not bad. Everything laid on. You must come up and have a drink some time. Listen to some Tchaikovsky.
DAVIES: No, you see, you are the bloke who wants to talk to him. I mean, you’re his brother.
Pause.
Yes… maybe I will.
A door bangs.
MICK rises, goes to the door and exits.
DAVIES: Where you going? This is him!
Silence.
DAVIES stands, then goes to the window and looks out.
ASTON enters. He is carrying a paper bag. He takes off his overcoat, opens the bag and takes out a pair of shoes.
ASTON: Pair of shoes.
DAVIES(turning): What?
ASTON: I picked them up. Try them.
DAVIES: Shoes? What sort?
ASTON: They might do you.
DAVIES comes down stage, takes off his sandals and tries the shoes on. He walks about, waggling his feet, bends, and presses the lather.
DAVIES: No, they’re not right.
ASTON: Aren’t they?
DAVIES: No, they don’t fit.
Pause.
DAVIES: Well, I’ll tell you what, they might do... until I get another pair.
Pause.
Where’s the laces?
ASTON: No laces.
DAVIES: I can’t wear them without laces.
ASTON: I just got the shoes.
DAVIES: Well now, look that puts the lid on it, don’t it? I mean, you couldn’t keep these shoes on right without a pair of laces. The only way to keep a pair of shoes on, if you haven’t got no laces, is to tighten the foot, see? Walk about with a tight foot, see? Well, that’s no good for the foot. Puts a bad strain on the foot. If you can do the shoes up proper there’s less chance of you getting a strain.

ASTON goes around to the top of his bed.

ASTON: I might have some somewhere.

DAVIES: you see what I’m getting at?

Pause.

ASTON: here’s some.

He hands them to DAVIES.

DAVIES: These are brown.

ASTON: That’s all I got.

DAVIES: These shoes are black.

ASTON does not answer.

Well, they can do anyway, until I get another pair.

DAVIES sits in the chair and begins to lace his shoes.

Maybe they’ll get me down to Sidcup tomorrow. If I get down there I’ll be able to sort myself out.

Pause.

I’ve been offered a good job. Man has offered it to me, he’s... he’s got plenty of ideas. He’s got a bit of a future. But they want my papers, you see, they want my references. I’d have to get down to Sidcup before I could get hold of them. That’s where they are, see. Trouble is, getting there. That’s my problem. The weather’s dead against it.

ASTON quietly exits, unnoticed.

Don’t know as these shoes’ll be much good. It’s a hard road, I been down there before. Coming the other way, like. Last time I left there, it was... last time... getting
on a while back... the road was bad, the rain was coming down, lucky I didn’t die there on the road, but I got here, I kept going, all along... yes... I kept going all along. But all the same, I can’t go on like this, what I got to do, I got to get back there, find this man-
He turns and looks about the room.
Christ! That bastard, he ain’t even listening to me!

Blackout.

DIM LIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW.
It is night. ASTON and DAVIES are in bed, DAVIES groaning.
ASTON sits up, gets out of bed, switches on the light, gets over to DAVIES and shakes him.
ASTON: Hey, stop it, will you? I can’t sleep.
DAVIES: What? What’s going on?
ASTON: You’re making noises.
DAVIES: I’m an old man, what do you expect me to do, stop breathing?
ASTON: You’re making noises.
DAVIES: What do you expect me to do, stop breathing?
ASTON goes to his bed, and puts on his trousers.
ASTON: I’ll get a bit of air.
DAVIES: What do you expect me to do? I tell you mate, I’m not surprised they took you in. waking an old man up in the middle of the night, you must be off your nut! Giving me bad dreams, who’s responsible, then, for me having bad dreams? If you wouldn’t keep mucking me about I wouldn’t make no noises! How do you expect me to sleep peaceful when you keep poking me all the time? What do you want me to do, stop breathing?
He throws the cover off and gets out of bed, wearing his vest, waistcoat and trousers.
It’s getting so freezing in here I have to keep my trousers on to go to bed. I never
done that before on my life. But that’s what I got to do here. Just because you won’t
put in any bleeding heating! I’ve had just about enough with you mucking me about.
I’ve seen better days than you have, man. Nobody ever got me inside one of them
places, anyway. I’m a sane man! So don’t you start mucking me about. I’ll be alright
as long as you keep your place. Just keep your place, that’s all. Because I can tell you,
your brother’s got his eye on you. He knows all about you. I got a friend there, don’t
you worry about that. I got a true pal there. Treating me like dirt! Why’d you invite
me in here in the first place of you was going to treat me like this? You think you’re
better than me you got another think coming. I know enough. They had you inside
one of them places before, they can have you inside again. Your brother’s got his eye
on you! They can put the pincers on your head again, man! They can have them on
again! Any time. All they got to do this is get the word. They’d carry you in there,
boy. They’d come here and pick you up and carry you in! they’d keep you fixed!
They’d put them pincers on your head, they’d have you fixed! They’d take one look
at all this junk I got to sleep with they’d know you were a creamer. That’s the
greatest mistake they made, you take my tip, letting you get out of that place.
Nobody knows what you’re at! Well, nobody messes me about for long. You think
I’m going to do your dirty work? Haaaaahhhhh! You better think again! You want me
to do all the dirty work all up and down them stairs just so I can sleep in this lousy
filthy hole every night? Not me, boy. Not for you boy. You don’t know what you’re
doing half the time. You’re up the creek! You’re half off! You can tell it by looking at
you. Who ever saw you slip me a few bob? Treating me like a bloody animal! I never
been inside a nuthouse!
ASTON makes a slight move towards him. DAVIES takes his knife from his pocket.
Don’t come nothing with me, mate. I got this here. I used it. I used it. Don’t come it
with me.
A Pause. They stare at each other.
Mind what you do know.
Pause.
Don’t you try anything with me.
Pause.
ASTON: I… I think it’s about time you found somewhere else. I don’t think we’re hitting it off.
DAVIES: Find somewhere else?
ASTON: Yes.
DAVIES: Me? You talking to me? Not me, man. You!
ASTON: What?
DAVIES: You! You better find somewhere else!
DAVIES: Don’t I? Well, I live here. I been offered a job here.
ASTON: Yes… well, I don’t think you’re really suitable.
DAVIES: Not suitable? Well, I can tell you, there’s someone here thinks I am suitable.
And I’ll tell you. I’m staying on here as caretaker! Get it! Your brother, he’s told me, see, he’s told me the job is mine. Mine! So that’s where I am. I’m going to be his caretaker.
ASTON: My brother?
DAVIES: He’s staying, he’s going to run this place, and I’m staying with him.
ASTON: Look. If I give you… a few bob you can get down to Sidcup.
DAVIES: You build your shed first! A few bob! When I can earn a steady wage here!
You build your stinking shed first! That’s what!
ASTON stares at him.
ASTON: That’s not a stinking shed.
Silence.
ASTON moves to him.
It’s clean. It’s all good wood. I’ll get it up. No trouble.
DAVIES: Don’t you come too near!
ASTON: You’ve no reason to call that shed stinking.
DAVIES points the knife.
You stink.
DAVIES: What!
ASTON: You’ve been stinking the place out.
DAVIES: Christ, you say that to me!
ASTON: For days. That’s one reason I can’t sleep.
DAVIES: You call me that! You call me stinking!
ASTON: You better go.
DAVIES: I’ll stink you!
He thrusts his arm out, the arm trembling, the knife pointing at ASTON’S stomach.
ASTON does not move. Silence. DAVIES’ arm moves no further. They stand.
I’ll stink you...
Pause.
ASTON: Get your stuff.
DAVIES draws the knife in to his chest, breathing heavily. ASTON goes to DAVIES’ bed, collects his bag and puts a few of DAVIES’s things into it.
DAVIES: You ain’t... you ain’t got the right... leave that alone, that’s mine!
DAVIES takes the bag and presses the contents down.
All right... I been offered a job here... you wait...
He puts on his smoking-jacket.
... you wait... your brother... he’ll sort you out... you call me that... you call me that...
no one’s ever called me that...
He puts on his overcoat.
You’ll be sorry you called me that... you ain’t heard the last of this...
He picks up his bag and goes to the door.
You’ll be sorry you called me that...
He opens the door, ASTON watching him.  
Now I know who I can trust.  
DAVIES goes out. ASTON stands.  
Blackout.  
Lights up. Early evening.  
Voices on the stairs.  
MICK and DAVIES enter.  
DAVIES: Stink! You hear that! Me! I told you what he said, didn’t I? Stink! You hear that? That’s what he said to me!  
MICK: Tch, tch, tch.  
DAVIES: That’s what he said to me.  
MICK: You don’t stink.  
DAVIES: No, sir!  
MICK: If you stank I’d be the first one to tell you.  
DAVIES: I told him, I told him he... I said to him, you ain’t heard the last of this, man! I said, don’t you forget your brother. I told him you’d be coming along to sort him out. He don’t know what he’s started, doing that. Doing that to me. I said to him, I said to him, he’ll be along, your brother’ll be along, he’s got sense, not like you –  

**ANALYSIS**

Davies and Aston had a fight. Davies snored terribly when he was asleep. Aston woke him up to tell him that he could not sleep like that. Davies started fighting and insulting Aston. Aston told him to leave the house. Davies told him that he was offered a job there as the Caretaker.

**Person Deixis**

The first person pronouns I, me, mine, myself and we, the second person pronouns you and your and the third person pronouns he, him, his, it, its, they and them occur on several occasions in this passage.
Spatial and Discourse Deixis

There are occurrences of *This, that, here, there, then, now* and *these*, which illustrate spatial and discourse deixis. *That, then* and *there* are examples of distal deixis. *This, these, here* and *now* are examples of proximal deixis. The demonstrative *that* is used as an anaphoric discourse deictic item on several occasions, but in ‘That was the greatest mistake they made’ is exploited as a cataphoric discourse deictic item, referring to letting Aston get out of the hospital. *This* and *that* are used as pointers too. *This* refers to the place where they stay, the junk in the room, to the house itself where Davies sleeps every night and the knife in Davies’ hand. *That* refers to the blanket on the bed, Sidcup where his documents are, the shed in the garden and Davies’ bag. *This* is also has the effect of being an exophoric discourse deictic item in ‘Where are you going? This is him’, it refers to Aston who came in and ‘I can’t go on like this’ which refers to Davies’ condition to reach Sidcup. *Here* and *there* are used as the place deictic items, which refer to the room and the house where they stay, Sidcup where Davies is expected going soon and the hospital. There are some examples of *there* as an existential *there* as in ‘there’s a smile on his face’. *These* is employed as the proximal demonstrative referring to the shoes in the passage. *Then* in ‘Giving me bad dreams, who’s responsible, then, for me having bad dreams?’ is a distal discourse deictic device.

Temporal Deixis

*Now* has the value of proximal temporal deixis. *Before, tomorrow* and *last time* have the value of distal temporal deixis. *Before* and *last time* consider the time when Davies stayed in Sidcup.

Social Deixis

No example of social deictic item is employed in this passage.
The character achieves the effect of distance through the use of *that* and *there* in the conversational passage. The exactness of Elam’s finding is revealed at the above table too.

**Passage X (pp.113-125)**

DAVIES: What? What I’m saying is, you got ideas for this place, all this... all this decorating, see? I mean, he’s got no right to order me about. I take orders from you, I do my caretaking for you, I mean, you look upon me... you don’t treat me like a lump of dirt... we can both... we can both see him for what he is.

Pause.

MICK: What did he say then, when you told him I’d offered you the job as caretaker?

DAVIES: He... he said... he said... something about... he lived here.

MICK: Yes, he’s got a point, en he?

DAVIES: A point! This is your house, en it? You let him live here!

MICK: I could tell him to go, I suppose.

DAVIES: That’s what I’m saying.

MICK: Yes. I could tell him go. I mean, I’m the landlord. On the other hand, he’s the sitting tenant. Giving him notice, you see, what it is, it’s a technical matter, that’s what it is. It depends how you regard this room. I mean it depends whether you regard this room as furnished or unfurnished. See what I mean?
DAVIES: No, I don’t.
MICK: All this furniture, you see, in here, it’s all his, except the beds, of course. So what it is, it’s a fine legal point, that’s what it is.
Pause.
DAVIES: I tell you he should go back where he come from!
MICK(turning to look at him): Come from?
DAVIES: Yes.
MICK: Where did he come from?
DAVIES: Well... he... he...
MICK: You get a bit out of your depth sometime, don’t you?
Pause.
(rising, briskly) Well, anyway, as things stand, I don’t mind having a go at doing up the place...
DAVIES: That’s what I wanted to hear!
MICK: No, I don’t mind.
He turns to face DAVIES.
But you better be as good as you say you are.
DAVIES: What do you mean?
MICK: Well, you say you’re an interior decorator, you’d better be a good one.
DAVIES: A what?
DAVIES: Me? What do you mean? I never touched that. I never been that.
MICK: You’ve never what?
DAVIES: No, no, not me, man. I’m not an interior decorator. I been too busy. Too many other things to do, you see. But I... but I could always turn my hand to most things... give me... give me a bit of time to pick it up.
MICK: I don’t want you to pick it up. I want a first-class experienced interior decorator. I thought you were one.
DAVIES: Me? Now wait a minute – wait a minute – you got the wrong man.
MICK: How could I have the wrong man? You’re the only man I’ve spoken to. You’re the only man I’ve told, about my dreams, about my deepest wishes, you’re the only one I’ve told, and I only told you because I understood you were an experienced first-class professional interior and exterior decorator.
DAVIES: Now look here-
MICK: You mean you wouldn’t know how to fit teal-blue, copper and parchment linoleum squares and have those colours re-echoed in the walls?
DAVIES: Now, look here, where’d you get -?
MICK: You wouldn’t be able to decorate out a table in afrosia teak veneer, an armchair in oatmeal tweed and a beech frame settee with a woven sea-grass seat?
DAVIES: I never said that!
MICK: Christ! I must have been under a false impression!
DAVIES: I never said that!
MICK: You’re a bloody imposter, mate!
DAVIES: Now you don’t want to say that sort of thing to me. You took me on here as caretaker. I was going to give you a helping hand, that’s all, for a small… for a small wage, I never said nothing about that… you start calling me names-
MICK: What is your name?
DAVIES: don’t start that-
MICK: No, what’s your name?
DAVIES: My real name’s Davies.
MICK: What’s the name you go under?
DAVIES: Jenkins!
MICK: You got two names. What about the rest? Eh? Now come on, why did you tell me all this dirt about you being an interior decorator?
DAVIES: I didn’t tell you nothing! Won’t you listen to what I’m saying?
Pause.
It was him who told you. It was your brother who must have told you. He’d tell you anything, out of spite, he’s nutty, he’s half way gone, it was him who told you.

MICK walks slowly to him.

MICK: What did you call my brother?

DAVIES: When?

MICK: He’s what?

DAVIES: I… now get this straight...

MICK: Nutty? Who’s nutty?

Pause.

Did you call my brother nutty? My brother. That’s a bit of... that’s a bit of an impertinent thing to say, isn’t it?

DAVIES: But he says so himself!

MICK walks slowly round DAVIES’ figure, regarding him, once.

MICK: What a strange man you are. Aren’t you? You’re really strange. Ever since you come into this house there’s been nothing but trouble. Honest. I can take nothing you say at face value. Every word you speak is open to any number of different interpretations. Most of what you say is lies. You’re violent, you’re erratic, you’re just completely unpredictable. You’re nothing else but a wild animal, when you come down to it. You are a barbarian. And to put the old tin lid on it, you stink from arse-hole to breakfast time. Look at it. You come here recommending yourself as an interior decorator, whereupon I take you on, and what happens? You make a long speech about all the references you’ve got down at Sidcup, and what happens? I haven’t noticed you go down to Sidcup to obtain them. It’s all most regrettable but it looks as though I’m compelled to pay you off for your caretaking work. Here’s half a dollar.

He feels in his pocket, takes out a half-crown and tosses it at DAVIES’ feet. DAVIES stands still. MICK walks to the gas stove and picks up the Buddha.

DAVIES(slowly): All right then... you do that... you do it... if that’s what you want...
MICK: THAT’S WHAT I WANT!
He hurls the Buddha against the gas stove. It breaks.
(passionately) Anyone would think this house was all I got to worry about. I’ve got other things. I’ve got plenty of interests. I’ve got my own business to build up, haven’t I? I got to think about expanding... in all directions. I don’t stand still. I’m moving about, all the time. I’m moving... all the time. I’ve got to think about the future. I’m not worried about this house. I’m not interested. My brother can worry about it. He can do it up, he can decorate it, he can do what he likes with it. I’m not bothered. I thought I was doing him a favour, letting him live here. He got his own ideas. Let him have them. I’m going to chuck it in.
DAVIES: What about me?
Silence. MICK does not look at him.
A door bangs.
Silence. They do not move.
ASTON comes in. he closes the door, moves into the room and faces MICK. They look at each other. Both are smiling, faintly.
MICK(beginning to speak to ASTON): Look... uh...
He stops, goes to the door and exits. ASTON leaves the door open, crosses behind DAVIES, sees the broken Buddha, and looks at the pieces for a moment. He then goes to his bed, takes off his overcoat, sits, takes the screwdriver and plugs and pokes the plug.
DAVIES: I just come back for my pipe.
ASTON: Oh yes.
DAVIES: I got out and... half way down I... I suddenly... found out... you see... that I hadn’t got my pipe. So I come back to get it...
Pause. He moves to ASTON.
That ain’t the same plug, is it, you been... ?
Pause.
Still can’t get anywhere with it, eh?
Pause.
Well, if you... preserve, in my opinion, you’ll probably...
Pause.
Listen...
Pause.
You didn’t mean that, did you, about me stinking, did you?
Pause.
Did you? You been a good friend to me. You took me in, you took me in, you didn’t ask me no question, you give me a bed, you been a mate to me. Listen. I been thinking, why I made all them noises, it was because of the draught, see, that draught was on me as I was sleeping, made me make noises without me knowing it, so I been thinking, what I mean to say, if you was to give me your bed, and you have my bed, there’s not all that difference between them, they’re the same sort of bed, if I was to have yourn, you sleep, wherever bed you’re in, so you have mine, I have yourn, and that’ll be all right, I’ll be out of the draught, see, I mean, you don’t mind a bit of wind, you need a bit of air, I can understand that, you being in that place that time, with all them doctors and all they done, closed up, I know them places, too hot, you see, they’re always too hot, I had a peep in one once, nearly suffocated me, so I reckon that’d be the best way out of it, we swap beds, and then we could get down to what we was saying, I’d look after the place for you, I’d keep an eye on it for you, for you, you see, not for him, for you, I’ll be your man, you say the word, just say the word...
Pause.
What do you think of this I’m saying?
Pause.
ASTON: No, I like sleeping in this bed.
DAVIES: But you don’t understand my meaning!
ASTON: Anyway, that one’s my brother’s bed.

DAVIES: Your brother?

ASTON: Any time he stays here. This is my bed. It’s the only bed I can sleep in.

DAVIES: But your brother’s gone! He’s gone!

Pause.

ASTON: No. I couldn’t change beds.

DAVIES: But you don’t understand my meaning!

ASTON: Anyway, I’m going to be busy. I’ve got that shed to get up. If I don’t get it up now it’ll never go up. Until it’s up I can’t get started.

DAVIES: I’ll give you a hand to put up your shed, that’s what I’ll do!

Pause.

I’ll give you a hand! We’ll both put up that shed together! See? Get it done in next to no time! Do you see what I’m saying?

Pause.

ASTON: I can get it up myself.

DAVIES: But listen. I’m with you, I’ll be here, I’ll do it for you!

Pause.

We’ll do it together!

Pause.

Christ, we’ll change beds!

ASTON moves to the window and stands with his back to DAVIES.

You mean you’re throwing me out? You can’t do that. Listen man, listen man, I don’t mind, you see, I don’t mind, I’ll say, I don’t mind, I’ll tell you what, if you don’t want to change beds, we’ll keep it as it is, I’ll stay in the same bed, maybe if I can get a stronger piece of sacking, like, to go over the window, keep out the draught, that’ll do it, what do you say, we’ll keep it as it is?

Pause.

ASTON: No.
DAVIES: Why... not?
ASTON turns to look at him.
ASTON: You make too much noise.
DAVIES: But... but... look... listen... listen here... I mean...
ASTON turns back to the window.
What am I going to do?
Pause.
What shall I do?
Pause.
Where am I going to?
Pause.
If you want me to go... I’ll go. You just say the word.
Pause.
I’ll tell you what though... them shoes... them shoes you give me... they’re working all right... they’re all right. Maybe I could... get down...
ASTON remains still, his back to him, at the window.
Listen... if I... get down... if I was to... get my papers... would you... would you let...
would you... if I got down... and got my...
Long silence.
Curtain.

ANALYSIS

Davies and Aston had a fight. Aston told him to leave the house. Davies went to Mick and complained about his brother.

Person Deixis

The number of the first person pronouns and the second person pronouns I, me, mine, myself, we, you, your and yourself are more than the number of the third person pronouns in the conversational passage.
Spatial and Discourse Deixis

There are occurrences of this, that, here, now and those, which illustrate spatial and discourse deixis. That and those are examples of distal deixis. Here, now and this are examples of proximal deixis. This and that are used as a pointer from which the first one refers to the house and the room where they stay, the furniture in the house and the bed, the second one refers to the plug, Mick’s bed and the shed. The demonstrative that and this are used as anaphoric discourse deictic items on several occasions in the conversational passage. This is an exophoric discourse deictic item on some occasions as in ‘A point! This is your house, en’t?’ and a cataphoric discourse deictic item in ‘Now come on, why did you tell me all this dirt about you being an interior decorator?’ Here is employed as a place deictic item. Now is deployed as a sentence beginner in connection with previous part of the conversation. Consider the following example.

(93) DAVIES: Now you don’t want to say that sort of thing to me.

Temporal Deixis

Then has the value of distal temporal deixis in this passage. It marks out the time when Davies told Aston that his brother offered him a job as the caretaker. Now is also employed on several occasions in this passage.

Social Deixis

No social deictic item is used in the conversational passage.
The character achieves the effect of proximity through the use of *this* and *here* in the conversational passage.

### 4.3 Frequency of Proximal and Distal Deixis in *The Caretaker*

The present section examines the frequency of proximal and distal deixis in ten selected passages in *The Caretaker*. As has been noted, the analysis of the present study has been made in the light of Elam’s study (1980), who believes that proximal deictic items are more frequent than distal deictic items in dramatic discourse. The total number of proximal and distal deictic items in the passage is shown in the following table.
The percentage of the occurrence of proximal deictic items in the ten conversational passages is 66.16 per cent. The analysis has revealed that the total number of proximal deictic items is much more than that of distal deictic items, which justifies Elam’s finding. Under the categories of the spatial and discourse deixis and social deixis, the total number of distal deictic markers is greater than that of proximal deictic markers. The characters have some psychological needs, which are related to their past life and experiences. In order to get the addressees’ attention to their needs, anxieties and to reestablish their social position they seem to use distal deictic items to talk about their past from time to time. This indicates that Elam’s observation is broadly validated, even if there is some variation in relation to spatial and discourse and social deixis.

4.4 Analysis of Conversational Passages from the Play Enter a Free Man

Passage I (pp. 9-16)
Stage Right is the living room of RILEY’S home..... a dining – table with chairs, a settee, a grandfather clock, a portrait of the Queen, a transistor radio (the only thing that does not look vaguely out of date). Everything is spick and span. There are lots of potted plants, on sills, shelves and tables, and almost everywhere where there is a plant there is some plumbing above it, quite discreet. Stairs to the bedroom can be seen beyond the door.
PERSEPHONE is responsible for the tidiness. She is matronly, plump, plain, nice, vague, usually vaguely distracted. She is a great duster and emptier of ash– trays. Her daughter LINDA is in pyjamas. She is eighteen, self – assured, at least on the surface, and can be as cruel or warm as she feels like being. She is never sentimental, and often anti- sentiment: sharp, abrasive, cool, when her guard is up, and rather childlike when it drops.
Stage Left is the bar, the public bar of a slightly old-fashioned unfashionable pub in what is probably a seedy urban suburb.

The two plying areas blend into one another at Downstage Centre but they have no geographical relationship. CARMAN the barman is middle-aged and big, taciturn but in fact warm, tough-looking but curiously ineffectual. HARRY is thirty-odd, flashy, sharp, well dressed, cheaply rakish.

ABLE is a young callow sailor, almost gormless.

BROWN is almost anonymous-meek, colourless-a man in a pub, minding his own business.

RILEY is a smallish untidy figure in a crumpled suit (when he appears) – a soiled fifty with a certain education somewhere in the past: it gives him tattered dignity now. He is certainly not mad but he is definitely odd. Unsinkable, despite the slow leak.

Before the curtain rises “Rule Britannia”. The music fades to nothing as the lights come up the home.

At home; PERSEPHONE and LINDA. LINDA in pyjamas.

PERSEPHONE: You’d better get dressed, Linda. We don’t want another row when your father gets in.

LINDA: He won’t get back till late ...... meatless Saturday for George Riley, the man who’s on his way......to the pub on the corner.

(The lights come up slowly on the bar.)

(In the bar; CARMEN behind the bar.)

PERSEPHONE: Well, why shouldn’t he go to the pub? At least he meets people.

LINDA: How do you know? I bet he’s just another lonely feller having a quiet drink. The point is, What’s he like? I mean when we can’t see him. He’s got to be different-I mean you wouldn’t even know me if you could see me--- (ABLE enters, downstage of the bar, carrying a letter and writing-paper. He collects a glass of beer from the bar, and goes slowly to the corner table and sits, writing letter.) PERSEPHONE: Come on, Linda.
(She leaves the room and goes off towards the kitchen.)
LINDA: And that goes for everyone. There’s two of everyone.
(The gent (BROWN) enters downstage of bar and sits on stool, reading newspaper.) You see you need that
(HARRY enters upstage of bar, looks about impatiently.)
and if the two of him’s the same, I mean if he’s the same in the pub as he is with us, then he’s had it.
(RILEY enters with a flourish, but his entrance makes no impact.)
RILEY: Enter a free man!
LINDA: Poor old Dad......
HARRY: It’s him again.
RILEY: Free as the proverbial bird. (PERSEPHONE reappears at the home door.)
PERSEPHONE: Linda. (Goes off and upstairs.)
(The lights on the home start to fade.)
LINDA (rising and going off upstairs): You’ll have to do something about him, you know....
RILEY: Unashamed I have left her.
LINDA: Before I’m old and ugly.
RILEY: A good woman I daresay, in many ways a fine woman-in many ways a terrible liability. Who’ll drink to that? A toast.
(No reaction. He pauses in the vacuum...... the living – room has faded.)
What time do you open?
ABLE: Morning, Mr. Riley...
RILEY (ignoring him; to BROWN): Good lord, it’s my old C.O., isn’t it?
BROWN (nervously): I don’t think so.
RILEY: I saved your life at Monte Casino – that’s worth a drink!
BROWN: I’m afraid –
RILEY (calls): A foaming tankard on the Colonel.
(CARMEN takes little or no notice.)

BROWN: I don’t believe ---

RILEY (dismissing him equably): Just as you like. (To ABLE)

Thank God for the British Navy.

ABLE: Hello, Mr. Riley...

RILEY: At ease, carry on smoking.

ABLE: Oh-have one?

RILEY: Why, yes-I think I might.

(ABLE offers and lights a cigarette.)

HARRY (to CARMEN): She won’t get here for next year’s Derby, never mind the one o’clock...I’ll give her five minutes. If I’m gone, tell her the same time tomorrow.

RILEY: I don’t know where to start.

ABLE: What?

RILEY: Free as air. Walked out with my toothbrush and a ten-bob note, and I don’t know where to start. (Indicating ABLE’S notepaper.) What have you got there? ABLE: Well, it’s this letter, Mr. Riley - I don’t know how to...I’m not very good at.......

RILEY: Who’s it to?

ABLE: Well, it’s this girl, you see. I met her at this dance. I thought you might be able to......

(RILEY has already taken up the letter.)

RILEY: “Carissima Silvana ......” (Pause.) Where was this dance?

ABLE: Naples.

RILEY: “Carissima Silvana.....I’m sorry I didn’t write before but I put it off till we got back on Monday. I’ve been thinking about you, though. Well, as you can see, we got back all right and I’ve got ten days before we report back. I don’t know where we’ll be going but I’m keeping my fingers crossed for Naples. I hope your shoe’s all right –”

(RILEY looks up inquiringly.)

ABLE: Her heel came off.
RILEY: “...I hope your shoe’s all right. Well, I just wanted to say I had a nice time with you, the best time I had on the trip, and I’ve been thinking about you. I’m sorry the photo is a bit blurred. The other bloke is Dave Collins, you remember him...” (Looks up.) Is that all?
ABLE: It’s not very good, is it?
RILEY: Take a note. (Starts dictating, pacing.) Dear Silvana, please try to forget me. I have just met a man in a pub whose example stands as a warning against even the most casual relationship with young women. A thing like that could end in disaster—twenty—five years of dead domesticity, fatal to a man of creative spirit—only today, after much loss of time and dignity..... (He has travelled to the bar; to HARRY and CARMEN.) Walked out with my toothbrush and a ten bob note. (To CARMEN.) A pint of half-and-half. (To HARRY.) I was driven to it, you see. Do you think I did the right thing?
HARRY: What?
RILEY: Leaving her.
HARRY: Who?
RILEY: My wife.
HARRY: Where?
RILEY: What? At home.
HARRY: Left her at home?
RILEY (irritated): No- I left her. Walked out.
HARRY: Never.
RILEY: I told you.
HARRY: What- Percy?
RILEY: Persephone is her name, if you don’t mind. However, yes I have. Man is born free and—
HARRY: Walked out on her again? Where’s your stuff?
RILEY (slapping his pocket with a smile): Here. I’ve got something in here that will open door to me, Harry.

CARMEN: (With RILEY’S drink): Two and tuppence.

RILEY: Two and tuppence for a pint of half-and-half. Half beer half water. Times change, Carmen, my old barmen.

(He tosses down a ten-shilling note and turns back to BROWN and stands in front of him regarding him.)

BROWN: I beg your pardon?

RILEY: Granted. I have left my wife.

CARMEN (from the bar): Now then---

RILEY: I wanted you to know that ... Left her. My wife. You married?

CARMEN: Mr. Riley---

RILEY: Give me your honest opinion. What would you have done in my position?

BROWN: I don’t really know what would your position was.

RILEY: Of course you don’t. How could you? I’m an inventor.

CARMEN: Your change.

RILEY: Keep it.

CARMEN: Seven and ten pence.

(Small pause.)

RILEY (getting up): I’ll owe it to you. I’ll be worth thousands in a short while.

CARMEN: We close at three.

RILEY (calling up to HARRY): A man is born free and everywhere he is in chains. Who said that?

ABLE: Houdini?

RILEY (turning): Who?

ABLE: ---dini.

RILEY: Houdini. No.

ABLE: Give up.
RILEY (turning back to HARRY): Still wasting your life, Harry?
HARRY: No, I’m waiting to see if my horse comes in before my pools come up.
RILEY: Gambling. The opiate of the common herd.
HARRY: For eight draws on a wet Saturday you can call me common, I can stand it. Filthy rich and common with it, that’s my idea of living. You can come and watch me through the palace railing, blowing on my soup.
RILEY: You see? Dreams. Diversions to keep the mob happy. It’s the Government, you see.
HARRY: I always suspected it.
RILEY: It’s the truth. The government’s taking a tip from the Romans. When the place was declining and falling round their ears, you know what the Romans did?
HARRY: No?
RILEY: Bread and circuses. To take the mob’s mind off it. Same thing now, only its football. Football drugs them, keeps them hoping. And the government knows it.
HARRY: Oh, it knows it.
(ABLE to bar, for “one more, same again”.)
RILEY: You’re right. Because if the mob didn’t have its circus you know what would happen? They’d rush ‘em. Up from the Elephant, over Westminster Bridge, surround the Houses of Parliament and string ‘em up. That’s the whole point of electing an M.P. – you’ve got to have someone to string up as a last resort. (Pose.) Gentlemen. It’s football or anarchy.
ABLE: It’s cricket now.
RILEY: What?
ABLE: Cricket.
RILEY: True. (Thought.) But these things take time to grow. If cricket went on till Christmas, you know who would be ruling the country?
ABLE: Who?
RILEY: You would.
ABLE: I never look at it that way.

RILEY: Just as the mob is getting restive, football comes back, nips revolution in the bud. Have you noticed how football starts earlier and finishes later every year?

ABLE: No.

RILEY: Well, it does. It’s the government. They know, you see.

HARRY: They do.

RILEY: So you can see why, can’t you?

HARRY: I can.

RILEY: It’s the government.

HARRY: They’re no fools.

RILEY (with scorn): Dreams! The illusion of something for nothing. No wonder the country is going to the dogs. Personal enterprise sacrificed to bureaucracy. No pride, no patriotism. The erosion of standards, the spread of mediocrity, the decline of craftsmanship and the betrayal of the small inventor.

HARRY: It’s terrible really. I blame youth.

CARMEN: Education.

HARRY: The Church is out of touch.

CARMEN: The family is not what it was.

HARRY: It’s the power of the unions.

CARMEN: The betrayal of the navy.

HARRY: Ban the bomb.

CARMEN: Spare the rod.

HARRY: I’m all right, Jack.

CARMEN: The little man goes to the wall.

HARRY: Supermarkets.

CARMEN: Everything’s plastic.

HARRY: Country’s going to the dogs. What happened to our greatness?

RILEY: Look at the Japanese!
HARRY: Look at the Japanese!

RILEY: The Japanese look after the inventor.

HARRY: All Japanese inventors are small.

CARMEN: They’re a small people.

HARRY: Very small. Short.

RILEY: The little man!

HARRY: The little people!

RILEY: Look at the transistor!

HARRY: Very small.

RILEY: Japanese!

CARMEN: Gurkhas are short.

HARRY: But exceedingly brave for their size.

CARMEN: Fearless.

RILEY (furiously): What are you talking about

HARRY: Good Luck!

RILEY: Oh yes – luck, leave it to luck, But luck is not for us inventors.

HARRY: You’re Right.

RILEY: Of Course I’m right. Because we rise above it, we don’t submit to the common decay, We have minds, I think therefore I am!

ABLE: I’ve been meaning to ask you about that, Mr. Riley

RILEY: A man must resist. A man must stand apart, make a clean break on his own two feet! Faith is the key – faith in oneself. (Producing out of his pocket an envelope which he waves about.) I have in here a little idea – one of many- that will take me away from all this. I’m saying good –bye to it all, Harry, just as I said good – bye to Persephone.
ANALYSIS

George Riley goes to the pub, his wife Persephone and daughter Linda are at home talking about him. He talks to the other men in the pub about the government, his invention and his separation from his wife.

Person Deixis

The first person pronouns I, my, we, our and us and the second person pronouns you and your occur more frequently than the third person pronouns he, him, his, she, her, it, they and their in this passage.

Spatial and Discourse Deixis

There are occurrences of that, this, then, here and there, which illustrate spatial and discourse deixis. That, then, and there are examples of distal deixis. This and here are examples of proximal deixis. The demonstrative that is used as a discourse deictic item on several occasions. This is used as a proximal cataphoric discourse deictic marker, which indicates the girl in the passage and It is used as a proximal exophoric discourse deictic marker indicating the dance they had together in Naples. Here is used as a place deictic item, which refers to the city where Harry stays, Riley’s pocket and the envelope in his pocket. There is a distal place deictic item in ‘What have you got there?’ and refers to Able’s notepaper in his hand. Then deploys as a distal discourse deictic marker, which refers to the previous part of the conversation. Consider the following example.

(94) Riley: Granted. I have left my wife.
Carmen: Now then-----

Temporal Deixis

Now, before, today, tomorrow are temporal deictic items. Now and today have proximal value and refer to the time including the time of the utterance. Before and tomorrow have distal value and refer to the time before the time of speaking.
Social Deixis

Mr. in Mr. Riley occurs on several occasions to show respect to him. It has distal value considering the social gap which is made between the people in the bar and Mr. Riley. Dear in ‘Dear Silvana’ is an example of proximal social deictic item.

| Table 1 |
|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| **Total Person Deictic Items** | **Total Spatial and Discourse Deictic Items** | **Total Temporal Deictic Items** | **Total Social Deictic Items** | **Total Percentage** |
| 229 | 24 | 224 | 7 |  |
| Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal |  |
| 153 | 76 | 10 | 14 | 189 | 55 | 1 | 6 | 70.04 | 29.96 |

On the whole, the table confirms Elam’s view regarding the frequency of proximal and distal deictic devices in drama.

Passage II (pp.16-23)

HARRY: It rings a bell. Let’s have a look at it.
RILEY: What the creative mind needs is respect for its independence.
HARRY: Exactly! Respect. That’s what we’ve got for you. We all have. Right, Carmen?
CARMEN: What?
HARRY: You see—respect. You’ve been coming in here, and we like it. Raises the tone. Right, Carmen?
CARMEN: Eh?
HARRY: Because of what? Because we’re common. I mean, what have we got to give the world? Nothing. But you’re—well, you’re a genius! An inventor! You’re a clever bloke, sitting there in your workshop, pioneering you might say, from your blood and your sweat for the lot of your fellow man.
RILEY: The lot of my fellow man!
HARRY: It’s people like you who made this country great.
RILEY: You’ve got something there, Harry. That’s very good.
HARRY: I had to say it.
RILEY: Thank you, Harry.
HARRY: Able thinks you’re somebody – don’t you?
ABLE: What?
HARRY: Don’t you think George here is a clever bloke?
ABLE: ‘Course he’s a clever bloke. He’s an inventor, isn’t he?
HARRY: My very point. An inventor. That’s your job. Amazing I don’t know if you’ve ever thought, George, but if you took away everything in the world that had to be invented, there’d be nothing left except a lot of people getting rained on.
RILEY (excitedly): You’re right! Progress is the child of invention! ..... (Soberly) Harry, I have been touched by what you have said. (He brandishes his envelope). My own resources are limited, but simplicity is the hardest thing to achieve – the simple idea that is a revolution. And I have achieved it, Harry. I would like you to have the honour of being the first to see it.
HARRY: Oh, I’m very honoured, George. I’ll remember this.
(RILEY opens the envelope and takes out a smaller, ordinary letter-envelope. He hands this to Harry, who inspects it and turns it over dumbly )
Yes..... Yes, I can see this going over very big. A lovely job. A nice piece of work. An envelope. But – well, George, I must confess to a slight sense of – how should I put it? ---
CARMEN: Disappointment ---
HARRY: Disappointment. Yes, disappointment. An envelope – oh, I’m not saying it’s not good, but it’s not new, George, not new. An invention is better if it’s new.
RILEY: You haven’t noticed. Look at it. Something’s different. You see? Gum on both sides of the flap! You see what that means?
HARRY: Yeah, yeah... what?
RILEY: You can use it twice.
(HARRY stands up. Walks round his stool, speechless with admiration and wonder. RILEY watches him expectantly.)
HARRY: Genius... genius...
RILEY: You've got it. An envelope you can use twice. For instance, I write you a letter. I use one side, and then you--- turn it inside out, write my address on it--- and there's your gum on the flap!
HARRY (almost beyond words): Simplicity. The simplicity of it. First the wheel, now this.
RILEY: You like it?
HARRY: Like it? It's genius, that's what it is. Millions of envelopes every day, people writing'em, getting'em, spending tharsands of pounds, tharsands and tharsands and you – with a master stroke – slash their expenditure by half, Just like that!
RILEY: It's a small thing.
HARRY: Ho yes! Yes, yes a small thing. And so is the bath plug. Simple. Obvious. But the boy latched on to that-you know where he is now?
RILEY: Where?
HARRY: In his solid gold bath-tub, that's where. Sitting up to here in champagne, taking his plug in and out – Hold, hold! (This warning is an apparent suspicion of BROWN who comes up to the bar.)
RILEY: What?
HARRY (a jerk of his head at BROWN): Walls have ears.
RILEY: Eh?
HARRY: Shh! Industrial spies – they're everywhere. (BROWN orders, nods pleasantly at RILEY.)
BROWN: Rousseau---
RILEY (coldly): I'm sorry. I don't believe we have been introduced.
BROWN: “Man is born free and – “
RILEY (shouting): Keep out of this – keep your distance. (BROWN retires.) (To HARRY.) Yes?
HARRY: What?
RILEY: Do you think they’ll buy it?
HARRY: Who?
RILEY: Imperial Stationery – they’re the biggest –
HARRY: Buy it? They’ll have that envelope off you before you can say “how much?”
RILEY (excitedly): You’re right! I know you’re right. I said so, didn’t I?
HARRY: It’s a crying shame, isn’t it?
RILEY: What is?
HARRY: Listen – work it out for yourself. Now here’s this firm – does nothing all day but makes envelopes you can use once -
RILEY: And writing – pads.
HARRY: Naturally, naturally – Now an envelope you can use twice – I mean, God help them! The poor bleeders took years of research, years of research, George, to produce an envelope you can use once.
RILEY: And sticky labels.
HARRY: Gummed on one side only! You can see how their minds work. All they think about is profits.
RILEY: Shocking.
HARRY: And you know what they’re working on now? Half-envelope. You’ve got to buy two to post a letter.
RILEY: That’s clever.
HARRY: Yes, it’s clever. Now think George, if your idea gets around someone else is liable to make them – right? So what happens? Shops flooded with envelopes you can use twice. So will people buy Imperial? You’re kidding. They’ll buy –
RILEY: Envelopes with gum on both sides of the flap. My envelopes.
(CARMEN has been listening amused, but -)
CARMEN (Worried): Harry –
HARRY (to CARMEN): Belt up –
RILEY: But that means.... What does it mean, Harry?
HARRY: It means they’ll have those rights off you in two shakes of a cheque – book.
They’ll shove a gin in your left hand, a pen in your right, a cigar in your gob, and
there you’ll be---helpless. Fifty quid in your pocket and bang goes your idea into the
safe. And that’s where it’ll stay till it’s eaten by the mice.
RILEY: They won’t use it?
HARRY: Never.
RILEY: Never.
HARRY: Never.
RILEY: The bastards! Typical! Big business! How could they do this to me? I’ll sue
them!
HARRY: You haven’t sold it yet.
RILEY (in excitement he wanders round the bar and back towards ABLE): I’ll sell it
first and then I’ll sue them. Able, what are you smoking? I’ll get myself a lawyer.
ABLE (proffering cigarette): What’s up, Mr. Riley?
HARRY(bemused to CARMEN): He’s fantastic.
CARMEN: He’s fantastic.
CARMEN: Now look-
HARRY: No- you’d be playing into their hands, George. They’ve got more lawyers
than you’ve had breakfasts.
RILEY: Ah. Yes. A point. What chance has the little man got?
HARRY: Oh, he’s got a lot of chance, George. Don’t forget, they were little men once.
They must have started in a small way.
RILEY: That’s true. What should I do then?
HARRY: Do what they did. Fight them on their own terms.
RILEY: Do you think so?
HARRY: I’m certain of it. It’s your only chance.
RILEY: I don’t follow exactly
HARRY: But you need a partner.
RILEY: Yes..... That’s true.... I’ve always wanted a partner.
HARRY: I mean ... suppose we – you and me -
RILEY: You ...... and -
HARRY: No, no, we couldn’t
RILEY: Yes we could!
HARRY: I don’t know.
RILEY: Harry! Harry! Please be my partner, Harry! That’s what I’ve always wanted – a partner I’m no good by myself.
HARRY (thoughtfully): Fifty-fifty Shares. Yes..... yes, it’d be worth a fortune. My capital and your brains...... That’s how they all started.
RILEY (hopping about in excitement): That’s it! If we don’t do it now we’ll never do it!
HARRY: It might be worth a try –
RILEY: It is! Partners! I’ve got a partner! (Arrives at ABLE, Slaps him on the back.)
We’re going to do it!
ABLE: Do what? (A helpless pause.)
HARRY: We’re going to make our own.
( RILEY returns hesitantly )
RILEY: What?
HARRY: Yes – it’s the only way for a man like you, George. Stand by yourself. Compete. Drive Them out of business.
CARMEN: Harry---
HARRY: Same again.
RILEY (almost giggling with fear): Harry— you don’t mean — I mean — don’t they have factories and things?

HARRY (hurt): Well, how do you like that? Here I am offering you your big chance and all I get is a lot of petty objections. It’s a bit hard.

RILEY: But——

HARRY: No, I’m disappointed in you, George, I am really. I thought you’d jump at a chance like this.

ABLE: Go on Mr. Riley, take a chance. A bloke like you can’t fail, I mean.

RILEY: Harry——

ABLE: Don’t be so modest, Mr. Riley — a man like you -

HARRY: He’s right. He’s put his nicotined finger right on it. You’re too modest about your brain, George. I mean, how many inventors are there round about? You’re practically unique. The last of a breed. Think of all the inventors you know and see if they aren’t all dead. And, George, I’ll tell you something for nothing. Modesty is a fine thing — I admire it. But not in business, George. This is every man for himself. Survival of the fittest. Dog eat dog. Sink or swim. That’s how things are in this cruel commercial world. It offends a man of my sensitive nature. Able will tell you the same thing.

ABLE: Well——

HARRY: You’re too modest, George.

ABLE: You’re too modest, Mr. Riley.

(Pause)

RILEY: You think so?

HARRY: No question. I’m certain of it. Able is certain of it. He’s got a great admiration for you, George.

ABLE: I’ve got a great admiration for you, Mr. Riley. Caw, to think one day I’ll be telling my kids — George Riley? — he was a pal of mine—— I used to drink with him – he was one of the nicest blokes——
HARRY: He isn’t dead yet.
ABLE: It’ll be like all those blokes turning up saying how they used to make Hitler’s bed in the papers.
HARRY: Don’t confuse him.
CARMEN (bringing HARRY’S drink): Harry don’t be a——
HARRY: Cheers.
CARMEN: It’s gone twelve.
HARRY (looks round): Where the hell has she got to?
RILEY (dreamily): It’s possible — oh, it’s more than likely..... Yes, yes I think so. I knew it in my bones really. I knew it was only a matter of time. I had it in me, you see ... And there’ll be no going back — this is the last time.... Dry your eyes and be a man, woman — Man must go and woman must weep..... What are you smoking, Able?
(ABLE gives RILEY a cigarette. CARMEN goes back to the bar with HARRY’S money.
HARRY follows him for his change.)
HARRY: Look at them. They’re going to be a terrible disappointment to each other one day.
RILEY(to ABLE): We’ll corner the market. We’ll make them in millions -
ABLE: What are you making anyway?
RILEY: Envelopes with gum on both sides of the flap.
(ABLE stares thoughtfully ahead.)
CARMEN(almost angry): Harry---
HARRY: Yeah, I know, George, I’ve got to be going.
RILEY(coming over): Harry, shake hands.
(They shake)
We have to discuss this further.
HARRY: Think about it. Examine it from every angle. You may change your mind.
RILEY: Never. The die is cast.
HARRY: Think about it harder.
RILEY: I shall, Harry, I shall. Shall we say same time tomorrow.

HARRY: I’ll be showing my face in for a minute. (He starts to leave.)

CARMEN (doubtfully): Listen – you’re not really - ?

HARRY: Tell her- I couldn’t wait.

CARMEN: All right – but---

HARRY: Same time tomorrow.

RILEY: Farewell – partner!

(HARRY goes CARMEN disappears behind the bar.)

A partnership – my goodness – did you hear that? I’m walking now, I’m on my way, committed – I’m walking and I’m not going to stop ..... I can’t wait to see their faces. It came to me in a flash.... I was just sitting there thinking......

(His wanderings have brought him to BROWN. RILEY whips his envelop out of sight and stares at BROWN, who becomes uncomfortable about it.)

How much did you hear?

BROWN: Hear?

RILEY: Don’t play the innocent with me because I can see right through you.

BROWN: I don’t think I follow.

RILEY: Company spy!

BROWN: What?

RILEY: You’re from Imperial Stationery.

BROWN: From where?

RILEY: I see. Well, we have ways of making you people talk. (Barks) What’s your name?

BROWN (jumps): Brown.

RILEY (hollow laugh): Brown! Oh dear, oh dear! An amateur! Brown..... ! (Swings round and barks.) You’ll have to do better than that.

BROWN: I don’t know what you’re talking about.

RILEY: I suppose you’ve had me watched – is that it?
BROWN: Watched? What for?
(ABLE wanders over to join the game which is no game to Riley)
ABLE: He’s not a spy, is he?
RILEY: Why do you say that?
ABLE: Well – he doesn’t look like a spy.

ANALYSIS
Riley talks about his new invention in the bar. Riley who has given up his family business to become an inventor, has invented a revolutionary kind of envelope which he wants to show to Harry. Therefore, he hands over him an invented piece of envelope. Harry carefully inspects the envelope but is not able to make out the inventory or revolutionary aspect of the envelope, as it appears to him simple and ordinary.

Person Deixis
There are a lot of occurrences of the first person pronouns I, me, my, myself and we and the second person pronouns you, your and yourself as well as the occurrence of the third person pronouns he, his, she, they, them and their.

Spatial and Discourse Deixis
There are occurrences of this, that, here, there, those and then, which illustrate spatial and discourse deixis. Among them this and here are proximal deictic items and that, there, then and those are distal deictic items. Here functions as a place deictic marker in ‘You’ve been coming in here, and we like it.’, the deictic item here is functionally a place deictic item, which is used to refer to the place where Riley is and in ‘Sitting up to here in champagne, taking this plug in and out- Hold, hold!’ the deictic item here is functionally an exophoric place deictic item. There also functions as a place deictic marker in ‘You’re a clever bloke, sitting there in your work shop’, which refers to Riley’s workshop. On some occasions, there is used as an existential adverb and not as a place deictic marker as in ‘I had it in me, you see….And there’ll be no getting back- this is the last time…’. This is used as an anaphoric discourse
deictic marker on several occasions, connecting to prior parts of the conversation like ‘I’ll remember this’, ‘Yes... Yes, I can see this going over very big.’ and ‘keep out of this- keep your distance’. It has the effect of being a proximal cataphoric discourse deictic item in ‘Now here’s this firm- does nothing all day but makes envelopes you can use once’. The distal deictic item that is used as an anaphoric discourse deictic marker, which indicates the bath plug in ‘But the boy who latched on to that – you know where he is now?’ . It is difficult to decide whether it is an exophoric or anaphoric discourse deictic item, it can be exophoric too if it refers to something else out of the linguistic context. Those is used as a pointing device to refer to Riley’s invention rights and the blokes who used to make Hitler’s bed in papers. Then in ‘What should I do, then?’ is exploited as a distal discourse deictic marker, which refers to the end of the conversation between Harry and Riley. Now is deployed as a proximal discourse deictic device, which is a sentence beginner and in connection with previous discourse as in the following sentence.

(95) HARRY: Yes, it’s clever. Now think George, if your idea gets around someone else is liable to make them- right? So what happens?

**Temporal Deixis**

Now, then and tomorrow, in this passage illustrate temporal deixis. Now is an example of proximal deixis. It refers to the time including the time of the utterance. Then and tomorrow are examples of distal deixis and refer to the time previous to the time of speaking. The temporal proximal deictic expression this in ‘This is the last time...’ refers to the present time.

**Social Deixis**

There are some examples of the distal social deictic items as in ‘Don’t be so modest, Mr. Riley- a man like you-’ and the proximal social deictic items as in ‘Brown! Oh dear, oh dear! An amateur Brown...!’.
The table confirms Elam’s view regarding the greatest importance of proximal deictic devices than distal deictic devices.

**Passage III (pp.24-30)**

RILEY (severely): What a ridiculous observation. You don’t know the first thing about espionage. A good agent must be inconspicuous –without that he might as well go home.

Now I’m not inconspicuous. You’re not inconspicuous. But he stands out a mile.

ABLE (to BROWN): What do you say to that?

LEY: We’re on to something here.

ABLE: We’ll have to break down his cover.

BROWN: I assure you-

ABLE (excitedly): Maybe he’s got the place bugged!

BROWN: I really-

ABLE: Microphones! Look for secret microphones! (Snatches the man’s buttonhole and tosses it aside. Looks under the table.)

BROWN: Stop it—how dare you!

ABLE: Destroy the tapes!

RILEY: Out with it, Smith!

BROWN: Brown.
RILEY: Give me that tape.

BROWN (shrill): Leave me alone!

RILEY (calmly decisive): All right. (Murmurs to ABLE.) Give me the cigarettes. Psychology. Picked it up in the war. (He becomes friendly.) Cigarette?

BROWN: I don’t smoke.

RILEY: Mind if I carry on?

(BROWN relieved at the new tone. He relaxes.)

Brown: No. please do.

RILEY: Take a seat.

BROWN: Thank you.

(RILEY lights cigarette and returns box of cigarettes to ABLE.)

RILEY (pleasantly): Tell us about yourself, Green.

BROWN (carefully): My name is Brown---

RILEY (smoothly): Good, good... And where do you live?

BROWN: 14 Mafeking Villas.

RILEY: Married?

BROWN: Yes.

RILEY: Children?

BROWN: No.

RILEY: How long have you been with Imperial?

BROWN: I sell students’ textbooks.

RILEY: Come, come, we’re all friends here. Have a drink.

(Shouts.) Carmen! A drink for the gentleman!

BROWN: No, I really have to go---

RILEY: My dear fellow, let’s put this business behind us for a while. I’m a family man myself.

CAREMEN (having reappeared): What’s going on?
RILEY: That’s Carmen, the barmen. One of the best. You can rely on his discretion. And my friend Able.

BROWN: How do you do?

RILEY: Bitter- I believe that’s your drink. Would you be so kind, Able?

BROWN: Well, I –

(ABLE goes for it)

RILEY: Relax. Don’t worry. We’re civilized people when all’s said and done.

ABLE (at bar): Pint of bitter.

CAREMEN: What’s he doing?

ABLE: I don’t know.

RILEY (to BROWN): You can trust me. I’m just an ordinary man like yourself. I know you’re only doing your job—it’s a dirty business, but when it’s all over we’re still people, aren’t we? The world goes on. I expect you’re sick of it all—life on the run—always looking over your shoulder, waiting for the knock on the door, the unguarded word, the endless lies loss of identity—it’s no life at all. You want to get back to your wife and your rose garden and live like other man—I know—

BROWN: Yes, I –

RILEY: Ah! I expect you could use a drink.

BROWN: Just a quick one, then. You’re very kind. Well-cheers!

(RILEY has placed the beer on the table between them. As BROWN reaches for it, RILEY slides it out of his reach and keeps his hand over it.)

RILEY (levelly): Where’s the tape—recorder?

BROWN: I –

RILEY: Just be sensible and we’ll let you sleep—drink—anything you like. Just tell us.

CAREMEN: Here-

RILEY (sharply): Give me that tape.

BROWN: I haven’t got one!

RILEY: My patience is not inexhaustible!
CARMEN: Now then, Mr. Riley---
BROWN: I really don’t know anything about tape-recorders.
RILEY: Ah! Well, you’re talking to a man who does!
(He has lost himself. ABLE remains loyal but bewildered; BROWN is just bewildered.) As a matter of fact, I’ve been experimenting with one or another of my inventions. I have a tape-recorder connected to my grandfather clock!
ABLE: What for?
RILEY: What for? What for? When Edison invented his lighthouse was he surrounded by a lot of peasants asking what for?
ABLE: I don’t know, Mr. Riley.
RILEY: Well then! What exactly are you getting at?
ABLE: Nothing. Mr. Riley. I don’t mean anything.
RILEY: It’s a very cunning idea, that clock- it appeals to British character, bound to. It’s a reminder of our glorious past- twice a day, noon and midnight-Rule Britannia!- And we need it- Did I go through the war to witness the decline of Britain as a maritime power? Did I sail the seven seas for that?
ABLE: I’m sorry, Mr. Riley.
BROWN (unexpectedly): Edison didn’t invent the lighthouse, you know. You probably got mixed up with Eddystone.
RILEY: What?
BROWN (bashfully half-singing, smiling hopefully, explaining): My- father-was-the-keeper-of the Eddystone-light-and-he-met-a-mermaid-one-fine-night...
(A terrible silence)
Riley: Your father was what?
Brown: Not my father.
RILEY: Whose father?
ABLE: You can bet it wasn’t a real mermaid.
RILEY: Shut up. (To BROWN) Whose father was a mermaid?
BROWN: He wasn’t a mermaid. He met a mermaid.
RILEY: Who did?
BROWN: This man’s father.
RILEY: Which man’s father?
BROWN (testily): I don’t know.
RILEY: I don’t believe you, Jones.
BROWN: Brown
RILEY: This is just sailors’ talk, the mythology of the seas. There are no such things as mermaids. I’m surprised at a grown man like you believing all that superstitious rubbish. What your father saw was a sea lion.
BROWN: My father didn’t see a sea lion.
RILEY (topping him): So it was your father!
BROWN: No---
ABLE: Why didn’t you want to be a lighthouse keeper like him? Too Lonely?
BROWN: I didn’t even know my father. (Miserably.)
RILEY: Ha! So it’s just hearsay, is it? Not permissible evidence, I’m afraid. (To CARMEN who has been on the point of interruption but held spellbound.) My lord! I would respectfully ask that the last line should be struck from the record.
CARMEN (weakly): Mr. Riley---
RILEY: Now look here- I don’t care if you name is Smith or Jones or Robinson. I don’t care if your father was a mermaid or a sea lion or even your father. The question is- what are you playing at?
CARMEN: Mr. Riley, I’ll ask you-
RILEY: Silence in the public gallery! Now for the last time-and remember you’re on oath-I ask you in all solemnity---and think carefully before you reply – I ask you- God dammit, now I’ve forgotten the question-I wish you’d all keep quiet!
BROWN (moving out): I’ve nothing more to say.
RILEY: Very Well! Your Witness!
ABLE (entering into the spirit): No questions, your honour!
RILEY: Stand down!
(But BROWN has already scuttled out.)
CARMEN (suddenly furious): I’m not going to have any more of that tomfoolery in here!
(RILEY seems to be coming out of a trance. He looks round in bewilderment.)
RILEY: What was all that about?
CARMEN: I said I’m not going to have any more of that! If you don’t like it you can go somewhere else. Both of you.
ABLE: What did I do?
RILEY: What’s the matter, Carmen? You ought to side with your loyal customers. Where would you be without them?
CARMEN: And I’m not sure that I wouldn’t rather not either.
RILEY: You’re not sure that you wouldn’t rather not either? What’s that supposed to mean?
ABLE: He means he’d rather have him than us but he’s not sure. Either.
(He sits down at his table and picks up his letter and scans it gloomily.)
RILEY: I see. I see. Well, tomorrow I will be gone.
ABLE (with letter): It won’t do, will it?... I wish I was a man of experience---
RILEY: I’ll tell you quite frankly that there have been times when I’ve wondered if perhaps I’ve left it too late--- wondered even if perhaps I didn’t have it in me... till now...
(FLORENCE has entered; bright, pretty, warm. She has been hurrying. She looks around but is disappointed, and goes to the bar. ABLE sees her. RILEY doesn’t yet.)
... till now ... look at me and say, George Riley is on his way.
ABLE: I’ve seen blokes pick up a girl in twenty seconds.
Afterwards I couldn’t remember how they did it.
CARMEN (to FLORENCE): You missed him.
FLORENCE: Oh.
CARMEN: Harry.
FLORENCE: Yes.
CARMEN: Went to the races. Ten minutes ago.
FLORENCE: I might have known he wouldn’t wait.
CARMEN: He had to catch the one-thirty.
FLORENCE: I couldn’t find the place.
CARMEN: He said the same time tomorrow.
FLORENCE: He’ll be lucky. (Pause.) Is that what he said?
CARMEN: Same time tomorrow.
FLORENCE: I’ll have a drink on that then.
(ABLE has approached nervously.)
ABLE (strangled): Allow me... Would you allow me---
FLORENCE: Oh, what a lovely boy! Are you a Sea Scout?
(ABLE swallows dumbly.)
ABLE: No... no.
FLORENCE: Gin and orange, thank you.
ABLE: Gin and orange.
CARMEN: Gin and orange.
(A heavy pause while CARMEN gets it and ABLE is crushed.)
FLORENCE (to ABLE): Hello!
ABLE: Oh--- hello.
FLORENCE: Hello. (Smiles.)
ABLE: Er, I’ve never seen you before in here.
FLORENCE: No. I just came to meet a friend.
ABLE (rejected): Oh.
(Pause.)
FLORENCE: I just missed him. He left.
ABLE: Oh, him. Funny bloke?
FLORENCE: Funny?
ABLE: Oh, no offence.
(CARMEN with two glasses of gin and orange.)
CARMEN: Five and eight.
(ABLE pays and gives glass to FLORENCE.)
FLORENCE: Ta.
ABLE: Cheers.
(They drink. Pause.)
Did he ever tell you about his father?
FLORENCE: No, what about him?
ABLE: Well, I’m not sure, to tell you the truth.
(Pause. ABLE has lost confidence. RILEY gets up.)
FLORENCE (to ABLE): The Navy’s not what it was, is it?
RILEY (approaching, grandiloquently): Took the very words out of my mouth! Ah, we
had a navy once! And we didn’t take any lip from anyone. Now it’s all down to
committee meetings, points of order, general insolence and two or three obsolete
aircraft carries coming home backwards.
George Riley.
FLORENCE: Florence... Lawrence.
RILEY: Flo-rence Law-rence... Flooorence Laaawrence!
Poetry! (Kisses her hand.) This is Able.
FLORENCE: Like Cain and Able?
RILEY: No, not at all. Like able seaman.
FLORENCE: And is he?
RILEY: Not noticeably.
ABLE (progressively embarrassed, blushing): My name is---
RILEY: He thinks you’re a woman of exceptional beauty.
ABLE: I never---
FLORENCE: I think he’s denying it.
ABLE: No.

**ANALYSIS**

In the present conversational passage, Riley becomes suspicious of Brown’s behaviour and starts asking him questions. He thinks that Brown is an Imperial Stationery spy and he has got the place bugged to get information about his revolutionary envelope. Brown gets confused and he leaves the place.

**Person Deixis**

In this passage, the first person pronouns I, me, my, myself, we, us and our and the second person pronouns you, your and yourself and the third person pronouns he, his, it, they and them are used a number of times.

**Spatial and Discourse Deixis**

Here, this, then and that occur on several occasions, which have the value of spatial and discourse deixis. Here and this have the value of proximal deixis. That and then have the value of distal deixis. Here is used as a place deictic item, which points at the bar where Riley and the others are now and the place where Riley is sitting now. That is used as a pointing device, which indicates the tape which Riley thinks is with Brown, Carmen the barman and the drink on the table. This and that are used as an anaphoric deictic item several times as in ‘My dear fellow, let’s put this business behind us for a while.’ and ‘A good agent must be inconspicuous- without that he might as well go home.’, in both sentences speaker and listener know and understand what is talking about. There is an example of existential device in ‘I’ll tell you quite frankly that there have been times when I’ve wondered if perhaps I’ve left it too late’. Then is deployed as a discourse deictic marker twice in the conversational passage referring to the beginning and end of the conversation among the characters.
Temporal Deixis

Now, before and tomorrow are employed in the passage, which illustrate temporal deixis. Now is a proximal deictic item, tomorrow and before are distal deictic items.

Social Deixis

There are examples of social distal deictic items in the passage as Mr. Riley, your honour and gentleman which are titles of respect used when talking to a person who is in a higher position and one example of proximal social deictic item in ‘My dear fellow’, which is used by Riley to remove the distance between him and Brown in the bar.

| Table 3 |
|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Total Person Deictic Items | Total Spatial and Discourse Deictic Items | Total Temporal Deictic Items | Total Social Deictic Items | Total Percentage |
| Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal |
| 228 | 31 | 221 | 9 | 70.14 | 29.86 |
| 170 | 58 | 12 | 19 | 160 | 61 | 1 | 8 |

Passage IV (pp.30-37)

RILEY: A bit inexperienced.
FLORENCE: No.
RILEY: Shy.
FLORENCE: I’m shy, too. (To ABLE.) Don’t you worry.
ABLE: She came to meet that chap.
RILEY: Robinson.
FLORENCE: Who?
ABLE: His name wasn’t Robinson.
RILEY: I remember, yes. Something about his father, wasn’t it? Have you ever met his father?
FLORENCE: No, I don’t think he’s ever mentioned him.
RILEY: He lives in a lighthouse. Odd fellow.
FLORENCE: I think he was having you on.
RILEY: Never trusted him. And I’m an expert on human nature. I study it.
ABLE: I was thinking of going to the pictures tonight.
RILEY: Miss Lawrence, may I call you Florence?
FLORENCE: I think you’d better.
RILEY: Florence, I think you have a sensitive nature.
FLORENCE: Well, thank you. Mr. Riley.
RILEY: George.
FLORENCE: George.
ABLE: If you’re not doing anything, I---
RILEY: I think you will understand.
FLORENCE: I beg your pardon?
RILEY: I’ve left my wife.
CARMEN: Now, Mr. Riley.
RILEY: I want you to know. Left her. Walked out. You married?
CARMEN: Mr. Riley---
RILEY: A man can take so much. After all, what is the home and hearth but an anchor?
FLORENCE: You’re right there.
RILEY: The chain you have to drag along--- You what?
FLORENCE: I said you’re right. I could have been a dancer.
RILEY: You do know what I mean?
FLORENCE: Well, of course--- it ties you down, doesn’t it?
RILEY: Intelligence!
Florence: Proper dancing. But my dad was sick. I was asked— an exotic tour—
Riley: Intelligence in one so fair!
Florence: Oh yes, I could have been dancing all over South America. It only
happens once. Did you see a film called “Harem Nights”?
Riley: What?
Florence: I was nearly in that.
Able: Have you seen “The Sound of Music”?
Florence: You weren’t in that, were you?
Able: What? No... No, I was wondering whether you would like—
Riley: Able, do not think me rude—
Able: Oh, I don’t think you’re rude, Mr. Riley—
Riley: But Florence and I have to talk...
(He leads her reluctantly to Able’s empty table and sets a chair for her.)
Florence, you’ve never been to South America?
Florence: No, my dad was sick.
Riley: I never have either. I mean that is one of the billion things I have never done.
Florence: Too late now.
Riley: No—that’s just it!
Florence: Well, I think it is. (She sits.)
Riley: It’s the same for me. And I’m a cerebral man, Florence, I think, therefore I am!
Florence (warily): Am What?
Riley: What? I’m an inventor!
Florence: An inventor?
Riley: I have that honour. We’re a small band of brothers, you know, each working
to our separate goal.
Florence: Yes, I’m sure.
Riley: Its unrewarding toil— you see, (sitting beside her) inventors are working in the
dark, plunging into the unknown. After all, the whole point of being an inventor is
that you are inventing something that has never been invented before, otherwise what’s the point of inventing it?

FLORENCE: Yes, I can see that.

RILEY: You can – yes, I can see you can. Florence, it’s so rare to find someone who understands.

FLORENCE: Oh go on. There’s lots of people that understand.

RILEY: No! There is no one. And now you.

FLORENCE: Well ... Well, how are you getting on?

RILEY: Florence, look at me. You see a man standing on the brink of great things. Below me, a vast flat plain stretches like an ocean, waiting to receive my footprints, footprints that will never be erased, and in years to come, people will see this once uncharted untrod path and say ... George Riley walked this way –

FLORENCE: I don’t know what you mean, Mr. Riley.

RILEY: Florence you and I-we’ve been wasted. It has taken me years to make the break because I have always been alone ... But for you, Florence, it need not be like that, if there is someone beside you. Florence, I am...... old ..... (he looks at her carefully but there is no contradiction) ..... no longer handsome, features that are perhaps more interesting than beautiful ... (Pause.)

FLORENCE: I should think you were quite good-looking when you were young.

RILEY: I was, I was! Technically, I have made the break.(He rises and strides away from table). I shall go back this evening, I suppose-well just to gather a few things, and tomorrow will see me in this spot. I’m meeting my partner – I have a partner, you know. There’ll be a few details to settle and then the sky’s the limit. And now you, whom destiny has cast in this shabby place at his golden moment – in you I see a fellow spirit.

FLORENCE (getting up): Well, that’s nice. Thank you, George. And now I’ve got –

RILEY: Come with us, Florence!

FLORENCE: Go with you? – Where to?
RILEY: Anywhere! Away! A new life!
FLORENCE: Oh, Mr. Riley, now –
RILEY: Florence, have you given up? What about South America? Uruguay – Paraguay- What about Peru?
FLORENCE: Yes, but honestly, Mr. Riley –
RILEY: You don’t like me?
FLORENCE: Oh, I do. I think you’re nice. I thought you were a bit loony at first, if you don’t mind my saying, but you talk so lovely and I’m sure you’re a very nice man, but … you don’t even know me – (crosses to bar.)
RILEY: I do! Tonight you will go home and look around and see your whole life bounded by four flower-patterned walls, and you will cry Enough! – and you will come here tomorrow where I will be waiting for you.
FLORENCE: Really, Mr. Riley – you mustn’t run away – otherwise it’s all wasted, isn’t it? Years … you can’t throw away years –
RILEY: But I have been throwing them away – My life is piled up between me and the sun, as real and hopeless as a pile of broken furniture. Thirty years ago I was a young man ready to leave the ground and fly. Thirty years … More, perhaps much more than the time I have left, and when a man’s past outweighs his future, then he’s a man standing in his own shadow … Don’t hesitate, Florence … Do you trust me?
FLORENCE: Well, of course I trust you, Mr. Riley, but – why don’t you go back and give it another go – try once more. (Sadly.) Don’t you like your home?
RILEY: It’s not a question of liking or disliking, it’s what it does to you… it’s nothing… My wife and I and Linda, we get up in the morning and the water is cold… fried bread and sausage and tea… the steam in the kitchen and the smell of it all and the springs are broken in my chair… Linda goes to sell things, in Woolworth’s… cosmetics and toilet things, and we wash up when the kettle boils again… and I go to my room… and sit there… with my pencils and my workbench… (RILEY moves away to the centre
table and leans against it. A spotlight picks him up and holds him there while the
lights on the bar slowly fade out, leaving him alone.

I’ve got a workbench, you know… and sit there… The Hoover is on H.P., Linda got it,
she pays for it every Friday and it drones all morning… like an aeroplane in the house
but far away… flying from room to room far away, and the doors open and close so
many times…

We’ve only got seven doors, but they open and close all the time… She always asks
me, my wife, “Well, how’re you getting on?” she says, and I say, “Oh, it’s coming it’s
coming…” The way she says it’s so… politely… “How’re you getting on?”… Oh, it’s
coming it’s coming…” I like to come in here for an hour or two, have a drink, see
what’s about. Not many in here over lunch, but it’s people, you know…’ course I
always go home later, I’ve got to, you see, because of my work, and she says, “What,
still hard at it?”… And Linda is home and there’s chattering and cooking and eating
again… I don’t know what they’re talking about half the time, the wireless going
because Linda wants it and she paid for it… everything goes so quickly and the jokes
on the wireless going because Linda want it and she paid for it… everything goes so
quickly and the jokes on the wireless aren’t funny… And then my wife says “Well!” …
“Well!”… And that means they want to go to bed. Sometimes she says, “Well! Time I
was in bed!” or “Well! Time I was popping off!” Doesn’t seem much point in doing
anything else, really. In the morning we get up and the water’s cold… nobody minds
much… she doesn’t. It wouldn’t occur to her.

(During this speech the bar has faded out. ABLE, HARRY, CARMEN and FLORENCE
have already gone. The lights now start to come up on the home.)

She’s used to it. She’s got used to everything. She’s even got used to me. I don’t
surprise her any more—she’s even got used to me, whatever I do. And I do do things,
which ought to be surprising—like this idea of mine. I’d rather rigged up for watering
the flowers—I mean it was something—(PERSEPHONE enters with two water-jugs,
starts to water the plants.)
... and when I came down this morning, there she was just watering the flowers from a jug, as usual... that was the first thing that happens this morning... (To PERSEPHONE.) There’s no need---

PERSEPHONE: Good Morning, dear... You’re up late.

RILEY: There’s no need, I tell you-I’ve put that water-jug out of date-and a million others like it!

PERSEPHONE: George, I must ask you to take away all these pipes and things. You’ve got your own room for your experiments.

RILEY: Well! And I was down here till ten o’clock fixing it up for you!

PERSEPHONE: Please, George, I’m not having the place looking like a ship’s engine room.

RILEY: At least give it a fair trial- wait until it rains.

PERSEPHONE: I’d rather water the plants with a jug.

RILEY: Married to a creative spirit, and for all you care I might as well have stayed in my father’s office.

PERSEPHONE: Well, if you had done you’d have a nice little business now.

RILEY: It’s scarcely believable. I thought there was supposed to be an admiring woman behind every great man-an ambitious wife. And you talk to me of offices!

(He stands up angrily.)

PERSEPHONE: Now don’t get excited, George.

RILEY: How can I help being excited! For centuries while the balance of nature has kept flower gardens thriving with alternate sun and rain in the proportions that flowers understand, indoor plants have withered and died on a million cream-painted window-sills, attended by haphazard housewives bearing arbitrary jugs of water. For centuries. Until one day, a man noticing the tobacco-coloured leaves of a dessicated cyclamen, said to himself, what the world needs its indoor rain. Indoor rain of the volume and duration of natural rain. He considered: if for instance, one put a delicately poised sponge on the roof of a house, then that sponge would
absorb rain and become heavy. Its density would increase, and density plus gravity creates energy. In short, the sponge would be just heavy enough to operate a valve, thus allowing the water system of the house to flow through prepared ducts, (he demonstrates at the pipes) and sprinkle itself wherever a flower is positioned. First Watt and the steam engine—now Riley and the Sponge Principle!

(During this speech PERSEPHONE takes the water-jugs to the kitchen. She returns with Hoover which she plugs into the wall.)

And that’s not the end of it! What about this one!

(Producing his envelope.)

(PERSEPHONE turns on Hoover and sweeps carpet.)

(Shouting over Hoover noise.) It came to me lying in bed—take a look at it—the sheer audacity of such a conception—

PERSEPHONE: No need to shout, George.

RILEY: You push that damned machine round as if I’m talking about the weather.

PERSEPHONE: Well, you were talking about the weather, weren’t you? I’m just trying to get on with my work. (She vacuums round the sofa, he has to move one foot.)

Move your foot. (He moves his foot.)

RILEY (shouting): I was not talking about the weather. I was talking about my new envelope.

PERSEPHONE: Well, I hope I’m not stopping you.

RILEY: I’m telling you about my invention and you keep buzzing that stupid machine.

PERSEPHONE: Oh. Very well, dear, I’m sorry. (She switches off Hoover. Looks at him.)

Now, what was it again?

RILEY: It came to me in a flash—just this morning. I’m home.

PERSEPHONE: Of course you are.

RILEY: I mean home and dry. I can’t see any snags. (Waving the bigger envelope.) It’s all here!

PERSEPHONE: It’s quite small, isn’t it?
RILEY: Some of the biggest things in our line are very small to look at. Think, there’s the match.

PERSEPHONE: A match?

RILEY: Yes.

PERSEPHONE: What kind of match?

RILEY: Eh? No, no—what I’ve done is the envelope.

PERSEPHONE: An envelope for matches?

RILEY: Who’s talking about matches?

PERSEPHONE: You were, love.

RILEY: No, I damn well wasn’t!

PERSEPHONE: As you like, George. Now, I really must get on.

RILEY: No, wait a minute. Here, look. (He takes his envelope out of the bigger one, gives it to her.) Absolutely new, never been done before.

(PERSEPHONE takes it, glances perfunctorily and makes to hand it back.)

PERSEPHONE: Very nice, I’m sure.

RILEY: You haven’t noticed.

(She turns it over.)

You see? Gum on both sides.

PERSEPHONE: So it has. (Returns it.) So it has.

RILEY: Pretty cunning, eh?

PERSEPHONE: Gum on both sides. Whatever will you think of next?

RILEY: So you can use it twice.

PERSEPHONE: Twice! ... How do you get it back after you’ve posted it the first time?

(RILEY discouraged. Silence.)

ANALYSIS

The present text deals with how Riley persuades Florence, the girl who came to meet Harry in the bar, to participate in the challenging field of research and Riley’s conversation with his wife about indoor rain, one of Riley’s experiments. Since Riley
is an inventor, he performs experiments to invent indoor rain for watering the plants.

**Person Deixis**

In this conversational passage the number of the first person pronouns I, me, mine, my, we and us and the second person pronouns you and your are more than the number of the third person pronouns he, his, him, she, her, it and they, which are used on some occasions.

**Spatial and Discourse Deixis**

That, this, here, there and these occur in this conversational passage, which illustrate spatial and discourse deixis. Here, this and these have proximal value. There and that have distal value. Here and there are place deictic items of which the first one refers to the bar where he is right now, the balcony where he fixes up a machine and the room and the second one refers to the room and the work bench where Riley sits. But there is an example of the distal discourse deictic device as in the following example.

(96) RILEY: A man can take so much. After all, what is the home and hearth but ananchor?

FLORENCE: You’re right there.

Demonstratives this and that are used as the gestural pointing devices to point out the water-jug in Riley’s wife’s hand, the Hoover, the same spot in the bar, the shabby place, and the envelope in Riley’s hand. That is used as an anaphoric discourse deictic item on several occasions as in the following example.

(97) Florence: Well, that’s nice. Thank you, George.

These is exploited as a proximal demonstrative which refers to the pipe and the other things in the room. There are some examples of there as an existential device in the conversation. This is also an anaphoric discourse deictic marker in ‘people will see this once uncharted untrod path and say … George Riley walked this way’.
Temporal Deixis

Now, tonight, this morning, this evening, this moment, tomorrow, then and before occur in the passage, which illustrate time deixis. Now, tonight, this morning, this evening and this moment have proximal value and then, tomorrow and before have distal value. Now refers to the present time including the time of the utterance and then and before refers to the time before the time of the utterance. The Proximal time deictic items This evening, this moment, this morning and tonight refer to the near or immediate time span as being close to the time of the utterance.

Social Deixis

There are some examples of social proximal and distal deictic items as dear and Mr. Riley in the passage.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Total Person Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Spatial and Discourse Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Temporal Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Social Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Percentage</th>
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On the whole, the table confirms Elam’s view regarding the greatest importance of proximal deictic devices than distal deictic devices in drama.

Passage V (pp.38-45)

RILEY: It’s about time Linda was home. It’s Saturday, you know.
PERSEPHONE: Don’t worry yourself. She never forgets, does she?
RILEY (irritated): I didn’t mean that. I just wish she would come. Nice to see her.
(Pause.) How much is she earning now?
(Hoover on again.)
PERSEPHONE: Now, we’ve been into all that before. We get along very nicely.
RILEY: You know, that girl isn’t using her potential. That’s the trouble. A girl like her,
serving in a shop.
PERSEPHONE: She’s in charge of Fancy Goods now. Have you been in? The other girl
on the Fancy Goods sort of works under her.
RILEY: Fancy Goods! It’s still serving in a shop, isn’t it? That’s no kind of a job for a
daughter of mine. She’s got brains. She must have. She’s bright. She should be above
that—she should be a secretary—a private secretary. I mean, how can she be content
with that, a girl like her. She’s got no... drive—she doesn’t make any effort to better
herself.
PERSEPHONE: Well, she hasn’t had the training has she? She makes enough to keep
us going.
RILEY: Yes, but—(Lamely.) She isn’t using her potential, that’s all I’m trying to say.
(PERSEPHONE turns off Hoover and coils up flex.)
It’s not that I don’t appreciate (pause) ... You can’t make much at inventing, not at
first. It’s not that sort of job. It’s been such a fight. Such a chancy business, inventing.
PERSEPHONE (Without a trace of sarcasm): Very chancy, I should say.
RILEY: It is, it is. It’s the markets, you see. It’s a case of winning the markets with
something that really catches the imagination. I think I’m on to something here.
Funny thing is, I don’t feel any different. You’d think you’d feel different, somehow. I
feel just the same.
PERSEPHONE: But you feel all right?
RILEY: Of course I feel all right. It’s just that you should feel... different. I never knew
anyone in this house who didn’t feel just the same as always, whatever. You’ve got
to get outside to feel anything at all.
PERSEPHONE: It’s very hot outside today, boiling. But summer is always the best season, I always say. It’s the warmest. Very warm today, very warm. I don’t know.
RILEY: It’s nothing to do with the weather.
PERSEPHONE: I thought salad for lunch, don’t you? It’s cooler on a warm day like this. I got a bit of lettuce and there’s a tin of meat.
RILEY: I don’t know what you’re talking about.
PERSEPHONE: Well, it’s no mystery, dear. Salad is best for a hot day.
RILEY: What if it is?
PERSEPHONE: It’s so warm, I just thought salad would be a good idea.
RILEY: Don’t you ever listen?
PERSEPHONE: Well, of course, dear. Don’t fret yourself.
RILEY: Don’t fret yourself, don’t worry yourself... you don’t have to go on as if I’m neurotic. I’m just trying to tell you things.
PERSEPHONE: Please, George, I must get on.
(PERSEPHONE carries Hoover off and upstairs. RILEY follows her upstairs, talking as he goes.)
RILEY: She’s got to use her potential, that’s all I meant. Otherwise you’re wasting yourself, aren’t you? She doesn’t care. Serving in a shop. Mixing with goodness knows who. Who was she with last night?
PERSEPHONE: Same one.
RILEY: I don’t approve of him.
PERSEPHONE: You’ve never seen him.
RILEY: He’s a motor-cyclist, isn’t he? You never saw a gentle-man in a motor-cycle. She’s aiming beneath herself all the time.
(PERSEPHONE dust banisters.)
PERSEPHONE: She’ll be down in a minute. Don’t start her off.
RILEY (brooding): Who’d have thought a daughter of mine would go around with a motor-cyclist. I didn’t bring her up like that. (Catching up.) What do you mean “down”?

PERSEPHONE: Downstairs. (Returning downstairs.)

RILEY: Well, isn’t she at work? (Following her down.)

PERSEPHONE: No, she’s in her room.

RILEY: What’s she doing there?

PERSEPHONE: Having a lie-in, I suppose.

RILEY: Having a lie-in? You mean she’s been up there all this time.

PERSEPHONE: She didn’t come in till late.

RILEY: Well! It’s not good enough. She can’t lie in bed all hours. It’s a lazy habit.

PERSEPHONE: She didn’t come in till late. (Exit to kitchen.)

(But RILEY is already shouting from the doorway.)

RILEY: Linda.

(From upstairs, a cheerful “Hello!”)

What are you doing there at this hour?

LINDA (off): What do you think?

(This almost defeats RILEY, but he returns to the attack.)

RILEY: It’s nearly twelve o’clock!

(LINDA’S reply is laconically bellowed.)

LINDA (off): Thanks!

(RILEY gives up, PERSEPHONE returns to room, dusts.)

RILEY: She shouldn’t do it, you know. You shouldn’t let her. When I was her age-

PERSEPHONE: Now please don’t have a row first thing. I can’t face it, I didn’t get a wink of sleep last night.

RILEY: I heard you snoring through the wall.

PERSEPHONE: That clock woke me up. You’ll have to take it down.
RILEY: I will not. My work is the one thing I will not have interfered with. Just because I invented it and it works you resent it.

PERSEPHONE: I resented it last night all right.

RILEY (he is at the door, looks up the stairs and turns back.): And that girl. Where does she get it from? (Wisely.) She’s a very incomplete person, you know ... she’s a mess.

(From upstairs an unintelligible bellow from LINDA.)

(Angrily.) Stop yelling rounds the house. Come down here and speak properly. (To PERSEPHONE.) That’s her, isn’t it?

She thinks she owns the place. No regard. (Sound of Linda thumping downstairs.)

She’s impulsive- selfish- and- loud, she’s so loud ... I can’t understand it.

LINDA (enters, without greeting): I said- what happened to my sponge?

(She moves swiftly into the kitchen and back.)

RILEY: This isn’t a hotel, you know.

LINDA: You’re telling me. (Sags into settee.) Is there any tea?

PERSEPHONE (going out to get it.): It’s nearly dinner.

RILEY: What are you doing in bad till lunch time?

LINDA: Playing the pianer.

RILEY: Well, in future, you don’t traipse downstairs at any time you feel like in your pyjamas.

LINDA: Right.

RILEY: Lie- abeds never get anywhere in life.

LINDA: A lot of people get up at dawn and never get anywhere in life. (Pointedly.) Or half past eight for that matter.

RILEY: I’ve done a whole morning’s work while you’ve been in bed. And I was up late fixing things. Not that you’re ever about to see. What time did you get in last night?

LINDA: I don’t know. I was carried home unconscious from an orgy.

RILEY: You haven’t even noticed.
LINDA: What?
RILEY: And what’s more, I’ve come up with something only this morning that’s going to change the whole-
(LINDA groans.)
I’ve come up with a winner!
LINDA: So have I!
RILEY: What?
LINDA (jumps up gaily): A winnah! Ooooh, he’s love-ly, he’s my fair-y prrince! He’s my knight in sil-ver arm-our!
RILEY (sourly): He’s a motor-cyclist.
LINDA (hamming it up in tremendous spirits now): He’s my sheek! He’s dark and handsome and love-lay!
RILEY: He’s common.
LINDA: He isn’t common- he’s unique. He’s me unique sheek!
RILEY: Where do you meet these people?
LINDA (breathlessly): We-ell, I was in the desert one day, you see and all of a sudden, before I knew where I was, I heard the thunder of horsepower and a strong brown arm scooped me up as we roared into the sunset he co-vered me with burn-ing kiss-es and put me on his pillion! (She has almost choreographed this. She stops soberly in mid pose-soberly.) I met him over the Fancy Goods. He kept turning up. I was beginning to think he was a nut on fancy goods. But he wasn’t. He fancied me.
(Pause; shout.)
Is there any tea?
(She notices the pipes, follows the piping with her eyes in wonder.)
What in God’s name is all this?
RILEY: If you didn’t stay out all night and in bed half the day you’d know all about it.
LINDA: What the world needs is a lot of amateur plumbing in every living-room.
RILEY: It’s only the prototype.
LINDA: What of-an oil refinery?
RILEY: It’s an extension of natural rain for indoor plants. They will be watered just as the flowers in the garden are watered. When it rains outside, these plants will receive the same volume of water over the same duration of time. It’s all connected to the water supply, you see. Think of the saving in labour, it’s a most ingenious invention.

(LINDA studies the ceiling thoughtfully)
LINDA: You could have made a hole in the roof...

(She collapses once more into settee and like a dying voice in the Sahara calls.)
Tea! For pity’s sake give me tea...

(Pause.)
RILEY: I used to read to you.
LINDA: What?
RILEY: You’re never about, are you?
LINDA: About where?
RILEY: Here. I never see you.
LINDA: Well, you see me now.
RILEY: What do you want to do then?
LINDA: Like what?
RILEY: Well, what should we do? We can –go walking in the park, for instance.
LINDA (genuinely puzzled): What for?
RILEY: What do you mean, what for? You don’t have to have a reason. We never had a reason before.
LINDA: Before when?
RILEY: Before when we used to go walking in the park!
LINDA: Eh? Well, for god’s sake, I was twelve years old! Anyway, I want to brush my hair this afternoon and get ready.
RILEY: Get ready for what?
LINDA: For tonight, of course.
RILEY: Again? You went out last night.
LINDA: And I’m going out tonight. And I’m going out tomorrow night. What’s up with you today?
(Pause.)
RILEY: How long’s this one going to last? Couple of weeks?
(Pause.) Well, don’t say I didn’t warn you.
LINDA (barely controlled): Warn me about what?
RILEY: You never learn, do you?
LINDA: Never learn what?
RILEY: Always rushing in over your head.
LINDA: Rushing in over my heads?
RILEY: Headlong. Out of your depth. You think each moment’s going to last forever and then you’re brought down with a bump. You never learn.
LINDA: Dear God...
RILEY: Watch where you’re going. Take stock. Test the ground. Don’t jump in with your eyes shut. That’s the way you get hurt.
LINDA: Thank you.
RILEY: No constancy, that’s the trouble. One boy after another, each one going to last for ever. I’ve seen it happen. You’re living in a fool’s paradise. You build them all up and at the end of it it’s just another pimply boy moving on to someone else.
LINDA: Oh, shut up.
(Pause.)
RILEY: What do you do when you go out?
LINDA: Talk.
RILEY: What about?
LINDA: What do you mean, what about? (Shouts.) Mu-um, isn’t that tea coming- I’m dying!
RILEY (heatedly): The way you behave in this house! Anyone would think you were the head of the family or something. I never bawl orders around like that and I am the head of the family.

LINDA: So I notice.

RILEY (angry): Well, it’s about time you noticed! Just remember it. You act as if I don’t exist. What about this lout on a motor-cycle-I’ve never even set eyes on him. You never asked me, did you? – My approval. No. Well, just start remembering I’m your father.

LINDA: So what?

RILEY: So what? I’ll tell you so what. You’re going to bring that young man here and introduce him properly for my approval.

LINDA: Like Bernard.

RILEY: There you are you see-another flash in the pan.

LINDA: I don’t know what you’re talking about half the time. You made a right idiot of yourself with Bernard Morrison and you made me look pretty stupid too.

RILEY: You let yourself in for that- telling me he was going to take you on a cruise on his family’s shipping line.

LINDA (heatedly): I told you his father worked on a boat.

RILEY: Don’t blame me if he went off you. I was only doing what any father would have done.

LINDA: You told him I was your only treasure and you hoped he’d cherish me in the years to come.

RILEY: What’s wrong with that?

LINDA (furiously): He only came round to take me to the pictures!

RILEY (equally furious): Well, how was I to know?

LINDA: And you’re not supposed to ask people if they’ve got any hereditary diseases in their family. He must have thought you were barmy.
RILEY (more furious): How dare you talk to me like that! And as for this motor-cycle hooligan, you’re going to bring him round here and then you may go out with my permission and you’re going to be home every night at eleven o’clock. What’s his occupation?

LINDA: At least he’s got one- that reminds me – (Goes out and upstairs.)

RILEY (calling upstairs): Why did they give you the morning off?

LINDA: They didn’t. I couldn’t face them today, that’s all.

(RILEY is genuinely appalled by this.)

RILEY: What! You’ve never done that before.

LINDA: Well, I did today, didn’t I?

RILEY: They’ll give you the sack.

LINDA: Don’t be silly. I’ll go in on Monday and tell them I wasn’t well. What’s the matter with you? (Goes off upstairs and returns down with handbag.)

**ANALYSIS**

The conversational passage broaches a variety of subjects such as Riley’s disagreement with her daughter’s job, his displeasure with his wife’s negligence and his daughter’s laziness and rude behaviour at home.

**Person Deixis**

The first person pronouns I, me, my and we, the second person pronouns you, your and yourself, the third person pronouns she, her, he, his, it, they, them and their are used a number of times in the present text.

**Spatial and Discourse Deixis**

Here, there, this, that, these and now have occurred several times. Here, this, these and now have proximal value, there and that have distal value. There in ‘Is there any tea?’ is an existential there.

Riley and Linda employ the pointer this to point at the house and the pipes. This is also exploited as an anaphoric discourse deictic marker in ‘How long’s this one going to last?’, which refers to Linda’s night outs with her boyfriend and ‘What about this
lout on a motor-cycle- I’ve never even set eyes on him’. That is also deployed on several occasions as a distal anaphoric discourse deixis as in ‘You know, that girl isn’t using her potential, that’s the trouble’. That is used here to refer to Linda who works in a shop and the second that points to the preceding part of the sentence. Riley employs the pointing gestural strategy by using place deictic items here and there to refer to the situation where he is now, Linda’s room and the place where he is now. The demonstrative these refers to the people and plants in the conversational passage. Now in ‘Now please don’t have a row first thing,’ can be either a proximal discourse deictic device or a temporal deictic device. Since it doesn’t have any meaning here, it is just a sentence beginner and a proximal discourse deictic device.

**Temporal Deixis**

There are occurrences of now, then, before, tomorrow, tonight, today, this time, this afternoon and last night in this passage, which illustrate temporal deixis. They have proximal and distal value.

**Social Deixis**

There are a few examples of proximal and distal social deictic items such as dear and gentleman in the conversational passage.

| Table 5 |
|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| Total Person Deictic Items | Total Spatial and Discourse Deictic Items | Total Temporal Deictic Items | Total Social Deictic Items | Total Percentage |
| Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal | Proximal | Distal |
| 353 | 45 | 367 | 4 | | | | |
| 216 | 137 | 16 | 29 | 269 | 98 | 3 | 1 | 65.54 | 34.46 |
There is a crucial difference in the second column. The pattern in the second column is different from the other columns due to the number of proximal and distal deictic devices in this passage.

Passage VI (pp.45-52)

RILEY: What’s the matter with me? I’m disgusted, that’s what’s the matter with me. It’s disgusting. That’s no way to get on your work- malingering. Lying in bed because you can’t be bothered to go to work. I’m ashamed of you, Linda. I’d never have thought a daughter of mine would waste herself like that? That’s the last time you miss work- you hear that? You owe a responsibility to your work- and to yourself- you---

(During RILEY’S speech LINDA has brought on her handbag. Out of it she takes a red zipped purse and out of the purse a ten-shilling note, which she now hands him, cutting his speech off dead.)

LINDA: Here you are, another ten bob down the drain. Seems a funny thing giving your own father pocket money. Specially When he never gave you any. (Shouts.) Ma! Are you bringing the tea!

RILEY (deflated): Now Lindy-that’s not fair-you know you’ll get it all back.

(He produces a small notebook and pencil and writes in it. Linda slumps down on to the settee.)

... Saturday, July the fifth. Ten shillings, that’s brings it up to seventy-two pounds, seven and six. That’s for the week when you were a bit short. You only gave me seven and six. Remember?

LINDA: Don’t remind me.

(PERSEPHONE enters with tray of tea for one which she sets on table behind sofa. There are two cushions on the settee, one behind LINDA. PERSEPHONE looks round the room critically, then approaches the unused cushion, straightens it, fluffs it up, pats it.)

PERSEPHONE: Get up a minuet.
LINDA (indicating the Queen on the wall): If she’s coming I should put her picture straight.

(LINDA moves over and sits back against the cushion PERSEPHONE has just tidied. PERSEPHONE tidied the other cushion, pats it. LINDA moves back. The first cushion is back in its original state. She kneels on the second cushion and pours herself a cup of tea. But PERSEPHONE has gone to the wall to straighten the Queen. LINDA shakes her head and lolls back in the settee.)

RILEY: Lindy, Lindy-your faith is about to be rewarded! Look—it’s all here- there’s a fortune in this envelope!

(PERSEPHONE exits to kitchen.)

LINDA: You’ve got money in there? Where’d you get it from?

RILEY: It’s not exactly money, not yet ...

LINDA: Oh, I see. What is it?

RILEY: An envelope.

LINDA: I can see that. What’s inside it?

RILEY: Another envelope.

LINDA: Dead cleaver. And what inside that?

RILEY: Eh? Nothing.

LINDA: It can’t fail. Honestly, I don’t see why you can’t get money from the Labour Exchange. It’s just silly—it’s sitting there waiting for you.

RILEY: Let’s not have that again. I told you- that’s for the unemployed people. You’ve got to be out of work.

LINDA: When were you ever in it?

RILEY: Linda, it’s for people who haven’t got a job!

LINDA: Oh, dear ... Well, how long am I supposed to be handing out to you every week, that’s all I want to know. Putting it down in that silly little book- what’s it supposed to mean? I wouldn’t mind giving it to you so much if only you wouldn’t keep writing it down in that bloody book.
RILEY: Don’t talk to me like that! How dare you talk to me like that?
LINDA: Whose money is it anyway? And where does it go? Beer every dinner-time until you’ve spent it and then wait until next Saturday.
RILEY: Don’t talk to me! I said don’t talk to me!
(PERSEPHONE enters with a cup and saucer, plate of biscuits.)
PERSEPHONE: For goodness sake, what’s going on? You’ve upset him- You shouldn’t upset yourself, dear.
RILEY: My envelope’s going to get me out of all this.
(PERSEPHONE pours herself a cup of tea.)
PERSEPHONE: That’s right, dear.
RILEY: Of course it is, it’s the law of averages.
PERSEPHONE: Of course it is, you tell them.
RILEY: Tell them what?
PERSEPHONE: Whatever you think is right, dear.
RILEY: Tell who?
PERSEPHONE: How should I know, dear? You’re the inventor.
RILEY: That’s right- I’m the inventor.
LINDA: What’s he ever invented?
RILEY: A lot of things!
(PERSEPHONE pats LINDA’S cushion.)
Dozens, dammit.
(PERSEPHONE finds a book stuffed down the side of the sofa. Holds it up. LINDA falls back on the tidied cushion.)
PERSEPHONE: Hullo, what’s this doing down here? Rupert Bear...
(She holds it up, a big coloured children’s book.)
RILEY: It’s one of Linda’s. From when she was little.
PERSEPHONE: I know that, dear.
LINDA: He was reading it.
RILEY (heatedly): I was not!
PERSEPHONE: Well, it doesn’t matter.
LINDA: He was reading it. I saw him. Not that I want it, thanks. Far as I’m concerned
he can read it as much as like. (Scornfully,) Fairies---
RILEY (explosion): I wasn’t reading it! ... I was looking at it. There’s no law against it,
is there?
PERSEPHONE: Of course there’s not. Why shouldn’t he read it if he wants to?
RILEY: I wasn’t---
LINDA: I just think it’s soppy, that’s all. Rupert.
RILEY: It’s a book, isn’t it? When did you last read a book?
LINDA: I’ve read seven books in my life and they were all dirty.
PERSEPHONE: Linda!
RILEY: You see?
LINDA: What?
RILEY: No culture. No culture in young people nowadays. How can you expect to
make something of yourself?
LINDA: Like you, I suppose.
RILEY: Yes, like me. I was given a mind and I use it. I don’t go through life as if it was a
public escalator with nothing to do but watch the swimsuits go by.
LINDA (getting up): How can he go on like that? Ever since I remember he’s been
going up to that damn room. What does he do it for? Why doesn’t he just sit
downstairs and stop pretending? It used to be nice.... once... at that crummy school.
... “What does your dad do?”... “My dad’s an inventor.” Most of their dads were just
bus conductors and milkmen and labourers and mechanics. Some of them didn’t
have job at all. But my dad was an inventor! ... Amazing how long it took me to see
through that! I must have been thick. So what am I supposed to do now, join in the
game? Well, I don’t think I’m going to play much longer. I’m not enjoying it.
PERSEPHONE: Now, Linda!
LINDA: Sometimes the girls at work ask me what you do. Want to know what I tell
them? “Nothing!—Nothing at all!”
RILEY: No---
LINDA: I tell them, “My dad’s out of work!”
RILEY: Linda---
LINDA: “He hasn’t got a job!” What I don’t tell them is that you’re too stupid to
collect your unemployment money. I don’t mind you not having a job- I wouldn’t be
the first girl there with an unemployed father. But I am damned if I’m going to be the
first with a lunatic as one!
RILEY: Lindy!... You shouldn’t go on like that ... it’s going to be different – it’s
changing now. I’ve been unlucky before, but I’ve got a new idea now and there’s
nothing that can go wrong with it. It’s the simplest idea I’ve ever had. That’s where
I’ve been going wrong before, I’ve been aiming too high – at complicated things,
expensive things sometimes. The clock, for instance – oh, it’s good in its way, very
good, but it’s a luxury, the market’s too specialized. I’ve been going at the wrong end
of the scale, I can see that now ... Here, look – look now – I want to see it to you –
both of you – here-
PERSEPHONE: I’ve seen it, dear.
RILEY: I want to explain about it. You see, this envelope-
LINDA: -Plays God save the Queen.
(Pause.)
RILEY (quietly: momentum gone): I don’t like this house.
PERSEPHONE: Linda, don’t be rude to your father.
LINDA: Yes mam.
RILEY (louder): I don’t like this house.
PERSEPHONE: An envelope for matches, was it, George? Go on then, tell us about it.
RILEY (very loud): I don’t like this house! (Silence-quietly.) I’m leaving.
PERSEPHONE: Now, don't get excited, love. Why don't you go along to the Arms for a quiet drink while I get the dinner. You can go to the picture afterwards. You like going to the pictures on Saturday.

RILEY (standing): I'm leaving.

LINDA (quietly): And I'm not coming back.

RILEY: And don't take it for granted I'm not coming back.

PERSEPHONE: No, all right, dear, you just pop along and-

RILEY: Didn't you hear me?

LINDA: We heard you.

RILEY: There is nothing to stop me going away for good now –

LINDA: Every Saturday I give him his pocket money and he runs away from home –

PERSEPHONE: Not every Saturday.

RILEY: Why don't you believe me?

PERSEPHONE: Now, George, who said I didn't? (Stacking tea things.)

RILEY: There are things a man can do- and a man will always do the unexpected when he is driven to it. I don't even feel guilty about it- do you realize that? I've been held back enough–too much–why shout I feel guilty?

PERSEPHONE: I don't know, dear. Why?

RILEY: Why? You're not following me. I said I shouldn't.

PERSEPHONE: Shouldn't what?

RILEY: Feel guilty about it.

PERSEPHONE: About what?

RILEY: About not coming back.

LINDA: Aren't you coming back then?

RILEY: No! As of now, no.

PERSEPHONE: You mustn't mind Linda-After all, she does support us. (Exit to kitchen with tea tray.)
RILEY: Well, she won’t have to support me anymore. And don’t worry, She’ll get her money back. There’s enough in this envelope idea to tack care of that and a hundred times more. (To LINDA.) I don’t want you to think that your little loans haven’t been appreciated. Because they have. You’ll get back – the first thing I’m going to do is send it to you.

LINDA: Can I have it in fivers?

RILEY: All right, so you shall. In fivers.

LINDA: Thanks.

(Pause.)

RILEY (uncomfortably): Well, I’m sorry it’s got to end like this. It is not what I would have wished. I know I have not been a model husband and father, but I have done my best in difficult circumstances, and I cannot get on unless I get out.

(Turns to go out of the door but his exit is spoiled by PERSEPHONE returning with a shirt to mend.) So let us not have any long drawn out farewells, I shall simple go. Well –good – bye, everybody. )

(PERSEPHONE is busy at work-basket.)

PERSEPHONE: Good-bye, dear, don’t be late.

RILEY (explodes): For God’s sake, I’m not coming back!

PERSEPHONE: All right, no need to shout, George. I didn’t mean anything.

RILEY: I’m not going to stop till I’m right up there! It only needs one small idea that I can take with me- something to keep me on my feet when I step over the side---

LINDA (quietly): This boat isn’t everything.

RILEY: This boat isn’t the whole world, you know. It’s all over there!

LINDA: Aye aye, captain.

RILEY: Don’t you worry-I’ll reach it.

(LINDA has been sitting spent, dead-voiced, now she gets up and goes to him straightfaced.)
LINDA: We shall miss you, father, but I’m sure it’s for the best. God bless you and all who sail in you.

(RILEY leaves; the grandfather clock whirrs and starts to chime Rule Britannia. LINDA sits heavily and closes her eyes.)

I think I’ll go mad... I’ve already got a twitch.

(The music ends.)

PERSEPHONE: You shouldn’t have missed work today. It’s not fair on the other girls.

LINDA: They shouldn’t make us work Saturday. No one else does.

PERSEPHONE: Nearly everybody does. I work Sundays.

LINDA: No one I know. Janice Pringle works four and a half days and gets two pounds more.

PERSEPHONE: You should change, then, shouldn’t you? You’ve got to have a bit of gumption if you want to get on. (Takes button and thread to table and sits, sewing button on shirt.)

LINDA: She had the training.

PERSEPHONE: There you are--- you should have stayed on at Commercial College, it pays in the end.

LINDA: She’s a trained masseuse, at the health club-

PERSEPHONE (blithely maintaining course): And you could have got into the teacher’s college. They said so. You had good chances.

LINDA (roundly): Janice Pringle says she could make a hundred pounds a week if she branched out on her own...

PERSEPHONE: You see – you’ve got to push yourself. There are better jobs for you.

LINDA: Yes, I think I’ll be a brain surgeon...

PERSEPHONE: You had the brains to be a teacher. That would have been nice, with long holidays....

LINDA:... I’ll take a course of postal tuition...

PERSEPHONE: But you wouldn’t listen to me, would you?
LINDA: “A brain surgeon in six month. Astonish your friends.”

PERSEPHONE: Nobody ever listens.

LINDA (bitterly): Janice Pringle wouldn’t be astonished...

Janice Pringle says nothing would astonish her ...

PERSEPHONE: What do you keep going on about Janice Pringle for?

(LINDA gets up, finds her bag, and takes out wages envelope.)

LINDA (with the bogus excitement of the T.V. host): Satter-day is here again.

(PERSEPHONE accept the money, puts it in her apron pocket.)

PERSEPHONE: Thanks.

LINDA: Oh, I wish it was tonight. That’s the one thing I can count on-I wake up and think-it’s all right-it’ll soon be tonight and I’ll be off out and he loves me.

PERSEPHONE: Don’t count your chickens.

LINDA: I know him.

PERSEPHONE: You always know them.

LINDA: I know him.

PERSEPHONE: You knew Bernard Morrison too, didn’t you?

LINDA (carelessly): He’s got engaged-did I tell you?

PERSEPHONE: Who has- Bernard?

LINDA: You’ll never guess who to?

ANALYSIS

The present text deals with the argument between Riley and his daughter Linda. Riley tries to convince her that there is a fortune in his new invention. Linda tells him why he cannot get money from the Labour Exchange, it is better than doing nothing and getting pocket money from her. Riley feels upset and decides to leave the house for good.

Person Deixis

The occurrences of examples of the third person pronouns he, him, his, she, her, they, them and it are fewer than the occurrences of
examples of the first person pronouns I, me and my and the second person pronouns you, your and yourself in the passage.

**Spatial and Discourse Deixis**

*There*, *here*, *this*, *then* and *that* are used a number of times, which illustrate spatial and discourse deixis. *That*, *then* and *there* are examples of distal deixis. *Here* and *this* have proximal value. To refer to the place where Riley is sitting and the sofa the place deictic marker *here* is exploited and the place deictic marker *there* is exploited to refer to the envelope in Riley’s hand, the Labour exchange office where Riley can get unemployment money and Linda’s work place. The Proximal pointer device *this* is exploited to refer to the envelope in ‘There’s a fortune in this envelope!’, the book in Persephone’s hand, the house where riley is staying right now. It is also used as an anaphoric discourse deictic device in ‘My envelope’s going to get me out of all this.’, which is referring to the previous parts of the conversation between Riley and Linda. *That* is also exploited as a distal pointer to refer to the envelope in Riley’s hand, Riley’s notebook, Riley’s work room upstairs and Linda’s school. The characters exploit anaphoric discourse deictic marker *that* on several occasions in the passage. Consider the following example.

(98) RILEY: Lindy!.... you shouldn’t go on like that.... It’s going to be different- it’s changing now.

*Now* and *then* are deployed as the proximal and distal discourse deictic markers respectively, which are in relation to the previous parts of the conversation.

**Temporal Deixis**

There are occurrences of *now*, *then*, *today*, *tonight*, *next Saturday* and *before*, which illustrate time deixis. They have proximal and distal value. As Riley talks about his new inventions he uses time deixis *before*, which indicates his previous experiences and situations. He clarifies two different situations through the use of *now* and *before*. 
Social Deixis

There are examples of proximal social deictic marker *dear* in the conversational passage on several occasions.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Table 6</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total Person Deictic Items</td>
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<tr>
<td>Proximal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>350</td>
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<tr>
<td>229</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

There is a crucial difference in the second column. The pattern in the second column is different from the other columns due to the number of proximal and distal deictic devices in the passage. The conversation is about Riley’s past inventions, hobbies and Linda’s past experiences at school. Thus, they use the distal spatial deictic markers more than the proximal spatial deictic markers.

Passage VII (pp.53-60)

PERSEPHONE: Janice Pringle...?

LINDA (found out): Well, she’s welcome. I can do better than that for myself.

PERSEPHONE: Fancy that.

LINDA: She came at me flashing this invisible diamond. I could have puked all over it.

PERSEPHONE: Time enough for you.

LINDA: I don’t care anyway. (Getting happy.) I’m going to make myself look a knockout tonight—I’m going to wash my hair and do my nails and stick Blue Grass up my jumper!

PERSEPHONE: Linda! (Pause.) You like him as much as Bernard?
LINDA (derisive): Bernard!
PERSEPHONE: As much as that David, then?
LINDA: I didn’t love him.
PERSEPHONE: What? - More than whatsisname – Brian?
LINDA: Brian? Honestly! (Then she catches on.) It’s not like that, you know. It’s just isn’t. They were kids.
PERSEPHONE: Well, you’re a kid, aren’t you?
LINDA: Well, I’m not going to be one for ever, am I?
PERSEPHONE: No, I suppose not.
LINDA: I mean, what happens then?
PERSEPHONE: I don’t know.
LINDA: You can’t count a sudden wave of loony patriotism to put a Rule Britannia clock in every home.
PERSEPHONE: Well, don’t worry about it.
LINDA: Don’t worry about it…. Don’t worry about it. I do worry about it.
PERSEPHONE (putting sewing things away): You’d better get dressed, Linda. We don’t want another row when he gets in
LINDA: He won’t get back till late-meatless Saturday for George Riley, the man who’s on his way… to the pub on the corner.
(The lights start to come up slowly on the bar.)
PERSEPHONE: Well’ why shouldn’t he go to the pub? At least he meets people.
LINDA: How do you know? I bet he’s Just another lonely feller having a quiet drink.
(CARMEN enters from above bar to behind it.)
The point is what’s he like? I mean when we can’t see him. He’s got to be different-I mean you wouldn’t even know me if you could see me-
(ABLE enters as before and crosses to centre table with letter. PERSEPHONE goes off to kitchen.)
PERSEPHONE (leaving): Come on Linda.
LINDA: And that goes for everyone. There’s two of everyone, you see-
(BROWN enters as before.)
You need that
(HARRY enters as before.)
And if the two of him’s the same, I mean if he’s the same in the pub as he is with us,
then he’s had it.
(RILEY enters as before.)
RILEY: Enter a free man!
(Music; “Rule Britannia” starts and increases until the end of the act.)
LINDA: Poor old Dad...
PERSEPHONE (at door): Linda! (Goes upstairs.)
LINDA (following her off): You’ll have to do something about him you know ...
RILEY: Unashamed I have left her.
(The lights on both sets start to fade out.)
LINDA: Before I’m old and ugly.
RILEY: A good woman I daresay, in many ways a fine woman, in many ways a terrible
liability....
(The lights are out.)
Before the curtain rises; “Rule Britannia”.
The lights come up on the home.
The living-room. The next day. Late morning. Persephone is starting to lay the table.
Linda bounces in jauntily, looking good in jeans and sweater. She is eating a slice of
cake.
LINDA: Morning.
PERSEPHONE: I don’t know why you bother-I could have brought your dinner up on
a tray.
LINDA: The concert woke me. Hello, I thought (to the tune of “Rule Britannia”) It’s
twelve o’clock, time-to-get-you-up, pom-pom it’s twelve o’clock!
PERSEPHONE: It woke me up last night.

LINDA: Yes, that’d be one of the snags when it came to shifting it in millions.

(She snaps on the radio which is playing a “Family Favorite”.)

PERSEPHONE: Were you late last night?

LINDA: Yesss! I was so late last night I was early this morning!

(She choreographs round the room ending up with a kiss on PERSEPHONE’S head.)

(PERSEPHONE remains detached.)

PERSEPHONE: Did you have a nice time?

LINDA: Yess! I did have a nice time. In fact I had a gorgeous time. And I’m going to have another gorgeous time tonight and ev-erynight!

PERSEPHONE: Turn it down a bit, will you? It’s making my head ache.

(LINDA turns down the radio.)

LINDA: Is there any tea?

PERSEPHONE: Expect so. You won’t want any breakfast now.

LINDA: I had lovely dreams. We were going to Gretna on the motor-bike.

PERSEPHONE: I’ll have the dinner ready in an hour.

LINDA: Do you ever think of yourself that there’s a kind of sameness about your life?

PERSEPHONE: It’d be a funny life if there wasn’t.

LINDA: My, you do hold your own, don’t you? (Roundly.)

PERSEPHONE (tolerant): All right. Put the cutlery round for me, will you. (She exits.)

(LINDA puts cutlery round.)

(Returning with side-plates.) I can’t see what he sees in you in those trousers. Specially on Sunday.

LINDA: What’s Sunday got to do with it?

PERSEPHONE: Well, it’s not very nice. Sunday. Church and everything.

LINDA: I always wondered where those people were going. Don’t get much of an example in this house.
PERSEPHONE: I've got the dinner to see to. You’d to be the first to complain if there was no hot dinner on a Sunday.

LINDA: Yes, I like my nosh.

PERSEPHONE: My boyfriends would've been ashamed to be seen with me if I’d gone out like that.

LINDA: You had boyfriends, then? Before you got married?

PERSEPHONE: Why? Do you think you invented them?

LINDA: Oh no. I should think you were smashing.

PERSEPHONE: Yes I was.

LINDA: Did you look like me?

PERSEPHONE: No.

LINDA: Oh.

PERSEPHONE: You look all right.

LINDA: Do you think so? It’s my fingers that worry me. I worry quite a lot about my fingers. I mean, no one would take me for a violinist.

PERSEPHONE: You could have been a teacher, though.

LINDA: Do you ever think to yourself that... (Abandons it. Examines her fingers.) Yes, I’ve got a good idea for this television panel game. You get people to show their hands and the panel has to guess what they do. You can have mystery guests shoving their hands through two holes in a screen... (Looks at her hands.) Lady strangler.

PERSEPHONE: Yes, I had suitors.

LINDA: Sooootors!

PERSEPHONE: So don’t be in such a hurry. I turned down one or two before your father.

LINDA: Did you? Were you ever sorry?

PERSEPHONE: What a thing to say!

LINDA: Well, were you?
PERSEPHONE: No. No, I wasn’t. I knew he wasn’t ... safe, like most people are safe. But safety isn’t everything. A safe man in a safe job. Well, it’s not everything.

LINDA: It’s money, though.

PERSEPHONE: There’s lots of people like your father-different. Some make more money, because they’re different. The difference is the thing, not the money.

LINDA: Well, that’s nice, isn’t it? What am I doing in a rotten shop? I could stay at home and be different. Starving but different. Terrific.

PERSEPHONE: You haven’t got it in you.

(Pause.)

LINDA: I say-

PERSEPHONE: What?

LINDA: Did any of your-suitors-ask you to go away with them?

PERSEPHONE: Away where?

LINDA: Just away.

PERSEPHONE: You mean, elope?

LINDA: Yes, all right them.

PERSEPHONE: Certainly not.

LINDA: Would you have gone if they’d asked?

PERSEPHONE: I told you.

LINDA: Would you have thought it was romantic?

PERSEPHONE: What?

LINDA: Just - going away with a feller. On the spur of the moment. Would you think it was romantic?

PERSEPHONE: Plain stupid. (Pause.) What did you tell him?

LINDA (jumps): Who? (Found out; collects herself.) I said--- I couldn’t.

PERSEPHONE: That’s right.

LINDA: That’s right...

PERSEPHONE: If he’s worth it, he’ll wait.
LINDA: Suppose he won’t.
PERSEPHONE: Then he’s not worth it.
LINDA: It’s not that simple, though, is it? I mean, if he was worth it and didn’t wait, that wouldn’t be exactly unbelievable. So what am I waiting for?
PERSEPHONE: You could wait for your twentieth birthday.
LINDA: I might be dead by then.
PERSEPHONE: Well, I might. (Exit.)
(In the wait, LINDA comes to terms. PERSEPHONE comes back with dustpan.)
LINDA: You better not.
PERSEPHONE: What?
(LINDA turns it aside; moves heaves, stops.)
LINDA: There’s going to be no end to it, is there? He’ll never give up.
PERSEPHONE: Perhaps he will. (Sweeping up LINDA’S crumbs.)
LINDA: He won’t. He’s living in dreamland.... Where is he, anyway?
PERSEPHONE: Upstairs. Now don’t set him off today.
LINDA: Why should I?
PERSEPHONE: I mean, if he says anything about leaving again....
LINDA: Oh, he came back, didn’t he? He always comes back.
PERSEPHONE: Yes, he came back. (Hesitates.) But-I don’t know-he was behaving very off... excited; When he came back from the pub.
LINDA: Had a bit too much I expect.
PERSEPHONE: Well, don’t set him off. You know what he’s like.
(Pause.)
LINDA: What was he like before?
PERSEPHONE: Before what?
LINDA: I mean-when you-when he was young- was he always?
PERSEPHONE: He was-proud. Oh yes, he would create... something, anything.
LINDA: You shouldn’t have let him leave the family business. It was at least a kind of security.
PERSEPHONE: I made him leave it.
LINDA (incredulous): You believed in him- in all this?
PERSEPHONE: The business was temporary for ten, eleven years. It would have been temporary all his life. If he was going to be a failure anyway, he was better off failing at something he wanted to succeed at. So he would be an inventor. It appealed to him. He liked to.. break bounds. He got hold of a bit of enthusiasm. That was worth a lot.
LINDA: That was worth nothing! You had to work in a shop and now I work in a shop- and that’s worth something. Just try to be
PERSEPHONE: Just try to be charitable, Linda.
LINDA: Try? I am a charity, I work at it full-time –you and me, we’re the society for the Preservation of George Riley! God, if his father hadn’t died, he wouldn’t even have a house to live in!
PERSEPHONE: You want to know what he was like-? He was a gentleman. (Pause.) You’d better call him – and tell him to wash his hands. He usually forgets.
LINDA (getting up): Gentleman George... (At door.) Dad! Well, I hope he’s calmed down since yesterday. I don’t like waiting for the balloon to pop in his face. It’s bad for my nerves.
PERSEPHONE: I don’t know what he wants to stay up there for working on a Sunday. He always like to take a day off.
LINDA: A day off from what?
PERSEPHONE: You don’t have to be unkind, you know.
LINDA: I’m not unkind. I mean I don’t feel unkind. Funny thing is I’m more embarrassed then he is when he comes back from his little outings. I never know what to say.
PERSEPHONE: Well, don’t say anything.
LINDA: That’s worse—that’s weird. It’s weird pretending it never happened.

PERSEPHONE: Did you tell him to wash his hands?

(LINDA turns and yells.)

LINDA: And wash your hands!

If he was honest he’d come down and say, “I’ve decided that some people are cut out to make a living and some people are cut out to lie in bed, and I’m the bed type so I’ll be upstairs if you want me and if you’re not doing anything at four o’clock I’ll have cup of tea.... Two lumps.” Instead of that, He sits up there doing damn all. It’s a situation, isn’t it?

PERSEPHONE: It occupies him.

LINDA: Oh, I’m sure it passes the time very nicely. But it’s driving him half barmy.

PERSEPHONE (sharply): Your father isn’t barmy.

LINDA (not in the least put out): Half barmy. Well, you can’t expect me to be sentimental about him. I mean, life hasn’t been like a National Saving advert, has it? All the happy family round the fire and the ruddy spaniel chewing the slipper. (Pause.) Anyway, I don’t mean he’s mad or anything. If he was Lord Riley he’d be called eccentric. But he’s just plain old George. So he’s half barmy.

PERSEPHONE (defiantly): We’ve got on very well together in our way. I know plenty of women whose husbands have taken to drink or gambling or well-you-know-what, and it’s not much comfort to say that at least they’re all there in the head.

LINDA: He just hasn’t grown up all over the same speed. He’s getting worse and personally I don’t think we’re helping him by treating it all as normal.

PERSEPHONE: I know, it’s very difficult. Without hurting him. You don’t want to hurt him, do you?

LINDA: He’s hurting himself in the long run.

PERSEPHONE (unhappily): Well, I don’t know.

LINDA (Pause.): Shall I call him again?

PERSEPHONE: You’d better. Perhaps he dropped off. He had a very restless night.
(LINDA goes to open the door.)
I hope he’s washed his hands.
(LINDA gets to the door just as RILEY comes downstairs. He is wearing his best suit, clean shirt, tie. He carries in one arm a briefcase and drawing board with a coat over his arm.)

ANALYSIS
The bits of information in this text are related to Linda’s boyfriends, Persephone’s suitors, romantic experiences in running away with them, her opinion about elopement and Riley’s past and present position in life.

Person Deixis
The first person pronouns I, me, myself, my and we, the second person pronouns you and your and the third person pronouns he, his, him, she, her, it, they, them and their are used a number of times in the conversational passage.

Spatial and Discourse Deixis
There are occurrences of that, this, those, then and there, which illustrate spatial and discourse deixis. That, those, then and there have distal value. Since it is Sunday and Riley is still in his room upstairs, his wife exploits there as a pointing device and place deictic device to indicate where he is. There is also used as an existential device, which is used to show the existence of sameness in Persephone’s life and different people in the world. There are examples of the demonstrative that, which illustrates an anaphoric discourse deixis in ‘Well, that’s nice, isn’t it?’ and ‘That’s worse—that’s weird.’ As a pointing deictic device, this refers to the diamond, the house and television panel game. It is also exploited as an anaphoric discourse deictic device in ‘You believed in him- in all this?’, which is referring to Linda and Persephone’s conversation about George’s personality and business. The demonstrative those is used to refer to the people who go to church every Sunday.
and the trousers that Linda is wearing now. Then is used as a discourse deictic item in ‘Yes, all right then’ and ‘Then he’s not worth it’.

**Temporal Deixis**

In this passage there are occurrences of now, then, tonight, this morning, today, yesterday, last night and before, which illustrate time deixis. Now, today, tonight and this morning have proximal value and then, yesterday and before have distal value. The deictic items then and before refer to the preceding time before the time of the utterance, they keep focus on Linda, Persephone and George’s past life and experiences.

**Social Deixis**

Examples of the distal social deictic items are deployed in ‘Gentleman George….’ and ‘If he was Lord Riley he’d be called eccentric’.

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<td align="left"><strong>Total Person Deictic Items</strong></td>
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<td align="left">Proximal</td>
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<tr>
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The number of distal deictic items in the second column is more than the number of proximal deictic items, which makes it different from the other columns in the table. In this passage more focus is on the past events and experiences of the characters.

**Passage VIII (pp.61-68)**

The other hand is holding a large battered suitcase. The effect is spoiled by carpet slippers.)
LINDA: Oh no!
PERSEPHONE: Whatever is it?
LINDA: He’s packed!
PERSEPHONE (going to door): He’s what?
LINDA: I told you it’d get out of hand. He’s got all his gear now.
PERSEPHONE: Oh, my goodness.
(RILEY enters, puts his things down by the window and walks to the settee, next to which lie his shoes. During the first part of the scene he sits on the settee and is changing into his shoes.)
RILEY: Don’t let me interrupt you, I’ve only come for my shoes.
PERSEPHONE: What’s all this then?
RILEY: Do I have to repeat everything? I told you last night- I’m leaving.
LINDA: Oh, Dad! Don’t make a thing of it. We apologize. I apologize.
RILEY: Apologize? Nothing to apologize for.
PERSEPHONE (calm): Where’re you thinking of going, dear?
RILEY: To meet my partner. I’m going into industry.
LINDA (with a dangerous quietness): You’re going where?
RILEY: I’m going to develop my invention. I told you. My envelope. It’s revolutionary.
LINDA (with a dangerous quietness): You mean simpler than that pipe which would never go out as long as you smoked it upside down?
RILEY: It’s simpler than that, too.
LINDA: Well, it’s not as simple as you are.
PERSEPHONE: Linda! Be quite!
LINDA: No, I won’t!
RILEY: This isn’t like the others- this is the real thing—you’ll see.
LINDA: The only thing he’s ever invented is a way of having a job without earning any money.
PERSEPHONE: Stop it, please.
LINDA: Listen, he is not going—he’s not going this time.
RILEY (accusingly): The trouble is, you haven’t got faith in me, have you?
LINDA: Faith!
RILEY: Well, you did once, didn’t you?
LINDA: Faith? Faith in what?
RILEY: Faith in me! I used to tell you—yes I did—and you had faith—can’t you remember—can’t you remember it was happy?
LINDA: You dreamed it. How can I have faith in a bottle-opener?
RILEY: Before that, Lindy.
(They are both nearly shouting.)
In the park. We used to walk in the park, and don’t deny it—you had FAITH!
LINDA: Oh Jesus!—Stop living in my childhood. I was a child— and you were my father.
RILEY: I’m your father now.
LINDA: I was ten—eleven—I don’t know—you know what he’s got in his room—you know what books he’s got?
PERSEPHONE: Oh, Lindy—
LINDA: Noddy, Mickey Mouse, Fairy Annual—all my old books I had when I was a kid—Rupert—he’s got the blood-y lot!
RILEY: I’m going! (And he makes the move.)
(It snaps off LINDA’S hysteria, and she come close and speaks with a strained gentleness.)
LINDA: Listen, dad-father—you don’t have to go this time. You really don’t. You don’t have to prove anything for us. Just stay and don’t bother, don’t worry about having
to prove anything—will you? Just stay and be like, other people. Put that case back, and we’ll have our dinner, and go for a walk if you like, and tomorrow I’ll go to the Labour Exchange with you and you can register. It’s only signing your name. And you’ll get money, every week, if you just register, and maybe they’ll find you something you really like, and you’ll get more money, and if you don’t like it you don’t have to do it, and you still get money—it’s the Government—it’s all there—official, do you see? Please? (RILEY has listened patiently and a little amused. He speaks to her with equal gentleness and the same air explaining to a small child.)

RILEY: No, listen, Lindy, you don’t understand—this isn’t like the other times—I’ve got to go because I promised—I’ve arranged to meet my partner, you see—this time it’s all laid on—it’s definite. This man is impressed, you see, and we’re going to manufacturer, we’re going to have a factory to produce envelopes—he’s putting the money up, you see—this time it’s real.

LINDA: Dad, you don’t have to—dad, you’re making it up—you know you are—you don’t have to—

RILEY (almost jubilant, but still quiet): I’m not. It’s all true!

LINDA (nearly crying): Dad, you dreamed it.

RILEY: No-o-o! You’ll see— I’m not alone this time—Oh Lindy, I’ll come back in a Rolls Royce and then you believe me again and it’ll be happy again.

LINDA: Dad, it’ll be happy now if you stay and tomorrow we’ll go to the—

RILEY: You don’t understand—I don’t need it now.

PERSEPHONE (a plea): Oh, let him go.

LINDA (losing her gentleness now): Dad, if you go this time, I swear, I promise, you won’t get any more pocket-money—ever—if you don’t register I’m not going to give it to you, for your own good as well as ours—I swear it, if you don’t stay home, now.

RILEY: I’ll pay it all back, Linda, you know that.

LINDA: You don’t have to pay it back.
RILEY: But I will. I want to, I’ll be easy. Seventy pounds is nothing to what I’ll be worth soon.
LINDA: Dad, you’re not going to be worth anything, ever. You’ll come back tonight, Like always, and-what’s the point?
PERSEPHONE: Let him go.
LINDA: No—it’s gone too far.
RILEY: Why don’t you believe me?
PERSEPHONE: It’s better for him, Linda.
(LINDA breaks.)
LINDA: But what about me? (Then quieter.) What about me? There’s no end to it—and I’ve waited. I’ve waited for it to change but it’s not going to, is it? I’m stuck. I’m stuck here in this tidy little house waiting for it to change so I can get out. Well, I’m not going to any more—because I’ve been asked. Yes, I have. He loves me and I’ve been asked.
PERSEPHONE: Oh, Linda---
LINDA (turning on her): So he’s different! Well, I’m not different—I just want to get married and get on with my own life.’Cos he asked me to go away-north—he asked me-
RILEY: What?
LINDA: Yes he did. Well I’m going, mum—I can’t wait till your old age pension—I can’t wait ten years! Because I’ve had my go, and it’s not fair. It’s not fair. (She is near tears.)
(RILEY approaches her.)
RILEY: Marry? You?
LINDA: Yes, me!
RILEY: What—to that motor-cyclist? You can’t, not yet.
LINDA: Why not?
RILEY: Because I haven’t given my permission, that’s why not. I’m your father! And I don’t suppose he’s got any intention of marrying you.

LINDA: Yes he has!

RILEY (they are both shouting each other down): He never said so, did he?

LINDA: Yes he did!

RILEY (they are both shouting each other down): Look at me—he never said marriage, did he?

LINDA: I don’t care if he didn’t!

RILEY (draws breath): The ingratitude! Is that how I brought you up?

LINDA: You never brought me up at all.

RILEY: I took you for walks!

LINDA: Oh Jesus Christ, we should have got him a dog!

RILEY: I don’t even know his name! And I’m your father! That’s what gone wrong here—no respect. That’s why I’m being driven out—you ask me why—well, that’s why—because here I don’t exist! And now you want to run away with some young good-for-nothing. You’ve only just left school!

LINDA (dully, on her way out): Three years, dad. A hundred and fifty ten bobs. Don’t you remember? Seventy-two pounds, seven-and-six. That’s for the week I was short. (Exit.)

(PERSEPHONE has stood quite; almost grieving.)

RILEY: She’ll be back, you know. It’s all in her head.

(PERSEPHONE sits down.)

Oh, I didn’t want to leave her like that, though. (Pause.) She used to be so...nice. (Pause.) She’ll be back.

PERSEPHONE: Yes, perhaps.

RILEY: I’ve got to go.

PERSEPHONE: Go where, George?

RILEY (a bit thrown by her):.... I met this man in a pub, you see-
PERSEPHONE: You met a man in a pub.
RILEY: He’s my partner. I can’t let him down.
PERSEPHONE: Oh, George-She means it, you know.
RILEY: He’s counting on me.
PERSEPHONE: I don’t blame her.
RILEY: You see, we’re going to make our own. Produce them.
PERSEPHONE: Oh-please!
(Pause; RILEY uncomfortable.)
George-
RILEY: I have to go now.
PERSEPHONE: Give it up-I’m asking you.
RILEY: Now? At a time like this-?
PERSEPHONE: I’ll help you-
RILEY: You don’t understand—it’s all starting now.
PERSEPHONE: Where? What are you going for?
RILEY (high): I told you!
PERSEPHONE (giving up): All right.
RILEY(sympathetically): I have to.
PERSEPHONE: All right. (She turns away.)
(RILEY picks up his bag and pauses.)
RILEY: Look, there’s something else. I didn’t want to say anything in front of Linda.
PERSEPHONE: What do you mean?
RILEY: I don’t want to keep anything from you. I want to be fair.
PERSEPHONE: You’re always fair, George.
RILEY: Well, there’s this other woman.
PERSEPHONE: I beg your pardon, George?
RILEY: Another woman.
PERSEPHONE: Which other woman?
RILEY: What? You don’t know her.
PERSEPHONE: Who?
RILEY: The other woman, dammit-you know.
PERSEPHONE: Oh, I see.
RILEY: Yes.
PERSEPHONE: Since when?
RILEY: Since yesterday.
PERSEPHONE: Since yesterday
RILEY: I met her in the pub.
PERSEPHONE: Did you?
RILEY: She knows what I’m trying to do, you see. We have this understanding.
PERSEPHONE: What understanding?
RILEY: Spiritual you could call it.
PERSEPHONE: Spiritual.
RILEY: I just thought you ought to know. (Pause.) Well ... I’ll be writing, I expect.
PERSEPHONE: Don’t get to be warm carrying all that stuff. It’s really hot again today.
Perhaps you can leave your coat at home.
RILEY: I’ll be needing it later. The weather will change.
PERSEPHONE: Of course, there is that. Good-bye’ then...
RILEY: It was a long time ago. (He looks round, and leaves.)
(LINDA appears in the doorway, looking exhausted.)
LINDA: I mean it.
PERSEPHONE: I know.
LINDA: I’ve been asked and I’m going today.
PERSEPHONE: Going where?
LINDA: I don’t know-Up north... I don’t care. (Pause, stronger.) It’s the best thing-for
him too, I mean.
PERSEPHONE: Perhaps.
LINDA (a hesitancy): You’ll be all right, the two of you. Won’t you…?

PERSEPHONE: Are you asking or telling?

LINDA (stronger): What I mean is, when I’m gone he’ll have to do something about it--- won’t he?

PERSEPHONE: Will he?

LINDA (up): Can’t you see? - I’m keeping it all going! I’ve got to get out, Ma!

(Pause. She misunderstands PERSEPHONE’S troubled reserve, her withdrawal. Gently;)

I’ll be all right.

(PERSEPHONE picks up tray and gathers the plates and cutlery on to it.)

PERSEPHONE (coldly, almost cuttingly): Well that’s fine, then, isn’t it?

LINDA (reacting up): Well, what am I supposed to do? There’s just no end to it. We’re carrying him, you and me, and I don’t know about you, but I’m tired. He may be a lovely feller to stand a drink in the pub, great value for money, I’m sure—but as the family joke he’s wearing a bit thin. We’re lumbered, and we’ll go on being lumbered till he’s dead, and that may be years— (She catches herself, contrite.) Oh God—I didn’t mean that—I just meant---

PERSEPHONE (angry): You didn’t mean anything because you don’t know anything and you don’t think. You don’t ask yourself why— you don’t ask yourself what it costs him to keep his belief in himself— to come back each time and start again— and it’s worth keeping, it’s the last thing he’s got— but you don’t know and you don’t think and you don’t ask. It costs him— every time he comes back he loses a little face and he’s lost a lot of face— to you he’s lost all of it. You treat him like a crank lodger we’ve got living upstairs who reads fairy tales and probably wishes he lived in one, but he’s ours and we’re his, and don’t you ever talk about him like that again. (Spent.) You can call him the family joke, but it’s our family. (Pause.) We’re still a family.

LINDA (unrepentant but briefly subdued; not sarcastic): Rule Britannia… Well look at it this way— When he goes off with my ten bob in his pocket either he knows it’s all
a sham, in which case the whole thing’s a game at our expense and he knows it--- or, he really thinks he’s going, in which case he’s walking out on us and the best of luck. Either way the family doesn’t mean so much to him.

PERSEPHONE (tersely): All right--- you just go---

LINDA (up): Well I’m right, aren’t I? You’re just taking the easy way and making it sound like love. You let it start and you haven’t got the guts or the common sense to stop it. It’s crazy! You’re not helping him, so who are you helping? He’s got worse and worse and your whole bleeding life is a waste of time, and you don’t care about anything except tidying up the mess. What’s the point? What are you being tidy for?

PERSEPHONE (Quietly): I’ve kept our life tidy--- I’ve looked after you, and him, and got you this far--- perhaps it is a waste of time. You never went to sleep on a damp sheet and you never went to school without a cooked breakfast--- and what was the point of that? I worked for you--- I stood behind a counter so that your school clothes were the same colours as everyone else’s. What was the point? You tell me why I worked late for red blazer. It hasn’t all gone your way, but it’s a good home--- You’ve never wanted for a kind word and when you looked for a clean hanky or a jumper you found it. What was the point of that?

LINDA (Subdued, blankly): The only girl in our class with her old green blazer was Alice Maynard. We made her life hell.

(Looks up at PERSEPHONE.) I’m sorry. When all’s said, I’m going because I love him and I’m afraid if I don’t go I’ll lose him. That’s all. (Pause.) Look, I’m not going to Australia.

(PERSEPHONE moves, breaking the mood.)

PERSEPHONE: You can’t take much on motor-bike.

ANALYSIS

The present conversational passage is about George Riley and his daughter Linda. George decides to leave the house and develop his revolutionary invention in spite
of their plea to stay. Linda decides to leave the house too and goes away with her boyfriend. Persephone seems exhausted and let them both leave.

**Person Deixis**

The occurrence of the third person pronouns *it, he, his, him, she, her, they and them* is less than the occurrence of the first person pronouns and the second person pronouns in the conversational passage.

**Spatial and Discourse Deixis**

There are occurrences of *this, that, here, then and there*, which refer to spatial and discourse deixis. *That, then and there* are examples of distal deixis. *This and here* are examples of proximal deixis. The demonstratives *this* and *that* are used as pointing devices to gesturally point out the suitcase in Riley’s hand and their house that they are now. *That* is deployed as a distal demonstrative device in ‘that bottle’, ‘that pipe’ and ‘that motor-cyclist’. *This* is used as a cataphoric discourse deictic marker in ‘Rule Britannia….Well look at it this way…’, which is referring to Riley’s behaviour and personality based on Linda’s assumption and ‘well, there’s this other woman’ and an anaphoric discourse deictic marker in ‘This isn’t like the others- this is the real thing- you’ll see’. There are some other examples of *that*, which is deployed as a cataphoric discourse deictic marker as in ‘That’s what’s gone wrong here- no respect. That’s why I’m being driven out- you ask me why- well, that’s why- because here I don’t exist!’. *There and here* are deployed as the spatial deictic markers referring to the Labour Exchange office where he will get money and the house where they are staying now. *Then* is deployed as a distal discourse deictic marker to refer to the logical result of a particular statement as in ‘What’s all this then?’ or to the beginning or the end of a conversation in ‘Of course, there is that. Good bye, then…’.

**Temporal Deixis**

*Now, today, tonight, this time, yesterday, tomorrow, then, last night and before* are used as temporal adverbials in the present text on several occasions.
Social Deixis

One example of the proximal social deictic marker *dear* is in the conversational passage.

Table 8

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<thead>
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<th>Total Person Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Spatial and Discourse Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Temporal Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Social Deictic Items</th>
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The number of distal spatial and discourse deictic markers in the second column is more than proximal deictic markers, as the characters get the effect of distance and disagreement by using *that* on several occasions.

Passage IX (pp.69-76)

LINDA (smiles wanly): I’ll leave me furs and just take me jewellery. (Pause.) and my radio--- I want my radio--- (Holds it.)

PERSEPHONE: Well, it’s yours.

LINDA: It’s the first real thing I bought--- and no one else listens to it---

PERSEPHONE: It’s yours to take.

LINDA: Yes. (She turns it on and hugs it. It plays softly. She goes to the door. Joylessly.) I’ll write.

(She goes out. After a moment PERSEPHONE takes up the tray and follows.)

(The home fades out and the bar comes up.)

CARMEN enters to behind the bar, and ABLE to beside it. They look at a newspaper.
(RILEY enters. He does not enter dramatically, but with great significance: he has a big suitcase, briefcase, drawing-board and a hat and coat. He makes a point of finding a safe and ostentatious place for his “things”--- He is complacent, aware of the effect he is achieving on CARMEN, who stares at him dubiously. RILEY’S triumph is quiet but deeply and excitedly felt. He is playing it down, but his smile reveals the import. He has acquired a bunch of flowers.)

CARMEN (indicating the case, etc.): What’s that?
RILEY (carelessly): My things. Am I the first to arrive?
CARMEN: What?
RILEY: Harry not in yet. I take it.
CARMEN: Not yet.
RILEY: And Florence.
CARMEN: Who?
RILEY: Florence. The girl from yesterday.
CARMEN: Oh. She said she was coming in.
RILEY: Of course she’s coming in. She’s coming to meet me. (To ABLE.) Been here all night?
ABLE: No. Just got in.
CARMEN: What’s going on, then? (The cases again.)
RILEY: Big day. What will you have?
ABLE: No, you have one with me, Mr. Riley.
RILEY: Yes, I’m a man to keep in with. Thank you. Half and half.
ABLE: And the same again for me, Carmen—
CARMEN: My name’s not Carmen.
ABLE: I wondered if it was.
CARMEN: Well, it isn’t.
ABLE: What is it then? Carmen’s a girl’s name, isn’t it? (He goes to the bar and pays.)
(RILEY is sitting at the table.)
RILEY: His name’s Victor, but it doesn’t rhyme with barmen.
ABLE: Victor, not a bad name.
RILEY: Doesn’t rhyme with anything.
(Pause.)
ABLE: My name’s not Able. (He comes over with the drinks.)
RILEY: My name’s not Ethelred.
ABLE: Ethel’s a girl’s name, too.
RILEY: Or Charles.
ABLE: Do people call you Charles?
RILEY: No. It isn’t Richard, either.
(Pause.)
ABLE: My names Richard.
RILEY: So it is.
ABLE: Dick. Stupid name, but people always say that, don’t they?
RILEY: Nothing much wrong with Dick. Good English name. Three kings of England have been called Dick. By their friends.
ABLE: What’d you call me Able for?
RILEY: Doesn’t rhyme with seaman.
(ABLE has been trying but losing all the time. With this he bows to greater genius and gives up.)
ABLE: Well cheers!
(They drink.)
How did she take it?
RILEY: Who?
ABLE: Perse-whats hername.
RILEY: Persephone.
ABLE: That’s a funny name. I don’t know anybody called that.
RILEY: Nor do I.
ABLE: Except her.
RILEY: Her name Constance.
ABLE: Why’d you call her Persephone? Doesn’t rhyme with anything.
RILEY: I didn’t know anyone called Persephone. I thought I ought to.
ABLE: Did she mind?
(Pause.)
RILEY: She never knew.
ABLE: It’s a funny life
(Pause.)
RILEY: She didn’t take it very well, now you ask.
ABLE: I didn’t mean to poke my nose in---
RILEY: Not well at all. She wept of course. And Linda, Linda was upset- well you see she didn’t understand. I won’t deny it depressed me a little. Now that I’ve done it. After all those years, you’re bound to leave something behind. Still, you can’t go on with it. Not forever.
ABLE: I suppose so.
RILEY: They’ll be all right. ... My daughter got engaged today.
ABLE: Oh. Congratulation. Nice feller?
RILEY: Very nice. He’s a motor-cycle manufacturer.
ABLE: What’s his name-Norton?
RILEY: Yes.
ABLE: Caw! Well, she’ll be well looked after, then.
RILEY: Oh yes-he’s doing very well.
ABLE: I should say so. When’s the wedding?
RILEY: Not fixed yet. Of course, that’s going to leave quite a gap in the family. She was very close to her mother.
ABLE: Ah.
RILEY: Yes. I’m a bit worried to tell you the truth. I mean- she’ll be all alone now.
ABLE: Who?
RILEY: My wife. She’ll be all along.
ABLE: Oh.
RILEY: I mean—what’s she going to do? I didn’t know about Linda, you see. Mind you, she’ll be better off without me, I think. And I’ll be supporting her, of course.
ABLE: She’ll be all right, then.
RILEY: Oh yes. Yes she will. To tell you the truth, I don’t think I’m an easy person to live with.
ABLE: No?
RILEY: No. Not an easy person altogether.
(Pause.)
ABLE: Mr. Riley... About that girl, Florence... I mean, what do you think she thought, really?
RILEY: Oh, she understood. Yes, no doubt about that---
ABLE: Do you really think she’ll come...
RILEY: Of course she’ll come, no need to worry about that.
ABLE: I don’t know how you did it. I mean, I know she seemed quite struck by you... quite interested--- but I never would have thought... just like that---
RILEY: What’s the matter with you?
ABLE: Nothing’s the matter with me. I was just wondering whether she might change her mind--- have second thoughts or something.
RILEY: Why should she?
ABLE (thoughtfully): It’s fantastic... I don’t know how you did it. (Gloomily.) I’ll never get my turn, I know that.
RILEY (stands up): Where is everyone? (Pause.) You know, I think Harry and I will make a team all right. He’s a simple fellow, crude you might almost say, but he’s got the...dash for it. Good raw material. You see he needs me just as much as I need him. Separately we’re tied down, but together we--- what’s the word?
ABLE: Click?
RILEY: Thank you--- complement each other. The world’s full of Harrys. People who’ll never get anywhere until someone gives them the impetus. They’ve got ideas of getting on, but not the whole mean, some vital elements missing. They try to make it up with a loud mouth, but they never get far... It’s self-deceiving. They need that steadying influence of a more thoughtful nature... that’s the combination to success. Ingenuity plus industry. He’s got his little capital but not the... intellect to use it to advantage. I’ll be able to get him on all right... We should have quite a little business going in time if things go well. Quite a little business.
ABLE: Well, if there’s any man can do it, it’s you, Mr. Riley.
RILEY: And there’ll be branching out, too, of course, because I’ll be working on other ideas at the same time.
ABLE: It all sounds great, Mr. Riley... Think Harry will turn out all right? Bit of a sharp one, if I’m not mistaken.
RILEY: Oh, I can handle Harry, I’m used to handling men. If you ever feel you’ve had enough of the Navy, Able, I’m sure I’ll be able to find a place for you in the organization. Get in on the ground floor, you know, that’s the rule in business. Grow with it, you see. We’ll be big business one day... our name will mean something...
RILEY: (Pause.)... Hey, what’s Harry’s other name?
ABLE: Search me. Don’t think I’ll be leaving the Navy for a bit though. Suits me fair enough. ‘Course you can’t really tell after only a few months but it gets you around, you know...
RILEY: Yes, that’s the great thing.
ABLE: And there’s a few perks, too. As a matter of fact I feel a bit lost on leave...
RILEY: Florence and Harry shouldn’t be long now.
ABLE: How long are you going to give them?
RILEY: How’d you mean? They’ll be here in a minute.
(CARMEN, really out of boredom, comes over to get the empties.)
ABLE: I’m surprised you make a living, Vic.
RILEY: Who?
ABLE: Carmen. I’m surprised you make a living.
CARMEN: I don’t.
RILEY: Well, I don’t mind helping the poor if they keep their place. We’ll have the same again.
ABLE: No, my privilege, as they say. It’s the last time, don’t forget.
RILEY: You shouldn’t spend your money.
ABLE: Nothing else to spend. Smoke? (Proffering.)
RILEY: Oh well, thank you, Able. You know, I’ve never set foot outside the country. That’s a terrible thing really--- I mean, to be born into the world and to have only one chance to be in it and still only see one tiny bit-it’s hardly believable that anyone would take so much on trust, when you think about it. If we were each born into a separate room and had to stay in it, by the time we died we’d know every corner of it. But the world we take on trust. How do I know that Japan really exists? Or Tahiti. Or America or Morocco or – or Manchester? I’ve only got another people’s word for it. How could I have let it happen?
ABLE: Were you an “objector”?
RILEY: What?
ABLE: Why didn’t you go abroad in the war?-were you an objector?
RILEY: Yes. Well, no. not really. Not at all. I designed things. I was in a special place, I designed-bombs, special inventions for war. I stayed in this big house, in the country, where they couldn’t bomb us.
ABLE: You were important-one of the backroom boys.
RILEY: Oh yes. I invented a water-cooled machine-gun. Well what it was- I adapted a water-cooled machine-gun so the soldiers could make tea in it while it was firing.
ABLE: Tea?
RILEY: It boiled the water.
ABLE: That’s clever.
RILEY: Oh, I sent them a lot of ideas like that. Sent them to the war office... they never replied.
ABLE: No?
Riley: No. well, there was a war on... (pause)... HongKong.... Colours, the colour of it all. Chinese junks and palms... Aden! Naples! But how do I know they are really there? For all I know, it is possible, that nothing else exists, or if it does, then in some fantastic form which, by an elaborate conspiracy, has been kept secret from me... and all the maps and newspapers and photographs which suggest the existence of China and Africa are all part of a gigantic hoax... my, Able, if I’d had your opportunities! You’re a travelling man, Able. You know-you have seen...
ABLE: I’ve only done one foreign trip so far... I suppose it’s all right, yeah.
RILEY: Odd things is... I sometimes think of myself as a sailor, in a way... with home as a little boat, anchored in the middle of a big calm sea, never going anywhere, just sitting, far from land, life, everything...
ABLE: Well, you’re on your way now, aren’t you?
RILEY: Oh yes... yes, I’m on my way right. Me and Harry. We’ll have some decisions today. We’ll have to find a little place to rent, see about a machine... paper, glue... oh, there’ll be a lot of things to do in the first days. I wish he’d come. And Florence. Where’ve they got to?... Oh, I can’t wait to get started, I feel... inspired. Being in at the birth, that’s the great thing. Watch it grow, all yours. It’ll mean work, of course, I’ve no illusions about that, but it’s worth it when you’re doing it for yourself, seeing it happen... Bigger and bigger... envelopes pouring out of the machine... a whole row of machines... a factory... we’ll have a sign – Big electric letters against the sky – Riley and –
(The climax drops. In the pause, FLORENCE enters. RILEY goes to her elated.)
FLORENCE: Oh hello, Mr. Riley-
Riley: George!—you’re here at last—where are your things?

FLORENCE: Things?

RILEY: Did you bring anything with you? Oh but, I knew you’d come—my partner will be along—you’ll like him—we’re all in this together—

(She looks nervously at CARMEN.)

CARMEN: Yes, well... who’s drinking, then—Have a drink and then Harry will turn up and—

RILEY: Of course! Champagne! Put it on my account!

CARMEN: You haven’t got an account and I haven’t got any champagne.

RILEY: You haven’t? Why not?

CARMEN: Well, there’s not much call for it.

RILEY: Dear me, of course there’s no call for it if you haven’t got it. You don’t know the first thing about business, Carmen.

FLORENCE: Well, it’s all right, I don’t want any champagne anyhow---

CARMEN: Gin and orange?

FLORENCE: Thanks a lot. (To ABLE.) Hello.

ABLE: I was just wondering if---

RILEY: Wait. (He goes for the flowers.)

(The door is flung open and it is HARRY, in a great rush.)

FLORENCE: Harry!

HARRY (excited and breathless): Hell-ello, hello, hello, hello! How’s my little stripper, then? Never answer the phone, do you? Kept you waiting, have I? — Serves you right for yesterday. Now then—

(They hug while HARRY natters greeting and affection. RILEY is standing, looking at them, dazed. He doesn’t move and does not say anything. ABLE is looking on open-mouthed.) (Talking fast.) Hey, listen- We’ve got to be moving, we’re going to make a day of it and there’s a train we’ve be got be on so no time for chat. (To CARMEN facetiously.)
Nothing today.

FLORENCE: Yes, yes-oh lovely. Where’re we going? The sea?

HARRY: Near the sea. Epsom.

FLORENCE: Hay, there’s no racing on Sunday!

HARRY: Got to see a man about a horse.

FLORENCE: Oh, Harry! Don’t you know anybody except horses?

HARRY: Of course I do. There’s some of the boys waiting for us at the station so we better beat it. Don’t worry- it’ll be a lot of fun, you’ll love it, you’ll see.

FLORENCE: Oh Gawd, I thought at least on Sunday I’d be free from horses.

(HARRY suddenly becomes aware of RILEY and particularly the flowers. He senses something of the situation, though not much, and this is Harry the comic.)

ANALYSIS

The present conversational passage is about Linda’s imaginary engagement with a motorcycle manufacturer and Riley’s imaginary business and partnership with Harry, a customer in the bar. Riley, being an inventor and aspiring industrialist, waiting for Harry in the bar to come and start discussing the details.

Person Deixis

In this passage, there are many occurrences of the first pronouns I, me, my, myself, we, our and us and the second person pronouns you and your. There are also examples of the third person pronouns she, her, he, his, him, it, they, their and them.

Spatial and Discourse Deixis

This, that, here, then and those occur in the conversational passage, which illustrate spatial and discourse deixis. This and here are examples of proximal deixis. That, then and those are examples of distal deixis. The speaker uses pointing gestural strategy by using the demonstrative that in ‘What’s that?’, indicating the case in Riley’s hand. This as an anaphoric discourse deictic marker in ‘We’re all in this together’ refers to the business which Riley is going to start with his new partner.
The characters employ *that* on several occasions as in ‘Of course she’ll come, no need to worry about that’ and ‘That’s a funny name’ to indicate the anaphoric discourse deixis, which refers to the preceding parts of the conversation. Riley uses the proximal place deictic marker *here* to refer to the bar where he expects Harry and Florence to come. The Distal demonstrative *those* is employed to indicate the years that he spent with his family. There are many occurrences of *there* as an existential device in the conversational passage as the following example.

(99) ABLE: Well, if there’s any man can do it, it’s you, Mr. Riley.

*Then* is deployed on several occasions as a distal discourse deictic marker as in ‘What’s going on, then?’ and ‘She’ll be all right, then’.

**Temporal Deixis**

In the conversational passage there are occurrences of time deixis *now* and *today* which has proximal value. It refers to the time at which the speaker is making the utterance. There are examples of the distal time deixis *yesterday* and *then* referring to the time before and after the time of the utterance.

**Social Deixis**

To address Riley, The characters use the distal Social deictic marker *Mr.* in ‘Mr. Riley’, which places him in a respected and higher position to the other customers in the pub. To show his closeness to Carmen, Riley uses *dear* in ‘Dear me, of course there’s no call for it if you haven’t got it’.


### Table 9

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Total Person Deictic Items</th>
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</table>

#### Passage X (pp.76-85)

HARRY: Hello then! What’s this? Flowers? Not flowers for my little doll? (Stricken.) How could I be so blind! Behind my back! How long has this been- so it has come to-- (To FLORENCE.) Where have I failed you my dah-ling? (Snapping out if it.) Haaah! Come on then! (He makes to leave.)

(RILEY has been frozen, now he seems to be moving out of a trance.)

RILEY: Harry! Where’re you going? What about us?

HARRY: What about us?

RILEY: Our plans! (Desperate.) My envelope – your envelope- God, you remember-

HARRY: Oh, God, are we still on that? Listen, George- I mean –look –show. (He gestures for the envelope.)

Show... envelope.

(Very slowly, unwillingly, RILEY brings out the envelope, which he puts into HARRY'S impatient hand.)

Right – now watch me. You write me a letter (he mimes it) and you seal it up (he licks it and seals it) and you post it (mime) and the postman gives it to me (mime) and I open it (he rips it open across the top) and then there’s this gum on the other side of the flap, so I... (He tails off, having explained enough. He holds up the envelope, ripped, unusable, ridiculously so.) With it? The flow in the ointment, as they say.
Never mind, back to the drawing-board-keep trying, there’s always something else- What about a cup with no handle for people with no hands – keep trying- All right? (RILEY is starting at him. HARRY crumples up the envelope and tosses it on the ground.)

FLORENCE (sensing part of it, too): Mr. Riley---

HARRY: Christ, come on! Or we’ll miss it. (He pulls her by the hand.) Cheers. (To CARMEN.) I’ll stop by for one next time- come on then – we’ll miss that- (HARRY and FLORENCE go out in an untidy rush. RILEY stands still. CARMEN is still embarrassed. ABLE is recovering from his own awaking.)

(Silence.)

(RILEY speaks with evident effort to sustain dignity.)

RILEY: Ah yes, yes. ... Yes, I think he’s got a point you know. How very extraordinary. (Turning to CARMEN who is in sympathetic attendance.) The fact is it was not a very practical idea, though it did have a certain ... flair... CARMEN: Oh yes Mr. Riley, it had a lot of flair.

RILEY: But not practical.

CARMEN: A bit impractical, yes. Ahead of its time.

RILEY: Is that It? – Is that it? Yes-well, of course the public isn’t ready – that’s true, they go around ripping envelopes to shreds...

CARMEN: That’s just about it, Mr. Riley.

RILEY (going to door and gathering up his things): Quite Well, never mind, never mind- I’ve got a few shots left in my locker, oh my goodness yes – let’s see there’s my, er... my

(ABLE laugh starts coming through loud and clear.)

ABLE (laughing): You didn’t even know his name ...

(RILEY is hurt to anguish, turns and leaves)

(The lights fade on the bar.)

(Instant Pop. Loud)
(The lights come up on the home.)
(LINDA enters from the kitchen, holding a mug of coffee and a biscuit and hugging her radio. She puts the radio on its table and slumps into the settee. There’s despair in her but she gives nothing away.)
PERSEPHONE (off in kitchen): Turn it down a bit – it’s making my headache!
(LINDA doesn’t move.)
Linda!.. Linda!
(Linda moves on hand to turn the volume right up. PERSEPHONE rushes on, carrying tray with cutlery and cruets, and turns the radio off.)
For goodness sake, you’ll wake the street!
(LINDA does not react. PERSEPHONE shuts door.)
Is that all you want to eat?
(No reply)
Off your food?
(No reply. PERSEPHONE sighs and carries the tray to centre table and lays a place for RILEY.)
Well, I’ve still got your father to feed when he comes in.
It’s like running a canteen in here.
(No reply.)
(PERSEPHONE sighs.)
Aren’t you going to say anything?
LINDA: About what?
PERSEPHONE: I’m still your mother. You come in at eleven o’clock as if you’d been out for a packet of cigarettes and I thought you were half-way to Scotland.
LINDA: I just changed my mind, that’s all.
PERSEPHONE: Did you? Why?
LINDA: Didn’t fancy him.
PERSEPHONE: Well, don’t tell me you did it for my sake because I shan’t thank you.
LINDA: I’m not that daft.
PERSEPHONE: You just went of him’ did you?
LINDA: Yeh.
PERSEPHONE: Half-way to Scotland.
LINDA: Yes!
PERSEPHONE: You don’t have to be like that. Even if you did have a row with your boyfriend. (Pause.) All right then I’m the waitress. (She goes over to the window.) He’ll get wet...
(Pause.)
I did talk to min. Before he left.
LINDA: Before he left---
PERSEPHONE: I did try. I’ll have another talk with him.
LINDA: Don’t bother. I don’t care.
PERSEPHONE: Listen, I’m sorry it wasn’t any good.
LINDA: What wasn’t?
PERSEPHONE: I did hope It wouldn’t be like the others.
(LINDA is silent.)
All right. Have it your own way.
(She crosses to table and starts to fill the cruet from a salt canister. LINDA breaks a little but not yet in her voice which is still bitten —off.)
LINDA: I just don’t want to bore you. Turned out he was already married. Dead simple.
PERSEPHONE: Did he tell you that?
LINDA: No, the police told me. I told you it was boring.
PERSEPHONE: The police? What happened?
LINDA: We hit a van on the motor- bike. Oh, nothing much. I didn’t even fall off, bud there was a couple of coppers handy, so- (Pause, looking straight ahead.) I thought he was given the police a false name because he called himself something else. But
he wasn’t. He gave me that. You don’t go prison for giving people false names, only policemen, so he did it right way round, he’s no fool, is he? Yes he is, though. He asked one of the coppers on the quiet to keep me out of it because he was married, and one of them told me. Nice policeman he was. Browne eyes. I could go for him. Then I came back home.

(Pause.)

PERSEPHONE: Was the van driver hurt?

LINDA: There wasn’t one. It was parked.

(PERSEPHONE picks up the salt canister and goes out. Linda does not move. PERSEPHONE returns, somewhat uncomfortable, shuts door.)

PERSEPHONE: How- how far did you let him go?

LINDA (after considering the question with some contempt): Northampton. Where the hell has he got to?

PERSEPHONE: Pubs are over. He’ll be in a minute if I know him. Will you try not to-

LINDA: Don’t worry ... I couldn’t help blowing off at him this morning. I mean, I was right- but-

PERSEPHONE: It’s all right.

LINDA: Poor old fool. I mean, he is so bleeding ridiculous, with his suitcase and everything. It’s not my fault if he has to hang around some pub like a schoolboy afraid to come home with a bad report-

(But PERSEPHONE has noticed that:)

PERSEPHONE: Oh, look what you’ve done!

LINDA: Listen---

PERSEPHONE: You’ve dropped half your supper on the carpet.

LINDA: Never mind that-

(PERSEPHONE is already on her knees.)

Let it be, will you-

PERSEPHONE: I can’t leave it there---
LINDA (more strained): Look, just leave it---
PERSEPHONE: You’ll tread it into the carpet.
LINDA: Mum, for god’s sake will you---
PERSEPHONE: It won’t take minute, move over---
(LINDA cracks, jumps up, throws mug on the floor.)
LINDA (shouting, crying): For Christ’s sake will you please stop picking up my bloody crumbs! (And stands weeping silently.) (Persephone gets up and stands contrite.) It wasn’t like the others, you know, not a bit like. You know how old he was? Thirty. (A great age.) God he was lovely. I would have gone with him, I would really... (In the silence the sound of the front door.)
PERSEPHONE: It’s him. He shouldn’t stay out so late.
LINDA: All those times. All that talking and loving – I thought I knew him- I thought I knew everything about him. (She looks up.) I didn’t even know his name.
(RILEY is in the doorway.)
RILEY: Hello, Lindy. (Surprised and pleased.)
LINDA: Hello.
RILEY: Oh, I am glad you’re here.
PERSEPHONE: Hello, dear- just wondering where you’d got to. (To LINDA.) Bring Dad’s supper in, and don’t forget the potatoes, they’re in the saucepan.
(LINDA goes out quickly.)
It’s all ready for you. You must be hungry.
(RILEY has prepared an opening and decides to give it a try though he is no longer happy about it; for he has been expected.)
RILEY: There was a postponement. Quite unexpected.
PERSEPHONE: Well, don’t worry about that, dear.
RILEY: He had to go off. A business trip. My partner, that is.
PERSEPHONE: Well, that was bad luck.
RILEY: Yes.
(PERSEPHONE is not quite her normal matter-of-fact self; a little thrown.)
PERSEPHONE: Well... put your slippers on and get comfy. Where are they now? Oh---
(They’re in his case.)
I’ll get them. Let’s have your coat, that’s right.
(PERSEPHONE takes his coat and hat into hall and returns with case. She opens it.
Takes out slippers, takes them to him.)
Linda will have your supper in a minute. Do you think you ought to wash your hands?
RILEY: They’re not dirty. (He stands up and looks down on the table the place laid for
him.)
Didn’t you think I’d gone?
PERSEPHONE: Where would you go, George? Where could you go?
RILEY: Anywhere. Away. Didn’t you believe any of it?
PERSEPHONE: Well---
RILEY: Because it was all true. And yet you didn’t believe----
PERSEPHONE: Well, you’re here now, aren’t you?
RILEY: Yes, but--- How did you know?
PERSEPHONE: I didn’t.... think about it.
RILEY: What I mean is...you laid a place for me ... on the table ... (Up.) How did you
know?
PERSEPHONE: Well, I know you, George. I’ve had time.
RILEY: Yes...yes. You’ve had a long time. But it was true.
PERSEPHONE: I’m sorry it went wrong.
RILEY: The idea was wrong.
PERSEPHONE: What idea?
RILEY: My idea. I told you.
PERSEPHONE: Did you. Which one?
RILEY: It wasn’t very good.
PERSEPHONE: No, I want to know.
RILEY: It was the envelope- you remember.
PERSEPHONE: Yes- you could use it twice.
RILEY: If you had gum on both sides of the flap you could turn it inside out, you see.
PERSEPHONE: I remember.
(Pause.)
But wouldn’t it be all torn after the first time?
(He regards her silently.)
RILEY: Do-do you think there was something wrong with all them? – Something I always missed?
PERSEPHONE: Yes---yes, it’s possible, isn’t it? (Pause.) Well, I’ll just take your case up for you. (Calls.) Linda...
LINDA (off): All right.
(Persephone leaves through hall. LINDA enters from kitchen with Riley’s supper on a plate and a pot of tea. She puts them down in front of RILEY.)
RILEY: How was Scotland?
LINDA: Bonny. How’s business?
RILEY: Not too bad. Changed your mind?
LINDA: Yes.
RILEY: Well, there’s lots of time. (Pause.) I shouldn’t have gone off like that.
LINDA: Well, you’re back now. Did you go to the picture?
RILEY: No... I sat in the bus station for a while. And the park... It’s very nice in the park. I haven’t been there for a long time. Quite pretty, all the children, trees, in the middle of all the house... Have you? It’s very nice. (Pause.) I was thinking ...sitting here ... in the park. .... I mean I was thinking I wouldn’t mind a change,’ I’m not that old.... I was thinking perhaps I’d go down to the Labour Exchange and see.... see what the situation is. ...There’s no harm in sounding them out.
(The sound of rain outside is heard.)
Might have to wait until the right thing comes along.
(Thunder.)
(RILEY raises his head when he hears the thunder but goes on talking. the watering system begins to drip slowly on to the plants. They do not notice it at first. )
But there’s no harm in it, no reason why I...They give you a small allowance while you’re waiting, while you’re waiting. Assistance.
(Louder thunder.)
I thought I’d just walk down tomorrow and see what the situation is.
(The noise of the dripping water increases. LINDA notices, walks up to the pipes and looks at them blankly. RILEY stands up grins tiredly.)
Oh that ... I’d forgotten ... (He speaks more strongly, with intense pleasure.) I’d forgotten!
LINDA (levelly): My God, it works---
RILEY (almost jubilant, going to pipes and bathing his hand in the water): Well of course it works! Lindy! Indoor rain!
LINDA (sadly dry): Dad---
RILEY: Ah, Lindy...!
LINDA: Dad, is there any way of turning it off?
RILEY: What do you mean?
LINDA: I mean if it rains all night...
(Water is already spilling on the floor.)
RILEY (sadly): Yes... yes, I see.
LINDA: I mean, if it starts raining when we’re all asleep, and it rains all night ... (Linda goes off to kitchen.)
RILEY (alone): Yes... the flow in the ointment ... as they say.
(He sits down again.) Yes...
(He tails off as Linda retunes with buckets and saucepans which she distributes. RILEY pauses as she gets on with it.)
Well, what I was saying was—there must be a demand for a man of my experience. I could do... Oh, I could do....

(LINDA has finished. She stands.)

The trouble is, I think I was meant to be an inventor.

(Pause. To LINDA.) I’ll go round tomorrow and inquire.

LINDA: Well... well, see how you feel.

RILEY: This little boat isn’t the whole...

(Pause. LINDA moves, quietly takes some coins out of her purse.)

LINDA: Got any money left... (pause.) I can let you have a bit extra this week if you like. There was some overtime.

RILEY: Are you sure you’ll manage?

LINDA: Yes, I’ll be all right.

RILEY: Well, if you’re sure. Just to tide me over. (Takes out his note book and prepares to write.) Sunday, July the sixth... five shillings.

(LINDA looks at him, hesitantly, almost shyly, grins at him.)

(The noise of the drips increases.)

(The light fades out.)

ANALYSIS

The text is about George Riley and his daughter Linda who left the house earlier to start their own new life and business. At first Linda comes back home, tells her mom that her boyfriend was already married and he told her a lie even about his name. After sometimes George comes back disappointed and tells his wife that there was an unexpected postponement and his partner had to go off on a business trip.

Person Deixis

In this passage there are examples of the first person pronouns, the second person pronouns and the third person pronouns on several occasions.
Spatial and Discourse Deixis

There are occurrences of that, this, there, here, then and those in the passage. That, there, then and those have distal value. This and here have proximal value. To indicate the place, the speakers deploy examples of the place deictic markers here and there. Linda employs the distal demonstrative those to refer to the times she spent with her boyfriend. The speakers employ pointing gestural strategy by using the demonstrative thisin’Hello then! What’s this?’. The demonstrative that is also used as a pointer in ‘Is that all you want to eat?’ On some occasions that is exploited as a discourse deictic marker in the passage as in ‘I’m not that daft’ and as an anaphoric discourse deictic device in ‘Oh, God, are we still on that?’ This in ‘How long has this been- so it has come to’ refers to Harry’s surprise by seeing the flowers and his sense of situation, which is an example of exophoric proximal discourse deictic item. There are some examples of there as an existential device and not as a place deictic marker.

Temporal Deixis

In this passage there are occurrences of now, this morning, then, next time and tomorrow, which illustrate time deixis. Then refers to the time which is preceding the time of the utterance and next time and tomorrow to the time which is following the time of the utterance.

Social Deixis

There are some occurrences of distal social deictic marker as Mr. Riley and proximal social deictic marker as dear in the text.
That is used several times in the text by Riley to connect him and the other characters to his past inventions.

### 4.5 Frequency of Proximal and Distal Deixis in *Enter a Free Man*

The present section examines the frequency of proximal and distal deixis in ten selected conversational passages in *Enter a Free Man*. The total number of proximal and distal deictic items in the passage is shown in the following table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Table 10</th>
<th>Total Person Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Spatial and Discourse Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Temporal Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Social Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Percentage</th>
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The total number of the occurrences of proximal deictic devices in the selected extracts is 4759. The number of distal deictic devices is 2234. The percentage of the occurrence of proximal deictic devices in ten conversational passages is 68.05 per
The analysis has revealed that the total number of proximal deictic items is much more than that of distal deictic items. Like the previous play *The Caretaker*, under the categories of the Spatial and Discourse Deixis and Social Deixis, the total number of distal deictic markers is greater than that of proximal deictic markers. The main character Riley occasionally tries to set up his social position in his small society by reminding the other characters of his inventions in the past and also at home by reminding his daughter Linda of their father-daughter relation in the past to get back his lost identity among them. Consider the following exchange.

(100) LINDA: Well, you’re back now. Did you go to the pictures?
RILEY: No..... I sat in the bus station for a while. And the park..... It’s very nice in the park. I haven’t been there for a long time. Quite pretty, all the children, trees, in the middle of all houses..... Have you? It’s very nice. (pause) I was thinking.... Sitting there .... In the park. (P.83)

Distal deictic markers are employed more in Spatial and Discourse Deixis to distance the characters from the present situation in the play whenever it is needed. In this exchange, Riley actually remembers the time in the past when he and Linda used to go walking in the park.

### 4.6 Frequency of Proximal and Distal Deixis in *The Caretaker* and *Enter a Free Man*

The total number of proximal and distal deictic items in the passages is shown in the following table.
Table 12

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Total Person Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Spatial and Discourse Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Temporal Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Social Deictic Items</th>
<th>Total Percentage</th>
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4.7 Observations on Different Categories of Deixis in the Two Plays

On the whole, the totals of the two tables show the number of proximal deictic items is more than distal deictic items, which confirms the authenticity of Elam’s study. Lyons (1977) notes, ‘Only the speaker and addressee are actually participating in the drama’ (p.638). In this relationship the first person pronoun I has a more important role and so dramatic discourse is egocentric. The first person pronoun defines everything related to its own place. Thus all the characters in the plays are inclined to employ proximal deictic items more in their interactions which are related to the speaker’s present context and situation of utterance. These items are used to strengthen characters’ communication that is set up between the speaker and listener, with reference to the immediate here and now in the play to fulfill different conversational functions. The comparison of table 11 for The Caretaker and that for Enter a Free Man shows that in Spatial and Discourse Deixis and Social Deixis the number of distal deictic items is more than the number of proximal deictic items. In Person and Temporal Deixis the number of proximal deictic items is more than distal deictic items.

As it is shown in table 12, the number of distal social deictic markers is more than proximal deictic markers in both the plays. Leech has proposed the politeness principal as a way of explaining how politeness operates in conversational
exchanges. He defines politeness as a type of behaviour that allows the participants to engage in a social interaction in an atmosphere of relative harmony, which means good social relationship. If differences are recognized and accepted by both the speaker and the hearer, it means that relative harmony is achieved properly in conversational exchanges. Among his maxims, the maxim of approbation (minimize dispraise of others) and maxim of modesty (minimize praise of self) are used in both the plays by the characters and this is how politeness or social harmony is maintained. In the play The Caretaker main characters are Aston, Mick and Davies. Aston and Mick are the owners of the house and Davies is a tramp who is offered to stay in their house. As a homeless person and knowing his position, he uses a lot of distal deictic markers such as Mister and Sir many times in the entire play. These titles maintain a difference in their social status and a distance among them. Davies tries to minimize praise of himself to make a good relationship. The same happens in Enter a Free Man. Riley, the main character in the play, is a man of greater age and an inventor. The other characters in the play try to address him by the title Mr. Riley through the whole play, which minimizes praise of themselves and maximizes respect for him. This generalization is only about these two plays and therefore it is not representative of all plays. If any other plays had been selected, perhaps there would be differences.

The other point which is noticed in table 12 is the difference between the number of proximal and distal spatial and discourse and temporal deictic markers. As it is shown in the table, the number of distal deictic markers is more in Spatial and Discourse Deixis and the number of proximal deictic markers is more in Temporal Deixis. Discourse Deixis can be understood by a variety of expressions. The most frequent deictic expressions are borrowed from the spatial category. Demonstratives are used as discourse deictics. The distal demonstrative that referring to a prior part of discourse and the proximal demonstrative this can be used with reference to a following piece of discourse. However, for the convenience of the analysis, the
categories—spatial and discourse deixis—are combined. It can be as the possibility of difference in these two categories. In many texts perhaps there are more discourse deictic markers than spatial deictic markers, which makes a difference. To find out whether there is any difference between spatial and discourse deictic markers one passage is analysed from *The Caretaker* pp.1-12. The results are the following.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Spatial Deictic Markers</th>
<th>Discourse Deictic Markers</th>
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As far as spatial deixis is concerned, proximal and distal deictic markers are almost the same, but in Discourse category distal deictic markers are much more than proximal deictic markers. Perhaps it is the reason in other passages, too.

To sum up my observations, the total of distal deictic markers is more in spatial and discourse deixis, which is in contrast with Elam’s view, but the total of proximal deictic markers is more in temporal deixis. These deictic items are used to mark the progression of a discourse. They are used as active communications between the speaker and the hearer and help in building the frame of reference of the discourse.