



**A PATRIOT
FOR ME **AND**
A SENSE OF
DETACHMENT
BY JOHN
OSBORNE**

also by John Osborne

plays

THE END OF ME OLD CIGAR and JILL AND JACK
THE ENTERTAINER
THE GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP
INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE
LOOK BACK IN ANGER
LUTHER
A PLACE CALLING ITSELF ROME
THE RIGHT PROSPECTUS
A SUBJECT OF SCANDAL AND CONCERN
TIME PRESENT and THE HOTEL IN AMSTERDAM
UNDER PLAIN COVER and THE BLOOD OF THE BAMBERGS
VERY LIKE A WHALE
WATCH IT COME DOWN
WEST OF SUEZ
THE WORLD OF PAUL SLICKEY
YOU'RE NOT WATCHING ME, MUMMY
and TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS

with Anthony Creighton

EPITAPH FOR GEORGE DILLON

adaptations

A BOND HONOURED (from Lope De Vega)
HEDDA GABLER (from Henrik Ibsen)
THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (from Oscar Wilde)

film

TOM JONES

autobiography

A BETTER CLASS OF PERSON

A Patriot for Me
AND
A Sense of Detachment

JOHN OSBORNE



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A Patriot for Me

CAST

ALFRED REDL
AUGUST SICZYNSKI
STEINBAUER
LUDWIG MAX VON KUPFER
LT.-COL. LUDWIG VON MÖHL
ADJUTANT
MAXIMILIAN VON TAUSSIG
ALBRECHT
ANNA
HILDE
STANITSIN
COL. MISCHA OBLENSKY
GEN. CONRAD VON HÖTZENDORF
COUNTESS SOPHIA DELYANOFF
JUDGE ADVOCATE JAROSLAV KUNZ
YOUNG MAN IN CAFÉ
PAUL
BARON VON EPP
FERDY
FIGARO
LT. STEFAN KOVACS
MARIE-ANTOINETTE
TSARINA
LADY GODIVA
DR SCHOEPFER
2ND LT. VICTOR JERZABEK
ORDERLY
MISCHA LIPSCHUTZ
MITZI HEIGEL
MINISTER

KUPFER'S SECONDS, PRIVATES,
WAITERS AT ANNA'S, OFFICERS,
WHORES, FLUNKEYS, HOFBURG GUESTS,
CAFÉ WAITERS, GROUP AT TABLE,
BALL GUESTS, SHEPHERDESSES,
BOY, HOTEL WAITERS

The first performance of *A Patriot for Me* was given at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, London, on 30th June 1965, by the English Stage Society, by arrangement with the English Stage Company. It was directed by Anthony Page and the décor was by Jocelyn Herbert. The musical adviser was John Addison.

The cast was as follows:

ALFRED REDL Maximilian Schell
AUGUST SICZYNSKI John Castle
STEINBAUER Rio Fanning
LUDWIG MAX VON KUPFER Frederick Jaeger
KUPFER'S SECONDS Lew Luton, Richard Morgan
PRIVATES Tim Pearce, David Schurmann, Thick Wilson
LT.-COL. LUDWIG VON MÖHL Clive Morton
ADJUTANT Timothy Carlton
MAXIMILIAN VON TAUSSIG Edward Fox
ALBRECHT Sandor Eles
WAITERS AT ANNA'S Peter John, Domy Reiter
OFFICERS Timothy Carlton, Lew Luton, Hal Hamilton,
Richard Morgan
WHORES Dona Martyn, Virginia Wetherell,
Jackie Daryl, Sandra Hampton
ANNA Laurel Mather
HILDE Jennifer Jayne
STANITSIN Desmond Perry
COL. MISCHA OBLENSKY George Murcell
GEN. CONRAD VON HÖTZENDORF Sebastian Shaw
COUNTESS SOPHIA DELYANOFF Jill Bennett
JUDGE ADVOCATE JAROSLAV KUNZ Ferdy Mayne
FLUNKEYS John Forbes, Richard Morgan, Peter John,
Timothy Carlton

HOFBURG GUESTS Cyril Wheeler, Douglas Sheldon,
Bryn Bartlett, Dona Martyn, Virginia Wetherell,
Jackie Daryl, Sandra Hampton, Laurel Mather
CAFÉ WAITERS Anthony Roye, Domy Reiter, Bryn Bartlett,
Cyril Wheeler
GROUP AT TABLE Dona Martyn, Laurel Mather, Bryn Bartlett,
Cyril Wheeler
YOUNG MAN IN CAFÉ Paul Robert
PAUL Douglas Sheldon
PRIVATES Richard Morgan, David Schurmann,
Tim Pearce, Thick Wilson
BARON VON EPP George Devine
FERDY John Forbes
FIGARO Thick Wilson
LT. STEFAN KOVACS Hal Hamilton
MARIE-ANTOINETTE Lew Luton
TSARINA Domy Reiter
LADY GODIVA Peter John
BALL GUESTS Cyril Wheeler, Richard Morgan, Timothy Carlton,
John Castle, Edward Fox, Paul Robert,
Douglas Sheldon, Tim Pearce
FLUNKEY David Schurmann
SHEPHERDESSES Franco Derosa, Robert Kidd
DR. SCHOEPFER Vernon Dobtcheff
BOY Franco Derosa
2ND. LT. VICTOR JERZABEK Tim Pearce
HOTEL WAITERS Bryn Bartlett, Lew Luton
ORDERLY Richard Morgan
MISCHA LIPSCHUTZ David Schurmann
MITZI HEIGEL Virginia Wetherell
MINISTER Anthony Roye
VOICES OF DEPUTIES Clive Morton, Sebastian Shaw,
George Devine, Vernon Dobtcheff,
Cyril Wheeler
MUSICAL DIRECTOR Tibor Kunstler
MUSICIANS Reg Richman (Bass), Michael Zborowski (Piano),
Ray Webb (Guitar)

Act One

SCENE 1

A Gymnasium. Of the 7th Galician Infantry Regiment at Lemburg, Galicia, 1890. It appears to be empty. From the high windows on one side, the earliest morning light shows up the climbing bars that run from floor to ceiling. From this, a long, thick rope hangs. Silhouetted is a vaulting horse. The lonely, slow tread of one man's boots is heard presently on the harsh floor. A figure appears. At this stage, his features can barely be made out. It is ALFRED REDL, at this time Lieutenant. He has close cropped hair, a taut, compact body, a moustache. In most scenes he smokes long black cheroots, like Toscanas. On this occasion, he takes out a shabby cigarette case, an elegant amber holder, inserts a cigarette and lights it thoughtfully. He looks up at the window, takes out his watch and waits. It is obvious he imagines himself alone. He settles down in the half light. A shadow crosses his vision.

REDL: Who's there? (*Pause.*) Who is it? Come on! Hey!

VOICE: Redl?

REDL: Who is it?

VOICE: Yes. I see you now.

REDL: Siczynski? Is it? Siczynski?

VOICE: Thought it was you. Yes.

(A figure appears, PAUL SICZYNSKI. He is a strong, very handsome young man about the same age as REDL, but much more boyish looking. REDL already has the stamp of an older man.)

SICZYNSKI: Sorry.

REDL: Not at all.

SICZYNSKI: I startled you.

REDL: Well: we're both early.

SICZYNSKI: Yes.

REDL: Still. Not all that much. Cigarette?

(SICZYNSKI takes one. REDL lights it for him.)

Almost light. I couldn't sleep anyway. Could you?

SICZYNSKI: (*smiles*). I haven't the style for that. Von Kupfer has though. Expect he's snoozing away now. (*Looks at his watch.*) Being wakened by his servant.

Um?

REDL: He gave a champagne supper at Anna's.

SICZYNSKI: Who was invited?

REDL: Half the garrison, I imagine.

SICZYNSKI: Did you go?

REDL: I'm your second . . .

SICZYNSKI: Is that what prevented you being asked?

REDL: It would have stopped me going.

SICZYNSKI: Well then, he'll have stayed there till the last moment, I should think. Perhaps he'll have been worn down to nothing by one of those strapping Turkish whores.

REDL: I doubt it.

SICZYNSKI: His spine cracked in between those thighs.

Snapped. . . . All the way up. No, you're most likely right. *You're right.*

REDL: He's popular: I suppose.

SICZYNSKI: Yes. Unlikeable too.

REDL: Yes. He's a good, what's he, he's a good officer.

SICZYNSKI: He's a gentleman. And adjutant, adjutant mark you, of a field battery at the ripe old age of twenty-one. He's not half the soldier you are.

REDL: Well . . .

SICZYNSKI: And now he's on his way to the War College.

REDL: (*quick interest.*) Oh?

SICZYNSKI: Of course. If you'd been in his boots, you'd have been in there and out again by this time, you'd be a major at least, by now (*Pause.*) Sorry—didn't mean to rub it in.

REDL: Kupfer. Ludwig Max Von Kupfer . . . it's cold.

SICZYNSKI: Cigarette smoke's warm.

(*Pause.*)

REDL: How are you?

SICZYNSKI: Cold.

REDL: Here.

SICZYNSKI: Cognac? Your health. Here's to the War College.

And you.

REDL: Thank you.

SICZYNSKI: Oh, you will. Get in, I mean. *You* just have to pack in all the effort, while the Kupfers make none at all. He'll be sobering up by now. Putting his aristocratic head under the cold tap and shouting in that authentic Viennese drawl at whoever's picking up after him. You'd better, make it, I mean. Or you'll spend the rest of it in some defeated frontier town with debts. And more debts to look forward to as you go on. Probably the gout.

(*Pause.*) I just hope there isn't ever a war.

(*They smoke in silence. Slightly shy, tense.*

SICZYNSKI *leans against the vaulting horse.*)

REDL: You may underestimate Kupfer.

SICZYNSKI: Maybe. But then he overestimates himself. *You've* tremendous resources, reserves, energy. You won't let any old waters close over your head without a struggle first.

REDL: What about you?

SICZYNSKI: (*smiles*). I'm easily disheartened.

REDL: He's destructive, *very* destructive.

SICZYNSKI: Who?

REDL: Kupfer.

SICZYNSKI: Yes, yes. And wilful. Coldly, not too cold, not disinterested.

REDL: That's why I think you underestimate him.

SICZYNSKI: But more vicious than most. You're right there.

He's a killer all right.

REDL: Someone'll chalk him up . . . sometime.

SICZYNSKI: What about me?

REDL: That would be very good. Very good.

SICZYNSKI: Just not very likely . . .

REDL: Have you done this before?

SICZYNSKI: (*smiles*). No, never. Have you?

REDL: Only as a bystander.

SICZYNSKI: Well, this time you're a participant. . . . I'd always expected to *be* challenged a hundred times. I never thought

I'd do it. Well, picked the right man. Only the wrong swordsman. May I?

(He indicates Cognac. REDL nods.)

Have you seen him?

REDL: Seen? Oh, with a sabre. No. Have you?

SICZYNSKI: No. Have you seen *me*?

REDL: Often.

SICZYNSKI: Well, there it is.

REDL: *(softly)*. More times than I can think of.

SICZYNSKI: They say only truly illiterate minds are obdurate.

Well, that's me and Kupfer.

REDL: Why do you feel like this about him? He's not exactly untypical.

SICZYNSKI: Not by any means. For me, well, perhaps he just plays the part better. He makes me want to be sick. Over *him* preferably.

REDL: I don't understand you. You're more than a match for his sort

SICZYNSKI: I just chose the wrong ground to prove it, here.

(Pause.)

REDL: Look, Siczynski, why don't I, I'm quite plausible and not half a bad actor, for one . . . reason and another, why don't you let me, sort of . . .

SICZYNSKI: Thank you, Redl. You can't do anything now.

REDL: Very well.

SICZYNSKI: Don't be offended.

REDL: Why should I?

SICZYNSKI: *(wry)*. Someone who looks as good as me ought to be able to handle himself a bit better, don't you agree?

REDL: Yes.

SICZYNSKI: At least—physically. . . . A *little* better don't you think? Why did you agree to be my second?

REDL: Why did you ask me?

SICZYNSKI: I thought you'd agree to. Did you get anyone else?

REDL: Steinbauer.

SICZYNSKI: As a favour to you? No, I didn't think you'd have to be persuaded.

REDL: No.

SICZYNSKI: Mine's gone out.

(REDL offers him a cigarette, from which he takes a light.)

I thought you always smoked those long Italian cigars.

(REDL nods.)

Expensive taste. What is it?

REDL: I was only going to ask you: *are* you a Jew?

SICZYNSKI: (*smiles*). Grandmother. Maternal Grandmother.

Quite enough though, don't you think? Oh, she became Catholic when she married my Grandfather. Not that she ever took it seriously, any more than him. She'd a good sense of fun, not like the rest of my family. You think it doesn't matter about Kupfer's insult, don't you? Well of course you're right. I don't think it would have mattered *what* he said. Oh, I quite enjoyed his jokes about calling me Rothschild. What *I* objected to, from him,—in the circumstances, was being called Fräulein Rothschild. . . .

REDL: You shouldn't gamble.

SICZYNSKI: I don't.

REDL: On people's goodwill.

SICZYNSKI: I don't. *You* do.

REDL: I do? No, I don't . . . I try not to.

(*He is confused for a moment. SICZYNSKI watches him thoughtfully, through his cigarette smoke. It is getting lighter, colder.*)

SICZYNSKI: You smell of peppermints.

REDL: Nearly time (*He stands.*)

SICZYNSKI: Kupfer's breath stinks.

REDL: I hadn't noticed.

SICZYNSKI: You mean you haven't got near enough? You don't need to. *He* should chew peppermints.

(*Pause.*)

Have some of your brandy.

REDL: Thanks.

SICZYNSKI: It's a cold time to be up, to be up at all.

REDL: I've hardly ever had warm feet. Not since I went to Cadet School.

SICZYNSKI: You work too hard.

REDL: What else can I do?