

MISS CASEWELL. Don't you like it? Reminds you of your childhood perhaps – an unhappy childhood?

MOLLIE. I was very happy as a child. (*She moves round to centre of the refectory table.*)

MISS CASEWELL. You were lucky.

MOLLIE. Weren't you happy?

MISS CASEWELL. (*crossing to the fire*) No.

MOLLIE. I'm sorry.

MISS CASEWELL. But all that's a long time ago. One gets over things.

MOLLIE. I suppose so.

MISS CASEWELL. Or doesn't one? Damned hard to say.

MOLLIE. They say that what happened when you're a child matters more than anything else.

MISS CASEWELL. They say – they say. Who says?

MOLLIE. Psychologists.

MISS CASEWELL. All humbug. Just a damned lot of nonsense. I've no use for psychologists and psychiatrists.

MOLLIE. (*moving down below the sofa*) I've never really had much to do with them.

MISS CASEWELL. A good thing for you you haven't. It's all a lot of hooey – the whole thing. Life's what you make of it. Go straight ahead – don't look back.

MOLLIE. One can't always help looking back.

MISS CASEWELL. Nonsense. It's a question of will power.

MOLLIE. Perhaps.

MISS CASEWELL. (*forcefully*) I know. (*She moves down centre.*)

MOLLIE. I expect you're right... (*She sighs.*) But sometimes things happen – to make you remember...

MISS CASEWELL. Don't give in. Turn your back on them.

MOLLIE. Is that really the right way? I wonder. Perhaps that's all wrong. Perhaps one ought really to – face them.

MISS CASEWELL. Depends what you're talking about.