

HENRY, MR. ANTROBUS

MR ANTROBUS: You're the last person I wanted to see. The sight of you dries up all my plans and hopes. I wish I were back at war still, because it's easier to fight you than to live with you. War's a pleasure – do you hear me? – War's a pleasure compared to what faces us now: trying to build up a peacetime with you in the middle of it.

HENRY: I'm not going to be a part of any peacetime of yours. I'm going a long way from here and make my own world that's fit for a man to live. Where a man can be free, and have a chance, and do what he wants to do in his own way.

MR ANTROBUS: Henry, let's try again.

HENRY: Try what? Living here? Speaking polite downtown to all the old men like you? Standing like a sheep at the street-corner until the red light turns to green? Being a good boy and a good sheep, like all the stinking ideas you get out of your books. Oh, no. I'll make a world, and I'll show you.

MR ANTROBUS: How can you make a world for people to live in, unless you've first put order in yourself? Mark my words: I shall continue fighting you until my last breath as long as you mix up your idea of liberty with your idea of hogging everything for yourself. I shall have no pity on you. I shall pursue you to the far corners of the earth. You and I want the same thing; but until you think of it as something that everyone has a right to, you are my deadly enemy and I will destroy you. – I hear your mother's voice in the kitchen. Have you seen her?

HENRY: I have no mother. Get it into your head. I don't belong here. I have nothing to do here. I have no home.

MR ANTROBUS: Then why did you come here? With the whole world to choose from, why did you come to this one place: 216 Cedar Street, Excelsior, New Jersey... Well?

HENRY: What if I did? What if I wanted to look at it once more, to see if -

MR ANTROBUS: Oh, you're related, all right – When your mother comes in you must behave yourself. Do you hear me?

HENRY: What is this? – *must behave yourself*. Don't you say *must* to me.

MR ANTROBUS: Quiet!

HENRY: Nobody can say must to me. All my life everybody's been crossing me – everybody, everything, all of you. I'm going to be free, even if I have to kill half the world for it.