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BETRAYAL BY THE SAME AUTHOR PLAYS Ashes to Ashes - Betrayal - Birthday Party - Holiday and Room - Collection and Lover - Homecoming - Landscape and Silence - Mountain Language - Moonlight - No Man's Land - Old Times - One for the Road - Other Places (View of Alaska, Victoria Station, Family Voices) - Party Time - Memory of Things of the Past (With Dei Travis) Room, Dumb Waiter, Little Pain, Heat, Night, Black and White, Exam) Plays Two (The Examination) , Request Stop, Last Go, Special Offer) plays three (Homecoming, Tea Party, Cellar, Landscape, Silence, Night, That's Your Trouble, That's All, Applicant, Interview, Dialogue for Three, Tea Party, Old Times, No Land) , Monologue, One for The Road, Mountain Language, Family Voices, View of Alaska, Moonlight, Ashes in Ashes, Celebration, Umbrellas, God's District, Beyond That) SCREENPLAYS Harold Pinter Gathered Scenarios One (Servant, Pumpkin Eater, quiller Memorandum, Accident, Last Tycoon, Langrishe, Go Down) Harold Pinter Collected Scripts Two (The Go-Between, The Proust Scenario, , Court, Dreamy Child) PROSE, POETRY AND POLITICS Dwarfs (novel) 100 Poems 100 Poets (anthology) 99 Poems in Translation (anthology) Various Voices: Prose, Poetry, Politics 1948-2005 War HAROLD PINTER Betrayal Grove Press New York COPYRIGHT © 1978, 1988, 1983 No part of this book can be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including storage and information search systems, without permission in writing from a publisher, except for a reviewer who can cite brief passages in the review. 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All rights, including professional, amateur, film, rant, public reading, broadcasting, television, video or audio recording, all other forms of mechanical or electronic playback, such as storage and search systems and photocopying, as well as the rights to translation into foreign languages, are strictly protected. First-class professional, stock and amateur applications for permission to hold it, as well as those other rights mentioned above, must be made in advance to the author's sole agent, Judy Daish Associates Limited, 2 St. Charles Place, London W10 6EG, England. This edition rebooted in 2013 with minor amendments from faber and Faber Limited edition originally published in 1991 in the UK. Printed in the Library of Congress of the United States of America Catalogization in the publication of data Pinter, Harold, 1930- Betrayal. I. Title. PR6066. I53B4 1979 822'.9'14 78-65251 ISBN 978-0-8021-3080-8 (pbk.) e-book ISBN: 978-0-8021-9228-8 Grove Imprint Grove / Atlantic, Inc. 154 West 14th Street New York, NY 10011 Distributed by Publishers Group West www.groveatlantic.com TO SIMON GRAY PRODUCTION CREDITS Betrayal was first produced by the National Theatre in London, June 15, 1978, With the following cast: Penelope Wilton Michael Gambon Daniel Massey Artro Morris Glenn Williams Director Peter Hall Design John Bury EMMA: JERRY: ROBERT: A WAITER: A BARMAN: The Play was produced at the Almeida Theatre, London, 17 January 19 91 years, with the following cast: Cheryl Campbell Bill Rieu Martin Show Stefano Gressieux Director David Leveaux Designed by Mark Thompson EMMA: JERRY: ROBERT: WAITER: It was produced in the auditorium of Lyttelton National Theatre , London, November 24, 1998 , with the following cast: Imogen Stubbs Douglas Hodge Anthony Calf Arturo Venegas Director Trevor Nunn Design Es Devlin EMMA: JERRY: ROBERT: WAITER: It was produced by Peter Hall Company at the Royal Theatre, Bath, July 9, 2003, with the following cast: Janie Di Aden Gillett Hugo Spear James Supervia Director Peter Hall Designed by John Gunther EMMA: JERRY: ROBERT: WAITER: This production moved to the Duchess Theatre, London, 8 October 2003. It was produced at the Donmar warehouse, London, on 21 July 2007, with the following cast: Dervla Kirwan Toby Stevens Samuel West Paul Di Rollo Director Roger Michel EMMA: JERRY: ROBERT: A WAITER: A WAITER: Designed by William Dudley It was produced at the Harold Pinter Theatre (formerly Theatre London, 16 June 2011, with the following cast: Scott Thomas Douglas Henshall Ben Miles John Guerracio Director Ian Rixon Design Jeremy Herbert EMMA: JERRY: A WAITER: CHARACTERS EMMA JERRY ROBERT In 1977 Emma Thirty-eight Jerry and Robert Forty. The performance can be performed at intervals or at intervals after scene 4. BETRAYAL 1977 SCENE ONE Pub. 1977. Spring. Noon. EMMA sits at the corner table. JERRY approaches with drinks, a pint of bitter for him, a glass of wine for her. He's sitting. They smile, silently toast each other, drink. He sits back and looks at her. Ok... How are you? Ok. You look good. Well, I'm not all that good, really. Why? What's the matter? Hangover. He raises a glass. Cheers. He drinks. How are you? I am fine. She looks around the bar, at him. Just like the old days. Mmm. It's been a while. Yes. Pause. I was thinking about you the other day. Good god. Why? She laughs. Why? Well, sometimes it's nice to think. No? Absolutely. Pause. How's everyone doing? Oh, not so bad. Pause. Do you know how long it's been since we met? Well, I came to this personal opinion when it was-? No, that's not what I meant. JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY JERRY JERRY JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA Oh you mean alone? Yes. Uh... Two years. Yes, I thought that was the way it should be. Umn. Pause. For a long time. Yes. It is. Pause. How is it? Gallery? How do you think it's going? Ok. Very good, I would say. I'm glad you think so. Well, it really is. I love it. Funny a lot, artists, isn't it? They're not funny at all. Don't you? What a pity. Pause. How's Robert? When was the last time you saw him? I haven't seen him in months. I don't know why. Why? Why what? Why did you ask when was the last time I saw him? I just thought. How's Sam? You mean Judith. Is that true? You remember the uniform. I ask about your husband, you ask about my wife. Yes of course. How's your wife? Ok. Pause. Sam must be . . . High. He's tall. Pretty tall. Makes a lot of work. He's a long-distance runner. He wants to be a zoologist. No really? Ok. And Sarah? She's ten. God. I suppose it should be. Yes, it should be. Pause. I'm not five, right? JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY JERRY Jerry You remember. Well, I remember that. Pause. Yes. Pause. But are you okay? About... Yes of course. Pause. Have you ever thought about me? I don't have to think about you. About? I don't have to think about you. Pause. Anyway, I'm fine. How are you? That's great, really. Ok. You look very beautiful. Really? Thank you. It's good to see you. And I. I want to see you. Do you think of me sometimes? I think of you sometimes. Pause. I saw Charlotte the other day. No? Where is? She didn't mention it. She didn't see me. On the street. But you didn't see for years. I recognized her. How could you? How do you know? Yes. What did she look like? You. No, what do you think of her, right? I thought she was beautiful. Yes. She is very... She's smashing. She's thirteen. Pause. Do you remember that time... Oh my God, it was . . . when you picked her up and threw her and caught her? It was very light. She remembers it, you know. EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA Really? Mmnn. Being thrown up. What a memory. Pause. She doesn't know... about us, isn't it? Of course not. She just remembers you as an old friend. That's right. Pause. Yes, everyone was there that day, standing around, your husband, my wife, all the kids, I remember. What day? When I throw up. It was in your kitchen. It was in your kitchen. Silence. My dear. Don't say that. Pause. All this . . . I think it's been so long. Don't you? Is it the same again? He takes his glasses, goes to the bar. She's sitting still. He's coming back with drinks, sitting. I was thinking about you the other day. Pause. I was driving through Kilburn. Suddenly I saw where I was. I just stopped and then I gave up Kinsale Drive and drove to Wessashax Grove. I drove past the house, and then I stopped about fifty yards further, like we used to do, remember? Yes. People left the house. They were walking down the road. What are the people? About... Youth. Then I got out of the car and climbed the steps. I looked at the bells, you know, the names on the bells. I was looking for our name. Pause. Green. Pause. Couldn't see it, could I? No. That's because we're not there anymore. We haven't been there for years. No, we didn't. JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA PAUSE. I hear you're dating Casey. A what? Casey. I just heard that you were . . . Seeing a little bit about him. About... People... Talk. Christ. The funny thing is that the only thing I really felt was irritation, I mean the annoyance that no one gossiped about us like that in the old days. I almost said, now look, she can drink from time to time with Casey, who cares, but she and I have been having an affair for seven years, and none of you bastards had any idea that this was happening. Pause. Interesting. I wonder if everyone knew all the time. Don't be silly. We were great. No one knew. Who ever went to Kilburn in those days? Just you and me. Anyway, what's all this about you and Casey? What do you mean? What is going on? We have a random drink. I thought you didn't admire his work. I've changed. Or his work has changed. Are you jealous? About what? Pause. I can't be jealous of Casey. I'm his agent. I told him about his divorce. I read it all. Projects. I persuaded your husband to publish his first novel. I'm accompanying him to Oxford to speak at the Union. He's mine... He's my boy. I opened it when he was a poet, and it's hell of a long time ago. Pause. He even took me to Southampton to meet his mum and dad. I can't be jealous of Casey. Anyway, it's not as if we were having an affair now, are we? We haven't seen each other in years. Really, I'm very happy if you're happy. Pause. What about Robert? Pause. Ok... I think we're going to split up. About? We had a long conversation... Last night. Last night? You know what I learned... Last night? He betrayed me for years. He had... другие женщины JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA EMMA в течение многих лет. No? Good lord. Pause. But we betrayed him for years. And he betrayed me for years. Well, I never knew that. So am I. Pause. Does Casey know about this? I wish you wouldn't call him Casey. His name is Roger. Yes. Roger. I called you. I don't know why. What a funny thing. We were such close friends, weren't we? Robert and I though I haven't seen it for months, but throughout all these years, all drinks, all lunches . . . we were together, I didn't even glean . . . I never suspected... that there is someone else... in his life, except you. Nver. For example, when you're with a guy in a pub, or in a restaurant, for example, from time to time he pops up on the, you see who doesn't, but what I mean is, if he makes a cunning phone call, you can kind of sense. Well, I've never done that with Robert. He never made a cunning phone call in any pub I've ever been to with him. The funny thing is, I made the calls to you when I left him drunk at the bar. Funny. Pause. When did he tell you all this? Last night. I guess we're not at night. Pause. Did you talk all night? Yes. Oh yes. Pause. I didn't go into this, did I? A what? I just called you this morning, you know, that's it because I . . . because we're old friends... I don't october all night... it's all over . . . I suddenly felt like I wanted to see you. Well, look, it's good to see you. I'm sorry, please... About... Remember? I mean, do you remember? I remember. Pause. You couldn't afford Wessax Grove when we took it, could you? Oh, love finds a way. I bought the curtains. You found a way. JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA EMMA EMMA JERRY JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA EMMA EMMA EMMA JERRY JERRY JERRY JERRY JERRY Listen, I didn't want to see you for nostalgia, I mean, what's the point? I just wanted to see you. Really. How are you? Oh, what does that matter? Pause. You didn't tell Robert about me last night, did you? I must go. Pause. He I'm fine. I told him everything. We got up... All night. At one point, Ned went downstairs. I had to take him to bed, had to put him back to bed. Then I went downstairs again. I think it was the voices that woke him up. You know... Did you tell him everything? I must go. You told him everything... About us? I must go. Pause. But he's my oldest friend. I mean, I picked up his own daughter in my arms, dumped her, and caught her in the kitchen. He watched me do it. Never mind. It's all gone. Is it? What's there? It's over. She drinks. EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA 1977 LATER SCENE TWO Jerry's House. Study. 1977. Spring. Jerry's sitting. ROBERT standing, with glass. It's a good thing you're here. Of course not. Yes, yes, I know it was difficult... I know... Children... Everything is fine. It sounded urgent. Ok... You found someone, didn't you? A what? For the kids. Yes yes. Honestly. All is well. Anyway, Charlotte's not a baby. No. Pause. Are you going to sit down? Well, I could, yes, in a minute. Pause. Judith in the hospital... on night duty. Children... In here... Upstairs. Oh yes. I have to talk to you. It's important. Talk. Yes. Pause. You look pretty rough. Pause. What's the problem? Pause. It's not about you and Emma, is it? Pause. I know all about it. Yes. So I . . . was said. Yes. Pause. Well, that doesn't really matter, does it? It's been years, isn't it? It's important. Really? Why? Jerry's standing, walking. I thought I was crazy. JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY When? Tonight. Just now. Want to know if you should call. I should have called you. I needed... two hours to call you. And then you were with the kids... I thought I couldn't see you... I thought I'd do it. I am very grateful to you... for coming. Oh, for God's sake! Look, what exactly do you want to say? Pause. Jerry's sitting. I don't know why she told you. I don't know how she could have told you. I just don't get it. Look, I know what you have... Look, I saw her today... We drank... I didn't see her... she told me, you know you're in trouble, you both... And so on. I know. I mean, I'm sorry. Don't apologize. Why not? Pause. The thing is, I can't understand... why did she think it was necessary... After all these years... tell you . . . so suddenly . . . Last night... Last night? Without consulting me. Not even warning me. After all, you and I... She didn't tell me last night. What do you mean? Pause. I know about last night. She told me about it. You haven't been out all night, have you? Correct. And she told you... Last night... about her and me. Is she No, she didn't. She didn't tell me about you or her last night. She told me about you and her four years ago. Pause. So she shouldn't have told me again last night. Because I knew. And she knew what I knew because she told me herself four years ago. Silence. A what? I think I'm going to sit down. He's sitting. I thought you knew. Knew what? I knew that. I've known that for years. I thought you knew that. Did you think I knew? She said no. But I didn't believe it. ROBERT JERRY JERRY JERRY ROBERT JERRY JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY JERRY JERRY JERRY JERRY ROBERT ROBERT PAUSE. Anyway, I think I thought you knew. But you say you don't? She told you... When? Well, I did. That's what happened. I told her I found out, and then she... Confirmed... Facts. When? Once upon a time, Jerry. Pause. But we saw each other... Much... for the last four years. We had lunch. Never played

squash though. I was your best friend. Well, yes, of course. Jerry looks at him and then holds his head in his hands. Oh, don't get upset. It doesn't make sense. Silence. Jerry sits down. Why didn't she tell me? Well, I'm not her, old man. Why didn't you tell me? Pause. I thought you knew. But you didn't know for sure, did you? You didn't know! No. Then why didn't you tell me? Pause. Tell you what? You knew that. You're a bastard. Don't call me a bastard, Jerry. Pause. What are we going to do? We're not going to do anything. My marriage is over. I just have to take the right action, that's all. The kids. Pause. Have you thought about telling Judith? Tell Judith what? Oh, about you and Emma. You mean she never knew? Are you sure? Pause. No, actually, I didn't think to tell Judith. You don't seem to understand. You don't seem to realize I don't care about any of this. It's true that I hit Emma once or twice. But it wasn't about defending the principle. I wasn't inspired to do it from any moral point of view. I JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT just felt like giving her a good bashing. Old itch... You understand. Pause. But you betrayed her for years, didn't you? Oh yes. And she never knew about it. And she? Don't you? Pause. I didn't. No, you didn't know much about anything, did you? Pause. No. Yes. Yes of course. I lived with her. Yes. In the afternoon. Sometimes very long. Seven years. Yes, of course you knew everything you needed to know about it. About seven years in the afternoon. I don't know anything about that. Pause. I hope she's looking out for you. Silence. We're used to liking each other. We still do. Pause. The other day, I ran into old Casey. I believe he having an affair with my wife. We haven't played squash in years, Casey and I. We had a damn good game. He's got to gain weight. Yes, I thought so. He's over the hill. Is that true? Don't you think so? In what respect? It's his job. His books. Oh, his books. His art. Yes, his art seems to be falling away, doesn't it? Still sells. Oh, it sells very well. Sells very well indeed. Very good for us. For you and me. Yes. Someone was telling me—who was it—must have been someone in the publicity department—the other day—that when Casey went up to York to sign his latest book, in a bookshop, you know, with Barbara Spring, you know, the populace queued for hours to get his signature on his book, while JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT one an old lady and a dog queued up to get Barbara Spring's signature on her book. It seems to me that Barbara Spring ... That's good, isn't it? Yes. Pause. However, we're both doing very well out of Casey, aren't we? Very well. Pause. Have you read good books lately? I read Yeats. Yes. The dates. Yes. Pause. You once read Its on Torcello. Torcello? Don't you remember? Years ago. You went to Torcello at dawn, alone. And read Yeats. That's what I did. I told you so, yes. Pause. Yes. Pause. Where will you understand this summer, you and the family? Lakelands. JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY JERRY JERRY JERRY 1975 SCENE THREE APARTMENTS. 1975. Winter. Jerry and Emma. They're sitting. Silence. What do you want to do then? Pause. I don't quite know what we're doing anymore, that's all. Umn. Pause. I mean, this apartment... Yes. Do you really remember the last time we were here? Summer, isn't it? Well, isn't it? I know, it seems, it was early September. Well, it's summer, isn't it? It was actually very cold. It was early autumn. It's pretty cold right now. We were going to get another electric fire. Yes, I never got that. Not much sense in getting it if we're never here. Now we're here. Not really. Silence. Well, that's changed. You've been so busy, your job and all that. Well, I know. But I mean, I like it. I want to do it. No, that's great. It's wonderful for you. But you don't- If you're running a gallery you have to run it, you should be there. But you're not free in the afternoon. And you? No. So how can we meet? But look at the time when you are out of town. You're never here. But when I'm here, you're not free this afternoon. So we'll never meet. We can meet for lunch. We can meet for lunch, but we can't come here for a quick lunch. I'm too old for that. JERRY EMMA JERRY JERRY JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY JERRY EMMA JERRY JERRY EMMA EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY JERRY JERRY JERRY JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA JERRY JERRY JERRY I'm not suggesting that. Pause. You see, in the past... we were inventive, we were determined, it was... It seemed impossible to meet... That's impossible... and yet we did. We met here, we took this apartment, and we met in this apartment because we wanted to. It doesn't matter how much we want if you're not free in the afternoon and I'm in America. Silence. Nights were always out of the question, and you know it. I have a family. I have a family, too. I know that very well. I can remind you that your husband is my oldest friend. What do you mean? I don't mean anything. But what are you trying to say by saying that? Jesus. I'm not trying to say anything. I said exactly what I wanted to say. I see. Pause. The fact is that in the old days we used our imagination and we would take the night and make arrangements and go to the hotel. Yes. We did. Pause. But it was... mostly . . . before we got this apartment. We didn't spend many nights... In this apartment. No. Pause. Not many nights anywhere, really. Silence. Can you afford . . . keep it going, month after month? About... It's a waste of time. No one comes here. I just can't think about it, really. Just... Empty. All day and night. Day after day and night after night. I mean the dishes and the curtains, the bedspread and all that. And the tablecloth I brought from Venice. (Laughs.) It's ridiculous. Pause. It's simple . . . an empty house. It's not a house. Pause. I know... I know what you wanted... but he never could . . . really be home. You have a house. I have a house. With curtains and so on. And the kids. Two children in two houses. There are no children here, so it's not the same house. It was never intended to be the same home. Is that true? EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA EMMA PAUSE. You've never seen it as a home, in any sense, have you? No, I saw an apartment in her... You know. For fucking. No, for love. Well, there's not much left, is there? Silence. I don't think we love each other. Pause. Well good. Pause. What will you do with everyone . . . Furniture? A what? Content. Silence. You know, we can do something very simple if we want to do it. You mean to sell it to Mrs. Banks for a small amount and . . . and can she let it like a furnished apartment? That's right. Isn't there a bed? A what? Don't you? We bought a bed. We bought everything. We bought a bed together. Yes. Yes. Emma is standing. Then you'll make a deal? Mrs. Banks? Pause. I don't want anything. Nowhere can I put it, you see. I have a house with a tablecloth and everything. I'll go into this with Mrs. Banks. There will be a few pounds, you know, so . . . No, I don't want any money, thank you very much Silence. She's wearing a coat. I'm leaving. He turns around, looks at her. Oh, here's my key. He took out the key, trying to get the key to the ring. Oh, my God. He's struggling to get the key to the ring. Throws him the ring. You take it off. JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA He catches it, looks at her. Can you just do it please? I'm taking Charlotte out of school. I take her shopping. He takes the key off. Do you realize it's day? It's a day at the gallery. That's why I'm here. We're locked up every Thursday afternoon. Can I have a key? He gives it to her. Thank you. Listen. I think we made the right decision. She's leaving. He's standing. 1974 SCENE Four Roberts and Emma's House. Living room. 1974. Autumn. Robert pours Jerry's booze. He's going to the door. Emma! Jerry's here! Which ones? Jerry. I'll get it. Robert gives Jerry a drink. Cheers. Cheers. She just put Ned to bed. I think he'll be dead in a minute. Off where? Dreamland. Yes. Yes, how's your dream these days? A what? Are you still having bad nights? With Ned, I mean? Oh I see. Well, no. No, it's getting better. But do you know what they're saying? A what? They say boys are worse than girls. Worse? Children. They say boys cry more than girls. Is that true? You didn't find that? Eh.... Yes, I think we did. Really? Yes. What do you think of that? Why do you think that is? Well, I suppose... boys are more anxious. A boy of children? Yes. What the hell are they worried about... at their age? What do you think? Ok... before the world, I suppose, coming out of the womb, all this. What about the girls? They're leaving the womb, too. It's true. It is also true that no one says much about girls leaving the uterus. Is that true? I'm ready to do it. I see. So, what do you want to say? I asked you a question. What was that? Why do you claim that boy babies find leaving the womb more trouble than girls? ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT Have I made such an assertion? You went on to make further approval, to the effect that boy babies are more worried about looking at the world than babys. Do you think that's the case? Yes, yes. Pause. Why do you think that is? I don't have an answer. Pause. Do you think this may have something to do with the difference between the sexes? Pause. Oh, my God, you're right. That's it. Emma comes in. Hallo. Surprise. I had tea with Casey. Where is? Right around the corner. I thought he lived... Hampstead or something. You're out of date. Am I, don't I? He left Suzanne. He lives alone around the corner. A. Writing a novel about a man who his wife and three children and goes to live alone on the other side of London to write a novel about a man who leaves his wife and three children- I hope it is better than the last. Last? Ah, the last one. Isn't that the one about a man who lived in a big house in Hampstead with his wife and three children and wrote an novel about? Why didn't you like it? Actually, I told you so. I think it's the best he's written. It may be the best he's written, but it's still damn unfair. It's not fair? How unfair? Actually, I told you so. Do you have one? Yes, she does. One day, when we were all having dinner, I remember you, me, Emma and Judith, where it was, Emma gave a thesis on a pudding on dishonesty in Casey referring to his latest novel. 'Drying.' Judith had to leave, unfortunately, in the middle of it for her night shift in the hospital. By the way, how's Judith? Very well. ДЖЕРРИ РОБЕРТ ДЖЕРРИ РОБЕРТ ДЖЕРРИ РОБЕРТ ДЖЕРРИ ЭММА ДЖЕРРИ ЭММА ЭММА ЭММА ЭММА ЭММА ЭММА ЭММА РОБЕРТ ДЖЕРРИ ЭММА ДЖЕРРИ ЭММА ДЖЕРРИ ЭММА ДЖЕРРИ ДЖЕРРИ ДЖЕРРИ ПАУЗА. When are we going to play squash? You're too good. Of course not. I'm not good at all. I'm just better than you. But why? Why are you better than me? Because I play squash. Oh, are you playing? Regularly? Umn. Who? Casey, actually. Casey? Good lord. What's he like? He's a brutally honest squash player. No, really, we haven't played in years. We have to play. You were pretty good. Yes, I was very good. Ok. I'll call you. Why not? We're going to find a date. Right. Yes. We have to do it. And then I'll take you to lunch. No no. I'll take you to lunch. The person who wins buys lunch. Can I see it? Pause. A what? Why can't I watch and then take you both to lunch? Well, to be honest, we wouldn't want a woman around, would we, Jerry? I mean, playing squash isn't just a squash game, it's more than that. You see, first of all, it's a game. And then there's the shower. And then there's the pint. And then lunch. After all, you were at it. You're fighting. What you want is your pint and your lunch. You really don't want a woman buying you lunch. You don't really want a woman a mile from the place, any of the places, really. You don't want her in a squash court, you don't want her in the shower, or in the pub or in the restaurant. You see, over lunch you want to talk about squash, or cricket, or books, or even women, with your friend, and be able to keep warm on your topic without fear of improper interruption. That's what it's all about. I haven't played squash in years. Pause. Well, let's play next week. I can't do it next week. I'm in New York. And you? I'm going to one of my more famous writers, actually. ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY EMMA JERRY Who? Casey. Someone wants to make a novel that you don't like. We're going to talk about it. It was a question of when they would come here or we would go there. Casey thought he deserved a trip. How about you? A what? Do you deserve a trip? Is Judith going? No. He can't go alone. We'll have a squash game when I get back. A week, or no more than ten days. Lovely. (Emme) Robert and Jerry are leaving. It stays in place. Robert is back. He kisses her. She's answering. She comes off, puts her head on his shoulder, cries softly. He's holding her. EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY 1973 SCENE FIVE Hotel Room. Venice. 1973. Summer. Emma is on the bed reading. Robert at the window, looking. She looks at him and then back at the book. Tomorrow Is Torcello, isn't it? A what? We're going to Torcello tomorrow, aren't we? Yes. That's right. It's going to be great. Mmn, umn. I can't wait. Pause. The book is good? Umn. Yes. What's it? This new book. This man spinks. Oh, that' Jerry told me about it. Jerry? Was he there? He told me about it over lunch last week. Really? Does he like it? Spinks is his boy. He found it. A. I didn't know that. Unsolicited manuscript. Pause. You think that's a good thing, don't you? Yes. I'm enjoying it. Jerry thinks it's a good thing, too. One day you should have lunch with us and talk about it. Is it absolutely necessary? Pause. It's not as good as all this. You mean you're not having enough good lunch with Jerry and me and talk about it? What the hell are you talking about? I have to read it myself again, now it is in hard covers. Once again? Jerry wanted us to publish it. Oh really? Well, of course. Anyway, I refused. EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT Why? About... not much more to say on the subject, actually, is? What do you consider an object? Betrayal. No. No? What is it? I'm not done yet. I'll let you know. Well, let me know. Pause. Of course I could think of the wrong book. Silence. By the way, I went to American Express yesterday. She's looking up. About? Yes. I went to cash some traveler's checks. You get a much better rate there, you see what you do in a hotel. Oh yes? Oh yes. Anyway, there was a letter for you. They asked me if you had any relationship and I said yes. So they asked me if I wanted to take it. I mean, they gave it to me. But I said no, I'll leave him. Did you get it? Yes. I suppose you jumped out when you were behind Last night? Evening? Right. Oh well, I'm glad you got it. Pause. To be honest, I was amazed that they offered me to take it. It can never happen in England. But these Italians... so free and easy. I mean, just because my name is Downs and your name Downs doesn't mean we're Mr and Mrs Downs, that they, in their laughter mediterranean way, suppose we are. We could be, and in fact much more likely to be, complete strangers. Let's say I, whom they laughly consider your husband, took a letter declared to be your husband, but in fact being a complete stranger, and opened it, and read it, out of nothing more than idle curiosity, and then threw it into the canal, you would never have received it and would have been deprived of your legal right to open your own mail, all because of the Venetian je m'en foutisme. I have a good mind to write to Doge Venice about it. Pause. This is what prevented me from taking it, by the way, and bringing it to you, the idea that I could very easily be a complete stranger. Pause. What they certainly didn't know, and there was no way to know, was that I was your husband. EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT ROBERT Pretty inefficient bunch. Only by laughing in the Mediterranean way. Pause. It's from Jerry. Yes, I learned the handwriting. Pause. How is he? Ok. Ok. And Judith? Well done. Pause. What about the kids? I don't think he mentioned them. Then maybe it's all right. If they were sick or something he would probably mention it. Pause. Any other news? No. Silence. Are you looking forward to Torcello? Pause. How many times have we been to Torcello? Twice. I remember how much you liked the first time I took you there. You fell in love with him. That was about ten years ago, wasn't it? About... six months after we got married. Yes. Remember? I wonder if you liked it tomorrow. Pause. What do you think of Jerry as a letter writer? She laughs soon. You're trembling. Are you cold? No. He wrote to me in his time. Long letters about Ford Madox Ford. I wrote to him too, think about it. Long letters about . . . Oh, W.B. Its, I suppose. It was a time when we were both editors of poetry magazines. He's in Cambridge, I'm in Oxford. Did you know that? We were bright young people. And close friends. Well, we're still close friends. It was all long before I met you. Long before he met you. I was trying to remember when I introduced him to you. I just can't remember. I assume I introduced it to you? Yes. But when? You remember? No. You can't? No. How strange. EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA EMMA EMMA EMMA EMMA EMMA EMMA ROBERT ROBERT EMMA EMMA ROBERT ROBERT PAUSE. He wasn't the best man at our wedding, was he? You know He was. Oh yes. Well, it's probably when I him to you. Pause. Was there any message for me in his letter? Pause. I mean in the field of business to do with the world of publishing. Has he discovered new and original talents? He's very talented at revealing talent, old Jerry. No message. No message. Even his love? Silence. We're lovers. Yes. Yes. I thought it might be something like this, something like that. When? A what? When did you think? Yesterday. Just yesterday. When I saw his handwriting on the letter. Until yesterday I was utterly ignorant. Yes. Pause. I am sorry. Excuse me? Silence. Where is it . . . Held? Must be a little awkward. I mean, we have two children, he has two children, not to mention his wife... We have an apartment. Yes. I see. Pause. Good? Pause. Apartment. It's pretty well established then, yours . . . Uh. . . . Case? Yes. How long? For a while. Yes, but how long exactly? Five years. Five years? Pause. EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT EMMA ROBERT ROBERT NED ALREADY ONE YEAR. Pause. You heard me? Yes. He's your son. Jerry was in America. For two months. Silence. Did he write to you from America? Of course. And I wrote to him. Did you tell him Ned was conceived? Not by letter. But when you told him, was he glad to know I had to be a father? Pause. I've always liked Jerry. Honestly, I've always liked him more than I liked you. Maybe I should have dealt with it myself. Silence. Tell me, are you looking forward to our trip to Torcello? EMMA ROBERT ROBERT'S EMMA ROBERT 1973 LATER SCENE SIX FLAT. 1973. Summer. Emma and Jerry are standing there kissing. She keeps the basket and the parcel. My dear. My dear. He keeps holding her. She laughs. I have to put this down. She puts the basket on the table. What's in it? Lunch. A what? Things you like. He pours wine. How do I look? Beautiful. Do I look good? You. He gives her wine. (sipping) Mmmn. How did it go? It was beautiful. Do you go to Torcello? No. Why not? Oh I don't know. Speedboats are on strike or something. On strike? Yes. The day we got going. Yes. What about gondolas? You can't take a gondola to Torcello. Well, they're used to the old days, aren't they? Before they had speedboats. How do you think they got there? It's going to take a few hours. Yes. I suppose so. Pause. I got your letter. Ok. Take mine? EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY Of course. Do you miss me? Yes. Actually, I wasn't feeling well. A what? Oh, nothing. Error. She kisses him. I missed you. She turns away, looks around. You weren't here... At all? No. Needs a vacuum cleaner. Later. Pause. I spoke to Robert this morning. About? I'll let him know. lunch on Thursday. Thursday? Why? Well, it's my turn. No, I mean, why, why taking it out for lunch? Because it's my turn. Last time, he took me to lunch. You know what I mean. No. A what? What is the theme or point of your lunch? No object or point. We've just been doing this for years. It's my turn, and then it's my turn. You misunderstood me. And me? As? Well, to put it simply, you often meet, or have dinner to discuss a particular writer or a particular book, right? So for these meetings, or dinners, there is a point or an object. Well, no that. Pause. You didn't find any new writers while I was gone? No. Sam fell off his bike. No. He was knocked out. He was gone for about a minute. Were you with him? No. Judith. He's fine. And then I got that mistake. Oh dear. So I had time for nothing. It's going to get better, now I'm back. EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA Yes. Oh, I read this Spinks, the book you gave me. What do you think? It's cool. Robert hated him. He wouldn't publish it. What's he like? That? Spinks. Spinks? He's a very skinny guy. About fifty. Wears dark glasses day and night. He lives alone, in a furnished room. Just like this one, actually. He... unfussed. Furniture rooms suit him? Yes. They're good for me, too. And you? Do you still like it? Our house? It's wonderful not to have a phone. And it's wonderful to have me? Are you okay. I cook and slave for you. You. I bought something in Venice for a house. She opens the parcel, you take the tablecloth. Puts it on the table. You like it? Well done. Pause. Do you think we'll ever go to Venice together? Pause. No. Probably not. Don't you think I should see Robert at dinner on Thursday or Friday, for that matter? Why do you say that? Don't you think I should see him at all? I didn't say that. How can you not see him? Don't be silly. Pause. I had a terrible panic when you weren't there. I'll deal with the contract, in my office, with the lawyers. I suddenly couldn't remember what I did to your letter. I couldn't remember putting it in the safe. I said I had to find something in the safe. I opened the safe. He wasn't there. I had to continue with the damn contract . . . I always saw him lying somewhere in the house, picked up... Did you find him? It was in the jacket pocket - in my wardrobe - at home. God. JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA Something else happened a few months ago—I didn't tell you. One night we had a drink. Well, we had a drink, and I came home about eight, walked in the door, Judith said, hello, you're a little late. Sorry, I said I had a drink with Spinks. Spinks? She is how strange, he just called, five minutes ago, wanted to talk to you, he didn't mention that he just saw you. You know the old Spinks, I said, not exactly coming, right? He probably remembered what he wanted to say, but he didn't. I'll call him later. I went over to see the kids, and then we all had dinner. Pause. Listen. Remember when it was, a few years ago, we were all in your kitchen, maybe Christmas or something, remember, all the kids were running, and all of a sudden I picked up Charlotte and lifted her high, high, and then down and up. Remember when she laughed? Everyone was laughing. She was so easy. And there was your husband, my wife and all the kids, all standing and laughing in your kitchen. I can't get rid of him. Actually, it was your kitchen. He takes her hand. They're standing. They go to bed and lie down. Why don't you give her a lift? She caresses him. They're hugging. JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA 1973 LATER SCENE SEVEN RESTAURANT. 1973. Summer. Robert drinks white wine at the table. WAITER brings Jerry to the table. Jerry's sitting. Hallo, Robert. Hallo. I'd like whiskey on the rocks. With water? A what? Want some water? No. There's no water. Only on the rocks. Of course, Signor. Scotch? You don't usually drink whiskey at lunchtime. Actually, I had a mistake. Yes. And the only thing you need to get rid of was the Scottish-at lunchtime as well as at night. So I still drink whiskey at lunchtime in case he comes back. Like an apple a day. That's right. The waiter brings scotch on the rocks. Cheers. Cheers. Menu, Signori. He passes the menu, goes. How are you? Except for the mistake? Well done. Ready for squash? When I get rid of the bug, yes. I thought you got rid of him. Why do you think I still drink scotch at lunchtime? Oh yes. We really have to play. We haven't played in years. Then how old are you? Thirty-six. That means I'm thirty-six, too. If you're a day. A little cruel, squash. Call me. We're going to have a game. How is Venice? JERRY ROBERT JERRY WAITER JERRY WAITER JERRY WAITER ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT WAITER ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT Ready to order, signori? What are you going to have? Jerry looks at him briefly and then back on the menu. I'll be a melon. And Piccata al lemon with green salad. Issalat Verde. Prosciutto e-melon? No. It's just a melon. On the rocks. I'll be prosciutto and melon. Roasted scappy. And spinach. E spinaci. Grazie, Signor. And a bottle of Corvo Bianco right away. Xi, Signor. Motte grazes. (He's coming.) Was he always here or was it his son? You mean his son was always here? No, is he his son? I mean, is he the son of someone who's always been here? No, he's his father. Yes. Is that true? He's the one who speaks wonderfully. Yes. Your Italian is very good, isn't he? No. Of course not. Yes. No, it's Italian Emma, which is very good. Emma is Italian very good. Is it? I didn't know that. The waiter with the bottle. Corvo Bianco, Signor. Thank you. How was it, anyway? Venice. Venice, Signor? Beautiful. The most beautiful place in Italy. See that painting on the wall? Venice. That's the way it is. You know what's not in Venice? A what? Traffic. He walks, smiling. Cheers. Cheers. When was the last time you were there? Oh, years. How's Judith? A what? Oh, you know, okay. Busy. WAITER ROBERT JERRY WAITER JERRY ROBERT WAITER ROBERT WAITER JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY WAITER ROBERT WAITER JERRY WAITER ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY And the kids? Ok. Sam fell. No, no, nothing. So what was it like? You go there with Judith, don't you? Yes, but we haven't been there for years. Pause. What about Charlotte? Did she like it? I think she did. Pause. Yes. Ok. I went to Torcello. Oh really? It's a beautiful place. It's an incredible day. I got up very early and - whoomp-right across the lagoon - in Torcello. Not a soul moves. What is whoomp? Boat. Yes. I thought- What? It's been so long, I'm obviously wrong. I thought one went to Torcello on a gondola. It's going to take a few hours. No, no-whoomp-across the lagoon at dawn. Sounds good. I was all alone. Where was Emma? I think he's asleep. Yes. I was alone for a few hours, in fact, on the island. Highpoint, in fact, the whole trip. Is that true? Well, that sounds wonderful. Yes. I sat on the grass and read Yeats. Yeats on Torcello? They went well together. Waiter with food. One melon. One prosciutto e melon. Prossite for me. Buon appetite. Emma read your novel - what's his name? I do not know. A what? ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT WAITER ROBERT WAITER ROBERT JERRY Spinks. It's Spinks. Yes. The one you don't like. The one I wouldn't publish. I remember. Did Emma like it? She seemed madly in love with him. Ok. You like that, don't you? Yes. And is it very successful? It is. Tell me, what do you think makes me a publisher of unique critical judgments or a stupid publisher? Stupid publisher. I agree with you. I'm a very stupid publisher. No. What are you talking about? You're a good publisher. What are you talking about? I'm a bad publisher because I hate books. More precisely, prose. Or, to be even more precise, modern prose, I mean modern novels, first novels and second novels, all that promise and sensibility it falls on me to judge, to put money firm, and then to insist on a third novel, see it done, dust jacket made, see dinner for national literary editors made, see the signing in Hatchards made, see the lucky author cook himself to death, all in the name of literature. You know what you and Emma have in common? You love literature. I mean you love modern prosaic literature, I mean you love the new novel of the new Casey or Spinks. It gives you both the thrill. You must be angry. Really? You mean you don't think it gives Emma a thrill? How would I know? She's your wife. Pause. Yes. Yes. You're absolutely right. I shouldn't have consulted you. I don't have to consult anyone. I'd like more wine. Yes yes. Waiter! Another bottle of Corvo Bianco. Where's our lunch? This place will be potty. Keep in mind that Venice is worse. They don't care. I'm not drunk. You can't get drunk on Corvo Bianco. Keep in mind . . . Last night... I'm late... I hate cognac... it stinks of modern literature. No, look, I'm sorry... The waiter with the bottle. Corvo Bianco. Same glass. Where's our lunch? He's coming. I'll pour it. The waiter goes, with melon plates. No, listen, I'm sorry, have another drink. I'll tell you what it is, it's just that I can't go back to London. I was happy, such a rare thing, not in Venice, I don't mean that, I mean on ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT JERRY ROBERT WAITER ROBERT WAITER ROBERT Torcello, when I walked about Torcello in the early morning, alone, I was happy, I wanted to stay there for ever. We all ... Yes, we all... feel that sometimes. Oh, you do it yourself, don't you? Pause. I mean, there's nothing wrong, you see. I have a family. Emma and I are very good together. I think the world is hers. And I actually think casey is the writer's first bet. Are you really? First year. I'm proud to publish it and you discovered it and it was very clever with you. Thank you. You have a good nose, and you care, and I respect that in you. So is Emma. We talk about it a lot. How's Emma? Very well. You should come and have a drink someday. She'd like to see you. JERRY ROBERT JERRY JERRY JERRY ROBERT 1971 SCENE EIGHT APARTMENT. 1971. Summer. The apartment is empty. The kitchen door is open. A set of tables; utensils, glasses, a bottle of wine. Jerry walks through the front door with the key. Hallo. Emma's voice from the kitchen. Hallo. Emma comes out of the kitchen. She wears an apron. I just got here. I wanted to be here a long time ago. I'm doing this stew. It'll be in a few hours. He kisses her. Are you starving? Yes. He kisses her. No really. I'll never do that. Sit down. I get it. What a lovely apron. Ok. She kisses him, goes to the kitchen. She's calling. He pours wine. What did you do? Just took a walk in the park. What was it like? Beautiful. Empty. A little fog. I sat down a little, under a tree. It was very quiet. I just looked at Serpentine. Pause. And then? Then I got a taxi to Wesshaks Grove. Number 31. And I went up the stairs and opened the front door, and then I went up the stairs and opened that door and found you in a new apron cooking stew. Emma comes out of the kitchen. He weighs in. Which is now on. Emma pours herself vodka. Vodka? At lunchtime? Just feel like one of them. She drinks. I ran into Judith yesterday. Did she tell you? No, she didn't. JERRY EMMA EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY JERRY JERRY JERRY EMMA JERRY JERRY JERRY JERRY PAUSE. Where is? Lunch. Lunch? She didn't tell you? No. That's funny. What does lunch mean? Where is? Gino's. Gino? What the hell was she doing at Gino's? Dinner. With a woman. And the woman? Yes. Pause. Gino is far from the hospital. Of course it's not. Ok... I guess not. And you? Me? What were you doing at Gino's? I'm having lunch with my sister. Yes. Pause. Judith... Didn't tell you? I didn't see her. I was late last night with Casey. And she came out early in the morning. Pause. Do you think she knows? Knows? She knows? About us? No. Are you sure? She's too busy. At the hospital. And then the kids. It doesn't go on . . . Speculation. What about the evidence? Isn't she interested... follow the clues? What evidence? Well, there must be something... available to her . . . to pick it up. They don't exist... available to her. A. Okay... Ok. EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA EMMA EMMA У нее есть поклонник. Really? Another doctor. He takes her for a drink. This is... Annoying. I mean, she says that's all there is to it. He likes her, she loves him, and so on, and so on... maybe that's what I find annoying. I don't know exactly what's going on. Oh, why shouldn't she have a fan? I have a fan. That? Uh... You, Itink. Yes. Yes. He takes her hand. I'm more than that. Pause. Tell me... Have you ever thought . . . change your life? Change? Umn. Pause. It's impossible. Pause. Do you think she's cheating on you? No, I don't know. When you were in America, only now, for example? No. Have you ever cheated? To whom? For me, of course. No. Pause. You have... To me? No. Pause. If she was, what would you do? It's not that. She's busy. She's got a lot to do. She's a very good doctor. She loves her life. She loves kids. Yes. She loves me. Pause. Yes. Silence. All this means something. JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY It certainly does. But I adore you. Pause. I adore you. Emma takes his hand. Yes. Pause. I have something to tell you. A what? I'm pregnant. That was when you were in America. Pause. It wasn't someone else. That was my husband. Pause. Yes. Yes of course. Pause. I'm very happy for you. EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY JERRY 1968 SCENE NINE Robert and Emma's House. Bedroom. 1968. Winter. The room is dimly lit. Jerry's sitting in the shadows. Weak music through the door. The door opens. Light. Music. Emma comes in, closes the door. She goes to the mirror, sees Jerry. Good god. I've been waiting for you. What do you mean? I knew you'd come. He drinks. I just came to comb my hair. He's standing. I knew you had to. I knew you were going to have to comb your hair. I knew you were going to have to leave the party. She goes to the mirror, combs her hair. He's looking out for her. You're a beautiful hostess. Aren't you enjoying the party? You are beautiful. He's coming to her. Listen. I've been watching you all night. I have to tell you, I want to tell you, I have to tell you -- Please -- you are incredible. You're drunk. However. He's holding her. Jerry. I was the best person at your wedding. I saw you in white. I saw you slip through the white. I wasn't wearing white. Do you know what was going to happen? A what? I should have had you, in your white, before the wedding. I had to blacken you, in your white wedding dress, blackened in your wedding dress before joining your wedding as your best man. My husband is the best man. Your best man's best friend. Your best man. I have to go back. You're beautiful. I'm crazy about you. All these words I'm using, don't you see, they've never been EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY said before. Can't you see? I'm crazy about you. It's a whirlwind. Have you ever been to the Sahara Desert? Listen to me. It's true. Listen. You're suppressing me. You're so beautiful. I'm not. You are so beautiful. Look at the way you look at me. I'm not... looking at you. Look at the way you look at me. I can't wait for you, I'm bowling, I'm completely knocked out, you're blinding me, you're a jewel, my jewel, I'll never be able to sleep again, no, look, it's true, I'm not going to walk, I'm going to be crippled, I'm going to die, I'm going to die, I'm going to be in complete paralysis, my life is in your hands, that's what you're going to banish, the state of the cataton, you know the condition of the cataton? And you? And you? State... where the reigning prince is a prince of emptiness, a prince of absence, a prince desolate. I love you. My husband is on the other side of that door. Everybody knows. The world knows. He knows. But they'll never know, they'll never know, they're in another world. I adore you. I'm madly in love with you. I can't believe that what someone at the moment is saying never ever happened. Nothing happened. No problem. It's the only thing that ever happened. Your eyes are killing me. I'm lost. You're beautiful. No. Yes. He kisses her. She's coming off. He kisses her. Laughter away. She's coming off. The door opens. Robert. Your best friend is drunk. Since you are my best and oldest friend, and in this case, my master, I have decided to take this opportunity to tell your wife how beautiful she is. That's right. It's perfectly right to . . . to face the facts . . . and offer a token, without blush, a sign of his unalloyed appreciation, is not forbidden. Absolutely. And how wonderful for you that it is so that it is so that its beauty is so. That's right. Jerry goes to Robert and take possession of his elbow. I speak like your oldest friend. Your best man. Actually, it is. He pinches Jerry's shoulder, briefly turns, leaves the room. Emma is moving to the door. Jerry grabs her hand. She stops on the spot. They stand still, looking at each other. EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY EMMA JERRY JERRY ROBERT ROBERT ROBERT ROBERT ROBERT ROBERT Таблица содержания Обложка Предательство Названия того же автора Название Страница Посвящение Страница Посвящение Кредиты Charactors Предательство 1977 1977 LATER 1975 1974 1973 1973 LATER 1973 LATER 1973 LATER 1978 Back Cover Cover Cover Cover betrayal harold pinter free pdf. read betrayal harold pinter online free

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