

Side A

From *Night School*  
Written by Harold Pinter

SALLY: I lead a quiet life, a very quiet life. I don't mix with people.

WALTER: Except me. You're mixing with me.

SALLY: I don't have any kind of social life.

WALTER: I'll have to take you round a few of the clubs I know, show you the sights

SALLY: No, I don't like that.

WALTER: What do you like?

SALLY: (Pause). Lying here ... by myself ...

WALTER: On my bed.

SALLY: Yes.

WALTER: Doing what?

SALLY: Thinking.

WALTER: Think about me last night?

SALLY: You?

WALTER: This offer to share your room, I might consider it. (Pause.) I bet you're thinking about me now.

SALLY: (Pause.) Why should I be?

WALTER: I'm thinking about you. (Pause.) I don't know why I made such a fuss about this room. It's just an ordinary room, there's nothing to it. I mean if you weren't here. If you weren't in it, there'd be nothing to it. (Pause.) Why don't you stay in it? It's not true that I'm married. I just said that. I'm not attached. To tell you the truth ... to tell you the truth, I'm still looking for Miss Right.

SALLY: I think I should move away from here.

WALTER: Where would you go?

SALLY: (Pause.) Anywhere.

WALTER: Would you go to the seaside? I could come with you. We could do a bit of fishing ... on the pier. Yes, we could go together. Or, on the other hand, we could stay here. We could stay where we are.

SALLY: Could we?

WALTER: Sit down.

SALLY: What?

WALTER: Sit down. (Pause.) Cross your legs.

SALLY: Mmmmm?

WALTER: Cross your legs. (Pause.)

Uncross them.

(Pause.)

Stand up.

(Pause.)

Turn around.

(Pause.)

Stop.

(Pause.)

Sit down.

(Pause.)

Cross your legs.

(Pause.)

Uncross your legs.

Silence.