

Debut albums and pause



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

“ Betrayal” by Harold Pinter 1975 Scene Three (FULL VERSION). Flat. Winter.
JERRY and EMMA. (Silence) JERRYWhat do you want to do then? (Pause)
EMMAI don’t quite know what we’re doing, any more, that’s all. JERRYMmnn
(Pause) EMMAI mean, this flat... JERRYYes. EMMACan you actually remember
when we were last here? JERRYIn the summer, wasn’t it? EMMAWell, was it?
JERRYI know it seems – EMMAIt was the beginning of September. JERRYWell,
that’s summer, isn’t it? EMMAIt was actually extremely cold. It was early
autumn. JERRYIt’s pretty cold now. EMMAWe were going to get another
electric fire.

JERRYYes, I never got that. EMMANot much point in getting it if we’re never
here. JERRYWe’re here now. EMMANot really. (silence) JERRYWell, things
have changed. You’ve been so busy, your job, and everything. EMMAWell, I
know. But I mean, I like it. I want to do it. JERRYNo, it’s great. It’s marvellous
for you. But you’re not – EMMAIf you’re running a gallery you’ve got to run it,
you’ve got to be there. JERRYBut you’re not free in the afternoons. Are you?
EMMANo. JERRYSo how can we meet? EMMABut look at the times you’re out
of the country. You’re never here.

JERRYBut when I am here, you’re not free in the afternoons. So we can never
meet. EMMAWe can meet for lunch. JERRYWe can meet for lunch but we
can’t come all the way out here for a quick lunch. I’m too old for that. EMMAI
didn’t suggest that. (Pause) You see, in the past... we were inventive... we
were determined. , it was... it seemed impossible to meet... impossible... and
yet we did. We met here, we took this flat and we met in this flat because we
wanted to. JERRYIt would not matter how much we wanted to if you’re not
free in the afternoons and I’m in America. Silence) Nights have always been

out of the question and you know I have a family. EMMAI have a family too. JERRYI know that perfectly well. I might remind you that your husband is my oldest friend. EMMAWhat do you mean by that? JERRYI don't mean anything by it. EMMABut what are you trying to say by saying that? JERRYJesus. I'm not trying to say anything. I've said precisely what I wanted to say. EMMAI see. (Pause) The fact is that in the old days we used our imagination and we'd take a night and make an arrangement and go to a hotel. JERRYYes. We did. (Pause)

But that was... in the main... before we got this flat. EMMAWe haven't spent many nights... in this flat. JERRYNo. (Pause) Not many nights anywhere really. (Silence) EMMACan you afford... to keep it going... month after month? JERRYOh... EMMAIt's waste. Nobody comes here. I just can't bear to think about it, actually. Just...empty. All day and night. Day after day and night after night. I mean the crockery and the curtains and the bedspread and everything. And the tablecloth I brought from Venice. (Pause) It's just... an empty home. JERRYIt's not a home. (Pause) I know....

I know what you wanted... but it could never... actually be a home. You have a home. I have a home. With curtains, etcetera. And children. Two children in two homes. There are no children here, so it's not the same kind of home. EMMAIt was never intended to be the same kind of home. Was it? (Pause) You didn't ever see it as a home, in any sense, did you? JERRYNo, I saw it as a flat... you know. EMMAFor screwing. JERRYNo, for loving. EMMAWell, there's not much of that left, is there? (Silence) JERRYI don't think we don't love each other. (Pause) EMMAAh well. (pause) What will you do about all the... furniture?

JERRYWhat? EMMAThe contents. (silence) JERRYYou know we can do something very simple, if we want to do it. EMMAYou mean sell it to Mrs Banks for a small sum and... and she can let it as a furnished flat? JERRYThat's right. Wasn't the bed here? EMMAWhat? JERRYWasn't it? EMMAYe bought the bed. We bought everything. We bought the bed together. JERRYAh yes. EMMAYou'll make all the arrangements, then? With Mrs Banks? (Pause) I don't want anything. Nowhere I can put it, you see. I have a home, with tablecloths and all the rest of it. JERRYI'll go into it, with Mrs Banks.

There'll be a few quid, you know, so... EMMANo, I don't want any cash, thank you very much. (Silence) I'm going now. Oh, here's my key. (she struggles with the key ring) Oh Christ. You take it off. (She throws the keys to him, he catches them.) Can you just do it, please? I'm picking up Charlotte from school. I'm taking her shopping. (he takes the key off) Do you realise this is an afternoon? It's the Gallery's afternoon off. That's why I'm here. We close every Thursday afternoon. Can I have my key ring? (he gives it to her). Thanks. Listen. I think we've made absolutely the right decision. (she goes.)