

An excerpt from “The Lover”

Harold Pinter

SARAH. Richard?

RICHARD. Mnn?

SARAH. Do you ever think about me at all... when you're with her?

RICHARD. Oh, a little. Not much.

Pause.

We talk about you.

SARAH. You talk about me with her?

RICHARD. Occasionally. It amuses her.

SARAH. Amuses her?

RICHARD (choosing a book). Mmnn.

SARAH. How ... do you talk about me?

RICHARD. Delicately. We discuss you as we would play an antique music box. We play it for our titillation, whenever desired.