

Stranger #3 Enid & Gerald

THE STRANGER

69

ENID. I don't see anything amusing about it.

GERALD. No, you can't.

(He walks about the room in a state of nervous excitement. His hands twitch. His face black and cruel.)

Do you know, Enid, that there are times when I feel like God?

ENID. How do you mean?

GERALD. When one has the power of life and death over someone.

ENID. I think the Devil might feel like that.

GERALD. *(abstractedly)* Eh?

(GERALD talks to himself rather than ENID.)

The secret of success is laying one's plans well. The country cottage - one can't beat a country cottage - and this has got a cellar - a very good cellar. I always make a point of there being a cellar.

(He looks across at ENID and changes his tone.)

That's where I develop my photographs, you know.

ENID. I know, dear.

GERALD. I am going down to develop some tonight - in a very few minutes. You are coming with me.

(ENID stops knitting.)

ENID. You said 9.30 in your little book.

GERALD. Yes, but I can't wait. I can't wait to tell you.

(ENID gives one sharp glance at the clock and tries to retain her composure.)

ENID. *(calmly)* Half the pleasure of a thing is waiting for it. Putting it off as long as possible - one enjoys it more than way.