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MICHAEL *is sitting on the bench, reading a book.*  
*He wears frayed denim jeans with a matching jacket.*  
*Silence.*

WILLIAMS *appears, walks slowly back and forth before*  
MICHAEL, *glancing from time to time, furtively, at him.*  
WILLIAMS *wears a shabby grey overcoat with large pockets bulging*  
*miscellaneous rubbish, and baggy trousers hovering at half mast.*  
*His shoes appear new, showing an immaculate shine.*

WILLIAMS: (*Glancing up at the sky.*) Nice now.

MICHAEL: (*Glancing up.*) Pardon?

WILLIAMS: It's quite nice now.

(*Pause.*)

MICHAEL: (*Without expression.*) Grand.

(*He continues reading. WILLIAMS sits on the bench,*  
*rummages through his pockets, produces a dirty hand-*  
*kerchief.*

*He blows his nose, loudly, several times.*

MICHAEL *glances at him, continues reading.*)

WILLIAMS: (*Cramming handkerchief away.*) Studying?

(MICHAEL *nods.*)

A student, eh?

MICHAEL: No.

WILLIAMS: You're not?

MICHAEL: No.

(*Pause.*)

WILLIAMS: That's funny.

MICHAEL: (*Stares at him.*) What is?

WILLIAMS: You ... not being a student. I'd have sworn you were one  
of them. A student, I mean. I'd have put money down on  
you being a student.