

**No Exit by Jean Paul Sartre**

INEZ

(Inez is a recently deceased woman.)

To forget about the others? How utterly absurd! I feel you in there, in every pore. Your silence clamors in my ears. You can nail up your mouth, cut your tongue out but you can't prevent your being there. Can you stop your thoughts? I hear them ticking away like a clock and I'm certain you hear mine. And what about her? You've stolen her from me, too. No, take your hands from your face, I won't leave you in peace. You'd go on sitting there, and even if I didn't see her I'd feel it in my bones – that she was making every sound, even the rustle of her dress, for your benefit, throwing you smiles you didn't see.... Well, I won't stand for that, I prefer to choose my hell; I prefer to look you in the eyes and fight it out face to face.