

WILSON. (*Starts to exit, but stops at door back c., turns toward KELLY.*) Look, Kelly, let me know when you hear from the desk sergeant again. If there's no sign of the doctor, I'm goin' into town and look for him. He should know better'n to go after a psycho without me. (*Starts up c.*)

SANDERSON. I'd like to help look for the doctor, too, Wilson.

WILSON. That's swell of you, Doctor, right after he give you the brush.

SANDERSON. I've no resentment against Dr. Chumley. He was right. I was wrong. (*He rises.*) Chumley is the biggest man in his field. It's my loss not to be able to work with him. (*Crosses up to bookcase.*)

WILSON. You're not so small yourself, Doctor —

SANDERSON. Thanks, Wilson.

WILSON. Don't mention it. (*Exits U.C.*)

KELLY. (*Taking deep breath and standing above desk.*) Dr. Sanderson —

SANDERSON. (*Without looking up.*) Yes —

KELLY. (*Plunging in.*) Well, Doctor — (*Takes another deep breath.*) I'd like to say that I wish you a lot of luck, too, and I'm sorry to see you leave.

SANDERSON. (*Going on with his work.*) Are you sure you can spare these good wishes, Miss Kelly?

KELLY. (*She flushes.*) On second thought—I guess I can't. Forget it. (*Starts for below desk.*)

SANDERSON. (*Now looking up.*) Miss Kelly — (*To back of table.*) This is for nothing—just a little advice. I'd be a little careful if I were you about the kind of company I kept.

KELLY. I beg your pardon, Doctor?

SANDERSON. (*Crosses c.*) You don't have to. I told you it was free. I saw you Saturday night—dancing with that drip in the Rose Room down at the Frontier Hotel.

KELLY. (*Putting books on desk.*) Oh, did you? I didn't notice you.

SANDERSON. I'd be a little careful of him, Kelly. He looked to me like a schizophrenic all the way across the floor.

KELLY. You really shouldn't have given him a thought, Doctor. He was my date—not yours. (*Hands book to SANDERSON.*)

SANDERSON. That was his mentality. The rest of him—well — (*Puts book in box front of table.*)

KELLY. But she was beautiful, though—

SANDERSON. Who?

KELLY. That girl you were with—

SANDERSON. I thought you didn't notice?

KELLY. You bumped into us twice. How could I help it?

SANDERSON. Not that it makes any difference to you, but that girl is a charming little lady. *She* has a sweet kind disposition and *she* knows how to conduct herself.

KELLY. Funny she couldn't rate a better date on a Saturday night!

SANDERSON. And she has an excellent mind.

KELLY. Why doesn't she use it?

SANDERSON. (*Crossing toward KELLY.*) Oh, I don't suppose you're to be censured for the flippant hard shell you have. You're probably compensating for something.

KELLY. I am not, and don't you use any of your psychiatry on me.

SANDERSON. Oh—if I could try something else on you—just once! Just to see if you'd melt under any circumstances. I doubt it.

KELLY. You'll never know, Doctor.

SANDERSON. Because you interest me as a case history—that's all. I'd like to know where you get that inflated ego— (*Goes back of desk.*)

KELLY. (*Now close to tears.*) If you aren't the meanest person—inflated ego—case history! (*Turns and starts out c.*)

SANDERSON. Don't run away. Let's finish it. (*PHONE rings.*)

KELLY. Oh, leave me alone. (*Goes to answer it.*)

SANDERSON. Gladly. (*Exits.*)

KELLY. (*In angry, loud voice.*) Chumley's Rest. Yes—Sergeant. No accident report on him either in town or the suburbs. Look, Sergeant—maybe we better—(*Looks up as door down L. opens and ELWOOD enters. He is carrying a bouquet of dahlias.*) Oh, never mind, Sergeant. They're here now. (*Hangs up. Goes toward ELWOOD.*) Mr. Dowd—!

ELWOOD. (*Crosses to c. Handing her flowers.*) Good evening, my dear. These are for you.

KELLY. (*Crosses to c.*) For me—oh, thank you!

ELWOOD. They're quite fresh, too. I just picked them outside.