

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.

KELLY. I hope Dr. Chumley didn't see you. They're his prize dahlias. Did he go upstairs? (*Backing up.*)

ELWOOD. Not knowing, I cannot state. Those colors are lovely against your hair.

KELLY. I've never worn burnt orange. It's such a trying color.

ELWOOD. You would improve any color, my dear.

KELLY. Thank you. Did Dr. Chumley go over to his house?

ELWOOD. I don't know. Where is Dr. Sanderson?

KELLY. In his office there—I think. (*Crosses back to desk.*)

ELWOOD. (*Going over to door and knocking.*) Thank you.

SANDERSON. (*Enters.*) Dowd! There you are!

ELWOOD. I have a cab outside, if it's possible for you and Miss Kelly to get away now.

SANDERSON. Where is Dr. Chumley?

ELWOOD. Is he coming with us? That's nice.

KELLY. (*Answering question on SANDERSON'S face.*) I don't know, Doctor.

ELWOOD. I must apologize for being a few seconds late. I thought Miss Kelly should have some flowers. (*Crosses to table.*) After what happened out here this afternoon the flowers really should be from you, Doctor. As you grow older and pretty women pass you by, you will think with deep gratitude of these generous girls of your youth. Shall we go now? (*KELLY exits.*)

SANDERSON. (*Pressing buzzer.*) Just a moment, Dowd — (*Starts R.*) The situation has changed since we met this afternoon. But I urge you to have no resentments. Dr. Chumley is your friend. He only wants to help you.

ELWOOD. That's very nice of him. I would like to help him, too. (*At table.*)

SANDERSON. If you'll begin by taking a cooperative attitude —that's half the battle. We all have to face reality, Dowd—sooner or later.

ELWOOD. Doctor, I wrestled with reality for forty years, and I am happy to state that I finally won out over it. (*KELLY enters.*) Won't you and Miss Kelly join me—down at Charlie's? (*Enter WILSON from c.*)

WILSON. Here you are! (*Goes over to ELWOOD.*) Upstairs, buddy—we're going upstairs. Is the doctor O.K.? (*He asks*