

SANDERSON and KELLY

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 to 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 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.