

RUTH KELLY, R.N. & LYMAN SANDERSON, M.D.

Side #4

KELLY: *(taking a 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 the 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 center.)* 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 center.)*

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 an 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 downstage left opens and ELWOOD enters. He is carrying a bouquet of dahlias.)* Oh, never mind, Sergeant. They're here now. *(Hangs up.)*

VETA & DR. SANDERSON
Side #2

VETA: (*impatient*) Doctor – do I have to keep repeating myself? My brother insists that his closest friend is this big white rabbit. This rabbit is named Harvey. Harvey lives at our house. Don't you understand? He and Elwood go every place together. Elwood buys railroad tickets, theater tickets, for both of them. As I told Myrtle Mae – if your uncle was so lonesome he had to bring something home – why couldn't he bring home something human? He has me, doesn't he? He has Myrtle Mae, doesn't he? (**SHE** *leans forward.*) Doctor – (**SHE** *rises to him.* **HE** *inclines toward her.*) I'm going to tell you something I've never told anybody in the world before. (*Puts her hand on his shoulder.*) Every once in awhile I see that big white rabbit myself. Now isn't that terrible? I've never even told that to Myrtle Mae. (*straightening*) And what's more – he's every bit as big as Elwood says he is. Now don't ever tell that to anybody. Doctor, I'm ashamed of it.

SANDERSON: I can see that you have been under a great nervous strain recently.

VETA: Well – I certainly have.

SANDERSON: Grief over your mother's death depressed you considerably?

VETA: Nobody knows how much.

SANDERSON: Been losing sleep?

VETA: How could anybody sleep with that going on?

SANDERSON: Short – tempered over trifles?

VETA: You just try living with those two and see how your temper holds up.

SANDERSON: Loss of appetite?

VETA: No one could eat at a table with my brother and a big white rabbit. Well, I'm finished with it. I'll sell the house – be appointed conservator of Elwood's estate, and Myrtle Mae and I will be able to entertain our friends in peace. It's too much, Doctor. I just can't stand it.

SANDERSON: (*HE has been repeatedly pressing a buzzer on his desk. HE looks with annoyance toward hall door. His answer now to VETA is gentle.*) Of course, Mrs. Simmons. Of course it is. You're tired.

VETA: Oh, yes I am.

SANDERSON: You've been worrying a great deal.

VETA: Yes, I have. I can't help it.

SANDERSON: And now I'm going to help you.

VETA: Oh, Doctor....

DR. SANDERSON & MISS KELLY & WILSON

Side #3

KELLY: Thank you. I may call later. (Hangs up.)

WILSON: How about the stuff in your room, Doctor – upstairs?

SANDERSON: (Puts box on table.) All packed – thanks – Wilson.

WILSON: Tough your getting' bounced. I had you pegged for the one who'd ,ake the grade.

SANDERSON: Those are the breaks.

WILSON: When you takin' off?

SANDERSON: As soon as Dr. Chumley gets back.

WILSON: (To KELLY) Did you get a report back yet from the desk sergeant in the police accident bureau?

KELLY: Not yet. I just talked to the downtown dispensary. They haven't seen him.

WILSON: It's beginning to smell awful funny to me. Four hours he's been gone and not a word from him. (Goes t SANDERSON -extends hand.) I may not see you again, Doctor, so I want to say I wish you a lot of luck and I'm mighty sorry you got a kick in the atpray.

SANDERSON: Thanks, Wilson – good luck to you, too –

WILSON: (Starsts to exit, but stops at door, 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 going' into town and look for him. He should know better'n to go after a psycho without me.

SANDERSON: I'd like to help you 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.

WILSON: You're not so small, yourself, Doctor –

SANDERSON: Thanks, Wilson.

WILSON: Don't mention it.

DR. SANDERSON & VETA

Side #4

SANDERSON: Mrs. Simmons?

VETA: (*startled. SHE jumps.*) Oh – oh dear – I didn't hear you come in. You startled me. You're Dr. Sanderson?

SANDERSON: (*HE nods.*) Yes. Will you be seated, please?

VETA: (*Sits*) Thank you. I hope you don't think I'm jumpy like that all the time, but I –

SANDERSON: Of course not. Miss Kelly tells me you are concerned about your brother. Dowd, is it? Elwood P. Dowd?

VETA: Yes, Doctor – he's – this isn't easy for me, Doctor.

SANDERSON: (*Kindly.*) Naturally these things aren't easy for the families of patients. I understand.

VETA: (*Twisting her handkerchief nervously.*) It's what Elwood's doing to himself, Doctor – that's the thing. Myrtle Mae has a right to nice friends. She's young and her whole life is before her. That's my daughter.

SANDERSON: (*sits*) Your daughter. How long has it been since you began to notice any peculiarity in your brother's actions?

VETA: I noticed right away when Mother died, and Myrtle Mae and I came back home from Des Moines to live with Elwood. I could see that he – that he – (*looks pleadingly at SANDERSON.*)

SANDERSON: That he – what? Take your time, Mrs. Simmons. Don't strain. Let it come. I'll wait for it.

VETA: Doctor – everything I say to you is confidential? Isn't it?

SANDERSON: That's understood.

VETA: Because it's a slap in the face to everything we've stood for in this community the way Elwood is acting now.

SANDERSON: I am not a gossip, Mrs. Simmons. I am a psychiatrist.