

RUTH KELLY & VETA

Side #1

KELLY: *(writing.)* Mrs. O.R. Simmons, 343 Temple Drive, is that right?

VETA: *(Nodding, taking handkerchief from handbag.)* We were born and raised there. It's old but we love it. It's our home. *(crosses to table right puts down handbag.)*

KELLY: And you wish to enter your brother here at the sanitarium for treatment. Your brother's name?

VETA: *(Coming back to desk – raising handkerchief to eyes and dabbing.)* It's – oh –

KELLY: Mrs. Simmons, what is your brother's name?

VETA: I'm sorry. Life is not easy for any of us. I'll have to hold my head up and go just the same. That's what I keep telling Myrtle and that's what Myrtle Mae keeps telling me. She's heart broken about her Uncle Elwood – Elwood P. Dowd. That's it. *(Sits chair right of desk.)*

KELLY: *(Writing.)* Elwood P. Dowd. His age?

VETA: Forty seven the 24th of last April. He's Taurus – Taurus – the bull. I'm Leo, and Myrtle is on a cusp.

KELLY: Forty-seven. Is he married?

VETA: No, Elwood has never married. He stayed with mother. He was always a great home boy. He loved his home.

KELLY: You have him with you now?

VETA: He's in a taxicab down in the driveway. *(KELLY rings buzzer.)* I gave the driver a dollar to watch him, but I didn't tell the man why. You can't tell these things to perfect strangers. *(ENTER WILSON)*

KELLY: Mr. Wilson, would you step down to the taxi in the driveway and ask Mr. Dowd if he would be good enough to step up to Room 24 – South Wing G?

WILSON: Ask him?

KELLY: *(with a warning glance towards VETA.)* This is his sister, Mrs. Simmons.

WILSON: How do – why, certainly – be glad to *escort* him. *(EXITS)*

VETA: Thank you.

KELLY: The rates here, Mrs. Simons – you'll find them printed on this card.

VETA: That will all be taken care of by my mother's estate. The late Marcella Pinney Dowd. Judge Gaffney is our attorney.

KELLY: Now I'll see if Dr. Sanderson can see you. *(Starts to his office.)*

VETA: Dr. Sanderson? I want to see Dr. Chumley himself.

KELLY: Oh, Mrs. Simmons, Dr. Sanderson is the one who sees everybody. Dr. Chumley sees no one.

VETA: He's still head of this institution, isn't he? He's still a psychiatrist, isn't he?

KELLY: *(shocked at such heresay.)* Still a psychiatrist! Dr. Chumley is more than that. He is a psychiatrist with a national reputation. Whenever people have mental breakdowns they at once think of Dr. Chumley.

VETA: *(pointing.)* That's his office, isn't it? Well, you march right in and tell him I want to see him. If he knows who's in here he'll come out here.

KELLY: I wouldn't disturb him, Mrs. Simmons. I would be discharged if I did.

VETA: Well, I don't like to be pushed off onto any second fiddle.

KELLY: Dr. Sanderson is nobody's second fiddle. *(Her eyes aglow.)* He's young, of course, and he hasn't been out of medical school very long, but Dr. Chumley tried out twelve and kept Dr. Sanderson. He's really wonderful – *(catches herself.)* to the patients.

VETA: Very well. Tell him I'm here.

RUTH KELLY, R.N. & LYMAN SANDERSON, M.D.
Side #2

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.)*

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.