

CLAIRE. (*Brittle, forced, with a slight sardonic edge.*) Hello, darling. I've been on a shopping safari all morning. Just thought I'd peek in. Busy?

FLEMMING. (*Consults his watch again.*) I will be. I'm expecting a patient.

CLAIRE. I suppose I should have called, but that wouldn't have been spontaneous. I had lunch with Sybil.

FLEMMING. How is she?

CLAIRE. Same as ever. She and Dave are going house hunting this week end. I think it's ridiculous. They don't really need it, and the thought of the two of them rattling around in a reconstructed farmhouse—well, it's out of character. (*Surveys room.*) The place looks nice. When was the last time I was here?

FLEMMING. A month ago.

CLAIRE. That recently? I'd forgotten. (*Goes to bookcase, picks up one lying on top, reads title.*) "My Life in Art," by Stanislavski. Very impressive. Are you treating actors now?

FLEMMING. A few.

CLAIRE. Must be fascinating. They have rather prolific love lives, don't they? And so public. You'll have to tell me about it sometime.

FLEMMING. (*Patiently.*) What can I do for you, Claire?

CLAIRE. (*Deliberately vague.*) Do for me? Nothing. I just dropped by to say hello. You don't mind, do you? I'm only taking a few seconds out of your fifty-minute hour. Besides, I won't be here when your patient comes. I wouldn't want to disturb him—or her.

FLEMMING. (*Quietly.*) All right, Claire, what is it?

CLAIRE. (*Abruptly.*) Yes, I will have a drink, thank you. (*She crosses to the bar and makes herself a drink; then, as if she's just heard him.*) What is what? Really, Roy, you act as if I had some motive for coming over here. I told you. I just dropped by. (*Drink in hand, she walks around the office, aimlessly touching surfaces. He watches her.*) We bumped into a friend of Sybil's at lunch. Silly woman, quite inquisitive. As soon as she found out what you did for a living, she began asking questions.

It appears she's thinking of undergoing analysis. She wanted to know how it felt being married to a psychiatrist. Aren't you interested in what I told her? . . . I said it was like living light years away from Mount Palomar. You know you're being watched, but you can't see the telescope. I'm not sure she understood me. Anyway, that's one of my stock answers. I usually talk about living in a glass house— (*A touch of bitterness.*) living alone in a glass house. . . . (*Brightening.*) She had quite a supply of psychiatrist jokes. There was one—but I'm sure you've heard it.

FLEMMING. Claire—we both know you have something to say. When are you going to say it?

CLAIRE. Indulge me, darling. Listening to people is your profession. And you should be available for your own wife. Or is that nepotism?

FLEMMING. I imagine you'll get to the point eventually.

CLAIRE. Oh, yes, this office is built for getting to the point. It's always reminded me of a confessional. And the secrets you must hear— (*Pause.*) I waited up for you last night.

FLEMMING. Did you?

CLAIRE. You didn't get in till three. Where were you?

FLEMMING. Where I said I'd be. With Doctor Cobb.

CLAIRE. Till three in the morning? Bill Cobb's seventy years old. His wife tells me he's usually asleep by ten.

FLEMMING. Last night he wasn't. We were talking about one of his cases at the clinic. We lost track of the time.

CLAIRE. (*A pause; she removes her sun glasses.*) I don't believe you.