

ahead, Doctor. Go on, Miss Preen.

RICHARD. (*Coming c.*) Hello, Mr. Whiteside.

WHITESIDE. Hello, Dickie, my boy.

BRADLEY. Well, Mr. Whiteside, will you have some time later?

WHITESIDE. I don't know, Doctor. I'm busy now.

BRADLEY. Well, suppose I wait a little while? I'll—I'll wait a little while. (*Exit BRADLEY into library.*)

WHITESIDE. Dr. Bradley is the greatest living argument for mercy killings. Well, Dickie, would you like a candid camera shot of my left nostril this evening?

RICHARD. I'm all stocked up on those. Have you got a minute to look at some new ones I've taken? (*He hands him snap-shots. RICHARD crosses U. to ottoman, places ottoman L. of wheelchair.*)

WHITESIDE. I certainly have . . . why, these are splendid, Richard. There's real artistry in them—they're as good as anything by Margaret Bourke White. (*RICHARD sits.*) I like all the things you've shown me. This is the essence of photographic journalism.

RICHARD. Say, I didn't know they were as good as that. I just like to take pictures, that's all.

WHITESIDE. Richard, I've been meaning to talk to you about this. You're not just a kid fooling with a camera any more. These are good. This is what you ought to do. (*Handing back pictures.*) You ought to get out of here and do some of the things you were telling me about. Just get on a boat and get off wherever it stops. Galveston, Mexico, Singapore—work your way through and just take pictures—millions of them, terrible pictures, wonderful pictures—everything.

RICHARD. Say, wouldn't I like to, though! It's what I've been dreaming of for years. If I could do that I'd be the happiest guy in the world.

WHITESIDE. Well, why can't you do it? If I were your age, I'd do it like a shot.

RICHARD. (*Rises, crosses L.*) Well, you know why. Dad.

WHITESIDE. Richard, do you really want to do this more than anything else in the world?

RICHARD. I certainly do.

WHITESIDE. Then do it. (*JUNE enters up R. to C.*)

JUNE. Hello, Dick. Good afternoon, Mr. Whiteside.

WHITESIDE. Hello, my lovely . . . So I'm afraid it's up to you, Richard.

RICHARD. (*Crossing to stairs.*) I guess it is. Well, thank you, Mr.

Whiteside. You've been swell and I'll never forget it.

WHITESIDE. Righto, Richard.

RICHARD. (WHITESIDE takes book from ottoman.) June, are you coming upstairs?

JUNE. Ah—in a few minutes, Richard.

RICHARD. Well—knock on my door, will you? I want to talk to you. (Exits upstairs.)

JUNE. Yes, I will. (Turning back to WHITESIDE.) Mr. Whiteside

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WHITESIDE. June, my lamb, you were too young to know about the Elwell murder, weren't you? Completely fascinating. I have about five favorite murders and the Elwell case is one of them. Would you like to hear about it?

JUNE. Well, Mr. Whiteside, I wanted to talk to you. Would you mind, for a few minutes? It's important.

WHITESIDE. Why, certainly, my dear. I take it this is all about your young Lothario at the factory?

JUNE. (Nodding.) Yes. I just can't seem to make Father understand. It's like talking to a blank wall. He won't meet him—he won't even talk about it. What are we going to do, Mr. Whiteside? Sandy and I love each other. I don't know where to turn.

WHITESIDE. My dear, I'd like to meet this young man. I'd like to see him for myself.

JUNE. Would you, Mr. Whiteside? Would you meet him? He's—he's outside now. He's in the kitchen. (Crosses up a little.)

WHITESIDE. Good! Bring him in.

JUNE. (Then down to WHITESIDE again.) Mr. Whiteside, he's—he's a very sensitive boy. You will be nice to him, won't you?

WHITESIDE. God damn it, June, when will you learn that I am always kind and courteous! Bring this idiot in!

JUNE. (Up to door U.R. Calling through the dining room, in a low voice.) Sandy. Sandy.

(She stands aside as a YOUNG MAN enters. Twenty-three or four, keen-looking, neatly but simply dressed.)

Here he is, Mr. Whiteside. This is Sandy. (Coming down with SANDY.)

SANDY. How do you do, sir?

WHITESIDE. How do you do? Young man, I've been hearing a good deal about you from June this past week. It seems, if I have been correctly informed, that you two babes in the woods have quietly gone out of your minds.