

PORTER. About the Supreme Court justice I most admire. But even the title was a problem. *Frankfurter...*

*He shakes his head ruefully. Clifford moves toward the doorway as Sidney comes in, wallet in hand.*

SIDNEY. Twenty enough?

CLIFFORD. Too much; we only need salad things and milk. I'm going to Gibson's. *(Goes into the foyer.)*

SIDNEY. *(Pocketing his wallet.)* Pick up some yogurt too. Anything but prune.

CLIFFORD. *(Taking a jacket from the rack.)* Okay. *(Getting into it; to Porter.)* You aren't in the driveway, are you?

PORTER. No, I pulled over on the side.

CLIFFORD. See you later or nice meeting you, whichever it turns out to be. *(Takes car keys from his pocket.)*

PORTER. I'm sure we'll be seeing each other again.

*Clifford nods to Sidney and goes out, closing the door behind him.*

Pleasant young fellow... Good-looking too.

SIDNEY. Yes...

*Turns to Porter.*

Do you think he's gay? Homosexual...

PORTER. I know what "gay" means, Sidney. Elizabeth told me long ago. No, he didn't strike me that way.

SIDNEY. I have a sneaking suspicion he might be... But, as long as he does his job well I suppose it's none of my business, is it?

PORTER. Well, in essence he's a domestic employee, and I think that in such circumstances his sexual preference could be a legitimate matter of concern.

SIDNEY. I wasn't asking for a legal opinion; I was just saying that it's really not my business...

PORTER. Oh. In that case, no, it isn't.

SIDNEY. *(Turning his desk chair to face Porter and sitting.)* Besides, people would talk if I took in a female secretary, wouldn't they?

PORTER. If she were under eighty.

SIDNEY. That's what I thought. So I called Clifford.

PORTER. I'm glad to see you looking so well. That's the main reason I've come. I was delegated, by Elizabeth and the Wessons and the Harveys. That young man has been discouraging all callers and we were afraid you might be in worse shape than he was letting on. But obviously that's not the case.

SIDNEY. No. I'm not up to socializing yet but—I'm coming through. (*Touching the typewriter.*) The work is a great solace to me...

PORTER. What are you on to now?

SIDNEY. A play about ESP. Helga ten Dorp is in the McBain cottage, you know.

PORTER. Yes, I do. Tell me, is it true what everyone's saying, that—do you mind talking about this?

SIDNEY. No, no, not at all. Go ahead.

PORTER. Is it true she actually pointed to the spot on the floor where Myra was going to fall?

SIDNEY. No, no, no, no, no, no, no; nothing like that, nothing at all like that. All she did was come in here and say, "There is pain, there is great pain. In this lady's chest." And Myra said, "There's slight pain," and she said, "Still, with your history you should see your doctor." Which is what I'd been telling Myra for days.

PORTER. (*Picking up his briefcase.*) It's uncanny being able to sense things that way. I would think you'd be able to write a very fine thriller on the subject.

SIDNEY. It's coming along.

*Porter glances at his watch and starts opening the briefcase.  
Sidney smiles.*

Business time...

PORTER. Yes. The first item on the agenda is your will. Now that Myra's gone you ought to look it over. As it stands, if anything should happen to you your cousins in Vancouver would inherit. Do you want to leave it that way?

*Porter takes a couple of sheets of typewritten paper from his briefcase.*

SIDNEY. I don't know; I'll have to think about it.

PORTER. Do. Don't put it off. And this is the second item. (*Hands him the papers.*) It's only approximate, because I don't have up-to-date appraisals on the real estate yet, but that's roughly what you can anticipate, give or take a few thousand dollars.

*Sidney looks over the pages, and is somewhat surprised.*

SIDNEY. I didn't know there was this much...

PORTER. Then Myra must have been keeping a few secrets. *She* knew; her records were in apple-pie order.

SIDNEY. How much of this is the government going to grab?

PORTER. Not too much really. The first two hundred and fifty thousand of that is exempt from federal taxes, and the state tax, which starts at fifty thousand, is only a few percent.

SIDNEY. Hmm!

PORTER. (*Closing his briefcase.*) There's one more point, Sidney. I was talking to Maury Escher at the Planning Board meeting last night, and he told me you spoke to him about selling off a few acres.

SIDNEY. (*Looking at the papers.*) I'm not sure that I will now...

PORTER. You can't; not yet, anyway. You'll have to wait till the will goes through probate.

SIDNEY. I know that. I just asked him what he thought I could get.

PORTER. Oh. Then *he* was jumping the gun, not you. I wanted to make sure you were clear on the point.

*Sidney folds the papers thoughtfully and puts them into the desk. Porter looks at his watch.*

End of business. You've gotten off cheap.

SIDNEY. (*Turns, smiles.*) Yes. I'm lucky.

*Porter rises; Sidney does too.*

PORTER. What's the procedure? You dictate and he types?

SIDNEY. No, no, I do my own typing. I'll have him retype the finished product, of course. And he does the letters.

PORTER. (*Has paused by the desk.*) Is that what he was doing before? Letters?