

Maybe. Sometimes. Now and then.

(A beat.)

start

DAVID: Okay, I don't mean to cross *another* line here, but now that we're talking, and since we only have who knows how many more minutes before one of our doctors walks through the door . . . I've also thought about you. Outside of this room, I'm talking now. I feel I should come clean about this.

SUE: You've thought about me?

DAVID: I have.

SUE: (*Turning away a bit.*) But why . . . why would you do that?

DAVID: Am I scaring you?

SUE: A little.

DAVID: I'm sorry, it's just I've thought about what kind of apartment you'd have. I've thought about what your life is like.

(*Then.*)

I've imagined you're a first-grade teacher.

SUE: (*Taken aback by that.*) You have?

DAVID: Yeah. I don't know . . . there was just something about you. Your demeanor. Your scarf. The impeccably patient way you turned the pages of *Us*. I could just see you reading *Where the Wild Things Are* to a class of screaming six-year-olds and keeping your calm while children all around you pulled one another's hair and vomited.

SUE: That's . . . wow.

(Then.)

Okay, I'll be up-front with *you*: In my sessions here, I've been dealing with the ways I put up walls and push people away. And while part of me wants to run screaming into the night now that you've told me all this—or promptly change my sessions to *Tuesdays*, I won't . . . and I'll just . . .

Say thank you.

DAVID: (*Smiles.*) You're welcome.

And just so you know, there's no need to worry about changing your therapy night. Because this is my final session with Dr. Reifenschneider. He's closing up his practice and moving to Vermont to spend his twilight years running this little candle shop. And I only wish I was making that up because that is JUST SO FREUDIAN. I mean, CANDLES?

SUE: (*Laughing.*) Oh my God.

DAVID: So starting next Monday, I'll be seeing Dr. McBee down in the Village. Dr. Reifenschneider says he's around my age and wears shorts in the summer. I'm looking forward to a change of pace.

SUE: I'm sure.

DAVID: But I saw you sitting here tonight, and I don't know, I just decided I had to say hello to you before I could say good-bye.

(*A little beat.*)

SUE: I imagined you were a carpenter.

DAVID: Oh my God, you *did*?

SUE: On several occasions.

DAVID: A carpenter. Holy shit.

SUE: This is very hard for me to say out loud. I'm also dealing with issues of trust and abandonment in my sessions. So you're really pushing all my buttons here tonight.

DAVID: A carpenter, I'm sorry. That's the kind of thing guys *dream* about being mistaken for.

SUE: You have very strong forearms. ^{]- ENH} And I could just tell you knew a clean line when you saw one. I imagined you designed and made your own furniture. These very rough-hewn chairs and benches that you'd rub with linseed oil while NPR played in the background.

DAVID: I love NPR!

SUE: Oh my God, so do I! I'm sorry, *Car Talk*?

DAVID: Please. I don't even have a car, and I live and breathe by *Car Talk*!

SUE: Absolutely!

DAVID: (*Boldly plowing ahead.*) I imagined you lived in Chelsea.

SUE: I imagined you lived up by Columbia.

DAVID: And that you have a cat.

SUE: And that you have this enormous moosehead thing left over from your college years.

DAVID: And that I'd ask out for coffee first, but things would move quite fast from there. We'd have dinner at Gramercy Tavern.