DR. STEPHEN FLEMING:
I brought some sandwiches. I thought it was going to be a nice day. I’ve been thinking about what we should do.

ANNA BARTON:
Do?

DR. STEPHEN FLEMING:
I have to leave Ingrid. There’s no doubt about that. It’s the right thing. It’s the right thing for everybody. I can’t go on. Not like this. I mean what happened in Paris. The way I behaved. I’ve never had feelings like this. I have to get them into some sort of order. I know it will be hard for Martin. He finds-

ANNA BARTON:
He loves me.

DR. STEPHEN FLEMING:
Yes, I know. But he’s young. He’ll get over it.

ANNA BARTON:
He’s your son. He’d hate you.

DR. STEPHEN FLEMING:
He’d hate me for awhile.

ANNA BARTON:
You’d lose him. You’d lose your own son. You’d also destroy the life you’ve made with Ingrid. It’s a good life. What you’re saying doesn’t make sense.

DR. STEPHEN FLEMING:
How come you’re so sure?

ANNA BARTON:
Because in your heart you don’t even want it. You want us to start eating breakfast together?

DR. STEPHEN FLEMING:
Yes, I would like that.

ANNA BARTON:
Would you? Would you actually like it if we lived in the same house, read the papers together? What would you gain if you left Ingrid?
DR. STEPHEN FLEMING:
You. I’d gain you.

ANNA BARTON:
You’d be gaining something you already have. When can you see me?

DR. STEPHEN FLEMING:
Thursday... Thursday at five o’clock.