Bud starts to take off his hat and coat, notices the sock-stretcher in her hand.

BUD
What are you doing with that?

FRAN
I was washing my stockings, so I decided I might as well do your socks.

BUD
Thank you.

FRAN
It's very curious -- I could only find three and a half pair.

BUD
Well, things are a little disorganized around here.

He carries the bag of groceries into the kitchen, Fran trailing after him. During the following, he removes the contents of the bag -- bread, eggs, bacon, spaghetti, ground round, frankfurters, and assorted canned goods -- sets them out on the drainboard.

FRAN
I'd say. What's a tennis racquet doing in the kitchen?

She produces the racquet from behind the stove.

BUD
Tennis racquet? Oh, I remember -- I was cooking myself an Italian dinner. (Fran looks at him oddly)
I used it to strain the spaghetti.

FRAN
(thinking it over)
Why not?
BUD
As a matter of fact, I'm a pretty good cook -- but I'm a lousy housekeeper.

FRAN
Yes, you are,
(indicating the living room)
When I was straightening up the couch, you know what I found? Six hairpins, a lipstick, a pair of false eyelashes, and a swizzle stick from the Stork Club.

BUD
(shrugging)
It's just that I'm the kind of guy who can't say no -- I don't mean to girls -- I mean --

FRAN
You mean to someone like Mr. Sheldrake.

BUD
I guess so.

FRAN
I know so. He's a taker.

BUD
A what?

FRAN
Some people take, some people get took -- and they know they're getting took -- and there's nothing they can do about it.

BUD
I wouldn't say that --
(trying to change the subject)
What would you like to have for dinner? There's onion soup and canned asparagus --
FRAN
I really ought to be getting home.
My family will be flipping by now.

She starts into the living room. Bud follows her.

BUD
You can't leave yet. The doctor says it takes forty-eight hours to get the stuff out of your system.

FRAN
(wistfully)
I wonder how long it takes to get someone you're stuck on out of your system? If they'd only invent some kind of a pump for that --

She sits on the arm of a chair.

BUD
I know how you feel, Miss Kubelik. You think it's the end of the world -- but it's not, really. I went through exactly the same thing myself.

FRAN
You did?

BUD
Well, maybe not exactly -- I tried to do it with a gun.

FRAN
Over a girl?

BUD
Worse than that -- she was the wife of my best friend -- and I was mad for her. But I knew it was hopeless -- so I decided to end it all. I went to a pawnshop and bought a forty-five automatic and drove up to Eden Park -- do you know Cincinnati?
FRAN
No, I don't.

BUD
Anyway, I parked the car and loaded the gun -- well, you read in the papers all the time that people shoot themselves, but believe me, it's not that easy -- I mean, how do you do it? -- here, or here, or here --
   (with cocked finger, he points to his temple, mouth and chest)
-- you know where I finally shot myself?

FRAN
Where?

BUD
(indicating kneecap)
Here.

FRAN
In the knee?

BUD
Uh-huh. While I was sitting there, trying to make my mind up, a cop stuck his head in the car, because I was illegally parked -- so I started to hide the gun under the seat and it went off -- pow!

FRAN
(laughing)
That's terrible.

BUD
Yeah. Took me a year before I could bend my knee -- but I got over the girl in three weeks. She still lives in Cincinnati, has four kids, gained twenty pounds -- she sends me a fruit cake every Christmas.
FRAN
(suddenly suspicious)
Are you just making that up to make me feel better?

BUD
Of course not. Here's the fruit cake.
  (shows it to her under Christmas tree)
And you want to see my knee?
  (starts to raise pant-leg)

FRAN
No, thanks. The fellows in the office may get the wrong idea how I found out.

BUD
So let 'em. Look, I'm going to cook dinner for us. We'll have the fruit cake for dessert. You just sit there and rest. You've done enough for one day.

FRAN
(smiling)
Yes, nurse.

Bud starts happily into the kitchen.