

DAMAGE

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.