

DR. STUART FRAMINGHAM's office again

STUART. (*On phone*) Hiya, babe, it's me. Whatcha doin'? Oh, I'm just waiting for my next patient. Last night was great, wasn't it? It was great. What? So quickly. What is it with you women? You read some

goddamned sex manual and then you think sex is supposed to go on for hours or something. I mean, if you're so frigid you can't get excited in a couple of minutes, that's not my problem. No it isn't. Well, fuck you too. (*Hangs up*) Jesus God. (*Into intercom*) Betty, you can send in the next patient.

(*Enter PRUDENCE*)

STUART. (*Continued*) Hello.

PRUDENCE. Hello.

STUART. What's on your mind this week?

PRUDENCE. Nothing.

STUART. (*Furious*) Goddam it. I don't feel like dragging the words out of you this week. Talk, damn it.

PRUDENCE. What?

STUART. You pay me to listen, so TALK! (*Pause*) I'm sorry, I'm on edge today. And all my patients are this way. None of them talk. Well this one guy talks, but he talks in Yiddish a lot, and I don't know what the fuck he's saying.

PRUDENCE. Well you should tell him that you don't understand.

STUART. Don't tell me how to run my business! Besides, we're here to talk about you. How was your week? Another series of lonely, loveless evenings? I'm still here, babe.