

PORTER glances at his watch and starts opening his briefcase. SIDNEY smiles.

Business time...

PORTER Yes. The first item on the agenda is your will. Now that Myra's gone you ought to look it over. As it stands, if anything should happen to you your cousins in Vancouver would inherit. Do you want to leave it that way? (*Takes a couple of sheets of typewritten paper from his briefcase*)

SIDNEY I don't know; I'll have to think about it.

PORTER Do. Don't put it off. And this is the second item. (*Hands him the papers*) It's only approximate, because I don't have up-to-date appraisals on the real estate yet, but that's roughly what you can anticipate, give or take a few thousand dollars.

SIDNEY (*looks over the pages, and is somewhat surprised*) I didn't know there was this much...

PORTER Then Myra must have been keeping a few secrets. *She* knew; her records were in apple-pie order.

SIDNEY How much of this is the government going to grab?

PORTER Not too much really. The first two hundred and fifty thousand of that is exempt from federal taxes, and the state tax, which starts at fifty thousand, is only a few per cent.

SIDNEY Hmm!

PORTER (*losing his briefcase*) There's one more point, Sidney. I was talking to Maury Escher at the Planning Board meeting last night, and he told me you spoke to him about selling off a few acres.

SIDNEY (*looking at the papers*) I'm not sure that I will now...

PORTER You can't; not yet, anyway. You'll have to wait till the will goes through probate.

SIDNEY I know that. I just asked him what he thought I could get.

SIDNEY (*turning his desk chair to face PORTER and sitting*) Besides, people would talk if I took in a female secretary, wouldn't they?

PORTER If she were under eighty.

SIDNEY That's what I thought. So I called Clifford.

PORTER I'm glad to see you looking so well. That's the main reason I've come. I was delegated, by Elizabeth and the Wessons and the Harveys. That young man has been discouraging all callers and we were afraid you might be in worse shape than he was letting on. But obviously that's not the case.

SIDNEY No. I'm not up to socialising yet but—I'm coming through. (*Touching the typewriter*) The work is a great solace to me...

PORTER What are you on to now?

SIDNEY A play about ESP. Helga ten Dorp is in the McBain cottage, you know.

PORTER Yes, I do. Tell me, is it true what everyone's saying, that—do you mind talking about this?

SIDNEY No, no, not at all. Go ahead.

PORTER Is it true she actually pointed to the spot on the floor where Myra was going to fall?

SIDNEY No, no, no, no, no, no; nothing like that, nothing at all like that. All she did was come in here and say, "There is pain, there is great pain. In this lady's chest." And Myra said, "There's slight pain," and she said, "Still, with your history you should see your doctor." Which is what I'd been telling Myra for days.

PORTER (*picking up his briefcase*) It's uncanny being able to sense things that way. I would think you'd be able to write a very fine thriller on the subject.

SIDNEY It's coming along.