

Dirty Little Secret

a short play

by

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[EXCERPT]

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DIRTY LITTLE SECRET

ANNA REYNOLDS, an attractive and tastefully dressed court-appointed psychiatrist in her late thirties, sits in a large, rather worn, leather armchair. In front of her is a slender desk upon which are several files, one of which is open before her, and a business telephone. Across from her is another armchair, presently unoccupied. ANNA taps her feet impatiently. She looks at her watch. A beat. She presses a button on her phone.

ANNA

Look, Vicki, if he doesn't turn up in the next--

(a knock interrupts her)

Never mind. I see he's here.

(to door)

Come in.

(NICK, a handsome man in his mid to late thirties strides in. He is dressed in expensive designer clothes and has a cocky, world-weary air about him. He stands there a moment, staring down at ANNA.)

NICK

They didn't tell me you'd be a woman.

ANNA

Hello, Mr. Peters.

NICK

And an attractive woman at that.

ANNA

Thank you. Go ahead and take a seat. Would you like a glass of water?

(NICK continues to stand there, smiling a moment, then he takes a chair.)

NICK

Yes, that would be nice.

(ANNA slowly pours Nick a glass of water from a pitcher on her desk as he continues to stare at her.)

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to stare, but you're just not what I expected.

ANNA

And what was that?

NICK

I don't know... youngish, earnest, a little ruffled, definitely male.

ANNA

Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you.

NICK

Did I say I was disappointed?

(ANNA smiles at him.)

ANNA

Shall we get to work?

NICK

Oh yeah, sure. Of course, I don't really see the point of this.

ANNA

You don't.

NICK

I mean, they felt that they had to slap something on me. So this is it. Traffic school for the psyche.

ANNA

Is that how you see this?

NICK

(a beat, then in his most
persuasive tone)

Yes. In fact, I have a little proposition for you. I'll pay for these sessions, maybe even throw in a little extra, your call, and all you have to do is say I came. The courts will be happy and you won't have to work a minute for the money.

(beat)

How does that sound?

ANNA

It's very tempting.

NICK

Then what do you say?

ANNA

I would say it would be a tad unethical, don't you think?

NICK

Maybe, but nobody has to know. And I'm sure you could use the extra hour each week.

ANNA

I could. But, I don't know, I feel that you could get something out of this time with me.

NICK

Why? This whole thing's a farce anyway.

ANNA

You think so?

NICK

Yes, of course. I'm innocent.