

START

WHITESIDE:

~~killings~~. Well, Dickie, would you like a candid camera shot of my left nostril this evening?

RICHARD. I'm all stocked upon those. Have you got a minute to look at some new ones I've taken? *(He hands him snapshots. Richard crosses U. to ottoman, places ottoman L. of wheelchair.)*

WHITESIDE. I certainly have... why, these are splendid, Richard. There's real artistry in them—they're as good as anything by Margaret Bourke-White. *(Richard sits.)* I like all the things you've shown me. This is the essence of photographic journalism.

RICHARD. Say, I didn't know they were as good as that. I just like to take pictures, that's all.

WHITESIDE. Richard, I've been meaning to talk to you about this. You're not just a kid fooling with a camera anymore. These are good. This is what you ought to do. *(Handing back pictures.)* You ought to get out of here and do some of the things you were telling me about. Just get on a boat and get off wherever it stops. Galveston, Mexico, Singapore—work your way through and just take pictures—millions of them, terrible pictures, wonderful pictures—everything.

RICHARD. Say, wouldn't I like to, though! It's what I've been dreaming of for years. If I could do that I'd be the happiest guy in the world.

WHITESIDE. Well, why can't you do it? If I were your age, I'd do it like a shot.

RICHARD. *(Rises, crosses L.)* Well, you know why. Dad.

WHITESIDE. Richard, do you really want to do this more than anything else in the world?

RICHARD. I certainly do.

WHITESIDE. Then do it.

*(June enters up R. to C.)*

~~JUNE. Hello, Dick. Good afternoon, Mr. Whiteside.~~

~~WHITESIDE. Hello, my lovely...~~ So I'm afraid it's up to you, Richard.

RICHARD. *(Crossing to stairs.)* I guess it is. Well, thank you, Mr. Whiteside. You've been swell and I'll never forget it.

WHITESIDE. Righto, Richard.

*(Whiteside takes book from ottoman.)*

END