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What time's he coming?

CLAIR: Around ten.

HENRY: Ten.

CLAIR: His train arrives in nine thirty.

HENRY: I see.

Pause.

I could have met him.

CLAIR: Mmmn?

HENRY: At the station?

CLAIR: Yes. I suggested it.

HENRY: Oh?

CLAIR: Said he'd take a taxi.

HENRY: Uh.

Pause.

HENRY starts to whistle. He moves to the chair, stares at it a moment, sits. The whistling stops.

Silence.

How did he sound?

CLAIR: Sound?

HENRY: On the phone? I mean, did he ... *(Breaks off.)*

CLAIR: What?

HENRY: How did he sound?

CLAIR: *(Stares at ceiling.)* Just sounded ... well, he ... the same.

HENRY: Oh.

Slight Pause.

You seem rather uncertain.

CLAIR: Uncertain?

HENRY: Of how he sounded?

CLAIR: We didn't talk for long.