

Dr. Harper/Abby

Abby: Oh, Dr. Harper, I hope you don't disapprove of Mortimer.

Harper: Well – Abby: We'd feel so guilty if you did – sister Martha and I. I mean since it was here in our home that your daughter met Mortimer.

Harper: Of course, Miss Abby. And so I'll say immediately that I believe Mortimer himself to be quite a worthy gentleman. But I must also admit that I have watched the growing intimacy between him and my daughter with some trepidation. For one reason, Miss Abby.

Abby: You mean his stomach, Dr. Harper?

Harper: Stomach?

Abby: His dyspepsia – he's bothered with it so, poor boy.

Harper: No Miss Abby, I'll be frank with you. I'm speaking of your nephew's unfortunate connection with the theatre.

Abby: The theatre! Oh, no, Dr. Harper! Mortimer writes for a New York newspaper.

Harper: I know, Miss Abby, I know. But a dramatic critic is constantly exposed to the theatre, and I don't doubt but what some of them do develop an interest in it.

Abby: Well not Mortimer. You need have no fear of that. Why, Mortimer hates the theatre.

Harper: Really?

Abby: Oh, yes! He writes awful things about the theatre. But you can't blame him, poor boy. He was so happy writing about real estate, which he really knew something about, and then they just made him take this terrible night position.

Harper: My! My!

Abby: But, as he says, the theatre can't last much longer anyway and in the meantime it's a living. Yes, I think if we give the theatre another year or two, perhaps.