

Mortimer/Elaine

Mortimer: Where do you want to go for dinner?

Elaine: I don't care. I'm not very hungry.

Mortimer: Well, I just had breakfast. Suppose we wait until after the show?

Elaine: But that'll make it pretty late, won't it?

Mortimer: Not with the little stinker we're seeing tonight. From what I've heard about it we'll be at Blake's by ten o'clock.

Elaine: You ought to be fair to these plays.

Mortimer: Are these plays fair to me?

Elaine: I've never seen you walk out on a musical.

Mortimer: That musical isn't opening tonight.

Elaine: *(Disappointed)* No?

Mortimer: Darling, you'll have to learn the rules. With a musical there are always four changes of title and three postponements. They like it in New Haven but it needs a lot of work.

Elaine: Oh, I was hoping it was a musical.

Mortimer: You have such a light mind.

Elaine: Not a bit. Musicals somehow have a humanizing effect on you. After a serious play we join the proletariat in the subway and I listen to a lecture on the drama. After a musical you bring me home in a taxi, and you make a few passes.

Mortimer: Now wait a minute, darling, that's a very inaccurate piece of reporting.

Elaine: Oh, I will admit that after the Behrman play you told me I had authentic beauty – and that's a fool thing to say to a girl. It wasn't until after our first musical you told me I had nice legs. And I have too.

Mortimer: For a minister's daughter you know a lot about life. Where'd you learn it?

Elaine: In the choir loft. Religion never gets as high as the choir loft. Which reminds me, I'd better tell Father not to wait up for me tonight.

Mortimer: *(almost to himself)* I've never been able to rationalize it.

Elaine: What?

Mortimer: My falling in love with a girl who lives in Brooklyn.

Elaine: Falling in love? You're not stooping to the articulate, are you?

Mortimer: The only way I can regain my self-respect is to keep you in New York.

Elaine: Did you say keep?

Mortimer: No, no. I've come to the conclusion that you're holding out for the legalities.

Elaine: I can afford to be a good girl for quite a few years yet.

Mortimer: And I can't wait that long. Where could we be married in a hurry – say tonight?

Elaine: I'm afraid Father will insist on officiating.

Mortimer: Oh, no! I'll bet your father could make even the marriage service sound pedestrian.

Elaine: Are you by any chance writing a review of it?

Mortimer: Forgive me, darling. It's an occupational disease.