

# DORALEE LIB 1A

*(VIOLET marches out of Hart's office, JUDY still behind her. DORALEE enters with a dictation pad as JUDY and VIOLET leave.)*

**DORALEE**

Should we get back to that dictation, sir?

**HART**

First, I want to apologize for my behavior yesterday. I got a little carried away.

**DORALEE**

*(good-naturedly)*

That's alright, I've been chased by swifter men than you and I ain't been caught yet.

**HART**

Y'know ever since I made that stupid mistake about that convention in San Francisco ...

**DORALEE**

Oh Mr. Hart, you didn't make a mistake. You see I'll just have to make sure the next time I'm asked to work at a convention that there is a convention going on.

**HART**

Here's a little something to say I'm sorry. I picked it out myself.

*(Hands her the scarf.)*

**DORALEE**

That's very nice.

**HART**

That's very nothing! I'm a rich man. I've got my checkbook right here. You just say the word and you could write your own figure!

**DORALEE**

I could do that now, I sign your name better than you do.

*(beat)*

Let's get back to the letter.

*(HART knocks over his pencil cup on DORALEE's side of the desk. Pencils scatter to the floor.)*

I'll get it.

*(HART gets to his feet to get a good view of DORALEE's ample cleavage as she bends over to retrieve the pencils.)*

**HART**

Sure you don't need a little help?

*(DORALEE gets to her feet and picks up her pad and pen.)*

**DORALEE**

No, sir, I'm fine. Should we get started?