

TRACY  
He speaketh from experience.

DEXTER  
Ooooh!

TRACY  
Care for a drink, dear?

DEXTER  
Not any more.

TRACY  
... Really! When did that happen?

DEXTER  
You were no helpmate to me, Sam. You were a scold.

TRACY  
Well, maybe you deserved it.

No. 9

Agitato: High Society  
(Orchestra)

DEXTER  
Yes, maybe I did, I'm sure I did, but surely not to the degree that you ladled it out.

TRACY  
You weren't even trying.

DEXTER  
... Trying?

TRACY  
To make something of yourself.

DEXTER  
The way George is doing now, you mean.

TRACY  
Exactly! Yes. This man, Mr. Connor, look at him, this man graduated from Yale at the top of his class!

DEXTER  
Darling ...

TRACY  
This is no time for modesty. If Dexter was not literally at the top of his class, certainly he was close to the top.

DEXTER  
Top half.

TRACY  
Whatever; it's not worth arguing about. What matters is that you graduated! And what does he do with his life? Draws boats.

DEXTER

I like drawing boats.

TRACY

A child of **three** can draw boats!

DEXTER

Not as well as I.

TRACY

The point is, you could have done so much *more*.

DEXTER

I did what I *loved*!

TRACY

Apparently, that was found in a bottle.

DEXTER

No. That, my dear, came after.

TRACY

And after, and after, and after — It was so weak of you!

DEXTER

It was indeed. Have you any weaknesses, Mr. Connor? If you do, don't let Tracy see them. She is a Goddess without Mercy! Who finds human imperfection unforgivable.

TRACY

(like ice)

Only when it's on your level.

DEXTER

I am not the only one who drank.

TRACY

(sudden alarm)

Dexter—

DEXTER

In fact, I remember one summer night ...

TRACY

*Don't you dare!*

DEXTER

Why, Sam? It's you at your best. Should've happened more.

(to Mike)

One night, our virgin goddess here slipped off her marble pedestal and got herself rip-roaring drunk on champagne—

TRACY (during the above)

Dexter, Dexter—

DEXTER

—then climbed out on the roof—

TRACY

DEXTER!

DEXTER

—and stood there, stark naked, arms outstretched to the moon, **WAILING LIKE A BANSHEE!**

(During this, Mike slips away unnoticed)

TRACY

I told you I have never had the slightest recollection of doing any such thing! Anyway, whether it happened or not is irrelevant now; I no longer drink champagne!

DEXTER

Well, maybe you should take it up again.

(turning)

Mr. Connor, wouldn't you say that—

(They see that Mike is gone)

TRACY

... Would have made a nice story for "Spy."

DEXTER

Too bad we can't supply photographs of you on the roof.

TRACY

Honestly, Dexter, the fuss you made over that silly incident! Which is not to say it actually ever happened—

DEXTER

Wonder how George would react.

TRACY

You wouldn't dare—

DEXTER

I'm not sure he'd approve!

TRACY

If you—

DEXTER

**ACTUALLY!** —come to think of it—I don't approve of George. You know why? *Because he's beneath you!*

TRACY

"Beneath—" How dare you, in this day and age use such an idiotic and hateful—

DEXTER

I'm talking about difference in mind and spirit! You could marry Mac, the night watchman, and I'd cheer you on. But Kittredge?