

MOTHER LORD (horrified)
Dinah, what do you know?

DINAH
Oh, I listen around.

MOTHER LORD
Is there no such thing as privacy?

DEXTER
I think I'd better talk to your father about the rest.

TRACY
Well, you won't find him here.

DINAH
(glaring at Tracy as she talks)
Tracy talked Mother into kicking him out.

MOTHER LORD
That is not at all what happened!

DINAH
I'm just reporting what the staff thinks.

MOTHER LORD
Oh my God ...

DINAH
Tracy hasn't invited him to the wedding, either.

TRACY
Father does not **deserve** to come!

DINAH
Well, I think it stinks.

MOTHER LORD
Don't say "stinks," darling. If absolutely necessary,
"smells" — but only if absolutely necessary.

DINAH
All right — I think it smells.

MOTHER LORD
I agree.

TRACY
Mother!

MOTHER LORD
Tracy, you wanted me to take a stand, and I've taken it, so
why don't we just leave it at that?

DEXTER

Maybe. Kidd was grateful I'd saved his life, and asked if there was something he could do in return. I suggested he kill the piece.

MOTHER LORD

And ... ?

DEXTER

He said that was asking a bit too much. *But!* If I could get a "Spy" reporter and photographer in to cover your wedding, then he'd kill the piece.

TRACY

You know what I think? *Let it run!*

MOTHER LORD

Tracy!

TRACY

It would serve Father right!

MOTHER LORD

Yes, and think what it would do to our family — to say nothing of poor George, who knows about none of this!

DINAH

Not even about Uncle Willie?

MOTHER LORD

What are you talking about?

DINAH

Uncle Willie and the chambermaids?

MOTHER LORD

Dinah! *Dinah!*

TRACY

No, Mother's right. We have no other choice; we've been hooked! And now I'm to be examined, undressed, and generally humiliated at fifteen cents a copy.

(to Dexter, with a glare)

And you are loving it, aren't you!?

DEXTER

Am I, Sam?

TRACY

Mother?

MOTHER LORD

She doesn't like us calling her Sam anymore.

DEXTER

Ah ...

TRACY

Anyway! If we have to submit, I'm for giving them a picture of home life that will positively stand their hair on end!

MOTHER LORD

Oh no! Tracy, promise me you'll behave like a lady, if only for my sake.

TRACY

I'll do my best, Mrs. Lord. Not sure how good that will be.

(Smiling wickedly, Tracy exits)

MOTHER LORD

Oh, Dexter, I have the worst feeling ... Tracy! Tracy!

No.3d

TRANSITION: HIGH SOCIETY
(Orchestra)

(She rushes after Tracy)

DINAH

(seeing that they're alone)

Now you can tell me the truth.

DEXTER

... The truth?

DINAH

Yes. Tracy's not here. *What's your plan?*

(He stares at her, still unsure)

... To save Tracy. From a fate worse than death! 'Cause I don't think she's going to go with you willingly.

DEXTER

(Now he knows what she means)

Dinah ... Some things are possible; some things may not be.

DINAH

You're going to let her go *through* with this?

DEXTER

Dinah—

DINAH

No! I don't want to hear!

(She rushes off, distraught)

DEXTER

Dinah! Dinah ...

(Dexter stares after her, distraught.
Staff appear)