

SCENE SIX

(Mike looks around. Liz starts snapping photos)

MIKE

Liz, I tell you, places like this really bring out the Bolshevik in me.

LIZ

(as she works)

Really. Have you been in places like this a lot?

MIKE

Never.

(She gives him a look)

Doesn't matter! Look around. You can just tell what these people are like.

LIZ

Rich.

MIKE

Very rich.

LIZ

Filthy rich.

MIKE

And it's wrong!

LIZ

Right. We should have the money.

(He stares at her in shock)

MIKE

... You don't really mean that, do you?

LIZ

No! No, of course not. Perish the thought!

(She moves on, snapping photos. Mike, recovering from his shock, takes out his notebook: *time to be professional*)

MIKE

So, what do you make of this guy Haven? I mean, why's he doing this? Setting up this charade?

LIZ

Revenge on his ex-wife, I would think.

MIKE

Lovely. "C.K. Dexter Haven. Tracy Samantha Lord." I mean, what kind of names are those? "C.K. Dexter Haven!"

LIZ

"Macaulay Connor's" no homespun tag, my pet.

MIKE

Yeah? Well at least it's an honest name.

LIZ

I knew a plain Joe Smith once. He was only a clerk in a hardware store, but he was an absolute rat.

(He looks at her, puzzled. She moves on, blithely snapping photos)

MIKE

Liz. Listen. I just had a wild idea. What do you say we come clean and tell 'em we're reporters?

LIZ

I would say, off hand, that is not one of your better ideas.

MIKE

Dammit Liz, I'm a writer not a society snoop! And you should be painting, not taking photos of the insides of people's closets. I mean, why the hell are we doing this?

LIZ

To eat?

MIKE

Well, it's degrading.

LIZ

So is starvation.

MIKE

Yeah? Well, I think there are other ways to earn a living.

LIZ

Maybe the Lords will give us pointers.

MIKE

Liz! Even as a joke ...

LIZ

You're right, you're right! What am I thinking of?

No. 6b

Dinah's Entrance
(Orchestra)

(Enter, Dinah, in toe shoes and tutu)