

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?

TRACY

You seem so contemptuous of me...

DEXTER

No, Sam, not of you —never of you.

No. 9a

"Once Upon A Time"

If I'm contemptuous of anything, it's of something inside you.

(sings)

ONCE UPON A TIME,
HIGH ABOVE THE SEA,
LIVED A LITTLE WELL-BRED GIRL
PERFECT AS CAN BE
LUCKY LITTLE PRINCESS
IN HER HAND-EMBROIDERED DRESS,
SAID, "AM I NOT A PRINCESS?"
AND THE WHOLE WORLD ANSWERED, "YES!"

EVERY TOY INTACT,
EVERY NAIL UNBITTEN,
SHE SMILED UPON HER PERFECT WORLD,
AND STROKED HER PERFECT KITTEN
THE PEDESTAL ON WHICH SHE RESTED
SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE TO CLIMB
FOR MORTALS ... ONCE UPON A TIME

Sam, you could be the finest woman on this earth, but you won't be —not till you learn to have some regard for human frailty.

TRACY

So help me, Dexter, if you say another word ...

DEXTER

It's a pity your own foot can't slip a little sometime— see what it's like for the rest of us.

(Enter, George)

No. 9b

Music Box
(Orchestra)

GEORGE

Well, I suppose I should object to this twosome!

DEXTER

I was just going. Oh! Almost forgot. I left you a little gift. It's not your actual wedding present, you understand —that I'll give you later —but it's part of it.

(Dexter puts the package in plain view, gives George a look, then exits.)

George unwraps it.

It's the model of a yacht)