

TRACY

Oh, George ...

(She lets George lead her away. A moment later, Mike enters, holding a champagne bottle. It seems he has been following George on the sly, and so far, George has not noticed him.)

Mike follows Tracy and George)

ALL THE SERVANTS

(as a round)

HAVE A DRINK, IN FACT HAVE TWO!  
DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT WE'VE HAD A FEW!  
WELL, DID YOU EVAH?  
WHAT A SWELL PARTY THIS IS!

(The set changes to ...)

SCENE FIVE

(THE WOODED GROUNDS OF UNCLE WILLIE'S HOUSE. There's a full moon. Through the trees, one can see water.)

George is with Tracy)

GEORGE

Tracy, believe it or not, it is now almost 5 a.m.—  
(looking at his wrist-watch)  
—4:56 to be precise.

TRACY

(looking at her own watch)  
Mine says 4:51.

(Mike saunters on)

MIKE

(checking his watch)  
Mine must've stopped.

GEORGE

You stay out of this, Connor! Now look here, Tracy—

TRACY

Oh, all right! But ... just one more drink!

(She goes for Mike's bottle;  
George stops her)

GEORGE

Not for you, I'm afraid.

TRACY

But why should you be afraid, George? Champagne has no effect on me whatsoever. Not in the slightest!

MIKE

I think what she really wants is another dance with you.

GEORGE

I told you to stay out of this, Connor! You've been far too attentive as it is.

TRACY

George, George please! What will the neighbors think?

GEORGE

Are you coming or not?

TRACY  
(She ponders)

... Not.

(still pondering)

... Though, eventually, I suppose I will.

GEORGE

Tracy, I have no idea what's come over you tonight, but for both our sakes, I am going to assume it won't happen again.

(Exit, George. Tracy struggling to stifle laughter)

TRACY

George makes such an odd face when he's upset. Sort of like a squirrel ...

MIKE

Tracy, you can't marry that guy.

(She horse laughs)

I mean it.

TRACY

Why?

MIKE

Because he's not good enough for you, that's why. And I'm not talking about the money part, or pedigree, but about his *mind*—or what *passes* for a mind, because I tell you stupidity sits upon George Kittredge like a crown!

TRACY

I have never in my life seen rudeness on a level such as this!  
(Tracy starts to leave)

MIKE

Actually, neither have I! No, don't go 'way. I've just had a vision: Marry George, and you will sleep through the rest of your life.

(Another insight hits)

... Which is why you're so drawn to him!

(And then another insight hits)

George Kittredge is your safe haven—after Dexter.

(looking at the champagne in awe)

This stuff is amazing!

TRACY

You know what you are?

MIKE

No, please, tell me, because, as of this moment, I don't have a clue!

TRACY

You are a *snob*.

MIKE

(petulant as a child)

I am not!

TRACY

You am—*are*, too, and there's no use denying it!

MIKE

Come on ...

TRACY

You are a snob, Mr. Connor! And the worst kind, too: an *intellectual* snob—the sort who makes up his mind about people when he's hardly even met them—people like, yes, George Kittredge, there you are, good example: just because George is not as nimble-witted as you, or me, or Dexter, or Dinah—in fact, just about anyone you can think of—is no reason to condemn him! George has more than enough intelligence for a career in politics. George is honest, George is strong, and when George says he's is going to do a thing, he *does* it!

MIKE

He certainly does!

TRACY

Oh, your damned intolerance! It just infuriates me, it really does! And I'm going to tell you something else, too, Mr. Know-It-All-Connor, and ready or not, here it comes: the fact is, you will never be a first-rite writer—rate writer, or first-rate human being, until you learn to have some small regard for human frai—

(She catches herself and turns away, eyes wide with alarm)

Aren't the wildflowers pretty tonight?

No. 17a

"You're Sensational"

Is it not a lovely night? Yes! Look! The stars ...

MIKE

My God, you are wonderful.

(She turns back to him, startled)

I'VE NO PROOF

WHEN PEOPLE SAY YOU'RE MORE OR LESS ALOOF.

BUT YOU'RE SENSATIONAL.

I DON'T CARE

IF YOU ARE CALLED "THE FAIR MISS FRIGIDAIRE"

'CAUSE YOU'RE SENSATIONAL.

MAKING LOVE IS QUITE AN ART.

WHAT YOU REQUIRE IS THE PROPER SQUIRE TO FIRE YOUR HEART.