

TILLIE

By the way, Dolly. Why don't you move out to Brooklyn? Harlem has gotten to be such a cesspool of nobodies.

DOLLY

Oh, I'm holding my ground on Strivers Row.

TILLIE

Why the hoi polloi has invaded and ruined Harlem.

DOLLY

True, we all live in the same area, but we don't travel in the same circle.

TILLIE

You may, but what about Cobina?

DOLLY

My daughter never associates with anyone without my approval.

TILLIE

Then what was she doing at the benefit party at the Savoy Ballroom last week — slumming?

DOLLY

I tell you, we did not participate. I purchased tickets, but when I found out the affair was unrestricted, I gave my tickets to the grocery boy.

TILLIE

I could have sworn I saw that child with some moonfaced boy — looking as brown and broke as Haile Selassie.

DOLLY

And what were *you* doing there?

TILLIE

Only to cover the event for my newspaper. My social reporter was ill because she didn't want to become a mother. But her ordeal was nothing compared to those nobodies. That awful Dr. Davis swung me around doing the Atomic Flop.

DOLLY

Oh — you're too rigid.

TILLIE

Will he be here tonight?

DOLLY

Of course, he and his wife.

TILLIE

I'll join you for a headache when they arrive.

DOLLY

Listen, I'm having a debutante party — not a jamboree.

TILLIE

If it's all you say it will be, then I'll carry it in the front page of the *Black Dispatch* next week.

DOLLY

Which will be far better than this week's headline — "Three in Bed Causes Divorce."

TILLIE

People like dirt — and I believe in digging deep into it for them.

DOLLY

You should elevate their readership.

TILLIE

What else is there to print besides news about these charitable affairs! If someone is born, marries, or dies, he's given a benefit. Only other event is news about the antics of these dizzy debs.

DOLLY

Charity is for the devil's poor. Society is for God's chosen few. Debs do silly things, mixing society and charity. But they aren't half as bad as these roue widows clinging to these chippy boys.

TILLIE

Er — er — well a modern woman must have an escort.

DOLLY

Be thankful that you still have your reputation.

TILLIE

Reputation is only what your worst enemy thinks!