

**OSCAR**

I was hoping I wouldn't have to tell you this. But if that deal doesn't go through, if I don't sell Miss Jackson those lots, we will lose this house.

**DOLLY**

Now that wasn't very bright.

**OSCAR**

Doubt it, huh? Well, notes on the mortgage have been mounting. They have not been paid for months. Slipping because I have not had the money.

**DOLLY**

You have the money. You should have paid them. You keep reinvesting the profits.

**OSCAR**

You guzzle the bulk of every dollar I make.

**DOLLY**

Me?

**OSCAR**

Yes you! Who must keep up with Tillie and the rest of those greenback burners. From one resort to another, Atlantic City, Saratoga, Martha's Vineyard, a roving band of gypsies cannot keep pace with you. Clothes, clothes, enough to supply the Ethiopian Army. Money, more money! Radcliffe itself, costing me a Scotch fortune! Where do you think it is coming from? I ain't Father Divine!

**DOLLY**

You are exaggerating.

**OSCAR**

I most certainly am. This party, almost two thousand dollars. More gowns, band — liquor for a bunch of beer drinkers. I got to pay for it. All this for you. Yet you accuse me of throwing —

[ *Spots the vacancy sign — blasting.*]

and that sign!

I told you to keep that sign in the window. How can I rent those rooms upstairs. I have to have some money. I told you. What do you reserve them for — guests? Guests who don't pay.

I'll show you, I will put a turnstile to the third floor, and your guests will have to drop a silver dollar in it before they go up there and pile on one of those idle beds.

### **DOLLY**

Oscar, my friends!

### **OSCAR**

Shut up! Your vanity has run me into a hold. Your vanity is going to pull me out or it'll crack like the walls of Jericho.

You shall pave the way for Miss Jackson or move into the Harlem River Flats — and like it — the F·H·A· is doing all the real estate business, anyway.