

SOPHIE

It's beyond me why some colored people — even "the well — bred ones" — have such unbred feet.

DOLLY

[*Entering with mail and a newspaper.*]

Lovely! Lovely! Scores of people have R — S — V — Peed!

SOPHIE

Any mail for me?

DOLLY

No, dear. Nobody wrote to you.

SOPHIE

Who cares. The only male I'm interested in wears pants.

DOLLY

A reply from Dr' Leon Davis and his wife, Louise.

SOPHIE

His hands stray too much on foreign territory.

DOLLY

How nice! Judge and Mrs' Tucker, true born aristocrats.

SOPHIE

They may be aristocrats, but that son is a acrobat. He —

DOLLY

And George P' Muzzumer, the undertaker tycoon. Why, the money he has!

SOPHIE

You know, when my fourth husband died, he wouldn't let him down in his grave until I paid a deposit on his funeral.

DOLLY

Rita Richpot — Rita Richpot —?

SOPHIE

That's the former Rita Kale. You see, Dr` Kale ain't filling her prescription no more.

DOLLY

What's that?

SOPHIE

He pulled that mink coat off her and put her tail out on the turf.

DOLLY

Heavens! Then I must retract my invitation. I'll telephone her — make some excuse for her not to come. When people drop their morals, I drop them from my guest book.

Couples are so dizzy now a days. They change one another faster than you can change the bed linen.

SOPHIE

That do'd it! My salary, please.

DOLLY

Oh — come now, Sophie — there's something between us bigger than salaries.

SOPHIE

It sure is. And that's my bill.