

JOE MANN, *walks around says reflectively:*
She isn't his equal but his superior.

MRS. STRANGE-ADE

Even a man of your reputation recognizes that woman is—

JOE MANN:

Yes, reputation! But there's nothing wrong in my dual personality.

MRS. STRANGE-ADE

"Dual!" Aha—he admits it.

INEZ:

Give him enough rope and he will hang himself.

MRS. STRANGE-ADE

The old renegade—Adam.

INEZ:

The woman tempted him.

JOE MANN, *in despair:*

If I could only get in a word edgewise—

(Lucinda begins to feel sorry for her old employer and tries to excuse Joe's supposed offense, but the palliation is misunderstood by Mrs. Strange-Ade).

LUCINDA, *coming forward:*

The poor old woman.

MRS. STRANGE-ADE

That's a thin alibi for a woman living alone in the house with a man of his reputation. But I tried to shield them, too, until I married my fourth—

LUCINDA, *staggering back:*

She even questions my character.

MRS. STRANGE-ADE, *to Joe:*

You are the man who believes in the fundamental principle that God gave woman the task to bear children when He condemned man to earn the bread by the sweat of his brow; and allowed him the happy privilege to help perpetuate the race, as a reward for being the bread-winner, and yet—

JOE MANN:

The fundamental principle still holds good, but—

MRS. STRANGE-ADE

And yet, you abuse the privilege and demoralize social laws by giving to the world nameless children, and by squandering the family exchequer on affluence—

JOE MANN:

But—but, I'm not married and never had any child—

MRS. STRANGE-ADE

Oh, I suppose you never married because supporting a wife is too great a return for helping to perpetuate the race in wedlock.

INEZ, *in loud whisper:*

Don't forget—he's a man— Humor him.

JOE MANN:

My dear Mrs. Strange-Ade—

MRS. STRANGE-ADE:

"My dear!" Now don't get gay— You can't bribe me with terms of endearment.

INEZ:

He may not be guilty— Use more diplomacy. Don't antagonize. I flatter him.

MRS. STRANGE-ADE:

Do you want him to look like Happy Hooligan when he puts on his hat? What did the Angel get? (Dramatically) "From morn to noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve." I haven't his number, but it was some number and some fell from Heaven to Chicago.

(Joe Mann who has been opening and shutting his mouth trying to get in a word, invokes Mina).

JOE MANN:

For the love of Mike— Tell her who I am, Mina.