

MISS DOROTHY

My very first poor person!

MILLIE

(*Her feathers ruffled.*)

Hey, I'm broke, not poor.

MISS DOROTHY

There's a difference?

MILLIE

And how! Poor sounds permanent, broke can be fixed. I have a plan so far ahead of its time, it's almost *too* bold, *too* daring, *too* new woman!

MISS DOROTHY

You're frightening me!

MILLIE

Yeah? Then this'll straighten your curls: I'm going to marry my boss!

MISS DOROTHY

When?

MILLIE

I don't know. I haven't got one yet!

MISS DOROTHY

Surely you believe that love—

MILLIE

Has nothing to do with it! Don't you read *Vogue*? This month's issue clearly states that modern marriage is a *business* arrangement. Love comes later, occasionally with the man you're actually married to.

MISS DOROTHY

Where will you find him?

MILLIE

The classifieds. I've been interviewing boss after boss, but so far, married, married, engaged, married, single-and-I-can-see-why—

MISS DOROTHY

Don't you read the tabloids?

MISS DOROTHY (CONT'D)

(Removes a newspaper from her purse and shows it to MILLIE.)

I find they really capture the flavor of the huddled masses.

MILLIE

"Manhattan's Most Eligible Bachelors."

MISS DOROTHY

"The movers and shakers that make Manhattan tick!" All of whom need wives....

MILLIE

And one of whom must need a stenog!

We haven't met. Millie Dillmount.

MISS DOROTHY

And I'm Miss Dorothy Brown, from California.