

BODKINS. Excellent presentation, Dexter, old chap.

DEXTER. As was yours, Bodkins. Positively inspired.

MASSEE. You were *both* brilliant, as always.

DEXTER. Thanks, Masee, old boy.

MASSEE (*holding up a paper*). But *I* was stuck with reading *this* one—"On the Germination of the Spores of the Agaricineae." Tsk, tsk, tsk.

BODKINS. An hypothesis full of holes.

DEXTER. No conclusive evidence whatsoever.

MASSEE. What can you expect from an uneducated scientist?

BODKINS. An untrained artist.

DEXTER. A woman, no less.

MASSEE. I shall write Miss Potter a polite—but pointed—rejection note.

BODKINS. Good idea, Masee.

DEXTER. Well, shall we go to the club for a pint or two?

MASSEE. Indeed, we've earned it. (*They begin to leave.*)

BODKINS. Dexter, old boy, I solidly embrace your theory on the regeneration of the—(*They exit as the scene returns to the Potter home.*)