

21 INT. MOUNT VERNON PARLOR - NIGHT

James Craik stands opposite Elizabeth, reading lines with her from Cato. They are both absolutely terrible. Washington observes, amused.

ELIZABETH (on-the-nose angst)
...the proudest Roman blushed to
hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.
Oh, Juba! Juba!

CRAIK
What means that voice?
Did she not call on Juba?

ELIZABETH
Why do I think on what he was?
He's dead! He's dead, and never knew
how much I loved him! Lucia,
who knows but this poor...

CRAIK
Where am I? Do I live?
Or am indeed what Marcia thinks?
All is Elysium round me!
(Breaking character)
What does that even mean,
'All is Elysium round me?'

ELIZABETH
Doctor Craik, you interrupted me.

CRAIK
Pardon me, lassie.
The print is barely legible.

ELIZABETH
I'm afraid that there is just not
any chemistry between us.
Perhaps I should read with George.