Mrs. Robinson:

Mono #1 (*Mrs. Robinson has been drinking*) Long gone away somewhere I don't know, I met your father, he use t'sing t'me. We'd be go someplace and he would sing. He could sing. But not the high notes. Some songs he couldn't get those high notes. So at school I had this teacher. Who taught the choir and the piano and the oboe, but the choir, so I know if you singing high up there you must think you breathing in, not out, as you go up…you understand? So one night. In the car. I taught him. And right away, he could. And all of the spngs he used to sing…to *want* to sing…suddenly…he could sing 'em. And you know what? He never sang to me again

Mono #2 You know what? You never stood a chance. Elaine's never made a decision in her life without climbing into her father's lap for a couple of hours. When Elain was two years old and all the other brats were screaming, she sat and read picture books. When she was…about that old, she never asked for a Tootsie Roll, let alone Disneyland. All through her teens she never came home late, drunk, her blouse unbuttoned or her ears pierced. Elaine's never wanted anything. I've waited twenty years to see if she developed any personality of her own, but no. She inherited her father's dreary diligence and that enduring dullness. She's cute but shallow, Benjamin. Believe the wrapping, believe me, there is no Elaine.