Ernest, Rudolph, Notary

ERNEST: Well, in manners of courtship, that'll be the least of your worries. There's only one thing to be done – defy the law and come to life again.

RUDOLPH: Defy the law? Why I don't think I could do that.

NOTARY: When gentlemen are suffering the injustice of the law the customary thing is to retain an attorney.

ERNEST: You? You're the one who got us into this mess. A Statutory Duel! And yet, I'd do anything if I can only come to life and marry Julia.

NOTARY: Anything?

ERNEST: Anything!

NOTARY: Very good. (*Gestures to them to gather round him.*) Now, why break the law? Why not simply get around it?

ERNEST: What do you mean?

NOTARY: It's quite customary. Everybody does it … at least the 1%. Nobody could afford to pay your taxes otherwise. What is required for the occasion is a loophole.

BOTH: A loophole?

NOTARY: A loophole. Something in the law hitherto overlooked or not understood by the *hoi polloi*, which may perhaps give the two of you an advantage over the uninitiated.

ERNEST: It sounds very shady. Are you sure it's all right?

NOTARY: All right? I make no moral judgments. I serve my clients. It will be legal.

RUDOLPH: Well, as long as it's legal, I consent.

NOTARY: Together we must evolve a *coup d'etat*. Something extraordinary and unexpected. Something to make the blood boil. But subtle. With just the right touch of intellectual drollery.

RUDOLPH: But all perfectly legal?

NOTARY: Oh yes – perfectly legal. Finding the loophole's the tricky part.

RUDOLPH: And let me guess, you bill by the hour.

NOTARY: There's another way?