

Dialogue #2, Pages 39-40

MARGARET. If this were a movie you'd invite me to go with you on a European adventure.

PATTY. Oh. Oh, now there's an idea.

MARGARET. And we'd end up in Italy-- two eccentric American women of a certain age traipsing around Tuscany looking at and learning about art and architecture and life.

PATTY. I like what you're saying sweetie, I really do.

MARGARET. And bored and needing a new horizon to gaze upon, we take ourselves to the Amalfi Coast.

PATTY. OOh, oh, oh! I love it there! You've never seen anything more beautiful in your entire life!

MARGARET. And we stay in a charming little hotel that's built into a cliff overlooking the sea.

PATTY. They have 'em, they absolutely do.

MARGARET. And there's a young, well-built, beautiful, Italian named Vitorrio, who does work around the hotel. And every other night after twelve he sneaks into my room and makes passionate love to me.

PATTY. Oh honey, you go on and shimmy like your sister Kate.

MARGARET. And I fall madly in love with him, and I tell him that I can't have enough of him and I ask him, beg him, to start coming to me every night.

PATTY. It might just be the wine, but I am not judging you, not for one single solitary second. Go on!

MARGARET. But he tells me he can't.

PATTY. Awwww....

MARGARET. He tells me he's in love with someone else.

PATTY. No!

MARGARET. He tells me he's in love with you.

PATTY. Wait ... What?!

MARGARET. Yes, apparently, he's been coming to each of us on opposite nights, and he can't deny his feelings any longer. He has to have you and only you.

PATTY. No, no, no! Absolutely not.

MARGARET. But that's what happens. He leaves me and goes straight to your room and asks you to move to Italy for him. Of course you agree, and as I hear the sounds of your lovemaking from down the hall, I throw my shutters open and hurl myself into the sea.

PATTY. Eeeewww! NOW you take that back right now!

MARGARET. Sorry. Can't be done.

PATTY. But I just couldn't live with myself after that. Not even with that Vitorrio doing right by me on the Amalfi Coast.

MARGARET. Yes you could.

PATTY. No, no, no, not for one single solitary day.

MARGARET. Well, that's too bad. I could.

PATTY. No you couldn't.

MARGARET. I hate to disappoint you but I'd have no problem living out my days blissfully contented.

PATTY. No! Absolutely not. It's not in you. It's just not. I know you, and you wouldn't do that to me. You couldn't!

MARGARET. You don't know me.

PATTY. Well, no, I guess not when you get right down to it, but sitting here I've --

MARGARET. You don't. And I don't know you. Not really. *(Beat.)* Let's not kid ourselves. *(Silence.)*

PATTY. Let's do it, Let's go to Italy. Let's do the first part of that movie you made up. And if we show up at a hotel and there's a Vitorrio working there, we'll just switch hotels.

MARGARET. Like I said, it's just a movie.

PATTY. Yes, but --

MARGARET. And I have a feeling some variation on that story has been filmed already, and if it hasn't, it will be, and it most likely did or will star Maggie Smith.

PATTY. Oh. What a disappointment.