

Patty monologue, page 27-28

PATTY: You're darn right I dare. I don't like the Kennedys. Is that a sacrilege? Is that a crime? You're lucky, honey, that you live on one of the coasts of this country where you liberals can hate the rest of us and not feel bad about it. But hate is hate, darlin', I can smell it on you. You're feeling real comfortable looking down on me, all of you feeling so safe on those educated, liberal, expensive islands called Washington and New York and Los Angeles and San Francisco. Well, guess what? There is a huge ocean that you're sitting on the edges of, and it's made up of the rest of us. Walk into a Howard Johnson's sometime in Oklahoma or Nebraska and give a listen to what the folks who feed you and protect you so you can live the privileged life that you don't even appreciate -- Give a listen to what they're talking about. I've been there! Have you?!

(Margaret cannot respond. Patty rummages through her purse.)

PATTY: Pathetic. Thinking you know everything. I've traveled through every single one of these United States. How many of your enlightened friends can say that?

(Margaret starts to gather her things and get up.) (Patty slams a picture down on the table.)

PATTY: That is my son. Didn't know I had a son now did you? No. Not only because you didn't ask, but because you don't really care, now do you? He died over in Afghanistan, and before that he was in Iraq. Before he joined up he said to me, "Mama, if I'm gonna go fight for my country, I oughta see it, don't you think?" He wanted to see what he was gonna be fighting for before he committed to it. So instead of going away that year with Pamela, I took that money, and my son and I rented a trailer and we took off, going through every single state, even Alaska. Sorry Hawaii, but that didn't quite work out. I heard what people have to say and what they're thinking about and what they're scared of. I almost got into fistfights with people who pray the way I pray, and I learned more than a thing or two from people whose beliefs I despised, so don't look at me like you got me all figured out, 'cause you don't! Oh stop it! I don't wanna hear your bullshit, pardon my French. You going all silent on me back there just because you've decided I'm less than you because I have my own ideas and thoughts about what is right and what is wrong in this world. You gotta hold on to what you believe in. It's even more important now.

You said it yourself! People used to wear gloves! They were polite! And people can yell all they want about progress. What progress?! All I see is simple human decency and integrity falling apart and dying away, and I sure don't see anybody gathering in the rear ready to take over. And don't you go on at me about a change in Washington. Nothing has changed. And I believed - I hoped -- I had so much hope. But it don't ever change, no matter who's living in the White House or running the Congress. So what's left then? Jesus Christ, that's what. My deep abiding relationship with my faith is the one thing in this diseased world that I can still count on 'cause there ain't nothing else left! Walter Cronkite may be dead, but God is not, I hate to disappoint you. And with that I think I'll be going.