

SIDE #6

BEVERLY: [REDACTED]

JANEY: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] something like that, the
[REDACTED]

JANEY: And when? [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

JANEY: I [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

BEVERLY: [REDACTED]

JANEY: Oh my God, You? [REDACTED]

BEVERLY: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Tell me about it.

BEVERLY: Really? [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

BEVERLY: Well, Janey, Rome is a city that breathes in beauty and exhales history. Everywhere you turn, every little side street or alley you stroll down brings you to a landmark more famous than the last. Trevi Fountain, the Pantheon, the Arch of Constantine, the Colosseum, all laid out before you like a banquet of history. And then there's the food. I swear, Janey, nobody cooks like the

Italians cook. The care, the love, the passion they put into cooking puts us to shame. And the people. They are so alive! The men wearing their machismo like a crown, and the women— Oh, the women, Janey. The way they carry themselves. Heads held high, dark hair flowing, hips swaying provocatively, and a confident stride that says, “I own this pavement beneath my feet. It is bought and paid for.” Yes, Italian women are the most exciting women in the world. You would feel very much at home there.

JANEY: Yes. What?

BEVERLY: You’d fit right in.

JANEY: Me? You think so?

BEVERLY: Walk for me.

JANEY: Walk?

BEVERLY: Walk, Janey Fluck. I’ll bet you carry yourself every bit as proudly as those Roman women do.

JANEY: Oh, I doubt that.

BEVERLY: I’ll venture you do.

JANEY: Nooooo.

JANEY begins to walk around the yard, trying to emulate the walk that BEVERLY has just described.

I mean, I’m just little Janey Fluck from Sawyer Street in Nowheresville. I could never walk like they do. I wouldn’t even know where to begin.

BEVERLY: Saints be praised.

JANEY: What's wrong?

BEVERLY: I feel as though I'm standing in front of the Pantheon right now. No! No, I'm sitting at a sidewalk café. Sipping a glass of red wine. And who is this stunning woman who has caught my eye? This model of vibrant womanhood.

JANEY: Oh, stop.

BEVERLY: Who is she? I am mesmerized.

HILDA: [Redacted]

JANEY: [Redacted]

[Redacted]

JANEY: [Redacted]

HILDA: [Redacted]

JANEY: [Redacted]

[Redacted]

JANEY: [Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

HILDA: [Redacted]

JANEY: [Redacted]

HILDA: [Redacted]