

OLDER PATRICK

2-4-32

99

PATRICK

(Awkwardly)

START →

I was going to tell you, Auntie Mame, but -- things kept getting in the way.

MAME

What things?

PATRICK

Well -- I knew it would take you a while to get used to the Upsons.

MAME

Are you used to them? The way they think? The way they live?

PATRICK

Auntie Mame, it's very simple. I'm in love.

(His hand goes in his pocket,
comes out smeared with goo)

What the hell is this?

MAME

What you're in love with, what you're stuck with -- peanut butter, tuna-fish, and clam juice as long as you live. Is that what you want?

PATRICK

Auntie Mame, I've been mixed up with a pretty crazy bunch of screws and nuts most of my life. I guess it didn't hurt me -- but I damned well want to protect my little Glory from people like that!

MAME

You mean people like me.

PATRICK

I didn't say that. I'd just rather my Glory didn't know about a lot of things that ordinary, decent human beings don't have to know about.

MAME

So you want to spend the rest of your life in that restricted dandelion patch with little Miss Schlitz-head?

PATRICK

(Stunned)

Forget it. Forget you ever met the Upsons. And forget you ever met me.

(He strides out)

MAME

(Calling after him)

Patrick.

