

*2 older  
women  
classy cat fight*

SHIRA: Emily!

[They hug awkwardly.]

EMILY: Hello, Shira! I'm here to rescue you. I've got a table for you and Mitchum right in the center.

SHIRA: Oh, bless you, Emily. I'm undeserving.

EMILY: Nonsense. It was a terrible mistake and it must be rectified!

SHIRA [points to the singing group]: Aren't they amazing?

EMILY: The whole combo's amazing. Follow me.

SHIRA: Me, I love the Beatles. Mitchum took me to see Paul McCartney last year and I almost died! [She leans over to her friends.] ~~Emily~~ [Emily takes her by the elbow and walks with her to the other table.]

EMILY: So, Richard tells me we have a little problem.

SHIRA: Really? What?

EMILY: The kids. Logan, Rory. I understand you're not exactly thrilled with the match. That you let that be known to Rory at the dinner she had at your house.

SHIRA [laughs]: Well, I wouldn't say not thrilled.

EMILY: Then what would you say?

SHIRA: Oh, Emily, this is a party.

EMILY: I'm just curious.

SHIRA: This may not be the time and the place, Emily. [She smiles awkwardly and sits down.]

EMILY [greeting a passing couple]: Hello, ~~Emily~~. [To Shira] Let's make it the time and place.

SHIRA: Consider the discrepancies, Emily.

EMILY [calmly]: Well, that's what's confusing me. They both come from good families. They both have good values. Money doesn't seem to be an issue, we all have money.

SHIRA: Frankly, Emily, there's your money, then there's our money.

EMILY: Oh?

SHIRA: And our family has a lot of responsibilities that come with that. An image to maintain.

EMILY: Ah, yes. Well, let me tell you this, Shira. We are just as good as you are. You don't think Rory is good enough for your son. As if we don't know Logan's reputation? We do. But he is welcome in our home anytime, and you should extend the same courtesy to Rory.

SHIRA: Emily –

EMILY: Now, let's talk about your money. [She leans over Shira and speaks quietly.] You were a two-bit gold digger fresh off the bus from Hicksville when you met Mitchum at whatever bar you happened to stumble into. And what made Mitchum choose you to marry amongst the pack of women he was bedding at the time, I'll never know, but hats off to you for bagging him. He's still a playboy, you know. Well, of course you know. That would explain why your weight goes up and down thirty pounds every other month. [Shira laughs nervously.] But that's your cross to bear. But these are ugly realities. No one needs to talk about them. Those kids are staying together for as long as they like. You won't stop them. Now, enjoy the event. [She smiles and walks off, waving at another guest.] Diane, hello!