

LITTLE OLD LADY

Good. Let's fool around. Now,
I'll be the innocent little milk
maid and you'll be the naughty
stable boy.

(she goes into her act)

Oh, this milk is so heavy. I'll
never reach the house. Help. Will
someone help me?

BIALYSTOCK

(stopping her)

Wait. Wait. We can't play today.
I have too many appointments.

LITTLE OLD LADY

(crushed)

We can't play today?

BIALYSTOCK

Thursday. Thursday. We'll play
Thursday. We'll play the Contessa
and the chauffeur.

LITTLE OLD LADY

Oh, the best one.

BIALYSTOCK

(trying to steer her
towards the door)

Until Thursday, then, Contessa Mio.

LITTLE OLD LADY

(she sits on the sofa)

Oh, Bialy, please, just a little. Just a little.

BIALYSTOCK

(harassed)

All right. All right.

LITTLE OLD LADY

So, the Count hired you this morning, Rudolfo ... Watch the road ... Watch the road.

BIALYSTOCK

I can't take my eyes off you. How can I drive when you drive me mad. Mad.

LITTLE OLD LADY

(she squeals with delight)

Rudolfo, you dirty pig! Pull over.

BIALYSTOCK

(upright)

Good. That's enough. We'll do the rest on Thursday.

(he reaches down and helps her off the couch)

That's a good girl.

(leading her to the door)

It's always such fun to see you.