

Adapted Scene from 'Opening Night', John Cassavetes

- Sarah: Come on, how old are you, really? I'm trying to be patient, Myrtle. How old are you? I'm 40. How old are you? Let me tell you, here and now, that if you can't say how old you are, you can't accept this role in my play.
- Myrtle: I accept my age.
- Sarah: Why can't you read my lines?
- Myrtle: Listen, Sarah, every playwright writes a play about herself. You've written a play about aging. I'm not your age.
- Sarah: What is your age?
- Myrtle: I am aware that playing an older woman is part of my problem. I have no illusions about being a teenager but on stage you have Virginia having hot flushes. I don't have hot flushes, I'm not going through menopause ... I'm not ready to play grandmothers. If I'm good at this part, my career's severely limited.
- Sarah: Limited to what?
- Myrtle: Once you are convincing in a part, the audience accepts you as that.
- Sarah: As what?
- Myrtle: As old, that's what, old.
- Sarah: Are you going to quit?
- Myrtle: No. I'm looking for a way to play this part where age doesn't make a difference. Age isn't interesting! Age is depressing. Age is dull. Age doesn't have anything to do with anything!