

RITA

I'll tell you what you can't bear, Mr Self-Pitying Piss Artist: what you can't bear is that I am educated now. What's up, Frank, don't y' like me now that the little girl's grown up, now that y'can no longer bounce me on daddy's knee and watch me stare back in wide-eyed wonder at everything he has to say? I am educated, I've got what you have an' y' don't like it because you'd rather see me as the peasant I once was; you're like the rest of them - you like to keep your natives thick, because that way they still look charming and delightful. I don't need you. I've got a room full of books. I know what clothes to wear, what wine to buy, what plays to see, what papers to buy, what books to read. I can do it and I can do it without you.