

Ron Carlisle: Gosh I'm afraid you're not right for this role though, honey, thanks for coming by.

Dorothy Michaels: Why am I not right, Mister Carlisle?

Ron Carlisle: I'm trying to make a certain statement here and I'm looking for a specific physical type.

Dorothy Michaels: Mr. Carlisle, I'm an actress. I'm a character actress. I can play it any way you want. Can't you give me any idea what you're looking for?

Ron Carlisle: Honey, I'm sure that you're a very, very good actress. It's just that you're a little too soft and genteel, you're not threatening enough.

Dorothy Michaels: Not threatening enough? How's this, you take your hands off me or I'll knee your balls right through the roof of your mouth! Is that enough of a threat?

Ron Carlisle: [*shaken*] It's a start.

Dorothy Michaels: Yes, I think I know what y'all really want. You want some gross caricature of a woman to prove some idiotic point, like power makes a woman masculine, or that masculine women are ugly. Well shame on the woman who lets you do that, on ANY woman that lets you do that.

[*to Rita*] And that means you, dear, Miss Marshall.

[*back to Ron*] Shame unto you you! Macho shithead.

[*storms off*]

Rita: Jesus!

Ron Carlisle: What is so idiotic about power making a woman masculine?

[*reconsidering when he sees Rita*]

Ron Carlisle: Not that that was my point...