Frank & Virgina

Scene Seven: Thursday Evening

FRANK. She insulted you?

VIRGINIA. Called me names.

FRANK. Like what?

VIRGINIA. I-DON'T-KNOW...horrible words in Spanish that all her workers understood. Very humiliating.

(Beat.)

So I talked to an attorney.

FRANK. And what did he say?

VIRGINIA. She said that we don't have much recourse. That legally, it appears that they own our land...and they have the right to claim it.

FRANK. Surely that can't be all we can do. We didn't knowingly steal the land. We would never do such a thing.

VIRGINIA. I know. I know.

FRANK. We didn't even put the fence up. That was the stupid Whitefield stepson that made that mistake. I never noticed our yard was bigger!

VIRGINIA. Frank, these are not our sins. There's no need for us to notice because we did nothing. We are innocent victims.

FRANK. God, I miss smoking.

VIRGINIA. Now everything we love is bad.

FRANK. Like margarine. And white rice. And...Cat Stevens.

VIRGINIA. Shenanigans. Why does everything have to become so complicated?

FRANK. All we did was take something ugly and make it beautiful.

VIRGINIA. And now we are being treated like criminals.

FRANK. They must be Democrats, don't you think?

VIRGINIA. With that level of sanctimony – of course they're Democrats.

FRANK. And for $250 an hour, the attorney said there was nothing he could do?

VIRGINIA. Well, she did bring up one thing.

FRANK. What was that?

VIRGINIA. Well, we've worked the flower garden in a purposeful and public way for many years.

FRANK. Yes.

VIRGINIA. And she says there are certain provisions that "allow ownership for someone that has lived on and tended neglected land."

FRANK. Is she talking about invoking squatter's rights??

VIRGINIA. Oddly enough, it might be a legal recourse.

FRANK. Squatter's rights?

VIRGINIA. Adverse possession is the legal term.

FRANK. Are you insane?

VIRGINIA. I'm just relaying the information, Frank.

FRANK. What would the Potomac Horticultural Society say about that? How could we look people in the eye! Can you just imagine Phillip Saxon's reaction? What would we say to him?

VIRGINIA. We would look Phillip Saxon in the eye *(Looks.)* and say: "Listen buddy, we're between a squat and a hard place."

FRANK. No! Good God...that is a horrible idea. Squatters are poor people that are desperate.

VIRGINIA. Not always.

FRANK. Is there an uglier word in the English language than SQUAT? I mean, squat is what you do when you defecate. Squat is what peasant women do in the fields to have babies. Squat is what degenerate bums do to get out of buying land. You tell that lady, that lawyer, that we cannot be squatters.

VIRGINIA. Jiminy Crickets! Then say goodbye to your perfectly symmetrical garden that you have worked on for a decade.