

Lombardi

Marie: One olive or two. Three if you like, make it dirty.

Michael: Two will do me, thanks.

Marie: Teetotaler, you. I was beginning to think maybe you were on the wagon.

Michael: I'm not that great at holding my alcohol.

Marie: A man your size?

Michael: I got endless kidding in college. It doesn't sit well in the press corps either.

Marie: I can imagine.

Michael: Every story ends at Toot Shor's. You know that bar?

Marie: Vince and I practically lived there when we were in Jersey. You're making me homesick. The Rainbow Room uses onions. You ever heard of that? I don't know if I like it much. Do you have any idea what a pimento is?

Michael: None.

Marie: Neither do I, but it's got to be in one of the four food groups, right?

Michael: Sure.

Marie: To nutrition. Vince is a hard nut, especially in the middle of the season. Anything that hasn't got to do with his Packers.

Michael: Right.

Marie: There's no brain space for it. He hasn't remembered our anniversary in twenty two years. He's hardly ever in the mood for a chat. Paul's got a lot of great stories.

Michael: He didn't seem too interested in opening up.

Marie: Course not. He doesn't know you.

Michael: Anyway, the one I'd really like to talk to is Jim Taylor.

Marie: That jackass. He's off limits, right?

Michael: Yeah, and I don't get it.

Marie: There's nothing...

Michael: He can hand...Sorry.

Marie: Never mind.

Michael: It's just that the guy can handle himself. He's not a ten year old, you know? And I got a feeling...

Marie: Michael.

Michael: It's only a feeling, but I think there's still water there...

Marie: Michael.

Michael: What?

Marie: You're giving me a headache.

Michael: Sorry.

Marie: You're a very excitable young man.

Michael: Sorry, Mrs. Lombardi.

Marie: Stop apologizing. And call me Marie. Sit. You want Jim because you can't have him. But trust me, there's not much there. Vince needs him, he's talented. That's about it.

Michael: He calls me Roy.

Marie: He calls everybody Roy. He can't remember anybody's name.

Michael: Oh.

Marie: There're rumors he's not going to resign with the Packers next year. This game coming up, it's important to him...you know, nationally televised etcetera etcetera. He's probably not going to be in the mood to talk. Forget Jim. Go after Paul

Michael: Right.

Marie: Now, Vince. Two things.

Michael: Shoot.

Marie: One. God, family and the Green Bay Packers are the three most important things in his life. And not necessarily in that order, in fact, I'd put his family a distant third, and God doesn't rank number one, so.

Michael: Oh.

Marie: Though to Vince's credit, he never misses a morning mass.

Michael: What's number two?

Marie: He loves his players. And I don't mean he just likes them an awful lot. He truly, actually, loves them.

Michael: He has a strange way of showing it.

Marie: Yes, he is a man of extremes. Most people see only the rage, you know, the anger.

Michael: All in the name of football, huh?

Marie: Football's just what he happens to be doing. Could be anything, he'd be just as...

Michael: Obsessive?

Marie: Focused. There was a time, I actually thought he might get out of football altogether. Right before we came here.

Michael: When he was coaching the Giants?

Marie: Assistant coaching. Big big difference.

Michael: He was frustrated.

Marie: Beyond frustrated.

Michael: What else on earth would he possibly do?

Marie: Banker.

Michael: No.

Marie: Swear to God.

Michael: Vince Lombardi?

Marie. I know. Can you imagine.

Michael: You want a loan?! You think you deserve a loan?! (beat) sorry

Marie. Funny. But really. He worked at a bank in Jersey during the off season.

Michael: I didn't know that.

Marie: Hardly anybody did, but that last year he got this idea in his head right before he got called up to Green Bay. Bottom of the bay. The day we drove out here from Jersey, it was February, and there'd been a blizzard the night before. We rounded Lake Michigan and passed Chicago and then all of a sudden, white. Nothing, as far as the eye could see. No one spoke for hours. Where is he taking us, I thought, me and the kids. And I started to cry. Please don't put that in your article, Michael. The folks around here already think I'm a snob.

Michael: Okay.

Marie: I do miss New York. I miss going to Bloomingdale's, the Met. I miss shopp...shopping for nice shoes...

Michael: Your husband's done well here.

Marie: Yes. He has become a very famous person. You know, when we're walking through airports, sometimes I purposely stay several steps behind Vince, just to watch people stop and stare as he walks by. Everyone knows me here. That, I appreciate. Will you turn out the lights?

Michael: Can I...I thought I might get in touch with your son.

Marie. Why on earth for?

Michael: Just to talk. You know, for background.

Marie: Listen mister, you can use the stuff I told you, and if I end up coming off bad, well, what Vince gives, I can take, but keep my son out of this. God knows he had enough of Vin while he was growing up, enough of the back of his hand. He ought to get out of his father's shadow once and for all.

Lombardi (offstage): Marie!

Marie: Jesus. I should learn to keep my mouth shut.