

Sssshh.
ERNIE:

(Kitty moves in closer and sees
Ernie's photo. She grabs it.)

KITTY:
Who's this?

ERNIE:
Give me that!

(She grabs for the photo but Kitty
moves away.)

KITTY:
Oh, it's a baby. Don't tell me this is you? You're cute.
Well, you were cute.

ERNIE:
Give it to me, now!

KITTY:
Take it easy, I'm just looking.

ERNIE:
Who asked you to look.

KITTY:
You really like this picture, don't you?
(Ernie says nothing.)
That's what I thought, raglady. What will you give me for
this picture?

ERNIE:
I don't have what you want.

KITTY:
There must be something in this old cart of yours.

ERNIE:
Don't touch my stuff! No one touches my stuff.

KITTY:
It's just junk, raglady.

ERNIE:
Worth more than your life.

KITTY:
Is that a threat?

ERNIE:
Take it how you will. Now give me the picture.

KITTY:
Ten dollars.

ERNIE:
What?

KITTY:
It'll cost you ten dollars for this picture.

ERNIE:
I only have a dollar, couple quarters and some pennies.

KITTY:
Nothing else?

ERNIE:
I have a coat in here somewhere that might fit you.

KITTY:
All I want is ten dollars.

ERNIE:
I don't have ten dollars. Now give it back.

KITTY:
(Enjoying this.)
I wonder what would happen if this picture accidentally
caught on fire?

(Kitty takes out her lighter.)

ERNIE:
(A bit of fear enters her.)
Don't. It's the only one I have. Don't burn my picture.
Please, I'll give you my money and there are some cans in my
cart you can recycle...and..just give me my picture!!

KITTY:
(Sees Ernie's pleading face and begins to not like the
game anymore.)
Here's your stupid picture and keep your stuff.

(She drops it on the ground, Ernie
picks it up.)

ERNIE:

I don't like you. Strutting your little asses from bed to bed, legs spread in the air, not caring what you do to yourself. You have no shame at all. No shame.

KITTY:

Shut your mouth now, raglady or I'll take back that precious picture of yours and tear it into tiny pieces.

ERNIE:

And I'll yell loud as shit until the police get here.
(Kitty turns away a little scared.)
Am I scaring you?

KITTY:

No.

ERNIE:

You look scared.

KITTY:

Well, I'm not. Where is that bus?

ERNIE:

Never been in jail, have you? I bet you don't even have a pimp.

(Kitty remains quiet.)

A new girl. A runaway. That's why you need ten bucks, in case one of them slimes grab a hold of you. You'll need some extra cash to pay them off, won't you? Or maybe you need some drugs, a little sniff or stab of the needle to get you through your trick. Or maybe tricks.

KITTY:

It's for my room, okay. It's for me to sleep on a nice bed with some clean sheets. It's for nobody else. Only me!

ERNIE:

Well, princess if you're not careful, your crown will be tarnished. You step into the wrong territory--

KITTY:

I know my place.

ERNIE:

You better or those nasty strung-out prostitutes and slimes will cut you up and eat you alive. Maybe you'd be better off in the jail.

KITTY:
(Ernie sits back in her place, quietly smiling.)
What else can happen to me tonight?
(Sister Anne enters. She stands by the trash can
looking at them.)
Shit.

ERNIE:
Evening Sister.

ANNE:
Good evening.

ERNIE:
Would you like to sit down?

KITTY:
(Quickly sits on her side of the bench.)
There's no room.

ERNIE:
There's always room.

ANNE:
The bus will be coming soon but thank you for offering.

ERNIE:
Don't worry sister, I won't bite.

KITTY:
I bet.

ERNIE:
Bus is always running late so why don't you sit.

KITTY:
Let her stand.

ERNIE:
I think she should sit.

KITTY:
I told you there's no room.

ERNIE:
We'll make room.
(She removes the bag from the bench.)
There. Now sit. Please.