

HER:

Mr. Hall . . . Mr. Hall . . . Hey, how you doing?

HIM:

Alright. How're you doing? How's James? He's a great little boy, ya know?

HER:

Yeah, well . . . he's okay.

HIM:

How are you?

HER:

I was to the welfare today and I . . . uh . . . I . . . uh, ya know what I'm saying? I got on the wrong bus. By the time I got there they changed the time on me and shit . . . without notification. They're supposed to give me notification, right? So . . . uh . . . I'm off welfare.

HIM:

How is James doing? What did he eat today?

HER:

He had some Ding Dongs.

HIM:

He had Ding Dongs?

HER:

Yeah! He had some Ding Dongs.

HIM:

Well, if you go across the street to the Mexican place you can get him a chicken tostada or a beef and bean burrito. He can have a glass of milk.

HER:

He don't like milk.

HIM:

That's alright. Just get some anyway. You know, Belinda . . . it really isn't any of my business but you got a really nice kid. You ought to take better care of him.

HER:

Don't you fucking tell me how to take care of my fucking kid. I take damn good care of my kid. My kid is clean. My kid is . . . look, I'm clean, too, right? I've been tested. I'm HIV negative, just so you know. I'm just laying that out there, but . . . um . . . it's very hard raising a kid, Mr. Hall. You know that? It's not an easy fucking thing, alright? Alright? You understand what I'm saying? (PAUSE) Listen . . . I know you like my kid. You like him, right? I could see that you like him, right? Right? Right?

HIM:

Yeah . . .

HER:

So, listen . . . I been working something out. I thought of something. Maybe you like this. He needs a . . . a . . . a male role model, right? And . . . and maybe you would like to take care of him. I could let you have him for \$3,000.

HIM:

What?

HER:

Alright, alright - \$2,000 but that's it man. Whoa, what the fuck? You think that's too much for my son? I know what you got in there. You're a rich son of a bitch and . . .

HIM:

Hey - wait a fucking minute!

HER:

Hey, alright! So? What do you think? Hey - where are you going?

HIM:

I don't have fucking time for this shit. I gotta go.

HER:

Wait a minute. Hr. Hall - wait a minute. I could be your lady, man. Wait, Mr. Hall - I can do it right!