

HIM:

Hey! I've been looking for you. You're not planning on lighting up here are you? Forget it.

HER:

Worried about my health?

HIM:

Not really, but I do want to know who you are.

HER:

What?

HIM:

You know what I'm talking about.

HER:

Are you high or something?

HIM:

I saw your file in Whitaker's office.

HER:

Get out of my face.

HIM:

You're going to tell me what's going on.

HER:

I don't have to tell you anything!

HIM:

If you want to get out of this alley in one piece you do.

HER:

Oh, aren't you the big man? I'm not telling you a thing and that's that.

HIM:

Don't jerk me around. Why does Whitaker have a file folder full of photos of you? Documents. Why is she watching you? You tell me why a U.S. Congresswoman is interested in a waitress from Roswell?

HER:

Because I was fucking her son, that's why! (PAUSE) You want to know more?

HIM:

Go on . . . tell me.

HER:

Because he screwed up his life with drugs and I screwed up my life with him . . . and when he finally got busted who went down for it? Not John W. Whitaker Jr., that's for sure. I did two years in Buckman and the only way I got out was to promise I'd never see him again. I guess Mommy's making sure I keep that promise. There you go . . . that's your big mystery solved.

HIM:

So, the file is just her insurance policy that you'll stay away from her son.

HER:

No. . . it's her insurance policy that I'll stay away from her. It's an election year and she doesn't need any loose ends showing up with news about her junky son. Makes her "get tough on drug use" platform a hard sell, don't you think?

HIM:

Alright . . . thanks.

HER:

Thanks? You fucking jerk.