

HATFUL OF RAIN (FEM) 3 - 1

PAULA

Welcome home.

JANE

Did Celia go to work?

PAULA

It's ten in the morning, she starts at nine - she's not here, so figure it out for yourself.

JANE

I was out all night.

PAULA

No kidding!

JANE

You know what's happening?

PAULA

I read the papers. Where've you been?

JANE

All over.

PAULA

Where's all over?

JANE

All over... Harlem, Lower East Side... everybody's disappeared.

PAULA

It'll all blow over in a few weeks.

JANE

No, no. They dropped the net, Paula. They're starting to tie the knot. Every pusher in the city's vanished. (Pause) Look, Paula... I was lucky. I met Gino. I told him to hold some for me... I have to get to him in fifteen minutes.

PAULA

Who fixed you last night?

HATFUL OF RAIN 3 - 2

JANE

Churchie - I stopped over at his place. He gave me half of his. Enough to carry me through the night. But I'm thin now, Paula.

PAULA

I told you yesterday, Jane, the cupboard's bare, and that's all there is to it. If I inherited the Chrysler building right now I wouldn't give you another dime.

JANE

Don't start lecturing me now. All I need is twenty bucks - and he won't do business on credit.

PAULA

Take the dishes out and sell them to the Salvation Army. This linoleum isn't in bad shape. If you sell it at night, in the dark, maybe you can get a few bucks for it.

JANE

Paula, you know I never sold a thing out of this house and I never will.

PAULA

Try to listen, Jane, try to hear me. I felt great refusing the old man that twenty-five hundred because I thought the money went to a real good cause. For something he wanted all his life. You were right in the middle when he shouted "Where? Where did it go?"

JANE

Yeah, I was right in the middle. And I almost said "Here! In my arm, it went here!"

PAULA

You went through that twenty-five hundred like grease through a tin horn. I'm afraid to park my car out front. You might steal it some night.

HATFUL OF RAIN 3 - 3

JANE  
I'm quitting tomorrow. Tomorrow I'm  
quitting...

PAULA  
It's been tomorrow for months, Jane. The  
calendar never moves.

JANE  
Paula! This is the last time I'll ask you.  
I need twenty bucks.

PAULA  
Twenty bucks, twice a day.

JANE  
Where am I gonna get it?

PAULA  
Get yourself a black felt hat, cut holes in  
it for eyes, and go into the washroom at the  
subway and clobber some poor bastard over the  
head.

JANE  
The answer is no?

PAULA  
You look tired.