

SHY

BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS

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(SHY is near tears and SHE shakes her head in a cross between bewilderment and emotion.)

START

MISS MONA. (Continued.) I think maybe you better just head on back home.

SHY. I'm broke.

MISS MONA. Well, I could lend you fifty dollars. Course you'd have to pay me back someday.

SHY. It ain't that, m'am. I got nowheres to go home to.

MISS MONA. Boyfriend treat you bad?

SHY. No, M'am.

MISS MONA. Folks run you off?

SHY. No, but I ain't never goin' back there. (SHE glares straight at MONA and we see a toughness for the first time.)

MISS MONA. Did your Daddy get sweet on you, hunny?

(SHY's head goes down to her lap again. SHE can't answer, but we know it's true.)

MISS MONA. (Continued.) Well, that ain't the first time it's happened to a girl, it ain't gonna be the last. Men ain't all bad, they're just 92% bad. Maybe I can get you on as a waitress over at the cafe.

SHY. No. I don't want no waitresin' job! I done thought about this. I'm gonna stay right here . . . I mean if you'll let me.

MISS MONA. Well now, you are gonna take a lot of fixin'. I reckon those are your good clothes.

SHY. Yes, M'am.

MISS MONA. Jewel can take you over to Austin tomorrow. You see, hunny, my girls dress real nice. Men like that. The day shift wears sort of slinky sports outfits and the night shift wears long dresses. You can pay me back out of your first earnings. If I can get you in at the beauty parlor this afternoon you can be ready to start tomorrow. That's about the only sit down place you can go in town, and then only the back two stations. Hell, I was gonna put my own in out here, but the Chamber of Commerce bitched. Unfair competition and free enterprise or some such . . .

(SHY grabs her, sobbing and clutching her.)

MISS MONA. (Continued.) Come on now, hunny, you're gonna mess up my outfit.

END