

WOMAN: Yeah. Like a fey, over-it clerk.

MAN: Okay. *(back in character)* Anyway, I'll take your information and I'll have you fill out some paper work and that will be it. Did they tell you about the paperwork? *(out of character)* What was the paperwork for?

WOMAN: So I could get paid.

MAN: You got paid!?

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: *(in character)* You didn't know about that, didja? Two hundred dollars. Aren't you lucky? *(out of character)* And then after that he told you...

WOMAN: That the Russian guy was going to pick me up where he left me off and that was it.

MAN: Except that he looked at you.

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: And he was thinking...

WOMAN: He was looking at my scar and he was thinking, "How am I going to conceal this."

MAN: It's like people go out of their way to make you feel like dog shit.

WOMAN: I knew he was going to do it. I could tell the minute he opened his mouth. It was so...

MAN: He went into the trailer.

WOMAN: He went into the trailer and emerged with the... what do you call it, the make-up woman... girl. She had her hair up. You know that look: I just threw my hair up, but I'm still beautiful.

MAN: I just got out of my boyfriend's bed.

WOMAN: And I'm still beautiful.

MAN: She looked at you.

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: Pity?

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: And she...

WOMAN: She did my make-up and then went into the trailer and came out with a bunch of things to put around my neck.

MAN: Turtlenecks, scarves.

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: Ooohh, that looks so nice on you.

*(WOMAN smiles wanly)*

MAN: They did this to make you feel good about wearing it. You know they think you're ugly. You didn't speak.

*(WOMAN shakes her head)*