

MAY

notices PETER looking at her, looks at him fiercely.

What are you lookin' at, lardass?
What the *fuck* you think you're
doing' here, huh, you look like a
RHINOCEROS! Can't a woman just
drink a Perrier in *peace*,GODDAMMIT!

The waitress ELLEN enters

ELLEN

Excuse me?

MAY

What?

ELLEN

Would you please--?

MAY

What, sweetheart?

ELLEN

Would you please lower your voice?

MAY

I don't know what you're talking'
about, sweetheart.

ELLEN

From its previous volume.

MAY

Sweet as a songbird.

ELLEN

Thank you.

MAY

You mother-fuckin' cunt!

ELLEN

I'm sorry, you're going to have to
stop that or leave, you're having a
chaotic effect on lunch.

MAY

All I wanna do is sit here and
drink my Perrier, nobody ever gives
me a goddamn break, I just wanna
sit here-

ELLEN
I'm sorry, it's just that--

MAY
I gotta go out in the cold, I gotta fend for myself, I gotta--

ELLEN
I know, I know, I'm sorry--

MAY
I got no future, no one to take care of me, you understand' don't you, sweetheart--

ELLEN
Of course, I'm--

MAY
You revolution' snatch

ELLEN
We have a five dollar minimum.

MAY
...What?

ELLEN
At lunch, a five-dollar minimum--

MAY
I can *pay*, you got no grounds for throwing' me out--

ELLEN
Actually, we do.

MAY
Yeah?

ELLEN
Your conversation; it's disturbing to the people around you.

MAY
My conversation is disturbin' to the people around me? Have you listened to *their* conversation?

ELLEN
The manager, who is a chickenshit, would like you to leave and has delegated the responsibility for getting rid of you to me--

MAY
Honey, there's something' I gotta
tell you--

ELLEN
Yes?

MAY
You're oppressed

ELLEN
Thank you, I know.

MAY
We got that in common.

ELLEN
The manager would like you to
leave.

MAY
Goddamn it, wherever I go it's the
same thing--!

ELLEN
--I--

MAY
I'm on a grate, I'm in a alley, I'm
in a hallway--train tracks,
benches, vestibules, islands in the
middle a' Broadway, I'm tryin' to
sleep. I'm nursin' a cold, I'm
tryin' to look like somethin' ya
might possibly not wanna
kill--somebody always comes along
and says, "Move one." Well, where,
where--where should I go? Tell me
where to go and I'll go there. No,
no that's right, it's always, "Move
on. Outta my sight. Wherever's not
here." Trouble is, every place I
get to's just another here. Well, I
only got so much moving' in me.
Somewhere along the line,
somebody's gotta say, "Rest."

ELLEN
...I'll be back.

MAY
Babydoll, I understan'-from my own
waitressin' days-

ELLEN
You used to waitress?

MAY
What, you think I was *born* on the street? You think I spent my whole *life* in these clothes?

ELLEN
Well. I-

MAY
No way! I uesta be lower middle class.

ELLEN
Uh-huh.

MAY
And you?

ELLEN
I'm an actress.

MAY
I figured.

ELLEN
Everybody does.

MAY
So, you wanna know about me?

ELLEN
This may sound, like, I don't know, dumb or something, but for a long time now I've wanted to sleep in the street, you know, for like a night? To see how it feels?

MAY
Well, the night you do that, honey, you give me the keys to your apartment, 'cause I'll be sleepin' in your bed--

ELLEN
Well, I mean, that sounds ridiculous when you put it like that, I just want to talk.

MAY
Fabulous, sweetheart, fabulous. How much?

ELLEN
How much?

MAY
Yeah.

ELLEN
...very much...

MAY
How much are you gonna *pay*?

ELLEN
...What?

MAY
You can get the whole story for a lump sum--

ELLEN
I'm not paying for some talk--

MAY
This is not *talk*, Cookie-this is the story of my life. 'fI give that away, what've I got left to sell?

ELLEN starts to leave

ELLEN
All right, forget it, I have customers anyway--

MAY
Wait one goddamn minute--!

ELLEN
...What?

MAY
Now, let me get this straight--you are seriously suggesting' that I tell you intimate secrets about myself--

ELLEN
The manager would like you to leave--

MAY
Screw the manager--

ELLEN
Listen--

MAY
Yeah, yeah, yeah, why'n't you just
go wait on those faggots at the
next table--that whore and that
fag--give them the gift of your
presence--

ELLEN
Go--

MAY
Goddamn fuckin' Bloomingdale
faggots--

ELLEN
I'm getting the manager--

MAY yells at PETER and PHOEBE

MAY
You stinkin' pigs.

MAY hurls her Perrier at them.
Take that, you fuckin' *faggots*!

ELLEN
I'm getting the manager--

ELLEN exits.