

The Shadow Box

by Michael Christofer

Role of Beverly (FEMALE)

Let me tell you something, as one whore to another . . . What you do with your ass is your business. You can drag it through every gutter from here to Morocco. You can trade it, sell it, or give it away. You can run it up a flagpole, paint it blue or cut it off if you feel like it. I don't care. I'll even show you the best way to do it. That's the kind of person I am. But Brian is different. Because he happens to need you! And if that is not enough for you, then you get yourself out of his life - fast. You take your delicate sensibilities and your fears and your disgust and pack it up and get out. He's dying! He doesn't need you for that! He can do it all by himself. You're young, intelligent, not bad looking . . . probably good trade on a slow market. Why hang around? Unless of course you need the money. What does he do pay you by the month? Or does it depend on how much you put out? *(pause)* Please. Just one favor you owe him. Don't hurt him with your hopes. Tell Brian goodbye for me, I've got to catch my plane to Hawaii before the hangover hits me. *(she starts to walk off and turns back toward him)* It's funny; he always makes the same mistake. He always cares about the wrong people.