

SOB SISTER TOM GRACE

SOB SISTER. Evenin', girls! How about a picture?

TOM. For the love of Mike! What areya doin'! SOB SISTER. We need some pictures for the Graphic's exclusive on the girls. TOM. Exclusive? Whadda ya talkin' about?

SOB SISTER. Five thousand dollars, that's what. Whadda ya say, Grace? That sound good to you? Think you could use five thousand dollars?

GRACE. I don't understand.

SOB SISTER. Perhaps you're familiar with Benarr McFadden—

TOM. Who, that faith healer?

SOB SISTER. Herbalist, Mr. Kreider, herbalist! Benarr McFadden's patented herbal therapy is just the thing to get these girls back on their feet! And the Graphic will pay for it! All we ask is the exclusive rights to their story from here on out. See for yourself. (She hands TOM a contract.)

GRACE. You want to pay us? To go see Benarr Mc-Fadden?

TOM. They're serious, Grace.

SOB SISTER. The Graphic always does business on the up and up.

GRACE. I don't know.

TOM. Grace. What—what does your father owe on the house?

GRACE. I don't know exactly.

TOM. And that last hospital bill? That was a couple hundred at least.

GRACE. At least.

TOM. Maybe we should think about this.

SOB SISTER. Of course, we'll have to get our money's worth—a regular series of features—with pictures—following the course of the treatment, your illness, recovery—or otherwise—depending on how it goes.

GRACE. And then you print whatever you want.

SOB SISTER. Maybe we add some color. Everybody adds color.

TOM. It don't sound so bad. Maybe. We should talk. To Miss Wiley. About it.

SOB SISTER. Miss Wiley! What's it to her? You're the ones with bills to pay.

GRACE. Wouldn't be right to do something like this. Without talking to Miss Wiley.

SOB SISTER. You're a big girl, Grace. Can't you make your own decisions?

GRACE. 'Course I can make my own decisions.

TOM. Ya'd take it if it came from the company.

GRACE. The company owes us a lot more than that.

TOM. If ya ever see it.

GRACE. It just don't feel right.

TOM. You're gonna talk to them reporters anyhow. Why not get somethin' out of it?

SOB SISTER. He's right, ya know! Why give your story away when people are crazy to read it? Believe me, you girls could cash in big. The day we ran the feature on you—BANG! Sold out of every copy at every newsstand. Everybody can sympathize with the plight of some poor sick girl facing certain death— with no hope of fulfilment in motherhood.