

SWEAT TRACY/ JASON

JASON – Seriously? Five dollars? What’s that, three cigarettes and a slurpee? When I called, you said you had money. I travelled all the way her for this? Fucking hell!

TRACEY – Sorry to inconvenience you. I had the money but ... (he realizes she is ‘strung out’)

JASON – Shit really?? How long has that been going on?

TRACEY – How long what?

JASON – Don’t fuck with me, you know exactly what I’m talking about.

TRACEY – That’s very rich coming from you. Gimme back my money and get the fuck outta here.

JASON – You look like shit,

TRACEY – I look like shit? Have you looked in the mirror lately?

JASON – Is this really all you got?

TRACEY – Yeah, I’m not running a money farm.

JASON – I didn’t believe Fat Henry when he said you were strung out.

TRACEY – Fat Henry needs to mind his business – It’s for my back pain.

JASON – Aspirin won’t do?

TRACEY – Ha, ha – Very funny. You have no idea, You..have..no ..idea.

We done?

When can I get it back?

JASON – You want the five dollars back?

TRACEY – Yeah, I want it back, Tomorrow

JASON – You know, never mind, this is too much trouble.

TRACEY – Fine, give it here.