

DRUGGIST/MOLL

DRUGGIST

- I must admit they're new to  
o The place, but their faces  
Should be seen more often in this place.  
Just like mine; I get arrested every week,  
Yes, and sometimes twice a week.  
Vagrancy it's called—I guess that's me.

MOLL

A crazy life, I'd find it.

DRUGGIST

- Well, really I don't mind it, I like the company.  
o It's lonely looking where my drugstore used to be.  
— *The music stops.*

DRUGGIST

That's why they're all in here, then.  
The cop got his signals mixed.  
Shall I tell you a secret?  
We're in the same old trade as you.

MOLL

You mean you're all solicitin? - -

40

- Not quite, but so to say;  
o They won't buy our milkwhite bodies,  
So we kinda sell out in some other way—  
To Mr. Mister.

MOLL

Who is this Mr. Mister?

DRUGGIST

Better ask me who he's not.  
He owns steel and everything else too. . . .  
Because of him my son  
Was killed six months ago. . . .  
Now he'll come and bail them out!

MOLL

Say, would he bail us out, too?

DRUGGIST

- I don't know, I'm drunk.  
— *The music stops.*