

MOTHER

Excuse me... excuse me.

HOOKER

Do I know you?

MOTHER

I'm sorry... I just wanted to... I was wondering if I could see your room.

Beat.

MOTHER

Did you know the girl who used to live here?

HOOKER

Yeah I knew her.

MOTHER

Were you friends?

HOOKER

We lived together.

Beat.

MOTHER

That's a nice picture.

HOOKER

Yea she liked that one.

MOTHER

What kind of things do they make you do?

HOOKER

What?

MOTHER

The men who pay you.

HOOKER

You asking me what I do on a date?

MOTHER

When you get paid.

HOOKER

Yeah, that's a date. I don't know... whatever they want. Head usually.

MOTHER

How much do they pay you?

HOOVER

You a reporter? You want to do a story on me? Let's see, my mom's dead, she was a junkie. She got shot in the head in a parking lot. My dad I never knew him. I got two half brothers that grew up in East LA. Now I live here and suck off assholes for cash. What do you think about that?

MOTHER

I think it's sad.

HOOVER

Yeah, well.

MOTHER

Did Krista ever tell you where she came from?

HOOVER

Ahhh... Washington? Some fucking place like that. I don't remember.

MOTHER

Did she tell you why she ran away?

HOOVER

She probably wasn't happy.

MOTHER

Did she tell you why?

HOOVER

Other than her stepfather sticking his dick in her? I don't think so. She probably thought, hey man fuck it, if I'm gonna do it I might as well get paid. Fuckin' mother was too much of a dish rag to do anything about it. Typical... the husband or the kid. They always choose the husband.

MOTHER

Did she tell you that?

HOOVER

What?

MOTHER

That her mother knew and chose him?

HOOKER

She probably liked it right? Took some of the load off, just like having one of your kids help with the laundry.

Beat.

HOOKER

You her mom?

MOTHER

I didn't know.

HOOKER

Okay.

MOTHER

I had no idea.

HOOKER

Well now you know.

Beat.

HOOKER

This has been really fun and all but I've got to get to work.

MOTHER

Maybe I can take you to lunch?

HOOKER

I don't think so.

MOTHER

I'll pay you.