

INTERSECTIONS

It begins to rain. PATIENCE stands there getting wet. SIVVY lights a cigarette and smokes it.

SIVVY: I have three dollars, and this is my last cigarette. I hope I get sick. I hope this rain makes me sick and I can crawl under a bridge somewhere and photoshop myself out.

PATIENCE: You need to eat. You haven't eaten since the day before yesterday.

SIVVY: I want to look at art. I think it's a shame that you have to pay to get into the art gallery, I really do. Art should be free for everyone. What do I pay taxes for?

PATIENCE: You don't pay taxes. You haven't paid taxes in like three years.

SIVVY: Sure, but that's not the point. I'm *expected* to pay taxes and I also am *expected* to pay to get into the art gallery.

PATIENCE: You just said you only have three dollars. That's not getting you into any art gallery. And you need to eat.

SIVVY: In his Paris years Hemingway was so poor he ate every second day. He went to see art when he was hungry. He said you see more, appreciate more in that state. The hunger does something to the way you consume. It's almost like, when you're hungry art can nourish you.

PATIENCE: Hemingway was an idiot. There's nothing romantic about hunger, there's nothing romantic about Hemingway, and there's certainly nothing romantic about killing yourself with those *fucking* cigarettes. Get out of the rain, brush your hair, and do something productive.

SIVVY: Like what, exactly?

PATIENCE: I don't know. Live? There's nothing else. Stop pretending there's something else.

SIVVY: But there has to be.

PATIENCE: No, there really doesn't. It's time to go home.

SIVVY: Will you tuck me in?

PATIENCE: I can try.

SIVVY: You're really beautiful. I'm not just saying that, Patience. You know I think you're beautiful, right?

PATIENCE: Just go to sleep now.

SIVVY: I'm not good at sleep.

PATIENCE: It's okay. I forgive you.

Beat.

SIVVY: I wake with a looped pubic hair belonged to the wrong love decorating the inside of my thigh. I hold it between my fingers and lose it to the drain of a long nail. I carry his sex with the dirt under my fingernails for the rest of the day. I probably ate it.