

bathroom, laughing. Edgar runs to the garbage and peeks in.)

EDGAR. I think she threw away the whole thing.

VINNY. She said it was disgusting. *(Edgar grabs a pen and begins writing on a napkin.)* What are you writing?

EDGAR. The OJ thing.

VINNY. Why?

EDGAR. I think it's kind of important, socio-politically, race relations — I'm documenting everything and, Vinny, I can't tell you how amazingly this is coming! I'm about to finish the first part. I imagine it will be a triptych.

VINNY. A triptych?

EDGAR. Yeah, that's a Greco-Roman writing tablet —

VINNY. I know what a fucking triptych is.

EDGAR. *(Undaunted.)* Awesome, me too! She is totally fascinating. The way that she's always so agreeable. The three showers a day thing, which seems excessive but makes sense, the need to cleanse, the need to restore. I actually think she may be bulimic; she seems to shower after eating — case in point. Do you think she's bulimic? *(Vinny doesn't answer.)* But she seems healthy. Do bulimics absorb nutrition from food before they puke? I don't know. I'm thinking it will be a multi-part expose. I'm calling her Sarah for anonymity's sake.

VINNY. Sarah.

EDGAR. I haven't asked her about any sexual experiences yet, it feels gauche at this point, but I'm working up to it, developing a trust.

VINNY. *(Disgusted.)* She seems to really feel comfortable with you.

EDGAR. And how do you like the title, "Sarah's Story: From the Slums of the Philippines to the Slums of Humanity"?

VINNY. I think it's weird.

EDGAR. Yeah, I don't think I'll keep it. But check this out. Since she's been here, I've documented everything she's done and you know how she's always biting her nails?

VINNY. No.

EDGAR. Really? She always does that. Anyway, I've noticed that she only bites her right hand during the day, but at night she switches to the left hand. It could just be coincidental, that's why I wish I had more time with her, but I'm getting some incredible field notes.

VINNY. Don't say field notes.

EDGAR. I feel inspired, I actually like waking up in the morning.

(Thinks a scrap.) Oh! This one's priceless. I asked her who her personal heroes were? She could name anyone in the history of man (Gandhi, Mother Theresa, Chomsky, anyone! And guess who she says? Guess who she fucking says?!

VINNY. I don't know, man.

EDGAR. Mariah Carey! Fucking Mariah Carey. I didn't even know who that was. Turns out she's a fucking pop singer!

VINNY. Everybody knows who Mariah Carey is, Edgar, don't pretend you don't know about pop culture.

EDGAR. Oh, come on. You don't think that's funny?

VINNY. No, and frankly I think it's offensive that you've spent the last week writing down everything she says and does. "Nothing is more dangerous than sincere ignorance."

EDGAR. Malcolm X?

VINNY. MLK, dude.

EDGAR. I don't know why you're so mad. I'm just trying to write an article about the sex trade! And it was your idea!

VINNY. But you're not. You're just writing about a woman who bites her nails. And then criticizing her behind her back. It's insulting.

EDGAR. Vinny!

VINNY. You still think she's a sex worker?

EDGAR. What do you mean?

VINNY. I mean she's been here for a week. Have you actually asked her what it is that she does?

EDGAR. Not in so many words, but I think it's pretty clear.

VINNY. If you're so curious, I think you should just ask her about her years as a prostitute. I'll help you out. Hey, Asuncion!

EDGAR. Vinny! No! It's way too soon; it's way too soon for my subject — for Asuncion. What about what you're doing? Taking advantage of her like that.

VINNY. Like what?

EDGAR. Vinny, please. I haven't said anything because I thought you might kick her out.

VINNY. Said anything about what? What the hell are you talking about?

EDGAR. The way you're — that you're — She's my brother's wife, Vinny!

VINNY. Yeah...?

EDGAR. And you're — you're f-fucking her.