

American Violet

F/F

Doreen

The whole system's crazy, Dee. Take the Mexicans. No one else will work in the kitchen. But if you hire them, the government will come and bust you for hiring illegals.

Dee

Doreen, I need my job back.

Doreen

Dee, how many years have you been working here? Six?

Dee

Seven.

Doreen

Dee, after the police came and got you, they came back. Twice. The first time looking for drugs in your stuff, then a week later to talk to me about the papers on my guys in the kitchen. *(She reaches into drawer and pulls out a stack of cash and hands it to Dee.)* I can't be fighting with the D.A.

Dee

*(Refuses the money.)* Don't worry about it. I understand.

Doreen

Please take it.

Dee

Don't worry about it.

Doreen

Take it, please. *(Dee takes the money.)*

Dee

Thank you. Um, I'm sorry.

Doreen

Me too.

*(Dee exits.)*