

Tonya Sides

By

Zhao Quan, Wong

27-8-14

Tonya leaves with the bottle.

MR. BOWER

Where the f-- one toe out of the  
door and you're *done*!

Tonya halts in the doorway.

MR. BOWER

That's right. I'm the best you've  
got for your "little financial  
situation". You haven't the  
slightest care if I die or not so  
long as you get honey. In fact, you  
prefer me dead, no?

Tonya turns around, audacity churning.

TONYA

(slightly louder)

What's the difference? If you die,  
I won't get any "honey" anyways.

MR. BOWER

We can have an arrangement.

Mr. Bower draws out a pen and a checkbook from his pants  
pocket, and writes--

MR. BOWER

*1000...dollars--*

TONYA

5000.

MR. BOWER

(looking up)

You're fucking mad.

TONYA

Goodbye, sir.

MR. BOWER

Wait!

(writing a new check)

*5000...dollars...regard it as my  
severance gift to you.*

Mr. Bower tosses the check at her feet as if it is trash.  
Tonya plucks it up and studies it. The deal is honest. Mr.  
Bower, glaring at her, extends his hand.

MR. BOWER  
Now, return the favor.

Tonya inches towards Mr. Bower, his hand is ready and steady. But then, with a swift trajectory, the bottle flies out the window.

MR. BOWER  
YOU FUCKING CUNT!

Tonya nonchalantly skips past Mr. Bower. Mr. Bower lunges at her, and out of fiery determination, manages to catch her ankle. Tonya collapses onto the floor.

TONYA  
Let go! Let go! LET GO! FUCK!

MR. BOWER  
YOU THIEVING BITCH. All you women  
are the same! WHORES!

With a mighty tug, she manages to free her ankle. And then--

TONYA  
(clambering onto her feet)  
FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU! AND FUCK YOU! I  
would rather watch you *live and*  
*suffer* than to die! LIVE! LIVE, YOU  
LOUSY FUCK!

Her voice is staggeringly sonorous, leaving Mr. Bower stupefied, hand clung onto his chest.