

THE LIFE: LOU SIDE

Lou: Angel, angel. Just don't fly away. (bow) Your majesty.

Mary: Queen of the ball, right?

Lou: Queen of ballin', baby. I'm gonna make you the crown jewel of Eros Entertainment.

Mary: Yeah, and have my grandmother watch me for the pride of a ticket?

Lou: Angel, baby. Close your legs and open your ears for a second. (picks up phone) This calls for champagne. What kind do you like?

Mary: Pink.

Lou: (in phone) Pink. Room Service. This is suite 2420...send up a bottle of your best pink champagne.

Mary: Wow. I used to read about places like this in the gossip columns. Sure beats where I'm bunkin' now.

Lou: Honey, the reason I can afford to stay in places like this is because I understand the public.

Mary: You mean the freaks who buy your movies.

Lou: Sweetheart, everyone is some kind of freak. The world is full of horny people.

Mary: Tell me something I don't know.

Lou: Listen up, kid. They used to hide it. Now they parade it. Angel, sweet cheeks. Nobody's ashamed of anything anymore. Bein' somebody. That's all that counts. And it doesn't matter how. You're givin' it away for nickels and dimes on the street. You do it for me in the movies and they'll be beggin' for your autograph in the supermarket.

Mary: Me?

Lou: I'm not just talkin' money. I'm talkin' high profile. Getting the best tables. Head waiters kissin' your ass, invitations to opening nights, private jets to Aspen for Christmas! The world has changed since you charged the neighborhood kids a nickel to play doctor.

Mary: Ten cents if they wanted to take my temperature.

Lou: Yeah, sure, but did they invite you to their birthday parties?

Mary: (bitterly) I didn't care.

Lou: Well, they will, baby. They will. A girl like you shouldn't be selling it on 42nd street. I'm gonna make you a star. A superstar!