

Start

MILLIE. You ain't gone believe me, but the Mayor came up here once, asked Miss Mamie would she make this house "Whites only." Ms. Mamie told him, and not so politely, that he had two choices. Could shut her down, or could explain to the good gentlemen, including the mayors of the three or four towns what we service, that they'll have to go two hours out to St. Louis if they was wantin' some professional pussy. Then reminded him that some of the women what work here clean house for those gentlemen and so have the ears of their wives.

(Beat.)

So this here what they call an integrated place of business. So, 'bout this hair. *(Adjusting towel.)* Here, do this.

End

(She has TONI hold her ear down)

TONI. Alright.

MILLIE. Thank you.

(Beat.)

Put that head down. Lord this kitchen's nappy.

TONI. You wan' I give you a lil money. No disrespect intended. But you mind I give you a little money?

MILLIE. Naw girl. I don't get much chance to give folks comfort jess because it's what's folks s'posed to do for each other. This gon' be nice. You wait, you'll see, people treat you a lot better when your hair looks right.

TONI. Thank you, Miss Millie.

MILLIE. Please, call me Millie, Miss Toni.

TONI. *(To audience.)* Millie'd put me up whenever we wasn't more than two counties away. The ladies would even send a car for me sometimes. And my boys on the team, what can pay, could stay there too. Me and Spec, we always stay for free.

SPEC. *(Quick, to audience and TONI.)* Work that out.

TONI. All up and down our route there's places where the working girls would take me in. So now I think you've