

Share
an original screenplay by
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EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN STREET -- 8:50 A.M

Traffic on one of the city's main avenues remains at its morning rush hour peak. All kinds of vehicles fill the skyscraper-flanked street as throngs of people bustle along the sidewalks. Regardless of race or gender; whatever the level of dress; wage slave, salaried or financially independent -- with few exceptions, all walk purposefully, moving to keep their businesses and themselves alive.

In front of a building, not too close to any entrance, sits FRED, a rock jutting out of the river of people, motionless as the others flow around him. He is in his late 30s and neither his clothes nor body have been washed in some time.

As a filter feeder skims food from the current, so does Fred siphon a bit of change from the occasional passerby. Yet even the few donors, like the other pedestrians, seem to be unaware of Fred's presence. Never looking anywhere but forward, they toss coins unconsciously into his upside-down Mets cap as if it were a toll-booth basket. The gifts are the emotionless acts of automata, no different from crossing the street.

EXT. AROUND THE CORNER -- 10:25 A.M.

Traffic has subsided into the lull between rush hour and lunch. Amid the sparser group of walkers is RALPH, early 50s, with unshaven face and fraying clothes.

EXT. FRED'S STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Ralph turns the corner onto Fred's street.

On a nearby bench sits ALICE, early 30s and wearing a navy blue pinstriped pants suit. A briefcase and a "Greek" paper cup, the kind sold at every other Manhattan deli, sit beside her while she writes on a pad. She glances up to see the one homeless person approaching the other. She squints a bit, sits up straight in anticipation, keeps focused on them.

Ralph slows down and speaks as he reaches Fred.

RALPH

'Morning, Fred.

FRED

'Morning, Ralph.

Fred gets up. Ralph pulls a half sandwich out of his jacket and hands it to Fred. Fred puts it into his own jacket. The exchange appears seamless, expected, choreographed.

Alice watches intently.

Ralph sits down in Fred's former spot. Fred reaches into the Mets cap, fingers through the earnings, picks out some

of the money. Fred walks off in the direction from which Ralph came. Ralph soon looks as if he'd been sitting there all along.

Alice eyes Ralph intently for a few seconds. She glances down at her pad, then up again at Ralph. She makes a decision: the pad goes in the briefcase, the briefcase over her shoulder, the coffee into one hand, herself off the bench making a cautious beeline to Ralph.

ALICE
Excuse me. Uh, hi.

RALPH
(Cautiously)
Hello.

ALICE
Hello. Uh, may I ask you a question?

Ralph nods. Alice briefly turns her head toward the path Fred took.

ALICE (CONT'D)
You switch shifts?

Ralph nods.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Interesting.

RALPH
Is it?

ALICE
You work together.

RALPH
Mm-hmm.

ALICE
You don't see a lot of that.

RALPH
Just because you don't see something
doesn't mean it doesn't happen.

ALICE
You're name's Ralph?

RALPH
(Smiling)
It's from an old cartoon.

ALICE
Wile E. Coyote and the sheepdog.

RALPH

In those cartoons he was a wolf, not a coyote.

ALICE

Wasn't it Sam and Ralph?

RALPH

Sam was the sheepdog, Ralph was the wolf, except in the one where there's two of each and they each switch shifts. Sam and George were the wolves. Ralph and Fred were the sheepdogs.

ALICE

So they got it wrong?

RALPH

They got it different.

ALICE

And you guys are the sheepdogs. Most people might think of you guys are more like the wolves.

RALPH

Ma'am, I don't mean to be rude, but I'm trying to get some work done here, and I'm not likely to be terribly productive with you making me look busy.

ALICE

Can I buy you a cup of coffee?

Ralph surveys the street.

RALPH

I gotta be here for lunch rush.

ALICE

You'll be back.

Ralph ponders for another second.

RALPH

How about a banana?

EXT. NEARBY STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Ralph and Alice meander down the street, Ralph a bite or two into his banana. Now wearing the Mets hat, he begins to eat deliberately.

ALICE

So your name is...?

RALPH

Ralph is fine.

ALICE

So "Fred" does the morning rush while people are going to work, and you do the lunch hour?

RALPH

And someone else takes over for me in the afternoon.

ALICE

When everyone's leaving work.

Ralph smiles.

RALPH

Not everyone.

ALICE

So you switch shifts when there's the fewest people out on the street.

RALPH

Ma'am--

ALICE

Alice.

RALPH

Alice, there's not a lot of mystery here. It's all kind of obvious. We each do a shift, not always the same one, we share the takings, anybody has a particularly good day or a particularly bad day, it all sort of evens out and we all make out okay.

ALICE

You've eaten more than a third of that banana.

RALPH

Look. We don't sit around all day doing long division. Like I said, it evens out. And there's more than three of us anyway.

Alice nods.

ALICE

I'd like to ask you something. You know how they say, give a man a fish, he'll eat for a day, but teach a man to fish, he'll eat for a lifetime?

Ralph removes the last chunk of banana, leaving a fruitless peel. He musters up as much politeness as he can stand.

RALPH

Okay, lady. There are plenty of people out there who have no house or apartment or condo or whatever, and they wish they had one. Those people are homeless.

(He hands her the peel)

Me and Fred and the rest of our little gang and a whole lot more people out there who you're never likely to see are not homeless. We're happily houseless. We're not looking for some good Samaritan to lift us out of our squalor, help us get paychecks and addresses and hop into life the way you think it oughtta be. We beg to differ. The banana was appreciated, but I gotta get going.

For the first time, Alice asserts herself.

ALICE

Sir, I don't mean to be rude, but I am trying to get some work done here, and I'm not likely to be terribly productive with you spouting self-righteousness from your banana-filled mouth.

Ralph starts off, shaking his head.

RALPH

Freakin' missionary--

Alice throws the peel into a nearby garbage can as she dashes in front of him.

ALICE

If you'd just walk your I-can't-stand-preconceptions talk for an extra ten seconds, you might hear me actually praise you for having clearly learned how to fish but then suggest that even a fisherman can stand a pointer once in a while.

Ralph's jaw drops.

RALPH

You think you can tell me how to do what I do?

ALICE
Telling people how to do what they
do is what I do.

RALPH
(Smiling skeptically)
You think you can tell me how to be
a better bum.

ALICE
I think that you think that what you
spend your time doing isn't
fundamentally different from what
other people spend their time doing.
I know that I've helped many different
people, many different businesses,
do what they do more effectively.
And if what you do isn't fundamentally
different, then, yes, I think I can
help you be a better bum. Would you
care to hear me out?

Ralph simultaneously squints his right eye and raises his
left eyebrow.

EXT. THE STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

They are just turning the corner that leads to Ralph's spot.

ALICE
I'm about business, and business is
about exchange. It's not just about
money and products. Anyone will
tell you that services are more and
more important economically these
days. And when you talk about
services, you can talk about anything.
You may think that these people,
your customers, just share their
money out of the goodness of their
heart--

RALPH
Or guilt.

ALICE
--or guilt, or who knows what. But
the fact is this: nobody does anything
unless they think they're going to
get something out of it. Every human
act is an exchange -- for a thing,
for a service, or even just for a
feeling. And in the moment that
it's done, it's the best thing a
person can think to do to produce
some desired result.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

A passerby gives money to a homeless person and feels generous or less guilty. A paperpusher pushes paper and feels, well, she's earning her pay, and at least she's not out on the street, and maybe she's got a nice Protestant work ethic and feels good about not slouching on the job. A wealthy family lets their brat kid live in the lap of luxury, doing nothing productive, but the family is satisfied knowing that their money is sticking with blood. A person held at gunpoint is forced to do something unspeakable, but he believes it means he will survive. Everything everyone does is in expectation of something else. Nobody ever gets something for nothing, and nobody ever thinks they're gonna get nothing out of something they do.

They reach Ralph's spot.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Now maybe they do get nothing -- maybe worse -- and that's when they find out it was a bad exchange. But it was still done with an exchange in mind. And when you think there's nobody else involved, that a decision made by someone affects only himself, he's making an exchange with himself -- I do this, and I hope to get that. And when you think that lots of things people do couldn't possibly be the best for them -- vegetating in front of a rerun, reading a tabloid, eating a third helping of apple pie a la mode -- it's still an exchange. Because people are simply not all about their own core values. Exchange isn't about what people say is most important. There's plenty else going on in people's heads, plenty of other wants and needs calling out for fulfillment. And they all duke it out, and in any given moment there's no telling who's gonna win. But there's always a winner. And everything we do from moment to moment is because each moment's winner wanted it that way.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

Everything is an exchange and every exchange is done because some little piece of someone's gray matter briefly got the upper hand and declared that it would be worth it in some way. What you spend your time doing isn't fundamentally different from what other people spend their time doing, because everything everyone does is fundamentally motivated by the hope of getting something out of it. Kind or cruel, immediate reward or long-term investment, earning your keep or just getting through the day, and whether or not we're even aware of why we do what we do, it's all exchange. And you're on the front lines of exchange. I can help businesses be more effective, I can help people be more effective. So, yes, I believe I can help you.

Ralph stares at her, dumbfounded.

RALPH

It's the middle of the morning, you sit out on a bench drinking coffee, take bums out for a fruit break and babble about the freakin' uniformity of nature, some kinda metaphysical economics. What the hell kinda business consultant are you?

ALICE

One who's successful enough that she can make her own schedule and choose her own projects. You can probably appreciate that.

RALPH

And you think you're gonna get something out of some exchange with me.

ALICE

And vice versa.

RALPH

What?

ALICE

You'll get more of what you're looking for, and I'll get a share of the extra money you make.

RALPH

What if I don't want more money?

ALICE

If you don't want more money or food, then you want more time to do something other than sit here on the street. I'll buy you that time, and you'll still get some extra money to give me as a commission in return.

RALPH

What kind of profit could there be in this for you compared to who knows what else you could get your hands on?

ALICE

Do you want my help or not?

EXT. BENCH -- MOMENTS LATER

Alice and Ralph are seated, side by side, on the bench across from his spot.

ALICE

Okay. Now there's a market out there for donations to the homeless. It's a certain size -- you have a certain share. Whether you want more donations period or more donations in a shorter time, you're going to need to increase something -- either your market share or the size of the market itself with you keeping the same share of a larger pie. Right?

RALPH

Okay.

ALICE

Okay. Well, there are tons of ways to do those things. One way you get more of something is by giving more of certain things -- or by demanding less of other things.

RALPH

But you just said I need to get more of something. If I'm giving more or asking less--

ALICE

Hear me out.

RALPH

I need to make the lunch rush.

ALICE

You will. Our little conversation before took longer than any of the rest of this will. Listen. I'm going to give you your first recommendation right now. You try it out for a week. If it doesn't increase your productivity -- whether you're going for more donations or more time is up to you -- if it doesn't increase your average productivity by 10 percent, we part ways. If it decreases your productivity by 10 percent or more, I make up the balance and we part ways. But if it works, I get my commission.

RALPH

And how much is that?

Alice pauses, focused.

ALICE

Five percent of the gross from every shift you and your buddies use my recommendations. For six months.

RALPH

Christ!

ALICE

Nobody gets something for nothing.

RALPH

That's awfully high and awfully long.

ALICE

You'll be netting an increase of more than five percent, and not just on your own shift. If we continue to work together, my rate stays the same -- I get the same share of your growing pie. It's no risk if it doesn't work, and it pays off if it does. And six months may seem like a long time, but after that, you get to use each recommendation for free for the rest of your life. So you tell me if you don't think this is a good investment.

Ralph ponders.

RALPH

Okay.

ALICE
Okay. Your first recommendation
involves demanding less.

RALPH
Of what?

ALICE
Partisanship. Drop the Mets hat.

RALPH
The Mets hat?

ALICE
Yes.

RALPH
That was carefully selected to
generate sympathy for the underdog.

ALICE
Like it or not, this town belongs to
the Yankees.

RALPH
So, what, am I supposed to get a
Yankee cap? Think winner, be a
winner?

ALICE
No.

Alice hands Ralph her empty Greek coffee cup.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Use this. At least for today.
Tonight, find a plain hat, no logos.
Doesn't matter what kind. You've
got enough against you already just
being homeless. Don't give anybody
any extra reason not to plunk down
their change for you. Demand less
partisanship. Or, if you prefer,
provide more neutrality.

RALPH
The last thing I want is for people
to feel neutral toward me.

ALICE
I assure you, sharing an appreciation
for the Mets isn't going to make
anybody act toward you the way you
and Fred act toward each other. The
hat doesn't evoke sympathy -- you
do.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

The wrong hat can tip the scales
against you for more than half the
people who walk by.

Ralph exhales and takes the cup from Alice.

RALPH

Fine.

ALICE

Okay.

RALPH

So that's it.

ALICE

For now.

RALPH

Okay. Thanks.

Ralph gets up. He takes the Mets hat off his head and puts
it in a pocket.

ALICE

Thank me next week.

RALPH

I'll do the morning shift again a
week from today.

ALICE

Can you make it afternoon?

RALPH

Yeah, okay. Come around 2:30.

Alice gathers her stuff together. Before Ralph gets far, he
turns back to Alice.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Hey, one more question. How do you
know I'm not going to welch on you?

ALICE

You'll only want to welch if it works.
And if it works, I can repeat it
elsewhere.

(She rises from the
bench)

And if it works and you welch, I'll
go find some other bums to station a
block or two away from you in just
the right directions to siphon off
whatever extra money you were making
based on my recommendations.

RALPH
Christ! You're a freakin' vengeful
wench, huh?

ALICE
Absolutely not. I'm just letting
you know that you won't be able to
get something for nothing.

Ralph lets out a brief laugh in response. He turns and walks
back toward his spot. Alice heads off as well.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Good luck.

Ralph, back to Alice as he walks away, raises his right hand
in the air for a moment.

EXT. STREET -- AFTERNOON, A WEEK LATER

Ralph is stationed in his spot. He is in the same outfit as
before. The only thing that appears different is that a
worn woman's hat is upside-down before him.

A PASSERBY drops a few coins into the hat. From the sound
as they go in, there are several present already.

From down the street comes Alice, dressed in a black jacket
and matching skirt. When Alice reaches Ralph, she tosses a
coin in and walks past. She stops herself just a few steps
past Ralph.

Ralph realizes that a donor has stopped and glances up just
in time to see Alice turn around.

RALPH
Oh, jeez. Hey.

ALICE
Hello.

Ralph gets up, hat in hand.

RALPH
I thought somebody was having second
thoughts, gonna come back for a
refund.

ALICE
No, no. Just me.

EXT. BENCH -- CONTINUOUS

Ralph leads her over to the bench.

RALPH
What are you doing putting money in
here anyway?

Alice plays the part of the satisfied customer.

ALICE
That hat was so precious, my heart
just went out. I couldn't help
myself!

Ralph snickers.

ALICE (CONT'D)
The question is how many other people
couldn't help themselves?

Ralph reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a few
bills. He hands them over to her.

RALPH
Not used to spending so much money
at once.

ALICE
But it was worth it?

RALPH
Everybody's pretty happy.

ALICE
More money? Less work?

RALPH
Whatever. Both.

ALICE
Excellent. Congratulations.

RALPH
Thanks. I mean, thanks.

ALICE
Ready for recommendation number two?

RALPH
Already?

ALICE
Why not?

RALPH
Okay.

ALICE
I need to ask you a couple of
questions first, okay?

RALPH

Okay.

ALICE

What do you use the money for?

RALPH

What do you think?

ALICE

Food. Liquor. Sundries.

RALPH

Pretty much.

ALICE

Do you scavenge?

RALPH

What do you think?

ALICE

Okay.

RALPH

Look, we may be houseless but we're not idiots. We've got the rest of the game pretty well covered. The best you can do right now is help with this right here.

He shakes the hat a bit.

ALICE

I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't offer to do as full an assessment as possible. Fine. We'll stick with the hat.

RALPH

The hat.

ALICE

Have you considered sales?

RALPH

I thought we were selling something.

ALICE

Yes. But what about material goods?

RALPH

Yeah, we tried that. It's not bad, but it takes work. Finding the stuff, going out for the pitch. It's a lot easier to just sit with a hat.

ALICE
Profit margin could be higher.

RALPH
I think we're really more a quality-of-life kind of bunch. I mean if the right opportunity came a long...

ALICE
Okay. We'll put that to bed for now, too. Fine. Let's hop to it. Last week we took some potentially negative bias out of your image. Let's put some positive bias in.

Alice opens her briefcase and takes out a pad. She flips past several sketches.

RALPH
You draw?

ALICE
Mm-hmm.

Ralph stops her flipping briefly so that he can get a closer look at a couple of drawings.

RALPH
These are really good.

ALICE
Thank you.

Alice reaches a blank page. She pulls it out, and we realize that it has not only already been separated from the binding but that it is, in fact, four pages that had been taped together and folded up. She closes the pad and puts it in the briefcase. We can see vaguely that the handmade sign already has writing on it.

ALICE (CONT'D)
We're gonna give you a sign. Something designed to evoke sympathy and a sense of trustworthiness.

RALPH
Just don't write "Will work for food."

ALICE
No, of course, not. You might actually have to do it.

RALPH
Exactly.

ALICE
But you're not so far off.

She opens the sign, revealing the message, "Food is best. Money is appreciated."

Ralph smiles.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Right?

RALPH
Yeah.

ALICE
You like it?

RALPH
Yeah, let's try it.

ALICE
See you next week.

RALPH
Yeah, okay.

He starts across to his spot with his new sign.

ALICE
What shift?

RALPH
Morning.

ALICE
Okay.

Alice pulls her pad halfway out of her case and scribbles a note as she walks off.

EXT. STREET -- AFTERNOON, A WEEK LATER

Ralph, same spot and same outfit, is dozing. The sign is prominent nearby.

A pair of legs walk into the picture next to him. They gently kick his arm. His eyes open and quickly dart to the direction of the kick.

RALPH
Hey.

ALICE
Hey, there.

Alice is wearing the navy pants suit from their first meeting. She tips her head toward the bench.

EXT. BENCH -- MOMENTS LATER

Ralph carries the sign and the hat with him. They stop just before the bench. He reaches in his pocket and takes out a few bills and some change. He toys with it.

ALICE

So?

RALPH

Yeah, it's good. Got some extra food, some extra money. I didn't think you'd want five percent of the food, so...

He holds the money out toward her.

ALICE

As long as you feel it's fair.

Ralph begins to sit.

RALPH

Oh yeah, sure.

ALICE

I actually don't have long.

Ralph gets back up again.

RALPH

Okay. Everything okay?

ALICE

Of course. Appointments.

RALPH

Are we gonna do something else, or not this week?

ALICE

Of course we are.

She reaches into her briefcase, flips through her pad and rips a piece of paper out. She hands it to him. He reads over it.

RALPH

We're supposed to say these.

ALICE

After every donation. Of course, that means no dozing.

RALPH

Well, less dozing.

Alice smiles.

ALICE

Okay.

RALPH

No, it's okay. This isn't bad.
They couldn't be shorter? A simple
"thank you"?

ALICE

They need to be long enough that the
next people coming down the street
can hear them. Use whichever ones
you want, whenever you want. Just
mix them up to keep them fresh.
Improvise. Stick to the spirit, not
the letter. Okay?

RALPH

Okay.

ALICE

Next week?

RALPH

Morning.

ALICE

Take care.

She heads off.

EXT. RALPH'S SPOT -- LATER

Ralph sits with his hat and sign. When a passerby drops
some money in, Ralph looks up toward him.

RALPH

Thank you, sir. Have a nice day,
now.

A few seconds later another donation is made.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Thank you so much, Ma'am. Take care.

We then go through a montage with various members of Ralph's
group.

JOHN

Very kind of you, Miss. Much obliged.

JANE

Thank you, sir. You have a nice
day.

FRED
A thousand thanks, and may you live
for as many moons.

EXT. BENCH -- DAYS LATER

Ralph and Alice sit on the bench once again. Ralph has a different shirt on along with the rest of his usual gear. Alice wears the black skirt suit from her second visit to Ralph. He hands her a few dollars.

RALPH
Not as dramatic as the last two, but
it wasn't bad.

ALICE
Well, it's also a matter of
compounding strategies. If we'd
have done this first and the hat
third, the hat probably wouldn't
have made as big a difference.

RALPH
Right.

ALICE
As long as things keep doing well,
that's what matters.

RALPH
Right. Hey, would it be okay if we
took some time off from new stuff?
I mean, we'll keep paying you, you
know?

ALICE
No, it's completely fine. I work
for you, not vice versa. Play with
these for a while.

RALPH
Right. Okay.

They both get up.

ALICE
I'll see you next week.

RALPH
Right.

Ralph pats Alice's shoulder.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Thanks.

ALICE

Okay.

Ralph heads back to his spot. We stay on Alice as she leaves.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE, BRYANT PARK -- LATER

The main branch of the New York Public Library sits at the east end of a long lawn flanked by tall trees. Barriers are up today, preventing people from sitting on the lawn as many usually would. Parkgoers are seated on the paved paths under the trees and near the cafes at the west end of the park. Alice sits casually, legs crossed, at one of the cafe tables. A New York City subway map is open on the table. Her pad is opened several pages in, and she writes.

Lines divide the open page into four quadrants. All but the lower-right are headed by an address with a name alongside in capitals. Underneath the names appear a single date, next to each of which is written some text.

Alice writes in the lower-left quadrant whose heading includes the name "Josephine" and a second address replacing the crossed-out first one. She is just now completing the text beside this section's first date: "Optimized location -- intersection."

The subway map has several Xs on it. She adds a new one in a spot matching Josephine's new address.

She flips back a few pages. The intervening pages are organized similarly. Next to the dates we see such items as "NYT want ads," "Sign: Food is best," "Self help book," "Optimized location -- between entrances," as well as an item called "Matchmaker" followed by a name and address. The first couple of flipped pages have two dates in each section; the next have three.

Alice stops at a page whose upper-right quadrant's heading includes the name "Ralph et al." There are three dates below. Next to the first, "Nondescript donation collection;" the second, "Sign: Food is best;" the third, "Donor gratitude." She writes a fourth date, matching the one she just wrote for Josephine. Next to it, "No activity, per client request."

Satisfied with her work, she packs up.

EXT. 9TH AVENUE, CHELSEA -- LATER

The street is lined with people but much more sparsely than in Ralph's business district. Some street level shops are trendy and upscale, while others are working-class holes-in-the-wall. The mix is emblematic of the gentrification process that's still underway in this neighborhood.

Alice walks down the sidewalk. From across the street, a woman approaches. It is TRIXIE.

She is around the same age as Alice, also dressed in a suit and carrying a briefcase. The suit looks suspiciously similar to Alice's navy pinstriped pants suit.

TRIXIE
(catching up to Alice)
Alice.

ALICE
Hey.

Alice lets Trixie catch up and they continue in the direction Alice had been heading.

ALICE (CONT'D)
How'd things go today?

As they speak, Trixie reaches into her case and pulls out two empty Greek coffee cups, one inside the other. She pulls the cups apart, puts one back in her case, hands the other to Alice. Alice puts the cup into her own case. The exchange appears as seamless, expected and choreographed as when Ralph had given Fred the sandwich.

TRIXIE
Good, good. Signed a new account, looking into a couple of new prospects. You?

ALICE
Got a few prospects myself.

They turn a corner onto a cross-street.

EXT. MEAT DISTRICT -- CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, their surroundings begin to have a distinctly different feel, more industrial. The feeling grows as they progress down the block.

TRIXIE
How's that other thing going?

Alice smiles.

ALICE
Yeah, it's good. A lot better than I thought.

TRIXIE
Excellent.

ALICE
You want to see?

TRIXIE
Sure.

As they walk, Alice opens her case. She pulls out a pad and hands it to Trixie. Trixie flips it open briefly then closes it. She hands it back to Alice.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

These are your accounts.

ALICE

Oh.

Alice puts the pad back in her case and pulls out another identical one. Trixie opens it and flips through Alice's sketches.

TRIXIE

These are very good.

ALICE

Thanks.

The ladies reach an alley. Within there are a few other PEOPLE, all dressed raggedly. There is not much activity, even after their arrival. As they enter, they toss their briefcases down and remove their suit jackets. One of the others tosses worn pants to each of them. They slip the pants on beneath their skirts. They remove the skirts. They place the suits carefully into a nearby cardboard box. Alice and Trixie, now looking like they fit in perfectly, sit down with the group. They pull money from their cases and put it into a nondescript community hat.

FADE OUT