The Thirteenth Floor

Part I

Kitty: Let go of my arm. You're digging your nails in it.

Nickie: Sorry, baby. Maybe I don't know my own strength.

Kitty: (scared) What do you want? How did you get here?

Nickie: (finding) One thing at a time. Don't rush me. (key in lock)

- ----- There.

Kitty: What'd you lock the door for?

Nickie: (coming on) I don't like interruptions. You never used to either, when you were alone with me. Remember Kitty?

Kitty: I don't remember nothing!

Nickie: Yeah. I know. You got a memory like a faucet. You turn it on and off...off and on. . . Wonderful! Take me for instance. I got the kind of memory you can't turn off. It keeps running all the time. . .and the longer it runs the hotter it gets, it's hot now Kitty, it'll scald you.

Kitty: Look Nickie . .

Nickie: I am looking. You're still a nice-looking number. I always did like your waist curves in the middle, and how while your neck is. . .

Kitty: You didn't come here to tell me. . .

Part II

Nickie: And the way you toss your hair over your shoulder like it gets in your way. Go ahead, Kitty. Toss your hair back for Nickie.

Kitty: What are you trying to do? Dangle me on a string. . .

Nickie: Yeah, still a good-looking number, I don't look so hot, do I? I think maybe I lost a little weight.

Kitty: Let me tell you . . . (pleading)

Nickie: And my face is kind of pasty looking? That's because you don't get much chance for fresh air. . . sweating what's left of time away in a death call.

Kitty: If I scream, the police will come and get you. If you come near me, I' 'I scream.

Nickie: You won't scream.

Kitty: No? Come one step closer and I'll show you.

Nickie: You won't scream because there's not much sound left in you. It's all frozen and sticking in your throat like an ice cube.

Kitty: I. . . I. . .

Nickie: See. What did I tell you?

Kitty: Nickie, I can help you. I can hide you here so they won't find you. Then I can help you get away, Nickie. Anywhere you want. I promise, Nickie. Don't come near me. Please!!