

**CHARLOTTE:** I don't know what your problem is, Minnie. I would think you would be more into boys. Even Gretel has a boyfriend. I mean he's just that little short Italian boy from her class but still. Don't you like anybody? You can tell me.

*There is a long pause.*

God, when I was in high school, the boys were all over me... Your dad and I were crazy about each other. He wasn't so messed up back then. Hadn't ever even smoked pot. He was just a wannabe artist with a fuck-the-world attitude. And he rode a Triumph Blackbird. Have I ever told you about that? Fuck, that was fantastic!

My parents hated him. It was so hot. I knew I could call him any time day or night and he would ride that beautiful machine over to my house and rescue me. And I'd hold onto his waist, and scream! God, that boy...

*Charlotte lets out a languished sigh, gets up and starts clearing the dishes. She shakes away the memory.*

You know, you aren't always going to have that body, Min. I know it's not exactly feminist to say, but I think you'd be happier if you put yourself out there a bit – a little make-up, a skirt every once in a while, Jesus. Get a little attention. You have a kind of power, you just don't know it yet.