

HENKIN as LANFIELD'S WIFE
MONOLOGUE
(from page 108)

When I was fifteen, there was this girl, Sylvia Tritt, who was a real snot, thought she was better than everybody else. She always had something negative to say, but for some reason all the other girls wanted to be her friend, because if you weren't you'd be wide open for her criticism. I wasn't her friend. And one day she got it into her head that this boy I knew, Tim Sullivan, had the hots for me. I'd known him since we were kids; we lived on the same block; we walked to school together all the time. He was like my brother. And Sylvia got it into her head that I was, you know, blowing him every day after school, and so she walked around shooting off her mouth about me and Tim, to the point where Tim started avoiding me...because of what Sylvia was saying. He wouldn't walk home with me, he wouldn't talk to me. He couldn't even look me in the eye. So. One day. I walked up to her and punched her in the mouth. I didn't say a word, I just knocked two of her teeth down her throat. I thought for sure I'd be expelled, but no...she didn't say a word. I don't know how she explained it to her parents. But she didn't rat on me. I think she saw something in my eyes that told her I meant business. And that surprised me, that I could do that, that I could walk up to somebody without saying a word and knock out their teeth, that I didn't feel sorry about it...that I could be that person. I had it in me. And I could live with it.

(beat)

So whose teeth did *you* knock out?