

THERESA Okay. When I was a freshman in college, I dated a guy who was a bartender. I would go and sit at the bar and wait for him to get off work. And there was this old man there who was always drinking alone and I always felt sorry for him. One night, he started talking to me, telling me all about his life and how he had lost his wife and how his children didn't speak to him anymore, and I felt really sorry for him and I told him I felt bad for him and he told me it would make him feel better to kiss a pretty girl. So I let him kiss me. On the mouth. *(Beat.)* I didn't want to at all. He was an old drunk and it made me sick. But I did it anyway because it's what I thought I was supposed to do. I was supposed to be nice. *(beat)* And then later that year, I was covering a Take Back the Night Rally for the school paper, and this woman turned to me and saw me taking notes, and she asked me if I was a reporter, and she was disgusted. She wanted a protester, not a reporter. But I didn't want to say as a woman, because I hadn't had any good experiences as a woman, so when she presented me with another option, I jumped at it. *(Beat)* Maybe being a woman, to me, meant tolerating a lot of shit, but I do it as a reporter, so it just seems like part of the job. But maybe it's really still me thinking that's what I'm supposed to do, as a woman. Sit and listen to some asshole go on and on about himself, and then reward him for it. So maybe that's why I told Tony that it was entirely me, when that wasn't the truth. It was actually entirely him.