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TERRY. But going public....
AMY. I was twenty-one and in law school. It was 1912. You may lift your chins off the table. I was strolling past the window of a dress shop on the boulevard when something caught my eye, oh girls, you should have seen it: a gown, a magnificent silver satin gown, gathered at the hip by a cluster of the most sumptuous plumes.

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chool. It was 1912. You may
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I stood staring, open-mouthed with desire, when suddenly I realized that the woman modeling the dress was staring back. She, the shopkeeper, seemingly everyone on the boulevard were all staring at me with disgust, knowing what I was thinking. I sprinted all the way back to my rooms and, locking the door behind me, swore I'd never again allow any action of mine, no matter how minute, to disclose my inner life to strangers. I have spent half a century perfecting that impenetrability. I owe my security and peace of mind to the practice. I am sorry, but my privacy is non-negotiable. CHARLOTTE. Oh, but Amy, if there's one thing we old folks know, it's that things change in fifty years' time.

AMY. Things don't change. They rot. And with that I will take my bottle and my leave.

VALENTINA. (*Stopping Amy.*) To the world I am George. George has a social life. He has a job. No, not a job, George has a career. He has a home and a wife and relatives he visits on holidays. He has a birthday and diplomas and bank accounts, a social security number and a driver's license. Neighbors wave to George on the street. Politicians shake his hand. Insurance salesmen pester him. George has good days and lousy days ... So many days that he can afford to forget most of them. George has all of that, and what have I got? I have a portion of George's closet. Membership in the Sorority says Valentina exists. I'm a person, not an aberration. I am. Isn't that worth the risk?

AMY. I accept my life for what it is. I don't see the advantage in emancipating Amy. What would she do alone in the world? As for your warning, Terry, show me a garden without a snake. Anyway, it wasn't the snake that bit the apple.