

*(Kimmie puts a record on. "Ch-ch-ch-changes by David Bowie comes on. The two girls start singing and dancing around to it)*

MINNIE/ KIMMIE. Time may change ME. But I can't trace TIME.

KIMMIE. (picking up the "David Live" album) Minnie. Look at me! Look at me. (she starts licking Bowie's crotch on the album cover)

MINNIE. Oh! What're you doing?

KIMMIE. Oh my god! I swear I feel David Bowie's dick! Minnie you gotta try this. Just lick his dick right through his pants- try it! It really feels like there's something there!

MINNIE. (skeptically tries it) Oh my god! It does feel like he has a little dick in there. Ohhh. It's hard too! Oh baby.

KIMMIE. (dancing, and then plopping herself on the floor) I shouldn't have worn these shoes. (taking them off) Whoa. That's better.

(They plop down and light up a joint. Minnie turns down the music a little)

MINNIE. I stole this joint from my mom. She'll never notice.

KIMMIE. Hey Minnie, you know that mixed couple I babysit for?

MINNIE. No.

KIMMIE. Well, the dad Marcus, is black-

MINNIE. God I love black guys. They look so tough and they always smell so gutsy.

KIMMIE. I give him blow-jobs all the time.

MINNIE. No way.

KIMMIE. Yeah. (laughing) He comes home from bowling early, while his skinny white wife is still out with her girlfriends and I suck his dick until tears come to my eyes. I have to put Vaseline all over my lips because his dick is so big it feels like my mouth is going to rip at the corners.

MINNIE. You're kidding me? I can't believe you didn't tell me this. How big is it really?

(Kimmie motions about 11 inches and thick)

KIMMIE. He wants to screw me, but I'm way too scared.

*(there is a long silence. Lights shift. Kimmie exits. Minnie goes back to her tape recorder.)*