ISABEL: Of course, fourteen is not what it used to be. When I was that age, I was already considered a woman. Nowadays, one begs the question: What is it to be a woman? It isn’t enough to bleed, it isn’t merely hormonal. It is not enough to be *d’un certain âge*, no. A girl becomes a woman, I believe, when she understands sacrifice for the first time.

PANNY: Sacrifice?

ISABEL: The world asks things of us constantly. It is never content with what we are; it asks us to dream of what we wish to be and then to have the courage to become that dream.

A woman is one who understands what the world asks of her, and answers with an eternal YES, an affirming YES. I say to you, Panny, now is the time to look at what the world asks of you and say YES, YES, YES!

*She spins the book toward Panny and points with her finger at an ad.*

ISABEL: This is my gift to you.

PANNY: I don’t understand.

ISABEL: Plastic surgery.