**Roberta Victor Monologue (Woman 4)**

I didn’t want to become a housewife like my mother and sisters. Somehow I knew I wanted... “more” out of life. I was fifteen, I was sitting in this coffee shop when a friend came by and said: “Yo, hurry up—I got a cab waiting, you can make five hundred dollars in twenty minutes.” We went up to this penthouse. The guy up there was quite...well known. He wanted to watch two women do it, and then he wanted to have sex with me. It was barely sex. He was almost finished by the time we started. It was a tremendous kick. I mean, there I was, doing nothing, feeling nothing, and in twenty minutes I was gonna walk out of there with five hundred dollars in my pocker. Just out of curiosity, how many people you know make five hundred dollars for twenty minutes work? And I was still in high school.

It’s a marketplace transaction. Somehow I managed to absorb that when I was quite young. I was a precocious child. Actually, I was sort of lonely. I didn’t experience myself as being attractive. I mean, I didn’t look like a Calvin Klein ad. But, I was bright, and I didn’t play by “The Rules.” Guys were mostly scared of me. They didn’t want to get involved emotionally, but they did want to fuck. For a while, I was willing to accept that. It was feeling intimacy, feeling warm...feeling.

You become your job. I’ve become a hustler. Even when I’m not hustling, I’m a hustler. What you do is what you are. I don’t think it’s so terribly different from somebody who works on an assembly line forty hours a week and comes home cut-off, numb...People aren’t built to switch on and off like water faucets.